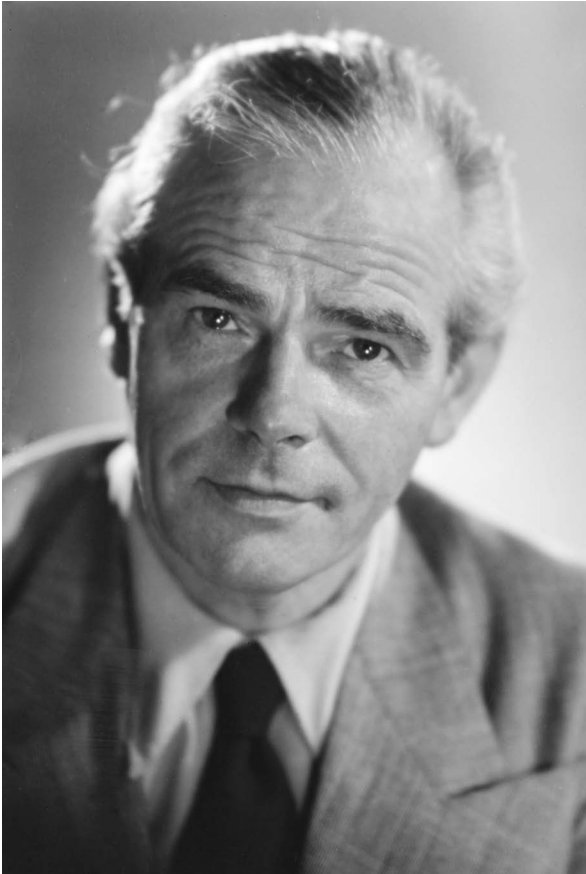


Jozef Rulof

A View into the Hereafter



The Age of Christ



Jozef Rulof
1898-1953

Jozef Rulof

A View
into the Hereafter



The Age of Christ

Contact and copyright

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On the cover you can see an illustration of a painting that Jozef Rulof received from the hereafter.

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A View into the Hereafter, 2020

ISBN 978-90-70554-88-0

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1933

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Word of the publisher

Dear reader,

This book belongs to the series of 27 books which came to earth via Jozef Rulof between 1933 and 1952. These books are published by Foundation Spiritual-Scientific Association “The Age of Christ”, which was set up in 1946 by Jozef Rulof. As the board of this foundation, we guarantee the original text of the books which we are making available today.

We have also published an explanation for the books, which contains 140 articles. We consider the publication of the 27 books and this explanation as an inextricable whole. For some passages from the books, we refer to relevant articles from the explanation. For instance (see article ‘Explanation at soul level’ on rulof.org) refers to the basic article ‘Explanation at soul level’ as you can read that on the website rulof.org.

With the first book that Jozef Rulof received mediumistically in 1933, his mediumship was not yet sufficiently developed in order to write his own name in the book. When this happened, Jozef Rulof awakened from the trance, because he felt himself being called ‘awake’ as it were by writing his name. This also applied to all the names and circumstances which lived inwardly in his inner life. This is why, in ‘A View into the Hereafter’, other names and circumstances were used, which would not disrupt the depth of the trance during the writing of the book. For more information about writing these books in trance, we refer to the book ‘Spiritual Gifts’.

This is why Jozef Rulof was called ‘André’ in this book and various other names and details were also slightly changed by the writer. The exact names and details of the life of Jozef Rulof can be found in the biography ‘Jeus of Mother Crisje’. Jozef says about this in the foreword to the fourth edition of ‘A View into the Hereafter’: ‘However, this is not about a name - but about the message - of this oh so beautiful piece of work.’

With kind regards,

The board of directors of the Foundation The Age of Christ
2020

Book list

Overview of the books which came to earth via Jozef Rulof in the sequence that they were published, with the years in which the content of those books was realised:

A View into the Hereafter (1933-1936)
Those who came back from the Dead (1937)
The Cycle of the Soul (1938)
Mental Illnesses seen from the Other Side (1939-1945)
The Origin of the Universe (1939)
Between Life and Death (1940)
The Peoples of the Earth seen by the Other Side (1941)
Through the Grebbe Line to Eternal Life (1942)
Spiritual Gifts (1943)
Masks and Men (1948)
Jeus of Mother Crisje Part 1 (1950)
Jeus of Mother Crisje Part 2 (1951)
Jeus of Mother Crisje Part 3 (1952)
Questions and Answers Part 1 (1949-1951)
Questions and Answers Part 2 (1951-1952)
Questions and Answers Part 3 (1952)
Questions and Answers Part 4 (1952)
Questions and Answers Part 5 (1949-1952)
Questions and Answers Part 6 (1951)
Lectures Part 1 (1949-1950)
Lectures Part 2 (1950-1951)
Lectures Part 3 (1951-1952)
The Cosmology of Jozef Rulof Part 1 (1944-1950)
The Cosmology of Jozef Rulof Part 2 (1944-1950)
The Cosmology of Jozef Rulof Part 3 (1944-1950)
The Cosmology of Jozef Rulof Part 4 (1944-1950)
The Cosmology of Jozef Rulof Part 5 (1944-1950)

Explanation of the books by Jozef Rulof

The foreword of this explanation is:

Dear readers,

In this 'explanation of the books by Jozef Rulof', as publisher we describe the core of his vision. In this way, we answer two types of questions which we were asked during the past few years about the content of these books.

Firstly, there are the questions about specific subjects such as for instance cremation and euthanasia. The information about such subjects is often distributed over the 27 books with a total of more than 11,000 pages. This is why, for each subject, we have put relevant passages from all the books together and summarised them each time in an article.

The distributed information is the result of the knowledge building in the book series. In the article 'explanation at soul level', we distinguish two levels in this knowledge building: the social thinking on the one hand and the explanations at soul level on the other hand. For his first explanation of many phenomena, the writer limited himself to words and concepts which belonged to the social thinking of the first half of the previous century. As a result, he attuned himself to the world view of his readers at that time.

Book after book, the writer also built up the soul level, whereby the human soul is the main focus. In order to explain life at soul level, he introduced new words and concepts. In this way, new explanations came, which supplemented the information from the previous round about particular subjects.

However, usually the explanations at soul level did not supplement the first descriptions, but they replaced them. In this way, for instance in social terminology it can be spoken about a 'life after death', but at soul level the word 'death' has lost every meaning. According to the writer, the soul does not die, but it lets go of the earthly body and it then passes onto the following phase in its eternal evolution.

The unfamiliarity with the difference between these two explanation levels ensures a second type of questions about words and views in the books about which current social thinking has changed in relation to the first half of the previous century. In this explanation, we explain those subjects from the soul level. As a result, it becomes clear that words such as for instance races or psychopathy no longer play a role at soul level. These words and the related views were only used in the book series in order to connect with the social thinking in the time period that these books were realised, between 1933 and 1952. The passages with these words belong to the then spirit of the

times of the readers and in no way represent the actual vision of the writer or the publisher.

When currently reading these books, that is not always clear, because the writer does not usually mention explicitly at what explanation level the subject is dealt with in a particular passage. This is why, as publisher, for a number of passages we add a reference to a relevant article from this explanation. That article then explains the subject dealt with in that passage from the soul level, in order to express the actual vision of the writer on that subject. For cultural-historical and spiritual-scientific reasons, in the 27 books we do not make any changes to the original formulations of the writer. For the readability, we have only adapted the spelling of the Old Dutch. In the online version of the books on our website rulof.nl, all the linguistic changes can be requested upon demand per sentence.

We consider the publishing of the 27 books and this explanation as an inseparable whole. This is why, on the cover of each book and in the ‘word by the publisher’, from now on we will refer to the explanation. For a wide availability, we have published the 140 articles of this explanation as e-book (visit rulof.org/download), and all the articles are on our website rulof.org as separate web pages.

The relevant passages from all the books by Jozef Rulof which we have based the articles on are also an integral part of this explanation. Together with the articles in question, these passages have been combined in book form and are available as the four parts of ‘The Jozef Rulof Reference work’, in the form of paperbacks and e-books. Furthermore, on our website at the bottom of most articles a link has been included to a separate web page with the source texts of that article.

With the publication of the 27 books and this explanation, we aim to contribute to a substantiated understanding of the actual message of the writer. This was worded by Christ with: Love one another. At soul level, Jozef Rulof explains that it concerns universal love which is not engaged with the appearance or the personality of our fellow being, but focuses on his deepest core, which Jozef Rulof calls the soul or life.

Kind regards,

On behalf of the board of Foundation The Age of Christ,

Ludo Vrebos

11 June 2020

List of articles

The explanation consists of the following 140 articles:

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1. Our Hereafter
2. Near-death experience
3. Out-of-body experience
4. Spheres in the hereafter
5. Spheres of Light
6. First sphere of light
7. Second sphere of light
8. Third sphere of light
9. Summerland - Fourth sphere of light
10. Fifth sphere of light
11. Sixth sphere of light
12. Seventh sphere of light
13. Mental regions
14. Heaven
15. The Other Side
16. Children spheres
17. Meadow
18. Dying as passing on
19. Death
20. Spirit and spiritual body
21. Cremation or burial
22. Embalming
23. Organ donation and transplantation
24. Aura
25. Fluid cord
26. Euthanasia and suicide
27. Apparent death
28. Spirits on earth
29. Dark spheres
30. Land of Twilight
31. Land of Hatred and Lust and Violence
32. Valley of Sorrows
33. Hell

34. Dante and Doré
35. Angel
36. Lantos
37. Masters
38. Alcar
39. Zelanus
40. Books on the Hereafter

Part 2 Our Reincarnations

41. Our reincarnations
42. Memories of previous lives
43. World of the unconscious
44. Aptitude and talent and gift
45. Child prodigy
46. Phobia and fear
47. Feelings
48. Soul
49. Grades of feeling
50. Material or spiritual
51. Subconscious
52. Day-consciousness
53. From feeling to thought
54. Solar plexus
55. The brain
56. Exhausted and insomnia
57. Learning to think
58. Thoughts from another person
59. What we know for sure
60. Science
61. Psychology
62. Spiritual-scientific
63. Universal truth
64. Connection of feeling
65. Loved ones from past lives
66. External resemblance to our parents
67. Character
68. Personality
69. Sub-personalities
70. Will
71. Self-knowledge

72. Socrates
73. Reincarnated for a task
74. Reincarnated supreme priest Venry
75. Alonzo asks why
76. Regret remorse repentance
77. Making amends
78. Reincarnated as Anthony van Dyck
79. Temple of the soul
80. Books about reincarnation

Part 3 Our Cosmic Soul

81. Our cosmic soul
82. Explanation at soul level
83. There are no races
84. Material grades of life
85. Human being or soul
86. Against racism and discrimination
87. Cosmology
88. All-Soul and All-Source
89. Our basic powers
90. Cosmic splitting
91. Moon
92. Sun
93. Cosmic grades of life
94. Our first lives as a cell
95. Evolution in the water
96. Evolution on the land
97. The mistake by Darwin
98. Our consciousness on Mars
99. Earth
100. Good and evil
101. Harmony
102. Karma
103. Cause and effect
104. Free will
105. Justice
106. Origin of the astral world
107. Creator of light
108. Fourth Cosmic Grade of Life
109. The All

110. Animation of our cosmic journey

Part 4 University of Christ

- 111. University of Christ
- 112. Moses and the prophets
- 113. Bible writers
- 114. God
- 115. The first priest-magician
- 116. Ancient Egypt
- 117. Pyramid of Giza
- 118. Jesus Christ
- 119. Judas
- 120. Pilate
- 121. Caiaphas
- 122. Gethsemane and Golgotha
- 123. Apostles
- 124. Ecclesiastical stories
- 125. Evolution of mankind
- 126. Hitler
- 127. Jewish people
- 128. NSB and national socialism
- 129. Genocide
- 130. Grades of love
- 131. Twin souls
- 132. Motherhood and fatherhood
- 133. Homosexuality
- 134. Psychopathy
- 135. Insanity
- 136. The mediumship of Jozef Rulof
- 137. The Age of Christ
- 138. Illuminating future
- 139. Ultimate healing instrument
- 140. Direct voice instrument

Jozef Rulof

Jozef Rulof (1898-1952) received all-embracing knowledge about the hereafter, reincarnation, our cosmic soul and Christ.

Knowledge from the hereafter

When Jozef Rulof was born in 1898 in rural 's-Heerenberg in the Netherlands, his spiritual leader Alcar already had great plans for him. Alcar had passed on to the hereafter in 1641, after his last life on earth as Anthony van Dijck. Since then, he had built up a vast knowledge about the life of the human being on earth and in the hereafter. In order to bring that knowledge to earth, he wanted to develop Jozef into a writing medium.

After Jozef had established himself as a taxi driver in The Hague in 1922, Alcar first developed him into a healing and painting medium, in order to build up the trance that was needed for receiving books. Jozef received hundreds of paintings, and by means of their sales the publication of the books could be kept under their own control.

When Alcar began passing on his first book 'A View into the Hereafter' in 1933, he gave Jozef the choice of how deep the mediumistic trance would become. He would be able to put Jozef into a very deep sleep and take over his body in order to write books outside the consciousness of the medium. Then Alcar would be able to use his own word choice from the first sentence in order to explain to the reader from that time how he himself had got to know the reality at soul level, which the eternal life of the human soul is central to.

Another possibility was to apply a lighter trance, whereby the medium could feel what was being written during the writing. That would enable Jozef to grow along spiritually with the knowledge passed on. However, then the build-up of the knowledge in the books series would have to be attuned to the spiritual development of the medium. And then Alcar could only give the explanations at soul level if the medium was also ready for that.

Jozef chose for the lighter trance. As a result, Alcar was somewhat limited in the words which he could use in the first books. He let Jozef experience this by writing down the word 'Jozef' in trance. At that same moment, Jozef woke up from the trance, because he felt he was being called. In order to prevent this, Alcar chose the name 'André' in order to describe the experiences of Jozef in the books. Alcar also changed or avoided other names and circumstances in 'A View into the Hereafter', so that Jozef could remain in trance. In this way, the reader does indeed learn in this first book that André

was married, but not that this happened in 1923 and that his wife was called Anna.

In order to remain in harmony with the life of feeling of Jozef, Alcar allowed his medium to first experience for himself what was described in the books. For this purpose, Alcar let him leave his body, so that Jozef could perceive the spiritual worlds of the hereafter for himself. The books describe their joint journeys through the dark spheres and the spheres of light. Jozef saw that after his transition on earth, the human being ends up in the sphere to which his life of feeling belongs.

In an out-of-body state, he was also witness to many transitions on earth. By means of the description of this, it is recorded in the books what exactly happens to the human soul upon cremation, burial, embalming, euthanasia, suicide and organ transplantation.

Jozef gets to know his past lives

The name André was chosen by Alcar, because Jozef had once borne that name in a past life in France. Then André was an academic, and the commitment to investigating everything thoroughly could help in order to deepen the explanation level of the books step by step.

For instance, in 1938 Jozef was able to receive the book 'The Cycle of the Soul' from master Zelanus, a pupil of Alcar. In this book, Zelanus described his past lives. In this way, he showed how all his experiences in his past lives have ultimately built up his life of feeling, and ensured that he could feel more and more.

In 1940, Jozef had developed far enough in order to experience the book 'Between Life and Death'. As a result, he got to know Dectar, his own past life as a temple priest in Ancient Egypt. Dectar had increased his spiritual powers in the temples to a high level, as a result of which he could experience intense experiences in an out-of-body state, and in addition he did not neglect his earthly life. Those powers were now necessary in order to reach the ultimate grade of mediumship: the cosmic consciousness.

Our cosmic soul

In 1944, Jozef Rulof was so far developed as 'André-Dectar' that he could experience spiritual journeys through the cosmos together with Alcar and Zelanus. By means of the descriptions of those journeys in the book series 'The Cosmology of Jozef Rulof', the highest knowledge from the hereafter was brought to earth.

Now the masters Alcar and Zelanus could finally describe the reality as

they had got to know that as the truth themselves. It was only now that they could use words and terms which describe the core of our soul and thus reveal the essence of the human being.

In the cosmology the masters explain at soul level where we come from and how our cosmic evolution began because our soul split itself from the All-Soul. André-Dectar now got to know his past lives on other planets, and the gigantic development path which his soul has gone through in order to evolve from a rarefied cell on the first planet in the universe to the life on earth.

In addition, with the masters he visited the higher cosmic grades of life which await us after our earthly lives. The cosmology describes where we are going, and in what way our lives on earth are necessary in this. This casts a cosmic light on the meaning of our life and the essence of the human being as soul.

The University of Christ

The masters could travel all the cosmic grades and pass on this ultimate knowledge because they were helped themselves by their order of teachers. This order is called 'The University of Christ', because Christ is the mentor of this university.

In his life on earth, Christ could not pass on this knowledge because the mankind there was not ready for that. Christ was already murdered for the little that he was able to say. However, he knew that his order would bring this knowledge to earth, as soon as a medium could be born that would no longer be killed for this.

That medium was Jozef Rulof, and the books which he received heralded a new age: 'The Age of Christ'. Christ himself should have limited himself to the core of his message: the selfless love. In the Age of Christ, through Jozef Rulof his pupils could give a detailed explanation of how we raise ourselves in feeling by giving universal love and as a result reach higher spheres of light and cosmic grades of life.

Under the assignment of his masters, in 1946 Jozef set up Society The Age of Christ, in order to manage the books and paintings. In that same year, he travelled to America to make his knowledge received known there, in collaboration with his brothers who had emigrated. Just like in the Netherlands, he held trance lectures and painting demonstrations there.

Back in the Netherlands, in addition to the hundreds of trance lectures, he also held contact evenings for years, in order to answer questions from readers of the books. In 1950, master Zelanus was able to write the biography of Jozef entitled 'Jeus of Mother Crisje' with the name 'Jozef' and the child-

hood name 'Jeus', without breaking the trance.

The masters knew that mankind would still not accept the University of Christ, despite all the knowledge and efforts passed on by Jozef. Science will only accept a proof of life after death if that is achieved without a human medium, so that influencing by the personality of the medium can be excluded.

That proof will be supplied by what the masters call the 'direct voice instrument'. They predict that this technical instrument will bring a direct communication between the human being on earth and the masters of the light. At that moment, Jozef and other masters will be able to address the world from the hereafter, and be able to give mankind the happiness of the certain knowledge that we live infinitely as a cosmic soul.

In order to prepare himself for this task, Jozef passed on to the hereafter in 1952. At the end of his book 'Spiritual Gifts', master Zelanus had already mentioned that, after the transition of Jozef, Jozef and the masters will no longer approach human mediums, because the ultimate knowledge from the hereafter can already be found in the books which Jozef was able to receive during his earthly life.

1933

Volume 1

Preface

Dear reader,

The objective of publishing this book is to give mankind the belief of its - in a higher form of existence - continued existence, after the physical death.

What I am going to tell you was told to me by my friend André Hendriks, who, as a link between the material and the invisible world, was able to experience all of this.

He asked me to make this event known, in the hope that this would become a blessing for many people.

Of course, I am very happy to meet his request.

May God's blessing rest on our work!

's-Gravenhage, October 1933.

J. R.

Love

*Love is the richest treasure
given to mankind.*

*Love makes life sparkle
and tremble with emotion.*

Love is all. Love is God.

It makes the poor rich.

Without Love, what a destiny!

It would be without value.

Spirit of Love, guide us onward.

Penetrate us with Your Being,

we will await

the End untroubled, without fear.

Whether Life be short or long,

God's Love brings on no dread.

Guidance

‘André, what’s wrong, are you hiding something? Why have you been behaving so strangely lately? Aren’t you feeling well? Can’t you tell me what it is? Come on, don’t be so sad. And don’t think we haven’t noticed, we love you too much for that. Come, tell me what’s wrong. You’re not like you used to be, and you no longer enjoy your work either. You don’t pay as much care and attention either. Come on, we’re alone, now tell me all about it.

I won’t breathe a word to your mother yet, if you don’t want me to.

Don’t let me keep on asking. Come on, son, if something is bothering you, you shouldn’t keep it all to yourself.’

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

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

Times hadn’t been easy for the boy lately; he had even lost all pleasure in his work; it showed clearly in everything he did. He knew his boy too well. He had always been a good lad, ready to do anyone a favour. He found joy in everything and always felt happy. But nowadays he only did his duty because it was expected of him. It worried Hendriks. He couldn’t put it out of his mind. André wasn’t well. He must find out what lay behind this, no matter how. His son was popular with the people in the neighbourhood; he was always ready to help each person and did what he could to help all of them. ‘You never know, dad, some day we might need these people too,’ he would say, and right now he needed help himself, that was certain.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Nor did he spend all his money, since all he bought was the wood he used to make figurines of. His father had taught him that. He made beautiful wood carvings. He preferred to cut figures that were related to religion. He looked at the last plank, it was supposed to represent 'The martyrs of Gorinchem', and he had nearly finished it. But that didn't appeal to him anymore either. All the love he used to feel for this beautiful work had vanished. He still remembered the exact moment his restlessness had started. It had happened while he was busy cutting the figure of Saint Anthony. That was when the first signs had appeared. Afterwards his mind was muddled and he was unable to think properly. There must be something that caused him to feel so confused. But whom could he turn to for advice? Who would be able to help him? Nobody of course; neither could mum and dad. What would they know about these things? Nothing at all. And yet it surely meant something special.

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

The work on that last plank had started in a very strange way.

He was about to cut the gallows that these wretched people were strung up on, but unrelated thoughts kept on pushing away his own. It seemed to him as if some invisible force were directing his arm and pulling it towards a certain spot.

Never in all the thirteen years that he had been busy for his father in this workshop had anything like this happened before. Not until now that he was

twenty-eight. It was very strange indeed.

Nothing was of interest to him, no longer did he have any hobbies or go places.

His friends didn't call on him anymore either, they knew he wouldn't join them anyway.

He would go to his room in the early evening, get into bed and then all he could think of were these puzzling events.

Sometimes he felt a strong urge to pray, which he did, with a complete love for God. Then he would ask for protection, and to be set free from those mysterious things.

In the evening he always prayed together with his father and mother, and mother would always say 'Deliver us from evil'. André thought that was strange. Why should these words creep into his mind right now? Evil? What kind of evil? Had he done so much wrong? He had sinned against no one. He was always ready to lend a helping hand. He loved everybody, and yet at present he had no peace of mind.

When would he ever find it again?

These were his thoughts while he worked.

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

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

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

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

Hendriks wanted to cheer up his wife, because he clearly felt that she was very anxious. 'Do you mind that much, Marie?'

'It's worrying you too, father. Don't pretend it isn't. You know he doesn't go out anymore, and he has dropped his woodcarving too.'

His friends have also stopped coming by, because the boy has withdrawn completely. He's gone within himself, as if there were nobody else around. But I've got an idea. Listen, and tell me what you think. Maybe you'll reckon it to be a strange idea, but I talked to Mrs. Hoenders at the market last week, and she told me she had been downtown for her youngest daughter,

the one who has seen many doctors for ages but who is still ill in bed with open wounds on her legs.

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

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

‘No Willem, this man is not after the money, because he told Mrs. Hoenders to pray with him, and in the evenings too, when she renews the dressings. Surely that shows he’s not a bad person. I don’t know, but it gives me confidence, and I’ve got a feeling that this is the only thing that can help us. After all, you haven’t any idea either what is troubling André. Should you wait until it’s too late? No father, I’m definitely going there. First thing tomorrow. All I need is a portrait of André, this man can tell everything from it. But don’t tell the boy anything, I don’t want him to know yet.’

‘Do as you please, Marie, it’s up to you.’

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

Fortunately he had a good understanding of the work, since every inch of wood had to earn its money.

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

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

That’s what father Hendriks thought.

The contact

Mother set off for town early in the morning and around ten o'clock she was the second to be ushered into the gentleman's house.

'Come in, ma'am, have a seat. You're from the town of D., aren't you?'

Mother Hendriks nodded.

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

'Yes sir.'

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

'Yes.'

'You brought along a portrait of him?'

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

Mother Hendriks started to cry.

'Come, you must pull yourself together, it's not that bad. Please be calm, because it's all going to get better, believe me.'

Mother was unable to restrain herself any longer and she broke down in tears.

'Come on, ma'am, it's not that bad, you know. Be strong. I will tell you something beautiful.

Your boy possesses a precious gift which God has granted him. He's not suffering from any complaint, but something else is going on inside of him. Tell him to come and see me. I assure you that I will soon set him right, but then I need to talk to him as soon as possible. You may be surprised that I am acquainted with his condition, although I have never set eyes on either you or your son before.'

'Yes sir, it's a mystery to me.'

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

At the moment he is under spiritual influence, which is something you can't understand yet. But that won't last long either, because this will soon

be revealed to you by your own child. I am glad that I have made your acquaintance. This too you will understand more later on. It's all a question of Guidance. I tell you again: be glad for your son. Go home now and send him to me as soon as possible.'

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

'Nothing ma'am, I just want to help him.'

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

Mother Hendriks left. She didn't know what to say; she didn't understand a word. It all appeared so strange to her, and yet something had taken away the grief she had arrived with. Oh, if only it were true! It wasn't that she longed for André to have something like Mr. Waldorf had; as long as her boy got well again! That was the main thing.

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

Father was immediately informed what had happened, and at the table his wife wanted to tell André everything too.

At first Hendriks had laughed at it. Just fancy all that nonsense! André doing all those things too! But later on he did find it all very strange.

'Well, Marie, we'll see how things turn out! But what about me and the business! After all those hundreds of years that my grandfather and my father kept it going, is this supposed to be turned over into other hands when I'm unable to continue? No Marie, that's out of the question and I just won't let it happen. What would my father say if he were still alive!' Hendriks knew he would never bring himself to do such a thing, nor did he intend to. André would have to get well first, then he'd see.

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

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

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

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

'Do as you please, Marie, but I find it ridiculous.'

'Willem, you can think what you like, but André is definitely going over

there, because that gentleman told me that he would get better soon and I think we can safely try it.'

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

Mother didn't know how to go about telling André, and was quite impossible, during mealtime. Perhaps he wouldn't even believe her story, it made her nervous. Yet it had to be done. She would do it afterwards, when she had him to herself, otherwise father might make fun of it again and that would spoil everything. André came for his meal and didn't say a word.

He did look slightly better, he had slept better the previous night and was less tired.

When they had finished their meal, father left and mother got the chance to talk.

'Listen, André, there's something I want to tell you. I went to town for you, to see a certain Mr. Waldorf. This gentleman is a soul doctor', she fibbed, 'and he has had a lot of success helping quite a few people. You do understand that we're worried about you. Wouldn't you like to go and see him? I've talked to him and he asked if you would go and see him as soon as possible. I really believe this man could help you, and he's a friendly, good man. You'll see for yourself. I did it for you, son.' 'All right, mum, I'll go.'

Well, that wasn't too hard, she thought, in fact it was quite easy. She hadn't expected that he would agree.

'Should I go tomorrow, mum?'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Now he got a feeling as if he were waking up from a dream, as the voice sounded so soft. But what was the meaning of those words? It was still a mystery to him. And yet he felt that he had become calmer and thought: 'It's just as if hands were being laid on my head'.

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

The great truth which teaches that we, who parted from the earth before you or, in your terms, who died, still live on, yet in a life filled with happiness, love and light. A life of purity that one day will be perfect, gifted to us by God. And we ask you to help us and to convince our brothers and sisters of that truth. We want to prove to them that death does not exist, but that we live on in a spiritual life.'

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

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

He was startled by these words, because they had been his very own thoughts. This was more than he could take. Not even his own thoughts were safe. These must certainly be demonic powers; it couldn't be otherwise.

Again the soft voice spoke: 'My child, we are not devils.'

'My child?' Had they said 'my child'? Had he really heard that? Who, besides his father and mother, still called him 'child'? What did this all mean? 'Rest easy, my child. Why don't you believe me? Is my voice so discordant, does it sound so demonic? And aren't we all God's children? Don't you think that God calls all his children in this way? Again I say: rest easy, we come with good intentions and I want to change all the sadness of the last time into happiness. I will guide all your paths, change all your unrest into sweet longings.'

Hear me and then I ask you: am I demonic? I told you that we want to

proclaim this joyous news to the people, because they, who have come from goodness, give love, happiness and faith. Now be still; I will make myself visible and want to try to manifest myself to you. But stay where you are, look at me and take me into your heart.'

Now André saw a large white cloud appear from out of the corner of the room where he heard the wind rustle. The centre of the cloud became brighter and brighter and within this light a figure began to take shape that increased in size. It now became completely visible and he clearly saw a spiritual being before him, surrounded by all that beautiful light it emanated.

André was deeply moved by this glorious vision and it soothed him, because all the fear and the sadness had suddenly been taken away from him. He wished he could say something, but he didn't dare.

The appearance now stood in a big white light, and the cloud in which it had revealed itself had vanished entirely. 'Look at me, my son', he heard, 'do I appear to you to be a devil?'

The spirit saw by the tears of happiness that now ran down his cheeks that André had no more fear of being taken off guard by demonic powers. Now he heard: 'My son, will you be my child?'

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

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

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

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

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

God bless you. Your Alcar.'

The voice had stopped talking. He felt a deep regret, now that it was all over. Oh, what a sound! He was no longer afraid now, all was well within. Should he go downstairs to tell mum and dad what all the recent trouble had been about and what it had meant? No, it was already after one o'clock, too late now.

He settled down in bed and pressed his head deeply into the pillow, full of wondrous thoughts about this man who was no devil, as at first he had thought. It was a beautiful man who had talked to him as an emissary from God. Gladly would he have gone on talking to this marvellous appearance for the rest of the night. He felt filled with a great happiness. He thought it glorious. That beautiful man was his friend; he had said so himself, his brother. And then the other gentleman who knew all about this. He also was under his guidance.

Worn-out by all the emotions, he soon fell into a deep sleep and he woke up the next morning full of happiness, while his first thoughts turned to the new friend, his leader with that handsome face and that beautiful light. When he closed his eyes he clearly saw the appearance again.

And what a beautiful name he had!

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

Mother was already downstairs.

'Morning, mum.'

'Hello son.'

André didn't want to mention anything to her yet, because he didn't have the time now to tell her everything. He was curious what that gentleman would have to say to him. That is why little was said between them.

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

André said goodbye and hurried off to the train.

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

Yet Hendriks, who had come downstairs, heard them.

'What, Marie, if what were true?'

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

'Oh really? That's a good sign.'

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

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

André rang the bell at Mr. Waldorf's house and was quickly shown in. He was anxious to see the man who already knew about him, but he restrained himself, because he wanted to make a calm impression.

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

'You're Mr. Hendriks, aren't you?'

'How do you know it is me?'

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

André started to laugh. 'It's marvellous, Mr. Waldorf, that your information is so correct and that you saw it all so clearly, since everything was revealed to me last night, and I'll tell you frankly that I am overjoyed now.' He related everything he had experienced.

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

André nodded.

'This happened so quickly, and the best thing about it is, that messages came from two sides as well. To me and to you. We may confidently accept the proofs we have received, since this can no longer be a coincidence. You

know what I told your mother. All this is happening to convince you, because we humans who still live on earth can hardly accept this great, this unbelievable truth without receiving some proof or facts that connect us directly with life after death. You can believe me when I say that there are but few people who receive such evidence. But in this case it was necessary, otherwise your parents would have regarded all this as works of the devil. You are a good person and you will be developed from Beyond. I was also told that you have a leader. You were enabled to see and hear this last night. How marvellous this is. Be grateful for this because, believe me, a Divine gift was bestowed on you. I myself and my wife too – you will see her shortly – are happy that we are being guided in this manner. You will be hearing from your leader one of these days, but if I may give you a bit of advice, be patient and wait. I think it's marvellous that everything is coming true in this way. The work you will do is the same as mine, and you may well receive even more. I don't know for certain yet, but I have the feeling that you will achieve a great deal, provided you keep to your leaders. Do nothing by yourself, but wait. You must be very happy now, I suppose?'

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

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

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

They shook hands warmly and Mr. Waldorf left.

'Isn't it marvellous, sir, that you possess such a beautiful talent? Oh, I do love people who have this gift and use it well. This is our little Tom, our son. I hope that God will grant him this gift too, because he could never perform anything more beautiful and better than this. And I believe that it will come true, because he already sees little children around him and he frequently talks to them. He often says: 'Look, daddy, children!' And then my husband sees children from the spiritual realm playing with him and standing around him. Yes sir, it's a beautiful thing.'

People come to see my husband from far and wide. He sees things so clearly too. He always presents such beautiful proofs. But it's not easy, sir, you will soon find that out for yourself. People are so ungrateful and they always want more. You will experience all that yourself, but be steadfast and don't let yourself be pulled down, that's the best advice I can give you. My husband is under high influence and if you are under the same protection, you have

every reason to be grateful. But it's time for you to go now. It's nearly twelve o'clock and my husband told me that your train leaves at half past.'

Time had flown!

André was happy. And these people were happy with him too.

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

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

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

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

Mrs. Waldorf decidedly declined to accept anything at all.

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

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

He quickly walked to the train and on the way he ordered a beautiful basket of flowers for her. It made him feel good, to be able to do this.

It would be terrible never to be in touch again with these people whom he had not known yesterday. How beautiful life had suddenly turned out to be.

In the train he pondered on all these things.

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

He too was allowed to start, and it would make him happy. It would be a life that differed greatly from that of many of his friends, who sought their happiness in pubs and never gave the slightest thought to any God, even though they went to church because they had to, not because they felt the need. So this life would now lead him to spiritualism, of which he had already heard so much.

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

He felt full of joy, and how good it was to think about death not being death, and about the dead living on. How beautiful, and what a promise for

the future, that after being buried, life goes on for ever. That's how he mused while he travelled back in the train. Finally he arrived home.

He told his father and mother what had happened to him at Mr. Waldorf's house.

They didn't know what to make of it. Nevertheless they were glad that their child had recovered.

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

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

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

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

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

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

André could sing again and whistle, his voice sounded cheerful through the house. He also could work again, with even more joy than before.

This continued for a while, without anything spectacular happening. But soon he was to notice that he had not been left on his own.

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

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

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

Hendriks laughed too.

'Go on, laugh, and yet it's true. Honestly, it's gone.' 'I don't know what to say, Marie, this is all so new to us, so incredible.'

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

It had been so quiet lately in his room. Nothing had happened there in the evenings, so he was able to sleep really well, just as in former days.

He hadn't heard the tapping again either.

Yet he longed for his leader. Wherever could he be? He continuously thought of him whenever his mind was taken by everything related to the

invisible. Where was Alcar?

One morning in the workshop, while he was fervently longing for him, he suddenly heard a tap, so hard, it even made his father look up. André was certain that this was an answer to his unspoken thoughts, that it meant: I am here. It gave him the shivers, but he didn't want to mention this to his father.

After all, the sound of creaking was nothing special in the workshop.

For weeks nothing else happened, and his longing for Alcar grew stronger and stronger.

Getting prepared for the spiritual life

André felt now that a new life lay ahead of him. After all this had been told him. His longing for more contact with his leader gradually increased.

He preferred to be on his own, and in the evenings he was often in his room.

In this way he had been waiting for some days for events that just would not happen. Yet something inside told him that this would not go on for much longer.

The next evening, after he had gone to bed, he had quietly fallen asleep. He suddenly awoke, fully alert. He thought he had heard someone calling him. 'André', he heard again, and immediately he knew who was calling him. 'Ah,' he thought, 'the soft voice of Alcar, whom I've been waiting for so long.' To his surprise he felt no fear at all. He heard the voice distinctly, yet saw nobody.

'Listen, my boy.'

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

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

This had all touched him deeply as he had never experienced anything like that.

Alcar asked him if he had heard all of it.

He didn't dare to answer, and after a moment he heard a whisper, 'Speak to me in your thoughts, André. That way we can communicate with each other. I hear that soft voice, just as you hear mine. The music you just heard came from the spheres. I wanted you to hear it. Music isn't only known on your earth; we in the Hereafter are also acquainted with it, but here it's far more beautiful, and in harmony with the Infinite.

Those who with us play their instruments, are all filled with delicate feelings and they're spiritual power.

They're able to convey these inner feelings to their instruments. This is possible as their material bodies no longer inhibit them. It was my voice that sang. The music you heard came from the second sphere and the higher the

sphere, the more the music approaches perfection. I made you one with this sphere; later you will be able to understand this more.

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

In due time I will take you along on journeys through the Hereafter and you will see and hear these things for yourself, so that you will understand it better. You know now that we can speak, sing, play music and do many other things, yet according to earthly standards we are dead, and therefore capable of nothing at all. It was clairaudience that enabled you to hear all this.

Through your spiritual ears you take it all in.

To earthly ears our sound is too soft, and earthly eyes are too coarse to see us.

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

It's not so simple to seek contact from your side, because your eyes don't see us, at least the majority of your earth don't see us.

We have no difficulty in establishing this contact, because our eyes see through matter. It enables us to see the sensitive thread with which we connect us. Your spiritual eyes will enable you to see us and the things we want to show you, yet only that which I will allow you to see and connect you to. Never forget this, my son, as on this term only we have good contact.

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

It is vital to establish a good connection between spirit and men, founded on unfaltering trust which will accept whatever is given from our side and give proofs to those who come knocking on your door for advice and support. By all these pieces of proof you will gain confidence and always pass everything on, no matter how strange it may sometimes seem to you. In this way you will gradually grow to be a good instrument, a good medium that listens to us. Remember this well. You must always listen to us, because otherwise things will go wrong, and you would be on your own again as previously, before I entered into your life.

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

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

operate according to His will.

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

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

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

That, André, is why I will link up with you and together we will link up with God, because we need His help to present the people with the truth. We want to bring them happiness, and give them what they need for their spiritual growth, so that they may become conscious of eternal life while they are still on earth, which will give them strength and support.

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

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

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

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

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

Later on we will also draw and paint, but for the time being that will have

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

Alcar had stopped talking, and André felt alone again.

This good spirit that radiated so much love had left. All his words expressed love, and silently André whispered:

'Alcar, my leader, I thank you for everything.'

Then he heard:

'Thank God, my son, give yourself in love for God, with Him and for Him in all things.'

It remained quiet after that, and he felt as if something beautiful had departed from him.

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

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

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

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

Afterwards he soon fell into a deep sleep.

The next morning he told his father and mother everything, since Alcar had told him to. His parents had to know.

They were happy too, even though they didn't understand what it was all about.

André spoke with conviction about life after death.

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

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

Whenever he had a chance he would speak to others about his wondrous

experiences.

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

A few days after his last contact with Alcar he unexpectedly started to draw.

It was curious how this began.

He had been walking about for a few days with an aching pain in his right arm, and he thought it might be rheumatism.

But one morning he heard his leader say: 'André, I want to draw, get some paper and a pencil, you need a drawing pencil.'

He didn't know what to do. How was he supposed to draw? He had never done it.

Yet he went to get the things he needed, laid them out in front of him and waited what would happen.

Slowly the pain in his arm subsided. Then suddenly, involuntarily, his hand reached out for the pencil and started to make circling motions. A strange feeling took hold of him as his arm began to turn faster and faster.

This slowly decreased again and he felt how his right arm was being guided.

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

His father, who had come in and saw that André was drawing, quietly left again at this strange sight to warn his wife. 'Come quickly, Marie, this is a miracle. Where did the boy ever pick that up? I've never seen anything like it in my whole life. He's sitting there, making such a weird drawing. He never got that from me.'

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

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

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

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

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

‘Dear parents, remain calm.

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

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

As I said, he is in good hands, and even if this all seems so strange to you, and although you cannot understand this yet, always keep in mind that we are using him for a good cause, namely the proclamation of spiritualism.

With God's help we will, through him, call out to the people: ‘We are not dead, we are alive. Do not fear, there is nothing to fear.

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

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

‘I will not ask much of you, simply this: let him be. Let him do what he wants. By this I mean: let him follow his free will, because he must do our work. We also want to help you, rest assured. And now I ask you for your support and your cooperation. You won't only be helping me, but many who are on our side and who, like me, want to convince the people on earth.

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

This enabled me to draw, and later on we will also paint through him. We will speak through him in this way, and he will perform miracles, because we will go on developing him. Tell him so.

We will make him a good instrument to serve us.

I bring you many greetings, also from your parents who are here with us.

Your father and your grandfather say that there is no need to keep your business going for generations.

Your grandchild has greater work to perform: the work of God.

You will have enough to do to support him in all his work. Behold, and face the things you see. Do as I say and put the reigns into my hands so that I may guide him.

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

bless both of you.'

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

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

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

'Oh, dad, this is wonderful.'

Hendriks nodded.

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

'What do you make of that, mum?'

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

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

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

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

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

He quickly made a frame and hurried to hang the drawing up in a fine spot in the living room.

It hung there as a symbol of the two worlds and seemed to radiate a big, strong light. You simply had to look at it.

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

The latter answered that he was very glad and hoped that his talents would keep on developing. This piece was only the beginning, as others soon followed, all of them beautiful symbolic drawings.

He had to buy pastel colours next, and pictures were then made in colour.

Some of them were bought by kindred spirits, who were intent on owning such a drawing.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The left and the right side of the canvas were covered with a thick coat of paint, and the first thing he finished was a beautiful sky in a mother-of-pearl colour.

An arch appeared in the middle, in the shape of a horseshoe. It looked like a vista into some beautiful place. Then he painted a big elegant bird that covered part of the firmament with its magnificent colourful tail.

After about an hour and a half the work was finished and André turned to the guests who thought that he was now coming round out of his trance.

But he sighed deeply, and Alcar came through to explain the meaning of the piece of work.

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

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

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

Following this, André began to see, and amidst the guests he saw many intelligences whom he described and who were all recognized. Many messages were received in this manner. One of the guests received a very beautiful evidence. He immediately heard Alcar again, who said:

‘Take care, André, I will connect you with a spirit.’

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

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

André conveyed these messages to the couple concerned, who were both enormously impressed as these had come through so unexpectedly.

There were tears in their eyes and they were convinced, not only because of the painting, but also due to the proof that their beloved friend was still in their midst. They were also informed by him that he was making progress and, after considerable struggle, had been allowed to see the light.

This is how the people became convinced of a life after death.

The guests left, and their hearts were filled with the beauty of that afternoon.

These were magnificent pieces of proof and André was happy with the painting he had received in this manner.

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

At the bottom of the drawing it said: Heard.

‘You can see’, André said, ‘how the people below the cross are praying. A ray of light penetrates the black sky. This is the Light of God, the proof that their prayer has been heard.’

The drawing is meant for you both and Alcar said that you yourself would know the meaning behind it.’

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

‘André, I’ll tell you why I’m so moved. My wife and I sent up prayers to God on your behalf, that He might protect you and that your gifts might develop into something great. Now this is certainly strong evidence that our prayer has been answered; because we always prayed underneath the cross that hangs in our bedroom. And now your leader presents us with this draw-

ing. Two people, praying below the cross. It also proves that the spirits know everything about us. We thank your leader for this great present. Will you tell him that it makes us very happy?’

After that day André’s name was mentioned frequently, and people came to him from far and wide.

There were many sick people whom he had to help and support, and whom he needed to convince of the reality of eternal life.

Healing and disembodiment

André's gifts developed rapidly and were mostly applied to healing.

One morning a gentleman came to see him with a portrait of his wife and asked if he could tell him something about her health condition.

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

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

He was then shown the exact spot where the stone was located, which seemed a miracle to him.

Suddenly he received a very clear image of the person's inside, and he was able to determine which part of the body was ill. This was clearly shown to him.

Alcar continued:

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

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

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

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

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

'Trust me, André, what I see is correct, don't you doubt that. You'll have to pull through, otherwise we won't make any progress in your development.

After all, you felt it yourself, and what you saw is correct. Now pass this on to him.'

For the second time André made it plain that the patient was troubled by a kidney stone.

The visitor replied: 'All right, sir, then please treat my wife.'

André then told him a few details concerning his children and the man was surprised that he knew about them.

‘These are only small pieces of proof, sir, but I hope that they are convincing to you.’

The next morning he went to the address he had been given in order to treat the sick person, and when he arrived there she was in terrible pain.

He instantly laid his hands on her back, as Alcar instructed him to treat the kidney area properly.

She immediately felt the benefit of the wonderful warmth his hands radiated.

Alcar also told him to pray while he was busy magnetizing; in the meantime he would examine the patient.

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

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

‘Tell her this, André, and set her mind at rest.’

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

The following morning, this was Sunday, while he was sitting in his room, he suddenly saw this patient in front of him and he heard Alcar say:

‘Go to her, André, these two treatments have already produced a result.’

He hurried to her house as fast as he could, and with surprise in her voice she said:

‘You’re here already, sir? I thought we had arranged that I would go over to see you; otherwise you would return here on Monday.’

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

‘How do you know it broke free?’

‘How do I know? Through my leader, ma’am. And it seems to me that your husband has received enough proof by now that my leader did indeed see correctly.’

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

‘To me this is convincing proof, sir.’

Last night I had terrible pains and now I’m so glad that I got rid of that nasty thing. But how were you able to see all this?’

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

Then he began to speak. ‘You wonder how this was possible, ma’am? I’ll

tell you. I'm under the guidance of a spiritual doctor. The moment I saw you I understood that something must have happened. I wouldn't have come before Monday morning if my leader hadn't told me to go and see you and that the treatment had already shown success.

I immediately came over and on the way I was told in detail what had happened to you.

That's why I asked you:

'Please show me the stone.' You were surprised. Of course everything depends on the manner in which the medium is attuned, that is essential. I'm talking about the link between the spirit and the medium. This has to be flawless as we must carry out what we are instructed to do.

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

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

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

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

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

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

'Look, my son, I'll explain it to you.

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

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

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

So you see, André, how our link of love enables us to build up a strong

connection. It would even enable me to hand you temporary knowledge of some science or other. This would happen in semi-trance, while your spirit is still within your body. By acting on your thoughts I can restrict your words to whatever I want you to say. But it only works if there's a good connection.

This will enable us to help all the people that come to you. Listen, always give yourself like you did this morning, and have faith in all the things I let you see and hear. Follow up my orders at once, no matter how strange they may seem. It will build you up, and soon you will have reached complete spiritual development.'

Some time afterwards it came to André's ears that this was all to be the devil's doings.

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

To André this was incontestable proof that friends who had passed away continued to exist, and that they would do anything to convince material man of their willingness to lend support and of their ability to help from yonder side. Now Alcar had been branded as a 'devil', although he was the very one who had delivered the patient from pain and sickness. It shows how ungrateful man is and how ready to judge.

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

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

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

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

'Make sure, my son, that you're in your room at nine o'clock this evening. You'll be accompanying me to the spheres. Tell your parents that nobody, and I really mean nobody, may disturb you! Inform them what we're going to do and wish them good night before you go to your room. Then they

won't need to come up to see you and can go straight off to bed. Make sure too, that you're calm and collected, and give yourself over willingly. Quietly go off to sleep, I'll take care of the rest.'

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

And now the time had come. He sat there waiting, eagerly looking forward to that moment. He went through long hours of suspense. Quarter past nine it was, but still there was nothing to be heard, and no sign of Alcar. Nor did he hear any music or knocking.

Nothing at all. He had no idea how this would develop, but he would abide by his instructions and go to bed.

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

He drifted away, ever deeper, until he was finally fast asleep.

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

He looked around and noticed only a clear blue light, a few steps to his left. Then he saw a large white light approaching him, and he got scared. This was all so strange to him, so overpowering. The white light kept coming closer. And then suddenly he saw Alcar before him and he called out: 'Alcar, this light, is it you?' With a cry, he flung his arms around Alcar's neck. 'Alcar, Alcar, now I recognize you. Oh God!'

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

'Quiet André, take it easy, son.'

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

'I did well, my boy, not to show myself immediately. Your joy would have overburdened your physical frame and that would have been detrimental.' It suddenly seemed to André as if his blood was surging to his head at full blast. First he turned cold, then hot, then he felt dizzy and he had to look for support to keep from falling. But this didn't last long. He opened his eyes again and noticed that Alcar was still holding him tightly in his arms.

'All right, my son, that's more like it. You're all set for the things to come.'

We've been made one, thanks to your ardent longing and willingness to carry out our task. Too much emotion wouldn't have done you any good, as I just said. It would have caused a shock to your material body, which you have now left behind, and you would have been forced to return into your body in a flash. You would have noticed some kind of disturbance.

But I prevented this from happening. Now that I have shone my light on you and surrounded you with my spiritual energy, my fluid, you will be able to master all your emotions. Within this aura you're ready to enter the Hereafter. Without it your spiritual body wouldn't be able to handle things.

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

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

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

From an earthly point of view it would have been difficult to determine that it was only a physical body lying here, left behind by the spirit.

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

'This is terribly interesting to me, Alcar.'

'It certainly is. Man is the crown on creation. God created him after His Own image. When we leave here, my helpers will remain to watch over your

body. Disembodiment can be dangerous, but when the necessary precautions are taken, nothing can or will go wrong. All the same, the slightest interruption could lead to a heart failure, and in any case it would result in a nervous disturbance, at the very least, since the heart would not be able to stand the shock caused by the rupture of the fluid cord. So we must take protective measures. Look, here come the helpers who will watch over your body.'

André saw six young men come forward who had been standing behind Alcar in the blue light.

They greeted him warmly and he saw that they looked happy and that their features were handsome.

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

But here that soul stands naked, and the spiritual body takes on the shape it really has. That is why it becomes unrecognizable and terribly old. Such a person made little of life on earth and went spiritually astray.

You see the beauty my friends possess, André. They are young, in spite of their two hundred years. You can't tell that here, because their spiritual power rejuvenated them. Look at their light and their aura. These are signs of wisdom and of their love for God.

And yet there will be many who need a thousand years before they acquire this wisdom, this light.'

André looked from one to the other and he noticed how Alcar possessed the purest light of all. This made it clear to him that his leader was on a higher level. 'You know, André, you're ahead of many other brothers and sisters in beholding the Hereafter. But don't think you're the only visitor, because when we're in the spheres you'll notice that more people from the earth will come. You will then see with all of them that they are inhabitants of the earth.

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

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

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

Hand in hand they floated away from the earth.

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

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

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

'What I want to tell you, my boy, is that nearly everything concerning the cosmos stems from our side. Nobody, not even the greatest among the great amidst your scholars could ever discover anything of importance, if the road leading in that direction weren't shown to him through inspiration from on high. Of course this only holds for things that benefit mankind. But unfortunately they also receive evil-minded support through those who live in the lower spheres. They bear upon people who are receptive and open to bad influences, urging them on to evildoing and wrongfulness. This is how people are influenced, some for the sake of good, others for evil's sake. It's up to them to choose the road which must be taken. Many people don't stop to think this over, because selfishness and vanity make them forget, and their self-interest causes them to disregard the path that leads them upward. Fortunately the earth is populated by many 'scholars' with high principles, but the majority hankers after fame and honour, tokens which are merely tempo-

rary, yet for which they'll fight with all their might, not understanding that these honours don't result from private knowledge but are due to Guidance from the Hereafter. To make this clear I'll give you an example from which you can gather how terrible the situation is on earth.

A long time ago I frequently left my own sphere to visit the planet, because I was interested in everything people did in all their ignorance, and I often had to look on and see how they misunderstood everything, and how they made it impossible for their guides to help them. I considered myself to be an invisible onlooker, a student, and I was concerned about the things I witnessed. I kept that up for quite a while. Then I knew what I had to do, and I made a plan, because I wanted to deter mankind from their wrong ideas and give them pure knowledge instead and then guide them in the right direction. I have seen terrible situations and witnessed sorrowful scenes, all due to ignorance, inexperience, unbelief and unfamiliarity with the laws of a higher life, which follows after our existence on earth. I and many others feel compelled to save mankind from the claws of evil, and to convince them from here of the sad truth that the earth and its inhabitants are sick, which we know to be true because we see to the bottom of all things. We want to call attention to all the misery, and we hope that people will finally realize that they are on the wrong track and that they are playing into evil's hands, which is why everything is running counter to God's laws. For a long time we tried to offer help in silence, to bring happiness and create better conditions. Many of us operate on earth with the aid of a medium, but only few can keep their instruments out of the claws of evil, as most of them are eaten up with envy. This crushes their own power and makes them renounce their guides who are badly rewarded for their efforts, since nothing is achieved.

Our work is difficult because we must constantly battle against the belief that the easiest way of fulfilling life on earth is to take things as they are. This attitude serves neither us nor the great cause.

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

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

I ask you fervently, André, remain steadfast. I will make up to you for a lot. I suppose you understand my goal and my plans by now. I need you because

I want to make all this known to the world. In our first lessons I told you clearly enough that this all serves our great cause, namely to convince the people of a life after death. We will tell them about our journeys and we'll reveal everything we convey to you.

This spiritual charity will be poured out over the whole earth and will make it progress.

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

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

One night an explosion blew up the laboratory, and his mortal remains were extracted from under the debris.

It was made known on earth that due to an unfortunate accident professor A. had died whilst carrying out scientific experiments.

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

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

So what happened on our side?

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

These are a few of the situations I have witnessed. When man forgets himself, he is doomed to become putty in the hands of evil. You can see from

this example, André, how necessary it is to open man's eyes. Many were lost in this way. And what did these people achieve? Not much really. Their lives turned out a failure because they forgot the spiritual part which was meant to feed their soul. There are many like that, who are lost because of their ignorance.

We have already travelled far, André, without you noticing, and we've now arrived at a spot that links us up with the earth and the spheres.

We've been gliding along swiftly, which enabled us to cover this distance in a very short time.

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

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

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

André looked at his leader who regarded him with a smile. 'Certainly, it is worth seeing her from here. But wait till I tell you what caused the earth to be so dark, and you will pray with me and beg God for salvation. You'll no longer think that it's beautiful and captivating, my son. Do you see that thin grey line, slightly lit up, that revolves around the earth? That's all the spiritual radiation it possesses.

The light of the earth isn't white, it's turbid. This is the badness we see from this side, the evil that spreads out upon it. This planet has fallen incredibly low. Just compare this aura with that of other planets. There are people up there too, but spiritually and emotionally they attune to a much finer degree, so naturally they're nearer to perfection too. Isn't their light much purer and doesn't it make you feel happy that you may behold such beauty?

Now look again how dark the earth is. Down there pure love is no longer known, nor faithfulness towards God. Everything is deformed and the people only crave for earthly treasures and earthly fame, like those two brothers. Man wants progress, but he treads the path that leads him downward.

Nevertheless we will do our best to make that light shine clearer, and many will help us.

If ever the earth lights up like those planets above, then pure love will be rediscovered there too, and people will once more begin to live according

to God's commandment. They would shine again, just as God wants to see all His children shine. As yet I don't see this happening, because they're at each other's throats. Brothers fight each other. They steal each other's happiness and covet and curse the other's very life. And so they continue on the road that leads further and further away from the straight. In their blindness they no longer see God's ways, nor do they sense the delightful warm rays that lighten up these roads. To them everything seems cold and barren, and they feel no need to raise their spiritual level. They go on running through life, they play hide-and-seek with each other and they're afraid to show each other their good traits. They've lost the courage to do so, and they no longer carry their cross openly for everyone to see. That's how low mankind has fallen, how turbid the spiritual light of the earth is and how misunderstood the message became that Christ once brought to this planet.

That is why we and thousands of others, no, millions along with us try to set the earth free by convincing its people anew of a life beyond the grave, and to guide them towards the road that leads upward. This, my boy, is the spiritual food that will bring them back to God, our common Father. We receive His love and strength, and His love and wisdom enable us to present them with a different kind of light and a different kind of influence, the holy influence from the spheres.

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

Alcar stood there like a statue, his arm raised, hand in hand with André, and it seemed as if he had been talking to God above, his heart heavy with sorrow, pleading for forgiveness for the poor earth, and asking for strength for the work he wanted to accomplish.

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

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

So then we leave our realm to come and help that poor mortal. But he must first ask God for help. Prior to that we can neither reach him, nor can he perceive our outstretched hand.

But if he begs the Father for help, then he will not be lost, because God loves all His children, the evil ones as well as the good ones.

And at long last God will finally see all His children in perfect love and purity.

One day, when you arrive here to remain forever, we will continue the beautiful work together that aims at man's spiritual ascent.

Come, we must go on now.'

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

On they went for a while, both buried in their own thoughts.

André saw how Alcar's face glowed, although he was still in a sad mood.

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

'How did you know what I was thinking?'

'I read your thoughts, André, or rather, your thoughts reached me.'

"How can it be, Alcar!"

'Nothing is impossible to us. We can do anything if we want to. But to master that, we have to develop. This is spiritual power, and so it's something we acquire ourselves.

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

Come, let's try and get in touch with my friends.'

Alcar got out an object that slightly resembled a silk cloth and could easily be stowed away. A loose strand with a few contact points attached ran around the cloth. 'Look, this is my receiver. It has considerable power, so that it can unite me with the almighty cosmos that still contains so many secrets. This gadget is attuned to human energy and integrated with our strong will and our ability to concentrate. So it's subject to my will. Accordingly, the images I want to receive will be forced to become as clear as I wish. The instrument is made of liquid metal and its secret is only known to the spheres. A friend of mine designed it and told me that it will take some years before it's presented to the people on earth. Now if I want to link up with something, in other words become one with it, then I hold the left hand to the left and the right hand to the right of the cloth, with this contact point here and that button there on the right side. All right, André, now I'm one with the cosmos. As I

said, the cosmos holds many miracles. This is one of them, a small but useful miracle. There are planets where the inhabitants already possess this and make use of it. But those people are on a much higher spiritual level, so they are much nearer to perfection than those who live on earth. I know for sure that if it were given to the earth, this noble product would be used to destroy others. So many things we bestowed on the earth are misused for warfare, which was not the intention at all. Now I must concentrate, and everything I want to see, in other words whatever I think of intently, will appear on this cloth, in the same colour and shape it has in reality. Here we call this instrument a spiritual mirror or a magic mirror, but my friend said - which is true - that this is television of the mind. Now pay close attention, you will see something beautiful, but don't talk, and come and stand behind me. You can look over my shoulder.'

André noticed how Alcar strained himself, but he didn't move a muscle. He sat completely motionless for some moments and then André not only saw himself appear on the cloth, but his room too with everything it contained, as clear as on a photo. He immediately recognized the young men in the blue light. The image remained very distinct for some moments, then it faded slightly and finally disappeared entirely.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

'Who is Adonis, Alcar?'

'My helper, he's in charge of my other friends. You'll get to see him when

we return to your room.

I want to come back for a moment to what I just said about giving things to the earth.

There has been some minor progress on earth, but the inventors whom my friend wants to use as instruments will have to show a bit of patience yet, otherwise they will tend to pursue the wrong objectives.

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

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

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

We'll soon be there, and I've got a lot of surprises in store for you, André.'

'I hear music, Alcar, where is it coming from?'

Oh, what a beautiful sound!'

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

The intelligences which you will see are from various areas and they have come especially for this occasion. You will have noticed that we rose very rapidly since our last stop.

But you didn't observe anything special. Did you?''

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

'The earth and the other planets can no longer be seen. We're afloat in infinity. Yet we went through other spheres without you noticing it. This is because you only see what I intend for you. You couldn't possibly digest everything. It would overwhelm you. And we wouldn't be able to travel as fast if I didn't keep hold of you with my will power and my thoughts. This protects you, and you'll be able to stand up to everything we see and meet up with. I already told you that we can travel at the speed of our thoughts, but of course this only holds for those who live on our side.

I want you to thoroughly absorb what you're about to see, because back on earth you must make this known to all those who are willing to listen. Instil it all firmly into your head, and it will gradually come back to you when you have returned to earth. You will see everything in your mind's eye again, as consciously as when you were allowed to experience it in reality. All the same, you won't be able to describe it as it really is. It's impossible to translate into the languages on earth. It has to be seen and felt. Nonetheless, the people will be happy when you tell them about life after death and when you

assure them that if they live the good life on earth, they will come into the light when they're here, and heavenly happiness will be their share. Everyone arrives here in the state he is in, deep within, and he will arrive in the sphere where he belongs spiritually. In keeping with the law of cause and effect, man reaps what he sows. Very many arrive here in an unhappy state and often have to spend a long time in the dark, chilly spheres before they can progress spiritually and reach a higher area. Others however, who already understood on earth that it's God's intention for us to spend this life for the good of others and who act accordingly, will, immediately after their transition, feel happy and at home in the sphere that corresponds to their inner being.

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

All right, now we have arrived in the third sphere.

You will undoubtedly have noticed the change in the light of the heavens. You will see this happen in all the spheres. It increases in beauty and draws nearer to perfection all the time. Everything flows together and links up in total harmony.' They now saw many intelligences coming and going, in large columns and in smaller groups too. All of them glided along.

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

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

Look, we have now arrived at our destination. We'll find a place down there in the valley, where we can observe everything clearly.' André saw a beautiful landscape. It resembled nature on earth, yet it was milder, and the light, which shone with greater beauty, had a wonderful effect on him.

'How quiet it is here, Alcar.'

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

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

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

‘How beautiful it is here, Alcar !’

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

‘What’s going on now, Alcar?’

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

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

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

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

Alcar looked at André and noticed that he was crying.

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

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

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

Slowly the procession passed by.

André now saw many spirits in beautiful garments, all in different colours.

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

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

André got a splendid view of everything.

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

‘What is that, Alcar?’

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

This is holy, my boy.

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

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

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

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

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

That’s why I wanted to take you along. It’s through Him that we have received all this wisdom, this holy light.

You’ll be able to grasp what this means, because you’ve now seen for yourself what the symbol of the cross signifies in terms of spiritual power:

the perfect happiness, the splendour of the light which the Son of God, the perfect child of God, gave to the people on earth.

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

‘Come on, son, show how strong you are, and listen.

The glow of this light will inspire a change of heart in the unhappy spirits, so that they will try to work their way up and one day prove themselves worthy to possess this light forever.

The person bearing the cross was once my leader, and he is worthy of carrying it. Many of those gathered here don’t belong to this sphere, they came to the valley from the first, the second and many other spheres to view the light which the cross sheds. They were all enabled to take part in this festivity, and afterwards, when they return, the urge to develop will reveal itself in them.

They are escorted, just as you are, otherwise they would fall back to the place they came from, as they would be unable to bear the light and the warmth of this sphere. That is why they must be irradiated by the fluid of their leaders.’

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

‘Can’t you read it, my son?’

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

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

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

‘How can you tell, Alcar, at such a distance?’

‘Again through spiritual power.

Some day, when you're ready and you possess this spiritual power, you will be just as able as I am to determine such things, and many others too.

You will become capable of doing this while you're still on earth. I will develop your gifts to that extent. I know the contents of these books purely by concentrating.'

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

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

'Certainly, André, but don't compare them to the ones on earth. Down there they are often awarded for no reason at all, and frequently only for material feats and not for spiritual deeds.

Nobody ever asks how they were earned. Everything is seen through physical eyes only and has nothing to do with God's laws.

What's the meaning of insignia if the person wearing them is spiritually low-down!

Do you understand what I mean, André?'

'Yes Alcar.'

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

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

I could go on about this for a long time, but let me finish by telling you that many are ridiculed when they boast about their former possessions, or the functions they once held.

Many who were held in high respect on earth have landed in the dark spheres, and what's the use of adorning oneself in this way when all is dark within one's soul? No, outward lustre loses all its value here. Man must shine from within.

This alone will mark him as a person who gives, and only lives to carry God's Light in and around himself. Only then does beauty show in him, and he'll bear distinctions of spiritual power and be willing to help everyone. Therefore, my son, adorn yourself with God's tokens: wisdom, strength and love, earned in simplicity and humility. It will enable you to support the people who will be lead to understand that love is everything. God granted these young men spiritual distinctions which they wear in all simplicity, because they give themselves to do good and wish to love everything that is part of

God's life.

And now they will once again sit for an exam in the mighty studies of the laws of life. That is why these books were brought along.'

André saw radiant happiness on everyone's face.

In the middle of the valley a few floats had been lined up, which had been decorated with the most beautiful flowers of the spheres, and which carried symbols of wisdom, strength and love. Everything had been put together harmoniously and created a unity.

Next to the young men the scholars walked, who would test the former in the exams. All these spirits radiated happiness and wisdom.

'On earth, André, these men would appear old, but what does age mean here, and time? Nothing at all, compared to Eternity. They are all young, because they possess spiritual power. One does not grow old in Eternity, because the spirit stays forever young.' All this overwhelmed André. He could find no words to describe how he felt at heart. There was no end to all the beauty, but there was one thing he was sure of: this was indeed Eternity, it showed up in everything. He was overcome by the certainty that God is love.

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

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

While they walked on Alcar asked if he had noticed something special about the various intelligences.

'Yes Alcar, I know exactly what you mean. You spoke about it on the way. Didn't you?'

'Correct, my boy.'

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

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

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

dwell here.

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

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

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

They entered a large hall where many intelligences had already gathered.

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

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

'There is harmony in everything, my boy, and it's striking that something which people take for granted on earth is appreciated by everyone here in such a totally different manner. It's because everyone here is in tune with these things. This is the abundant charm it exerts. One has to feel it. Isn't it wonderful, André? You see that it captivates everyone. Those who made it are higher spirits who, without a doubt, possess an exceeding amount of the har-

monious, spiritual power which they incorporated into the fountain. That is why it appeals to us and forces us to think of God, who is in everything, and must be understood in His wisdom and harmonious power by the spiritual aspect in us. It teaches us to act harmoniously in everything we do, just as God expects of us. This fountain certainly has a very deep meaning.'

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

'This observation of yours is also very correct.

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

'Now I understand it all, Alcar.'

'I'm glad, my boy. If we want to be one with God, then we feel that a link exists, that we love Him, and that we want to be His child, as we ought to. We must all be God's children, who long for wisdom, energy and love. Then man will be on the way up, then he will shine from within.

Those who are about to arrive will also grasp the intention of this symbolic image. For them these words were well chosen: 'And do not forget one blade on your acre, where everything, small though it may be, has the right to exist, the right to live.' Is this all clear to you, André? It sprinkles everything and forgets nothing. And everything we do must likewise be done, with love in mind. That's our spiritual nourishment and our strength. The spiritual teachers will show their pupils in full harmony how the fountain accomplishes its work. This they can do by their common love for God. In everything they do, they tread the path of love, because love is the ultimate and the most sacred, created by Him. In a few moments one of the leaders will speak to those who are taking their exam, to those who live here and to those, like you, who have come from earth to participate in this. He will point out the tremendous inner power which everyone possesses.'

Trumpets resounded now, as a sign that the entire procession had arrived and that the ceremony could begin. One of the scholars, dressed in a beautiful garment, had taken his seat on the rostrum. Above him hung a luminous cross that had been decorated with white lilies as a symbol of purity. This was the sacred, pure white light that Christ radiated as the perfect Son of God.

Complete silence set in and all kneeled down. The solemn, sacred moment had come.

It moved André deeply.

'This leader is known here as a Spirit of Love, a name of honour which he

earned himself through his deeds. He will speak about 'Self-confidence', André. Another thing I already know. It will give everyone support and strength for their development.'

In a clear, sonorous voice the speaker began:

'My sisters and brothers! You who are about to take your exam, you who still dwell on earth, and also you who already live on this side, all you who are heavily laden, I want to address you all. When life becomes too heavy to continue and you don't know where to turn to, have faith. Every battle in life is difficult, but I tell you, hold your head up high, keep your eyes fixed on God, fixed on God's Light. Follow that road, and you will accomplish a lot, and even more. Sisters and brothers! Be of good cheer. We want to help you to overcome the heavy struggle. I come into your midst as your friend and bring you words of support and consolation. I feel the need to imbue you with confidence in yourself, for what is a man without self-confidence! Is he not a wreck on life's ocean? Self-confidence, in the knowledge that enables you to achieve something, to accomplish a certain thing, isn't that the essence in man's existence, here in the spheres and on earth? And this serves to examine the higher aspect in our self-confidence. The word is so simple. Confidence in yourself. This means: first turn yourself inside out, to find out what is good and what must be regarded as unusable. And if you still have a bit of self-confidence left, then you face the heavy task of humbling yourself to make that little bit of good in you grow. This turns the spirit and the shell of man into something beautiful. But be careful that your self-confidence never degenerates into self-satisfaction. Watch out for that. Self-confidence is the source of energy that should carry you towards all that is good. Lack of self-confidence reduces you, makes you and void, and inflicts a feeling of inferiority on you. Self-confidence gives you strength, not merely in your social status. First and foremost it is to be the source that nurtures all good things in life on earth and in the spheres. So this doesn't only hold for man in his earthly day-to-day worries, but also and above all in his love for God's creation, for God's Omnipotence, for his fellow human beings and for all that is good. You need all of this, here as well as on earth. And when God gives you a task, difficult though it may be, accept it and trust that you are able to accomplish it. You will then sense the sacred element within, and you will say: 'How grateful I am that God gave me this task and that I may fulfil it.' Then, beloved ones, your self-confidence will have grown and become stronger, and you will feel, after all your struggle and your strife, that you have gathered enough strength to accomplish the task you were given, and that you have therefore advanced to a higher spiritual level. Then self-confidence will have been returned to you, and you can cast away all your dark thoughts and realize that it was God who gave you this energy, and that He assigned this

task to you, and it will also make you understand that your merciful Father demands nothing from you which you can't accomplish. Have faith in the victory of life's battle. Have faith in spite of the adversities you must all face up to on life's path. But above all have faith in the love which God gave to man as His greatest gift of all. Self-confidence and self-knowledge inevitably lead you to God's holy love. Life's struggle isn't easy for any of you, but know that the heavier the battle is, the more splendid the victory will be. Only those who choose to triumph in spite of troubles and worries will receive God's blessing. They will subject themselves to God's will, they will accept all things. Those who know no struggle cannot rise. They fall deeper and deeper because they lack the one thing a person needs in order to be himself. It's self-confidence. Fight your battle for goodness' sake, but make sure that you emerge victorious and that you have the confidence to rouse the good in you and make it stay awake. Have self-confidence, have self-confidence, then you will trust in God too. But even though this lesson on life seems true, it's often so very difficult to follow up, isn't it? Then always remember that you are children of the almighty Father, who never forgets His beloved in all their strife and worry, and Who supports them in times of darkness, on earth as well as in the spheres. Therefore look up to Him Whom you call your Father. And if ever you bow your head and say from the bottom of your heart: 'Father, I can't go on', then lift up your head and look down on all your worries. You will see them in a different light, because in that moment God, in all His goodness, will have given you back the self-confidence you lacked. Man, pray frequently, for the sake of your work and your studies. Pray in times of joy, but also in times of trouble. Pray whenever you can, and put your will into it. Pray for self-confidence, and know that without it you cannot be a child of God. Pray that it may never be taken away from you, because then you would feel how small you are: no more than feckless matter. I pray to our common Father to help you, support you, strengthen you, and to give you wisdom, energy and love. To give you the self-confidence you need, to attain all that is good. May God's blessing rest upon you all. Amen.'

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

Then another spirit in a garment of a different colour stepped onto the rostrum and spoke the following words to those present:

'My beloved, sisters and brothers! I also want to address some words to you. Whenever things get too hard for you in life, either here in the spheres or on earth, then pray, pray, pray. Love is the highest, the ultimate, sacred and sacrosanct. God blesses you for every victory you gain over yourself. But it's difficult, and you're often confronted with seemingly insurmountable situations. Then God says: 'Do my will!' And you answer: 'My God, I can't.' But God is unrelenting and tells you: 'You must', and you keep on feeling

his indisputable will. 'You must, my child. This is how it has to be, I want it this way.' Then you think you can't, and you want to resist to the utmost. But God insists, and finally you're ready and you bow your head before God's stern, yet holy will, and you have gained a victory over yourself in this exceedingly bitter, heavy and painful battle that cost you blood and tears. And yet, you had to. Then God tenderly lays His hands on your bowed head and says: 'Well done, My child, I am with you.'

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

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

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

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

'That's for later, my son. When you finally arrive here for good, you will be eternally happy. The festivity will go on and more scholars will be speaking, but we must return to earth.'

Before we go, I ask you to take in everything carefully, so that you'll be able to relate all this on earth.'

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

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

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

They glided back to earth.

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

Again André saw the planet with its dark aura. 'Its inhabitants keep on looking for dark things, André, and that makes them forget the light which ought to be their spiritual food. One person begrudges the other what the latter has gained in an honest way. People are dissatisfied with a decent profit and try to hoard as much as possible at the expense of their sisters and

brothers, whom they cause so much misery and sorrow. That's how man trudges along through life. That's how he lives in a dark hell which he refuses to become aware of. Now you can perceive the big difference between the influence you observed in the third sphere and that which the earth radiates.'

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

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

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

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

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

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

'It is indeed, my boy. But come on now, we must go. This was the prayer that I used to send up to God as a child when I still lived on earth, and I always felt an enormous peace and quiet come over me when I spoke from the bottom of my heart. It always gave me strength, because when we pray humbly, without self-love, when we shoulder the cross that God gives us to bear, then we will find solace in prayer and it will give us increasing consolation. Don't fret or complain if ever things get too heavy to endure in life. You will get wiser through battle, and it will make you grow spiritually, because if darkness never spread around you, you could not appreciate the light.'

'We could go on for hours on end, but it's high time now.'

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

'Did you understand my messages, Adonis?'

'Yes brother.'

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

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

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

'Be still, André, be strong, son. We're not parting for good. Only a short period, then you will see me again, from one spirit to another. I'm always at your side, you know that. After all, you can hear me and see me. This is the end of your first journey, and you made it by leaving your body. Be strong, we'll go more often, we'll make more journeys and let's hope they all succeed. Now before you return to your body I will release you from my fluid and my strong will power, because if I happened to forget, you would experience something strange tomorrow. If I didn't release you from my fluid, it would penetrate into your physical body and that would hinder you in your earthly

work, as you would feel strongly. Of course I must prevent this and see to it that you wake up peacefully after this first journey. When you descend into your body you will experience a minor shock which can't be avoided, in spite of all my precautions. After you wake up, everything you heard and beheld in the spheres will gradually come back to you.'

Suddenly André felt himself getting terribly tired.

'What does this mean, Alcar?'

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

He felt shivery, and all at once the fatigue was gone.

'All right, André. I have now demagnetized you, like I did when we left. It's good-bye now! Here's your garment, your material casing.'

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

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

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

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

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

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

'I took possession of you with a special purpose in mind, and I could find no better way than to put you into a trance.

While I was using your organism I also acted upon your physical body. The band around your head and the feeling of fatigue have disappeared by now.

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

Alcar left.

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

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

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

Passing on

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Have faith, mum. God will give you the strength to bear this. Don't be tough on yourself, Alcar will help us. Think of everything the spirit world is doing for us. All the things we've received lately! Come on, let's be strong and grateful. Auntie has suffered long enough. You wouldn't want to keep her here, with all her terrible pains. You wouldn't want her to remain lying there in that condition, would you now? Of course you wouldn't. You love her too dearly for that. What does death mean to her? Don't the words that I and Alcar convey to you mean anything to you? Doesn't death mean redemption, once you know that life is everlasting? Now show me that you know this is true. Come on, mum, now stop crying.'

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

Yes, Mrs. Hendriks thought, André's right.

Her sister had spent years in bed and now the end was in sight. She felt that her boy was giving her courage and strength to bear the loss. He spoke with the conviction of a person who knows.

On Sundays they always spent the day together. He never went anywhere, nor did he have many friends. There were only a few whom he could talk to about the things which by now entirely filled his heart and to which he dedicated himself completely. They didn't understand him anyway, and he certainly didn't feel like doing something just because it pleased others.

No, that was a thing of the past, now that he had received such a wonderful gift. They merely talked worldly trash, and he had lost all interest in these conversations. He didn't feel attracted to these people and so he had stopped seeing them. They wanted to take him along on a road that wanders through life yet has no goal. He felt happy with all the spiritual treasures that Alcar had given and taught him, and he avoided the others because they merely wanted things the easy way. Well, let all these people live life as they saw it. He wanted no part of it. He wanted to live as he felt he ought to, consciously. Most people didn't live their own life, their lives were lived according to the will of others. He detested people who tried to force their will on others and made them do what they wanted. And he couldn't stand getting presents either, when self-interest was involved. He immediately sensed such things, and this made the gifts worthless to him. Something that wasn't given out of love, from the heart, would tie the recipient, and he couldn't possibly keep company with people who wanted to impose their will on him in that way. He felt uncomfortable in their presence. He would rather stand alone and travel the road that had been shown to him: honestly and unpretentiously, out of true love for God. People should give for the sake of love, not to gain earthly goods or worldly influence or for appearance's sake, nor to receive thanks. He wanted to live as Alcar wanted him to.

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

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

His mother looked at him, but said nothing. André clearly felt what his mother had on her mind. The church just wouldn't let them in peace. He had breakfast and got dressed. 'What's the weather like, mum?'

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

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

'All right, André.' His mother watched him go. She loved her child dearly.

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

Hendriks came home around eleven.

'Where's our boy, Marie?'

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

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

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

'Oh Willem, leave him alone. You know he's up to no harm. After all, he prays every day, he told me so himself. It's true, we can't follow his ideas lately, I'll grant you that, but he's a good boy. Everything he does is good, isn't it? You have to admit that.'

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

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

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

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

By now he had come far enough to diagnose an illness when the person who came to consult him about a patient concentrated intently on the latter. This was the telepathic cord, as Alcar told him, but what amazed him most of all was the sensation of sickness and pain which he experienced on the very spot where the person whom they were thinking of felt it. When this happened, he would get a precise image, not only of the things the visitor had in mind. Afterwards the telepathic connection was switched off and he became linked up with the patient.

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

This morning he again rejoiced and was filled with glee. But he knew that his father was disappointed in him because he stayed away from church. They had all been raised as Catholics and father and mother very strictly. Of course the church did its best to keep him in its hold. But he was entirely convinced that he didn't need the church. Here, in the open air, he could reach out to God, it was better than among all those people in church. It always bothered him how the priest contradicted himself in his various sermons, but the good man didn't know any better. He had asked Alcar for advice and was told: 'We have given you the new faith, son, the pure faith, at least when it's no sensation. Because lots of people think that it's enough when they take part in a séance. However, we're not looking for sensation, we don't offer hallucinations, and we don't go into raptures. What we do is to perceive the spiritual content in all things. This leads us upward, this has to be accepted. It doesn't matter what religion we profess as long as we look for God and are open for the good. You don't need a palace to find God, remember that. All religions are one, as far as they have goodness in mind.'

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

possibly return to the church, as his father so dearly wanted. Nature sets you free. He just couldn't understand that other people didn't feel this too.

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

They saw only the shape, but had no sense for the life which God had put in everything.

But the shape of things is only temporary. Shape, what is shape? Pure matter, pure selfishness, pure earthiness, that's what he saw and what he felt shape to be. Those who merely held on to shape for the sake of formality, even if this might keep them on a straight course for a little while, didn't see that the earth is a huge garden of life.

God gives abundantly but none of it is appreciated. They took it for granted and it never crossed their minds to show some gratitude for this mercy. Countless sick people would leave their bed and find heaven on earth, and they would work hard if they were able and allowed to walk around in the splendour of nature, which God created for us, but people usually don't appreciate or even see things that surround us in such abundance.

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

Man continuously violates God's laws, and when sorrow and misfortune come down on him through his own wrong-doing, he grumbles and rebels against God and asks: 'How can God approve of this. Why doesn't he intervene?' He doesn't understand that it wasn't God who punished him; it was his own deeds and thoughts that brought misfortune onto him. What a poor notion people have of God. God, who is love, never punishes. God, who is just and loves all His children, intends everyone to be happy, to do the right thing and to rise higher and higher. André thought people were stupid. Everyone shaped his life according to his own ideas, but when things went wrong they never looked for the cause within themselves but put the blame on God. People never tried to get to know themselves. Self-knowledge would

make man find God in everything.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He never wanted the patients to tell him anything about their health condition. They came to consult him, and he was obliged to tell them what the

trouble was. After all, he was supposed to be a clairvoyant magnetizer. Alcar had expressed it in this way: 'Remember, André, no fringe, only the bare necessities.' He meant the illness. And because Alcar showed everything to him in more ways than one, he was always able to inform the people of the correct cause of an illness, and this was convincing proof for them. It made him feel happy to have been able to help them.

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

Very many people in this world go empty-handed, and this could and should be so totally different. There is still so much to be done and it's so terribly hard, my boy. If only people really yearned for the things on high. If only people longed for a link like ours. Then the world would be an easier and a more beautiful place to live in. But in moments when you would willingly give away the best and the finest that is in you, you suddenly feel at a loss, and your hands are empty because society doesn't allow you to act in such a way, and neither do individuals. And so the most sacred thing man has, the divine gift, is tucked away. And then the urge to let that goodness come forward and show itself dies down, because in every human life somebody comes along, who has never enough of it.

This hurt your aunt a lot, André. That's why her full hands weren't ever full enough. And there are those who always want to take more, want to have more. Not out of selfishness, I use this word on purpose, André, but above all to give with full hands themselves. That's why it was so difficult for her: she gave more than she received. Everyone will experience this once in his lifetime. Once, once only, because God only once puts holy love into people's hearts. A love that lasts forever, for eternity. Some receive it sooner, others later, but we all receive it some day. And if we couldn't put our trust in that, if we weren't sure that God, in His immeasurable goodness, will bestow this love on us, then we would be profoundly unhappy. It enables us to have faith in God's sacred dispensation, in the knowledge that He alone can fill our hands with love, and that in the end we bear that love within and take it where it must be given. And when we have come to the right spot, those hands will open and love will flow, in growing abundance it will flow, and in a way you will see God's flowers which He strews from out of your hands. Then you will also see the light as it comes towards you. This is the sacred moment which God has chosen for you, son of man. Bide your time, bide your time. For everyone the moment will come, sooner or later. What does any time span in human life amount to, measured by the standards of eternity? What are ten, twenty years of life on earth, compared to eternity? Nothing at all! Spread happiness, and receive the happiness that you can get

on earth, in that sacred love. But know that in the Hereafter life lasts much longer, it lasts forever. Love is the highest and most holy, the sacrosanct. Doesn't that mean, my boy, that nothing is more sacred than love? How else could it be? Give love, like your aunt did. Because the love which God places in the hearts of people is the most beautiful and most sacred treasure one can obtain. Trust, trust in God's holy Power, in God's justness, and have faith that everyone receives in his life what God ordains, at the moment in time He thinks fit. And even if you say, man in your narrow-mindedness, that your moment has now come, then realize that you have no knowledge of these things. Your moment will come when you are ready for it, and no sooner. But it will come. Many go through life empty-handed, many others' hands are full of dedication. The latter will be the happy ones. And we, on yonder side, rejoice over the help God gives to you people. We rejoice that God helps you on towards eternity. Where pure love dwells, there you will find God's blessing. Then can't we rejoice, shouldn't we rejoice? There are many who love, and who bear God's love within them. It surrounds them with so much beauty, and everything which is beautiful, pure and holy fills us with joy on our side. Your aunt carried this love within. People who love, who bear God's love within cannot be bad, because they help the world onward, and they also help us while they still live on earth. And when the time comes for the eyes of such a person to be closed and their light to die out, then love has not found an end, because it goes on living on 'yonder side'. So it has been, so it will remain, and the faith you put in this should console you. And even if the parting seems long, remember that those who love you are always close by, and that they support and help you wherever they can. And if people could truly see, then they would notice how their loved ones are near to them, with longing in their hearts. Then life is worth living. Because God has given everyone his task. Your task is not yet accomplished, André; hers is. Over here the moment of her arrival is being prepared, and I call to those who stay behind: 'Don't grumble and complain, because this is God's will'. Love is the highest, the highest, on earth and on our side. Because love is a spark in God's Light, God's eternal, holy Light.

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

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

his prayer rose upward, he felt it. Here everything was pure and God was present in all.

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

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

'Hello dad, hello mum.'

'Hello son.'

'Did you go to see auntie, dad?'

'Yes, she's getting worse.'

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

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

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

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

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

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

His mother began to cry.

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

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

After a few minutes she did calm down.

'Come on, mum, be strong, hold back your tears. What does this mean? Come on, keep your chin up. Why are you crying? It's not right for you to be crying and feel sad. Hasn't she been ill in bed long enough now? Would you want her to stay on? Hasn't she been bedridden for years on end? Oh mum, you don't know what you're doing. You don't know what death means. You've been through so much, seen and heard so much, and yet you're so downcast and you need help. Be strong, both of you, and help her. Don't make things more difficult for her. Someone who is about to pass on is very sensitive. That sensitivity is connected to dying. Such a person is often in a state of semi-consciousness. In this condition the spirit is receptive to all the vibrations that are directed at him. In other words, mum, do you see what's

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

André was now standing in-between his parents and from time to time he looked them deeply in the eye.

His father and mother regarded him with quiet admiration. Sometimes he was like a child again, sometimes he spoke with authority. They no longer knew their own child.

André continued in a loud voice:

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

Auntie is a woman who set an example for others. She lived as true Christians ought to live. And she knew that, mum, because she felt she wouldn't be doomed. She felt it, because she was open to God's love and she knew that even if a life was messed up, God still damns no-one.

That's what keeps me away from church, dad. Let's talk about that.'

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

ing to listen to them? How could I, dad? Would you want me to do that?’

Hendriks said nothing and André went on:

‘Of course not, you couldn’t, dad. Even those scholars in spirituality can’t bring me to do that. Damned they say! It’s terrible. It can’t be true. I feel it isn’t true, and do you think I’m going to play the hypocrite when I can’t believe what they’re saying? Alcar is my minister, and he teaches me the pure truth, my new belief. That’s the truth from ‘yonder side’, that’s the truth which the dead, who are not dead, come to convince us of themselves. Rest assured. I pray a lot, day and night, for my patients and for myself too, for strength and support, and I can do this much better outdoors or in my room than among all those people in church. Those who wish to be one with God are distracted there.

How can one foster such thoughts about God, who is omnipotent in everything! How could He damn a child? Nonsense, dad, all lies. It’s impossible. We’re not going to hell, nor will we be burnt. This is what the people believe, and it’s just as untrue. There’s neither a hell nor a so-called purgatory. It does not exist. Man makes a hell out of himself and carries his own purgatory around with him. That’s the dark part in his soul, because he doesn’t live as he ought to. One can feel heaven within. If you live the simple life, if you pray humbly and only do God’s will, then you can possess heaven right here and now on earth. Believe me, dad, the very worst, even the most rotten person won’t get burnt, and yet that is what they are taught. Yet that is what they are confronted with, and when they have gone astray, then it’s very hard for them to get back onto the right track again. What do they say? ‘Oh, I’m too bad anyway, I’m a hopeless case, I’m lost’, and then they persist in their sins. These people have been deprived of the last hint of hope. They’re at wit’s end and have no strength left to improve themselves or raise their spiritual level.

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

It isn’t just meant to be a thrill, we have to work hard and improve ourselves. Our spiritual level has to be raised by this beautiful holy truth. Alcar gives us spiritual food. I ask you again, dad, would you want me to sham by going along with you to church? I tell you this: don’t let yourself get influenced by a priest who doesn’t even possess the pure faith himself. According to Alcar the clergy got lost in their own doctrine, and it has become a very cold-hearted doctrine, void of all warmth. Fine words they are, with no love to them. Smooth sermons are held, proclaiming everlasting damnation. This

shows how little Christ was understood. But isn't it beautiful, dad, don't we experience every day, not only I, but you both too, how we talk with the dead, who are alive and happy? And all those millions who live on 'yonder side' say: 'There is no hell, there is no purgatory.' They all say that man carries hell within himself, he carries everything within himself, because he has made a hell out of himself. That's how it is. But if someone is bad and he wants to improve himself, then God will help that person, because He loves all His children, the perfect as well as the imperfect. Isn't it sad, dad, that in our century man still hasn't been freed from this doctrine, from these punishments which he imposes upon himself? Must we go on swallowing everything we are told?

If that's what you think, dad, then I'll tell you this: a new truth is brought to us from 'yonder side'. Must we go on believing, whereas we could know, really know? You used to think like that priest too. We had to let the dead rest in peace, but luckily you saw for yourself that they came to us of their own accord. Yes dad, they came of their own doing. And neither you nor mum, no more than I, none of us three ever called up a single spirit. Then doesn't it make you happy, that we received this proof? It will keep us going. Could you imagine an even greater mercy? You can believe me, dad, I love you, both of you, and I wouldn't dream of ever touching a hair on your old head. Help is what I'll give you, and I'll share the sweet and the bitter with you. So be done with this kind of thinking. Let the priest say what he wants to. I do no evil, I'll search for God on my own, in my own room, or out in nature. There I can pray. I can give myself there. There I feel that my spirit rises to God, as the spirit of His child should. Look at all the things that have happened! Haven't you received enough proof yet? We've seen for ourselves how these clergymen go terribly astray. Are these really spiritual beings, dad, who beg God to let their country win the war? They strayed from the straight and narrow and in their fallacy they draw thousands along with them. Every priest begged God for the victory of his country, but God didn't care. He let them do as they pleased. They thought that they could bribe God and win Him onto their side with sacrifices and prayers. But the prayer that was sent up to heaven was mainly out for murder, and secondly it brimmed over with self-love. Little godmen on their own they were, wanting to make a God out of themselves. What a mistake, dad, it's dreadful. We saw recently in that procession how all the accompanying cars received a blessing. It hurts your heart to have to watch such things. It makes your blood boil. I tell you, dad, this is an insult to God's laws, to God Himself. Do material things need divine protection against accidents? Let man beg for his own blessing. His own soul needs this more than anything else. And what did that blessing lead to? It didn't stop accidents from happening. What else could be expected? It was

a material happening. And behind the clouds, right here above us, thousands and thousands of intelligences looked down upon them. They wanted to cover up this cold-hearted incident, to prevent this mockery from reaching the spheres. But God sees everything and God knows everything.

So God knows that this was a slap in His face, since He doesn't make a habit of consecrating cars. But people, that's a very different matter when they beg Him for His blessing. God knows everything, including the errors these people make. The belief you brought me up in can't satisfy me, dad, but I've learned my lesson. And I'm happy, because I can explain everything to you clearly now.

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

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

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

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

Just think of all the things the various religious schools confronted us with, dad.

The other day I had a conversation with a gentleman who asked me if I knew the Bible. I answered: 'No.' And then he said: 'I do.'

In the course of our conversation he expressed his conviction that the day he died, he would go to Christ in paradise, because Christ himself had told the murderer on the cross: 'Today you will be with me in paradise.' What more was there to add? I asked him: 'So you think that when you leave the earth, you will arrive in the sphere of Christ? After all, paradise means sphere. Christ has His paradise and that is His sphere. This is His surroundings, isn't it?'

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

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

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

He said it in a rather provocative tone of voice.

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

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

Then I asked him if he was one with Christ.

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

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

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

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

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

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

On 'yonder side' we will go on pursuing the road towards perfection. On earth that height can never be reached, this life is too short. And what does learning and earthly knowledge mean if the spiritual part is forgotten, or when one tries to fool oneself about things that don't exist, since they're not included in God's Guidance? If these learned men, these intellectualists, imagine that they possess the same illustrious light as Christ, then I tell you, dad, they're wrong. These people enthuse and so they must suffer. They won't realize the extent of it until they have shed their material body. How disappointed they will be when they find out that they haven't entered the sphere of Christ, but were brought to a sphere that is just as cold, as selfish and as loveless as their doctrine. Their sphere will be in keeping with the things they're in tune with. It's self-love that drives these people, mere vanity and mutual bedazzlement. Do you know what it really means to be one with the perfect Son of God? What are we, compared with Him? No, dad, I won't accept it. And I couldn't ever, because I feel deep inside that it's impossible. We mortals can't expect to find that much beauty after we leave the earth. People who believe this, just because it's what some learned men keep confronting them with, they're on the wrong track, and so are those scholars. And they will experience a lot of sorrow and misery. They erect a rock around themselves that doesn't exist. They put themselves on a pedestal, and when God pulls that pedestal away, then they lose their hold and fall down and injure themselves, or they even get crushed by their self-love, their zealotry and their illusions. Many scholars who walk the spiritual way are deeply unhappy in the life after death, because their teachings were in want of warmth and love.

We went through this recently, dad, during a séance.

The spirits that came to us, weren't they people from society's upper class, and didn't these scholars take thousands along on their path? Weren't these

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

Christ will not return to earth, because He would be just as misunderstood as He was hundreds of years ago. Not until they understand His words, will people act according to His Spirit and return to Him and to God, whom they fallaciously turned away from long ago. They steer clear of God's ways, just as the leader in the Hereafter said, and they must live as He wants. Only then will they be prepared to become a child of God, as we should be, without any conceit or self-love.

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

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

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

One day he was brought into contact with a gentleman, a good and honest man. He prayed fervently and frequently, and begged God for strength. He had been asking for wisdom, strength and love in his prayers for quite a time. He was very sensitive and inspiration helped him a lot. He received many poems and texts, and he was very happy about it. But soon he stretched things too far. Many people in his surroundings accepted everything he said

and did. They reasoned that he was an exceptionally devout person, who put his love for God into everything he did. If he possessed the light, then he transcended everything. Since his self-satisfaction led him to believe that he really did have that light, all the others were blinded along with him. He would have gone on living like this, just as numerous others on earth do, if he hadn't begged God to show him the truth. He prayed fervently for the truth, which God granted to him through His emissaries, who used an earthly instrument for their work. In this way he was shown the truth, and Waldorf was linked up with him.

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

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

on his lonely level and refused to come down. Waldorf got a message that ran counter to everything, but the reckless man wouldn't accept it. He went into a rage and sent Waldorf a letter which he claimed to have received from 'yonder side' himself. Waldorf was to read it and get the feel of it, and he would then undoubtedly understand whose stamp it bore. Waldorf held it in his hands and became nervous, which was a sign to him that something was wrong. High influence calms you down, dad, and you feel happy. So the impact of this message couldn't possibly be very lofty. It contained the following words:

'Men and women, leaders, guides and spirits, this is the limit, this must stop. My will, my orders must now be obeyed. My child can stand no more of this. You have attacked My child enough now. Stop your texts, it's all wrong. The leaders don't know that I am here, at My child's side. He will speak with My Voice, and I demand that you listen. You must follow up all the orders I convey to him. Be careful, and don't push things too far.'

The writing included other wordings too.

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

Suddenly André went into a trance, and Alcar continued through him:

'Didn't nearly all his questions show up the little human deity that had decorated himself with his own halo? Isn't it true that these kind of people believe themselves to be infallible, although they are crammed with human errors? So isn't it true that they refuse to descend from the pedestal

they placed themselves on? And aren't nearly all the words of despair and doubt the consequence of the stand they take on their self-made pedestal? As long as these people raise themselves to the level of little deities and in this high-and-mightiness raise themselves onto pedestals, they will neither have the humility to kneel down nor will they ever perceive God above all and through all. And that's only the first requirement: to feel God's omnipresence, His nearness, to see God's way. But the road that leads to Him runs into disappointments, because again and again they will fall down, and the greatest fall of all will be from their own pedestal. And on 'yonder side' these disappointments are seen with satisfaction, because if someone has experienced and really understood a disappointment, he has truly set a further step on the road that God points out to us.

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

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

God bless your work. How marvellous it is to tell you this. I took over from André because I wanted to show you that I am with him and will help him in everything.

Everything he told you is the truth.'

André returned to his body and continued:

'That is why the spirits came to us, dad. To reveal to us the only road that leads to God. That's why spiritualism is a holy cause. This is my new belief. Why am I telling you all this, dad? Because the church cannot give this to me, but the spiritual help from 'yonder side' can. When they're in the higher spheres, spirits can see who and what Christ is, but a person who still dwells on earth simply cannot be attuned to this, let alone be one with Christ. Whatever was in that man's mind? He imagined being Christ's only child. Doesn't God, and Christ with Him, love us all? Was he the only child? Did Christ die for him only? No, dad, this is going too far. It's self-love and

zealotry that muddled his brain. He would have had to be much stronger, infinitely stronger, not to get hurt. If he really had possessed this power, he wouldn't have fallen. Our own feelings and our own intuition tell us that this cannot be, and how much evil it entails. This case shows us what can happen to a person who is struck with spiritual blindness, and to all those who follow him.'

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

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

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

Alcar spoke to us and it did us good.'

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

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

Please both go over and see auntie for a short while. I'll stay at home, because I will watch over her tonight. She will pass on in the morning, and I'm allowed to see how she precedes us into eternal life. Be of good courage and be strong, because we who know will bear our loss in quiet resignation. Let's not make it hard for her to go. She will pass through the gateway, the gateway to the Hereafter, and she will not be stopped. And she will look beautiful, dad, young and becoming. God has this in store for all of us if we want to approach Him as His children, in simplicity.'

Father and mother left.

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

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

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

'Thank God for such a mercy, André, and pray that we may always receive the strength to convince all of them. Always try to approach God in humility. While you were talking I took you over. You know how I do that. Always let yourself go like you did just now, and always remain open towards

me, but pay good attention to the things we bring you. Listen well to all the voices you hear. The deepest voice will reveal the truth to you. All the others are wrong. We will help you in everything. Don't shut us out with your own thoughts and your own knowledge. We wouldn't be able to reach you, because then our voices wouldn't be heard. Your own voice would carry you away from the right track and lead you downhill. Pray, pray a lot, again and again. Beg for simplicity and strength to be able to do good. Everything for the sake of God, because it is His will.'

Alcar left.

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

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

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

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

'All right, André, we'll be there.'

He spent the evening drawing.

Alcar again made a beautiful piece of work and called it: 'Enter.'

Auntie was going to enter too. Soon she would enter the Hereafter through this gateway. It had to do with her inner strength. How rich she must be at heart! The gateway was a splendour of flowers, in the most beautiful colours. If you looked through, you could see a magnificent landscape in the distance, bathing in lots of fabulous colours. On the hill there was a temple, and in front of that temple you could see a cross symbolizing Christ, which blocked the entrance and seemed to ask those who had passed on: 'Are you prepared to enter?' Auntie would certainly be prepared to enter, and she would not be stopped by the luminous rays which the cross emanated. She would be able to face the light.

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

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

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

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

He wished his parents good-night and went. He first went for a long walk because he wanted to feel fit for the night.

Towards midnight he rang the bell and was ushered in by the nurse who was looking after his aunt.

‘How is auntie, nurse?’

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

André went to the room where his aunt was lying. She was resting peacefully. Her eyes were closed and her hands were folded. She must be praying, he thought. The poor woman had suffered so much! And yet they would gladly have kept her with them, in spite of all the years she had been bedridden. But now God would take her in. How beautiful death really was, it would deliver her from all her grief. If people could see this, then they wouldn’t be afraid and they would no longer be scared to die. And they wouldn’t take their own life either, because they would realize that one cannot take one’s own life, as the spirit continues to exist forever on the other side of the grave.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Again Alcar said: ‘André, watch closely.’

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

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

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

André concentrated to keep on seeing everything clearly.

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

'Yes, Alcar', he replied.

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

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

With your aunt it will happen three times, André, a sure sign that her passing on won't produce any struggle.

He just left for a little while, because many others besides your aunt will pass on tonight.

Everyone has a task to fulfil in the Hereafter, which he wants to accomplish in a loving way.

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

It's his task to soothe the shock which the spirit gets on leaving the body, and to support the newly-born before it enters eternal life. Don't think it's simple to bring a spirit into the spheres for good. The doctor has to take care of everything, primarily of severing the fluid cord.

When that is done correctly, the spirit won't experience adverse consequences on arrival. Everything has to happen on time, neither too soon nor too late. The doctor has to be entirely in the picture. His calculations are based on the aura of the dying person, which also reflects the latter's spiritual

condition. This enables him to see exactly what he must do and how many times he must repeat his movements. This doctor once lived on earth, and his return there would be a blessing for the earth because he has gathered immense knowledge on the side beyond. You can guess how terrible it is when the spirit suddenly gets torn out of the body, in an accident for instance. Everything happens far too quickly and the shock is far too great. Many of those who arrive here remain unconscious for a long time. This also has to do with their spiritual condition on the moment they come across.

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

The thoughts of the bereaved can also help them to break free from their body.' André told the nurse everything he heard from Alcar. She appeared greatly interested in his account.

'Now watch carefully, nurse, any moment now auntie will probably get restless again. I see her mother standing at the foot of the bed.

She is concentrating intently on the dying woman, and auntie will feel her thoughts and take them in. This often happens with those who pass on. I'm telling you this in advance, nurse, because I've got an idea what will happen next.

Many who are about to die call on the members of their family who went before them. People think that they are rambling, but that is certainly not the case. With their spiritual eyes they do indeed see their beloved in front of them.

Look, auntie is already getting restless, and now I see the other spirits standing at the head of the bed.'

At a certain moment André, as well as the nurse, heard her call out softly: 'Mother, mother, oh, help me.'

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

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

For the past hour the patient's breathing had become very difficult and her condition was rapidly getting worse. The spiritual doctor had returned and made the same magnetic stroking movements across her body as before. After this treatment he examined the top of her stomach for some time. Alcar said: 'This is the spot where the spirit, after being released from the physical

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

It was now three o'clock, so the dying woman still had four more hours to live on earth.

André told all this to the nurse. She would then be able to see whether it would come true.

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

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

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

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

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

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

'You see, nurse, how it's all coming true? I was informed by my leader; I couldn't have known otherwise. What a lot the spirits know, nurse, don't you think?' By now his father and mother had also arrived, and André had to help his mother first, the big emotion would otherwise have been too much for her. The doctor was alerted and arrived shortly after.

Alcar told André to take a brief walk while the doctor examined his aunt, there was still plenty of time. It would freshen him up and he would be able to concentrate when the big event commenced.

So he went outside, and the morning air did him a lot of good.

The walk lasted half an hour and he went in again, feeling revived.

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

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

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

André was tense. It was a quarter past six and auntie was still alive. He clearly saw a grey haze around her bed that was turning whiter and whiter.

The dying woman lay veiled in a cloud, all the spirits were still present and were watching her anxiously.

Apparently there wasn't only tension on the earthly side, it was even greater on the side of the spirits.

André saw how they were impatiently awaiting his aunt's arrival.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Suddenly his aunt moved and raised herself up. She spoke, but nobody could make out what she said. His mother was with her and had her arms around her. She was unable to speak clearly, yet a few words did come over her lips which everyone understood. 'There, over there!' she said. Then a

bit of phlegm came out of her mouth, and his mother laid her back in her cushions.

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

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

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

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

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

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

In the upper part of the clouds an image began to take shape that resembled a head and next, clearly visible, he saw two hands covering the eyes, as if to protect them against excessively bright light.

The spiritual body was slowly moving upward.

The two female intelligences, her mother and her sister, supported her and held her in their arms.

Oh, how much love this all radiated!

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

By now his aunt had almost withdrawn from her body, and he clearly saw her face, as her hands no longer covered it. How beautiful she looked and rejuvenated! She looked younger by no less than thirty years and now seemed like a woman of thirty-five.

Her spiritual body radiated various colours that enveloped her completely.

Meanwhile she had become visible down to her knees and her disembodiment speeded up a little. Her feet appeared. Now his aunt had completely parted from her physical body.

The haze that encompassed her body closed, and auntie was released.

He immediately heard Alcar again.

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

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

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

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

'Won't she see her body now, Alcar?'

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

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

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

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

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

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

Auntie had been beautiful when she passed on; he had clearly seen that.

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

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

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

His mother was very sad.

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

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

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

His mother calmed down considerably when he told her about the beauti-

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

His father and mother were content and restful after all the proof he had given them, and by now they must have become convinced that dead is not

dead. The nurse, who had been present the whole night, was just as astonished that everything had come true exactly as he had seen it and as he had told her beforehand. She promised him to continue on the path which had now been shown to her.

André was happy that everything had proved to be so wonderfully true. He continued on the path he had taken, and soon he was to produce overwhelming evidence of his gift of seeing and of the good contact he had with Alcar. And above all he was to demonstrate how good it is for a medium do nothing without consulting the leaders. Seeing entails a great danger when personal thoughts are not switched off. His aunt had now entered the Hereafter through the gateway. Alcar told him that she hadn't woken up yet. In her case this would take a few days, which wasn't much really, as many others need weeks or months.

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

According to earthly time his aunt would spend several days asleep, and then she would awaken in the spheres of happiness, love and eternal life.

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

Healing and the value of positive energies

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

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

The boy's uncle had been looking for him that evening and finally found him there. He had brought a photo, from which André was to diagnose the illness.

He held the portrait in his hands for a few minutes, then he told the visitor: 'Listen, try to understand what I say. At the moment the boy has got a temperature of 39.4 C°. This was taken five minutes ago. Please note the time. What matters to me is to prove to you that I see clearly. Would you be so kind and phone to ask if this is correct?'

The uncle called, and André's statement was found to be true. Some minutes previously the temperature had indeed run to 39.4 °C.

Together they went over to the house of the sick child. Their arrival caused a nervous situation. Some believed him to be a doctor and when they heard that this wasn't the case, a few of them moved away from him.

The boy's mother offered him a chair, but he saw the spirit of an elderly lady sitting there. He soon made contact with this spirit, who told him that she was the sick boy's grandmother. This spirit who clearly manifested herself before him, also told him where the patient was lying and how he should go to find him. 'I have come here', she said, 'to help them. He won't pull through this way, sir.' This had come to him in a flash, so that when the mother offered him the chair he immediately answered: 'Thank you, ma'am, but I'd prefer to remain standing.' This enabled him to wave the offer aside. He didn't want sit down where someone else was already seated, even if she wasn't visible to the others.

The tense situation lasted for a while and he got the impression that some of those present would rather see him go than remain. He felt that they had no faith in him. He decided to put a stop to this and asked: 'What am I expected to do here, ma'am, why was I called? Let your brother-in-law tell you what I was able to determine from a distance.' The man then related what André had seen, and it impressed some of them for a little while but the others, he felt it, would have nothing to do with a quack like him. What

would the doctor have to say? He picked up their thoughts. But suddenly the mother said: 'Sir, please come with me.'

André stopped her in her steps and said he knew how to get to the sick-room.

'Do you know my house?' she asked. 'Have you been here before? Or did my brother-in-law tell you about it?'

'Your brother-in-law did not tell me anything, madam, and I have never been here before, and I don't want to know about it. But tell me whether my description is correct.'

'Yes, it's correct', she answered.

Then he told her that her mother had informed him, but this didn't impress her either. She smiled and didn't comment. Life after death was unknown to her.

André led the way to the room where the sick child was lying. The others followed.

'Look, ma'am. Your child has got a temperature of 39.4 °C. I will help him and then, when you take his temperature again, it will have gone down to 37.6 °C. I tell you this in advance, to convince you. These things reach me in advance too.'

He went over to the child and laid his hands on the boy's head. Then he fervently prayed to God to send Alcar strength, so he would be allowed to help the boy. The treatment lasted for about ten minutes. They then returned to the front room.

André spoke a few words with the mother and asked her to take the boy's temperature. They were all curious whether the prediction would come true. The thermometer showed 37.6 °C.

'Another beautiful piece of evidence for you, ma'am, that you weren't listening to empty words. Everything I told you was first given to me. Otherwise I would not have known. There's a spiritual doctor standing next to me, whom you can't see or hear, but I can. This person, who formerly lived on earth and now dwells in the Hereafter, has taken on the task to heal the inhabitants of the earth from the spheres. He also wants to convince them of the enormous value of spiritualism and the riches it offers them. I am his instrument, and my gifts enable me to hear and to see him. The spiritual doctor sees through things because he is a spirit. A material being cannot do this. So he can see what is wrong with your child. So could he determine ahead that the temperature would go down to 37.6 °C. You saw that this was true.'

'I tell you this to convince you. Like you said, you have never ever heard about these things before and so it's something you can't just give yourself over to. You're worried, and I want to provide you with enough proof to take this worry away from you.'

He said good-bye and promised to come back the next morning.

At that moment the temperature amounted to 38.4 °C. After the treatment it immediately rose, and a quarter of an hour later, when the mother applied the thermometer again, it showed 40.1 °C. She and the other members of the family got terribly worried; they would have nothing more to do with André and his magnetism. But he didn't intend giving up as easily as that. He felt that if he didn't exert himself and make every effort, the child would suffer for it, and he certainly would not let that happen.

'Listen, ma'am, I want to tell you something, all of you. When I treated the boy yesterday, the temperature immediately dropped, you witnessed that, and while I treated him today it rose again. I'll tell you what this means. You know the doctors were unable to banish the fever. Your child has been in the same condition now for three weeks and nothing, nothing at all has helped. But what happened yesterday? Immediately after the treatment the fever dropped, which we accomplished by magnetizing him. The doctors tried everything science made possible. Yet all their endeavours and all their medicine were to no avail. The fever didn't subside, whereas it did after those ten minutes yesterday when I magnetized him. Now the fever has risen and you are worried. This is because you don't know, you don't understand what happened. But I'm extremely glad that the temperature has deviated from its steady reading.

What caused it to do so? Due to the magnetic emanation the illness is boosted. The temperature rose because the powerful magnetism attacked the germs. And this automatically causes a counteraction in the course of the illness. This happens to many people, but not to all. It has to do with the patient's nervous condition. Now your child is too weak to handle this. But you can rest assured, my energy is too strong for the fever to resist. However, if you don't trust me, then there's nothing more I can do.'

He left, but after two days they came to fetch him again.

'Please come with us, sir. We spoke with our doctor and he had heard about you. When he heard your name he said you might be able to help our child. 'Is his name André?' he asked. And when he heard that it was, he said: 'I've heard about him. He's supposed to be very good.' That's why I've come for you again, sir. Please don't take offence at what happened. We know so little about these things.'

He went along immediately.

On the way he spoke to the mother and said he realized that they weren't acquainted with these phenomena.

'The world is ignorant, ma'am, and even many learned people keep on dwelling in the dark. So I'm not surprised at all at your disbelief, although I did give you proof of my gifts. I'm not a quack, I heal on a small scale, just

as Christ once did on a large scale. Two thousand years ago miracles were performed, but nowadays they also occur. You can see and experience this for yourself if you care to knock on the right person's door. They are able to help you by a prayer and their magnetic energy. I can do nothing by myself, I do my work with the aid of my spiritual leader. This work is a gift from God. To me it's sacred, and I won't let people who neither know nor believe in these things make fun of it just because they're not clairvoyant themselves and don't understand anything of the power which a medium possesses. This is a sacred gift, ma'am, and if we wish to make good use of it we will receive all the help from above which we need. Physical man only believes what his physical senses tell him, because his spirit isn't tuned in yet to the things on high and so he's unable to accept the existence of spiritual things.'

When André got back to the sick boy, the little lad still had a high temperature but he was very glad to see him again.

He told his mother: 'Mum, this man can cure me', which set her crying.

The boy looked at André affectionately. His eyes begged for healing. He felt moved, because this young child sensed the beauty within the energy he had given him. Need more be said? To the parents this must surely mean everything. Their sick child instinctively felt that André could help him. But his parents' ignorance was in the way.

They loved the child and wanted to do everything possible to save it, but their ignorance was playing up.

André wasn't a doctor. They had never experienced anything of its kind and didn't realize that a magnetizer of high moral standing will never do anything he cannot answer for, as he is under spiritual guidance.

Deep down André cried when he saw the poor child lying there and looking up at him, pleading for pity. It hurt him. He suddenly heard Alcar say: 'That's the world for you, André.'

For the third consecutive time he laid his hands on the boy's head, and after the treatment the temperature was down to 38.6 degrees. The next morning he received news from Alcar that the fever had again risen to 40.2 and that he would soon be called for, which he immediately told his father and mother. 'Listen, mum. If somebody comes, repeat to that person what I have just told you. I want to give these people all the proof I can, because they cannot be convinced.'

A quarter of an hour later the uncle who had come to fetch him the very first time rang the bell and requested him to come again. André asked him to first go and see his parents, as they wanted to tell him something. The man had no objection. 'But', he said, 'I don't need anymore proof myself, and I regret that you can't get through to my brother. I can't understand why they're so stubborn.'

André took him to his parents and what the uncle heard was added proof to him, though he needed no more convincing of André's special gifts. Together they set off to the sick boy's home and when they arrived André immediately went to see him. In the midst of all the chattering people standing around him, he heard Alcar say: 'André, I will examine the child again and I want to do something now. Pay close attention.'

André took hold of the boy's right hand and sat down on the edge of the bed. Next to him the members of the family were gathered, all of them very anxious.

Whenever the need arose to diagnose a case, he usually went into a trance so that Alcar could look inside the body of the patient and then André would take over the patient's ailments. This enabled him to sense the illness. The trance never lasted more than ten to twelve minutes. In this condition he didn't only sense the patient's illness, he also saw what he or she was suffering from. And every time he came round out of a trance, he would hear Alcar talking and checking him out what he had seen concerning the illness. This always happened very quickly. Now, while he was holding the child's hand, Alcar told him that there was an infection in the right lung, something he himself had already sensed.

Alcar, as his leader and supervisor, made it clear to him that he had seen correctly.

'This is an infection, André, which causes neither coughing nor phlegm. There are no symptoms that point to the cause, and it's not surprising that the doctors were unable to find it. They had no indication to diagnose an infection. Action must be taken soon, and we will now hand the little one back to them. But before we withdraw I will give his parents something. Get a piece of paper and a pencil, André.'

André did what he was told. Alcar claimed his right arm and a few seconds later a lung was drawn, with a black dot in the upper right-hand corner, with circles around.

André knew what he had to say, because Alcar had already conveyed it to him.

'Come with me', he said, and they all went to the other room. 'Sir, ma'am', he continued, 'I can do no more for your child, and I hand my task over to your family doctor. Act quickly. Do everything you possibly can and make sure an X-ray is made of the right lung before twelve o'clock tomorrow. Don't disregard this advice because the consequences would be incalculable. Your child has got an infection in the right lung, which the doctors were unable to discover. Act as fast as you can and hand them this drawing.'

Would they take his advice? If they didn't, they could expect the worst to happen.

The next day, at four o'clock in the afternoon, they came to bring the good tidings that he had seen correctly, as the infection was exactly on the spot he had indicated in the drawing. It had been confirmed by the X-ray.

The doctors had asked who had made the drawing and the family doctor, who had brought it along, answered: 'This drawing was made by a carpenter's son, who is a clairvoyant and a magnetizer. This is very remarkable indeed. Here we have incontestable proof that such forces exist.'

André was very happy to hear this, and he went up to his room to thank God for the great help which Alcar had received. He prayed from the bottom of his heart that he, as an instrument, had been allowed to present this plain proof to science.

Four weeks went by without further news, but one day they came back to see him and requested him to visit them again. At first the boy had made wonderful progress. He was up and about, playing again, and he would sit in front of the window looking outside.

He had been ill for a long time and yearned to go out, so that his mother had asked the doctor if that was allowed, now that he was feeling so well.

The doctor had agreed. If the sun was shining and the weather remained as fine, he was allowed to spend five minutes outside, between twelve and one o'clock. 'But remember', he had added, 'not more than five minutes, and he's not allowed to stand about, he has to move around.'

The mother was glad, and around half past twelve she had taken him for a five minute walk. Her son thought it was wonderful and he was quite content when they were upstairs again. But in the afternoon he felt off-colour, became increasingly quiet and finally, towards six o'clock, he wanted to go to bed.

The next day he didn't want to get up and this had gone on for three days now. He was also running a slight temperature.

André sat down and again took the little lad's right hand in his. He stayed in that position until he heard Alcar say that the child was lost.

He got a terrible shock but restrained himself. He got up and washed his hands to rinse away the child's influence, in order to get rid of the pain which he had taken over from him.

Then he said good-bye to his little patient and told the mother he would phone the doctor.

'Do you think he's worse, sir?'

'Not really', he fibbed, because he didn't know what he should answer. It hurt him. Alcar had shown him that the lad would pass on, but he didn't want to hurt the parents ahead of time.

'Don't you worry yet, ma'am, I can't say anything definite yet. But I can tell you one thing: the child should not have been outside.'

He was sad when he left. He could imagine the parents, shattered by the tremendous sorrow that was awaiting them. He suffered along with them and tears came to his eyes.

‘Yes, it’s hard’, he thought. ‘It will be very hard for them, but the dear little boy will be happy. He will arrive in the Hereafter, where he’ll go on living.’

He phoned the doctor, but got no answer. He would try again in the evening.

In the meantime he tried to contact Alcar. There was something that worried him. He wanted to know what it was and what it meant. With his inner voice he called out urgently: ‘Alcar, Alcar, please come, help me.’ Immediately he heard his faithful leader and, as always, he calmed down instantly.

‘Why the worry, my boy? What is there to fear?’

‘Alcar, I’m afraid I didn’t see properly. What should I tell the doctor? My inner voice tells me that the child is going to pass on. And yet I’m afraid.’

‘Come, André, let’s pray. You know that prayer helps us in hard times, in fearful moments. We will beg God for strength and send that same simple prayer up to Him, which we said on our first journey. I gave you that prayer. It will strengthen you and take away your fear.’

André prayed fervently and when he finished, Alcar added: ‘Great Father, Almighty One. There was a time when we swayed in our belief in You. There was a time when the storm made our little boat drift off course and made us into a plaything of the waves in the ocean of troubles and suffering.

But now we know that we hold the compass in our hands, and that He who is raised above the storm will lead us safe and sound into His Kingdom, the Kingdom of Heaven. We are very grateful for this knowledge, but we are still lacking in so many things, we have so much to learn and we have so much to bear. There are times, Great Father, when the staff we lean on bends, when life becomes hard and we feel like children whom something has been forbidden. But the search led us to knowledge and knowledge ended the search. Oh God, let Your veil of love cover us. Raise us up to Your great love and Your magnificent Creation. Father, hear us, forgive us, help us and give us Your truth. Amen.’

André sighed deeply. His prayer, and Alcar’s, had cast all his fears away, and granted them both strength again.

Then he heard Alcar say: ‘Now see carefully, André.’

Again he saw the little boy, but this time he saw him being carried away. There were wreaths on the bier and everyone was dressed in black.

‘Tell the doctor that this will happen within four weeks, André.’

‘Yes Alcar, but now I also know what made me so afraid. I was scared to predict.’

‘Predict now, my son. Not to the parents, but to those who should know. I

conveyed my fear to you and wanted you to feel how I detest those who abuse this gift for the sake of matter. I detest those who force a medium to predict a future for them which he can't vouch for and thereby ruin many noble souls and so much beauty too, merely out of greed for gain and out of lust for sensation. These mediums obscure their gift. This is what I wanted to show you. It gladdens me that you felt this too. Never lower yourself to predictions for a material cause. We can and will predict, but only on spiritual grounds. This is open to us, and it allows me to ask my master for help. I too have my master, André, and I wouldn't dare bother him with questions that are soiled by earthly dust. I may ask spiritual questions, I may ask God for strength, and it will be given to us. Remember, André: never tell the future or give answers where matter is at stake, even if they offer you the greatest treasures. We will see far ahead, but only where the spirit is concerned. Then we may ask God for support, and we will arrive safe and sound in spite of any storm. Never forget this, my son, if you don't want to cause me sorrow and anguish.'

André promised Alcar never to forget this, come what may.

'This is what I have seen, André, this is what the higher Leaders have shown to me. My question goes forth, and the answer returns in a flash. I see it as they saw it and as you also saw it now. This is the great chain in which we form the links.

Again, tell the doctor what you have seen.'

Towards the evening André phoned again. The doctor was at home.

'Hello doctor, this is André.'

'What's the matter, André?'

'Doctor, I was called over to the child again. What a thing to do! You allowed him to go outside.'

'Yes, that's correct. Does that trouble you? Come and see me some time, André.'

'I haven't the time, doctor, but I just wanted to tell you this: You let the boy go outside, and he will therefore die within four weeks.'

He heard the doctor laughing on the other side.

'Here we go again', he thought. And then he heard the doctor say:

'You may have seen correctly in the past, André, and you may at times even see correctly in the future, yet now you see wrongly.'

'Oh, is that what you think?'

'Certainly, my patient is doing well!'

'Then let me tell you, doctor, that the little lad will die of consumption.'

The doctor hung up.

Once again André felt that he wasn't being taken seriously, but at that moment he heard Alcar, who supported him in everything and was with him at all times, say: 'Well done, André, let him wait. He'll see what will happen.'

This chased away his discouragement, because he believed Alcar and not the doctor.

Two weeks passed. Three weeks, and still no news about the child. A few more days went by and he was getting anxious whether the prediction would come true, or whether people would have reason to ridicule him. But two days before the end of the fourth week, at nine o'clock in the evening, the little boy passed on. And the doctors who had treated him, as well as the director of the hospital where he had finally been taken to, stated that he had died of consumption.

Two weeks later the mother came to bring André flowers and to thank him for the loving way in which he had helped her little son. She was in deep sorrow and was weighed down with the grief and distress which André had felt beforehand.

He thanked her from the bottom of his heart and expressed his wish that God may fit her back to her burden.

She returned home and trudged along sadly, because although André had spoken with her and told her that the little one was happy now, he hadn't managed to console her.

This sad event clearly demonstrates the value of positive powers, and it shows how suffering mankind badly needs doctors and high-minded clairvoyant magnetizers to cooperate.

It's true that in some places a little ray of light has started to penetrate the darkness, but the time for spiritual gifts and science to go hand-in-hand is still very distant.

May the full light one day penetrate the darkness. What a blessing for countless people this would be!

With God's help Alcar and André will continue on the road they are on. May they be allowed to bring spiritual and physical healing wherever this is needed, and to help to guide the world on the road leading upwards.

Trance séances

André had set up a circle that held séances from time to time. He would invite various people for those evenings. Many of them would return home feeling strengthened in body and soul. Alcar always addressed those present through him.

He always made sure that the room reserved for the séances was filled with flowers. Even if these weren't as beautiful as those on the side beyond, he was still convinced that they would please the spirits that came to him. Incense was burnt while he and the guests all waited in humble anticipation.

He also held many beautiful drawing and painting séances. Nobody ever knew beforehand what would happen, so they were always curious what they would get to see. He had already received some beautiful pieces of work, though he had never taken any lessons in either drawing or painting. This all happened without his knowledge, he was merely the instrument. Yet there were always some who took it all for granted. It was completely lost on them. It meant nothing special to them, and what he himself went through wasn't worth a second thought. He regretted that, he would have liked them to pursue the matter and think it over. It might put them on the right track and link them up with the Hereafter.

When he went into a trance, his spirit parted from his body and his organism was then taken over by an intelligence. Wasn't this something to set people thinking? After all, this was something special. It proved beyond any doubt that dead is not dead, and that those who died here on earth live on and can even produce beautiful paintings and lots of other things.

They took notice of the pieces of work, but people soon forgot how they had come about. It was their inability to see behind the veil, like he could. So he couldn't really blame them or be angry at them. He ought to feel superior to all that, Alcar had said, and he shouldn't let himself get hurt by anyone. To him everything was sacred, because it had its origin on the side beyond, and the gifts he possessed had come from God.

He didn't care what people said, and so he kept on giving them the chance to experience these things. Yes, it was miraculous. He had no skilled knowledge, and yet everyone had to admit that these were works of art. He found that people were very earthly, without any sense for the spiritual aspect.

He had to be careful about these people. They misunderstood him, although he was always honest. Quite a few took advantage of him. It saddened his heart.

You could never express all the good feelings you felt within, you had to

shut them off.

Alcar said that many people wore a mask and didn't show their real selves. He ought to watch out for that. Recently someone had spread the rumour that he bought these pieces in some other town. That's what people were like. Even if they saw things with their own eyes, there would still be some who couldn't or wouldn't believe it. He would try to convince them in another way by giving them fantastic proof, but it was often in vain, and those poor souls would remain doubting Thomasses forever.

They were often dissatisfied when he passed on the messages he received just as Alcar had phrased them. They expected something different, something more material, but Alcar only gave things from a spiritual aspect, and very often that wasn't to their liking. What they were told was difficult to digest. It meant strife, and they lacked courage. They knew best.

Help was lost on that kind of people, and advice too, because they hadn't the courage to walk the spiritual way. Their path ran through matter. They loved material things, it was so much easier. He found it difficult to remain friends with this kind of people. He could have made any amount of friends, as long as he did what they wanted. Of course he would never do that. They couldn't understand that all his thoughts should centre on his spiritual work and on Alcar. Any attention he paid to them would take him away from his work, for the mere sake of some triviality that was foremost in their worldly minds. It might have their interest, but not his.

He had to follow his leader scrupulously, and dedicate himself entirely to his gifts. He wanted to free himself from matter as best he could, and make good use of the years which still lay ahead of him on earth. Every day was precious to him.

They didn't think that way, so the things that lay hidden behind the veil remained a mystery to them. It didn't get through to them that he hadn't received his gifts without a cause. They always misinterpreted or misunderstood him when he talked about these things, and they blamed him for not fitting in. Then the friendship would wane because he didn't comply with other people's wishes.

He was a lonesome figure, and life became a burden. But there was one whom he could always turn to: Alcar, the friend whom he could trust, and who was his leader and master in all things.

Alcar was continually at his side and always understood him. Alcar knew how he felt inside, how he meant things, and that he loved the people. He often said: 'Be strong, André, people don't want to understand you. They won't take the trouble, and they'll try to draw you over to their side. Beware of that, or else others will lead your life for you, instead of you living your own life.'

He often knew gloomy days. They were hard to handle, and he'd be at odds with everyone. He would sit and ponder the situation, and Alcar would have to come and raise him up again. He could fathom people when he felt that way. He could read them like a book and sense what they were at. It made him feel all sad inside. Oh, how difficult life was for him in such moments. He saw and felt how evil people could be, and he longed to be where Alcar was. Oh, whatever would happen if Alcar didn't cheer him up ... But he knew he could rely on that.

People needed to read into each other's hearts before they would believe him. He had seen and experienced enough to know that. They never got their fill, they always claimed more. They would never face you openly. This all happened on the quiet, behind your back.

When people didn't understand the spiritual work he did, they would say he was imagining things, and that would set the rumours going, not openly, but behind masks which no-one could penetrate. Yet he saw through all of them. Alcar had developed him to a level where he could see and feel this. People did everything on the quiet, and before he knew he would catch a dressingdown that made his heart bleed. And yet he would have to stand up to it, Alcar had said, because they knew no better. And he felt he could now, for he spent a lot of time in the spheres. That's where his thoughts roamed constantly. His physical part remained on earth, but his spirit was up there, where harmony prevailed, and happiness too. How overjoyed he would be, together with Alcar, after he had died. That's why he had to fight this battle. He had often prayed that he might die, because he longed to remain forever where at present only occasional visits were allowed: the happy sphere, where constant harmony is found, to stay with those who are in the light. Over there you can speak your mind to everyone, and your words aren't misconstrued. Promises are kept, and everyone is honest and true. On earth idle tales are told 'in confidence' to any willing ear.

This happens in the dark spheres too, as Alcar said, but you know this beforehand and you can bear it in mind. The spirits that dwell there can't be trusted, they live in darkness and bleakness. Those who 'confide' in others would find out how trust is betrayed in the dark spheres. On earth your body prevents you from seeing through your fellowman, but once you arrive in the Hereafter and are stripped of your material body, the spirit can no longer hide from others.

Up in the higher spheres great trust is put in everything. Without this trust you wouldn't belong there, nor would you be able to stand it because you wouldn't be tuned in to it. The light which one possesses in the spheres would also be too much to bear. Over there people are like open books to one another, because you read each other's thoughts. You lead an honest and

decent life, in perfect harmony. On earth this seems impossible. And yet that is where we're heading for. On earth matter covers everything spiritual, the good qualities included. And if these must be continually suppressed, then the courage to express your opinion or to show your real self is lost. During all of life on earth you have to hide your innermost feelings. Why is this necessary? Why? If you don't, you're faced with opposition from all sides, no matter how well you behave. Hatred and jealousy are behind it all the time. Whenever he saw people as they really were, something inside of him would smile; it did him good, because then he was aware of their intentions. He felt prepared and it enabled him to protect himself against evil influences. Never did he exploit what he read in people's minds; it would have kept him busy for days on end. He simply took no notice, but he complied with their wishes as much as he could. It made him feel superior to them, whereas they believed he didn't sense this. He let them have their way as long as they kept their limits. He knew Alcar would warn him in time.

Once he had visited a big city abroad, where war had raged some years ago and heavy battles had been fought. His friends seemed unperturbed, but he was unable to feel happy in that place. All the sorrow and the sadness, all the suffering and the grief of former days weighed him down. The impact of the hatred and the fury made him feel sick. It was dreadful in that town, and he was appalled how insensitive all those thousands of people were to it. He felt utterly miserable. He saw the soldiers wandering through the streets, not as physical beings but as spirits. They were still fighting and just couldn't stop because of the hatred that consumed them. His spiritual eyes made him see all the misery, and no matter how he tried, he couldn't withdraw from it.

It was a beautiful town so they said, but he felt as if he were choking, although nobody noticed. He clearly saw the soldiers marching by in their various uniforms, all of them wild and savage. It was a real war; to him everything appeared to happen as if it were true. He heard them cursing and swearing, and shouting: 'Murder, murder.' What had people achieved with that war? Nothing but untold misery. People were incited against each other. Woe betide those who are guilty of that, those stupid people; something terrible awaits them. Millions will be waiting for them once they pass over into the Hereafter. They will just have to pray a lot, a great deal, when they are still on earth, so that God can protect them from these demons, even if they also belong amongst them. Because it are demons who are waiting for them because they caused them all that suffering and all that sorrow. He also had deep sympathy for those who had such a crime on their conscience, because they will not escape their punishment and cannot pay for the crime for the time being. He distinctly saw all those poor spirits and the blood too that flowed through the streets and stained everything in its course. Yet everyone

was happy and nothing seemed to bother them. He felt and saw the dead, so he knew that it hadn't ended yet, but that they were still fighting on. Even now, after they had left their material body behind. Physical eyes could not perceive this. He wanted to flee, far away from this evil town. He could no longer be lighthearted and cheerful.

His friends thought he was strange and couldn't understand his sad mood. Why wasn't he interested in the things around and enjoying himself? This hurt him, and he felt sorry for them because he didn't want to offend them. Yet he couldn't tell them anything, because he was afraid they would laugh at him. Oh, this was hopeless. What should he say? After all, they weren't aware of it, and they would ask him why he should brood over all that misery. To them this all belonged to the past. Yes, of course it belonged to the past, at least for physical eyes, and yet he was being forced to see it, feel it and experience it, just as it had all happened in reality. The world as it basically was. It opened his eyes to the curse that war laid on mankind. Who gave any thought to the innumerable victims, the so-called dead, who aren't dead but were suddenly torn out of their physical bodies and thrust into the Hereafter, where they kept on fighting as spirits because they couldn't be brought to their senses. Spiritually it made the world fall back for centuries. And what about the victims who still lived on earth, the wounded, those poor handicapped and mutilated, who were blind or had lost arms or legs? They went unnoticed. They populated the streets, and he had seen hundreds of people pass them by without a pittance. Where was their charity? Couldn't these people part with anything at all? Were they without means? A few pennies would suffice. A fair amount of small fry would see them through. After all, it was the war that had turned these poor men into invalids. He had felt the hurt, and there was no way he could enjoy himself amidst all that misery, amidst all those cold-hearted people who didn't carry the smallest spark of light.

He had gone over to one of these poor fellows and had given him all the money he had on him. He didn't remember how much. It might have been twenty or thirty francs or more. That poor maimed soldier had been dumbfounded! He simply couldn't believe his eyes.

André heard an inner voice tell him that he had done right. It had been a lovely feeling. It had been the only bright spot in that dark town. And when he walked on, the invalid had raised his crutches to thank him. 'Have yourself a treat today, you're welcome to it', he had called out to the poor fellow. Tears of joy had been in the soldier's eyes. André hadn't been able to stand it any more and had flown. But afterwards he had felt a short touch of happiness because of the poor soldier's luck.

They were everywhere, these poor people, but he had nothing left to give

them. Their faces were drawn and showed deep sorrow and misery. He couldn't bear to look. How could anyone sit at a restaurant window with a tasty meal in front of him, in full view of one of those poor invalids on the opposite side of the street. He hadn't been able to, he had felt a lump in his throat. Yet many did and never even noticed anyone standing outside. Nor did they hear the curse that penetrated the place. There stood their brother, who had fought at their side but now had nothing to eat. He had to stay outside in the rain and the wind while they sat feasting themselves inside. That's life, that's mankind for you!

He had written home how totally unhappy he felt in this beautiful city where he saw nothing but misery and sorrow. How was he supposed to gather new impressions and gain strength again, while everything around him wracked his nerves? He had made up his mind: never in his life on earth would he ever set foot in that city again.

Hardly had they left town on the way back, when strangely enough all the sadness was taken away from him. Out in the country, away from that dark atmosphere, he had felt relieved and able to breathe freely, and he was cheerful and happy again.

The Hereafter, with its spheres of light where everything stands for harmony and happiness, beats the darkened earth by far, there's no doubt about that. Most people are afraid of death, they're scared to die. But there is no need for that once you realize how happy you can be in the spheres, and you're prepared to appear before God's throne. But this doesn't dawn on those who aim for happiness in the material things of daily life. They are impervious to it and therefore don't accept it as the truth, until the time that they too become convinced of the value of a higher life. It will give them a completely new view on life on earth, and they will judge their fellow humans differently.

The things they say! The war (World War I, 1914-1918) had ended and the invalids around were beggars putting on an act. But what he had seen was no act, it was nothing to laugh at, it was a living tragedy and they weren't beggars either, they were poor handicapped people who were unjustly lumped together with bad characters.

Alcar had told him that he had shown him all this misery to make him even more aware how bad the inhabitants of earth are.

He preferred to be in his room, between all the paintings which he had received from the side beyond. There he saw the spheres when Alcar linked him up with them, and the great light too, that was no longer visible in that city. That's where he was happy with his leader, as in the country side where gloomy moods soon passed away.

After his arrival home he had told many people what he had seen, but

it didn't seem to trouble them. He had expected that. They couldn't really believe his story nor any other of the invisible truths he had seen and gone through.

Alcar told him that it might take ages before these unfortunate spirits would find peace. This is what war brings on, and when it's over everything is forgotten, on earth anyway, and it soon loses its sting because people cannot or dare not look the consequences in the eye. One war hardly comes to an end before the next one is in the making, causing even greater damage and disaster.

'Why can't you humans come to your senses? What's the purpose of it all? Decide for yourselves why you need to murder your brothers', Alcar said.

People's feelings go out to matter and to nothing else. They're tuned in to it and they idolize it.

The works of art in that city were beautiful, but even the most precious objects lose their value when they are stripped of spiritual energy. This is something people don't want to understand, nor do they see it, just as they don't see that the world is sick. They have no feeling for these things, nor do they want to feel them.

Alcar said that the earth is sick and bad, and that the mankind is mentally ill. That's even worse than suffering from the most dreaded disease. They have lost all feeling and all the light within.

The bad influence almost made André choke. This had nothing in common with the influence his spiritual friends brought down to earth. That was sacred and pure. But on earth things are stripped of light and warmth, and passion prevails wherever you go. Where was the real love that Christ had once spread? It has become unknown, and what you meet is self-love. People were reckless, he thought. They didn't even notice that they often toyed around with the sacred fire of love as if it were a plaything. Some day people will find out that they had trifled with true love. It will really make them suffer, and they will repent. But before long they're at it again in a way that will cause blood and tears to many. That's how cruel people can be.

He just couldn't imagine why they didn't want to show more understanding towards each other. Didn't they know that love is God's greatest creation, and that they could tune in to all those beautiful things that stand for happiness if they would only follow the road leading upward?

It made him shiver to meet such people. To him sacred love meant eternal happiness. He got annoyed when people came to him who wanted to take part in a séance for kicks or just to pass the time away, and then left without a second thought.

That kind of people would attend a painting evening or a séance in which Alcar spoke through him, and soon forget all about it because they had no

eye for the sanctity and no feeling for the support and the happiness it could give them. These were people who spoilt things wherever they went. But to him this work was sacred. He fought, like thousands of others, for the great cause: to convince the people of the truth of a life after physical death.

Alcar always warned him against those who refused to believe. 'Beware of them', he said, 'because they are a danger to our work. Shut yourself off from these beings, I will help you to. Our pure knowledge will enable you to answer them. We see and know the state of every soul. We see through them all.'

He was afraid of these people and kept them at a distance.

Not long ago he had held a wonderful painting séance and many had attended.

Alcar had told him to buy a large canvas which was intended for a German marine painter who had been killed in the war, and now he wished to paint through him.

He had bought the canvas (footnote in first edition: 0.90 by 1.50 metres) along with paint and utensils, and he was curious what that large canvas would bring forth.

He always held these séances in the afternoon. This wasn't strictly necessary, because drawings had already been produced in the dark without any loss to the frequently beautiful technique.

Before he was brought into a trance he had to pray. Then he seated himself before the easel and waited for the things to come. The intelligences never kept them waiting, and within seconds he was in a trance. Then his spirit abandoned his physical body, and a spiritual painter then took control of it.

The guests had all arrived punctually, and that afternoon there were a few artists amongst them. The painter who came through composed the picture with an amazing technique.

This was very interesting to all those present because, as both the painters said, such a technique could only have been mastered by someone who had really studied it.

The work took two hours to accomplish. It showed a sea with rocks and it was titled: 'On the Irish coast'. André's spirit then returned to his body. But not long afterwards Alcar put him into a trance again and told the guests:

'As you see, my beloved, it's possible for us, after our physical death, to work on earth. This beautiful piece of work was made by a German painter, named Erich Wolff. This young artist, who was killed in your last world war (upon the publication of this book in 1933 this is World War I), painted on the Scottish and the Irish coast during his earthly life.

Many relatives send you their greetings. God bless you all.'

The séance had come to its end.

Some time later more pieces from this painter came through to him. One of them had been particularly realistic. It was titled: 'On the Scottish coast'.

Alcar gave it to one of André's friends. He had done work for Alcar without knowing the purpose. It had all been Guidance. After Wolff had finished the painting he showed André clairvoyantly how and where the ships sailed around that coast.

He mentioned this when he took the painting over to his friend, which the latter found very interesting. It was a remarkable mass of rocks, seen on a beautiful summer evening, with two long peaks that were surrounded by the sea.

The painting had been on the wall for some time, when a brother-in-law, an engineer in the merchant navy, came to visit him and on entering the room immediately recognized the Scottish coast. 'How did you come by this Scottish coast?' he asked. 'Did you buy the painting in England?'

But André's friend just laughed and let him continue.

'This is the way we sail around the coast', the seaman told him, while he indicated the direction, 'when we're bound for Holland. These peaks are visible from afar and we often take our bearings from them. On board we say: 'The peaks are in sight.' It's a striking piece of work, painted true to life.'

After his visitor had had his say, André's friend told him that it had been received by a medium who first of all couldn't paint under normal circumstances and secondly when he did, he was unaware of this as he did it in a trance and thirdly had never seen or visited either Scotland, Ireland or England before.

The seaman thought this was extraordinary and he kept on looking at the beautiful picture for quite a while.

This proved once more that someone else had done the work. That it hadn't been André who had accomplished this, but another person who made use of his organism.

Wolff made six large paintings for him in this way, all of them masterpieces.

André was happy, very happy with his gifts and with all his work. That is why he wanted people to pursue this in greater depth. They considered this kind of work to be devil's work. So Alcar, Wolff and the other spirits were supposed to be devils?

No? Up to now he had got to know them as spirits of love. Recently he had received a wonderful example of Alcar's protection, and how sparingly his gifts were put to use.

André felt ill, he had caught a bad cold. Nevertheless he had done his work that day, though he longed for his bed. Towards the evening he developed a high temperature and intended going to bed soon, but to his dismay Alcar

conveyed a message at seven o'clock that he wanted to paint.

André said to himself: 'For heaven's sake, I'm ill.' But he immediately heard Alcar for the second time saying: 'Make sure to be ready around eight o'clock. We're going to paint, André!'

It was no good sighing. Alcar wanted something, so it must be all right.

When he told his parents, they were rather surprised and advised him strongly not to fulfil this wish. How could he ever paint with a sick body?

He was in doubt, and his parents finally persuaded him to refuse, so he decided to go to bed.

But what nobody had expected happened.

Suddenly he was put under an influence, went into a trance, and Alcar spoke to his parents through him: 'You see, my beloved, there's no limit to what we can achieve if we really want to. This evening I myself am going to paint, and you won't understand until afterwards why I chose this very moment to take possession of his body.'

He went up to André's room, got everything ready and started to paint. André remained in a trance from a quarter to eight until nearly ten o'clock and when he awoke he immediately sensed that the fever and the illness had gone. This was marvellous to him and he hurried to his father and mother to tell them about it.

A little later Alcar said to him:

'The flowers I painted aren't very good. I intended to make you feel better and I succeeded completely. There was no better way to go about this than by taking possession of your body. So you see, my son: always give yourself, always trust me. Your physical body is under my protection. I keep watching over you.'

That evening André wept for happiness and gratitude that the spirits were so good to him, and his parents also thanked Alcar in their prayer for the great help and for the marvellous proof they had received from him.

This was pure and perfect love, spiritual love from on high.

He thought of all the people he had been able to convince, due to the proof which Alcar had given them. Then shouldn't this sacred cause be guarded scrupulously? Weren't they good devils? Weren't they devils who loved mankind? No stone was left unturned to provide them with proof, to convince them of a life after their physical death. Spiritualism and everything connected to it was a sacred thing to him. Those who work behind the scenes, expecting no words of gratitude, they'll do anything to bring happiness and truth to the people. Then shouldn't one kneel down humbly and except everything gratefully? After all, they want the people to be happy! No, they are no devils, these spirits of love, although the people on earth, in their would-be wisdom repeatedly believe they are. They think that their worldly

wisdom will suffice to understand spiritual things, and that's a fallacy. They need to be attuned to it deep inside to sense this, but they have become too materialized. Worldly wisdom is not a spiritual power and the two have nothing in common. As if we weren't all equal before God!

Does a king necessarily have a higher spiritual status on earth than a carpenter? No, of course not. Yet this is current opinion.

He had often seen so-called important persons come through in séances. There were scholars amongst them, even theologians, who proved to be deeply unhappy and begged for help. Only then had they grasped the beauty of spiritualism. All their studies and their wisdom hadn't brought them one inch further on the spiritual path. They hadn't practised what they preached. Yet some learned men had found light and happiness on the side beyond. They had lived a better life on earth. They had not forgotten God and had served their fellow men. That was the goodness they bore within, as God expected of them. These people wore no masks as others did, for whom a certain day will also dawn on the side beyond. There all masks are dropped and they will stand naked and devoid of power. But on earth they are the ones who spoil everything, and against whom Alcar kept on warning him.

This was bad enough, but there was worse. Those who foul up things under the pretext of spirituality are lost. They erect a spiritual wall around themselves and shoot their material arrows off from there, aiming to hit honest, simple folk. That's what their masks cover up on earth. A life under the guise of spirituality. To them everything is a mere pastime. Spiritual work is too sacred for that. But their hearts are cold, and remain cold towards everything, and beauty never shows through in them. The Divine Spark that could attune them to the higher spheres and to everything that carries beauty no longer glows in them. Its fire has perished; it expired like a candle in the night.

He had experienced a lot of strife at the hands of such people and now, at this stage, he understood their aims and played around with them. He had acquired the power to do so.

He now saw through everyone. Alcar had brought him to that level and had developed his spiritual sense. That is what these people lack, for they fall back into their material world time and again. Yet Alcar still wanted him to give himself; everyone should get his fair share, since those who were honest also came to him.

'Feel that you're superior to all that', Alcar said, 'and don't close off your heart to the good ones. You will soon be able to sense when an open heart comes your way, because that heart will shine you in the face. Always be prepared, no matter how big the battle may be. Fighting will toughen you. So have faith, we're at your side and will remain your invisible helpers.'

Alcar often talked to him in this way and it did him good because sometimes things overwhelmed him, and now and again worries and sadness almost prevented him from going on. People kept on wanting more until everything lost its value for them in the end.

What would happen tonight? Maybe they'd think the world of him today, but they would dish him again tomorrow. But come what may, he would be prepared.

Alcar and his friends never did that. They are fine and pure in their answers. They never hurt anyone and always follow one way only: the path of love. They have only their task in mind: to work for spiritualism. The people don't understand even half of it, nor do they nor want to learn from it, in spite of the beautiful lessons they receive. Yet they receive them for their own good, because it will help them to develop.

Contact with those who have died on earth isn't made to get a thrill out of it. That's not what the spirit world is after. Mankind must advance and rise, and get on the road to God. But halfway up they're exhausted and fall back to the stage where life becomes easy for them again. It takes no trouble, the going is smooth. So they muddle on; life is brought to completion and amounts to no more than a bag of worldly pleasures.

His gloomy mood still persisted, but it gave him a better understanding of the enormous sorrow which Christ suffered.

Christ had given Himself for the people. He kept on giving, more and more, until He could no longer give, and then they beat Him up. Christ let them have their way, and it got worse still because they wanted even more. They wanted His Flesh and Blood. And not until He was nailed to the cross, did the people see Him as the true child of God. When the clouds tore apart and God's light appeared, all those people saw the simple man He really was Who had aspired to give Himself completely.

Christ was the son of a carpenter too, but He had much greater powers than André. Christ performed miracles. Christ was the Great Spirit. He, André, performed miracles on a small scale. Yet he was allowed to do the same work, and to heal the sick too. But he couldn't make the blind see, as Christ had done, because he was merely an imperfect human being, a man with many mistakes.

Christ was the Perfect human being, He was the Son of God, who had given all of Himself for the sake of the people. And yet they crucified Him.

Soon that great miracle was forgotten, and they kept on sinning on without end.

When he was in a sad, gloomy mood he felt full of understanding for the suffering that Christ had gone through. He sensed it in full. Christ, the simple heart, tortured and flogged by his brothers and sisters. His blood had

flowed, and still it hadn't been enough. That's what people are like.

Alcar had held Jesus up as his example and had told him:

'Don't worry and do your work, André. Be prepared for all that may come, and take Him, Who suffered for all of us as your example. You're doing the same kind of work, my son, only on a smaller scale, and don't try to compare yourself to Him. Be satisfied with this happiness, and keep right on to this road.'

He had a lot to learn; he knew it, and learn he would, his whole life-long stay on earth.

Once he had felt the same great satisfaction which Christ must have felt, and it made him understand things even more.

He had been called over to a small child of nine months, seriously ill with a high temperature, that lay in its cradle, deathly quiet. He didn't know how it had happened and he didn't want to be pretentious, but when he was standing at the cradle he had said to the parents: 'Now I will show you how Christ healed.'

They gave him a strange look but said nothing; the situation was far too serious for that. He knelt down and prayed ardently, as he always did when he had to treat a patient. He begged God and Christ for help and prayed: 'Give your emissaries the power to help me with this beautiful work. Oh Jesus, help me. In Your name I want to heal this little one just as You did.'

Suddenly – he would never forget this wondrous, great moment – his arm was lifted slightly by a strange force and brought to the child's head, while a marvellous feeling of great happiness flowed through him. After a few minutes his arm was led back, and straight afterwards the little one opened its eyes and started to laugh and cry out and kick about, and it was healed.

The parents looked at him full of admiration and tears came to their eyes.

Oh, what a day that had been! What a miracle this was!

Alcar told him: 'Because of your great love for Christ and for us you were allowed to do this.'

He felt as if he were in heaven.

In his prayers he always asked for help, but he understood quite well that he wasn't able to perform instantaneous healings with every patient. It would have required him to be Christ's equal, and that was something he couldn't be, not in a thousand years. For him it was a sacred commitment always to be ready to receive the flux from on high and to convey this to the sick.

He had laid his hands on the child's head and it had been healed. That's how Christ had done it too during His life on earth. True enough: he, André, wouldn't be flogged, but he could be locked up in prison because he wasn't a qualified doctor, and according to worldly laws he had no right to practise medicine. Many centuries ago Christ had been the Perfect Human Being on

earth, but never again will Christ reappear on earth to sacrifice Himself for humanity, because after all these hundreds of years Jesus is still not understood.

He spent that whole day pondering on these things. He couldn't get it out of his mind, and he was tired of all the thinking. This had to stop, for the guests had already arrived and the séance was about to start. He could count on Alcar to give him all the energy he needed, as always. The séance started. First many messages were received with the help of a cross and a board; there was something in it for everybody, and many renewed their contacts with members of their family or with friends they had temporarily lost. It gave them strength, spiritual strength, and they were happy to get in touch with their loved ones. How beautiful it was!

After this part of the séance there was a short interval, and then Alcar put him into a trance and, in a clear voice, addressed the following words to the guests:

'Good evening, my sisters and brothers, today I want to talk to you about the human clock.

I'm able to help you, and I will do so. I really want to help you, but how? Many many times, again and again, I told you: I want to help you, if it's God's will. You're listening attentively to me now, to everything I'm going to say; you're familiar with all of it, and have been for quite some time. That doesn't alter the fact that, even if you know it all and even if you think it over now and again, you, with your human thoughts, don't always act accordingly. Tick-tack, up and down, that's time. That is the pendulum on the clock. Clock-like regularity: Tick-tack, tick-tack. Incessantly: tick-tack. You think your life will keep on going with the same regularity as the clock that the clockmaker winds. But does life continue on this smooth, regular round for everyone? Does it hold for everyone, this tick-tack-tick of day-to-day worries, activities and tasks? Or does it contain a sound you do not hear? Doesn't it contain a certain sound you're aware of and which distinguishes you, human beings, from that daily monotonous ticking of the clock? Isn't it precisely that Divine Spark in you which sets you off and places you above all mechanical gadgets? And doesn't that Divine Spark contain the Divine Power of Love? Isn't it precisely that quality which people call love that makes life worth living and worth experiencing? Isn't that the most beautiful, the richest and most Divine aspect of man? Everyone yearns for it, from a small child onward. I dare to say: even before birth there is that yearning for love. And this love grows, and this love increases in beauty, it gets stronger and will move mountains. Without this love life would be a wilderness.

Those who know love are the happy ones. Those who have known love keep on carrying it in their hearts, and those who never knew love are happy

when they feel that great power within, that great, holy power, the sanctity of what they would be able to give. Do you understand that, my friends? Do you feel that, my friends? That your life could be a life that is led by (loving) thoughts? How much could you give? Let that which is in you be the most beautiful and the most sacred you possess, yes indeed: the sacrosanct, forever.

Did I tell you anything new this evening? Weren't you familiar with all this since quite a time? And yet I wonder: didn't I help you, didn't I shake you awake a bit, and reveal to you the multitude and the beauty that is within man, which sets him apart from the machine? And if God in His abundant goodness lets you feel this love during your life on earth, then be confident, my friends. Never forget: it's God's will that such love prevails and that such a link of love exists. Could it ever be the will of God that such a link be broken? I tell you: No! Then put all your trust in a life of sanctified love, and let life's little clock keep on ticking confidently. It is God's will. Some day the machine meets its end, it's worn away and spent. Then life's clock stops ticking. No more tick-tack to be heard, and you miss it. You are left with a void and with great sadness because of that loyal friend, that faithful soul you dearly loved. That faithful soul who supported you, whom you supported, who helped you, whom you helped, whom you gave love and who loved you, who is missed on earth so much. Then, since you don't believe in the Hereafter, emptiness comes into your life. And when that little clock no longer strikes and ticks, then remember all the love this person radiated. The abundant love he gave, and the abundant love he wanted to give yet couldn't, because you, human being, with your human thoughts neither understood him nor felt the love he wanted to give to you. You never saw the hands that offered it and which you pushed away unthinkingly. You can help him a lot with your prayer to God, in which you ask to be forgiven for not wanting to see so much love. You can ask Him in your prayer to let His light shine on the soul who gave so much love, or wanted to. You can ask for his sins to be forgiven, because everyone sins, knowingly or not. A person sins because he's only human. And when the time has come that it pleases God to stop your pendulum from swinging, then may many be around for you too, to send a prayer up to God that you may soon be brought into the light. Trust in God, trust in God's love and believe in your own love. Amen.'

Alcar had finished speaking and had quietly left.

It had been a beautiful séance, and everyone felt how they were treading sacred ground. Everyone was happy.

Oh, that beautiful magnificent truth that we will soon be allowed to live in the Hereafter forever more!

The evening had come to an end. The guests went home and asked if they could be present at the following sessions to hear this beautiful, melodious

voice again that had spoken to them with so much love.

A few days later Alcar already announced that he wanted to hold another séance, and André then invited some more people, so that the circle became even larger than last time.

Everyone needed the spiritual support and energy that the side beyond bestowed on them.

His father and mother were also able to help him now, because the prediction he had passed on to his father had come true in the way Alcar had revealed it to him in the very beginning.

That evening many came in contact again with their dear ones who already dwelt on the other side, and the pieces of evidence were overwhelming. Everything testified to truth and love. These were things you could count on, this was pure knowledge. It was beautiful! There was no need to call up the dead, they came of their own accord and spoke to those whom they had left behind. No more doubt left, they knew that the dead live on. The beautiful lessons they gave were free from self-love and selfishness. Everything that came through was pure. That's how they who preceded them sent their messages. And so happiness was shared, not only by those who still lived on earth but also by those who already dwelt on the other side, because God permitted them to bring this happiness to those who had remained on earth in sorrow and sadness, and had granted them the strength and the contact to do so.

The friends on the other side were happy because they could cry out: 'We aren't dead, we're alive. Don't mourn over us, we come to you and will help you. We can see through matter and can guide your ways through all marshes. We see the danger, because we have been released from crude matter. We are highly sensitive and live in the light. This is the power which we, here in eternity, received from God. Don't close your ears, we are with you and want to help you. Don't look for us afar, we are near. Don't look for us in the grave, we're alive and at your side.'

André had already heard these words so often, but to him and others too the words 'We're not dead, we're alive' kept on resounding like beautiful music.

First the information was received through the cross and board, and then Alcar came through who addressed the guests as follows:

'Here I am again. Good evening, my dear friends, sisters and brothers. This evening I want to talk to you about Faith, Hope and Love.

One day we will be together forever. Remember these words while you are still on earth.

It's so wonderful to come to you to bring you the light from the side beyond, the light which God bestows on us, to bring it to you. God's love.

And why is it so wonderful to be here? Because there is harmony among you; a merge of soul with soul, which is so desperately needed. Because this harmony creates an atmosphere that is sacred and beautiful and seldom found amongst people. And that is why I'm so grateful that I may come, to be in your midst. Note that I said: may. Because it is not my will, it's God's holy will which I fulfil. And I'm grateful that I may do so. It's so wonderful to be in your midst because I feel all the rays you radiate around me, and this fills me with confidence that nothing but good will happen here. You all radiate goodness, because you know, and because you want goodness to prevail. Because you are full of longing to do the higher things and want only the higher things. And even if you don't notice it immediately and even if you're not aware of it yet, I want to tell you this because it may incite you to continue on this road, for it will strengthen you and build you up.

You know, everyone needs a bit of support in his life, and I know that a word or two from me will do you good. There, look up there, everyone.'

Alcar pointed upward with his right hand.

'There you see the Faith, the Hope and the Love, and of the latter you will see the most; it's Love and it's beautiful. Oh, it's so beautiful. Believe in it and act accordingly, because without faith in the Hereafter, without hope for betterment and without the love that forms a link, life would be desolate. Those three words, Faith, Hope and Love give you an insight into Divine mercy. If God grants you Faith, Hope and Love, then that's more than man deserves. And if one didn't possess them, would life then be tolerable? If man didn't believe in God, didn't believe and trust that He will grant us all of that, wouldn't life on earth be utterly miserable? It's so beautiful, so holy, this trinity, and so utterly characteristic of the soul of man. It's so great, so pure. It's more than you can fathom.

But even if you were to take the merest particle of it all and absorb it, and even if you had only a little faith, a flicker of hope and a ray of love, then you would grasp some of that infinite clarity, of that intense beauty, of that Divine. And you, man, must take care that it grows, that it expands, that it gets stronger and increases in beauty, that a cloud of faith, a cloud of hope may live within you, and that you let a sun of love shine its blue radiance. Only then will an ethereal aura surround you. Then something beautiful, something wonderful will emanate from inside of you, and God will see his children as He wishes them to be. Believe, have hope and spread love, and God will bless you. And then you will be able to call upon God, prostrate yourself before Him in grateful humility and thank Him for the beauty, the sanctity and the Glory which He brought into your life. This is the beautiful aspect in your life; this is the Divine Light. But alas, there are still so many who don't see the Light or don't want to see it. But if you carry Faith, Hope

and Love within you, yet you don't find them on your path, then the journey gets so difficult, so hard, so barren; then it is as if it's lost. Then you find brambles cluster your path and the bushes need entangling by hand to find the right path again. Your hands will bleed and the thorns must be removed from the flesh because they hurt so much. Then the path is hard. But Faith, Hope and Love must grow within you, and you must realize that with God's help you will pull aside those branches to find the way to all things beautiful, high and holy.

You must trust that you can find that path, and in the end you will.

Have faith, have faith. Believe in yourself, have hope in betterment and let love blossom within you. The battle is worth it, my friends, the struggle will strengthen you, but the fight must raise you up to the triad: Faith, Hope and Love. You must battle on until you reach this goal. One day you will triumph. But as long as you back away from the difficulties you meet on this road, your battle will get harder and harder and your road will get rougher. Then you won't find only thorny brambles on your way, but everything that carries thorns will grow on it, as high as mountains. And you won't get through until you bow before God's will and kneel in submission and say: 'God forgive me, I did wrong.' And when you lift your head and you see the glorious colours in the distance, bearing the words 'Faith, Hope and Love', then all the thorns will have vanished and the path will be smooth, glistening and open, like a path of light. And then you will go towards the Light, your arms outspread, and grateful that you were allowed to reach this point. Have faith, have hope, and know love. Know love for your neighbour, know love for all God's creatures, know love for those who have departed from you. Know love for God and know love for those who don't understand you.

Your path is not always easy, but with God's help, with the Faith, Hope and Love He puts into your heart, you will come into the Light. Trust in that, always trust in that.

It is so wonderful to be in your midst and to be able to give all this to you; to be able to tell you what's on the heart, to find a willing ear that listens, a heart that understands and a soul that searches for the things on high. May my words that are so simple and yet want to say so much, lay a bit of God's almighty Power in your hearts. May you all, in difficult times, believe, have hope, and live in God's Love. May God bless you! Amen.'

The séance had come to its end and everyone returned home, withdrawn into himself.

Again an emissary from God had spoken to them and everyone felt invigorated, spiritually and physically, because Alcar's words had given them wholesome rest and sacred strength for the spirit.

This was the influence from the side beyond, brought to them by the 'dead'.

Again everyone had received proof of their continued existence, and so they were convinced that dead is not dead. They felt the sanctity and the purity of these beautiful evenings.

‘More of these evenings are to follow, André’, Alcar said, ‘and we will go on bringing people strength from the Hereafter.

Be strong and pray to God that we may always receive this strength to give it to humanity through you.

I thank you, my son. Now I must leave.’

Alcar had stopped talking, but yet André sensed him beside him, which will probably be the case as long as he remains on earth. And he will go on beseeching God to let Alcar stay, as his work is sacred and dear to him.

Real clairvoyance and the danger of seeing

André was called over to a lady who wanted his advice. He asked Alcar for his approval and the answer was: 'Certainly, let's go.'

He arrived at the prearranged hour. The ladies weren't at home, but they were expected to return at any moment. The person who wanted to consult him had come from outside of town and was staying with a lady-friend.

He waited for a while, but after this had lasted a bit too long to his liking he wanted to leave, as he had patients to treat at home. However, Alcar told him to wait, it should be something special.

He thought. Something special! So Alcar already knew about it. He felt a strong impact; Alcar must be doing something. But he couldn't yet discern what it was exactly.

The ladies came home, and he was introduced to the guest.

'I have heard a lot about you, Mr. Hendriks, which is why I want to consult you. Let's go upstairs, so we won't be disturbed.'

When they got upstairs she laid a photo and a tie in front of him and asked whether these objects could tell him anything about her husband's state of health.

He took the photo in his hands.

'I'll do my best, ma'am, but please don't tell me anything. Only if I tell you something about the things I see, then you can say whether this is correct or not.'

After a few moments he told her the impressions he got through about her husband. He felt a strong urge to fall asleep, and then he felt cramped. As soon as this urge started to affect his body, he informed the lady about it, and she answered that these were the symptoms her husband was suffering from.

'So I sensed this correctly, ma'am?'

'Yes, you did.'

'All right, then I'll tell you what this refers to. I see some doctors who are with your husband. I also see that the medicine they are giving him is for his heart. Is that right?'

'Yes', she answered.

"I see your husband like this, madam" and he gave a description of his personality. Again she had to confirm that it entirely matched the facts. His character was likewise described correctly.

'I see the area where you live, the surroundings where your husband takes his morning walk, the streets he has to pass to reach his office. I also see the name of the street where it's located.' The lady had to admit that everything

was correct. Then he saw nothing more and he waited for the things that would happen.

After a few moments the lady asked: 'Do you see anything else?'

'No, ma'am, but wait a bit yet.'

She became impatient; however, André was prepared and remained calm.

Alcar had often told him to ward off the influence which people directed at him; otherwise this would frustrate him, and what he saw would be inaccurate and influenced by others. He had to remain calm, Alcar always told him. People aimed lots of thoughts at him, which he took over telepathically. Of course he could still provide them with proof, but it would be founded on their own knowledge and thoughts. That wouldn't get him anywhere.

This was now the case. He forcibly pushed these thoughts back.

Suddenly four people clearly appeared before his mind's eye. There were three ladies and a gentleman. As soon as he saw this image, he heard Alcar say: 'These are four clairvoyants whom she consulted. They have all handled the photo and the tie and therefore their influence is still attached to these objects.'

He conveyed this message to her. This he had also seen correctly.

Then Alcar said: 'Look at her head, André, concentrate as strongly as you can and take in her thoughts.'

He looked at her and saw a ray of light coming at him from out of her head. This happened as quick as a flash.

Alcar continued: 'You now see her thoughts as light. Telepathy, André, be careful. All those clairvoyants took over her thoughts, and now I want to show you how influence can be exerted on a clairvoyant, how he catches the thoughts of the person who comes to consult him.'

André knew the meaning of the light that was coming at him. When the lady asked him whether he could see anything else, he was able to tell her what he had seen and what he had taken over from her.

'Yes ma'am, I'll tell you what I see. The four clairvoyants you consulted all told you that your husband would die before December. I distinctly hear the words they spoke to you, which I have now taken over from you. I will repeat them word for word: 'Do you know you will soon become a widow?'

It startled her, and she began to cry. It was the fifth time a clairvoyant had established this. Four others had already predicted this and one of them was a person of European renown. So it must be true, since they had all got the impression that her husband hadn't long to live.

André felt sorry for her, because she had been told in no uncertain terms that her husband would soon die and because she believed this. But he went on:

'So what I just told you is the same as what the other clairvoyants predict-

ed?’

‘Yes, certainly, your statement coincides with what they said.’

‘All right, ma’am, but I assure you that all they did was to take over your thoughts telepathically, and then they told you what you were thinking. You possess a strong ability to concentrate and so you affected them. They weren’t able to tell you anything more concerning your husband’s condition than what you yourself knew and what your mind was brimming over with. I stand alone now versus the four other clairvoyants, and I feel that you don’t believe me. Yet I’ll try my best, ma’am, and I’ll see whether I’m allowed to receive the pure truth for your sake. I will ask my leader, who is here with me, if he can show it to me.’

He asked Alcar who replied: ‘Give yourself over completely, and we’ll see what the truth looks like.’

He willingly submitted to Alcar, but before he began to concentrate he prayed to God that he might receive the truth, the spiritual truth. It was essential now to see accurately, not only for the sake of the patient whom this was all about, but also for the poor woman who had already gone through so much terrible fear due to the things she had been told. He begged for strength for his leader, that the latter, by using him as his instrument, might present her with the complete, pure truth. He heard Alcar beside him, also praying and asking for strength.

The four clairvoyants ought to know how much evil their work had already caused, and how carefully they ought to handle their gifts. The poor woman was in such a nervous state that she would undoubtedly pass on before her husband if this went on much longer.

After his prayer he went into a trance and now the veil which covered the truth was lifted for him. He was allowed to see, and he heard Alcar saying: ‘Tell her what you see.’

He first requested her to write down everything he was about to tell her and then continued:

‘Listen, ma’am. I see the first of December before me. I then see all the days of December filing past me. It’s like a reel of film. Now I see January and I see your husband too who still appears healthy, although he should already have died according to the clairvoyants’ assertions. I don’t see anything happening in January either, but I do see your husband. Each time I am shown how he is. February is next and slowly the first week passes by. On the eighth of February the film comes to a standstill. This has a meaning. Now I see your husband in bed, he’s ill, but don’t worry, the film has started to reel off again. The tenth, twelfth, fourteenth, sixteenth of February. Now I see that he has recovered. It was only a slight indisposition. Now February is past. I see the fourth of March, and then the rest of the days of that month,

one after the other. April. Now the days and the months are passing by much faster. Nothing is happening, nothing at all. I still see your husband beside you, looking healthy. November goes by too and now it's one year past the day when you were supposed to become a widow, but I see this hasn't happened yet. The film is being wound up, ma'am. My leader tells me that this is enough. It's all over. I don't see any more, and you can be happy again.'

But the lady didn't know what to make of it. She had hardly written anything down, merely the eighth of February. She looked at André but said nothing, and he felt that she didn't believe him. Here he stood, one against four, and whom was she to believe? From her point of view the others might be right, and that is what she seemed to be convinced of. The situation became intolerable for him and Alcar said: 'Put a stop to it, my boy. It's useless to her, and much as we may see, it's of no help to us.'

'Listen, madam, think what you like, and accept whatever you want, but please do me one favour: write everything to me, whatever happens to your husband. It's very important to me to know who saw correctly.'

'I promise.'

'Then I'll tell you what happened.'

What the other clairvoyants took over from you has nothing to do with clairvoyance. Seeing correctly, ma'am, means conveying what we receive from our leaders. We have to concentrate with all our might to receive accurately what our leaders link us up with. You would have influenced me too, if my leader hadn't warned me of your strong ability to concentrate, and I would have seen just as incorrectly. What I have seen and told you, I take to be the truth.

I don't get influenced easily, ma'am. And why not? Because I will never try to prove something by telepathy, in other words: by taking over someone's thoughts. As I said, this isn't a question of seeing, it's merely empathy. A clairvoyant has to know for sure whether the impressions he receives stem from his leaders or from mortals. We must be able to distinguish between the two, because this is where the danger lies. Illnesses in particular oblige us to rule out telepathy completely and to check everything our leaders present us with. We can't allow ourselves to make mistakes. Do you understand how dangerous this is? If we don't take precautions, our seeing becomes very hazardous for those who come to us for advice. Don't you see the danger now of the things those people told you? Not yet, maybe, because you don't believe me, but some day you will recall my words, everything I just told you.

Your lady friend has known me for a long time now, and she knows that I want to be humble and merely wish to serve as an instrument. I'm not a zealot, ma'am. My only concern is to help you, with all that's in me. Everything we see in a case like yours has to be spiritual. This tells me that we need to

be backed up by a leader, a spirit, in other words: one of our helpers who will give us everything and enable us to act. I only tell you this because I rely on my leader. This means that everything he gave to you is true, because he always gives me the pure aspect of things. But also because he never turns a blind eye to a person's health. This is sacred to him. I think it's terrible that they caused you so much distress. The clairvoyants who are to blame for that no longer know themselves exactly whether they are in pure contact with their guides, otherwise they would never have been able to tell you this.

An advanced spirit who is in the light will never convey such a tidings. And even if it were true and the facts were reliable, still I would never have told you that you would soon become a widow. And if these people dare to allege that this is what they saw, then they're lying and they shut their leaders out. We must never forget that we are instruments, and we must take care not to let our own thoughts forge ahead and become prominent. This is a heavy task for mediums. Every medium operates in combination with a spiritual doctor, but in this case he was ruled out. When a clairvoyant doesn't remain honest, I mean: when he can't tell the difference between clairvoyance and telepathy, then everything is doomed to go wrong. He will prove the very thing your mind is brimming over with. Now do you understand, ma'am, how simple everything is? If you hadn't influenced these four people by your fear of losing your husband, they too would have given you messages of a different kind. Your fear proved fatal to you. The clairvoyants took over your thoughts and believed that they had seen correctly. That's what I had to watch out for. Your thoughts could have side-tracked me. That is why I fend off any thoughts that are directed at me. Do you understand what I mean, ma'am?

'Yes, I understand.'

'I'll tell you another wonderful example of proof which my leader gave me. Some time ago – it was on a Saturday afternoon – a lady and gentleman came to see me, and the gentleman asked if I could tell him anything about his wife's health. In order to establish contact, I took her hand into both of mine, because it enables my leader to see, and he then passes this on to me. We check this three times because we need to exclude any telepathic take-over of thoughts we're often not aware of.

I got a message that she was deaf on her right ear, and at that moment everything went all quiet in my own right ear. Then I saw her inside, which was followed by the third check. At this point my leader tells me whether I have seen and felt correctly. We apply this check to ourselves, and when my leader tells me that it's all right, then I can be sure that everything I saw is indeed correct. So I told the lady that she was deaf on the right ear and she admitted that this was the case. She thought it was wonderful, but this

wasn't all. I had to help her, and I magnetized her ear for five minutes. While I treated her, my leader showed me that the abscess in her ear would rupture on the Monday morning at a quarter to nine, and she would then be cured. I told her this too, without doubting myself or my leader.

'We'll see whether it'll come true', I said.

The next day, it was Sunday, I kept on thinking about that lady. I was tense, but I trusted my leader explicitly.

Monday came, and at a quarter past nine in the morning the phone rang and the husband told me that everything had taken place just as I had said and that his wife could hear again. He thought this was wonderful and he was very happy that the prediction had come true.

These people certainly received a beautiful piece of proof, not only that my leader saw correctly but also the spontaneous method of healing.

Many doctors had tried their utmost, yet in vain, and now the illness had been taken from her within minutes. Isn't that marvellous? Can you imagine that I would ever doubt what was conveyed to you, after the hundreds of times that I was allowed to present people with proof of my leaders' skill and their ability? No, ma'am. I tell you this to give you a greater sense of security and faith in what you were told, because your peace of mind is at stake. I think it's irresponsible of the other clairvoyants to have informed you that your husband was to die. It's unforgivable that they dared to say: 'Do you know that you will soon become a widow?' Even if this were true, it's still unnecessary to predict this months ahead. I sense your fear and I completely understand your situation. I can't imagine that such a message could ever stem from the side beyond. I don't call this helping, it's destruction. It doesn't say much in favour of their love for their fellow-men. We received our gifts to support the people who come to us. But instead of helping and supporting you, they caused you great anxiety, which would have gone on for another two long months. Ma'am, please cast out that fear. Believe me, what they predicted won't come true. Pray that God may grant you my conviction. Pray often, you can't stand this much longer. The prayer will console you and help you. I can't do anything more for you, and other pieces of proof can't be given to you.'

André left, and when he got outside he felt relief because he saw his dear leader beside him who told him that he had spoken well.

'You did your best, my boy, but I fear that our information cannot convince her. But don't worry, it will all come true in the way I showed you. I'll tell you why it will come true.

I knew in advance what it was all about. Their thoughts reached me, and you know that I can pick them up. I saw everything and made sure to contact my master immediately. At the time I couldn't mention this to you, but

my master showed it to me. Since this concerns something spiritual I was allowed to ask him. Then I gave it to you and you gave it to her. This is the great chain in which we are the links. My master sees it and can present the truth. My question and my thoughts travel as fast as lighting to those who know the answer, and then they rise up to God, as everything that is spiritual is given to us by His help. Always be prepared to receive them. Pray often for wisdom, truth and strength. You see, these are bestowed on us because we asked for spiritual support, free from material interests. Always ask for this in all humility.

A month passed by and André heard nothing. The case kept troubling him. December had passed; the fatal period during which the man would pass over had dawned. Yet he still received no message. He phoned the lady's friend and got the reassuring answer that so far all was well. She was beginning to doubt the fatal prediction and said that she had believed in his statement from the start.

January passed, and still he heard nothing. On the eighth of February he called again, but nobody could tell him anything. Finally, in March, he received a letter, saying:

‘Dear André.

Following up my promise of last autumn at Mrs. V's home, I am writing this letter to let you know that you apparently saw correctly concerning my husband's health condition. He sleeps a lot, but apart from that there are no disconcerting symptoms. If one of the clairvoyants was right in predicting the figure three, then this could mean in three years time. You cannot write to me directly as my husband has of course no knowledge of my interview with you.

Yours sincerely,
B.v.H.’

Once again Alcar's prediction had come true. Why lose herself in phantasies which were neither here nor there? Just because one of the clairvoyants had named the figure three, something was to happen ‘in three years time’!

There's no use helping people who let their imagination get the better of them.

At the start of his spiritual development Alcar had told him: ‘You will see what I will let you see,’ which proves that a medium cannot do anything by himself. The great trust which a medium puts in his leader, the will to serve merely as an instrument, will preserve him from errors and incorrect messages. Those who possess the gift of healing should especially be on their guard, as they may get involved in a person's death. These mediums carry a

heavy responsibility. Alcar told André: 'Simplicity is the driving force behind this great gift. And what is more: Truth comes first. Don't use telepathy to convince people by means of their own thoughts. This is the great danger of seeing. And don't become vain; you would be lost in a very short time, no matter how great your gift might be, as you would then be unable to make a clear distinction between your own thoughts and the things which I give you. Without my help it's impossible for you to see a thought in light. Be careful when you're confronted with important issues, because people's lives may be at stake. Listen to us, that's the main thing for all those who possess this gift.'

Once he was called over to a boy of eight years old, and after he had paid several visits, Alcar told him that further help was not permitted. He didn't listen and he thought: 'Why shouldn't I be allowed to go on helping him? The child is making progress, isn't he?' When he ignored the warning voice and went to see the boy again, Alcar said: 'You must listen, André. You acted as if you hadn't heard me, but you will do nothing outside of my will. This child will pass on, and I'm withdrawing you to save you all the unpleasantness. There's a doctor attending to the boy and that's enough. There's nothing more we can do, our work is finished here. Let this be a lesson to you and do everything as I want it to be, no matter how strange it may seem to you. I see through everything and I always have a purpose in mind.'

Two weeks later the little boy passed on, and Alcar said: 'You see, my son, it proved correct. We on our side see through everything. Implicit trust will make you strengthen the link which joins us both, and one day it will grow to be a link of love. You will then work as I want you to, and no matter how dangerous a situation may seem, I'll be able to help you. Stay simple, it will benefit your development. And never forget that you're an instrument, just like all those others who possess this gift.'

Everyone must fight his own battle and find his own way. Not only in his deeds but in his thoughts too. I'll tell you something about this. This holds for everybody, because for some that way is the path to darkness, and for others it is the way which lead to God's Light along many twists.

I already told you many times and often explained how difficult that path can be for you.

You inhabitants of the earth, who have work to accomplish, you who seek the path towards the light and bear within you the holy will to do good, I tell you from this side that you still often stray and grope around, and that your tracks are still full of twistings and turnings.

But what will the path be like for those who do not search for the great light? Aren't they to be pitied. There are many who lose their way and search. I don't mean this as a reproach, because we on our side know that you will

wander and must wander. But once you have reached the road to the Light you will be one of us and you will be done with earthly life. These detours aren't wilful journeys along wrong tracks. No, it's more the thoughts that stray from the right road. Nobody will stop you from thinking what you want to. Your thoughts may be sent in a wrong direction, and you're astray, often unwittingly. But when they take the right direction, you will be happy and you'll make it easy for us to reach you.

Are human thoughts always good? Isn't there a streak of evil, of badness in all of you? And when you think up that kind of an image and send it off, doesn't that divert you from the brightly lit way that could lead you towards the good? Is it so strange that I must speak in this way? Am I not doing this to help, so that you may continue on the right track and that pure thoughts may inspire you to keep on giving yourself for the sake of good? Is it cruel then, when I tell everyone that they stray, in spite of their good intentions to follow the road to the Light? If you, who aim at the things on high, find it so difficult to attune to us, to become one with us, then think how much more trouble it takes to follow the road to the Light. And how infinitely difficult it must be for those who don't cherish that heartfelt wish to travel the road to heaven. We, the inhabitants of the spirit world, call out to you: All of you who live on earth, be careful, not only in your deeds but also in your thoughts. Because the thoughts you send forth are as large as clouds, and your evil thoughts in particular are like black masses rolling past and across your planet. They're intransparent and they feel cold, clammy and dirty. It scares you people to get caught up in such a black cloud. When you see these dark masses you're scared stiff. When this gets really through to you, your first thoughts will be: How could I think like that? And you really need to ask this question. It will make luminous thoughts cover the black clouds and their glow will light them up. That's the good quality you bear within, which is attuned to the spiritual.

Your pure thoughts will shed their radiance on the dark ones and will light up all that darkness, but some of those dark thoughts keep on appearing out of that blackness until the Light, the Light of goodness, has erased that too. Such evil thoughts can throng around other ones like black clouds, and destroy them .

But fortunately there are glittering rays too, that travel upwards to God from the bottom of one's heart. And aren't there thousands of intermediary hues between those blue, white and golden rays? When a dark cloud is lit up by these sacred colours, this Light of goodness, you will once again have passed a twist in the winding road, and you will continue full of courage. Gradually the dark thoughts will all yield to goodness.

This is your battle to find the things on high. And although you often

think that you possess the Light, still I tell you from this side: you stray and you seek again and again. Never forget this, my son, because it is not good that black thoughts are around. I am not only referring to thoughts that are unclean and bad in your eyes, I also mean those that are proud, vain and erroneous. The thoughts of the little godman. The urge for sensation, the urge to be something you are not. All these thoughts, which are just as dark, must never appear in your aura.

Dark, evil thoughts can cause endless disaster. Always remember that, all of you who must take yourself in hand, who must learn to know yourself, and do not forget that it was precisely such evil thoughts that closed in upon the One, that crucified the One, that great Figure, that simple Human being for Whom we must bow down in humility.

All those dark clouds gathered together above the head of God's Son. But after they had crucified Him, that black mass of clouds tore apart above Golgotha and God's Holy Light appeared in the skies.

Oh, son of man, if darkness prevails within you, then fold your hands and remember how difficult it will be to find the way to God in this darkness. Fold your hands, bow your head, thank Him for His gifts, pray that He may show you the way through the dark clouds towards the Light, and that you may radiate this Light during your earthly life, because the world needs it badly. We too will help you in everything, never forget that. And when you are alight inside, you must beg God to let that light shine within you forever. May God grant that these words, which come from the deepest depths of my soul, give you the strength to always choose to do the things on high. Ask Him to let that blue, that white and that golden Light always shine within your soul, so that it may also light up others who come to you, and that it may bring them closer to God's Eternal Holy Light.

My dear boy, when you're alone, completely on your own, and you humbly bow your head, then ask yourself if you spread more light each day than darkness. But also say that you wish to rise spiritually, tell this to yourself in all honesty. Really feel this and then say: 'Today I was better than yesterday.' Beg God for help and say that tomorrow you want to be better than today. Don't glorify yourself, but don't underestimate yourself either. Our Father knows everything, He sees and understands everything. And when you address us with spiritual questions, we can direct ourselves upward towards our masters so that we may receive the truth through them and pass it on.

Mediums, use your gifts in love for God. Your help, your strength and your love will help the world onwards, spirituality will keep on spreading, and humanity will be led onto the road to the Light.'

Black magic

André was instructed in occult phenomena, not only the beautiful higher powers but the dark forces too. Alcar wanted him to be prepared for everything in this world.

‘I will tell you a few things about black magic’, his leader said. ‘There’s a lot of comment on this subject, but only few know how to defend themselves against this dangerous power. It’s particularly dangerous in our field, and I’ll therefore teach you everything you need to be able to distinguish the messages you will receive. People can be brought under certain influences that lead them straight to madness. Anyone investigating occult phenomena should be aware of this, so he can safeguard himself against these perils. Listen carefully, my son, I will try to explain it to you.’

Magic consists of white and black magic. Europeans are hardly familiar with the practice of black magic. This is due to the racial characteristics (see article ‘There are no races’ on rulof.org) of the peoples. That is why in the tropics, in Indonesia, black magic is a more frequent topic than in Europe.

Black magic can only occur in certain surroundings, and certain character traits must be present. These encompass the ability to concentrate one’s will, secondly mediumship, furthermore material or mental development, and finally the mental power of the person whom it is directed at. Black magic can only be directed with full intensity at persons belonging to the white race (see article ‘There are no races’ on rulof.org) and also, but to a reduced degree, at members of other, coloured races. White people are therefore the most susceptible of all to black magic as a result of their spiritual life, their constitution and in particular their living conditions. Concentration of the will simply means that the spirit is made to dominate, in other words: the will power is intently focussed on the intended goal. Every thought is in itself a creation, so it’s something personal and therefore it’s also very real. The ability to concentrate is brought about by converging certain energies. Concentrating on the will power is a determined creative act from the available thinking powers. Certain thoughts are wilfully directed at a person or persons with the urge to harm them. This objective can be accomplished with considerable success, provided that the person serving to convey these powers possesses the psychic gift.

The followers of black magic are to be found amongst spirits of a lower order. These unhappy spirits are subject to those who have thorough command of their own will power, which enables them to achieve anything they want. They shut themselves down and are able to perform various so-called mira-

cles by intensely concentrating their will power and by taking possession of the thoughts of those whom they want to use as their instruments. They are capable of this because spirits of a lower order possess neither a will power of their own, nor an individual existence.

These unhappy spirits belonged to underdeveloped races (see article 'There are no races' on rulof.org) and are an easy prey to those purposes. They cling to their own country and the environment where they once lived, and they don't ever want to leave that area. The old black spirits in particular, who once lived there as free people, detest the European invaders. The latter are easy to lure and to impose on. The witchdoctor can, by mere disembodiment, enable the spirits to lift up objects, thrust them upward, break them off or touch them, even make them float about. Not only objects can be made to float in this manner, the black-magician himself can levitate, because he remains connected to the physical body, and by wilful disembodiment he can succeed in densifying his fluid to such a degree that it becomes visible for us spirits, even though it remains invisible to the material eye. He merely needs his assistants to keep other forms of influence away from the work he wants to accomplish.

Why are Europeans more susceptible to these powers than natives? Primarily because whites who live amongst natives are rapidly subjected to degeneration, which makes them prone to evil influences. Secondly because climatological circumstances tend to undermine the European will, which presents a very dangerous threat to whites living in the tropics. Thirdly because their enfeebled nerves result in a physical condition which soon makes them liable to the influence of evil spirits. In the fourth place, because white men are not geared to battle and generally receive less spiritual help in eastern countries than in Europe, as they are not within easy reach, which again results from their own conduct.

However, black magic can be counteracted at any time by:

A. Concentration of the will power of the person or persons under attack. This can only be checked by good clairvoyants with reliable leaders.

B. Refrain from alcohol, card games, smoking, derision of religion and various violations.

C. To live calmly and to perform good deeds.

D. Pray regularly, place a cross on the grounds in front of the house, and burn incense at home.

These are the things you must know. Although you won't experience much trouble of this kind in Europe, I still had to warn you against these evil powers, because if such people who deal in black magic should ever come to Europe, they might perform miracles that resemble spiritualistic phenomena, which, however, have nothing in common with the latter. Anyone witnessing

such scenes should get special protection against evil influences.

Only to those who are under the guidance of higher protectors will the latter disclose the truth. They might otherwise believe that they were dealing with real occult phenomena. This is the major threat to people who are unable to detect the difference between spiritualistic phenomena and black magic, and the reason why spiritualism has often been brought into disrepute. I was granted the liberty to tell you this, my boy. Try to understand it properly, so that you may be armed against these forces.

Black magic degrades man, but white magic leads him upward and connects him with leaders and spirits who wish to ascend and endeavour to approach God.'

(For further information and an explanation of these forces we refer you to the book 'Spiritual Gifts'.)

Cremation and burial

Alcar had promised André to take him along on a journey to a crematorium, where they were to attend a cremation.

‘But’, Alcar had said, ‘I must first familiarize you with some situations and occult phenomena, so that your spiritual body will be less susceptible to all the sad emotions you will have to undergo during this journey.’

He now longed for this trip with Alcar, because he yearned for all this wisdom, and he felt an urge to get to know everything related to life after death. It had his special attention, and he wanted to abandon all worldly pleasures for the sake of it. His thoughts around the Hereafter occupied a considerable part of his life. If Alcar promised something, he kept his word. He never disappointed him, he could always count on him. By this time the link between them had become so strong, that he knew exactly when Alcar intended going to his home in the spheres, that was so full of happiness.

He often said: ‘Come on, Alcar, why don’t you go off to your beautiful house, to that beautiful light, I won’t do anything. Don’t hesitate to go, you’ll be tired after all the work, just as I am.’ But then Alcar would answer that he never got tired.

‘Physical man soon gets tired, but the spirit doesn’t, and one day he will even get to the stage where there’s no limit to what he can deal with. It all depends on the level of his spiritual development.’

André would then ponder this over, as deep within he absorbed everything Alcar taught him, because he wanted to really understand all of it. He loved his leader with all his heart, because Alcar was so good to him and hardly ever left his side.

He sometimes told his mother when Alcar had gone away to his house in the spheres on some rare occasion, but then she would walk away. This was too much for her, she couldn’t think that far. She would tell André’s father, but he couldn’t understand it either.

‘But it’s true, mum, Alcar has gone to his house in the spheres, and I’m not allowed to do anything in the meantime. I would attract wrong influences if I did.’

But his mother shook her head. She was convinced by now that death doesn’t exist, but spirits having houses, no, she didn’t know about that, nor could she imagine any such thing.

Alcar had told him that he lived in a house amidst the mountains, with lots of water, woods, flowers, gardens, birds and other animals around. But his mother couldn’t believe it, this was all too much for her old head.

One afternoon Alcar surprised André by telling him that he should get himself ready the next day for a second journey to the spheres.

‘We’re leaving in the morning, André. Make sure that you’re free, because what we’re about to see will take place in the morning hours.’

After he had received this message he immediately felt peaceful and at ease. The tension of the last few days left him entirely.

The next morning he was in his room at ten o’clock. He had requested his parents not to enter the room. Under no circumstances should he be disturbed, he would come downstairs of his own accord.

Soon after he lay down on his bed he felt that strange sensation coming over him again. When he disembodied he always turned cold, starting at the soles of his feet. It felt as if life had withdrawn from that part of the body.

During séances his spirit would often stand beside his body, and when he came round out of the trance he was always able to remember everything that had happened and he knew exactly what he had seen. As a spirit he had seen his body sitting there, and he also saw the kind of light he radiated. These disembodiments were to him the most convincing way of proving that life doesn’t come to an end. He could see everything, only the light was different from what his physical eyes took in. Alcar told him later what this meant, and how the connection with humans was brought about from the side beyond.

When this insensibility had progressed beyond the knees, he would never have noticed anyone prodding or pinching him. This was followed by a drowsy feeling. Which told him that his spirit was about to leave the body. It would slowly draw upwards, and when it had moved out of the lower half of the body, his thoughts would get dimmer, until his spirit had freed itself entirely. Alcar said that this could happen either slowly or in a flash.

He sank deeper and deeper. He could barely hear the din on the street. It seemed to pass him by from afar. Up to this moment he was aware of everything around him. But then all went quiet and he had no more thoughts.

‘Look, my son’, were the first words that came through to him after he had left his physical body, and at the same time he saw his leader who embraced him with fatherly love.

‘Come here, my boy.’

André wept. He couldn’t restrain himself. They weren’t tears of sorrow, they flowed out of happiness, and a indescribable feeling surged through him. They didn’t speak. First he had to calm down, which he soon did, thanks to Alcar’s strong power and his wonderful magnetic emanation. You couldn’t help feeling calm under his enveloping influence.

‘All right, André, we’re together again in the Hereafter. I enveloped you with my fluid again so you’ll withstand everything we are to witness this

morning. Come on, let's go, and I'll tell you a few things on the way. We won't be entering any higher spheres this morning. The things we are going to see are all within the earth's sphere. You'll be able to perceive events on earth with your spiritual eyes, because you have been freed from your physical body, and you'll be surprised to notice that everything appears just as you're used to seeing it with your physical eyes. However, the light is different. The earth possesses a totally different light now. This isn't the sunlight anymore, as that belongs to the material earth, where it's seen through material eyes.

You know that we're going to attend a cremation. Your spiritual body now possesses enough power to deal with the resulting distress without collapsing. We'll take it all gradually, bit by bit, step by step, and one day you'll be able to stand on your own feet to perform your spiritual work on earth.'

'Does that mean you're leaving, Alcar?'

'No my son, it doesn't. Don't you worry. That's not what I meant. You'll be in a better position to see the things on earth as they really are, and to act on your own without having to constantly ask my advice. I can then safely leave you to deal with additional matters, which will enlighten my task.'

'Are you satisfied with me, Alcar?'

'Certainly André, I feel satisfied, although you did certain things which I would rather have seen done differently. In these cases you didn't listen long enough, and you cut me off. You thought that all was well, but I had something else in mind; I would have conveyed it in a different manner. I saw more clearly than you, which meant that we weren't able to check things sufficiently. So I must warn you, son, never act too soon and above all, take extreme care and don't be premature where healings are concerned. It will save you a lot of sorrow.

There are many mediums who think that it's easy to be under guidance, but I tell you that the more you develop, the more dangerous it will be for you. Open up to me only. You feel my presence, you know me, hear me and see me. So leave it all to me. I see through everything and will guide you along safely.

Before we go to the cremation I will show you other situations, so you will understand everything better.' They had been walking and floating across squares and through streets for some time. André recognized everything and knew exactly where they were. He saw how the people had varying kinds of light around them, and he noticed that they were oblivious of both Alcar and himself when they walked amongst them.

'Alcar, is the light they carry around themselves their aura? I see how some have a very bright radiance but others don't.'

'Yes, André, you saw correctly, they radiate light to a greater or smaller extent, and some have no light at all around them. This has to do with the

strength of their spiritual power.'

André saw many poor people, but also quite a few who were dressed in expensive clothes. He pointed to a man walking next to him who was dressed very shabbily.

'Look, Alcar, what a beautiful light that poor man has got around him.'

'Well seen, my boy, it's a beautiful light this man radiates. It can't be obtained with money, and it would be a sad outlook for poor people if it were. He has developed this light himself, it's his very own property.

It's a good thing that we're not judged in the higher world according to our material possessions. In the face of God all people are equal. If only people were willing to understand this, the earth would soon be delivered from all lowliness and evil. A beggar can be very rich within, whereas a rich man can be poor spiritually, and possess none of this beautiful light. Spiritual wealth has much more value than material property, and this light means much more to the poor person who owns it than money and luxury and all the comforts which people believe they need for their worldly happiness.

But we're the only ones to perceive it. On our side we see the aura which people themselves can't see. They have no idea what their aura is like, they're not aware of their own light.

All the same, many rich people are fortunately not only surrounded by gold, they carry gold within. I'm talking about the inner light. This has to do with the task they have to accomplish on earth and the way in which they accomplish it.

People who aren't endowed with ample worldly goods are often heard to comment on their wealthy fellow men: 'Aren't they well off.' But these wealthy people have their own share of worries, and life is by no means as easy for them as it may appear to others, because the way these material riches must be taken care of is often a source of considerable concern.

Now give me your hand, and we will walk straight through doors and walls.'

André immediately felt himself getting a little lighter. They ascended and floated a few metres above the heads of the people, and there was nothing that could stop them. They penetrated all the material things which stood in their way.

'All spirits can do this, André, including the unhappy ones, but there's a difference, because the latter have no light about them at all, and they can only go by the sounds that reach them. We, on the other hand, are able to perceive everything.'

They floated into one house and out of the other, and they saw through all the things around them.

This greatly interested André.

‘If people could see this, Alcar, they would be amazed.’

‘I intend to show you a lot of things, in order to give you an accurate impression of the way we move about. You will also notice how dangerous it is to hold séances that aren’t closed off by leaders from our side, because a room is an open field to the spirit. You can see that yourself now. Everything gets drawn into it, and the spirits are at people’s sides without anyone being aware of it. It’s very difficult for physical man to picture these situations, because he sees no further than the walls which surround him.’ They went further and further until Alcar said: ‘Right, this is the place I wanted to visit first of all.’

At present we’re spectators, and nobody can see us. We’ll stay here for the time being. Take everything in as well as you can. We’re in a mansion, and this is one of its luxuriously furnished rooms. Come, let’s see where the lady is who lives here. I’ve known her for quite a while. I’m interested in this case and I wanted to see whether the situation has remained the same. Come along with me, they needn’t open any doors for us. We’re uninvited guests, whether they like it or not, and we’re going upstairs now, that’s where she’ll probably be.’

The house was full of activity. Lots of servants, youngsters as well as elderly ones, moved to and fro.

‘You notice, André, that nobody sees or feels us. Just try and give this servant a push; you’ll go right through him and he won’t notice anything. A very sensitive person would though, because he would be attuned to spiritual contact.’

André gave the servant a push which he thought would send the man tumbling down the staircase. But he simply kept on walking.

‘You see, André? He doesn’t feel a thing. Shout something at him, he won’t hear you either.’

André shouted as loud as he could, the man heard nothing at all.

‘That’s typical for man’s behaviour in general. Yet for us it’s easy to influence him, as long as we know how to penetrate his thoughts.’

They passed through many rooms and finally Alcar stopped.

‘Look, André, here’s the woman I wanted to visit.’ André saw that they were in a bedroom. A young, very beautiful woman was lying on the bed. She had three little dogs beside her that started to growl, while one of them stared at Alcar.

‘You see that, André? That little animal can see me. Lots of animals are clairvoyant, and this little dog certainly possesses a finer intuition than his mistress.’

Alcar turned away from the bed, and the little dog no longer saw him.

The moment the little animal had noticed him, André heard the woman say: ‘Quiet, Molly, quiet, my little sweetheart. What’s the matter? Come

here! Whom are you growling at? What is it your big eyes can see?' And the little dog had crawled towards her and licked her hands.

'Isn't she beautiful, André?'

He nodded.

'Yes, son, she's beautiful. She's known for her beauty, and all she does is let others admire her for it. That's all she bothers about, and her sole interest concerns herself, her dogs, her social standing and her modern way of life. There's no doubt she's beautiful, but this beautiful creature doesn't possess the slightest bit of spirituality. She doesn't have the least bit of warmth in her. She plays the piano, yet her music is cold-hearted. Not the least bit of feeling. She's a poor, trivial, coarsely materialistic creature. She's good and kind to her animals, at least that's what she thinks. I'll tell you something more about that afterwards, it has to do with life in the spheres. But our visit doesn't concern her so much, we're mainly here because of her mother. She lives on our side and she's trying to protect her daughter and make her turn away from the wrong track. I don't see her yet, but she'll be here soon, because she tries everything within her power to bring her daughter to lead a different life. We'll quietly wait here for a moment, we've still got plenty of time for the main purpose of our journey. As I told you, the young woman spends her time by looking after her physical beauty. She's not married, but she's supported by someone who is rich enough to do so. However this person suffers intensely from her cold inner self. She believes that she's badly off, and her thoughts are so intensely directed towards herself that she sees nothing but her own self.

She leads an easy but a bad life, and I believe she's capable of anything. So there's no question that you ought to feel deep pity for her and for him.

The man only sees the beautiful garment that hides her inner being.

Now I'll tell you something that concerns her animals. If she happens to shed some light when she leaves the earth, she could keep her dogs if she wanted to, as this is just as possible in the spheres as it is in the material world. But if she passes on in the state she's in now, then she'll gain the sad experience that her beloved little animals will have nothing more to do with her.'

'Why is that, Alcar?'

'I'll explain it to you. You know that an animal, just as a human being, consists of spirit and matter, right? Man considers himself on a higher plane than animals, and so he is, yet some people could learn a lot from them if they would let pure intuition work from deep within and compare their own love with that of the animals.

That woman would then notice that her dogs feel attracted to persons who show them true love. She has no idea of these things and she probably

won't become aware of them before she arrives here. Yet soon enough this will prove essential.

An animal doesn't put up appearances, but man does. Accordingly, the animal will feel attracted to the being with a greater inner perfection, and it will become influenced by that person.

On our side they follow the perfect human being. She will experience this too one day.

I told you some time ago that I have animals too, but don't think they're around us. They live in our surroundings, but in a different sphere. God provided for that too. His Guidance and His mighty Wisdom are evident in all things.

Within their own sphere animals can see what their masters and mistresses really look like. This woman will come to think that her dogs don't recognize her, but there they will see and experience her in an entirely different manner.

One day we will see our beloved animals again, and you'll be astonished to see them all gathered together.

All the animal species are assembled in their heavenly realm, and there they exist in harmony and in mutual love. Spirits that are in the light can safely approach them, they will not be harmed. God intends all His creatures to live together in peace and harmony, but it will take centuries before this happens on your earth.

Love is the most sacred thing God bestowed on us. It pervades His entire Creation. It's the most supreme essence He put into everything: the Divine Spark, the beginning of Perfection. Animals also feel the warmth and the true love which a human being can radiate. Can you understand this, André? Or should I be a bit more explicit?

'No, Alcar, I understand. The way you explain and show everything gives me a true picture of God's Love and Omnipotence.'

'There's Guidance in everything, my boy. God's holy Power is inherent in all things.'

This young woman wants her dogs for herself only, and nobody else is permitted to stroke the harmless little animals. She spends more on them than on any of her employees, who must sweat and slave for her. It's all self-love, André. She never appreciates all the care and attention of her personnel. It would be a blessing for her if she lost her material possessions, because her wealth will be her downfall. To her, matter isn't something to live with, it has complete control of her, and of so many others too, who still live on earth. It would really be a benefit to her if she were bereft of all her worldly treasures. And I can see it happening too.

Everyone has a cross to bear. Hers is yet to come. And she'll be made to carry it, whether she wants to or not. She can change her life if she wants to.

If she doesn't, she'll sink deeper and deeper. I'll tell you a few other things about her afterwards, as I see her mother entering now. Don't be nervous, she can't see us, because she doesn't possess our light. She comes and goes, but she spends most of her time here, at her child's side. I'll show you how badness punishes itself.

It's not very long ago since the mother passed on. She left the earth quite recently, where her life took the same course as her daughter is taking at present. She was very beautiful too, and she caused a lot of sorrow where she could have brought happiness. She also toyed with love, and those who play that kind of little games will be severely punished, because love is God's greatest creation. Even greater than the universe with all its stars and planets.

She made fun of everything that is imbued with God's life, and it's evident that she didn't leave much goodness behind for her child, or ever gave her any inner strength. Let me recall the case of the two brothers who exerted themselves to invent explosives. Just as one of them protects the other, this mother is now trying to protect her daughter. They both want to free their protégé out of the hands of the evil that surrounds them. The mother didn't sink any deeper since she came over to our side. She can thank her parents for this, who in turn are protecting her. She clearly understood her position and realized its badness. She wasn't completely lost yet. And when she repented, she asked God to be forgiven for all the sorrow and the evil she left behind. She was permitted to go where she wanted to. Not to the higher regions of course, but within her own sphere. She's allowed to return to earth and do everything possible to fulfil her task there, namely to release her daughter from her present situation, which she herself is to blame for too, due to her way of upbringing.

She spoilt her daughter by surrounding her with things that were worldly and vain. She has tried for quite some time to make her abandon this loose way of life. But as you see she hasn't made much progress yet. Nor will she reach her goal in the near future. I'm sure you feel how hard the task is which she has to accomplish on earth, now that she has physically died, a task she has laid upon herself and which she took on gladly to make amends for the sins she committed during her life on earth.

Her task is the heaviest a spirit can fulfil on earth, because in her endeavour to free her child, the poor mother is impeded in every possible manner.

She follows her child everywhere she goes. Wherever the daughter goes, you find her mother too. Sometimes she gains some ground, at other times she must give up vast territory. She's not only wrestling with her child's obstinacy, but also with the lower spirits who are making things extremely difficult for her. Many amongst us try to encourage her and tell her that she must persevere. And she does, but sometimes things get too tough for her

and then we intervene and help her without her seeing us. We're invisible to her because she isn't attuned to us. So in turn she also receives help from higher spirits who have taken this task on themselves. Everything is decreed in keeping with God's Wisdom.

She now acts under the influence from on high, since her strong longing to do good reaches the higher spheres. This is the impact the higher spheres have on earth. We always wait until the very last moment. Then we intervene, and things inevitably happen the way we want them to.

You saw what happened to Mr. Waldorf. His link with that other medium had to be maintained until the very last moment to make sure of our last chance to pull him down from his pedestal. Now you see, André, what physical beauty stands for, what material possessions mean. Nothing but cold, earthly possessions. When you look at it through spiritual eyes of course. There's a chill in everything within and around this woman. Her voice, which now still seems quite normal to earthly ears, will one day become a screech, harsh shouting, which people will prefer to remain far away from. There's so much to say about this, and it's certainly worth while looking into.

Tell the people on earth what you see, André, and what the situation here is like when a person loses control of himself.

Look, a servant has now entered the room. It seems that she did something that's not to her mistress' liking because, listen, she's getting a thorough dressing-down.

Isn't it terrible? That poor wretch is her senior by twenty years and she gets told off for the slightest thing. She won't be able to stand this much longer, it would make even the toughest person break down. This is the kind of love she gives to her fellow human beings. But this is definitely not what God intended. We must give and take, unless it's neither required nor appreciated.

Come on, son, let's continue on our way. We've spent enough time here.

Look, her mother is praying. She prays whenever she gets the chance. We will help her before we leave here. You must pray for her too, after you have returned into your body. Ask God in your prayer to give her support and strength. Look at that poor mother! She's on her knees at her daughter's bedside, but this insignificant worldly creature only has eyes for her own physical beauty.

That poor mother! This is only one case amongst millions, an example of all the grief and misery that people suffer on earth and in the lower spheres.'

André would have liked to call out to the daughter: 'Don't you see how grief-stricken your mother is, you miserable creature?' But would that alter anything?

'It's useless, André, even if you were to beat her up. You would merely be scoffed at.'

‘So you knew what I was thinking again, Alcar. How sad this all is. Her mother is deeply unhappy. Just look how she’s weeping. Will you help her, Alcar?’

‘Yes, my boy, I’ll give her new energy. She’ll receive it without noticing.’

André saw how Alcar laid his fine hands on the poor woman’s head and magnetized her for a while. When he stopped, she looked behind her, as if she thought she would see something.

‘She can’t see me, yet she does feel my presence.’

Alcar wished her strength, and then they left.

‘Come now, my boy, don’t fret about it. That’s the way things are. There’s still quite a bit in store for you this morning. We’re not going back for the time being, because you are to witness many a thing that will show you how man brings misfortune on himself, and that every sin that is committed punishes itself.

The mother senses how wrong her life has been, and also how cold she was inside during her life on earth. She now sees what she has nurtured, and she would do anything to cancel it.’ ‘Will she ever see her task fulfilled, Alcar?’

‘If she perseveres she will succeed, but then her child must first be deprived of everything she possesses on earth. Prior to that, nothing can be done for her, because she has strayed too far. Of course there are other ways, but in her case these would prove useless.

It’s all so very true, André. Man has got stuck in matter, and he no longer senses the value of his own spiritual property.

Money is his first requirement, without money nothing is of value to him.

But keep in mind, André, that when you give yourself for people’s sake and use your gifts to work for them, they will have to give credit, even if it’s beyond their range of perception.

Your gifts are holy to me, and I will stop anyone attempting to approach us, who refuses to understand us. Your gifts cost us both sorrow and struggle and I won’t have anybody ridiculing them.

I told you before that God’s light can’t be bought with money. Man must earn this himself, nobody else can give it to him. And even though matter could sometimes make his life a little easier, it all too often proves a hindrance to him. Those who live in luxury can nevertheless carry spiritual light deep within, if they try to find God in simplicity and prayer. But this is a task which isn’t easily fulfilled. Never yearn for wealth and riches, André, the possession of lots of money could prove a disappointment to you.

Isn’t it enough to know that man can be happy forever in the Hereafter? And shouldn’t a person work as best he can to raise his spiritual level while he’s still on earth? Why must people lose complete control of themselves, why do they go so far as stray and risk all their spiritual happiness for the

sake of a tiny bit of pseudo-happiness that life seems to offer them? And yet all too frequently this is what happens.

A wealthy person needs considerable will power to resist the temptations of his material goods, and to maintain control over them instead of becoming their servant. He needs a lot of strength to run his riches the way God wants him to. He must always take care that matter will never rule his life. A person who doesn't yearn for spiritual property will be completely lost, because his only interest lies with the material things on earth, and his spiritual level, his spiritual power will consequently receive too little nourishment. What does it mean to be rich in money and goods, but poor in spiritual feeling? Man carries within himself the seed of spiritual power and maturity, and if they ripen, they will clearly show. Deep down, man can be exceedingly rich in light and strength, and radiate as brilliantly as a diamond. It makes life on earth less strenuous, and it's easier for man to find his bearings in the world. I'll tell you more about this.

When I still lived on earth I once visited a place with friends where I had never been before. Yet I was quite able to find my bearings and it struck them how well I knew my way around.

One of them asked me how this was possible; he thought I must have been there before.

I denied, and he couldn't understand this at all. 'This is my ability to get my bearings', I said, 'it's an inherent quality one must possess', and without thinking I added: 'You don't feel this, nor do you possess it.'

'Really,' he answered, 'I prefer my money instead.' We drifted apart later on. Yet I've still met him once on earth, and then I thought: 'I wonder if he can find his bearings now, or does he still prefer his money?'

Materially the dear fellow was way ahead of me, and he liked to make me feel it, even though he didn't know whether I cared. I possessed everything and nothing. I mean: I was rich in inner power, but poor in money and goods. He was on the other hand always burrowing in matter and was blind to anything else.

I often had serious talks with him, yet the man didn't take the trouble to develop spiritually or to acquire anything which might have demanded effort or will power. He has been on our side for a long time now, and I know in which sphere he dwells. I strongly feel his longing and I could go over to help him, but I'm not going before I feel a strong urge to do so. I know how he arrived here, and he would give anything now if he could find just a bit of his bearings, which stands for warmth and light on our side.

On earth he never tried to acquire nourishment for his soul, and when he passed on he had to leave everything behind, all his money, which someone else is profiting from now.

On earth he could have acquired a lot to find his bearings through connections with spiritual friends. I loved him out of pity, because he was so poor in inner feelings. When such a person arrives here, he's like a child that is just beginning to learn. He would heal by battling, and that battle would have set him free from the matter that held him captive. But I didn't manage to convince him of this. He scoffed at me and soon forgot everything I told him. He lived his earthly life for nothing.'

'Aren't you going to help your friend, Alcar, if he asks you to?'

'Of course, André. But he will have to call out a little louder, and yearn more fervently. Not back to matter, but upwards towards the spiritual. He must long with increasing longing, otherwise my talking would be in vain again, and my work too. It wouldn't help him in the least.

It's worthless to give yourself too readily to this kind of people. His longing has to come from deep down. He thinks of me a lot, and in time he will also work for the sake of goodness. But until that time our roads will keep on diverging. It will cause him pain, but that can't be avoided. It's his own fault, because he could have learnt all this during his earthly life, all the more so with his earthly possessions.

Now and then he calls for help, and he thinks it's strange that his worldly friends don't come to see him. He calls out to his parents too, and though they're with him, he neither sees nor senses their presence. That's what it's like here, André. That's the fate of those who forget the spiritual aspect while they're on earth.

But if he truly and fervently asks God for help, he also will receive help.

Everything is well taken care of here, my boy, and we will have our share of the kind of light and the kind of happiness we're attuned to within. All you who still dwell on earth, take care that you can find your bearings when you arrive in the spheres.

I'll take you over to a different place now, André. We've still got plenty of time.'

They floated along and entered a quiet street. Suddenly Alcar stood still and said: 'Here we are, André. Come on, let's go inside.'

André noticed that they were in a studio. This must be an artist's working place. There were beautiful paintings hanging on the walls.

'Come over here, I'll show you where the painter is. Look, there he is, sitting at his easel with his hands supporting his head.'

André saw a man aged about forty-five, with a little pointed beard and curly hair. He couldn't see much more of him.

There was a large canvas on the easel, it bore the unfinished portrait of a beautiful woman.

'Don't you recognize her, André?'

‘Whom, Alcar?’

‘The woman he’s painting.’

André looked at the canvas again, and he got a shock when he saw whom it represented.

‘It’s her, Alcar, the woman we just visited.’

‘Correct, my son. Now look at this poor man. He is caught up in her web too, and if he doesn’t free himself he will be lost.’

I came here to show you that a gift such as this painter possesses must be put to spiritual use.

But his eyes only see her exterior beauty, and she’s aware of it and arouses his passion, which will ruin him. He’s completely in her clutches, and this talented man who possesses a gift from God and is known to be one of the best painters of his time will be lost through the evil influence of this seductive woman.

The piece, he is busy with, puts you off, because of the inferior aura of the woman posing for it. Physical people don’t see this, but we do. We can see both auras, that of the woman and that of the painter. Hers reveals everything to us, it contains her whole life.

She’s intent on getting the painter in her grip, and she will destroy him.

He isn’t aware of this danger, because he only sees the beautiful being in her, who will inspire him. He sees nothing else.

I will show you, André, how all of God’s gifts are impaired and destroyed when man keeps his eyes fixed only on material things. The Divine Spark, the spark of genius will smother, and nothing of importance will remain of his gift when he has lost his spiritual power. At that stage his higher qualities will change into hatred, jealousy and passion, all due to this earthly creature’s evil influence. Thousands are ruined in this way. Nothing about this woman can resemble the sanctity, the beauty that can make a person radiate. We know who she is. She is mere matter, coarse matter, inside and out. Inside she’s cold and barren, and if he doesn’t see her as she really is, his gift will soon be lost to him. She is under the influence of evil, and evil will ruin both of them, like everything that comes under its influence.

If his art doesn’t reflect the warmth he carries within, it will be nothing more than cold matter. The Divine Spark which he bears within must make him one with the Father.

Inspiration is brought about by a vivid longing and by spiritual power. As soon as he forgets himself he will lose this power, and his talent will be quenched.

Do you understand, André? Do you sense what I mean, my boy? Every gift is a gift from God, which means that he bears this light, this power within, and if he allows his gift to be spoiled by a creature like her, he must put the

blame on himself.

He ought to know his inner self, but he forgets himself in his passion for this physical being, and he doesn't see the sanctity of his spiritual possession. He suffers through her, because look, follow up his thoughts, and at the end you'll see her image taking shape. He cannot work without her now, at least that's what he thinks, because her influence is consuming him.

The sounds of an organ might inspire him. He would be lifted up by those frequencies. Beautiful melodies would raise him to an exalted level, and if he attuned himself to these frequencies, he could reach a high sphere and the people would feel attracted to the light which his art would radiate. It would be blessed by his sacred wish and his ardent longing to present pure art. And it would come to him through inspiration, because he would be one with the cosmos, with God.

However, he believes that he can find the things on high in her, to reach it by her. Many Divine gifts, which could have been a revelation to mankind, are lost in this way. He who should have sought the road that leads upward is now ruined and will be destroyed by matter.

Now you see him sitting there, filled with sadness, and people who see his suffering take pity on him. They don't know that this suffering is material and that he himself wants it this way. This is not a spiritual struggle, it's utterly earthly. This is sorrow which doesn't really exist. This isn't grief which God imposed. He has brought it on himself. If he doesn't get a thorough shake-up, he too will have lived his life in vain.

The evil that started off with the mother's bad life festers on and they will all be ruined, materially as well as spiritually. To all these people who are consumed by matter I call out: 'Man, lose your will over matter'. In other words, André, they ought to look for the spiritual.

Oh man, wake up, awaken from this darkness which you yourself pursue. Please, wake up. We bring you new light. And don't weep, because it's your own fault. Open up and you will see. Verily, lose your will in matter and look up. Let your inner feeling take you to God, who gives you the Light. Feel your grief and know your sorrow. Don't behold this through earthly eyes. Don't become one with gloominess and grief that doesn't exist. See the reason why you must suffer and you will acknowledge it.

Know, oh man, why all this sorrow has come over you. Know why you must suffer. Do you have the courage to look up to God through weeping eyes? Do away with that sorrow and weep with happiness, because your sorrow doesn't exist. Show your sick soul to God, only He knows your heart-ache and feels your pain. Ask Him for support and it will be given to you in light and in love, in strength and happiness. One day this light will shine around you and you will feel one with Him. Then you will be happy and

possess pure love. Take up your burden. We call out to you: Man, dare to live. Behold all material things with your inner power and try to get to know yourself. Then you will be prepared to bear whatever comes your way, and to have faith in the things on high.'

Look, André, it seems as if something is awakening inside of him, and I hope that he will learn to see himself. I deeply regret that help is of no avail here. He himself must feel the need to be released from this cesspool.

Come, my son, we must now go to the spot where the real object of our journey lies.'

Once again André was deeply impressed. They passed lots of people while they floated along. These persons were not aware that they were accompanied by their guardian angels, who tried to support them in everything.

They soon came to a street where there was a long cortege of funeral cars, starting in front of a house where the curtains had been closed.

They were in a prominent neighbourhood, it showed in everything around.

'Come, let's go inside. Nobody can see us here either. We are hidden from the view of other spirits, as long as they are not attuned to us. Those who are in the light have the same intention as we have, so they won't oppose us. They're in the know, and full of joy, and they have a task to fulfil just as we have.'

They had to cross various rooms to get to the death-room, where many men and women were gathered around their friend who had passed on.

'These are his friends who will be singing shortly to pay him their last respects. Listen, they're already starting.' They sang at the top of their voice, to show how dearly they cherished the deceased, and how terrible this farewell was to them.

'He used to be their conductor, André, and now they're singing one of his songs.'

All around the bier André saw lots of wreaths and bouquets from various musical groups and choirs.

'Come closer, André, they will soon have finished their lamentations, which only increase his suffering, and then you'll be able to hear the real truth.'

The singing had come to an end, and they filed past the bier one by one to bid their leader and friend a last farewell.

'Don't you hear anything, André?'

'Yes, Alcar, but I don't know where it's coming from. I hear a soft moaning, is it the bereaved?'

'Partly, my boy. Come closer.'

They stood directly beside the coffin and André saw a man lying inside who seemed about sixty years old.

‘Now do you hear anything?’

The moaning was much louder now.

‘Yes, Alcar, it’s terrible, and I also see the spiritual body that’s tossing and turning. It want’s to get away, Alcar, do you see that?’

‘Yes, son. It want’s to get away, but it can’t. It’s being held back. There, my boy, right before you, the greatest agony is being suffered, and this unfortunate man prepared it all himself. This man, who is being kept back in his physical body, is going to be burnt, André.’

‘Oh Alcar, how terrible! Does he have to go through this while he’s still alive?’

‘That’s just it, my son, and soon he will have to suffer much more. His physical body will be burnt, and in the meantime he must endure this spiritually. Now you can see how brutally cruel his brothers are, even if they act unwittingly. This man was honoured and famous, but the gift which God granted him in order to express his feelings in music, just as a painter does in colours, were messed up, spiritually ruined. He didn’t think about God either, and now that many are gathered around him in prayer, he truly senses the great lack of Divine Love which he never gave and never wanted to see.

Not only did he lack Divine Love, but above all he ridiculed everything that was related to the spiritual. He too was only known to the people by his exterior, material garment. They didn’t see the human being in him, who hated and cursed everything. The signs of veneration which he constantly received put him in a state of self-glorification and inflated ego. His name was on everyone’s lips, but the triumphs he gained made him forget that he had received his gift from God. Only strong legs can carry such wealth. When he finally got that far, he was ready to turn into an instrument of evil. This marked the beginning of his downfall.

In his exalted position he tried to crush his colleagues, and he destroyed many a musician by his unfair criticism. He completely forgot that his day would dawn too. Even if this wouldn’t happen on earth, it would come on yonder side of the grave.

Yet there are still people who kept on regarding him as their brother and friend. People who couldn’t see through his mask and didn’t know him as he is spiritually. Oh, if only they knew what is happening to him now. They would be filled with horror. So you see that worldly honour is merely temporary, and it’s meaningless in the face of eternity.

Man reaps what he sows. His hatred towards others lashes back at himself and the suffering of others turns into his own suffering. He will see how everything he wishes on others bounces back at himself. I don’t need to explain this to you in detail, André, I’m sure you understand.

The ‘deceased’ is now in a rather dazed condition but shortly, when we’re

inside the crematorium, he will go mad with revenge.'

'Is there nothing we can do, Alcar? Can't we set that poor man free?'

'No, André. Only God can help in cases like these. Neither spirits nor humans can alter anything about this situation, because he has brought it on himself. He is confronted with living differently. This happens to all of us during our life on earth. God's will gives us a thorough shaking. That's how man is warned, but it's very often lost on him. Yet it was God's Hand that warned him twice. I know this to be true. Once he fell, and people thought he would die, but a little later, after he had regained his health, he went back to his former way of life and felt hatred towards the people and also towards God, who had given him his cross to bear. He was felled a second time and confined to his sickbed. And when he had recovered again, his hatred had become ever stronger, and he couldn't be set free from our side because he refused to listen to us. His father has been in the spirit world for a long time, but he couldn't reach him either. He tried everything to make his son see the situation he is in, but all to no avail. He often reverted to spiritism to try to give his son proof of our continued existence, but he just laughed it off and poked fun at everything. He was totally materialized and had sunken so deep spiritually that he was unable to hold on to this truth.

Only God could save him, and don't you believe that He could ever be cruel. Man creates his own fate. If this poor wretch were to be buried in the usual way, he would stay connected to his physical body until it was completely decayed. The fluid cord which links him up with matter cannot be broken off by a spiritual doctor, as he created this terrible situation himself. He should have learned to believe and find God. Man must not think that God Himself will appear before his eyes, but He does make us feel that we possess a Divine Spark that enables us to become one with Him.

We are responsible for our deeds, and according to the law of cause and effect we will reap what we sowed.

This man didn't grasp that, nor did he feel that God's Guidance can be detected in everything he perceives. This is why we can't come to his rescue right now. This man is not the only one to be tortured in this way. People just don't want to see the truth. God lets us act according to our own free will, which is necessary for our development. We must learn, and if we refuse, we will undergo the painful consequences.

From this moment on we will try to help mankind together, André, by emphatically pointing to the dangers which cremation brings about. Of course this warning is primarily intended for those who didn't live in keeping with God's laws. They can become aware of this by getting to know themselves. What a heavy penalty these individuals must pay for having sunk so deeply, when they must undergo their body's incineration while they're still con-

nected to it by the thread of life. What an unbearable agony they must suffer during the burning process, while the fluid cord holds them captive and they cannot move without dragging their material casing along. But that must be ruled out, because matter is the vehicle of the spirit and not vice versa. Of course it only applies to this process. Our final farewell marks the end of our power over our material garment, and this generally coincides with our own wishes. If this person had been aware of a life after his life on earth, he would have decreed in his last will that his mortal remains be confided to the bowels of the earth, in keeping with God's eternal laws. According to these eternal laws man is born out of dust and he will return unto dust. However, this was not meant to be done violently but slowly, gradually, in a natural way.

In a little while you will see why it's necessary to bury the material garment in the usual manner. This poor unfortunate man wished to be incinerated after his death, and now this wish will be fulfilled.

In future it will be our task to warn people against this procedure, and when they learn the terrible facts, we might bring them to decide against cremation. This will be our task, and that's why I'm taking you along, my son. You must attend this cremation, though hard it may be for you, so that you can speak about this event later on. Even so, there will be many who won't let our words bother them, but we will be grateful for the few who do. We can't present conclusive proof, though we gladly would. But people must believe us. Only one in thousands has the gift to see like you, and to witness an event like this. Clairvoyants, who are not disembodied, need to concentrate intensely in order to grasp the moment when a person is being burnt. Yet their leaders can help them to experience this. In such a case they will not only be able to see the cremation, for if they are clairaudient they will also hear the tortured person moaning and screaming with pain and fear. All this misery is hidden to the world. God Himself could show it to the people, but there are no scientists on earth yet who understand His laws in their total scope, because the inhabitants of this planet, although they possess the Divine Spark, are humans and not deities, even if they often think so. If they were willing to develop that Spark, they would sense many truths and pass these on to others and thereby give the world the beneficial qualities that would make for progress.

But man indulges in his material interests and forgets the spiritual, our Divine Spark. If he were willing to recognize this, he would receive abundantly and be capable of understanding many things, because he would then wish to become one with everything, with God, and would also try to be a perfect child of God.

The person who wants to enrich himself spiritually will receive abundantly. But only few on earth pursue this field of knowledge and learn to

mature spiritually by virtue of their inherent Divine aspect, their Divine descent. This isn't easy, yet there will be spirits to help these people. But first they must be prepared to give themselves entirely. Then they will receive the spiritual truth and will be raised spiritually.

The worldly scholars are unduly engrossed in material thoughts, and this won't change until they too wish to receive the spiritual truth and trust in God's wisdom. Man asks for truth and wisdom, but he forgets that these can't be given to him as long as he keeps on following the wrong road. He shapes and builds, but he forgets that his building lacks a spiritual foundation, and sooner or later it must collapse. He will have to realize how simple it could have been. Then helpers will stand up and lead him onto the right track. That's the way it goes.

This applies to medicine too. Surgeons for instance make excessive use of their scalpels, whereas many patients could stay alive through magnetism or natural healing methods. It's all founded on the Divine Power in each and every object, but in all things the Divine principle has turned into matter, and it's stripped of spiritual feeling. This means that it will dissolve after a certain time. The pure nourishment which makes man grow has been consumed, so it's no longer on hand. People relied on science, but this has been stripped of all spiritual power. That's the situation spiritual truth is in on earth. And if we didn't help from our side and didn't try to raise mankind, then this is what they would live on, and the world would make no progress, it would keep on deteriorating right down to the ruin of all cultures.

Civilization has to some degree already been trampled on, and it's been knocked down and heavily injured by all the beatings it has taken. This abuse was created by man himself, and it will take its course until he realizes that he acted wrongly. There are scholars who have tried to persuade man of this fact, but they were just as uncertain whether they had found the proper link between man and the great Omnipotence which is God. In their ignorance people frequently stand up against God. Very often it's not their wilful intention to resist, it's their ignorance and their vain delusion that play up. And they get ample support from the individuals who believe themselves to be little godmen, able to help the world ahead by some new science which is just as worthless because its link with the spiritual is only minute. The words 'Man, lose your will in matter' apply to them too. Private little wills do nothing to further either the world or spiritualism, our great cause. Christ gave them the truth. Everything in simplicity, but people made all simple things complicated and obscure, so that no-one can understand things any more.

Spiritual truth has become distorted and nobody knows where it all began. People roam and err around. And where will it all end? Where will it lead to if they refuse to understand. And won't take the trouble to give some love?

But come along now, my boy, the procession is moving off, but the two of us will go over to the crematorium. We'll get there soon, and we will have time to examine a few things before the others arrive.'

They floated towards the crematorium as if the wind were carrying them.

'Look, André, that beautiful building, over there on the hill, it's the spirit's rack. For those who misbehaved on earth, life after death takes on a terrible beginning. It is said to be a house of peace, but in reality it's a house of grief.' Oh man, in spite of your ignorance, realize that you put yourself on that rack, and others too, and instead of honouring those who part from you, you torture them in the most terrible way you could possibly imagine. Trust us and take this warning to heart, because in your ignorance you mock God's laws. We, who dwell in the land on yonder side of the grave, we want to show you the right track, which leads to the truth. We have no selfish longings, we merely wish to help you. We want to bring you the truth, because we know how terrible the suffering is, here in the house of grief. Again we call out to you: Keep onto God's roads. Don't build your own tracks, which are mere matter and dark, because they pass through darkness and the builders were blind and therefore couldn't see the spiritual light. We call out to you: Do away with these terrible conditions and return to nature, which you left behind so long ago. Open your eyes and see that we want to support you. See how your friends are at your side, your sisters and brothers who went before you. We want to help you and we want to help those who are tortured in this way. We are around you, but your physical eyes don't see us because you have closed yourselves off and refuse to see the truth. Open your eyes and your ears, and you won't only see us, you'll hear us speak too. We truly can, because we received the power to do so from God. We're at your side, to protect you when you need protection. Oh, don't search the wrong places, don't look for the sunlight that isn't there on dark days, but wait until the light reappears. Then you will see us, because we are that sunlight.

And when we have helped you, and you come to realize that your tracks are material, then listen to our advice, because a spiritual wind will carry the truth along in all eternity. One day you will make it stall, and you'll receive the treasures it carries in its wake. Then begin by taking in the knowledge, and cast your ignorance aside. It will enable you to travel on, further and further, until all wrong deeds are amended and transformed into better ones that contain the truth.'

'Look, André, many friends are already present, whose mortal remains were burnt and who were, to varying degrees, all made to suffer under it. They are praying with me: 'Father, forgive them their errors, for they don't know what they're doing.'

'Where are we now, Alcar?'

‘We’re in the combustion chamber, André. Again we’ve entered without anybody noticing. You’ll soon see a spiritual doctor, who will try to alleviate the poor musician’s intense pain with magnetic stroking movements. Look, he’s already here, because in the spheres it’s known when an unfortunate person is to be burnt.

But cremation is not only to be condemned for the unfortunate spirits, the happy ones also suffer to some degree. This depends entirely on the extent of their inner strength. But even if they belong in the first or the second sphere, they should still be advised against cremation. So it’s all a question of their inner condition and their attunement to the spiritual. Their happiness and their strength will be in accordance with the light they possess. And their suffering will coincide with their sorrow and distress.

Cremation will hardly have any ill effects on a spirit that immediately moves on to the third or fourth sphere when he leaves the earth, but even though these spirits are no longer attached to their body, they will feel that something is missing when they arrive in their sphere, and this will trouble them.

Due to the terrible heat inside the incinerator the physical body is consumed with a violence which clashes with all laws of nature and opposes God’s intention.

May this act of violence be entirely abandoned before long for the benefit of mankind, to be replaced by a normal burial.

I could go on speaking about this topic for a long time, and I could quote hundreds of cases. But we are now concerned with this poor sinner who is still linked with his body and will soon have to suffer severely.

We won’t stay on till the end, André. I mean until the body has been completely incinerated, because this would be too much for you, and too horrible to behold.

Listen! The organ is beginning to play. So the procession has arrived.

Come, we’re going upstairs. This is funeral music, André, and the people who want to attend the solemn incineration are entering from all sides. Afterwards they will tell others how beautiful it was.

Look, André, the poor man is already being placed on the catafalque which will take him down below. We call it the lift of the dead.’

A last farewell was called out by all those present, and the lift slowly sank down at the tones of the stately organ.

‘We will follow, my boy. Be strong, because the torture is about to start. Do you see him, and do you hear him shouting?’

‘Yes, Alcar.’

‘He already sees and feels what is about to happen to him.’

André kept a tight hold on Alcar.

‘Come and stand close to me, my boy.’

Something terrible was going to happen. They heard the poor man shout: ‘You brutes, murderers, is this how you honour a person?’

But this stream of abuse didn’t trouble those upstairs, they all stood there with frozen faces and were full of pity, without knowing how gruesome this poor man’s fate was.

‘He already feels the infernal pain which his spiritual body must endure, André.’

In the meantime the lift had descended into the combustion chamber.

‘It’s not bad to die, my son, because death is a mighty saviour, but to be tortured in a way which is unequalled on earth is horrible. The spirit feels, hears and sees everything, even after it has left the body, because it stays attached to it via the fluid cord. This only applies to those who are tied to their body, who forgot themselves during their life on earth. Other situations exist, in which the spirits are all cut off from their physical body. But this man remains riveted to his body until the link is broken.’

‘How terrible for this poor man, Alcar.’

‘That’s how it is, and again: it’s the result of his ignorance. He can’t focus his attention because he was too much in love with matter, and so he has neglected his spiritual side. If he had found God during his life on earth, everything would be different for him now, and he wouldn’t have to undergo this torture, because then his spiritual attunement would be different. His whole earthly life was to no avail. After all, he should have developed spiritually. This is true for everyone, for the rich and the poor alike.

But if his body were not to be burnt, he would have to undergo the decay of his material garment. You will shortly see this condition too.

Is everything clear to you, André?’

‘No, Alcar. I don’t quite understand.’

‘Then first take a look, my boy. I will try to make everything clearer to you afterwards.’

André looked, and with his spiritual eyes he could clearly perceive the body in the incinerator. The heat inside didn’t obstruct their vision, as it was a material kind of heat.

The organ was still playing, but the people who had paid their last respects to the ‘deceased’ had left.

André now saw the body cringing, turning to and fro and writhing as if it were still alive, while the shouting, blaring and crying that he heard made him tremble with horror. It was too much to look at and to listen to. How dreadful this suffering was!

There were two bodies there in front of him, the physical and the spiritual. One moment they would be standing, then they would fall and writhe

around each other. 'Oh Alcar, I can't stand this. Let's get out of here.'

Alcar put his arm around André's shoulder to give him support, and they left. He could still hear the words in his ears: 'Hypocrites, bastards', and lots more.

'It's terrible, Alcar, it's horrible.'

'It certainly is. Come, my boy, I'll help you, otherwise you won't pull through.'

'Oh Alcar, how terrible. I never want to see anything like it again. Nobody can bear this. Oh, how that man must suffer.'

Alcar laid his hands on André's head to ease the terrible shock which the sight of all these gruesome things had given him. 'No matter how bad a person may have been, Alcar, and how many sins he may have committed, this punishment is really very hard.'

'There is even worse. This is only one out of many punishments which people bring on themselves. Never forget this, André.'

André prayed that God might be merciful on the poor sinner.

'That's what cremation is like for those who are tied to the physical body, my son. The spiritual body won't be released until after the material one has been entirely destroyed. You will now understand how necessary it is that people's eyes are also opened to this aspect, so that they will prefer the graveyard to the crematorium in future.

This procedure will take some hours, and when the sentence has been fulfilled, the spiritual doctor will take him to a place in the spheres where he can repent. There he will be able to decide where he wants to go: upwards or downwards.

He will lose consciousness, because he can't stand up to this, but when he comes round again, he will want to follow his own way, and driven by intense hatred he will persecute those people, because he believes that they caused him to suffer in this way.

Then the time will come for him to roam around with the terrible scars which were caused by the fire and now cover his spiritual body.'

André was in a sad mood. It was a terrible form of torture. He had seen how the poor man was unable to free himself when he tried to get away. His body had to be entirely burnt before the fluid cord would break.

He had seen both bodies; the one felt nothing, whereas the other was all sensitivity, and he had seen how these bodies writhed around each other, matter and spirit, down there in that horrible oven.

'You're right, Alcar. This is not a house of peace, it's a house of grief.'

'Nobody thinks about that on earth, André. The spiritual body must not only behold how its physical carriage is burnt, it must also undergo the pain and the grief which is caused by the incineration. This isn't fantasy, it's sad

reality, a reality which is entirely due to a lack of spiritual feeling.

But materialists don't believe this. How could this unfortunate man ever believe in a God after being forced to endure these pains!

Try talking to him about God. He wouldn't bother to listen to you, and that's why he can't be helped yet. He is consumed by a hatred which has increased and become even more intense than it was during his life on earth.

If a person in this condition could really believe in God, he would be released from this torture and be able to go wherever he wanted, although he couldn't rise higher than the sphere he is attuned to within.

Is the situation clearer to you now, André?

'Yes, Alcar, I understand it all now.

Where will this man go to after he wakes up?

'His sphere lies down below. That's where the dark spheres are. That is where he will go if he doesn't repent. And once he has arrived there he will find enough buddies to support him in his vindictive plans. Then he will return to the earth with his new companions and exert a devastating influence on every person who is not steadfast in his love to God, or who has no faith in good.

Evil must not be repaid with evil, but I fear that he won't take much notice of that in his state of mind. And so evil keeps on festering. Evil punishes itself. If he had been buried in the usual way he would, after fulfilling his sentence, have been given the opportunity to develop, as his hatred would not have been nurtured by this gruesome incineration process. And yet he will have to kneel down and ask God for forgiveness. That day will come, but it may take a long time yet, maybe even centuries.

But what are a thousand years compared to eternity? On earth people think that they are terribly old once they have reached an advanced age according to earthly standards. But what do these few years mean in comparison to eternity? Merely a flash.

We will now travel to the dark spheres, the place this individual is tuned in to. This you must see too, in order to get a clear picture. Remain strong, André, it's a tough journey for you.'

Hand in hand they floated away from the earth.

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

'Yes, Alcar, but without your great strength I wouldn't be able to manage.'

'We won't stay in the dark spheres for long. I will only show you the place where our friend will live.' Again André saw the earth as a small disc, but now he had a better understanding of the things he perceived.

'Look, André, that's where we were just now and where we experienced all those terrible things. How trivial the earth is between all those big planets. How easy it would be for God to give it some help. Don't think He'll ever

forget the earth. It receives enough spiritual nourishment. God lets people have their own way, since they have to learn. After all, they themselves incur all that misery, and they must find their way out again to get ahead, no-one else can do it for them. One day they will mature.

You notice how it's getting darker and darker. We've reached the land of twilight. This dull grey sky is the sphere which borders on the dark areas. But we've got yet another twilight land. That one borders on the spheres of light, where the higher areas commence. It's used as a purification sphere. This twilight land, however, belongs to the dark spheres, and after we have passed through we will find ourselves on the spot where our friend will go to.

You will see the sky constantly changing colour, André.'

'This is very strange, Alcar. The sky has a constant dark colour although the various hues change their brightness from one moment to the other.'

'This indicates that we are in the vicinity of the dark spheres. Everything intermingles here. The light keeps changing its colour, but in the end it retains a constant shade.'

They floated onwards.

'Well, we've now arrived at our destination. This dark brown sky, which is lit up by a reddish glow, is the light which this sphere, this land of hatred and envy, possesses. It's the light which the millions who live here are tuned in to, within.

On our first journey we saw the light of the third sphere. So now you can compare both these auras and derive how deeply the inhabitants of this sphere have fallen.

We have now reached the border, where the land of hatred begins. Come, let's look for a spot on this high hill.'

André looked around. He made out a large town, right in front of him, in that deep, glowing darkness. There were many towers, sharply outlined against the red brown sky. From their viewpoint a splendid, yet also gloomy panorama reached out before them.

'This big town only knows grief and misery. The people brought it on themselves, because they wanted neither to get to know nor to love God.

Many of them have spent hundreds of years down there, and in all that time haven't yet felt the urge to seek a purer light. They live on in the same humdrum they were used to on earth.'

The town stretched right up to the horizon, where André thought he detected a little more light.

'Can't this town be sized up in one glance, Alcar?'

'No, André, it couldn't be sized up in a thousand years, because it stretches out into infinity. I wouldn't dare say 'into eternity' because I hope that these spheres will one day also possess the light from on high.

You see that the spirits build their houses and temples here, just as it's done in the higher regions.'

'Alcar, you said that this is the place where the poor man, whom we saw being burnt this morning, will live for the time being, didn't you?'

'Yes, André, this is the sphere he's in tune with.'

'What will he do, Alcar, after he has arrived?'

'That's when his lawlessness will really unfold, and he will try to give full vent to his vindictiveness towards the people he assumes to have caused all the torture he suffered.'

'Do they all live there together, Alcar? The rich and the poor?'

'Yes, André. They are all one down there. Kings and queens, princes and princesses, and the poorest among the poor. This is true for all the regions. But when someone arrives here who boasts about his former existence, what he used to be, he is scoffed at by everyone. Down here the person who can influence others and has control over the masses through his powers of concentration is the boss.'

I worked down there for a long time to help the unfortunate.'

'Aren't we going down there, Alcar?'

'No, my boy, not now. Later on. Otherwise it would all be too much for you. And don't think it's so simple to get in there. Before you descend into that sphere of hatred, passion and violence you must take the necessary precautions. Don't forget that you wouldn't find the slightest trace of love down there. It isn't an easy place to work in. Only those who are steadfast and possess a strong spiritual power and a strong will, and who can find their bearings wherever they go, and are also able to focus their attention are capable of that.'

They must be superior to these spirits in all respects, and that is saying a lot, because evil is a cunning opponent.

Intelligences from higher regions descend into the dark spheres in many groups and columns to perform their work of love for three or four months, according to earthly time.'

'But how do you find the unfortunate spirits amongst all these millions, Alcar?'

'Their cries of anguish and their shouts for help reach the higher regions, and the helpers below are informed from there. Then they set off. They have to possess an infinite love for mankind, otherwise they wouldn't be able to stand it for long. This work of love helps them to develop too, and this makes them gain spiritual power. And when they have found someone who calls for help from the bottom of his heart, and begs God to be released from that dark cesspool, then that person is brought to a higher sphere which is, as it were, set up for purification. A lot is done for the unfortunate, but it's hard

work.

On one of my journeys to the dark regions I met a princess who bore that title on earth. She had arrived there only recently and she boasted about her beauty, which caused her to be ridiculed by everyone. But she didn't understand this and would have done anything to punish these scoffers. They didn't give her the chance though. And when they had laughed enough to their liking, they held up a mirror so that she could take a look at herself. You should have seen her, André. She screamed and covered her face with her hands. Then she fled, because it was an awful mask, a terribly mutilated face that looked back at her out of that mirror. So much for her spiritual beauty.

I saw her again, lonely and deserted, some time afterwards. She no longer wants to show herself, and for the time being she won't boast about the position she once held on earth.

But if she will ask God for help and forgiveness and wants to work hard on herself, then in time she will regain a beauty, which will be far superior to her earthly elegance.'

'All the same, Alcar, it's pitiful.'

'You really think this is pitiful, André? She had fallen even deeper than the woman we visited this morning. Creatures like that don't lift a finger; wherever they go they bring sorrow and grief where happiness and love ought to be brought. And in the life after death they still boast about their possessions on earth.

But what could worldly beauty and worldly possessions mean to them, after they neglected the spiritual and the condition of their soul! Earthly things are merely temporary and have no real value. When your aunt passed on, we saw how beautiful she became after she had left her physical body. In due time you will see how beautiful she now is in the spheres, although nobody would have called her a beauty on earth. But she was a believer, she gave love and she lived the way a child of God ought to live. Situations such as the one the princess experienced are pitiful because they bring on suffering and misery, and because people refuse to see the condition they are in. Believe me when I tell you that there are thousands down there who don't even know that they have died on earth.'

'They don't even know they're dead, Alcar?'

'That's right, André, and that certainly proves that people arrive in the spheres in the same soul condition they were in on earth. Afterwards they are brought to the place that corresponds with their inner being.

I'll explain these and other such soul conditions to you more clearly some other time, and afterwards we will visit the dark spheres together, but before you can stand up to this as a disembodied spirit you must first get stronger. You will have to see other situations too, in order to understand everything

in its full scope.

When we have returned to earth you will have a sure feeling what happened to you this morning. But I'm telling you, try to pull through, and pray frequently. Remember that, André. Everything has its price. Your gift is your treasure, you know that, and it's a mercy that you may behold all this. That's why you must be willing to put up a fight in order to help those poor human beings.'

'I'll readily do so, Alcar. I'm glad that you're prepared to take me along, and I promise that I'll do my best and try to understand everything.'

'Good, my boy, this will strengthen you and make you gain spiritual power. That's why we will continue to make other journeys.'

'I suppose this must be the hell that earthly doctrine tells us about, Alcar?'

'Yes, André, according to earthly doctrine this is hell, and the millions it harbours are, again according to this doctrine, damned forever. This is what people are taught on earth, but this hell looks quite different from what they are told and presented with. The unfortunate suffer enough as it is. Just imagine them burning forever!

This morning the poor musician was temporarily in hell, in the true sense of the word.

The dark spheres constitute hell in the Hereafter, but the spirits that live there don't have to stay forever, because God damns nobody, so they too will one day reach the higher regions. No child of God is ever lost. This is all nonsense, and the clergy who, during their life on earth, continuously talk about hell, devils, purgatory and damnation will, after they have passed on, come to recognize that they have been talking gibberish because they didn't know the truth. There are a lot of things they preach about as if it were the truth, and yet these are merely their own fantasies.

What's the use of these sermons about hell and damnation? Later on you will find many of these theologians down there, because they too weren't free of hatred and envy either, and they robbed many a person of his faith, his hope and his love.' 'Look, Alcar, there are some spirits over there.'

'I saw them a while ago, André, but I waited until you saw them. Quietly stay where you are. They can't see us because they aren't attuned to us.'

'What kind of spirits are they, Alcar?'

'These are sentries who guard the entrance to this sphere. They're on the look-out for anyone arriving here, and all they're after is to assault travellers who have lost their way, and then drag them down. But this can't happen to us. This only applies to spirits who are not yet aware of their inner powers and so have not yet developed them.

They can't see us. But you will understand that one can't just enter the sphere. Look, they're going away, André.

You can compare this situation to that of the poor mother we saw this morning. She didn't see us either, although we were right behind her.'

'Is her situation just as unhappy, Alcar?'

'No, it isn't, because she no longer knows hatred. She now possesses pure love and gives it to others. That's something entirely different. Do you understand this, André? You must develop an accurate awareness of these soul conditions. Hers is already far beyond that of these sentries. She admits her mistakes and she knows what she has done wrong. And because she is aware of it, she tries to raise herself by giving love. She can go wherever she wants to, whereas many of those living here remain chained to this place until they are released from the hatred that keeps them captive. The mother will soon see the light, because if one gives love one finds God. This will gradually further her progress.'

'How long will our friend have to remain in the dark, Alcar?'

'It could take years, André, or even centuries.'

'Will he remain in this place, even if he longs for goodness?'

'No, of course not. I told you, didn't I, that spirits who begin to feel a longing for higher things will be taken to other places through the help of those who work here. There they have to learn, and they will be shown what they did wrong on earth, providing they want to know. Up here everyone's course of life is known. This is followed, sooner or later but without exception, by feelings of remorse. Often thoughts relating to reincarnation arise in these persons, as a form of help and mercy from God. They may, and subsequently can return to earth, and during their new earthly life they get the chance to make amends for all the sorrow and the grief they caused.'

Unconsciously they carry within themselves the urge to do good, because they have reached this raised condition on our side, after they have fought to get there, even though many mistakes still cling to them. It's a great mercy when they sense a holy longing to remedy what they did wrong. This is one of the greatest amongst God's laws because it illustrates His infinite Love.

A lot can be said about reincarnation. There are many who believe in it on earth, but they don't know how it's organized.

Some time ago an author passed on who, when he arrived, laughed at everything, and boasted about all the things he had achieved. Many years went by before he finally felt remorse and sensed a longing to do good. He was then shown what he had done during his life, and he was startled that this was all known here. He could have been shown every letter he had written, because everything that is performed spiritually will continue to exist. Our thoughts also continue to exist once we have shaped them. The contents of the works he had written were on a low level and also in direct opposition to spiritual standards.

When he returned to earth he accomplished his life as God required of him, because he had learnt to love God and to recognize Him in everything. It enabled him to enter into the light within a short earthly life, which could otherwise have taken centuries. This is only a small illustration, André, because there is so much more to be said about reincarnation.

I told you that it's a great mercy for lower spirits to be allowed to return to earth, but those who possess spiritual power and who know how pure and how lovely things are in the spheres of light don't feel the urge to do so, because they no longer cherish earthly life. When our friend has reached that stage, the path will also be open to him if that's what he longs for. God has prepared many paths for His children and these all lead upward and all join onto the road that will take them to the House of the Father.

For the less fortunate we will quote a few words that come from out of the depths of our heart. I remember how my master once spoke the following words to me:

'I tell you, one person oppresses the other, but in the life after this life they will appear before the sole Judgement seat, and then it will be revealed what one has sinned towards another. Woe him who deliberately causes another to suffer!

There are only few on earth who take this into account. That is why I come here, to all of you, and I will never abandon you, because you want what is good. In time you will understand what this really means.'

We were in other regions to perform work at the time, and I understood what he said, André. I keep on repeating these words, over and over again, because they have given me strength, and I understand how they were meant, how I could reach God and how I must love man.

My master, who lived on earth more than two thousand years ago, descended down to us from higher regions and gave us these words which are meant for everyone.

It shows you, André: simplicity and humility in all things. It means strength and love. Oh, it is so vital for people to know this. Look at all the sinning and the way people live! There's no sensitivity on earth for spiritual warmth because people feel materially and think materially. Many whom we visited together scoffed at us, my son, because we were so full of all our spiritual treasures. Later, when they arrive on our side, they would like us to pay attention to them, but that's impossible then. Our paths will have diverged too much by that time because we keep going, ever onward. I get my orders too, new paths are shown to us, and other people, those who do appreciate what this is worth, need our help. Their eyes will be opened one day, but by then we will have become invisible to them. The time will come for their clock to stop, and they will appear spiritually naked, and everyone will rid-

icule them for boasting about a life that was lived totally in vain. Have pity on these people who pride themselves on their material possessions, and who believe that this sets them above their fellow men. There's an end to that up here. God rules here, and they must bend their knees if they want to see the light. The time will come for them to be judged by a righteous power. There they will lose, and they will become subjected to God's Omnipotence. One day they will recognize the value of the spiritual treasures which they could have received on earth, but which they refused because of their love and approval of material things. Even their thinking focussed entirely on matter.

One day their selfish plans will be seen for what they really are, and their comedy will come to a final end. Everyone will see what kind of friends they were, what friendship meant to them, and the kind of friendship they preferred. All earthly things pass away, André. And shouldn't this gladden our hearts? Shouldn't we thank God that our love and our intentions will one day be seen for what they're really worth? When that time comes, our love and our intentions will no longer be insulted by jealous and ignorant people. Isn't it marvellous, André, to know that in due time we will stand before the righteous God?

One day we will see God, and He alone can help us. He knows how a person intended to live his life on earth. One day people will understand how much love we wanted to give, but couldn't because they refused to see our giving hands. One day people will yearn for spiritual truths. One day people will see the truth of everything that was given to them spiritually. Our intentions will be understood in eternity. There only God rules, our mutual Father. You must know, my son, that there is only one power that binds and holds everything together, namely God.

Nothing can be hidden that is performed spiritually, nor can it be destroyed. The true shape of all things will then be revealed in that great, holy, eternal Light.'

'People ought to hear this, Alcar.'

'They will hear it, André. I will tell them through you.'

I will also try to convey these spheres in colours. When that part comes, you will recognize it immediately. But it won't be easy for me to render it correctly. I'll do my best though. You will receive that part.'

They had spent quite some time on the high hill.

'Take another look down there, André, because we won't be back for some time.'

'How great God's Omnipotence must be, Alcar, that He knows the soul condition of every one of His millions of children.'

'That's well seen, André. God knows everything, God sees everything, God is within everything. That's why He is almighty and knows every soul

condition. God is power, God is love, God is light, God is life.

To make it even clearer to you how He knows every thing and every soul condition I will tell you something that is related to this.

A long time ago I visited a circle on earth where séances were held on a weekly basis. I wasn't a member of that circle, but I used to come as an onlooking spirit. It often happens during séances that we are seen yet aren't recognized, and that people don't know the purpose of our visits to the earth.

My friends brought spiritual nourishment, which was received by the circle via a cross and board. Eight earthly persons took part in these weekly séances, including a mother who had suddenly lost her seven-year-old child after a short but severe illness.

After the little one had spent some time in the spheres she was taken along to earth by her grandfather because her mother was constantly calling for her sweetheart. He took her to the sessions to bring her in contact with her mother. So through spiritism the mother was enabled to talk to her child again. This went on for some years and I don't need tell you, André, how happy it made the mother to be regularly cheered up by her child.

The little one soon got adapted to her new situation, and she developed very rapidly.

After four years, when the girl had become eleven years old according to earthly reckoning, the mother passed on, and those left behind promptly thought: She's with her sweetheart now, and she'll be very happy.

After she had been on our side for a while she was taken to the earth to be present at the séances, as a spirit this time. They told her: 'You will have seen Rietje now', this was her little daughter's name, but she had to admit that this wasn't the case. They immediately understood the reason. She wasn't attuned to the spiritual state of her little daughter yet. She suffered greatly under this sadness, even worse than after the little one had parted from her on earth. She had been allowed to contact her there from time to time, but now she didn't see her and wasn't allowed to talk to her either. The poor mother suffered terribly, but she understood why she wasn't allowed to associate with her child, and she decided to search for the things on high.'

'Why wasn't she allowed to see her child, Alcar?'

'I'll tell you, André. I told you some time ago that one can't become a spiritual being merely by taking part in séances. One has to develop spiritually.

That kind of work isn't done for kicks, nor is spiritual nourishment given for that reason. It must serve to enrich mankind. Man must try to find God through this truth and to love everything He created.

Although she took part in séances, she remained a person who felt more attracted to matter and tended to treat things lightly. Our side never puts

pressure on anyone, André, one has to learn to sense things oneself. We want to help, out of love for the people, without wanting any thanks in return. But she didn't feel the great mercy which was bestowed on her when her child was brought back to her, and it didn't dawn on her that her time would come too, and that on her arrival in the spheres she would have to shed the same light as her child to be able to see her. Now they are both in the spheres, though they're not together. But one day this will come about, and from then on they will be happy forever.

Do you understand everything now, André? Can you sense that this is convincing proof of God's Omnipotence? Is it becoming clear to you that everything is ruled and regulated by His Omnipotence? The mother wouldn't stand the slightest chance of finding her daughter here on our side without our help, because she lacks the spiritual light and the strength. God is in everything. That's why He knows the condition of every soul. God is omnipresent, in the highest heavens as well as on earth and in the dark spheres too.'

'How beautiful and holy this all is, Alcar.'

'It certainly is holy, André. One day our little clock will stop ticking, and we'll find out whether we loved God in the proper way.

We're going back to earth now, André. Don't forget to pray for the unfortunate one who is about to arrive here.'

They floated rapidly towards the earth, and again André saw our planet surrounded by the other planets. They got nearer and nearer and he saw how the colours in the sky kept on changing.

'Right, we'll continue on foot now.'

'Where are we going to, Alcar?'

'You'll soon find out. Come along now.'

André saw lots of people around, carrying flowers and wreaths and all going the same way as they were. 'Oh, I see, Alcar, we're going to a cemetery. There it is.'

'Exactly. This is a cemetery, and you see how lots of people are going to lay flowers on the graves of their beloved. The bereaved don't find much consolation there, but an ignorant person can't imagine what reality is, he can't picture it. He thinks that all his beloved ones do indeed lie beneath the tombstones, and to visit them is his only consolation. He thinks he honours them and loves them in this way.

Come and stand beside me, André. I'll show you something sad soon. You have to see more, so be strong.' They walked past many graves and Alcar suddenly stopped.

'Right, we'll stay here for a moment. This is the grave of a girl aged twenty-five. Take a good look around and listen.' André saw an angel standing on

the grave, hewn out of snow-white marble. It held a palm in his right hand and leaned over as if to protect the grave.

André read: Here lies our beloved daughter, granddaughter and sister, Anna Maria H., born in H. on September 14th 1901, died on August 7th 1926. She was our beloved child. May she rest in peace.

‘Look, André, the couple standing in front of the grave are her parents. They put these beautiful flowers on the tombstone as a token of their love. I’ll show you more, but don’t speak.’

André had to restrain himself from making any sound, because next to the parents he saw a young girl, as beautiful as an angel and dressed entirely in white. She held her arms around her mother who didn’t seem to notice anything. Nor did she hear the soft voice that said to her: ‘Mother, mother, I’m with you. Don’t be sad, I’m happy.’

André looked from her to her mother, but she didn’t hear this soft voice that sounded so clear and could be heard from afar by various spirits who had all come along with their beloved ones.

Again she called: ‘Mother, mother!’ And now there was a heartrending tone in her voice. She tried to shake her mother gently to and fro, but she didn’t succeed. Again she called: mother, mother, but the latter remained deaf to her words. Then she became very sad, and when Alcar went up to her, André heard her asking him whether he could help her.

Oh, how beautiful she is, and how pure, he thought. Her complexion was even more beautiful than that of the white marble angel on her tombstone. It was just as if she had descended from heaven, so angelic pure and tender she was. ‘Oh brother’, he heard her say, ‘how can I reach my parents? Can’t anything be done about this?’

‘Yes, dear sister, I will help you, but in a different way. What are you doing here in the earth’s sphere? Your house lies in the spheres of light, doesn’t it?’

‘Yes, brother, it does, but I find no peace. They keep on drawing me back here. I have no peace due to all their sorrow and all their grief. Oh, if only they knew that I’m alive and that I’m well, then I could be happy in the spheres of light, Happiness and Love. But I can’t be happy now because they don’t know. Oh, help me, please help me. I beseech you. You are also from the Light. Help me, brother, that I may reach them.’

‘I would gladly help you immediately, dear sister, but it’s impossible for me, because you can’t reach your father and your mother like this. Their earthly ears don’t hear you and their earthly eyes don’t see you. They don’t notice that you are standing here next to them alive, that you are holding them, that you love them and that you are calling out to them: Don’t be sad, dear parents, I am happy. They are deaf to your soft, yet clear voice. Their physical ears don’t hear you because they are closed off spiritually. But we

will help you. My friend and I are determined to convince them of your life in the spheres. He is my instrument and will tell them, if they are willing to listen. I am showing him these situations, and he will make it known on earth how terrible they are. You can't do anything for your parents in this way, and you don't yet know how to reach them, my child.'

'Mother has been sad for so long now, brother. She can't get over it. She can't be helped. That's why I've come down to earth. I'm often at home with them, and I've tried so many ways to get in contact with them. But they won't deviate from what they were once taught, namely that God will call me one day. In their opinion this will be the last judgement. Help me, please help me. They have to know that I am alive and happy. It would make life much more bearable for them.'

'I will help you, if that's what you want. Go back to your sphere, try to get help from higher regions, pray to God for help, and then return to your parents. Then you will be able to reach them with the aid of higher intelligences. That help will be given to you when you ask God. Now free yourself from your parents. You can't stay here, because certain unfortunate spirits will soon appear who would mock you and ridicule you and take pleasure in your suffering. Let go of your parents and try to reach them the way I advised you to.'

The girl looked at Alcar lovingly, took his hand in hers and said:

'I thank you for your dear words, brother. I will do my best and I see now that I should not have come here like this.'

Once more her clear eyes looked at him, then she left.

'Did you understand everything, André?'

'Yes, Alcar. How sweet she is and how beautiful! She's like an angel.'

'She's a spirit who belongs in the spheres of light and happiness, where harmony prevails, but the parents of this dear child, because she is after all still a child, keep on drawing her back to earth with their great sadness, and she can't be happy in the spheres because their heartrending thoughts reach out to her. She keeps on feeling their grief and this forces her to come here, although her parents don't notice anything of her presence, nor do they hear her soft voice. They stand here at a grave where nothing can be found except a little pile of dust, while their child is alive and stood next to them without being seen. Their conviction draws them to this grave, where they think they can find their daughter.'

It's terrible for a spirit that comes to give help and support when he experiences that he is not seen, and his consoling words aren't heard.

This girl does indeed possess the power to come through to her parents, but she doesn't yet know how to use it and make contact through her influence on them.

She wouldn't come down to earth so often if she weren't called or drawn back.

Such cases are frequent, and if she does what I told her she will be helped. Her prayer will soon be heard because her plea is pure and she wants to approach God in love. Her prayer is pure because she only asks to be allowed to give love.

This is going to be a hard day for you, André, but be brave. When you're back in your body again I will help you to deal with all the sadness you absorbed and experienced as a spirit.'

They were now standing at another grave.

'Look, there's a young woman here standing at her mother's grave, but you also see that the mother, as a spirit, is standing next to her to support her and give her strength.

There are thousands and thousands on earth who don't hear and don't see, nor do they realize that these situations do indeed exist.

Look over there, André, a different sight again: a young mother at the grave of her child. The child is standing next to her, but he's not alone, he's accompanied by the grandfather who has been in the spheres for a long time already, as I can tell by his aura. The boy wouldn't be able to find his way to earth on his own, but he undoubtedly feels all the sorrow the mother is going through, since she can't forget her child.'

André saw a boy of about thirteen or fourteen, and next to him his grandfather who was holding his hand.

'This boy will also learn to understand this kind of situation. And when some time has passed he will work at it and do his utmost to convince his parents of his continued existence, and to give them proof of his life in the spheres of happiness, love and life. He's happy there too, André. Come, he mustn't see us, I must prevent that.

Everyone from yonder side of the grave will try to reach his beloved. And after many, many years we will finally succeed.'

Now they approached a grave that had just been dug.

'I already see who will be buried here, André. It's a woman, still young, who passed on before her time. I see her, although she's not yet visible to you, because her thoughts reach me from the place she's at now. She will be laid in this grave 'to rest' and who knows how many will visit her here again.'

'Do spirits often desire to see their buried bodies again, Alcar?'

'Certainly, my boy, but by no means all, because they know what they will see.

The garment they cast off, and which in some cases they loved so much, immediately starts to decay and is soon a repulsive sight.

The spirits who nevertheless want to take another look at the body which

they idolized on earth are so horrified that they flee in haste, never more to return to the cemetery where they willingly grant the earth what belongs to it. This is how this young woman will fare too.'

'Can nothing be done for such poor creatures, Alcar?'

'Certainly, André, if that's their wish. I'll show you what's behind it all shortly. You are deeply impressed by the misery we saw this morning, but you don't quite know yet who can be helped. When you've spent more time on our side you will soon get to know where you can really do good. You must still learn to detect feigned sorrow. Your love for everything that suffers is very fine, my son, but you must get a proper understanding where real sorrow is experienced, and who is in real need of your pity. You must develop an accurate feeling for what is real and what is phoney. The foreign town where you once felt so deeply unhappy was charged with real despair and terrible suffering. Those spirits were indeed to be deeply pitied, and the compassion you felt then was not out of place. Yet you will often experience the contrary and receive little thanks for loving assistance. If you had love work to perform in the dark spheres, you would be amazed. Yet we must all go through the mill. We receive lessons there in the knowledge of the human soul.

Now we'll proceed to the last spot I want to visit with you before we end our voyage. Hold tight, André, because I will show you a spirit that is still attached to his body. Such a person must also suffer enormously, as he has to undergo the decay of his body in darkness and in the cold.

You're not allowed to ask me anything when we get to him, and you may only look on.'

André saw the grave of an adult man in front of him, but no matter where he looked, there was nothing else to be seen. Then he looked at Alcar, and it seemed as if he were being told: 'Stay where you are.'

He stopped and no longer saw Alcar. But he did hear him talking. He was apparently in conversation with someone else, because he clearly heard him say: 'For heaven's sake, man, look for God. Try to find God. Learn to pray.'

Now he heard how Alcar was jeered at. A demonic laugh sounded across the big cemetery, while he heard a sneering voice say: 'Look for God! Go to hell with your God.'

André was terribly shocked. Who dared to speak like that? Who ever could forget himself in such a way? Hadn't he clearly heard: 'Go to hell with your God'. He didn't know in what kind of a hell he had landed, and he would have run away if Alcar hadn't told him beforehand to stay where he was.

'Do you think', he heard, 'that your God would leave me lying here like this if He were so good? I tell you again: Go to hell. Go away and preach to yourself. Pray for yourself, man, and shut up. Go away I tell you, and go and fool someone else, you've never set eyes on God yourself.'

Now André heard Alcar's voice again: 'Just try to say: Oh God, help me!' and He will hear your prayer. God, help me! If you ask this honestly, you will be released from your physical body.'

Again that devilish laugh resounded and in-between he heard the voice shout: 'God, help me! Man, stop your nonsense, don't get me drunk on your sweet-talk. I tell you again: Get lost, I don't need your help. I've never needed anybody, never yet.'

Then he heard the man declaring what he had been on earth. He had held a high office and had been widely reputed.

'Oh those rogues', he shouted again, 'if ever I get hold of them! I promise you, they won't get rid of me. Just you wait! I've already had a lot of your kind down here. Two-faced pious people, all of them. You're one of them too, I suppose. Go away, man, quick!'

Now André clearly saw a figure that moved a few metres away from the grave but couldn't get any further. He lunged as if he were being pulled back by an invisible hand.

Again he heard the voice: 'Aren't you gone yet?'

Then all was silent, and at the same moment he saw Alcar, whose fine aura gradually became visible again.

He leapt towards him and felt overjoyed that he was reunited with his leader.

'Oh Alcar, this is terrible. I can't stand any more of this.'

'Come on, son, be brave. Do you understand the essence of this?'

'Yes, Alcar, what a terrible blasphemer that man is!'

'I'll explain to you on the way what happened here during the last few minutes. We will now leave this acre of death, and of the living. You know enough now. I had to take on this appearance to make myself known. You probably saw how my own light disappeared.'

'Yes, Alcar, but I didn't know what this meant. I lost sight of you and everything turned dark around me. But I heard that devilish laugh and the talking and shouting very clearly.'

'I wanted to go up to him on my own, because you haven't been informed yet how we must work to get in touch with such an unfortunate creature. He didn't see me until I showed myself to him without my aura. It can't be done in any other way. If we had approached him in the usual fashion he would have quietly remained sitting on his grave, but I wanted you to hear how deeply this poor man is still tied down in matter, how infinitely far from perfection he still is. You heard his blasphemies. I'm not the only one who has tried to help him along in freeing himself from his body. If he wanted to, he could make his situation change within a short time.'

After I had spoken a few words to him he wanted to walk away, but the

invisible cord, the silver thread, held him and pulled him back to his body, which is already in a far-gone state of decay.'

'I saw how he couldn't get any further, Alcar, but I didn't see any cord. It was so dark around me.'

'You were outside of everything, André, otherwise you would have seen it. This wasn't possible now because I wanted to keep you out of everything. My strong will power and my ability to concentrate enabled me to show you that he is still attached to his physical body. He has spent considerable time on that graveyard; you can tell by the advanced state of decay. He won't be able to move around freely again before that process has come to an end, and then he will want to take revenge for the alleged injustice which was inflicted on him. He will also try to carry out the devilish plans he has already concocted.

You probably didn't notice, but he has got a big hole in his head that was caused by a bullet. He still suffers unbearable pains due to this injury, which he temporarily did not feel because of his anger while I was talking to him.

He will stay in this condition until he has made enough spiritual progress and has outgrown matter. And it's precisely this power which he lacks.

Now he is forced to watch his body through the layer of earth and see it decaying. There are more such conditions, some of which even surpass this one in horror. You have witnessed all this misery as a spirit. More convincing proof cannot be given. And now I urge you, my boy, to tell your experiences to all who are willing to listen. Tell them, because they must know how horrible the consequences are when man forgets himself on earth. Tell them as often as you can. We'll help you in this.

We work everywhere for the great cause, and thousands will set out on journeys, just as we do. But it's such a pity that many of us lose their instrument because it does not dare to take on the battle which must be fought for this purpose. We demand obedience from our instruments and simplicity of the heart, but above all: love for God. And when they comply with our wishes, we can, in return, give them lots and lots of beauty, because we too receive our support from the higher regions.

There are also many who lose their instrument when it gets consumed by the jealousy of other mediums. Never disappoint me, my boy, and together we'll accomplish a lot. God will bless us for this work, which we hope to continue until eternity.

Forever together in the Hereafter. Won't that be marvellous?

Keep your gifts pure, André, especially your magnetic power, and pray often. God will be with us.'

The journey had come to an end, and André saw that Alcar's helpers had again kept faithful watch over his body.

Adonis came forward, greeted him warmly and asked: 'Were things better

than the first time, my brother?’

André merely nodded. Again he was unable to speak, because he felt the imminent parting, the farewell from his dear friend.

Adonis understood, took both his hands in his to bid him goodbye and left.

‘You see how we’re always prepared for everything, André. Early this morning Adonis received my orders already. And now, for the last time: Be strong, my boy. Think of me and call me whenever you need me. We’re always in contact with each other, and I will help you in everything. When you’re back in your body I will tell you what to do.’

Alcar pressed André to his breast.

The link of love between these two people was becoming stronger and holier and would always remain. Alcar, the radiant being, and André, the physical human, accomplish the same work together and pursue the same goal, which they one day hope to reach.

André wept with joy because his friend, his brother, his good, faithful companion understood him entirely and showed him so much love.

‘Come on, son, it’s time. You must go now.’

Again André felt himself rising and getting dizzy, then there was a short moment of descent and he suddenly awoke with a slight start. He immediately felt the band around his head. He couldn’t think properly yet and he hadn’t enough strength to keep hold of his thoughts.

He sat on the edge of his bed for a few moments until he heard Alcar say:

‘You will feel sad today and maybe tomorrow too. Go outside, into nature, my boy. Pray a lot and try to overcome everything. Your brother Alcar is at your side and will support you.’

He went downstairs. He had been away for nearly five hours. He went outside to come to grips with all the things he had experienced that morning during his journey with Alcar.

Everything was quiet inside of him and around him. And after spending quite some time in God’s free nature he felt strengthened in body and soul and returned home.

Summerland

For quite some time after the journey to the dark spheres André felt in a very low mood. It was like in the beginning, when influence was exerted on him. Those had been sad days too. But now he knew what caused it. He was back in his body and had to come to grips with things he had experienced as a spirit, outside of his body.

He knew now what a fine instrument man can be, and what he can bear, without knowing where he gets the necessary energy from. He had made good progress lately and he owed it all to Alcar, his best friend. His gifts he had received from God, but his leader had developed them.

He had done a lot of walking outside in nature the last few days and it really did him good. Oh, he felt so sad and on his own again. His father and mother were ready to help. But they had no idea how, so he had to quietly cope with everything on his own. But he got a lot of support from Alcar, and also from the beautiful drawings which he received from him again. So considerable time went by.

He often thought of the poor musician, and he still saw him clearly in his mind's eye. He remembered all the things he had seen with Alcar. Especially that evil woman and her poor mother, and the painter too. He intended to quietly send up a prayer for these unhappy people. It would help them to make progress. A fervent prayer for unhappy spirits who live in the dark spheres will always reach God. That's why he wanted to pray a lot for the poor mother, for the man who was burnt, and also for the one who was still attached to his body. Their suffering was a heavy burden to him.

If people could see this and experience it themselves it would change their whole outlook on life and it would do away with a lot of jealousy and envy on earth. They would learn to adapt themselves to the circumstances which the great Guide of our existence put us in. They would also realize that wealth has just as much right to exist as poverty, and that prestige and prosperity impose heavy duties. Everyone would fulfil his task on earth as a part of God's great Creation. During the last few days he had once again given people lots of proof, and he had disembodied consciously various times. The strong link he had with Alcar had made this possible. The last disembodiment had been very special and it had made a great impression on his father and mother, as great things always did.

It had happened while he was sitting in his room. Suddenly he was outside of his body, and he saw himself sitting in the chair with his left hand under his head as if he were asleep.

He could walk through walls in this condition, because they no longer obstructed him.

On another occasion he had been set free from his physical body, and he had been walking down a street, near to his home, beside a lady whom he felt attracted to in a way, and he saw exactly how she was dressed. She was wearing a green coat and she carried a bunch of flowers in her arm. He could clearly read her thoughts, and he observed that these all focussed on him. It revealed to him that she was on her way to his house. He asked her what she wanted but she kept on walking as she had neither heard nor seen him. So he accompanied her, as a spirit, for a slight distance and he found this very interesting. Suddenly he was back home, and he woke up with a start.

All this had taken no more than five minutes.

It seemed as if he had been asleep while these phenomena happened, and his eyes felt heavy.

He immediately went over to his parents and told them what he had experienced.

‘Listen, dad. I’ve got a great piece of proof for you. Come over here, mum, I want you to hear this too. Any moment now a lady will be calling whom I met while I was outside of my body through disembodiment. She is going to ask me whether I can help her with her séances.’

He went on to tell them how she was dressed, and that she was carrying flowers.

‘I couldn’t properly recognize the flowers, but I’m sure they’re white. When the bell rings, dad, I want you to open the door. I would like you to do this to convince you that this is all true. She’ll be here in a few minutes.’

Father and mother Hendriks were anxious what would happen. And when after five minutes the bell rang and his father went to open the door, he saw that it had all come true. He left the lady standing there and ran back as fast as he could. André had to laugh and the lady was entirely perplexed.

André told her that he already knew that she was coming and why. This impressed her deeply, and it presented her with even more proof of the purity of his psychic gifts.

But he was not allowed to help her. Alcar didn’t want him to, because the people in that circle were very stubborn and dissatisfied with the things they received from the side beyond. Consequently, nothing much would ever be attained. Alcar always warned him when something was foul.

One morning he left to treat some patients. He told his mother that he wouldn’t be back before four o’clock. He first went to see a friend in the neighbourhood, but when he arrived there Alcar showed him that someone was waiting for him at home who wished to talk to him.

He told this to his friends and hurried back home where his mother im-

mediately went up to him.

‘What a coincidence, André’, she said, ‘that you’ve come back so soon.’

‘Coincidences don’t exist, mum. Alcar showed me that there’s someone waiting here who wants to talk to me, so that I could convince a few more people of the guidance that is present in all things.’

He had performed spontaneous healings too, and he had even healed from a distance.

A lot could be achieved, if only people would open up, have faith and leave everything to him.

Once he had been with people who had handed him a ring that belonged to a lady who lived outside of town. They requested him to diagnose her illness.

After he had held the ring in his hands for a moment, he was able to determine the illness the lady was suffering from. It appeared that the doctors had come to the same conclusion. ‘But’, André continued, ‘she has got a swollen neck at the moment, and pain in her throat too.’

They didn’t know about that, but they phoned immediately and discovered that André’s statement was correct. ‘I’ll help her from here’, he said, ‘and you will find that she’ll be freed from the pain in her throat in twenty minutes.’

After half an hour they phoned again. The pain had disappeared and the swelling had gone down considerably.

It proved that André, as well as any other medium that possesses this gift, can heal from a distance.

Especially when the patient sits down quietly at the arranged time. There is no need for the patient to do anything else. Alcar takes care that telepathy and suggestion are excluded. The patient isn’t involved in the process.

It’s very remarkable how a person’s aura can remain attached to an object.

Once a gentleman came to see him who gave him a photo and wished to know what the man on the picture was suffering from. He took it in his hands and suddenly his eyesight faltered. It frightened him. Everything grew dark before his eyes, although it was bright daylight. Then he heard Alcar say that it was all right, and he heard the words: ‘Blind, André, but he can be helped.’ He immediately conveyed Alcar’s words and said the man was blind.

The gentleman got a bit of a shock, but he realized that André had seen the situation very accurately.

‘And’, he said, ‘the best part of it is, that his eyes were still perfect when the photo was made. So you couldn’t have taken it over from his portrait. I’m busy studying these phenomena and that is why this case is of special interest to me.’ To André the whole thing was very remarkable too. He was very satisfied with the result. But he didn’t quite know how to explain it to

the visitor, and he asked Alcar for advice. His leader told him: 'Give yourself over and I'll help you.' Suddenly he saw the whole situation in his mind's eye.

'Listen to me, sir', he said, 'I'll try to explain as clearly as possible how and why I was able to feel and see that this man is blind, even though he could still see when the portrait was made.'

He took it in his hands again.

'My gift enables me to make myself one with him. This is impossible for you because you don't possess this power. In order to do this you must be able to merge spiritually with another person, which means that you have to make yourself one with him, with his aura, which is also called fluid. Do you understand what I'm saying, sir?'

'Not quite.'

'Then I'll explain it in other words. Everything lives, there's life in everything, and when I make myself one with that life, I will feel, think, in short I will be just as that other form of life is. This is spiritual, isn't it? Now this photo was taken many years ago when the blind man could still see. But this has nothing to do with his total spiritual condition. It only concerns his physical body. Matter is matter when it's stripped of life. As it is, his physical body is one with the spiritual body. Now I take hold of this photo, please try to follow me, sir, and because my fluid can merge with the aura that he emanates, we became one. If this link is genuine, then I'm able to sense everything. This has an immediate effect on my physical body. Which is the reason why my eyes began to blur and why I could tell you with certainty what the trouble was. This diagnosis is correct, isn't it, sir?'

'Yes, it's a miracle.'

'No, it isn't. It's much simpler when we look at it the way I explained to you. Because that's how it happens. It's the spiritual power which a person can possess, and everyone who has this gift can do this when he has reached this stage of sensitivity. It's very easy for me to tell you more about this person, for instance how he is, how he thinks, what kind of character he has and so forth. When I am one with him, I take him over heart and soul.'

Now André heard Alcar say: 'Great, my boy, well done. We'll discuss and explain all these psychic possibilities to people at a later stage. Now go on.'

'I can help him, sir, but I already see that he won't believe this truth. But of course you can always try.'

The friend of the blind man did all he could to bring him round and to let André treat him, but he didn't believe in this charlatanism and so he remained blind.

The course of events continued, and every day André gave fresh proof to the people who came to him.

One morning a lady came to see him who brought along a photo of which

a part had been cut off. He took it in his hands and he immediately saw a girl of about seven years old, standing next to the lady on the photo. He saw the girl very distinctly and he asked his visitor: 'Where is the girl who was standing beside here?'

That made her sit up, and she said: 'Oh, I cut it off, sir.'

André was very pleased that he had seen this so accurately, and he quietly proceeded to diagnose the illness of the lady on the photo.

These things helped to convince people, and prepared them to receive spiritual as well as physical help.

One day a patient came to him who was treated by him. He suddenly felt a kiss on his forehead and he saw a very dear, beautiful spiritual child standing beside him, a girl of fifteen years old who had come along with her mother and had given him this kiss. She added: 'You're very kind to my mum.'

He got tears in his eyes and at the same time he saw a beautiful vase with roses, with one particularly large yellow rose in the centre that surpassed all the others in beauty. 'These are the flowers', the spiritual child said, 'which my mother put next to my portrait last night, and I want to thank her now. But I want to support her in her sorrow too. She's very sad, sir, but she shouldn't be. She must give my little brothers all her love, because I am happy.'

It hadn't taken more than a second for this message to come through. Then he asked the mother: 'Did you put flowers next to your child's portrait last night? Roses, with a big yellow one in the middle.'

She didn't answer, but began to weep.

'Listen, ma'am, I don't know anything about you. Have you got two sons and did your little daughter die four years ago?'

'Yes', she answered.

'Your child has come here and gave me a kiss on the forehead for the help I'm giving you. I'm very happy, ma'am, that this pure spiritual child did that. She asks you to give all your love to her little brothers who need it so badly here on earth. She's alive and happy in the spheres.'

The poor mother then told him about the sorrow that burdened her.

'Ma'am, I think it's marvellous that you have received one of the most beautiful pieces of proof a person could wish for. Now you know that the 'dead' are not dead, they're alive. When you felt sad last night, you sought solace in your child's portrait. And while you were thinking of her she was attracted to you by your great sorrow and stood beside you like an angel from the spheres of light, where she is very happy, but you didn't see her, and you didn't feel her caress. She saw how you put flowers next to her portrait.'

Let this prove to you that your dear little one is still alive and wants to lend you support. She asks you once again to give your love to your boys and she

tells you: 'Be strong, mum!'

'That's all I need', the lady said, 'this is convincing proof to me, and I'll do my best to give the boys all my love. I'll also try to surmount my sorrow. Now I know for certain that my child is alive and that I will see her again.'

'You see, ma'am, how your deep sorrow pulled her back to earth. This proves that our sorrow and our longing draw those who live in the Hereafter towards us. It displays the power behind human thought. We ourselves aren't aware of the things we send out, and that's why my leader often tells me: André, be careful with your thoughts.'

Some time afterwards the mother received another message from her child telling her that now all was well. In this way André has proved to hundreds of people that life goes on after our physical death.

He nevertheless remained sad, and kept on thinking about Alcar, because he couldn't get over the impressions he had undergone during his last journey.

Alcar told him to have a little patience, and if his gloominess didn't ease off, he would soon take him along again to the higher regions.

And it certainly didn't, because it wasn't easy to deal with the sufferings of all those unhappy people. Now and then he would brighten up a bit and seemed to have mastered the situation, but afterwards a reaction would set in, which made him fall back into an even gloomier mood. It was all a tremendous burden to him. He had to handle it on his own, and nobody could help him. Then he craved to see Alcar for a contact from spirit to spirit. In these moments no-one understood him and there was nowhere he could hold out. It wasn't only difficult for himself, but also for the people around him.

His father and mother knew it, but said nothing. He wasn't sullen, merely quiet, sad and withdrawn.

On the morning before he left together with Alcar, he had been going around the house singing, but later when he came downstairs he had a feeling as if heavy thunderstorms were gathered overhead. Yet he wanted to be strong and not bother Alcar too much. He prayed intensely to God for help. It made things easier for him.

Oh, that poor man! He couldn't forget him. He kept on seeing that dead body in his mind's eye. It had appeared to come alive again in that terrible heat. No, he never wanted to see anything like that again. It had kept him awake the first few nights, and he needed rest to be able to do his work during the day. When his thoughts ran wild and prevented him from falling asleep, Alcar would step in and put him into a semi-trance. He was very aware of this. Alcar would withdraw quietly and he would fall asleep. It wasn't the usual kind of sleep, he could tell by his head in the morning.

Many days passed by. He plucked up courage because he knew he had to

weather it. He knew that it would mean a big step forward in his development if his spirit could stand up to all this. He also knew that everything has its price, wisdom too. It's all a question of will power. One evening Alcar informed him that at night they would be travelling to the higher spheres again.

'We'll have to move our journey forward a bit, André, because you're unable to break away from the things you saw. True enough, you had a trying journey. All the same, you've got enough strength to bear it. Get yourself ready, we'll be back in the spheres again tonight.'

Alcar had told him that he would take him along to see the heavy traffic between the earth and Summerland, and André was curious what it would be like.

He was still in a downcast mood when went to his room early. He pottered around a bit first, and he was surprised that he felt no longing at that time to disembody.

His room was full of spiritual pieces of work that he had received from Alcar and the other painters. It had taken him quite a lot of struggle and will power to get that far. One has to persevere and be prepared to put up with quite a bit to achieve a certain thing. People only saw the results and not the struggle and the sorrow it had all cost him. He had been scoffed at and ridiculed and even after he had got well underway, they had still poked fun at him. Yet he had decorated the walls with lots of pieces from Alcar.

He slowly felt the sacred impact from the side beyond coming over him. His head got heavy and so he quickly undressed. Alcar had told him that when he wanted to disembody during the night, he should lie on his back before he went to sleep, it would make it easier to set him free. So that's what he did.

It was only half past nine. But he turned off the light and after about ten minutes he was sleeping like a log.

'All right, my son', were the first words he heard, and immediately afterwards he saw his leader. With a cry of joy he threw his arms around his neck.

'Steady, André, we are one again now. The last few days have been tough for you, there was such a lot you had to cope with. In my presence you'll soon calm down again. On our side we're more capable of bearing such sorrow. It's hard for an earthbound spirit.

You notice how careful we must be. If I were to give you everything that can be experienced during such a journey in one go, how do you think that would make you feel! You would not be able to stand it. Come on, my boy, look me in the eye.'

With tears in his eyes André smiled at his leader. He sensed Alcar's enormous strength and he saw that great white light around him again.

‘You felt no longing to disembody, but that was all my doing André. All right, we can leave now. It’s marvellous that God let us build this link. You can see how every bit of hard work finds support and nurture in the spheres. Those who seriously strive and who have the courage to fight will become wiser and can learn as much as they want. This goes for every human being on earth. Now you will soon be freed from your melancholy.’

‘Oh, I feel much better, Alcar. Most of it has already disappeared. I’m beginning to feel happy again now.’ Hand in hand they quickly left the earth.

André had learnt to get his bearings by now, when they moved away from our planet. Again the earth appeared to him like a disc, and its aura hadn’t changed a bit. That small, weak light was all it possessed in terms of spiritual value.

‘Summerland, André, is the sphere that’s connected with the earth. It’s located in-between the third and the fourth happy sphere. Summerland is the sphere where the earthly spirit is allowed to dwell in the night after disembodiment, if God grants him that grace. In Summerland he meets the loved ones who preceded him, he regains strength there and returns into his physical body, spiritually invigorated.

We will go straight there because I want to give you back the peace and quiet which the cremation took away. You will soon be the old André again, won’t you, my dear boy?’

‘Oh, I already feel much better Alcar, now I’m with you.’

‘Look, you can see the first streaks of light appearing from Summerland. It’s a beautiful land, André, a pure sphere. It would be difficult to describe her.’

The light steadily increased in clarity.

‘We’ve gone through three spheres now, though you again didn’t notice it.’

André saw a beautiful landscape in front of him, with trees, water, beautifully coloured birds, and flowers such as he had never seen on earth, in ineffable hues. The sky was pale violet-blue and sometimes it shone with a gold-yellow brilliance. He couldn’t find words to describe this splendour. If he had to compare it with something, the closest would be a brilliant early summer day when you feel nature touching your heart. But even if this were the most beautiful morning you had ever experienced, it would still be a poor comparison, because God’s holy Light and the radiant warmth that prevail in Summerland cannot be put into words. ‘In Summerland it’s love, harmony and happiness that prevail, my son.’

André saw many spirits and again he was able to distinguish the earthly ones from the astral beings.

‘Let’s sit down here, André, where we can observe everything.’

They chose one of the many benches that invited the tired earthly visitor

to sit down amidst the most beautiful flowers of the spheres. The birds were singing to their heart's delight.

'There's harmony here in everything around, you'll be able to see it and feel it. Now pay close attention. I will show you how I make myself one with the little bird sitting over there in front of you.' André had never yet seen any bird on earth that had such a golden glimmer. He saw how Alcar exerted himself, and when he stretched out his right hand the little bird immediately perched itself on top of it.

'Isn't that charming, André? He's in my power now and he'll do whatever I want him to. Now you concentrate for a moment on the four other ones sitting over there between those blue flowers.'

He did so, and the little animals came over, just as if he had called them and they sat on the hand he stretched out to them. But one of them wasn't quite as fast in conquering the place it wanted, because André had been concentrating on the palm of his hand and so they all wanted to sit there, but in the end the fourth little animal also managed to squeeze in.

André was delighted. How wonderful it would be if he could achieve something like this with earthly little birds.

'We'll run a few experiments on them, André, and you'll see how man can influence animals through concentration and will power. By merging his aura with that of the animal he can gain control over it and force it to do whatever he wants it to do. Remember what I told you about television and black magic. Now you stay here, André, keep those birds in your power and concentrate with all your might. We'll see who has the strongest will power and can concentrate best.'

Alcar moved away from the bench, and the little bird that had come over to him immediately flew after him. Wherever Alcar went, the bird followed. Now the birds sitting on André's hand became restless. He felt there was something they couldn't resist, and suddenly all four of them flew off towards Alcar who was standing some fifteen paces away. He collected them and then returned.

'You'll have to build up your ability to focus your will power quite a bit, my dear boy. Your thoughts weren't able to hold them back. Didn't you notice how they immediately got restless?'

'Yes, Alcar, I did.'

'My strong will led your attention astray. We'll try this once more and then we'll let them fly away.'

André stroked the beautiful feathers of the little animals. They seemed to like it because they raised their little heads and arched their backs.

'Now keep a tight hold of them with your thoughts, André.'

'All right, Alcar, I'll do my best.'

Again Alcar moved away.

André strained himself, but at a certain moment all four had disappeared again and were perched on Alcar's hand.

'You see which one of us is strongest in spiritual power. Now I'll show you something beautiful. Watch carefully. I will release the little bird sitting on my thumb from my will power. It can then fly wherever it wants to. The other three I will keep in bondage. Look, it's already beginning to feel its freedom. To the eye nothing has changed, and yet the other little animals are still entirely in my power. Isn't it fantastic, André? Now I'll let my thoughts release it completely.' No sooner had Alcar said it than the bird had flown away.

'Now for these two, André. I'll gradually let my will power diminish. Look, I'm letting go of them completely now.'

And likewise they immediately flew away.

'Now you play about a bit with the last two birds, André. I'll withdraw my thoughts from them.'

André went over and stood a few yards away from Alcar. He focussed all his thoughts on the birds, then clapped in his hands, and the birds came over to him at once.

'Perfect, André, this proves that you can work things with your thoughts.' He felt great satisfaction that he had got that far.

'Now try moving away a bit while you take them along.'

To his great joy this experiment also succeeded.

'Oh, I wish I had little animals like these on earth!'

'All in good time, André, one day you'll do the same with birds on earth. But don't forget that not all animals immediately listen to our will. You need more strength with certain animals than with others. Now let go of them. We have more things to do.'

André thought of something else and the birds flew away.

'Take a look at all these radiant spirits, my boy. Don't they look happy?'

They saw a man with his wife, a child with its mother, two brothers together, then a child with other little children or a father and mother with their child. Many of them were quietly walking about, while others sought seclusion to be together for a while.

'It's night time on earth, and there are many disembodied spirits here. I know one who will be here soon. I have already seen his wife and his child.'

'How happy all these spirits are that live here, Alcar.'

'The people on earth can't be told often enough how beautiful and how holy things are over here. And up in the higher spheres everything is even nearer to perfection.'

Once I was allowed to see the sixth sphere while a festivity was going on.

Because of some good deed I had done, my master called me over, and I was permitted to dwell there for a while. It made the same impression on me as you are experiencing now. So much beauty and holiness can't be expressed in words, because it's impossible to convey what you feel over there. They are all angels that dwell there amidst an indescribable colour splendour.

Later on, after we have reached a level at which you can understand everything, we will visit the fifth or sixth sphere, and you will then be able to give even more beauty and sacred things to the earth.

Look, there's the man I mean.'

André saw a man, still quite young, who walked before him beside a somewhat older intelligence.

'This young man still lives on earth. When their child was born he lost his dear wife, who took the little one along too. You can sense the deep sorrow he was immersed in when he was left behind all on his own.

But God provides in everything and He grants His mercy to those who truly love.

That is why he may visit his beloved wife and his little child in Summerland from time to time, as his grief would otherwise be unbearable. Aren't God's laws wonderful, my boy, and isn't His Guidance evident in everything?'

'Does he disembody consciously too, Alcar, and can he remember this afterwards?'

'No, André, he can't, because he isn't a direct medium, although he possesses these dormant powers, just as every other human being does. In his case disembodiment takes place in a different manner, which I will explain to you shortly. His dear child continues to grow up here and she will one day approach her father as beautiful as an angel.'

It moved André to see how the young man held his wife in his arms for a long while, and he also took the little one, who was about three years old, and lovingly pressed her to his breast. The man and the woman had tears of happiness in their eyes and both let them flow freely. The little one put both her arms around her father's neck and looked at him as if she wanted to say: 'Where were you all this time?'

'Such scenes occur here all the time and nobody feels ashamed of his happiness. When the short time has passed, which the young man must still spend on earth, these two people will be one forever, because they have begged God to bless their love. He will remain true to this woman under all circumstances and she will be his twin soul for all eternity. Eternal happiness! Do you feel what this means? Together forever, linked by God?'

I was once allowed to take part in a spiritual wedding ceremony which Christ Himself performed. And one day, when you will have reached the stage where your spirit can deal with it, I will show you such a marriage cer-

emony too. This is so sacred, André, such tremendous happiness for the person who may receive this on our side. It can't be compared to that on earth under the same name. Spiritual love is a mighty feeling that blazes within a person's soul like a holy fire. Once I was allowed to sense it, for one short moment only. Then I became overwhelmed by the feeling which those two, who were spiritually one, carried within. And yet one day we will possess this too. A person who has experienced this holy power will always try to accomplish everything the way God wills it. He will want to develop, so that he may some day receive the holy love which God has in store for all His children.

My boy, my boy, it is a tremendous power which the human spirit carries within then. His unspeakable happiness enables him to move mountains, and he gets a feeling as if everything smiles at him, talks to him, is one with him. It's as if he's dreaming, as if he's raised to higher spheres by that divine feeling. He senses a yearning desire to thank God for this great mercy, and no sacrifice would appear too heavy to him.

People couldn't cope with this feeling on earth. It's something only the astral person is capable of, because matter cannot deal with this happiness. Material man isn't attuned to it.

What does marital love mean to people on earth? This pure feeling is scarcely understood down there, because man has become too materialized, and very often his kind of love has nothing in common with higher love because it only stands for material togetherness. They may be united materially, but spiritually they are miles apart. You see it everywhere. Lives are often destroyed because people thought they loved each other, whereas this love was nothing but selfishness or passion. Nothing is done to develop that higher love, and so man goes on living for years on end without really knowing the other person who has lived at his side for years, because he never tried to fathom the other person's soul condition, feelings and spiritual power, and to understand them. Often these two people, who came together because they honestly believed they loved each other, never got to know true love. Only when two souls humbly bow before each other, will the pure love which God only once puts into man's heart, come to exist alongside human passion.

When a person feels this higher kind of love for someone else yet receives nothing in return, then this unhappy person's soul will cry out for lack of understanding. He senses the love which he prayed God for so ardently, but without an echo a sorrow is born, so intense, so terrible, so movingly deep, that only God can fathom it. Woe to him who has no understanding for this love. He mocks God's greatest creation, the highest and the most sacrosanct which He created.

When two beings meet on earth, who are blessed with this sacred fire, then everything around them will shine, because they are enraptured and

will wish to give each other nothing but pure love.

Earthly love is usually nothing more than friendship. The love that is experienced in the spheres merges in one feeling, one life, one understanding. This love is eternal and the souls are united by God. On earth things are usually quite different. Down there man and woman wander through life and never consider this life as a path that leads to God, but as a road full of worldly pleasures. A road they wander, just like any other road. They forget that anyone can choose a road at random, but that the road they must take together is meant for them only. They must travel this road together in love, and the going will be easy for both. They can support and help each other. It's the road that will be shown to them by God's angels who watch over them, because they want to live in love. It's the road which God Himself will show them.

Yet there are very many who don't see this road, and they drift apart and go astray due to all kinds of interests, tendencies and habits. Sometimes they find each other again and try anew to climb the narrow path which must lead them back to that difficult road on high. But soon they stray again, because they lack the steady, serious determination, to show each other the way with God's help.

Many people go on living this way together, without mutual understanding or love. They're like horses in a team, in which the strongest one chooses its track and pulls the other along, until finally the latter forcefully bears up and pulls apart the harness it has been tugging at for so long and goes its own way, free at last.

Never try to lead such a team, André, because it can only keep onto the right track of its own free will. 'Oh, you people, use all your human intellect and ask yourselves whether your own road will lead to God's Throne or whether you must admit to yourself that it's not the road He has shown to you. And when you are united in pure love, then may God, who laid this love into your hearts and joined your hands together with His blessing, forbid that you depart of your own free will from the road He showed you, because the day you arrive on our side you will find your heavenly path to be even more beautiful than the worldly one, and it will guide you to your Heavenly home.

Love each other with holy, pure love. Be each other's support and consolation, trust each other and follow the road which is strewn with the flowers of your love. That is God's will, and the spirits will cheer when they see such a happy human couple that enter Summerland side by side.'

Now take another look at that happy trio that was allowed to come together here, André.

The young man's father has withdrawn for the time being and will soon

take him back to his physical body on earth. We'll await this moment at some distance and then follow them to see how he will get back to earth.

God's great mercy on people like him, who have been left behind in deep sorrow, enables them to stay close to their loved ones in this way and to maintain their inner contact, although they are unaware of this. Yet it remains their spiritual possession.

So much more lies dormant within a person, of which he is not aware. These powers and phenomena are subject to study and close examination by parapsychologists on earth.

Many spiritists believe that everything is based on the influence of spirits, but there are many things that have a deeper cause, such as the Divine mercy of togetherness in Summerland.

Here everyone can find happiness, those who love the mountains as well as those who prefer the wide plains. You can see what a beautiful land this is. At a later stage we will visit the interior of the heavenly houses.' 'Oh, Alcar, I can hardly wait for that to happen! I'd be so happy to visit your house!'

Alcar smiled.

'Not only my house, I will show to you everything I possess. But have a little patience, my boy, there's still so much to see. We'll examine everything bit by bit so that I can pursue your development.

The beauty of our house in the spheres is in complete harmony with our inner being. The higher its level, the more sublime the beauty of our surroundings.

You're not able to picture this in your mind yet, and I advise you not to think about it, as none of your images would resemble the real thing.

In keeping with the Divine laws man shall reap what he sows. That's another thing you can't point out often enough to your fellow men. And keep on instilling it into their minds that social standing or position had nothing to do with all this.

Even if you were born in a shack, you can still build yourself a mansion in the spheres while you're on earth.'

'It looks a bit like the Alps here, Alcar, and yet it isn't cold.'

'You would feel cold in the dark spheres though, that's somewhere we'll go to later on. There's also deep darkness.'

'Here I find everything sacred, Alcar. I would love to stay here.'

'I'm sure you would, my boy. But that must wait till later. Nature sings its song here and everything breathes peace and quiet. Here you feel how much God loves man and how infinitely good He is towards him. Here, in His Garden of Life, man is one with Him. Do you think I'm exaggerating, my son? Isn't it a garden of life? The piece I gave you, with all those flowers in eternal splendour, was a small portrayal of this. The person who arrives here

after a life well-spent and who sets foot in this sanctuary will feel unspeakably happy.’

‘These spirits are about to pray, Alcar.’

‘Yes, they feel the need to thank God for this great mercy.’

‘Oh, Alcar, if the people on earth could see this I’m sure they would begin to live as God wants them to.’ ‘Certainly, my son, but they must reach that stage without having seen all this, because the Divine Spark, which makes them feel the difference between good and evil, is present in every person.

Let us pray too, my boy. I’m sure you also feel that need, don’t you?’

‘Yes, Alcar.’

‘Then come over here, close to the beautiful flowers that bear God’s life within.

Look at the magnificent violet-blue colour this flower has. It looks as if it’s lying in a haze.’

Alcar took the flower between his hands and knelt down. André knelt before him and looked at him. In this sacred moment he sensed that his leader, who was giving him and teaching him so much in great simplicity, was spiritually even higher than he made out to be.

‘Listen, André, and try to understand me.’

Alcar bowed his head and directed his gaze at the beautiful flower, and he spoke:

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‘This is a spiritual flower which grows and blossoms only by the grace of God. It exists in all things and feels its God in everything, to be one with God, to be surrounded by everything that is God. Enveloped by God’s love it will live, it will blossom, it will be beautiful, and in keeping with God’s sanctifying intention, it will fathom infinite depths and enframe infinite vistas. It senses God’s great Omnipotence in everything, and will therefore retain this colour and this splendour in all eternity. It resembles the ancients, restored to youthful strength, it raises itself in this wisdom during the course of its life. But it will perceive any intention to destroy it and protect itself and triumph, because it gives love and is one with God.

Flower of the grave, living atom of the spheres, may God protect your splendour, your colour and your inner feeling. Glittering rays will light up your life with a heavenly glow. By the Light of the Creator man will try to know your light, and above all your feelings for God. Live, my flower, live. Lay your fragrance, your colour and your power on spiritual streams, and guide and strengthen man with your wisdom. Give your light, your power and the glow you bear within to many a person, so that they too may become attuned to all that surrounds them. Let the poor who come to you and must,

alas, return to earth again, partake of your possessions. Give them your love and your sweet fragrance which strengthens them, and mingle your light with theirs.

Oh, help man in his grievous pain, because he got lost in falling debris. He comes staggering towards you, looking for healing and strength. His surroundings make him suffer, so don't let him call out in vain. Only the power, the spirituality of the person can help him. Oh, give him this support. You endure and know, you possess and feel God's sacred power in everything. May it strengthen us all. Amen.'

Alcar let go of the flower and André saw tears in his eyes.

'I prayed for you too, my boy.'

André felt an even greater stillness around him, and a mighty power within. This prayer had given him strength. He thought it over deeply. Man could become one with everything. Man's surroundings made him suffer, also because of his ignorance. 'He comes staggering towards you.' He felt what Alcar had meant with those words. Man must fall and get up again in his earthly life. Either grief and sorrow would make him rise, or his spirituality would do it. This must be the spiritual power in man.

These thoughts went through his mind like a flash. Man could be one with everything and then he wouldn't have to suffer as much.

'That's it, André. Man can be one with everything if he wants to and if he lets his divine feeling reveal itself. He must live as he should, and be one with God in everything.'

'You caught my thoughts again, Alcar.' 'So I did, my boy.'

This spiritual flower senses me. I prayed by means of it. This flower bears and possesses the life that God put into everything. We can attune to this. To be one with that life. Do you feel what I mean? Give this some thought when you're back on earth.

Come on, we're going back to the spot where we were just now. I've got another surprise for you. Look, there's someone coming over whom you know.'

André looked at the figure that Alcar pointed out to him and he cried out: 'Auntie, auntie!' He ran towards her and put his arms around her neck and embraced her tightly. 'Oh, auntie, what a surprise, what a blessing!' 'Why didn't you tell me before, Alcar?'

'I told you on our last journey, André, but you forgot. You stay with auntie now. I'll come back to fetch you shortly. In the meantime I've got some other matters to attend to.' Within a few moments Alcar had disappeared.

André couldn't say anything, this blessing had come too unexpectedly and he felt overwhelmed. How good Alcar was. He gave him nothing but love. He would go through fire for him. Alcar never thought of himself, always

of others. He never put himself in the foreground, he always made himself known through love and did everything for others.

‘Look at me, my boy.’

‘Oh auntie, forgive me, I was thinking of my dear leader, he’s so good to me.’

‘Look André, I’m no longer old and ugly.’

‘No, auntie, you’re beautiful.’

André wept with emotion. Here before his very eyes stood his mother’s dear sister whom he had seen depart from the earth. She was alive, she was beautiful, young and happy, and everything that surrounded her was pure and charming.

‘Come on, auntie, tell me a bit about yourself. I’m so curious and I don’t know what to ask you first or where to start. Everything is so unexpected, so great, so mighty. You’re alive, you’re happy, you’re beautiful and young. Even more beautiful than when I saw you leave your body.’

André told her everything he had perceived when she passed on from the earth.

‘Everything is just as you saw it, it’s all real. My parents, my sister and my brother came to fetch me. I’m with my father and my mother in the fourth sphere. My sister and my brother are already in a higher sphere. They arrived there as angels after they left the earth.’

‘How did you know that my leader and I would be here?’

‘That’s very simple, André. Your leader sent his thoughts out to me, which I’m already able to pick up. I felt it too and I saw you from my house. I have an instrument there which enables me to perceive the things I wish to see, and that’s how I saw you and your leader coming. I knew long beforehand that we would see each other again. Oh, there is so much I have to tell you, my boy, but our present meeting will only be short. You will be back later on during your life on earth and then I’ll show you everything I possess. Tell your father and mother that I’m alive and happy and that I’ve got a house of my own which I already built during my earthly life. Oh, André, those first moments after waking up in the spheres. When I woke up and saw all that beauty, when everything smiled at me and I knew that I hadn’t lived my life on earth in vain, then I knelt down to thank God. There’s a lot I’ve already seen and learnt. I got work too. I was given a beautiful task which I wanted to accomplish when I was on earth, but I never got a chance down there.’

‘What kind of work, auntie?’

‘I’m looking after spiritual children, André, and I’m bringing them up with love. That’s my task.’

‘Oh, that’s beautiful! I’ll tell mum and dad everything. Especially that life after death can be so beautiful and how young and happy you are.’

‘You do that and don’t forget to give them my blessing.

Do you know who your leader is, André?’

‘No, auntie, I don’t know yet, but I do know that he possesses a great love and that he loves all mankind.’

‘You sensed that correctly, you’re under excellent guidance. He, who is constantly at your side and who is instructing you spiritually, is a spirit of love who is honoured here everywhere. Be strong and persevere in goodness. It will grant you spiritual happiness.

What a treasure a person can possess when he unites with all this beauty, with life everlasting. This is something one possesses forever, and it’s sacred and true. Oh, I’m so happy. Here I can give myself as I am deep down. Here I’m understood. Here love prevails, here all is one and everyone is happy.’

‘When you awoke, did you know where you were?’

‘Yes, I woke up in my own house, André. Those first moments after my birth in the Hereafter were grafted into my soul for all eternity. They are indescribable. When I awoke and saw all that beauty around me, and all those flowers in a multitude of colours, when I saw and felt eternal life in everything, I kept on weeping, I wept with happiness, because I felt that the place I had been brought to from the earth was my very own possession. And I thanked God and begged Him to grant this great blessing to all spirits. Afterwards I was overcome with a deep sense of pity for all those who had to stay behind on earth.

Rejoice, André, rejoice when someone passes on who loved God while he was on earth. Look at me and feel how happy I am, now I have discarded my material body. So rejoice when such a person passes on and don’t be sad, because we’re a thousand times better off than those who mourn us. Our passing on should be seen as a journey to a higher place, and people should try to prepare themselves to set out shortly on this journey for the eternal land, and they should make sure to be received with joy by happy spirits.

Tell everyone how holy everything is here, André.’

‘I promise, auntie.’

‘Look, there’s your leader, you must leave now. Our meeting didn’t last long. Be strong, André. You will keep on returning here. Again and again, so you’ll be able to give the earth a great deal.

By the way, do you know that you are an exceptionally gifted boy?’

‘Yes, auntie, I know, and I’ll never abuse my gifts.’

‘And later on, André, when it pleases God to break off your lifethread too, you will come here and we will be together forever. Isn’t that true, brother Alcar?’

‘Auntie, you know Alcar?’

‘Who doesn’t, André! Where love is needed, he can be found.’

André looked at Alcar in humble admiration and felt very insignificant compared to these two spirits. Auntie already knew so much more than he did after the short time she had been in the spheres. Where did she pick up this knowledge? How could she get to know this in so short a time?

Alcar read his thoughts again and asked: 'Does my son think it strange that a spirit who is in the light knows? Auntie went through the gate, my boy.'

André understood.

Auntie embraced him and kissed him. And they both thanked God for this reunion.

'And now it's goodbye until we meet again, André.'

He wanted to add something, but auntie had already left.

'I would have liked to ask her just one more thing, Alcar.'

'In the higher regions people act immediately. This has to do with order and harmony. Here no-one lingers on after a decision has been made. But come on, the young man whom we want to follow is already on his way to earth.'

André cast a last glance on everything he could behold in Summerland.

'I would love to be one with the little birds again for just a short moment, Alcar. Haven't we got time for that?'

'No, my boy, later. We mustn't lose any more time now.'

'But I find it so hard to part with this bliss, Alcar. I hardly can.'

'Then I'll use my will to give you the strength you need. Is it better now?'

When the temporarily disembodied spirit arrives here and sees and feels eternity, parting is always hard for him. But don't be sad. In time we will pay the higher regions frequent visits, and you will behold more than you have seen up to now. I promise you that this will happen soon.'

'Alcar, I don't want to be ungrateful, but parting from Summerland is harder for me than the farewell to all the other things you have shown to me. Everything is holding me back here, everything is alive here, everything means blissfulness. Who wouldn't feel a constant yearning for this!'

They left Summerland, and slowly its light grew dimmer. They were both withdrawn and floated towards the earth in silence.

André's thoughts were with all the things he had been allowed to behold: the birds, the flowers, nature, the valley, the mountains, the houses, his aunt. It made his mind reel and he couldn't break free from it all.

'Is it that hard for you to leave this place, André?'

These tender words his leader spoke warmed his heart and tears welled up in his eyes. He took Alcar's hand in his and pressed it lovingly.

'Yes, Alcar, it's very hard indeed. I would gladly do without all the treasures in the world for all this, for this great blessing, even for the sake of a

royal crown.’

‘I believe you, André. Worldly treasures can’t be compared to heavenly goods.’

‘I would gladly die, Alcar, yes, gladly, now that I have set foot in Summerland. I honestly mean what I’m saying, and from the bottom of my heart I say: I want to die for this, Alcar, young though I am. I would have gladly remained there but I feel that this is not yet to be. But I will give as much love as I can to the people on earth, so that I may live in this holy sphere later on. I will work for that goal, Alcar.’

‘Yet there are thousands of people who cling to the earthly life, who hang on to the last threads of life in order not to die and cling to this frenetically, because they are afraid of passing on.’

Whatever they call their own on earth, entire continents even could never be compared to the beauty the spirits possess who live in Summerland or in other happy spheres.

Now store everything you saw in your heart. It will give you strength for your daily life. Do your work with love for God and for your fellow men, and you will see the value and the purpose of everything, and you will know how to accomplish life on earth. Remain superior to all material things, since you know what awaits you after you pass on.

All the happiness the earth can present you with cannot be compared to what you experienced during this short time. These moments have an infinitely higher value, my boy.

The worldly person doesn’t want to see himself as he really is, and yet one day he must. Only then will he begin to work on his spiritual level. That’s where we want to help him. That’s why we come to earth. We want to open up his soul so he’ll feel this himself. But he still rejects us when we approach him full of love, and he doesn’t want to give us a hearing either. And yet we live for him and we feel his worries, his sorrow and his grief. But he doesn’t understand that we are all around him, that we want to lend him support and help him in everything.

I’ll tell you something that’s closely related.

In the days when I still frequently came to earth to find out how man acts in his ignorance, my attention was drawn to a family consisting of a man, woman and two boys. The father owned a business and worked day and night for his family. But when the boys got to the age of nine and seven he suddenly passed on.

The business was still in its infancy, and it was a big shock to the poor mother when her husband passed on so unexpectedly. It was a terrible time for her. Yet she gave her best and kept on working on the things they had built up together. This went on for some years. The boys grew up successfully

and reached the age of sixteen and fourteen. The business prospered and even expanded.

At that stage the mother told her children: 'If only your father could have witnessed this!'

She wasn't aware that her husband, who loved them all so much, was influencing them, and that the business had flourished so well due to the impact he had on them.

He was in constant, direct contact with his eldest son without anybody being aware of it. So everything happened through his will. This enabled the father to help his loved ones, and he gave them support from the spiritual realm. He quietly surrounded them with his great love, and the time will come for him to receive his reward. I would therefore like to tell all mankind: Seek contact with those who have preceded you. They live beyond the veil and will keep on loving you and supporting you.

Now we're going to look for the young man, André.'

'How will we find him, Alcar?'

'That's very simple. The power of our thoughts will take us to the spot where he is, as we have a clear image of the place in our minds. The only thing we must take care of is to hold on to that image. Do you feel what I mean?'

'Yes, Alcar, I understand.'

They came closer and closer to the earth and had soon reached its sphere.

'I must concentrate more intensely now, my son, because it isn't very easy to penetrate the earth's aura. It's coarser than that of the higher regions.'

They arrived on the earth and once more passed straight through lots of houses without experiencing any hindrance. 'Look, my boy, there he is.'

André noticed that they were in a bedroom again, and that the man whom he had seen in Summerland was lying peacefully asleep. There was nothing about him to show that his spirit had left the body that night.

The intelligence who had taken him to Summerland stood beside the bed and made magnetic stroking movements over his body. This spirit saw them as soon as they entered and greeted them in a friendly way.

After he had finished the treatment Alcar spoke with him and then he moved away.

'This spirit will be returning soon, André. He is his son's protector.'

After sorrow and fatigue had sent him to sleep last night, his father came to fetch him and take him along to his wife and his child, something he had already been permitted to experience on various occasions because of his deep love for them. When he wakes up in a little while he will remember quite a lot, but he'll think that he dreamt it all and he'll be amazed that he saw his wife and child surrounded by beautiful flowers.

Yet not all dreams are fantasies, as you have noticed.

When someone is aware of this, and on awakening his mind is filled with thoughts of those he lost, then the deep sorrow will ease off considerably, and he can be sure that he was in the spheres during the night. The pain in his soul will then turn into a quiet longing.

After his return to earth he will always carry within what his spirit consciously experienced in the Hereafter, and so the supernal happiness which he was granted can release him from much suffering, even if he is generally unaware of this. That is why he will not easily accept this holy truth. The material human being can't easily picture himself in spiritual situations. Do you feel what I mean, André? If he focussed his thoughts on the things which occupy his mind in the morning, so consciously get through to him, and let them ascend from out of his subconscious, then he will remember a lot and become aware of the subconscious. It will make him more sensitive and his life will differ from that of the coarsely material human being. He will make spiritual progress.

Can you follow me, André?

'Yes, Alcar, I think it is beautiful and yet it's so simple.'

'All spiritual truths spring from the source of simplicity, my boy. Everything God created is marked by simplicity. Everything is simple when it is seen through spiritual eyes. But man acts, sees and compares everything from a material point of view and he will be hindered by matter.

But his innermost depth contains the holy Spark of God which nobody can take from him and which attunes him to God and which he must use to test, feel and see through everything.

It will gradually further his development, and he will sense the marvellous power he can possess. The intuition that is attuned to his subconscious will then emerge and raise this to awareness. His spiritual attunement will make him consciously feel everything in all its existential forms. You must try to understand me, my boy, because it's very difficult for you to become one with what I'm driving at. I want to show you how far down this truth usually lies buried in man's soul, and how easily a person can lose everything he received during the night while he was disembodied. Even a sensitive person has great trouble when he awakens to retain what his spirit experienced during the night.

The spiritual rapport lies deeply hidden in man's soul, but one day this feeling will come forth, develop, and possess great power. Then man will shed light, he will give love and follow God's commandments. Then he will no longer be subjected to evil.

Do you understand how difficult it is to let this feeling emerge, since it is ruled by material intuition?

This is a problem which preoccupies science too, but only spiritual intuition and attunement to the Divine can tackle it. It will inspire man to travel the right track that will lead him to the truth.

This is what man needs in order to sense things that he cannot see.

Is this clear to you, my boy?’

‘Yes, Alcar, I understand you perfectly.’

‘Good, then try to digest it all deep-down.

We’re far from your home here, André. Yet you could be back in your body and awake again within seconds. We can move about, take any action or do our work with the speed of our thoughts. We could also, if we wanted to, go through the earth to reach your body, go straight through the earth, because that presents no problems to us either. It would enable us to see what lives and works in the bowels of the earth.

There is still so much, such an indescribable amount of things which should interest man, and which can make him progress if he looks up to God who rules everything and created everything. And if there are people who long for this wisdom and want to enrich themselves spiritually, would God let them yearn in vain? No, my boy, never.

In His unspeakable Love for all his children He has allowed us, spirits who have shed their bodies, to help man in everything that will make him and us rise spiritually.

We want to bring people to places where happiness, harmony and love prevail for all eternity. We want to make them one with everything which God created. This will further the earth and make its light shine more brightly and in more beautiful colours.

Look, my boy, we didn’t even notice: we have landed on the spot where your material body is lying.’

André was back in his room. It was six o’clock in the morning.

‘Now life will be easier for you to bear again, because everything you were permitted to behold in Summerland this past night will stay in your memory and strengthen you. Now we say goodbye, my son. We will have to part for a short while.’

Alcar released him again from his strong will power and withdrew his fluid from him.

But before André returned into his material casing they thanked God for everything they had been allowed to receive during this journey.

‘Now you must be strong, son, and capable of bearing everything.’ These moments were always the hardest, having to say farewell to his beloved leader who had by now become his brother and his most faithful friend.

‘I’ll do my best, Alcar, my very best, just as you want me to.’

He felt himself rising and then descending. Then he awoke with a start

and immediately remembered the beautiful journey together with Alcar to Summerland.

Later on he told his parents what he had been allowed to experience during the night, and they were delighted at their boy's happiness and were grateful that their dear sister was permitted to live in such a high, pure sphere.

André returned to his earthly life again, enriched with new wisdom, with new impressions from the life after physical death.

The journey had done him good. All the worries, all the sorrow and everything that had weighed him down had been taken off his shoulders, cast off by the blessed influence of Summerland. He could work again and was prepared to take on the most cumbersome task that lay on his path. Deep-down he thanked God simply and humbly for everything he had been allowed to receive through Alcar, his beloved leader and master.

He will always take care to remain a good instrument, open only to the things on high.

He keeps his eyes directed towards God and prays for help and support for every human being.

Alcar, his leader, a spirit of love, calls out to you through him:

'Your dead are alive!

They live on our side, in the land of eternal love and eternal peace.

You must not stop them in their evolution towards higher spheres, because they cannot reach them if they are constantly drawn back to the earth by those they leave behind and keep on mourning them.

You must therefore think of them as loved ones whom you have indeed lost, but whom you will see again some day'

End (of Part 1)

Volume 2

Preface (to Volume 2)

Dear Reader,

Many readers of 'A View into the Hereafter' asked me to tell a bit more about Alcar and André, because they are really grateful for all the proof of a life after the material death, which Alcar gave them, as a result of which they are completely convinced that one day they will see their dearly departed again.

I would really like to comply with this request, because Alcar still helps André with everything, which can bring mankind onto the path of Spiritualism, which will take it to 'Father's house with many dwellings'.

He will still continue to guide him and give him the battle to fight, which he needs in order to be a willing instrument for high Intelligences, because Alcar and his people - all of them Spirits of Love - want nothing more than to see all the suffering and all the sorrow on this Earth changed into great happiness.

André feels what a sacred task was placed on his shoulders. He wants to continue to devote himself to that with all his love and still hopes to be able to receive spiritual support, in order to be worthy of the contact with the higher World of Spirits. He understands that when his time for passing on has come, upon his arrival in the Spheres it will appear whether he used his gifts completely for the benefit of mankind or not.

God gave him the strength for that!

Love is life.

Love is the most, the most sacred thing of all.

Love is eternal happiness in the life after the material death.

The Hague, October, 1935.

J. R.

Yearning for God

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

Dematerialization

In the first volume of this book we read how André's mediumistic gifts were gradually developed by Alcar, his spiritual leader. For quite some time André had longed to perform dark séances. However, he was told to be patient and first learn more about the occult sciences.

So he quietly awaited the moment when Alcar would summon him. And he felt overjoyed when, after some time, he received permission to begin with the dark sessions and to watch the phenomena which his own power would bring about.

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

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

What a revelation this was to him! He felt an enormous gratitude for the ability bestowed on him to convince people also in this way, and through his own powers, that life goes on beyond the grave. Soon he and some friends formed a circle, and Alcar told them that they should all be patient, and peacefully and submissively await the things that lay ahead. Several sessions went by before the first phenomena appeared. These consisted ofappings, which were heard sometimes on furniture and walls, but mostly on the megaphone which had been placed on a small table in the middle of the room. The tapping sounds were followed by apports. Flowers were taken out of a vase and laid on the laps of those present. And the keys of a closed piano were struck.

Phenomena of this kind kept on occurring, on some evenings there would be more than on others. Yet André neither heard nor saw any of these things, because the gramophone music which had to be played to obtain the direct-voices would immediately send him into a trance, and he never awoke until after the séance. But he accepted this patiently too, and he felt happy when he learned that everyone had enjoyed a beautiful evening.

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

One evening, when the 'trumpet' was once again floating about in the air, Alcar was asked if 'he' (between brackets in first edition: his name was not be pronounced while he was in trance) was permitted to see this. And Alcar

complied by letting him awake from his trance.

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

What a sensation that was!

It suddenly swept sharply through the room and made a circling movement in order to land on the floor beside him. A cold shiver went through him.

He saw how it kept on descending and then he fell into a trance again.

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

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

Great was their amazement when they saw that André was quietly asleep in his chair again, as if nothing had happened to him. He was still in a trance. After the session, when he was told what had occurred to him, he tried to crawl underneath the little table, which he couldn't manage as there was far too little space between the rungs and the floor. He asked Alcar what had happened to him and was told that he had been levitated and had partly dematerialized.

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

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

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

André was immediately willing to lend a hand. He said goodbye to his

friend and went inside to get a stick of some kind. He soon reappeared, armed with a piece of gaspipe and a broom to try and raise the bicycle through the gap in the entrance, and he accompanied the ladies to their house, where he immediately set to work. But try as he might to squeeze either the broomstick or the gaspipe through the narrow gap, the experiment wouldn't succeed, since both objects proved to be too thick. Finally the door began to crack ominously, causing the ladies to fear that it might split apart. Alarmed by the noise, the neighbours came to see what was happening, and André asked them if he could reach the back of the ladies' house via theirs, which turned out to be impossible. Nonetheless, they had to try and enter.

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

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

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

Finally, after having run in and out of several streets, he found himself in front of his own home again, where he was brought to a standstill. How strange this all was! He felt like a clockwork that had first been wound and then stopped again by some unknown force. Yet he understood that this must be the power and the will of one of his spiritual helpers, who were in control of this process, even though he couldn't see anyone, nor Alcar, nor another spirit. But he knew it wasn't Alcar, because he could always distinguish the latter's influence from those of all other intelligences.

All the dashing and running had made him feel quite hungry, and again

he heard Alcar's voice saying: 'Eat, André, eat, until you've had your fill.'

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

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

He suddenly felt scared.

Once again he heard Alcar's voice: 'André, don't worry. You're in my hands.' The words moved him deeply. This was his Alcar! Alcar, the spirit of love, replying to his unuttered thoughts. He had been allowed to experience this so often. Alcar knew him, knew everything about him, and had more ways than one to reach him. And the most beautiful thing of all, the strongest evidence of Alcar's love, were the answers to his unspoken thoughts. He always cherished this, and it surprised him each time anew.

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

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

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

André had to laugh. Him a devil, whatever next! 'Do you think this is something to laugh about?' the other lady asked. 'We screamed our heads off, so fierce, that everywhere windows were opened. They must have thought that someone was being murdered. Please tell us what this was all about. Otherwise we won't sleep a wink tonight. You suddenly disappeared before our eyes, opened the door from the inside, ignored us and ran into the street as if the devil were on your heels and you were scared of us.'

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

In this case I was the medium, and by no means a devil, as you feared.

What happened was just as much a surprise to me. After all, you couldn't exactly call this kind of phenomenon an everyday event.

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

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

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

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

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

His first thoughts were with the two ladies, and he immediately remembered what had happened the previous evening. He naturally told his parents all about it. They had already experienced many miraculous things with their son, but never had they heard of anything like this before.

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

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

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

Poor, poor mortals! When will you awaken? You who have experienced a miracle of this kind, think it over. It was a lesson to you which God gave that you may awaken. No more need for you to remain a doubting Thomas, because you received proof. 'Awaken, you who are asleep, and arise from the dead', our common Master calls out to you, because countless human lives are wasted on earth due to man's spiritual sleep, and so many lives are lived in vain. So wake up and think about your eternal happiness, your eternal spiritual welfare. Material death is the transition to the spiritual world, birth into the spheres of the Hereafter. Open your eyes and behold. Your time is precious because your earthly end is approaching and then you will be left staring blindly, spiritually blind, into Eternity, into eternal life.

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

'Listen, my boy', he said, 'our dark sessions served to bring about dematerialization and must be seen as a preliminary investigation. Some of my friends were involved in this, and one of them is an intelligence who calls himself 'Physica'. This spirit, 'Physica', who studied mathematics and physics on earth and received a doctorate with distinction in chemistry, has continued his research since he arrived in the spheres. He has been in our midst for

about thirty years now, and he was the one who took charge of the phenomenon that happened yesterday evening. It deserves our full attention, as he can link up with the cosmos in order to extract the powers which was necessary for this event.

I will now explain to you the main things which your body experienced. When you didn't manage to open the door more than a few inches, we put you into a semi-trance. This was the moment you unwittingly stuck your left hand through the gap, while you kept hold of the door knob with your right hand. This built up the contact which enabled us to link up.

In an dark session we would have done things in a completely different way. These meetings must always be held in soft, dark-red light, otherwise the ectoplasm that links us up with the medium would dissolve. Now there were various opposing forces which we had to take into account. However, 'Physica' had made his calculations in advance to ensure that your body would suffer no permanent disturbance.

After dematerialization had taken place we noticed some irregularities in your blood circulation, and in order to correct that we used our strong will power and our concentration to make you run up and down a few streets. During our journeys to Summerland and other spheres you experienced how strong these powers can be, and consequently all you could do was to carry out what we required of you. After all that running and dashing about, you suddenly developed an abnormal appetite. This proved that we had surpassed your normal energy consumption. You felt exhausted, although this only concerned your active consciousness, not your total source of energy.

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

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

So we used up more power than you normally have at your disposal, and your physical body reacted strongly to this. Hence your feeling of exhaustion. But a good meal and the necessary rest soon made up for the spent energy. Then, while you were lying in bed, we got the chance to relax your nervous system with the help of cosmic rays. You urgently needed this, because the slightest disturbance would have harmed your body, especially your heart, which, as you will recall, was beating madly at the time. This treatment was also intended to stabilize your blood pressure, as it kept on fluctuating be-

tween high and low. You probably remember how you felt terribly hot at first and then cold, and finally your temperature returned to normal again. The sudden feeling you had of drying out after that heavy spell of perspiration was caused by the cosmic ray treatment which we carried out to nourish your body.

Until now the people of your earth don't know how to make use of these most profitable forces. However, the day will come when science turns to nature to extract all these healing forces. Countless powers still lie hidden in the universe which, as I told you before, will be given to man if science is willing to turn to the eternal realm of the spirits. Universal consciousness must be roused, but before man can open up the cosmic reservoir, he must first develop his intuition and learn to understand. Only then will man be capable of utilizing the blessed power within the cosmic rays to nourish a sick body. Not until the scholars of the earth humbly bow their heads will intelligences from the higher areas fill them with inspiration and establish the link. Only then will cancer and tuberculosis cease to exist, because nature alone is capable of helping them to suppress these dreaded diseases.

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

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

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

Know, my boy, that all knowledge is life, and means Love in all her appearances. And all of life will have to be experienced in harmony, because

cosmic disharmony is spiritually impossible, since God is Love and His Creation is perfect.

After we had nourished your body with cosmic rays, you felt my hands magnetizing you. You needed my vital fluid to get some restful sleep.

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

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

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

Rest assured that we know why and for what reasons we come to you. I allowed you to hold sessions in the dark. Once again: not for our sake, but for yours. To increase your powers? No, once and for all: to nip your longing in the bud. You, my boy, you have a different, a more beautiful task. We have other things in mind for you than to let you become a puppet in the hands of those who have nothing else to do. The task which has been assigned to you is a very very sacred one. You must therefore be humble and quiet, and

let the influence of the Holy Spirit take effect on you. Your task concerns the spirit. That's why we want to show you the most beautiful, the most sacred part of all your gifts. It's true, we can't do without physical mediumships on earth, but there are already enough mediums who possess this power. There are thousands of them, you can find them in every town, every village. We could develop them along various lines if we wanted to. But would that get us any further? There's enough excitement on earth as it is. But would this help us along? Even the very first tappings, these simple phenomena, were too profound to be grasped by science. And yet these tappings will forever remain the most important phenomenon in the history of mankind. These simple tapping sounds were clearly audible as direct-voices for those willing to listen. And thousands did, and they became convinced of the continuous existence of life after physical death.

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

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

I wanted to guard you from this kind of mediumship, which doesn't lead to eternal light, even if it has its beauty and its purpose. Your path is a completely different one. You will accompany me on my visits to the spheres, and there you will behold things which can only be seen with spiritual eyes. I will develop you according to the spirit, and this will soon, up above, lend substance to your happiness, your love and your eternal light if you ask God for wisdom, strength and love.'

In keeping with Alcar's wish, André sent a few prominent spiritualists to the two ladies to learn from them about the miracle they had witnessed, with the intent to have it mentioned in some magazine. It might rouse others. But the ladies had gone back to sleep again. They had gone to see their clergyman and he had told them that they were not to meddle with such sorcery. It was all the devil's doings. Then André asked Alcar what he should do now. And

he got the reply: 'Nothing, my boy, nothing at all. You realize how people cannot be convinced if their time has not yet come.

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

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

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

How Alcar watched over a young life

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

‘That’s strange’, he thought. ‘Whatever could be the matter with her? Only yesterday evening she was playing happily in her little chair.’ He could make head nor tail of it, but he naturally took care to be at his friend’s home at the appointed time.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He laid both hands on her little head, although she did her very best to prevent him from doing so.

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

While he was busy magnetizing her he went into a trance, but in this

condition he was merely able to perceive a dark-grey haze on the right side of her head. Alcar informed him that he had seen correctly, and that he should treat the little one again in a quarter of an hour. This made him realize that she must be very ill indeed.

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

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

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

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

What did this all mean? Was this grey haze the illness? Why give her two treatments in such rapid succession?

Fortunately Alcar didn’t keep him waiting in his anxiety for long. ‘Just you help, son’, he heard in a whisper, ‘later on it will all become clear to you.’

The second treatment he gave the little girl was even more intensive than the first one, and he also fervently beseeched God to give Alcar the power to save this young life. He continued this prayer during the entire treatment, and meanwhile he also attempted to transfer the illness to his own body, which he always succeeded in. He gradually absorbed all the painful spots, and afterwards he was able to diagnose the illness through clairvoyance.

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

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

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

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

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

to the swelling. Whatever could that be, André?’

In a flash he heard the words: ‘Tell him it’s a cold that has now broken through.’ He passed this message on to his friend, who felt slightly relieved.

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

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

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

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

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

In these words was a terrible truth hidden. Yet he kept a grip on himself in order to calmly magnetize the child with the help of Jacques and Nel.

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

‘Is there any danger?’ Nel asked.

‘No’, André replied, ‘fortunately there’s no danger involved. Let’s just be happy that that coldness has been released.’

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

His first thoughts went to the child, how terribly sick she was. The night had gone by and nobody had called for him. It was strange. It made him feel anxious. Hadn’t he been listening properly this time, and then done something wrong? But surely that was impossible. He had never doubted Alcar’s words before. So why should he now? Had he been justified to go to sleep? What might have happened during the night! How could he ever

justify his behaviour? Had he really given enough care and attention to his friends' greatest treasure? They must have slept through the night too, since they weren't aware of any danger. How could he have been so heedless to keep the child out of the doctor's hands! It was irresponsible, and he would have to change a great deal if he really wanted to become a loving instrument for higher intelligences. What should he do next? Go over to Jacques and Nel? But it was still very early. Wouldn't just that make them realize how seriously ill their sweetheart was? No, this was out of the question. He was engulfed by an intense feeling of sadness. How could he ever make up for this? He beseeched God to forgive him, and he prayed: 'Father, I fervently want to serve You as a true instrument. So let this be a lesson to me, Father, one of life's deep lessons.' He already pictured his friends brokenhearted with sorrow. They had lost what they cherished most on earth, and it was all his fault. Plunged in grief for the rest of their life. And whom would this hurt most? Alcar of course. He had cut him out completely, due to his unforgivable negligence. Who would still believe in his Alcar, whose instrument had now proved to be a failure? Oh, how fearful he was. And where was his leader now? Didn't he sense his sorrow? He always used to console him whenever he was sad and troubled. So why didn't he do so right now?

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

If only he could see something! Maybe he had already forfeited his gifts. How poor that would make him. Poorer than the poorest, who have nothing to eat, because what does lack of money and goods mean compared to spiritual poverty? Time and again Alcar had pointed out to him that worldly riches could never match spiritual, eternal property. What is earthly gold worth, compared to spiritual possession? What do worldly things mean, compared to his gifts? Nothing at all. He would rather starve himself than do without his gifts, his spiritual gold, his eternal gem, in which the spheres twinkle in all their splendour and all their beauty. And now he might have destroyed Alcar's work, his task of healing the inhabitants of the earth and convincing them that life continues forever on a higher level of existence.

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

God had granted him the mercy of working for spiritualism, and of helping and consoling suffering fellow human beings with his gifts. He was allowed to support those who had had to part with loved ones, by pointing out to them that death means life. He was permitted to heal the sick, and to visit the spheres as an earthling. But was he really convinced of the magnitude of all this? Had its sanctity really got through to him? Did he realize that he

could never express enough love towards Alcar, who had left the earth centuries ago and who knew infinitely more than he did?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

How quiet everything had turned around him! It seemed to be the same peace and quiet which had prevailed in Summerland at the time he and his spiritual leader had entered there.

The silence intensified, and after a while he seemed to hear the breath of life. It did him good. It calmed him down and made his nerves relax. His anxiety ebbed away and his head felt lighter. A pleasant feeling flowed through him. How was this possible! He thought he heard a sound above

his head. It seemed as if words were being whispered. It sounded melodious to him. Like music that drifted towards him on the wind; heavenly music that made him feel happy. He couldn't recall the state of fear he had been in some moments ago. Where had that miserable feeling gone to? His feeling of happiness increased even more. What was happening to him? The walls of his room disappeared before his eyes and made way for a vast, sunny, mountainous landscape. He saw trees with dark and light-coloured crowns. There was a large pond right in front of him, with lots of birds such as he had never seen before, splashing about in the water. Around the pond an abundance of fragrant flowers bloomed in magnificent hues, with a splendour unequalled on earth, while a path wound its way along that heavenly garden of flowers and across the entire mountain landscape; it stretched as far as the eye could see, all the way to the horizon. There it vanished from sight.

He looked around inquiringly, but there wasn't a human being to be seen.

What a pity that no-one lived here; they would have been so happy amidst all that beauty, in this Divine garden of life, just like the one Alcar had already shown him some time ago.

An abundance of harmony, of glorious peace and quiet spread out across this golden, sunlit landscape!

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

The figure came closer and closer. Now it stopped and reverently took some flowers in its hands. The lonely figure stood there for a while and did exactly what he had once seen Alcar do. So this person also loved flowers and the life that was present in everything. Would this person be able to sense life in all things, just as Alcar could?

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

Now he could make out the white garment more clearly. The sunlight

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

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

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

Could it be the stranger's aura, which was stronger and more beautiful than his? Was his light not allowed to link up with that of the other? Perhaps it bounced off? All his senses told him that the stranger was superior to him. Was he unwilling to be reached? Was he impervious to influences from outside? Did he possess such a self-assured power? André understood. He was bouncing off, just as ocean waves beat against the rocks. This man would stand up to hurricanes and move mountains. God alone could tumble this man from his pedestal. But God granted him his peace and his happiness, because he loved life with a love that was in keeping with God's holy Love. So he lived in harmony with the Infinite, and could perform miracles, merely through his love. André understood this too, Alcar had taught him. And if he took care to be a good instrument, then one day he would also be allowed to possess that power.

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

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

There was so much peace in the expression of the lonesome stranger's noble face! He looked like the Angel of Peace himself. Slowly, step by step, he moved away from the spot where he had been standing for some time and peacefully walked on. His gaze was directed to the left, as if he perceived

something there that held his attention. But ... suddenly he turned around and disappeared.

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

He ought to have looked upon all the stranger's actions with great love; then his attunement would have been perfect and his spirit would have been in harmony with eternity. But a coarse-material earthling doesn't possess that delicate, that spiritual and ever so pure feeling.

Wouldn't it be better to withdraw, instead of looking on into this spheric splendour which made his heart thump with emotion? Did he deserve to behold all this?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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'You, my flower, who bear within you the life which God put into you and

me, through you I send my love to Him.

I link myself with you and so I link up with God, since He bestowed life onto both of us, vested eternal life in us.

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

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

Sweetness will mark your odours that strengthen the powers within man's soul. It will make him feel life as it is bestowed on us, since God has only one life to give, which to him will signify blissful tranquillity, eternal peace, and sanctifying love. I therefore merge with you to approach the Creator with love and in humility.

I merge my light with your light, so that we may jointly sense God's Light, His eternal, holy Light.

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

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

But He gave us one life and one love. That is why God made us one. We have an eternal bond through life and in love.

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

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

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

However, we will help them to use God's holy Power to rouse others who don't yet sense life, who lack the experience, who are not yet alive. We will teach them to trust God's holy Power. We will build up their trust in all things.

If only the people on earth could have more confidence, they would become steadfast in their struggle.

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

If only the people on earth knew that their self-confidence would enable them to perform miracles, that their self-confidence would make their love grow and blossom and turn it into beauty.

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

Why does man doubt that life is eternal? Because, fair flower, he doesn't sense his eternal life, nor does he understand it, because he isn't aware of it. It is still his unconscious possession. This is why we call him one of the living dead.

He gets angry, fair flower, when he is told the truth; when it stares him in the face. Oh, I could tell you countless things about earthly man, but I don't wish to disturb your peace.

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

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

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

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

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

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

On earth I will make the incomprehensible understandable and I will develop the human spirit. I will guide the people and attune their feeling to God. All their fear and doubt will then be transformed into self-confidence. Live, my flower, live. Let the life that is in you live. Let it remain your eternal happiness, your eternal life forever.'

André's heart was pounding. He had heard enough by now and under-

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

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

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

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

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

I wanted to strengthen your self-confidence during Doortje's illness, to show you that only love is self-confidence. No longer will you be kept on the outside of the truth, because now I know that everything is sacred to you, that your love will grow and blossom, and that we will perform miracles in the name of the Father, as He is the Life of all life. Everything will have become clear to you by now. But take care never to become a plaything of your feelings, and above all: don't ever imagine that you know best, because that would spell self-satisfaction, something we cannot warn you against enough. Don't let yourself to be put under an evil influence again, remember that. Disbelief has poisoned the whole of mankind.

Now I'll show you a different scene.'

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

'Now do you sense', the latter asked, 'why Jacques and Nel are not to know anything? If they were aware of the gravity of their child's illness, they would

take it away from us and, in their fear, entrust it to an earthly physician. But in our hands it's safe, and two magnetic treatments permitted us to cure the little one of meningitis.'

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

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

And another thing. Don't hold yourself in too high esteem, yet certainly not too low either, because how could you then become aware of your own power and convince others of our knowledge?

And also let others see the love you radiate, because love works wonders.

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

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

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

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

There was no more need for him to help her. The two treatments had brought about the miracle.

Nonetheless, she was in for more discomfort, because her left little ear slowly began to swell and the skin around started to redden until finally a swelling appeared at the back.

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

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

One evening Alcar said that this would happen that very night, and that the little one ought to be bandaged properly, as a lot of badness would erupt.

The next morning Jacques came over to tell him that Alcar's prognosis had come true. The first swelling had vanished.

However, the little ear still remained red and swollen, and from the moment the swelling had started her urine contained blood, which, according

to Alcar, would stop after the last swelling had disappeared.

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

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

André then told his friends how lovingly his spiritual leader had watched over their little sweetheart, and he also let them know about the dreaded illness he had saved her from.

Of course this message touched them deeply, and they were profoundly grateful for everything Alcar had done for them in his great love.

‘We can help the people in every way’, Alcar said, ‘and in the case of a serious illness we wouldn’t lose a single minute if earthly medical help must be called in. I will always keep watch, day and night, because the spirit no longer needs sleep nor does it know fatigue. But it’s up to you to accomplish everything according to our wishes. Then nothing can go wrong. Then people will readily submit themselves to us and science will accept us because they will have gained confidence in us. Doctors will call in our help when they are powerless in the face of a serious illness. They will bow their heads and shed their false modesty. They are often confronted with problems which don’t exist for the spirit, because we link up with matter in order to see right through it.

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

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

If people could accept that we are working behind the veil with deep-felt love for mankind, and that we are trying to help them in all possible ways, then our task would be much easier, and they would act according to our wishes. However, since people consider death to be the ultimate end, they

close their eyes to life. That is why I and many others along with me have returned to earth to rouse mankind and convince the people that we live because God, who is Love, granted us and them eternal life, which through constant evolution will one day rise to perfection, just as the Father in Heaven is perfect.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Doortje was saved by us. Doesn't this offer people the proof that we returned to them to do our work in their midst? God granted us the mercy to allow us to return. Because we possess the light, we see in their darkness, and

our light will brighten their darkness.

Man on earth, accept the light, because this Light is God. We will supply you with a spiritual life belt. Know that no storm on the sea of life can destroy you. You will stay afloat, because eternal Life will keep you afloat.

You carry the holy Spark of God within you, the rescuing power which tunes you in to Him.

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

The purpose of healing mediumship

One afternoon André was visited by a gentleman who asked him if he would come and take a look at his son who had been in bed for seven days with a high temperature, while the doctor who examined him daily was still unable to diagnose the illness.

In a flash the following words came to his mind: 'The right lung is infected'. And when he then asked Alcar how he could make this diagnosis without having had the slightest contact, his leader answered that he would explain it all later. 'But tell him now', he continued, 'that the cause of the illness is known to us.'

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

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

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

Of course André gladly wanted to comply with this request and he asked his leader what he should do. 'Listen, my boy', he answered, 'if the doctor had been able to diagnose this a week ago, he would immediately have started to apply Priessnitz compresses, but due to his omission we will have to postpone that a bit as the inflammation has meanwhile turned inwards. Now it's up to us to give the boy a strong magnetic treatment. The illness will surface after three or four treatments, which will make it clear to the doctor too, that his patient has got pneumonia. If Priessnitz compresses were to be applied now, the process would develop too rapidly; we can achieve much better results with our strong magnetic flow. Submit yourself completely, my boy; there are many intelligences who are helping us.'

After a treatment of about twenty minutes Alcar made him stop and told him what would happen. 'First of all Wim will start to perspire heavily after

this treatment, which will support the healing process. This perspiration will set off the inflammation, and in two days time he will feel the pain you just felt. That will be the moment the doctor will begin to hear something.'

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

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

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

This highly pleased André, and it interested him, as a clairvoyant magnetizer, to be allowed to once again convince medical science of spiritual help from Higher Spheres.

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

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

After he had complied with her wish, the parents presented the first drawing and asked him not to get angry for also having consulted a magnetizer in their anguish, after the boy had been suffering for seven days from an illness of which the cause could not be determined.

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

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

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

How narrow-minded can people get!

Of course Wim's parents had gained great confidence in André and they safely left the treatment of the patient – who, as he said, preferred the young

doctor to the elderly – in his hands. The young doctor would surely heal him, Wim said, because he placed his hands on the exact spot where it hurt most, and that did him a lot of good. One morning he greeted him with the words: ‘Hello, doctor’, but André who wanted none of that, said he wasn’t a doctor. To him he was and remained his doctor, whom he had put his trust in and who had assured him that he would be completely cured, as long as he took things easy. Four more days went by and the boy had grown very weak during his illness and had lost weight; his high temperature, which had worn him out considerably still hadn’t gone. For nearly twelve days this young life had battled against the fever and still the doctor hadn’t been able to say when to expect the crisis.

So André put it to Alcar and immediately received a clear explanation.

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

Not doubting this for a second, André accordingly passed on this message. And on the Tuesday the temperature rose to such an extent that the patient became very restless and finally lost consciousness. He kept on raving and pulling at his blankets, so that on the Wednesday morning, André found his condition very alarming. But Alcar, who made him feel his great love and yet again watched over the young life day and night, instructed him to concentrate with all his strength and to treat the boy intensely. What a holy, universal love there was in all of this! If only people could sense it! If only they could feel a mere bit of the enormous power that enabled his leader to attract every life and link up with it.

During the treatment André felt and saw various intelligences standing around the sickbed. ‘What could this mean?’ he thought. It made him feel uncomfortable, as he knew that the presence of many intelligences around a very sick patient usually signified the latter’s passing on. They come to guide the spirit who is about to leave the body to the place in the spheres which his earthly life has attuned him to. He therefore asked Alcar why they had shown up at the sickbed. The latter immediately set his mind at rest and said he would explain later. So this time he wasn’t going to worry needlessly again, because the lesson which he had received during Doortjes illness, had been a lesson for life for him after all. Nothing should ever scare him again; he should be as steady as a rock, and even the heaviest storms could no longer shake his self-confidence. Nobody could influence him, not even if he had to face ten doctors, because he could trust in his Alcar for all eternity.

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

After he had treated him that Wednesday evening and repeated his reas-

suring words, he went home to return the next morning, on the Thursday. By then the parents were so happy they could have embraced him out of gratitude, as the temperature had gradually gone down to 38.4 degrees during the night.

After the treatment the thermometer showed no more than 37.9, and in the afternoon Wim was completely free of fever. The crisis was over, just as Alcar had predicted, and this young life had been saved too.

His parents didn't know how to thank André for this and even less how they could ever show their deeply felt gratitude towards Alcar. Alcar, they had already read about so much in 'A View into the Hereafter' volume I.

But Alcar wanted no tokens of gratitude. 'Listen, my boy', he said, 'give them this message.

That afternoon, when Wim's father came to see you for help and advice, he was accompanied by his own father, who had long since passed on and who watches over the ups and downs of the family, and so he was familiar with the serious illness his grandson was suffering from. By contacting him I learned the cause, and so I was able to give you the correct diagnosis before we had any contact with the patient. The grandfather also told me that he had been busy for some days exerting influence on his son, which he fortunately fully managed by evoking a feeling of fear in him.

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

During his life on earth the grandfather had always shown deep love towards his grandson. He had retained this love for him in the life after material death and was allowed to help him. So he is the one whom thanks is due, but he won't accept it either, as spiritual love is universal and is granted in abundance by every intelligence who dwells in the light.

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

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

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

The word 'death' ought to be erased from your dictionaries; it merely evokes disharmony because truly, we spirits, who have shed our bodies forever are with you, in and around you, we see through matter and are watching over a young life right now again. Doesn't this prove that we possess intellect?'

'And what did you do, physician, engaged in studies on earth which do not stand for wisdom of the spirit? You, whose task it is to try to save human lives? You who sought but could not find? You attempted to drive our instrument away from the sickbed after we had taken all the fear and unrest away from you which had caused you sleepless nights, so that you regained your peace and self-confidence. Is that true charity? For sure, your time has not yet come. But know that there is only one power that links all things, that makes all things come alive, that guides you and us, that gave life to all of us, and that will melt down your science and your learning when you will be shone upon by its light. Then all your possessions, your wisdom, your power, all earthly knowledge will fall apart, because God knows only one power: the power of love. And that love you sought to drive away from the sick room, the pure love which you don't yet sense, but which you should amply possess if you want to come to life, the life that is God, the life that helped us to spare the young life for its loved ones.'

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

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

Therefore accept our instruments, you men of science, because they are the funnels through which we can reach you. Examine those through whom we speak. Test them as often as you wish, but accept them when they come to you in love. Sift the wheat from the chaff, that's even necessary, because there are still too many mediums, or so-called mediums, who won't fully discover until later how much harm they did to our work. Don't oppose us; examine seriously and without prejudice, because in time, when you are one of us, you will exert all your strength to reach your loved ones, just as we do

now, to convince them of your undiminished love. Imagine the happiness you will feel when you are allowed to offer help and support to the loved ones you left behind.

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

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

'It's Wim's serious longing to become a physician one day. May he then be a blessing to many, and may he always fulfil his task with great love. We call out to him: Let everything that happened to you during your illness remain a lesson for life to you from which you can always draw wisdom. Devote yourself entirely to suffering mankind, spiritually even more than physically. Lend support to the magnetizers who work for us, and link up with them. We will then link up with you, which will make you gather knowledge, possess feeling and bear life within. And because you will bear life within, you will be steadfast and mighty in your abilities. You will perform miracles, because Life will lend you a hand. Give yourself in love and always show that you are worthy to receive spiritual help from Higher Spheres!'

Physical and psychic healing

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

This father was just as surprised as others had been at such a quick and correct diagnosis, and he asked whether André could possibly heal the boy.

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

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

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

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

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

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

André, who was concentrating intently on Alcar, as this situation was beyond his understanding, quietly awaited what his leader would want to tell him, and very soon he heard him say: 'If they have no trust in our judgement, they should consult earthly science. Our work takes time.' 'If this is taking too long to your liking, sir, then I recommend that you consult a regular physician', André therefore continued. 'People have medical treatment for years on end, and they don't care how long it takes as long as they can be cured. But how often are they finally forced to give up because the recovery they're hoping for fails to set in. And yet you now expect me to bring about a rapid improvement, although I tried to make the course of events clear to you.' But his visitor hadn't meant it like that. 'We have', he said, 'doctored around with our child for years. Medical help has been to no avail, where-

as from the very first day you treated Louis – even though the complaint hasn't been cured yet – we have been able to observe a change for the better in him. Formerly, when he used to play outdoors, he would always be ill in bed for about four days. He was never a normal healthy child, like my other children. And now he's constantly outdoors, come rain or shine, but it no longer has any effect on him, even if he comes home drenched. That's enough reason for us to continue the treatment.'

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

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

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

Not only will the symptoms suddenly disappear after the eight months of treatment, by that time his feeling will also have developed and have been raised to a higher level. By then his ability to speak and learn will have improved and his powers of concentration will have become stronger too. However, this enhanced condition, this awakening consciousness won't only bring the good but also the less favourable characteristics to the surface.'

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

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

Now the part of this process of development which takes a normal child a year to go through must be dealt with by this boy in a few months. And he will have reached that stage as soon as his feeling awakens within the normal level of consciousness. So he will experience everything within a much shorter timespan than a normal child, and this sudden change will make him lose his balance because he lacks experience in life, sufficient power of concentra-

tion and will power. But as far as I can sound him out and sense his spiritual condition, I wager to assure you that his less favourable traits won't surpass boyish mischief, which will wear off soon enough anyway. I can determine this because I feel his love. So he won't go to ruin, because there is enough love and a sense of goodness in him, positive traits which will guide him and lead him onto the right path of life. His father hasn't the slightest cause to worry about his spiritual condition. All will be well.'

He was very happy to hear this! 'How simple everything seems at heart', he said.

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

André continued to treat Louis, and five days before the eight months had elapsed the said symptom suddenly stopped, and he changed into a completely different child that had much less difficulty in learning. However, one day his father mentioned that he couldn't keep his hands off other people's property and brought home everything he could get hold of. This was a strange symptom, because in the past he would never have dreamt of doing such a thing. He often even came home with cigars, and it was a mystery to him how he got hold of them.

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

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

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

By providing spiritual nourishment for the lad's psychic condition, his

subconscious power had to surface and become conscious. And this sudden rousing of his consciousness made him lose his balance. I already made it clear to you how this can come about. Our medication had to be spiritual in order to develop his feeling. Your vital forces enabled us to produce this result. This wouldn't have been possible by administering earthly medicine, as these may be capable in certain cases of curing matter, but never the spirit.

So you share your own vital force, your spiritual gold, with others, my boy. You could compare this to blood transfusion. If people could only realize that you give them your spiritual blood, they wouldn't treat this so light-heartedly. Don't waste it, because it's precious and should be valued for what it's worth, although every loss of vital force is replenished from the cosmic reservoir, depending on the power of love within you. So you can give as much as you wish, because if your love is pure, you will never become exhausted, as love comes from God and is therefore inexhaustible. So whoever develops his sense of love simultaneously develops his vital fluid.

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

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

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

A miraculous healing

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

‘Listen, André’, Alcar said to him, ‘this is what the prophet Joel meant when he spoke: (between brackets in first edition: God says) ‘And it shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out My spirit upon all flesh and your sons and daughters shall prophecy; your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions.’ (footnote in first edition: Joël 2: 28. Hand. 2: 17.)

André experienced miracles and was therefore able to understand the meaning of these words, and it became increasingly clear to him that when a medium commits himself, body and soul, to higher powers, miracles can be performed through him. His help was called in for a twenty-year-old girl who was extremely ill. The diagnosis which Alcar let him make, said: paratyphoid fever. When he asked if he was allowed to help her, Alcar answered, ‘We can ease her pain and reduce her temperature, but in this case earthly assistance is indispensable.’

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

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

Whenever he was allowed to heal a patient, or when the treatment was stopped for some reason or other, he would always unburden himself completely in order to dedicate his entire self to other sick people, as a diagnosis can only be made when the mind is free of all disturbing thoughts. But he was unable to do so now, because her image kept appearing before him and he felt obstructed in his work. Day in, day out his thoughts went out to the sick girl, and he often wondered what this meant, because he had never felt such closeness with a patient whom he had been obliged to abandon. The girl must surely sense this too, he thought, as these powers are often highly developed in sick people. He neither heard nor saw his leader but he felt that this must have some meaning which would sooner or later be revealed to him.

A week went by.

Annie’s cousin, Cor, whom he was treating at the time, kept him informed of her condition, and one evening she came to ask him on her behalf if he would come and visit her some time. That assured him that she too felt the

affinity, even though she might not be aware of it. Her body was stiff all over, Cor told him, and she had a permanent high temperature. Her mouth was numb and her blood was poisoned. She could hardly talk because her throat was very swollen and her face was as blue as lead. The doctors had no more hope that she would recover and so the family had given up hope too.

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

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

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

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

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

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

It was a pitch-dark night, not a single earthly living being did he meet on the way, nor was a word spoken to him.

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

He felt blessed that his spiritual body was able to release itself from the

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

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

Suddenly they glided into a street that led to the hospital where Annie had been admitted.

Did this nightly disembodiment have something to do with her? In that case he could understand why he was so intensely linked up with her.

When they had arrived at the entrance of the hospital the spirit who had called him beckoned him to come closer. A heavenly being was standing in front of him, young and handsome, that smiled at him and told him: 'We have come to fetch you, André, because we need your help as a medium. We came and disturbed you in your night's rest because this was necessary, as you will shortly understand.'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

This moved André to the depths of his soul, because he felt the intense longing of those who had passed on to be allowed to convince their loved ones of their continued existence. ‘Now look upwards, André.’

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

But imagine his shock when he heard Cor say: 'I've got one.' It was unbelievable! Couldn't she understand what this meant. That a look in the mirror could prove fatal to Annie? Stupid, stupid people! Annie's earthly life already hung on a silk thread. And now she snatched for the little mirror that Cor held out to her, her misted eyes beheld her reflection and with a stifled scream she fell back into her cushions, trembling.

At that moment André felt how a strong influence was being exerted on him. An enormous power went through him which could have moved mountains. Then he perceived a beautiful white light above Annie's head that kept shining upon her. His whole body vibrated. Then he felt himself being lifted and put down again beside the sick girl, while he heard a sonorous voice asking: 'André, André, have you forgotten everything? Put your

left hand on her head and keep hold of her right hand to build up a contact. Watch out son, remember the vision and all the wisdom you were granted.'

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

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

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

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

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

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

That evening, quietly sitting in his room again, he was overjoyed to hear Alcar's voice. 'Well my boy', he said, 'I've got quite a bit to explain to you again. You were allowed to witness another miracle. I linked you up to Annie in order that my master could accomplish this. We knew what would happen and were allowed to intervene at the very last moment. I remained invisible and wanted to see whether you could distinguish the good from the evil; your complete submission was required. I let you disembodify because my master wanted to show you the sanctity of your mediumship, which will inspire you to make every effort to reach this heightened attunement. The purpose of this was to keep on increasing your confidence, because the problems you will be faced with will get bigger and bigger. Know that we will return and that you will then act consciously, and convince science. Believe me, one day we will convince countless people of the existence of the sacred powers which the Masters possess. My Master has spoken to you; the small light that was me. On our side we are able to take on various shapes. I was

with you the whole time to lend you support. We had linked up with you when we took you over to the hospital, and you obeyed our will. We were standing beside you but remained invisible. We were able to follow your train of thoughts, and we owe you gratitude for your love and your trust. My Master is happy, and so am I.

Now I will explain the miracle that was performed.

The moment you took hold of Annie's hand and put your left hand on her head, you were both connected with the universe. The same condition occurred when you were dematerialized, and accordingly the same forces were applied. Is this clear to you? It was God's Will; otherwise we wouldn't have been capable of performing this miraculous healing. First of all we showed you in a vision how tremendous these forces are, these cosmic rays, God's own radiance, which penetrates His entire Creation and without which nothing could exist and no life would be possible.

The people on earth don't yet know how cosmic rays function, because they can't yet understand their origin or touch upon their meaning.

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

Heaven and hell; disembodiment

André received a message from his leader stating that he would be allowed to disembody, to be together with him in the spheres. He had been waiting for this message for quite a time.

On his last journey to Summerland Alcar had promised him that if his gift had developed sufficiently they would visit the dark spheres together. Now the time had come.

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

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

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

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

He felt a strange sensation in his feet which made him understand that Alcar was about to release him from his physical body. It tingled at first, and then he got a feeling as if something was being removed from his body. He felt something slowly rising within, and drawing upward. Then his heart-beat increased and his blood circulation speeded up. This was very different from his last disembodiment. After his spiritual body had risen above his knees (during his previous out-of-body experience), he sank away into unconsciousness and was unaware what was happening to him. He awoke beside his physical body (during his previous out-of-body experience).

'Is Alcar going to explain everything to me and make me experience this consciously?' he wondered.

If that was possible, it would mean wisdom in the spirit to him.

What was really known about those who left the earth? What did they feel when they passed on? It would be marvellous if he were allowed to learn about this.

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

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

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

Now he heard Alcar, who requested him to listen.

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

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

‘This, my son, is because the separation between the spiritual and the physical body has begun. While man still lives in his material garment, his sense of feeling is located in the spot we call the vital centre: the solar plexus. But now the spiritual body has crossed this point. The heartbeat, which is audible at quite a distance, increases because the spiritual body has passed the conscious vital centre. And from this moment on the power of feeling is transferred to the spirit. Is that clear to you?’

André understood it all, because he felt, heard and saw. Alcar continued: ‘Only those can disembody in this way who possess the necessary sensitivity. Besides, this needs attunement to spiritual conditions. All this will facilitate and speed up the process of disembodiment.’

Again André felt himself ascending. Alcar continued: ‘We have now reached the height at which we can leave the physical realm and enter the spiritual. However, you will remain in this condition for a short while because I want to make a few things clear to you. You will have noted that feeling is the essential aspect of man as a being. Feeling is life and life is love,

enabling man to be one with God, which makes him Divine. From this moment on, my son, look around, your feeling is transferred into the spirit. You will now be able to perceive merely through the power and the radiance of love, because love is light on this side. So love is feeling and therefore man will possess light and happiness in accordance with his inner feeling and his attunement. At the moment you're afloat between two worlds; your spiritual body is still connected with matter, but already feels and lives within the spirit. That is why you still hear your heart beating from a distance, which makes its beats sound like echoes in the spirit. This is a mighty happening André, which only few who still dwell on earth experience. Now try to see, and you will perceive how matter is enveloped in a dense haze. Everything looks different from the way you perceive it normally. That's because your senses belong to your physical body, but this will present no obstacle to the spirit. On this side feeling encompasses all the senses! The sense of hearing, seeing, smelling, tasting; in short, everything is one in the life of the spirit, and that oneness is feeling. The body of feeling is therefore the essential part. This is what man ought to develop in order to pass on to a higher state of existence. All matter is now blanketed in a grey haze. You can perceive this best by looking at the walls, the paintings and all the other objects. They consist of a crude spiritual substance which you can't yet see through, because your feeling of awakening consciousness is half-spiritual and half-material. So the transformation of all matter is caused by you floating between two worlds, which makes matter take on a half-conscious state of life, and reduces your power of perception into matter. My concentration and also your power and attunement enabled me to keep you on this level. We will now cross the point of awakening in the spirit. Pay attention, André, you're passing on to a different condition.'

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

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

I already spoke to you about that. We will now pass on to a different condition. Here you will learn to understand that the fluid cord is the opposing force in this process. I will avert my concentration from you which will make you return to the previous state. Watch carefully, André.'

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

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

'Now, my son, I will revert to the powers of feeling within the human being, which is what I wanted to explain to you. For those on earth who pass on, these powers cease to exist because the fluid cord is broken during their transition. They will all transcend this condition of feeling, but they will be unaware of it. For some this will entail a battle, for others it includes nothing but love and happiness. Everything takes place in accordance with their inner attunement. Do you understand all this now? The cord of life connects both bodies, and it keeps the spirit wrapped within an infinite number of filaments. It is a soft fluid in which the spiritual body exists. It is only visible to us. It can be developed by attuning the feeling in the spirit. In other words: the higher a human being's connection reaches, the easier and finer his experience of passing on will be. So everything is very simple. But others, who have disgraced themselves on earth, arrive here in an unconscious state. It takes them a long time to awaken. Their feeling is attuned to the dark spheres and their transition will therefore cause a shock. I could tell you much more about all these conditions, because man is attuned to the cosmos. But one has to be cosmically minded to become connected. I will set up my concentration again, which will raise you to a higher level.'

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

'We have now reached the point where the separation starts and your material consciousness passes into the spirit. You'll be able to feel this clearly.

All the same, your spirit is still connected with your material body; but now take a look at all material things!

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

to you in any other way than you just experienced. But you will understand everything because you see, hear and feel it. And this experience is granted to only a few on earth.

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

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

I will now release you completely.'

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

He heard Alcar say:

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

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

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

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

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

'Take another look at your garment, André.'

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

this happen?’

‘A moment ago you were still connected. The blue light will envelop your body during our absence. During our previous journey Adonis kept watch over everything; this is no longer necessary, because your aura has formed a wall and now hides your body.

It will remain within the haze until we return. It is hidden to unhappy spirits. We can leave this spot with an easy mind. Now concentrate on your garment, it will become visible again.’ André did as Alcar told him. The blue haze tore apart and his body became visible. ‘Beautiful, André! It shows you that you have progressed and that you know how to use your powers. Now we’ll move some distance away from your body. At the moment we’re afloat in space. It’s incredible for those who feel materially, but the spirit moves about by the power of its thought. On earth man must first think before he can act. On our side we act instantly when we apply our concentration. Is this clear to you?’

‘Yes, Alcar, I understand all of it.’

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

André felt a very strange power taking hold of him. If he didn’t resist with all his might, he would be drawn back into his material body. ‘What is this, Alcar?’

‘It proves that you still live on earth. The fluid cord is pulling you back towards your body. That’s why I showed you the opposing force and let you experience how this cord links the material body with the spirit. It’s invisible and yet you feel its impact. It also shows how ethereal our life can be. According to the spiritual attunement, the human being therefore feels those counterforces for this event, also when they pass on. It’s all so simple. It’s the spiritual attunement of every living being. Use your powers well, and you’ll move any way you want to.

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

Alcar moved away at a terrific pace.

‘I just told you, as I also showed you during our former trips, that we can move about in a flash. Where does my son believe he is at this very moment?’ André looked around but only saw a grey mass. After a long thought he told his leader that he couldn’t find his bearings.

‘Then listen to me. We’re in the innermost parts of the earth.’ André looked at his leader and thought this was impossible.

‘Is this incredible to you too? I’m showing you that the spirit can move through all matter and that nothing can block its way. If you had focussed your attention on me correctly you would have known where we were going.

You now know that everything is possible to us. All the same, it must be marvellous for you as an earthly human to be allowed to experience this. We can move up or down as we please. We have our intellectual thinking capacity just as we once had on earth. We own a body which is more beautiful than man possesses or knows of on earth. We can link up and tune in with all the things our inherent powers, which is love, allow. We can link up with everything that lives. We are life and can be one with all of life, with God, because God means life. We could point out minerals to mankind which it has no knowledge of, yet needs most of all. Even things within matter, hitherto unknown, and all other things the earth holds hidden. We could show what causes earthquakes and why these disturbing effects manifest themselves. We who are without a body are capable of everything! And all this in accordance with attunement in the spirit, the power of love which is in us. We cannot rise higher. We will possess wisdom according to our feeling.

But how will a person, dead yet alive, understand life on other planets if he neither understands nor senses his own life? If he doesn't want to accept that he lives forever, and neither senses nor hears his clear yet soft inner voice? What's the good of flying into unknown aerial strata if they forget their inner life? Here it's known how far they can go. Here they know that there are parts where earthly life ceases to exist, where everything will melt down if they insist on penetrating those areas in space. Their pathetic flying habits are known to us here. Man must act in accordance with his inherent powers. These form the basis of his existence on earth. Thousands will arrive here ahead of their time and only then will they cease their endeavours and understand that those areas are out of their reach. Here we know of atmospheric layers where earthly life ceases to exist. Material forces cannot stand up to them. The cosmologists of the future will demonstrate this. They will prove that it spells destruction to raise themselves to such heights above the earth. One day these secrets will be revealed, but by then things will have changed on earth. The scholars will tune in to us, their inventions will serve mankind. The way everything is used up nowadays will result in violence, in the destruction of mankind.

Is that God's intention?

Inventions will be made to serve people's happiness. One day they will visit other planets, but only to benefit mankind. Happiness will be the sole source of their spiritual development and their cosmic attunement. Yet thousands of years will elapse before such beings can be born on earth. Then they will know happiness and possess love, and the earth will be transformed into spheres of joy. Now let us return to the place where your body is resting. On this side, my son, powerful concentration means connection. Before we set off on our journey I have something to tell you.

First of all, André, ask me as much as you want. I will reply to the best of my knowledge and my power. There's another thing: everything you will experience as a disembodied spirit is meant to convince mankind of our continued existence. Pay attention to everything and remember what you see, what I will show you in the spirit. When you return to earth you will spread the message. Bear in mind that your gift is not your personal property, so call forth and exert all your necessary powers, because our time is precious. You will make good use of your life down there. Don't idle away a single hour. Let others make of their lives what they want to, and don't let yourself get dragged along the dark paths that messed up their lives. Don't listen to their professed wisdom which they draw from books and never put to practice. Get the feel of them, and take care how you use your powers. Don't deviate an inch from your course. And don't waste your time filling in their evenings. They're sleeping their deep spiritual sleep and they'll take a long time to awaken. Beware of those who wear masks and hide behind spiritual walls. They are the ones who would make Christ's blood feather their nest. They're like empty vessels without bottoms, soiling our spiritual nourishment. They float about in this space, and the earth serves them as a fixing point to support them. They are the ones, my boy, who regard life as a stage act, and hold séances for the sake of a thrill. I must warn you against them.

I'll explain to you on this journey how puny we human beings are, and when you've entered the higher areas you'll get to know our life. All these things you will experience on this journey. Once again, pay attention to everything. Know that it's God's greatest mercy He bestowed on man to allow him to link up with us. Look, we're back on the spot where your body is at rest. Our journey starts from here and we will ask God for support.'

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

Alcar prayed to God.

'Almighty Father.

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

Great Father.

There's a holy longing in us to be allowed to convince mankind that life continues forever.

Only Your power, Your mercy enables us to do this, and we ask You to help us. We ask You for light and love, for Your protection. Make us into simple instruments. Put Your holy power, Your knowledge into us and guide us so we may keep on following Your way.

Your power alone will enable us to sail the seas, to weather the storms,

Your mighty power which we bear within us, because we bear Your life, indeed we are and have our being in Your life.

Father, support us on this voyage. Amen.'

Holding séances

'Now, my boy, no work will ever succeed without God's holy blessing. Only God's will can bless man's happiness and ours. Our journey is about to begin. We won't be back for quite a time. There's a lot I must make clear to you. We'll first remain in the sphere of the earth, and from there we'll go on to visit the spiritual spheres. We'll glide along. Keep your concentration focussed on me, André, you'll be able to follow me in everything.' They glided along, and passed through lots of houses and buildings. There was nothing to obstruct them and everything was visible to André. He saw people, many of whom radiated light. These he could clearly perceive. Around others he could see a grey haze, and he understood what this meant. They felt no love and lived an earthly life. It was strange to him. He understood now how difficult it was for the clairvoyants on earth to be able to perceive the astral human being. It was even harder to see, feel and understand something of their life. Everything was so totally different from the material life on earth. The link had to be perfect to be able to perceive on earth. What a mercy it was to possess this gift. How great his happiness was, to be allowed to see behind the veil, to get to know their life. It made him see how difficult it was for the astral spirit to reach material man.

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

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

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

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

He now tried to link up with him, which he fully succeeded in. He could

clearly follow his thoughts. It was a very remarkable sensation for him to descend into an earthly human being. He was inside of him and yet he felt nothing. This clearly showed how sensitive man must be to be able to empathize with an astral human being. People on earth were like an open book to a spirit. Here everything was known about them, because their souls had been opened. And they were unaware of this happening. It made him see that an earthly human being is never alone. Nothing could be held back. Nothing could be hidden here. Their inner condition was their possession, their light, and every being could read it.

‘Come over here to my side André, I will show you something. You will understand that they are sitting at table, as they say on earth, to get in touch with their loved ones. The grey haze you see is the power that serves to close the circle. By this I mean that not just any spirit can simply barge into their situation. If they continue in complete submission it will change into a brighter substance: the connection with those who check their séance from this side. However, it hasn’t got that far yet. This needs development. It may take years before a circle can be closed. I’m showing you these situations to convince you how everything is being done on our side to come into contact with the people on earth and tell them all about eternal life in the first place. If people seriously search, their loved ones will come to them to bear witness to their happiness. It will urge them to avail themselves of all their inherent powers for the sake of their inner self. Then these séances will be set up for other purposes. I’ll show you which. Look over there, André.’

André looked at the spot his leader was pointing at.

‘What is that, Alcar?’

‘It’s a spirit, my son.’

‘But I didn’t see him before.’ ‘You couldn’t have, as he lives in a different condition from the one we’re in. Yet he’s been here for quite a while. Later on you’ll get acquainted with those situations too . He has been brought here because they wanted to convince him that he passed on on earth.

‘But doesn’t he know that?’

‘No, he doesn’t, nor do many others. To him these séances mean nothing but happiness. He will be in their midst for a few hours, which offers him some warmth in his dark and cold existence. The man has only recently come over to this side. His wife and daughter and his son-in-law are here together.’

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

‘Why is he doing that, Alcar?’ ‘Isn’t it clear to you? The man can feel them, but spiritually he is blind. He’ll be unable to perceive anything at all. He

disgraced himself during his earthly life.’

André saw a terrible truth.

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

I’ll try to make it clear to you how difficult it is for us to come through and to convey what we know. In the first place this needs attunement. When spirits take part in a séance, it’s man who enables him to do so. However, from this side they can only get in touch if they possess the necessary powers. These are: Love, light and happiness. Without love existence is impossible. By that I mean a blissful condition, a sphere of light on this side. Any spirit wishing to conduct a circle on earth must possess a strong power of concentration in order to manifest himself. When a third person sitting at table is in tune with him, the spirit soon becomes connected. He makes himself one with the person who is attuned to his power of feeling, enabling him to manifest himself and convey messages. But even then it is difficult for him to pass on his knowledge.

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

capable of that, many a circle will be broken up. But that's not our fault. There are many waiting here, as I told you, to bring spiritual nourishment to earth and to convince unhappy spirits of their eternal life.

Another thing: A spirit who lives in the sphere of the earth and who senses that he is unwelcome because his knowledge is of no value to man on earth, will do anything to maintain the connection once he gets it. He will speak of God and love and tell tales about an eternal life which he has no knowledge of. They are the ones who have returned to earth and amuse themselves and urge man to take part in séances. Nothing of what comes through has any value in the spirit. That can clearly be felt on earth. Sooner or later people will sense this, and they will then put an end to their séances. But once they get far enough for leaders on this side to be able to check everything, then it becomes sacred because they have established contact with their loved ones. You will understand their abundant happiness, here and on earth. Everything is pure love, happiness and wisdom in the spirit. Spiritualism then stands for the spiritual life, which will make many happy. It will support them in their difficult earthly life, in which they are supported by those who are on this side who make it clear to them that they will soon be connected forever. These evenings bring pure happiness to both sides. If people on earth are willing, many will accompany me to help.

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

Come André, we'll quickly move on.

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

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

André saw various people sitting together in a circle.

The room was richly furnished, beautiful paintings decorated the walls. It was their séance room. Some radiated light. Others were enveloped in a grey haze. In their midst he saw some spirits who were present as invisible

listeners, watching over the ups and downs of their loved ones. Spiritual protectors who supported their loved ones in everything. He could clearly distinguish all the beings in this room by their aura. It made him sense their inner attunement, their longings and passions. These people were only after sensation. That's what spiritualism meant to them. Wasn't it terrible? They wanted to be connected so the spirits would protect their property. That's all this sacred happening meant to them.

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

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

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

'What's going to happen, Alcar?' 'Nothing will happen, my son, nothing at all; he believes he sees.' How could he ever cheat them all in this way? What a hypocrite he was.

'Listen, he's about to see!'

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

'I see', he began, 'how high spirits are bringing flowers. These are heavenly colours of such beauty.' André looked around, but there were no flowers, nor were there any higher spirits. There was nothing, nothing at all. 'How beautiful this is', he heard him say. 'They are being laid in your lap.' He meant their hostess. 'This is going to be great', André thought, 'you just couldn't beat it.' 'Flowers keep on coming and now I see two spirits dressed in beautiful garments, with flowers which they are spreading around you. Oh how beautiful this is.'

'What a liar that man is, Alcar.' 'Now', he continued, 'I see two nuns who are also bringing flowers. Everything is holy. Something beautiful is about to

happen this evening.’ They all stared at him and believed that they had been drawn up into heaven.

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

They were all trembling with emotion.

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

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

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

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

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

The lady of the house felt that she had a child in her arms. A being from the highest heavens. They all had tears in their eyes. This was undoubtedly the most beautiful thing one could receive from the side beyond. Touched by this sacred happening they prayed and gave thanks, together with him who was making this all up. They prayed that God would grant her the power to be able to take care of this pure being. She was truly chosen. God was with her and with them all. She stood there like a marble statue.

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

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

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

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

Suddenly Alcar stepped towards him and focussed his attention. 'Oh', he heard him say, 'I'm under some great influence.' André saw a tremendous great light appearing. The spirits who had been watching in silence also stepped towards him and focussed their powers of concentration. How difficult it was to reach a human being. Yet he felt it. Now he was a medium. It was incredible how much power it took from this side to reach him. It must surely make his mind reel. He went all quiet. They were all deathly quiet.

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

Is everything clear to you? It bothers me and many of my brothers to see our spiritualism being soiled in this and similar ways. The others who take part in this are also unhappy, and they attune to these conditions, driven by their vanity and their delusions. The self-conceited clairvoyant sees only high spirits and flowers. To make things even more beautiful he lets the Holy Spirit make Its appearance. Isn't it terrible? God Himself descended in their midst and perched Himself on a material head. It couldn't have been acted out in a more spectacular way. Isn't it true then, that more is destroyed than is set up? Their disappointment will be great once they get to see the truth. Those who accept the idea that spiritual children are brought to them are not only unhappy, their minds are dazed with vanity in their wish to stand out as something in the spirit. When he arrives here he will be able to develop his talents in the dark spheres. Nothing but selfishness. Everything is so terribly sad. That's the way séances are held on earth. This circle is only one out of thousands. Only here will they see how wrongly they acted, how sad and how pathetic they were.'

They glided along for some time.

Both were deeply in thought. André felt that his leader was sad.

'I prefer to dwell in the dark spheres, which I know to be bad, than amongst those who cover their walls with religious objects and place the Christ to

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

Spiritual help on earth

'We'll do the rest on foot, André.'

They were in a big city now. They had passed through many streets. André had already experienced this on his previous journey, and again it was all very remarkable to him. A lot of people had gathered on a street corner. 'I wonder what's going on over there, Alcar?'

'Let's take a look. There's no danger in getting a little closer. Nobody can see us.'

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

'How can they possibly know, Alcar?'

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

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

'Who is that, Alcar?'

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

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

'I will answer all these questions shortly.'

André thought: How great Alcar is that he immediately knows what I'm thinking. 'You see, my son, how spiritual help is present to fetch him. Look, his spiritual body is about to part from matter.'

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

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

‘He won’t be able to enter higher spheres. His place is in darkness. It would have been better for him if he had been allowed to live on earth, to work at his inner condition. He’s still far removed from the higher spheres. Come, let’s continue, I’ll make everything clear to you on the way. It’s the Land of Twilight that borders on the dark areas where he will awaken. After a long period of unconsciousness due to his sudden transition he will, also as a result of his own attunement, live on this side in keeping with his inner feelings and find his attunement. There it will be made clear to him that he died on earth.’

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

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

Everything is God’s guidance, André. So accept that they pass on in good time. However, there are also conditions which are not in keeping with God’s laws. Many arrive here too early, they are sent on by others. Oh, woe unto them who cause this to happen. Their misery is terrible. For thousands of years they live in the dark spheres to pay the penalty for the sins they committed within a short earthly life. Isn’t it atrocious? Must man disgrace himself in such a way? They live in the Valley of Sorrows and they are una-

ware of their lives. You will see them too on this journey. There are people on earth who believe that the countless beings that populate this planet ought to be cruelly destroyed.

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

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

'What's the meaning of all this, Alcar?' 'First look over there, my son.' André looked at the spot his leader was pointing at. Hundreds of spirits were gathered. It looked as if they were waiting for a certain thing to happen. Immediately afterwards he heard a tremendous rumbling sound and he understood what this meant. The accident had happened. All the spirits spread about.

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

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

It will be clear to you that they knew about this accident on this side.

Come, let's go up to the surface again, where I will show you some other images. Man should not forget his inner life on earth. The end may come very quickly. Then there will be a need for spiritual possession, for the love that enables him to possess light and happiness on this side. If someone on earth thinks he will live for a long time, then the end is near.' 'Keep your light burning, man on earth; God calls you unexpectedly. How rapidly your earthly light will be extinguished, and then your spiritual light will mean happiness to you on this side. Here they live in darkness, and they won't surface until they've won their battle. With such an intensity and such a fathomless depth you could never possibly imagine. Their horrible existence on earth was a heaven compared to their condition on this side. There is still time. You are still in possession of your earthly life. Make good, friends, of the things you still have, but don't make good of matter, save yourself, save your inner life in order to possess the light on this side which marks your eternal life.'

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

'To those, André, who have lost their husbands and children, I call out: 'Pray that God may give you the strength to bear all this. Pray that your eyes may be opened and that they may return to tell you of their new life. That they may give you the truth so that you will start a different life. Pray that God may convince you that they live on, in an existence without end. One day they will come to fetch you and then you will be united forever, eternally.'

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

André did what his leader told him.

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

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

André understood. No, it wasn't possible. He was one with matter. He felt

it all because he had linked up with it. It was strange to him, he hadn't felt as scared in those subterranean corridors as he did now. He had experienced it down there too. So how could this be?

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

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

André saw how he was floating above the ocean. Below he saw a large sea-castle that was at the mercy of the waves. It would soon be going down. Above the ship he saw a white cloud in which he could clearly distinguish beings, enveloped by a spiritual haze. He immediately understood what this meant. Spirits who would lend their help to those who would soon pass on. Here too help was present.

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

Can a mother be clairvoyant?

They glided along for quite a time.

André thought of all the things his leader had shown him up to now. He had a lot to absorb. How little the people on earth knew about this. Nobody sensed anything of them, when they passed on in this manner. And yet they were there. The life that existed between heaven and earth was tremendous. And there was love in everything. This life was nothing but love. How mighty God was, to know all these attunements. No child was ever lost. God governed everything, knew the attunement of every soul. Help was present for every being. Sisters and brothers of love, they came to fetch them. Everything he got to know on this side was love. How pathetic earthly man was, compared to those who lived on this side. What was earthly scholarship compared to the significance of God? What does wealth on earth mean, in comparison to this wisdom? How great this life was.

He sensed the tremendous gap which man had to bridge. Everything possessed depth. That gap was their sorrow, their grief and their pain, it meant

nothing but misery; this is what man had to overcome. No being could escape. It was the attunement to a higher life which would bring happiness the day they passed on. It was love which one could learn from all this, merely love. One had to possess love, otherwise one dwelt in deep darkness. Wasn't this difficult? Wasn't it a struggle? Didn't it mean misery, suffering and grief? He sensed how terrible it would be for many, but they refused to advance, even if their earthly life were to last a hundred years. But it had to be, nobody could run away from it. Man should show tenderness, like a spiritual wind, like life itself.

This is what man ought to learn on earth. Here love was the prevailing power, nothing but happiness, eternal happiness, forever.

Sitting beside him was one who possessed love. Great was the power he possessed. Yet they were still so far apart. How long would it take before he had progressed as far? Again and again he had to experience this. And yet he called him his son, his brother. He called himself a child of love. And how big was he compared to him? His mind reeled when he thought of his greatness. It would take him a lot of struggle to get that far. Yet he wanted to follow the road he had taken. Now Alcar was showing him that this was the only road man should travel. Learning to give love, that was the road. How simple it was, and yet – how terribly difficult. One should love one's enemies. He considered himself still so puny, so very small!

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

Once more we are on a spot I chose to be at, and again I want to show you a few things. Look, here in this house people are born. Man begins his earthly life from here, and from many other places. Often little ones pass on and return to the place from where they came. By this I mean the life that returns to God. It's terrible for the mother to have to lose her child. But when she knows God's intention she will submit everything. In this condition of disembodiment I want to show you that everything is God's will, but also how sacred this happening is; only few can understand this. Then I want to show you that a mother can be clairvoyant, but above all that she can acquire this enhanced happiness and possess it. Come on André, we'll enter without being asked. This is only possible to the spirit.'

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

'Look my son, some of them are in possession of their motherly happiness, others are about to receive it, or are in a state of grief and sorrow. We will sit down here.'

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

All these pleas reach us because the sorrow and the grief, just as much as the love of the bereaved ones, reach us. In their eyes God then seems terribly cold-hearted and He isn't understood. We know the deep sorrow they suffer, and then to have to return home with empty hands. Their sorrow is deep, too deep to put into words. I have witnessed terrible scenes during my tour on earth. Mothers, spiritually and physically broken who had no more courage to go on living, no strength to bear their deep sorrow which God placed on their shoulders. Struck blind by this sudden happening, all their hope and happiness destroyed. All their plans torn to pieces, their love, their trust and faith changed into hatred. How can God torment a person in this way? Is that a Father of Love? They rise up in revolt like never before. To those I call out: 'Man, do not forget yourself. Be aware of the things you say, think and feel. If God takes your love away from you, it means that you will learn, however difficult that may be. The struggle which is imposed on you can be borne, as God burdens you in accordance with your strength. We know that this is necessary and that God is a Father of Love for all His children. Man, accept, because your little ones are alive. They live on this side and are raised and are lovingly taken care of. One day they will come to meet you in radiant beauty.'

'Soon, my son, I will show you angelic spheres where the little ones of the earth live. I will now try to explain to you how great the happiness is which the mother receives. And also how the mother can become clairvoyant due to this happening. But above all how she can acquire this enhanced condition, which means nothing but spiritual development. The mother who expects the birth of her child with love is truth, others cannot be reached. Science on earth is investigating whether a mother can be clairvoyant, something we have already established. However, they are unable to determine the corresponding spiritual condition because they lack the necessary feeling. We know that a spirit can link up with a spirit. This feeling becomes attuned to feeling, which means love. When the mother is expectant, a link has been established with another being, a separate force of feeling. Is that clear to you? This link lasts for nine months. So she's in a state of enhanced spiritual power due to the being she is carrying. I will shortly come back to this.

When the child is born the mother feels that something is taken away from

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

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

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

'Very good, my son. It will, above all, be advisable for her to continue to live in their initial condition of feeling. This event enables the mother to develop her love. As I just said, another being needs years of struggle to achieve

this whereas the mother is a blessed being, whom this sacred happening may rouse.

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

There are mothers on this side who only now realize what a mercy God granted them on earth. But as their lives were material and they knew nothing of an eternal life, they fell back into their previous lives from which they awakened after much sorrow, strife and grief, although they could have acquired this in a short time. Only here did the mothers understand the miraculous power of this material happening. Only on this side does man sense and see that many situations were experienced materially. Here man awakens, but then it's too late, it has to happen on earth. Here all the past suffering is understood. But first they have a path to tread through darkness and coldness if they want to be able to enter the spheres of light. There are those who acquire this love and they sense the great importance of this happening and live in submission and accept what God gives them to bear. All the others attune to the being, to the possession of their child. And when this possession is taken from them we hear and sense their pleas and then they think God is severe, cold-hearted and cruel. They don't realize that it is all to their own benefit, to attain a deeper insight.

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

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

André tried to link up with the mother.

He slowly felt an enormous happiness overwhelming him. It was a mild feeling of longing for the unknown being that lived within her. He felt one enormous power of love surging up within him, which could be compared to the power he had felt in Summerland. There he had been allowed to feel and experience that same peace. He looked at his leader who was smiling. 'Wonderful, André. I linked up with you and I know what you felt. She is temporarily attuned to Summerland. So while she is waiting, she lives in an enhanced sphere. I hope that everything is clear to you now. Yet another

situation, André.

Should this mother now pass on, together with her child, she would first of all not see her child and second, she could not enter Summerland. For the following reason. It's the spiritual power of the being which she is carrying that brings on her this enhanced attunement. But when the child is born, she returns to her own condition. Now the child, that has not seen the light of the earth and hasn't lived in matter, is an angel in the spirit and therefore has a different, a higher attunement than the mother. And now that we know that a person must possess attunement in the spirit, it will be clear that the mother will enter a different sphere than the child. Is everything clear to you?

'Yes, Alcar, I understand all of it.'

'I will tell you more about these conditions when we're in the spheres. Will the earthly mother accept all this? This is the truth on our side. We know no other. Many are clairvoyant, many understand the grace of God, yet there are few who are roused by this sacred happening. They sleep their deep spiritual sleep from which they cannot be awakened.'

Sorrow and grief due to others

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

They had passed through many streets.

'Come, my boy, we will enter this house.'

André saw a large building that looked like a hospital. He saw astral beings going in and out. They were invisible to people on earth. It was quiet in this building. It was the power of death that reigned here. A house of sorrow, nothing but misery. It made him feel cold inside. Shivers went through him now that he was entering the palace of death. He kept close to his leader, who seemed to follow a set course. On and on they went. They had traversed various corridors. Here too he saw many spirits who passed him by. Didn't they see him? None (of these spirits) even glanced at him. Strange, he thought. After all, I am on this side. He immediately heard a clear but soft voice, from which he gathered that he was linked up with Alcar: 'But in a different condition.' He immediately understood the meaning of the things he per-

ceived. It was clear to him that he dwelt in Alcar's attunement and that they therefore did not see him.

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

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

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

It was a male spirit and he who was ill could be his child, as he perceived a certain resemblance.

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

'Is this boy passing on, Alcar?'

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

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

Here he witnessed the great miracle: life that went on forever after death.

Oh, man, accept this! Oh, how sacred this knowledge was. How great God's power was, bestowed on man in the life after death.

Alcar was standing a few beds away, waiting for him. What would he be seeing over there? He was standing in front of the sickbed of an old man. He was seriously ill. Beside the bed he saw a young woman who radiated a beautiful light which lit up her surroundings. She kept her eyes fixed on the patient who lay there, plunged into a deep sleep. He hadn't long to live. His death-struggle had already begun. Nothing was visible to earthly man. Yet André sensed his heavy battle with death, a death which meant life. A battle

which wasn't necessary but from which he couldn't escape. He neither felt nor knew anything about a life that continued forever. And in his struggle, the struggle between life and death, she descended from within her high sphere to help him. Again he saw how great love was. Links of love could not be destroyed.

Sacred love of the spheres, as pure as she sensed it, as she radiated, as she herself was, as life itself could be.

'Is she his child, Alcar?'

'No, his mother.'

'What did you say?'

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

André understood: His mother was young and beautiful, whereas he would be an unhappy spirit when he shortly arrived on this side. The man had messed up his life. André now understood the grief and sorrow caused by others. She, the happy one, suffered because her child had forgotten himself. What a misery. Deeper still than he had just perceived. There the suffering was different to what she possessed. It was bearable over there, here it was inhuman. The mother suffered because of her child; because she was a mother she suffered. He would soon be taken to the dark spheres. She had to part with him, she could change nothing. It was his attunement. He had wanted this himself.

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

His grief would be indescribable. What a sad truth he saw here. She had come to say goodbye to her child. That is why she had come down to earth. Oh, he sensed it as if Alcar himself was telling him this. That is what life was like in the spirit. There was nothing one could change about it.

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

Look over there, André, a young girl at her mother's sickbed. Beside her her father. Both have come to fetch her. Soon they will be together forever. All are happy because she was a mother who gave a lot of love to all who

came to her. She has possession in the spirit. They are happy, my son!

‘Can’t they see us, Alcar?’

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

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

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

She looked at Alcar with her radiant eyes in which there was love, nothing but happiness. That look contained eternal understanding which was the love they both felt. They were all spiritual children. People who understood in a wink, in a glance which contained everything. The spheres were one, wherever they might live. Whosoever sensed love, understood this silent power.

No more was said. Alcar went back to him and said: ‘Is everything clear to you?’

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

‘Well sensed. Keep going like this. I will explain this to you. She, my son, can’t sense the moment either when the separation of spirit and matter will take place. She feels that she will soon pass on and yet only those can determine this who possess the first spiritual sphere (the fourth sphere of light) and live in that attunement. They are happy, beautiful and young, but still live below the first happy sphere, which I will show you on this journey. When her end approaches the spiritual helper on this side will say so. I made that clear to you when your aunt passed on. It’s visible in her aura. That’s how one sees on this side whether the person will pass on soon. All these conditions are spiritual laws. A law ceases to exist when we have acquired those powers which attune us to a higher sphere. So we can’t sense those psychic powers until we possess that sensitivity. They can link up from within the first sphere and sense various transitions. In the case of your aunt’s transition I was able to calculate this. And this is possible here too. But it’s not my job. On this side every joyful spirit has his own task. Both dwell in the third sphere. You have already been there. On this journey I will tell you more about all these attunements. When we get there you will understand more about all these degrees of sensitivity.

The first spiritual sphere (the fourth sphere of light) is the condition where man has cast off all matter. Only there does he sense transitions, because he possesses this wisdom and has the corresponding attunement. So it’s possession. Nothing but love in the spirit. All beings that live within this attunement are happy, from the first existential sphere in the spirit (the first sphere

of light) onward. So he who has reached the first happy spiritual sphere knows and feels when the end is near, because he has passed on into the spirit. To possess spiritual life on this side means casting off all matter. In other words: he is free from everything, able to act according to his own insight and powers. This needs a doctor, a being with a higher attunement.

Is everything clear to you now?’

‘Yes, Alcar, perfectly.’

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

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

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

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

Look over there, André.’

André looked towards the spot which his leader pointed at and saw two radiant spirits standing beside a patient’s bed.

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

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

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

‘So those are different spiritual attunements in the spirit.’

‘The condition of the father I will shortly explain to you.

He is calling them and cursing, but they don’t hear him, which means that they live in a higher attunement. They know nothing about him because they are still children in the spirit and it is kept hidden from them. Now they

are linked up with their mother and their concentration is directed towards her, so that they won't take in any other conditions. They could therefore link up with their father, but they are too delicate to endure his cruel powers. They won't see each other again before he has entered a spiritual sphere. So this condition encompasses three different attunements. These are that of the mother, that of her children, and that of the father. And all the attunements include intermediary conditions which I will make clear to you later. The father has been brought here to witness the transition of his wife, which will induce him to begin a different life. The experience of this situation will make him develop because the longing has been aroused in him, as he knows that she dwells on this side too.

Is this clear to you?

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

The sight of his loved one makes him want to link up, which however is not possible to him. You heard how far he is still removed from this height.

My son, do you feel the great significance of all this? The mother will be with her children and live with them in the same sphere because she too possesses attunement in the spirit.

Now look over there, André.'

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

'They brought him here. Spiritual helpers on this side.' They looked at him lovingly as if they understood why he was present here.

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

'Do they know what I am doing here, Alcar?'

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

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

They passed through many other wards.

'Now I will let you experience a truth which only we know.

Come, we'll enter here.

There lies a young life that will be sent to this world prematurely. They operated on her, which is simple on earth, but in the spirit it has a different meaning, which only we are familiar with. The operation failed. Others are waiting.'

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

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

'Where are we here, Alcar?'

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

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

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

André saw how the young doctor went up to his father and he heard him

say: 'Come on, dad, don't let it upset you, after all we did our best.'

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

This proved that it was his fault, which showed beyond a shadow of a doubt that the child should not have had to die. 'It drives me mad', André heard him say, 'the child is dying. There is nothing we can do about it. You are not fit for your work.'

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

I could name thousands of horrors, even worse than this one.

In this way one life is destroyed in order to preserve another. I have witnessed revolting scenes.

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

This is how they went to work. The ravenous animal was shown a piece of meat, causing an enormous activity in the stomach. The gastric juices which the animal spat out were collected and then made into a serum to heal man. It's true that the animal received a local anaesthetic, yet it was conscious of everything that was happening.

That's what science on earth is like, carried out by man and his Divine feeling! Woe to them who lend themselves for such things. Animal juices, used to lengthen people's lives! How can man ever forget himself like that! A macabre kind of science. They're not aware of the dirt they're wallowing in!

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

In the middle of the night he knelt down and besought God to help him

keep his self-confidence. He prayed for a long time. And he was helped by those who dwell on this side.

While he was praying he received an image and he saw that the operation would be successful. He clearly saw what he had to do to achieve this. He fell asleep and awoke feeling in high spirits and remained linked to his vision. He was supported by spirits of love that watched over him; these were his beloved. They prayed together with him for a long time afterwards to ask God to give him strength. The operation was a complete success. He felt God's holy Power and humbly accepted his task. He was famous on earth, thanks to them who acted upon him on this side. How very far removed that other doctor is from him, and yet he is the one they pin distinctions on, and whom they declare an honorary citizen. One day he will be shown what was right and wrong in his life on earth. Many who accomplish holy work will be warriors for the benefit of man and all his needs. On this side those are awaited who are sent here too soon. This is all sorrow and grief due to others.

And now we will leave the earth, to visit the dark spheres.'

Dark areas

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

They glided away from the earth.

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

'Don't you feel well, André?' 'No, Alcar.'

'Well, listen.

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

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

to be something! Every being does. And what does man really signify in this awesome, eternal space? Nothing! And yet the spark of eternal light is within him and he finds attunement to God. That is why our Spiritualism is sacred. Everywhere on earth spiritual nourishment is poured forth so that man may change his life. Here happiness awaits him, nothing but happiness, if he develops within. Fratricide will cease when they know that life is eternal and cannot be destroyed.

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

‘Yes, Alcar, thanks to your help.’

Hand in hand they glided towards the dark spheres. ‘There in front of us lies the Land of Twilight, which borders on the dark areas. But we are familiar with yet another Land of Twilight, where the light is different too because it borders on the first existential sphere, which we will also visit on this journey. The light in the sky will keep on changing until it has taken on a reddish brown colour: the emanation which the people here possess. So the light in which they live is their own inner condition. We will travel through the Land of Twilight and get there soon. Once we are there we will pause on the border of this land to make a few things clear to you. Afterwards we will descend.

Look, André, we’re on the spot where we were during our first journey, but now you will learn to know the land. On another spot we will descend.’

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

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

‘Soil, Alcar?’

‘Soil, my son, in its spiritual substance.’ André took it in his hands. Yes, it was soil. Just as they knew it on earth. But it was strange and felt very peculiar. He couldn’t describe it in words.

André looked at his leader who replied: ‘Strange, my son? There is no life here, no warmth, no love, no sun, nothing of all the things which life offers us. Likewise this substance has been robbed of all power; because here things have no existential condition, everything is in the same attunement. Whatever man feels will determine his possession on this side. I’m sure you feel how sad it is. Here nothing grows or blooms, because life is unnatural. They lack the vital juices which make life grow, they have no existence, and that is why everything is barren and cold. Is that clear to you?’

‘Yes, Alcar. Are you going to visit him, Alcar, the man we saw burning?’

Because you said that this is where he would arrive?’

‘Yes, I want to look him up and I’ll find him, wherever he may be. He will be down here, because his attunement is an unhappy one. In such a short time he will not have worked himself up enough to enter the spheres of light. We will find him here. I will show you lots of attunements, all of them are human conditions. Their attunement in the spirit matches the love they possess.’

A dark town lay spread out before him. The spires were sharply outlined in the reddish brown glow, and things in the distance were clearly visible to him.

‘Is this the town which I saw last time, Alcar?’

‘This is the place which I showed to you; but it’s not a town, it’s a country in which you could roam around for thousands of years. There is no end to it, until they sense their own end. I told you at the time that this area is infinite, at least for them, because they don’t see where it ends; and they therefore close themselves off within their own condition. People here live in a dark pool of passion and violence, and they won’t be able to ascend before they have cut the ties that hold their inner self, which entails the development of their love. They are all guilty of their own unhappiness, because they messed up their earthly life. They will get to know themselves, which will make them perceive the terrible situation they’re in. Then a change will be brought about and they will pass on to a different attunement.’ It was all quiet around.

Suddenly André saw a few beings who were scrambling about nearby. It scared him. ‘There are people over there, Alcar. They’re coming towards us. Isn’t it dangerous?’

‘Stay where you are, we are in a different condition, they can’t see us. These beings are the happy ones amongst them, because they have freed themselves from the Land of Hatred in which they dwelt for quite a time. They have gone a long sad way to free themselves. Their sorrow has been great, and they’re still suffering. When you get to know their life it will become clear to you how far they have already advanced on the path to perfection and how sad their situation still is. But they will have to beseech God even more for forgiveness if they want to enter a higher sphere. They feel that they messed up their life, but their remorse is not intense enough for their prayers to be heard. They’re slowly continuing on their way. On and on, until they start a new life.’

‘Will their condition change immediately, Alcar, if they want goodness to prevail?’

‘But of course. The changes show them that it’s possible to ascend.’

‘Do they get help too?’

‘Their loved ones, who dwell in a higher condition, pray to God on their behalf. This will help them.’

‘Do various conditions exist down here?’

‘Yes, André. This comprises seven different conditions. In other words: seven depths of passion and violence, of sorrow and grief, of terrible misery. Before us lies the Land of Hatred. Then comes the demonic sphere, followed by the animal-like attunement and after that one enters the pre-animal-like condition. Next is the Valley of Sorrows, and below these are two other attunements which we can’t visit on this journey because your powers wouldn’t stand up to it. The deeper we descend, the worse the people are that live there. You will shortly perceive that there are people who live on this side who can no longer move about. In the Valley of Sorrows they are no longer aware of existence.’

‘Are they brought here from the earth?’

‘Yes, my son. You witnessed one trivial image within the sphere of the earth. There are many other situations, all of them even sadder than this one. I was able to witness terrible transitions. In the hospital where we were you saw one specific image, and there are thousands more which are even sadder, and much more intense. They all messed up their earthly lives.’

‘Then a separation on earth is not as terrible as this one, Alcar.’

‘Very well sensed, André. Those who are brought here are separated from their loved ones, with whom they were united for many years on earth. It’s sorrowful for those who possess a higher attunement to mourn them. Here their love lives in darkness and in the cold. Lives on earth go by, then suddenly they meet their end and then they’re faced with this truth. They all wanted it this way. On earth the amenity of matter could have helped them to develop, but their possessions caused their downfall. Only here do they realize what kind of a life they led down there. But then it’s too late. Yet if they free themselves from this way of life the conditions will change, they pass on to spheres with greater beauty, and their wisdom and their strength will develop.’

‘Isn’t it curious, Alcar, how one can still see in this darkness?’

‘Nature down here, or the light they possess, cannot be compared to the light of the earth. Man sees by means of his physical senses, but he is either lit up within, or deep darkness prevails inside of him. Now the inner light is his radiance, the light he possesses. So people can perceive because it’s alive, yet in this attunement. Is that clear to you? When we descend into the deepest depths of their life we will still be able to perceive, because it’s life and it remains life.’

‘How simple everything is, Alcar.’

‘So the light down here is a constant condition, until they all begin a dif-

ferent life.'

'Do they all live together here, Alcar?'

'Here they all live together. Kings and queens, princes and princesses, the nobility and scholars, in short: all are gathered here, including the poor. Here they experience the life they lived on earth. Later on you will get also to know their lives, because on this journey I want to make situations, attunements and connections clear to you.'

'Are there any rulers here too?'

'They are the ones, my son, who can influence the masses. The weaker ones must suffer, but they bring that on themselves, because they follow them in everything. Here you find intellectual prodigies, demons, rulers and masters of evil, and millions of other beings too. Hundreds, thousands of years go by before they awaken, and they must suffer terribly during all those centuries. They themselves know of no other life, they perished in their deeply unhappy existence. For many, wealth on earth meant their downfall. On earth they held the highest ranks, and then descended into this life, into this darkness. Beauties of the earth had to exchange their aureole, their gold and emeralds for darkness. Here they live together like beasts, as disfigured human beings. They all drank too much of the poison of life, and it made them all go to ruin. We will now descend. We'll go on foot here, André, and if necessary we will glide along. But we will remain in our condition. No being will see you, unless we were to link up. If I think this is necessary, I will warn you beforehand.'

André was afraid. Where did Alcar intend to take him to in this darkness?

'Afraid, André? Nothing will happen to you.' The path they had to follow went down deeper and deeper towards the unknown that was awaiting them. There before them lay the Land of Hatred. People lived down there. A grey mass loomed up ahead of them, right up into the sky. It was impossible for them to look through.

'What is that, Alcar?'

'The separation between the two conditions. I made you see this separation; you wouldn't have perceived it otherwise. It's like a stronghold to them to hide behind. Walls of spiritual substance. Matter in the spirit, radiance, is that clear to you? This condition, or substance, is coarse-material. As we travel towards the higher spheres their density decreases and they intermingle. There the transitory states, in other words: the spheres, can no longer be perceived. But when you look at nature you notice how it has changed; and also by the people who live there. On this side all things blend together, all the spheres are connected. Likewise the highest and the lowest spheres are connected in the spirit. This also applies to man on earth, he bears light within, but deep darkness too. This barrier is only visible to those who dwell

there because they possess this attunement. Others, who bear a higher sphere in their possession, sense and see these connecting spheres and can enter them whenever they wish. So I linked up with this transitory condition to show it to you.'

They slowly proceeded. André felt at ease now.

'Will this ever come to an end, Alcar?'

'Yes, one day these spheres will cease to exist, because man will then possess a higher attunement. One day holy people will live here and these spheres will have changed into spheres of happiness, because man evolves and will be attuned to God. So everything is simple, man builds his own heaven to be happy in eternal life. Every being holds his happiness in his own hands. We have now approached the gates of hell in the life after death. Look, André, I will show you a mighty image.'

André got a terrible shock. There before him lay a burning city. The flames leapt up towards heaven in reddish yellow, green and light red colours. It was demonic. His heart beat wildly when he saw this ghastly image. He couldn't breathe, he thought he would choke.

'What is that?'

'No more and no less than the power of their radiance. Radiance of love, my son, in an animal-like attunement. Nothing but passion and violence. It will be clear to you now that a different kind of power is needed to be able to link up with them. Their blazing glow will destroy those who are unaware of their power. On we go now.'

André saw the first beings in this terrible town. He was entering the Land of Hatred.

'Are those human beings, Alcar?'

'Indeed, my boy. Once upon a time they too lived on earth and were young and handsome. Then they grew old, because in their subsequent life they disgraced themselves and entered this place.'

André stared at them and couldn't believe his eyes. Wild and shifty they looked. These were no longer human beings, they were beasts of prey. Their bloodshot eyes protruded out of their sockets. They were distorted, body and soul. Human beings transformed into monsters. Their gaze was scathing. They were consumed by the fire of their passions. How deeply they had fallen. He saw men and women together. Beauties of the earth dwelt here. How terrible they were now. His thoughts went back to earth, and in his mind he saw them, dressed in beautiful garments. How beautiful a woman could be. But what were they like now? What kind of a life had they led on earth? What had caused their deep downfall? Had they been able to hide their dark souls on earth? How could this ever have come about?

'Oh, how terrible this is, Alcar.'

Poor people. How deep your sorrow is, how you strayed away from life.

‘It is not even comparable to the situation of those you will meet shortly. We’re in the second attunement right now. Come, let’s go on, into their kingdom.’

André thought he was dreaming. He saw a beautiful city, erected in an artful way. He saw beautiful buildings, yet they were adorned with sculptures that depicted horrible scenes. But everything showed their mindful thinking: the feeling of an artist.

‘How is it possible, Alcar, to be able to create in this darkness?’

‘Nothing is impossible to them; with the exception that they’re unable to enter a higher sphere, and cannot change their darkness into a radiant state. Their powers are limited. Here genii dwell, masters of evil. There’s a saying on earth: ‘The greater the man, the greater the crime’, and that applies here. Masters in all arts and sciences dwell here. They shape their feelings with razor-sharp insight, but it’s all for the sake of evil. Infallible, you would think, but they know that they cannot conquer goodness, which is God. On earth they didn’t grasp the blessing of their gifts. Here they can give full vent to their passions. It shows in everything, it’s their life. It’s all their own doing. One day all their concoctions will fall to pieces, their skyscraping buildings are worthless in the spirit, like everything else they possess, like their own life. Don’t you meet these beings on earth too? Aren’t people a curse to one another on earth? Don’t they kill in order to possess? All these beings who are gathered down here once lived on earth. Here it hits you, because on earth they can hide behind masks. Here nothing can be hidden, they’re all naked, this is their attunement in the spirit. On earth they can conceal themselves, that’s what they have their palaces for, but here they can’t. There everything is possible, their masks cover up their dark souls. Here they play their bestial games, yet those who have a higher attunement see and know their inner condition. Here they live together and return to earth to influence others. And woe to those who attune to them, they are lost. When they die there they will be dragged down here and will serve them on this side. Those on earth who seek the things on high will be helped by higher spirits.

Do you feel, André, how terrible these beings are? They still have human shapes and know that they are alive. But those down below no longer have any knowledge of existence.’

André saw many beings moving past.

‘Are they celebrating something, Alcar?’

‘They have festivities here too. Shortly, when we experience life on this side, I will show you their life. But that’s for later. Everything is malicious, my son, just as their life is.’

The streets and squares had been planned in an artful way.

‘What’s that over there, Alcar? Is that a bridge I see?’

‘You saw correctly, they have bridges here too.’

How was it possible? A mighty river flowed through the landscape. They had built a beautiful bridge across. It was fantastic. It was like being on earth. In the life after death he saw a replica of the earth. But here evil was gathered. On earth good and evil lived alongside, here attuned beings dwelt in one single condition.

On the far side he saw lots of buildings with turrets that protruded above the houses like ghostly profiles. It was a capricious image. There was a certain stillness; man lived here in gloom and ghastly silence. He sensed the sorrow of life that was being lived here. Hatred and destruction prevailed all around. The river gushed past like some mighty ghost, ready to devour him. Death and doom lurked everywhere. The monster called hatred lay in deep rest. But oh, when it awakens. There before him, erected in a beautiful style, lay the town, the monster itself. Everything contained hatred. He shivered. All this should be destroyed, and the hatred would then cease to exist. That’s how far hatred had penetrated into life, they even built towns out of it. It was a mighty land, this Land of Hatred. No, this was unknown on earth. Countless things to be made amends for. Everything would have to be torn down, which would spell a battle against their own will to transform their inner condition into light. The higher their buildings were, the deeper their sorrow, their misery, and the more intense their urge to hate. Yes, he understood and sensed it all.

‘Oh, people, change your way of life. Work on your inner condition, but in the spirit. Work on yourself and break down your own pedestals; behold how everything is approaching its fulfilment. Behold this truth, the same kind of life awaits you.’

‘We have been busy for ages, André, and many with us, to tear all this down. Thousands will help us to convince the people of all this, which will make them turn over a new leaf. I will now link you up with this sphere while I remain within my own condition. Now focus your powers of concentration intensely, you know how strong their powers are. Try to hold on.’

At the same moment something terrible welled up inside André. A terrible fear came over him that it might be the devil himself. He had no more feelings. He glided across hills and valleys and it seemed never to end. He wanted to call for help but it was impossible, he couldn’t utter a word or make any sound. He resisted with all his might, but to no avail. He felt himself falling deeper and deeper and he was unable to resist; he sensed that he was near to losing consciousness, and he collapsed. When he opened his eyes he looked into those of his leader.

‘Feeling a little better, André? It’s as clear as crystal what happened. You

sensed their powers, they destroyed your concentration. I let you handle this yourself, so you would feel how terrible their hatred is. But nothing could have happened, I was watching over you, André.'

'Where was I, Alcar? It was just as if I was floating across hills and valleys. They dragged me along; how terrible these beings are.'

'You were nowhere at all, André. We were standing here on the bank of this river. You were gazing in that direction. The power of their influence forced you into their condition. So that floating sensation was only the fierceness of their inner attunement. It was like a vision but it took your breath away. Everything is simple. Your powers of concentration were overruled. However, this wouldn't have been necessary because you possess an attunement which differs from theirs. I will let you sense various conditions during this journey. This will enable you to receive a pure impression of these human conditions. This wandering across hills and valleys also means that you are still connected to your body. We, my son, are prepared for everything. You will get to know all these powers.

Come on now, let's proceed. It will be clear to you that one cannot simply enter here without further ado. To be able to work here, to be able to stand up to this requires strong powers of concentration.'

André noticed darkness steadily creeping on. They continued to descend until they arrived in another condition. Here everything was in deep darkness, not even a sparkle of light, yet the amazing thing was that he could still perceive everything.

'The area we are in now is an intermediary sphere connecting the other two spheres, the Land of Hatred and the animal-like sphere.'

André saw only caverns and grottoes. People lived there. Everything he saw was in a slimy condition. There were no houses or buildings here. The streets, if you could call them that, were torn up, and everywhere around he saw crevasses like deep abysses. One had to be careful here not to fall into a depth which appeared to have no end. Thick masses of mud and sludge covered the ground here. The area above was holy compared to this. Here they lived in caverns and got their fill from their own animal-like lives.

'We will link up and merge, André, then you will perceive. Give me your hand, this takes a lot of strength.'

André knew that when Alcar took these measures, it would overwhelm him. He already trembled with emotion when he imagined what he would see.

'We will maintain this contact until we link up with a higher sphere.'

Hey, what was that he heard? It got louder and louder, it developed into a hurricane that made life tremble to its foundations. It was heartrending. Now it turned into an agonizing wailing in which he sensed murder and

passion, as if one life was destroying another. It sickened him, he wasn't up to so much misery.

'It's horrible, Alcar, what is that?'

'The power of their life, their spiritual attunement: doom and destruction. There's not a spark of human feeling left in any of the beings living here. They have all turned into beasts. You hear their beastly game of passion and violence. But all at half power. We can't link up, you wouldn't be able to stand it. No human feeling is up to it. Look, André.'

André tried to penetrate the darkness. Suddenly he saw various beings crawling around. Were they human? Surely not. These were animals, thousand years old. He saw neither hands nor feet. These beings had to crawl to get along. Their human feelings had been transformed into animal-like. Yet they lived and were people of the earth. Once they had been beautiful and had felt mother-love. No, it was all too much for him.

'Where are we now, Alcar?'

'Didn't I make it clear to you where we are? You see, my son, that they are alive. Soon you will see those who live in an unconscious condition. I wanted you to hear and see.

Come on, let's continue. Our path leads down, deeper and deeper, until we get to the attunement where life has sunk into a slumber. They are no longer aware of any existence. Come, André, on to the Valley of Sorrows.'

Again André felt how he descended. It seemed never to end. Finally they got to the spot Alcar had intended. André stood at the edge of a vast, immense valley. Deep down there people lived. It had grown even darker. But here too he could perceive. There were no streets or plains here, it was a deep crevice, and this place supposedly contained life too.

'This depth is endless too, until it passes on to a different attunement. It goes down even further, but we will stay here. Nothing but misery, my son, nothing but sorrow, indescribable sorrow. In the condition which we just left, man crawls about, and that is how he tries to find a different condition of life. When those whom you are about to see awaken, they will try to escape from this condition. This condition is connected to the animal-like attunement and that is where they pass on to from here. There they live in caverns and there they will prepare to get to the Land of Hatred where their real life begins.'

'Who are they, Alcar?'

'Human beings, my son. They who have awakened.'

These beings were even more terrible than those up above. Their movement was sluggish. They could hardly drag themselves along. After every gait they remained lying for some moments. These were supposed to be human beings!

And yet this beast is Divine too. Life on earth can be beautiful, but all

these creatures perished in matter. ‘Whatever did these people do to get into such a situation? Is man capable of so much wrongdoing?’ ‘What do you know, my son, about the life so many people lead? Thousands of human lives have been slaughtered and their hearts were torn to pieces. I could mention many other ferocities which could never enter your mind because you cannot think up such evil. We will not link up here, it’s impossible for you to digest all this.’

André kept a tight hold on his leader, he didn’t want to let go of Alcar in this darkness. It would be overpowering. ‘Come, we’ll descend. We don’t need to go very far, we’ll find them soon enough. Look, a human being lying there in front of you.’

André looked at the spot that Alcar was pointing at. He only saw a grey mass that merged with its surroundings.

‘Come, we’ll sit down here.’

André felt a stillness growing within. There was something here which he couldn’t describe in words. It deprived him of the courage to pursue all this misery any further. He lacked the strength to continue. He felt dizzy, he was sad, utterly sad about everything he had been allowed to see.

Alcar looked at him and said: ‘Are you unable to go on, my son? Shall we go back? If it’s too much for you we will return to earth. You know I always help you, don’t you?’

‘What is it, Alcar, that came over me?’

‘It’s only the influence from this sphere which my son senses. Exert all your strength, André, you won’t be returning here soon. Try to ask God for strength, you must want it, otherwise my powers will not be able to reach you, and then I can’t help you. You will have to wait a long time, because your spiritual powers will have to be developed first. If you can endure all this, it will mean wisdom in the spirit to you. I will support you, my boy. Know that you will have to convince many people on earth.’

André silently prayed to the Father for strength; after a while he felt refreshed, and with fresh courage he put himself out to follow his beloved leader.

‘Do you feel a little better, my son?’

‘Yes, Alcar, I received fresh strength to be able to follow you.’

‘You’re the only one, because many who were taken along had to return. But I already told you that you’re unable to bear the sorrow of lots of people. Connection means intuitive feeling, but feeling life doesn’t mean one has to perish. It proves that your concentration is only at half its strength. But you will learn all about this yet.’

After all, this was so very much beyond his understanding. He saw nothing but sorrow, sorrow and grief. How could a person ever commit so much

evil. It would send him mad if he didn't get an answer to this. Now he knew why it had taken hold of him. His mind reeled. Could a person wreck himself to that extent? These were the problems he was faced with. What kind of evil could a person ever perform on earth to have found attunement to this condition? Was a murder not the worst thing which people on earth could do to a human being? Were people punished so terribly for that? Was this the attunement to the deed? Sad it was. He was hardly able to think.

Where hadn't he been already? Now he stood before a human being who lay there, smitten like a heap of dirt, unaware of his own life. Where was the end here?

He looked at his leader, who regarded him full of love and said:

'Be strong, André. You're up in arms. Soon it will all become clear to you. God knows all his children, no child of God is ever punished.'

'What's that you said? No child of God is ever punished?'

'Does that sound so incredible? Man punishes himself, he wants it that way. Is everything clear to you? I will try to link up and tell you what I perceive. Maybe that will make everything clear to you. Listen carefully.'

Alcar concentrated and André felt terribly anxious. What would his leader see? Oh, how curious he was.

'The one lying there before us, I see him on earth as a small child. He is young and handsome, surrounded by lots of riches. I'm in the Orient. In a beautiful country place, that's where he lives. Many others are around him. They're dressed in beautiful garments. Now I see another person; it's his father. Decorated with the colours of his country he sets off for battle. He holds his child in his arms. It takes a while before he can leave. He doesn't return. Now I see him, young and handsome, dressed in a beautiful garment.

Again a different image. He's on horseback now and he too sets off for battle. He is an Arab. Many accompany him to war. He too will perish. I see him back on the battlefield. Various images, all presenting the same condition in which he commits one murder after the other and destroys others. He emerges victorious. His terrible hatred drives him into this condition. Murder after murder occurs. It's still not enough. I see him killing hundreds in a despicable manner. Hate and dominate, that's his life. Now I see a camp. The image is blurred now. This being, André, cannot be roused. It will take hundreds of years before he awakens.'

'Do you see anything more, Alcar?'

'I will try to link up. Again I see a camp. And I see him too. From a distance he looks on how his warriors murder the unfortunate ones who live in that camp. It is all his will. All is quiet now. They're setting fire to the camp. Hundreds are burnt like living torches, not one can escape. These are the wounded. Their end is terrible. He doesn't only murder, but many of the

wounded are slaughtered on his orders. He's a beast, André. This human being has passed beyond the animal-like attunement. Have no pity on him, but feel love. I only saw images. What will his entire life on earth have been like? Here he lies and isn't aware what he accomplished within a short earthly life. Isn't it horrible? He was a hero, a master of evil. But just think how many there are who destroy humanity in silence, who plunge mankind into doom and destruction inside their quiet rooms. I see some more beings over there.'

'Do you see anything about them too?'

'I'll try, my boy.' André saw how his leader concentrated anew.

'This being is a man too, a scholar on earth. I see a small village, surrounded by mountains, hidden from the view of the world. It's lonely, as if it were dreaming. It's misty. Now I'm entering a laboratory. I see him there again, accompanied by a second person. I hear a terrible bang, everything is flying apart. The little village has disappeared from the face of the earth, along with hundreds of people, including children and old people. They were inventors. They had accomplished a great deal. Masters of evil, my son. They were destroyed by evil. His talent was abused to finish off mankind. No, that's not why God gave man those powers. They must serve to support man. But how is everything abused!'

'There's another being lying over there, Alcar.'

André saw how his leader concentrated again. It was quiet. What would Alcar see now? Poor people, who ruined their Divine gift. How great it was to receive something so beautiful, and how few understood such a gift.

Alcar spoke to him: 'A woman, André?'

He shivered. A woman? Could a woman forget herself to that extent? God gave a woman the most beautiful and sacred gift which a human being could receive on earth. Could this be true? Surely it wasn't possible for a mother to be capable of so much evil?

'Listen, my son. She once lived in a palace, crowned and honoured. I see her consort too, but he lives in a different condition. They arrived on this side a long time ago. Her life on earth was a life intent on destroying people. Everything around her is death and destruction. Thrown into dungeons, as a prey for wild animals, just to satisfy herself. Hundreds obeyed her and complied with her fancies. She had people tortured to death to get her fill from their torments. The sight of blood flowing made her experience her animal-like life. She had turned into an animal. Her passions were mightier than the ocean storms. Her human intellect covered up her passions. Her sensual life, her delight in destruction brought her into this condition. A mistress of evil. She passed on too, just as the many she had ordered to be killed. The image I see is horrible. Her crocodiles were fed by sacrificing hundreds of lives. This is heartrending, André. She killed a lot of women

who equalled her in her beauty. Her power made man serve as food for the animals. Could anyone surpass the things she contrived?

Look at the earth, these terrible beings are still at large. Later, on our other journeys, I will show you all these things. Even now a single human being destroys thousands of others. Haven't they fallen deeper than animals? An animal satisfies itself and then goes its way, man possesses a thinking capacity and goes on destroying. A human being never gets his fill.'

André now understood the extent to which man could forget himself. Everywhere he looked he saw human beings who had brought nothing but sorrow and grief onto others. This truly was a valley of sorrows.

'In the sphere following this one, André, man lives his own criminal life. I don't want to show you these conditions. What I will let you see will be sufficient to make you realize how people can forget themselves.'

'One ought to have pity on all of them, Alcar.'

'Pity, my son? Does my son feel pity again? How often did I make it clear to you that pity means destruction? On this side we know no pity. Here we only know love. To feel pity means to link up with another being. Linking up means passing into another life. When you keep on lamenting for that life, you will perish along with that life. Pity is weakness, nothing but weakness. Pity means being lived by others. Feeling love means following the path which God shows to all of us. It means submitting everything, which will enable man to develop. Feeling love for life means supporting it in all its conditions. But that means battling, nothing but battling. Sorrow and grief will make man attune to higher conditions. Pity means handing over everything, their own life too, which they themselves have ruined.'

'What do you feel for these people, Alcar?'

'What I feel, what I would like to do for them, is this: If they would listen, I would show them the path which we must all follow. This is the path that leads to the light, which all have travelled who dwell in the higher spheres and whom you will meet on this journey. But the ones in this sphere must really yearn for this, otherwise my help is superfluous. But if I were to lament for them because things are so difficult, what would become of our lives? It's love which enables us to sense the sorrow and grief of others. Those who possess no love cannot be wrecked by others. Do you feel what I mean? I'm ready to help, no matter where, but that person must feel the urge himself, otherwise he cannot be reached. That is love. Follow your path and when you see that they are unwilling, then let them go; one day they will need your help. But don't return to them before they fervently beg for help, as you will otherwise find yourself in the same situation. Therefore you must feel whether they can be helped; if they can't, you will be throwing pearls before the swine.'

André understood.

‘You said, Alcar, that those who were poor on earth do not dwell here. Why is that?’

‘Didn’t I tell you that they don’t possess those forces and powers on earth? Their poverty on earth is their fortune on this side. So they aren’t able to fall that deeply. They may forget themselves spiritually, commit a murder, and some of them are even here, and yet it’s impossible for them, even if they wanted to, to send thousands to war. They aren’t scholars, genii or rulers of the earth.’

‘What would they do, Alcar, if they did possess that power?’

‘They would act according to their feeling. Yet there are many poor persons who would exclaim, my spiritual feeling gives me more wealth than those who abound in property. These beings exist on earth and we know them. And all those conditions make up the cycle of the soul, because man has attunement to the cosmos, which I’ll tell you about later when we have reached the higher areas. Now on to a different condition, we’ve spent enough time down here.’

Cremation

‘Don’t forget to pray for them, André. They need our help too; yes, those people in particular.’

In silence, both withdrawn into themselves, they left the area of the animal-like attunement. André felt better again; now that he understood that they had wanted this themselves. Not one of God’s children is ever lost, even if it has transgressed the animal-like condition.

They glided on to a different sphere, where new wisdom in the spirit awaited him. Yet all this wisdom meant sorrow, sorrow and misery. But he wanted to experience everything, because it would help the people on earth to know something about life on this side. Finally his leader spoke to him: ‘We will now try to find the man whom we saw burning on earth.’

‘Is that possible, amongst all those millions?’

‘To us everything is possible, André, if we possess the necessary forces of love. We know him, don’t we, and as I have known him, I will find him. If this were not the case, then it wouldn’t be possible for me either, unless I possessed some influence or other which would enable me to link up with a different aura. But since I met him before, I can link up by focussing my powers of concentration and strong will power. You will experience this too. By adapting myself I follow the way which links me up with him. It will become clear to you soon enough.’

Another thing. I can link up with anything which is lower than my own attunement, a higher one is beyond my reach. You will get to know these forces too during this journey. Is this clear to you?’

‘Yes, Alcar.’

‘But these also encompass many other conditions, because we are also bound by laws.’

‘I’m very curious Alcar, where he will be. Is he living in the Land of Hatred?’

‘We will soon see, come on now, we must go this way. I can see it now, he’s in an intermediary sphere, beyond the crowd. We will find him back in an unconscious state, due to the burning of his physical garment.’

André saw how his leader was following a set target. It was remarkable to him how a spirit could find its bearings. Everywhere Alcar could find his way about in this darkness. They entered some place, it seemed like a cavern. These were subterranean corridors, and yet he was able to see. There were scores of creatures about. They passed through lots of corridors and caves. In the darkness he discerned others who had fallen asleep; they were lying there, expressionless. He saw these creatures everywhere; they slept the sleep of the dead and were alive, living in eternity. Everything was misery, nothing but grief and sorrow. These were wasted lives. To the right and the left he saw coves where they had been laid down to rest. From the earth into this darkness. Oh, he understood everything. And yet they hadn’t fallen as deep as those in the Valley of Sorrows. He understood every attunement and knew the conditions of feeling of all these various beings. He saw all the races (see article ‘There are no races’ on rulof.org) of the earth. Here all were one, no matter which faith they had professed. Every creature knew and felt mother-love. They were all God’s children, forever. Others roamed around and behaved like savages. They didn’t see him, so he gathered that Alcar was still in his own condition.

Now his leader stopped. Had he found him? He was very curious.

‘Look, André, there’s our man, we’ve found him.’

André saw a creature, lying separated from the others, huddled up.

‘Do you recognize him, André?’

Yes, it was him, the man he had seen burning on earth. ‘He’s in an unconscious state. My presumption proved to be true. I’ll leave you on your own now, because I want to link up with him. This will make it clear to you that he’s alive. Do nothing and remain in your condition. I’m going to link up with him just as I did in the cemetery. You know how that’s possible, don’t you?’

So listen carefully, André. Nobody will see you. Those who can are higher spirits who work here to help the unfortunate. You have nothing to fear from

them. So remain in your own condition.’

André was alone. His leader had been swallowed up by the darkness. Strange, he thought, I could see Alcar while he was with me, now he has gone too. What could be the meaning of this? He kept on experiencing all kinds of situations. There were thousands. Hey, what was that he heard? He thought he heard someone moaning. Where did it come from? Again he heard it. I’ll move a bit closer, maybe I’ll see what it is, he thought. Was there someone in need of help? He heard it even clearer now than before. He went over to where the sound came from.

What was that? But he had no time to think, he felt that he was being attacked. A terrible fear took hold of him. He felt how he was being grabbed and lifted up to be flung down somewhere. He shouted for help and then he felt that he was losing consciousness. He couldn’t remember how long this had lasted, but when he came round again, he was lying in Alcar’s arms.

‘Well, my boy, awake again? You were overpowered by evil. Things will be getting through to you, now that you’re becoming familiar with their powers. By now you will have grasped how dangerous this place is and that it takes a lot of concentration to work down here.’

‘What happened to me, Alcar? Who attacked me?’

‘I’ll explain it all to you. Are you feeling a bit better?’

‘Yes, Alcar.’

‘Listen, my son. You just heard someone moaning? It was our friend. You thought you ought to move over a bit closer and then you were attacked. Isn’t that so? The moment you wanted to take a look where the sound was coming from, you abandoned your own condition. It’s a similar attunement to the one I showed you in the hospital. So now you’ve experienced this kind of attunement. When you leave your own condition you enter a different one. The creatures you were able to perceive just now, those who roam around here, attacked you. They saw from your attunement that you didn’t belong to this sphere. You felt their powers and that’s what broke down your concentration. If you had kept on thinking of your powers, they wouldn’t have had the chance to attack you. They were able to, due only to your curiosity. Experiencing a different condition means that you pass on to a different sphere. Is that clear to you?’

So this shows you that we, on this side, act in accordance with our inner condition, our force of feeling, and also that the spiritual body stands for intelligent thinking on this side. When I was standing next to you, in other words before I left you, everything was visible to you, wasn’t it?’

‘That’s what made it all seem so strange to me, Alcar.’

‘Everything went dark around you, but this wouldn’t have been necessary if only you had been attuned to your own inner power. You acted involun-

tarily. That should never happen here, as it spells destruction. When I passed into that other state, the one our man was in, I let you return into your own attunement, and I warned you about that clearly. My powers enable you to see and hear everything that's going on in the dark spheres. No matter where we were, I always adapted myself to you, because otherwise you wouldn't have been able to distinguish anything; you wouldn't even know where you were. So it's not possible for you to descend here into a sphere you're not acquainted with. For that you need to know all these transitory conditions.

You wouldn't be able to work here yet because you don't know how to make use of your powers. But rest assured, one has to experience all these spheres, which means that one has to be led by able guides to get to know them. Those who are one with a higher sphere, can, with the help of competent leaders, descend in order to accomplish certain tasks. Even those who now dwell in the higher spheres were obliged to follow this training. But others who have lived here know all the transitions within the dark areas, right down to the deepest depths.

So this needs experience, the training school of life. The man we wanted to visit is in a deeper attunement than those who attacked you. When he awakens, he will come to live in that attunement. He and I disappeared from your view because he lives in an even deeper state, which was imperceptible from within your attunement.

So these are two conditions which flow into each other, just as I already showed you down below. When he awakens later on he will also enter this attunement. I withdrew you into my sphere and released you out of their hands. Before the very eyes of those who attacked you, you dissolved, which will seem to them like a miracle. This will make them realize, if they possess that conviction, that a higher spirit dwelt in these surroundings. Everything requires exertion and strength on this side. Over here nothing can be left out, as it is on earth. Life in the spirit is experience, which means development of love. An angel of light cannot descend here unprepared. They can descend, but if they don't want to link up, everything will be invisible to them too. In that way we will be able to acquire everything, if we experience it. Those who have lived here are the leaders in these conditions. Are you feeling a bit better?

'I'm prepared to follow you. Did you once live here, Alcar?' Alcar smiled. 'Because I am able to explain all this to you? I didn't live here, André; but I dwelt down here for many years to help others. I accept that all of us, no matter who, once lived under these conditions. Evolution enables us to live in a different attunement. But the road we have travelled will lead from darkness to the light. The saying goes: 'They who never saw darkness, cannot appreciate the light.'

I worked here to help my friends. When we have reached the higher areas, I will tell you about this. Come, follow me now.'

For the second time André saw the poor man.

'I will now link up with him.'

André saw how his leader focussed his concentration. He sensed how he was linking up in order to make the unfortunate fellow return to consciousness. After a few moments he gave some sign of life. Did he hear correctly? It was just as if he heard him crying. Yes, he was moaning. Poor fellow. Alcar withdrew his powers from him and the moaning stopped immediately.

'I suppose everything is clear to you, André? I made him become aware, so he began to feel his condition. At the moment his sleep is still deep. His present awakening will only be the start of his life on this side, and he will begin to feel the pains which were brought on by the cremation. Apart from the agonies due to the cold and the darkness, he will also feel the piercing pains inflicted by his cremation. His body was burnt during a material condition of feeling, his attunement to matter. Spiritually he disgraced himself during his life on earth. They don't want to accept this on earth. The sensitivity of his spiritual body was attuned to matter. He will therefore experience everything in the spirit too, because he was not set free from his body. The cremation drove him into this condition because the shock was too great for his spiritual attunement. If he had been buried in the usual way he would now experience the decay of his material garment. But that condition is much to be preferred to cremation because certain powers, which we call the aura of life, are withdrawn from the person being burnt. This aura is meant to support the spirit upon its arrival here and during the first period of his life. This applies to all beings, even those who are in a higher attunement. After five to seven days the parting spirit withdraws the aura of life from the material body, at a time when matter enters into the first stage of decomposition. This may last longer, it depends on the attunement of the human being passing on. In other words: the aura serves to gain awareness on this side. The happy spirit isn't tied to time, because he exists in a higher condition. For those who enter a higher sphere cremation offers no hindrance, because they are released from matter before the body is burnt. I just told you how every creature that arrives here will withdraw his aura of life, but the happy spirits do this as soon as they are about to leave the physical body. Is that clear to you?'

'Yes, Alcar.'

'Perfect. Another thing: On earth people think that it's better to burn for an hour and a half than to experience years of torture (see article 'Cremation or burial' on rulof.org). Because, they reason, didn't the spirit get released? Yet many cannot sever their ties, and to them burning is a spiritual shock.

The one who is now lying there, like a living corpse, has experienced that shock. They err when they sense a spiritual condition as if it were material. Of course this is wrong. Those who pass on and still show rosy cheeks, which can often be observed, are in this terrible condition. Matter has been abandoned by life, in other words: the spiritual body has cast off the material garment and the aura of life keeps that garment alive. Not until the first stage of decay has set in will matter take on a deathly pallor. At that moment it's all over and the spirit has taken on its new form of existence. So the aura of life keeps the body intact, and when matter is burnt this will cause a tremendous shock. Ask anyone who lives here what cremation is like, they will all tell you that it ought to be discouraged. It's nothing but a torment. A torture in the spirit. I therefore advise those who intend to be cremated not to do so. Think this over and rather be safe than sorry: choose to be buried. Those on earth who are learned and believe cremation to be beautiful and clean bear darkness in their soul, because this 'beauty and cleanliness' entails material darkness on this side. To man on earth I call out: 'If you have followed everything so far, then put an end to your foolhardiness and try to develop yourself in the spirit. There's still time. You will soon pass on and then only those things will be of value which you bear within. Develop your feeling and make up for the wrong you did. We who dwell on this side, all of us who have left the earth and have dwelt here for hundreds of years, were compelled to accept this truth. We have learnt that love is the highest and the most sacred of all, and that they stand for light and happiness in the life after death. Here, my friends, you cannot hide. Only here does love bear value. Develop that power, your life, learn to love. Learn our language, the language of love, which you will have to understand on your arrival here, or darkness will be your fate.

Before we leave the dark areas, my son, I tell you: The next time we get together on this side, you will become acquainted with this life. I will show you how the rulers, the masters, the geniuses in evil live, how they work and will destroy other people who attune themselves to them. That is why I want to reach man on earth. You will experience how they too continue the festivities they had on earth. In short, you will get to know their life. What I showed you up to now, and will go on showing you, are conditions, attunements and connections in the spirit. Now we will part from the dark areas, the hell in the life after death.'

Feeling, and the spirituality of the earth

They glided along.

André could breathe again. He was glad it was all over. He nevertheless felt happy that he had been allowed to experience all this. To him it meant wisdom in the spirit. How true all the things were which he had perceived until now. How great God's Power was, Who governed all this, Who knew everything about man, down to the very deepest depths. God fathomed and knew all His children. This was impossible to man.

André saw a light that was different from the one he had seen in the dark. 'Where are we now, Alcar?'

'We've passed into a different condition and we're in the Land of Twilight now. The human being who dwells here is in a higher condition of feeling, and as we get higher we will see how the spheres and the people, in short, everything changes. We'll keep on seeing different attunements of feeling. That's why feeling is the essence of man's existence, as I have explained to you so often.'

'Could a scholar of the earth analyse feeling?'

'Certainly, if he possesses attunement in the spirit. But there are those on earth who have operated on people and say that they have yet never seen the soul. That's very sad. They're poor in feeling and yet they're learned. Their own power of feeling is dormant, and yet they are living dead. Feeling is life, it's soul and it means love. And now that we know that love is God and that God means feeling, it's evident that they won't perceive God in an earthly body. I can already hear the first scholar calling out: 'I have seen God.' Others will say that he's gone mad. Life cannot be seen, life has to be felt. Over there, after matter has been discarded, life has nothing in common with the earth. It returns to the Source of all life and that is God. God put life into all matter, which is feeling. On earth life is one in matter, yet it's a separate body. We call it the spiritual and the soul body. Life is protoplasm, the proto-power: God. It cannot be destroyed, it cannot be perceived by material senses, because man perceives the things that belong to matter, because he himself is matter. But man, as a spirit, is the centre of sensitivity, enabling him to find attunement to God. Hence feeling, life and the soul will return to the Father, because feeling is Divine. After having passed through the proto-animal-like, the animal-like, the coarse-material, the material and the spiritual condition, man, at least his essential life, will return to the Divine. In earthly life man is already attuned to God, just as he is in all the other transitions and conditions. Let those who want to find the soul within the body attune to us, only then will they be on the road we have all travelled and will continue to follow.

Feeling cannot be scientifically analysed. Not until we possess cosmic attunement, will we be able to analyse the body of sensitivity. The masters on this side are the ones who can sense feeling as a Divine power in direct

attunement to life.

And everything, my son, is love. Love is feeling, love is God.'

Meanwhile they glided along.

André saw a strange country. The twilight had changed and he sensed more viability in nature. It felt as if everything was awakening.

'You sensed that perfectly, André. The sphere we're in now is the place where man awakens. The human being who dwells here has finally made his way through the dark and has awakened. It's already a different attunement, but it can't yet be compared to the first spiritual sphere. His life becomes imbued with warmth, which it needs to develop. Yet you won't see anything growing here; no greenery, no trees, no blooming life can be perceived here. Nothing of the kind until we enter the sphere that lies directly above. The human being who dwells here is still attuned to the dark spheres and he may fall back again if he doesn't fight this with all his might. That's why many regress into their previous state.'

'Look, Alcar, over there, a lot of beings gliding by.'

'They are the helping spirits from higher areas. They descend for long spells of time in order to help the unfortunate. Fathers and children, as brothers, they're all from higher spheres and they have to be strong to be able to help down there. You know their powers by now. They travel on until they reach the border of the Land of Hatred, where everyone gets his assignment. They're all under one leadership and will be divided up into groups. Many of them haven't been there yet, and competent guides will help them to get to know their life.'

'Will the unfortunate ones they find be brought to these spheres?'

'Yes, my son. If they fervently beg for help they will be helped, but they themselves must want this.'

'What happens afterwards, Alcar?'

'They are told how they can ascend by longing for goodness, and if they're not aware that they passed on on earth, they will become convinced of that too. They are taken along to the earth. This is where the séances prove their purpose, which I showed to you. Afterwards they are brought back to this condition to train themselves in the spirit. If they're able to hold their ground they will soon enter a higher sphere. They can qualify to ascend by helping others. In this way man continues on his path and returns to the Father, to God.'

'Where are we going to now, Alcar?'

'To the sphere of purification, a coarse-material condition. It borders on the first existential sphere in the spirit. We'll see light there, yet in a grey, autumn-like mood, to use an earthly comparison. Over there everything lives in a coarse-material attunement, just as the human beings who dwell there.'

They have passed away on earth, yet without being aware of it. Man doesn't become conscious of his spiritual life until after he has passed on to the first spiritual sphere. Is that clear to you?

'Yes Alcar.'

André saw how everything was changing. He saw a sphere below, but they kept gliding on. Slowly the spheres changed. The further he got, the more life made itself felt, it showed in nature, and in the light within the sky too. Everything was about to awaken, he could clearly perceive it. Life was flowing into nature and into man. The cold, dark spheres were far behind him now.

'Are we going straight there, Alcar?'

'Yes, my boy. We will try to make a few change their ideas. We might succeed. I want to try this to convince you of the conditions they are in, how they feel and what their life is like. It's cold and bleak there too. It has the feel of autumn on earth, when everything in nature is dying. It's the likeness of their inner power of feeling. They don't feel the warmth either, which a happy spirit feels. Their coarse-material feeling dominates everything.'

'Do they all live together there too?'

'This oneness applies to every condition on this side. Wherever you enter, all ranks and classes live together. Those who possess the same attunement, which is love, will be one. This has nothing to do with earthly scholarship or titles. Here love is the only thing of value, the feeling which finds attunement in the spirit. If their love isn't spiritual, everything is worthless.'

'The things people learn on earth, is that all worthless on this side?'

'But of course, André. I'm telling you clearly: if their feeling is developed in the spirit, they can put their earthly erudition to use here too, or after they've returned to earth. They are precisely the ones who can reach the people on earth due to their knowledge of various conditions and sciences of the earth. Many are sent there to help physical man. Then they act upon them and convey to them what they know about eternal life. They are the ones who didn't forget themselves on earth. But they cannot return before they have reached the third sphere.'

'Is it harder to work on earth than on this side?'

'On earth it's harder for us to reach physical man. The problem is, that people on earth live like spirits in matter. They consequently perceive everything with their physical senses. The problem facing them and us is to make them sense the spiritual within matter. We convince them on this side by letting them experience a certain condition. On earth that's not as easy, because most of them possess one material attunement. How can man sense spiritually if he doesn't possess that power of feeling? Therefore he can't, and we have to keep on returning. But here we can show them images, and when

they see these, they submit voluntarily. So it's easier to act upon the spirit in a spiritual way than on matter. It's not easy to exert influence on matter, as man perceives materially. Man must want this. If this isn't the case then we're unable to convince him. On earth people must believe, whereas here we no longer believe, we know. This is the great and mighty difference from achieving something on earth. Our task down there is simplified when man knows that life goes on forever. That is when our actual work on earth begins. Man sees his own planet, the sun, the moon and the stars, and this all belongs to matter. They have to look beyond all this if they want to penetrate the veil and perceive in the world we live in.

That's what's so hard about exerting an influence on earth. Is that clear to you too?

'Yes, Alcar, I understand everything you say. Are the beings we are going over to now all from the dark spheres?'

'Yes and no, André, so both. Many arrive here from the earth, others have travelled the long road from darkness into the light. Those who came from the earth live in an unconscious condition; they're living dead because they think they still dwell on earth; their development begins here. Is this also clear to you? One other thing: ask me as much as you want to. Your question is my link; I want you to understand this correctly. I'm keeping to a set plan without any side-tracking. Now, if you would like to know something, don't hesitate to ask, and I will reply to the best of my abilities. The deeper you're adapted, the more wisdom it will mean to you in the spirit. Your feeling will tell you what to ask and I will answer you. So ask on behalf of all the people on earth who would like to, but can't yet, as they don't possess this gift. Never forget that your gift is their gift and will remain so.'

'You told me just now that those who live above here don't know that they passed away on earth. How terrible that must be; after all, they're in eternity, aren't they?'

'These conditions are terrible, but it's the truth. They didn't want to raise themselves on earth, and that's the attunement in which they arrive here. Feeling is the spiritual body, they arrive here in the condition which coincides with the way they feel. So when man reaches this sphere, everything is and remains just as he feels. Nothing will change. It's impossible. They will possess light and happiness in accordance with their feelings.'

'Will they get help too?'

'Spiritual help is found in every sphere, no matter where man happens to be: everywhere, in every condition, right up to the highest heavens. Those we're about to visit now dwell in eternal life but still want to pay with earthly money for the things that are done for them, and for many other things.'

'What did you say? With money?'

‘Yes, André, after all, they believe they’re still on earth. Their feeling, nature, everything is attuned to the earth. After all, it couldn’t be otherwise. It proves how true our life is on this side. It couldn’t be true if it were at odds with nature. There are many other conditions which are even sadder than that innocent habit of repaying things with money. We know of others. There are clergymen from earth here, who even in the life after death keep on talking about hell and damnation and confront others with this. Right here, while they’re in eternity.’

‘You really mean that, Alcar?’

‘What I say is nothing but the sad truth, nothing else. They have thousands of followers. You will get to know them when we get there. They set up their parishes and preach eternal damnation.’

‘It’s hard to believe, Alcar.’

‘Unfortunately it’s the truth. On earth their followers get stuck in their doctrines and follow their preachers implicitly, whatever they proclaim. They look down upon people of other confessions whom they would tear to pieces if they had the nerve. Including the clergy; they’re all cold and barren. And now that we know, that man feels in accordance with his utterances and the deeds he performs, they are all unhappy, cold-hearted beings. How could it be otherwise? If they acknowledge a God of violence, they neither want to see or sense a Father of love. Hence they will possess the same attunement here as they had on earth. That’s the way they feel and that’s all they want.

Is that love? Is God a Father, could God be a Father if He damned His children? No, fortunately not; the God we know is very different from the God they feel and know. They spent their whole life on earth just preaching about damnation. Does that offer man the warmth which makes him happy on this side? What is their possession worth if their God is a God of violence? Their belief and their knowledge lack spiritual power. The way they feel, my son, makes everything cold and barren, and this applies to the clergy on earth too. Those who speak of hell and damnation are all cold inside. They spend their entire life praying, yet it’s void of any power. Their prayers are cold and stripped of life. Everything about them is dead, just as they are themselves. That’s why we call them the living dead over here. Indeed they’re dead, because they don’t feel life; life doesn’t damn or murder and knows no violence, because life is God and stands for Love. Their smooth sermons are worthless too. Their discordant singing is just a moanful plea for warmth and light and merely betokens their weakness. It sounds like a storm, but it’s a howling hurricane, it’s destructive because it’s a fake. Deep within they sense a God of vengeance, so everything is phoney, nothing is real, not even their own life. Everything will appear to man just as he feels and that’s the attunement he will find here. Their prayers will become powerful only if they’re in

harmony, one with life. At present they're fine-sounding words which lack the feeling and the power which could offer warmth to mankind. These are the sermons of those who preach about a God of vengeance, about hell and damnation. That's why their attunement equals a coarse-material condition. One day they will know that God is a Father of love. One day they will feel it, André, in the life on this side.'

'So there's no use in praying, Alcar?' André looked at his leader and sensed that his question had been wrong. How could he ever have been so stupid?

'You didn't understand what I said, my son. I meant only those who recognize a God of vengeance; they had better stop praying. But if man simply kneels down in humility and sends off a prayer from the bottom of his heart, then a prayer like that will be heard. That's when a prayer has power. That's when a prayer is worth something and will penetrate to the core of all truth, because the being senses God and approaches his Father with love and humility. The devil on earth prays to God, the devil that lives in a human shape. He cries out and hides behind his mask. They are the hypocrites of the earth, those who pray and don't live accordingly. One life curses the other, one life prays for the downfall of the other. Just because they pray. One prays for destruction, another to win a war, and they all recognize one Father. Is that love? They're devils, because they adorn themselves with holy crosses and hide behind their prayers. Doesn't it all clash? Doesn't it run counter to God's holy life? There's a curse on everything. How will they answer to all that? They pray to win a war and yet they profess one belief. Isn't it terrible? They ought to be covered up under their crosses in order to nurture that other kind of life which doesn't possess mindful thinking and yet bears God's life within. Here they will get to know life. Thousands will be awaiting them here, those whom they destroyed with their prayers. But those who understood their task on earth dwell in the spheres of light and are happy. That's why you can't call every priest spiritual. Those who serve the Father of Fathers and approach His holy Power with love will give warmth to the children of man, because they sense His holy Life.'

'What do you think of the clergy on earth?'

Alcar looked at André and said: 'You're asking me whether they're holy, André? No, my boy, there are no saints on earth. Those who pass off as such ridicule God's holy Power and abuse His Sanctity. On this side nothing is known about saints on earth. They don't live there and are yet to be born. Not in a thousand years to come will saints be able to live there, because they killed the Holy One Who once dwelt there.'

I will try to explain to you why this is impossible. Listen. First of all: Once there was a Holy man who dwelt on earth but, as I said, the people nailed Him to the cross. They tore His flesh from His body and flogged Him. His

holy love, which served to nourish their dark souls, wasn't understood. The people destroyed that holy Life because they recognized a different kind of love. His holy feeling was the spiritual truth, because He was one with all of life and in contact with God. God was in Him, God lived in Him. He was one in everything. He was holy and found attunement to God's holy Power and He possessed that holy love. He wanted to give that holy power to material man for them to get to know God's holy Love too. But what did they do? They drank His blood and stained Him. His holy heart was torn apart. However puny life on earth may be, however young life on earth may still be, it senses the holy power of Jesus Christ, our Master. His holy radiance gave warmth to millions. His love healed. His touch made miracles happen. The sick were cured, the lame and the crippled returned to daily life. His holy life was in them, His love healed everything, beamed forth over the entire earth. And those who call themselves saints, what do they do? Their holiness is nothing but self-love and vanity. It's crude human selfishness, it's bedazzlement with silver and gold. They're the happy ones of the world, my son. It has no meaning on this side. Their holiness is the pedestal they place themselves on. They're the lepers on this side. Their feeling contains the core of this terrible disease. Here we acknowledge one law which every joyful being knows and which says: whatever man acquires on earth belongs to the earth, and he will leave it behind when he parts from earthly life. He will have to shed everything. He will enter here naked, because it has no value on this side. Second, no-one from the earth can enter a first spiritual sphere, before they have undergone their purification on this side. This tells us that they are not holy beings.

Again, God has no representatives in a human body on earth. Who would dare to say of himself on earth: I and the Father are one?

Here we await their arrival and they too will be subjected to a sacred happening. Here they stand naked, lit up by God's holy Light. This is a holy moment, which no human being, no life can escape. When I still lived on earth, my son, I also thought that saints dwelt there. But on this side I got to know their sanctitude. Here it is known that their pedestals are erected by intrigues and the blood of others. We know here that their mentality signifies deep darkness.

I, my son, and thousands with me have more respect for a mother who is left behind with her eight children and has to work herself to death to keep them alive. We feel more respect for a salvation army soldier who is ridiculed for singing his songs on the street to support others, than for a saint on earth.

Third, I want to show you that saints could never live on earth. Listen carefully and try to understand me. On this side the mentality possessed by the earth towards cosmic attunement is known. This is the power of feeling

in the universal attunement of the life which dwells on the planet earth. There are seven degrees of spiritual love in the universe, which is the universal attunement. Now the life that exists in the seventh (cosmic) degree passes on from there into the All. But more about this later.

There are thousands of other planets and bodies in the universe which harbour forms of life that possess either a higher or a lower degree of spiritual attunement and in which all are one, which means finding attunement to God.

All this marks the cycle of the soul. It's the course which life takes to return to the origin of all life. Each life has its own attunement, which means that it's in one condition of feeling which is a specific spiritual attunement, but it's attuned to God and therefore should be Divine. These are different spiritual conditions, in cosmic attunement.

The earth, meaning the life that lives on this planet, has reached the third degree of development. So there are two lower degrees, in other words, there are beings in the universe who possess a first and a second mentality and exist below the power of feeling of the life which prevails on earth.

Is that clear to you, André?

'Yes, Alcar.'

'On the other hand there are four higher attunements, which all lie above that of the earth and have therefore reached a higher degree of spiritual development. Now the life that exists in the fourth attunement, is manifest in holy beings with a spiritual attunement. They can call themselves holy, because they possess these powers and are therefore beings with a spiritual attunement. Their love is purer than what life on earth senses and possesses, in short everything is different from what life on earth possesses.

The holy beings who live in this condition are not reborn on earth, because it would destroy their cycle, and as this cannot be, they will consequently not return to their former kind of life. They keep on evolving until they have reached the highest degree of cosmic attunement, to return to the Divine state. So the reason why it's not possible is because life continues on its way up and will not exist beneath its attunement of feeling. I will come back to that in the higher spheres.

It will also be clear to you that the earth is populated by people that possess a lower attunement; since life evolves they rise to a higher state which induces them to visit the planet earth.

Is this clear to you too, André?

'Completely, Alcar, but everything is too profound, too mighty for me to be able to digest it.'

'These things are beyond us too, André, but it's a source of happiness to us to know that a higher form of bliss awaits us. Thus the earth will change

when the beings that live in a deeper state have passed on to other planets, so that those mentalities cease to exist, because they have passed on to another, higher form of existence. Only then will the earth be changed, since the proto-animal-like attunement will have dissolved and no longer pass on to the planet earth. Life came from the first and the second mentality and passed on to the third, which is the planet earth. And all the other planets have a certain location, and possess one spiritual attunement which is the love of all the life that exist in the universe, but everything is attuned to God because it's God's own life.

Another thing, my son. On this side these masters are known for what they are; the life that exists in the fourth attunement can exist for hundreds of years before it also comes to an end, which means passing on to the Hereafter. The higher we come, the longer man, or life lives, thousands of years even, before passing on. The highest mentality then passes on into the All and life has fulfilled its cycle.

On this side powers are known, André, which could rejuvenate an old, earthly person. These are powers that could even put an end to all existing illnesses. But we also know that man on earth, or the life that lives there, ought to be happy that it is allowed to die there. So get me right, that it's allowed to die. That may sound like a bolt from the blue in their ears, but we know what God put aside for life on earth, not only earthly happiness but the spiritual, yes even the universal happiness that it will one day enter the Divine. What a sad existence life would be if it had to continue on earth forever.

Once again: man, rejoice that you are allowed to die on earth; a higher happiness, a higher love and bliss awaits you on this side!

It will be clear to you by now that saints cannot live on earth, nor will they ever set foot there, unless they have a Divine mission to fulfil.

Now for a different condition. We're in the hereafter, aren't we? This is where the human beings live who died on earth, as they say. Is that clear to you too? Now listen.

Where are or where does my son think all other mentalities live? I mean those who possess a higher attunement than the life has, that arrives here from the earth.'

André reflected but he couldn't solve it, and he said: ' I don't know, Alcar, it's too deep for me.'

'It's wonderful to hear how honest you are. I'll make it clear to you. The masters on this side possess the cosmogony. The teachings of the universe. And psychology too, the knowledge of the soul, yet in cosmic attunement. My boy, I was permitted to follow their teachings for a while, so that I gained a clear picture of the life which exists in the cosmos. I'll try to explain to you

that all these attunements are one and how they are linked up.

Listen, André. We're in the hereafter now, aren't we? You've experienced it since I made various conditions clear to you. It gave you an accurate image of our life. It enabled me to show you that we are invisible to those who live in the dark spheres. This means that we possess a higher attunement than they do. This is all clear to you, isn't it?

'Yes, Alcar.'

'Good. As long as I live in my attunement, I can't perceive the life of even higher levels, because they have reached a still higher degree of development. That's clear to you too? So when they who live in the mental areas pass on to other planets and die there too, they arrive here on this side and go on living in this condition until they pass on to other bodies, which marks the cycle of the soul. It means that all the attunements live here, right up to the highest mentality, because this is the universe. Now in our condition the highest mentality is also present: The seventh cosmic attunement. So, when you sense all this, you realize that we live in and with God, that we are together with God, yet are still far removed from His Divine Life. Here, and wherever man may be, the deepest and also the highest attunements are gathered. It tells you that good and evil are one, constitute one condition, namely man. God is within us, but so are the darkest powers, which we must conquer in order to approach our holy Father. God lives within us; we carry the light within us, but also deep darkness.

So it's clear that man can be Divine. Also that happiness awaits us if we are willing to attune to God. It will mean nothing but eternal, yes, everlasting happiness. Is this clear to you?'

'Yes, Alcar, all of it.'

'So you understand everything, my boy?'

'Yes, Alcar.'

The Living Dead

André thought it all over, but his mind reeled. What a wisdom his leader possessed. Who was this man who was able to link him up with the cosmos?

He had asked Alcar what he thought of the clergy on the earth, to be allowed to receive this wisdom. How great Alcar's feeling was, what an enormous respect he felt for love. He couldn't thank God enough for being permitted to visit the spheres. He compared himself with all these powers which life could possess. What was he, amidst these millions of forces, compared to all this? Nothing, he was nothing at all. What a lot he still had to learn! How insignificant the things were which he possessed and which stood for

his ego. And what about man on earth? What was earthly scholarship, what was left of it all in the light of this truth? It was still nothing and nothing of it remained. The life that existed on earth didn't even know that it was alive; how faraway they still were from that knowledge. Now he understood that pure love could not be shared on earth. We hadn't got that far yet, we neither sensed the warmth nor knew the powers, which such a love would possess. Everything man, himself included, ever felt was selfishness, nothing but self-love. The human level equalled a third degree of development. That degree stood for power of love. What did man know of degrees, of spiritual degrees? They knew nothing, they neither knew nor sensed the cosmic degrees of different mentalities. That was all invisible to man, just as Alcar's powers of love were invisible and intangible to him.

What was universal love? Could it ever be encompassed on earth, or described? It couldn't, because they didn't even know their own life. The people there spoke of fourth dimensional conditions without even knowing their own attunement, nor did they understand what it meant or what it represented. They gave it a guess, just as those who wanted to calculate the universe and were faced with figures they couldn't even utter. Thousands, millions of digits even, which they could go on expressing for years without ever reaching the end. That's how faraway this science was removed from them, and yet they were able to come up with figures. That's how distant universal love was from man on earth. He didn't know any of these conditions either, and Alcar told him that he was still a child in matters of love.

André understood that the greatest study man could undertake was to get to know himself. Alcar had held up a mirror before him, in which he had come to know life. And what a life that was! It made his head spin. And wasn't it the truth? Didn't every creature sense that this was how it could be? Wasn't it a viability which life could sense? Did life feel something else? But what? Could there be a different theory? He sensed and believed Alcar, because everything was holy to his leader and he loved all life. And those who loved wouldn't ridicule other lives which didn't yet sense that level. No, he still had a long way to go, yet it made him feel happy too.

But he also felt thousands of other conditions entering his mind, conditions which ran counter to him. After all, what did property mean on earth? What was man? An atom that was part of god's greatness. How insignificant he was, yet how great he could be, and wished to be. Alcar told him that man on earth should rejoice that he was allowed to die there. Do you hear? We ought to be glad that we're allowed to die there. Isn't it dreadful for many to have to hear that they must be happy to be permitted to die? Should one be happy to be permitted to pass on? Had he understood Alcar clearly and correctly? Yes, because he had said that God had a different kind of happiness in

mind for the life that exists on earth.

And what did people do? They would cry, many were even heartbroken when an elderly person passed on and left them behind. They were broken with grief and their sorrow ruined them. How long would it last before they had got far enough to joyfully and gladly let go of their loved ones who were bound for a higher life? To lose all feeling of self-love, how long would that take? When would there be people on earth who bore this wisdom within? When would people be able to call out: Greet those who have already passed on? When, for heaven's sake? It would take thousands of years yet, and meanwhile they are tormented by the thought of death. All that time they would keep on nurturing their pre-animal-like inner being with their sorrow and tears and their grief. It robbed them of all their vital juice until they were empty. It was an animalistic thought. Death made them shiver and shake.

André knew better by now. The word 'death' was a swearword in the dictionary. It defiled all other thoughts that had to do with life. The word death smothered everything and robbed the living of the strength to go on living after they had lost their loved ones. No, there was no death, death had never ever existed. Death was a fiction. Death was nothing and everything, death was life. Death lived, how could that be? Here he beheld life after death; there it was again, that word death! In the life after this life people kept on living. Eternally, forever together with those who were already here and lived anew.

To him death meant life. This life was majestic. Oh, how beautiful he found death. He had made friends with it, it was his greatest companion, apart from God and from Alcar. It came next, but most of all, yes, most of all he loved death, because it gave him life. To him death was God, one with God, that's what death was. Very often he silently spoke to it. He envied everyone who passed on. He wasn't jealous of anything, only of those who were allowed to pass on.

Oh death, you beautiful life, hidden behind you. You mighty liberator. I love you because you are and signify life. Everything within me I give to you, you feel my longing for that moment when you come to fetch me, which to me will be nothing but happiness, nothing but eternal happiness. Death, oh precious death, your life I know, because I was allowed to accompany him to get to know you. The people of the earth gave you that name because in you, oh death, they neither see nor feel life. How often had he sung this song, standing at a deathbed, envying those who were about to pass on. He felt their sorrow, their grief in those moments, yet in a different manner. It made him one with those who would soon get to know life and death.

Oh, when the moment came when he too would be allowed to go, then he would be allowed through his power to live as he wished to live, then he

would give his blood for others, who wouldn't accept it on earth from him.

If only it wouldn't last too long, he already yearned for it. It was the greatest present he could ever receive on earth. Alcar looked at him and said:

'It will take a while yet, my boy, before the great happiness will come to you. There are still many people whom we must convince that dying means nothing but happiness. The people's minds will be dazed when they hear this, but then let me call out to them, that we too recognize powers which make us bow down before Him Who governs all this. We're underway to develop ourselves, including those who dwell in the highest heavens. And only after we have reached the mental areas will we sense and absorb many things that are as yet still incomprehensible to us, and we will act accordingly. Everything will then be wisdom in the spirit. All other things are still obscure to us too.

At the moment we're in a different sphere, there where the living dead of the earth dwell.'

André saw a country that resembled the earth, just as his leader had explained to him. It was enveloped in a grey haze. The atmosphere here was cold and bleak. There was more life here than in the other spheres, but everything was still in an unnatural state. On earth everything was green, here all of nature seemed to be clothed in grey.

He saw people, all of them old, with bent backs. They bore the sorrow of the earth. It weighed on their shoulders. It was turning them into wrecks. He didn't see any young, fresh-looking people here, they were not to be found in this place. Only old people dwelt here, deep-down they were all aged and beaten. There were no children here either. It was strange to see only old people. Where people lived, surely everything lived, children too and young people? It was very strange to him. How had this come about, how was this possible? What was the meaning of this? It was terrible to see them like this. Now he thought of Alcar's explanation of all the other spheres. They bore this old age within. It was their spiritual attunement. He also saw many houses and buildings. Churches too, and in the distance he saw a small town. Everything was barren and old. On earth everything had more beauty, and to think that he was in eternity. It was a sad situation. On earth they were a hundred times better off than in eternity.

'Where are the young people, Alcar? I don't see them here.'

'They live in other spheres; I will tell you shortly what all these attunements are like. They all have a different attunement.'

André met people who lived here. They looked at him as if he were a miracle to them. He noticed this clearly.

'What does this mean, Alcar? Look how they're staring at us.'

'This is simple too, my son. Do we look as old as they do?'

André understood.

‘We’re in an attunement which differs from theirs. If we were to show ourselves in our own powers, they would believe they were seeing miracles, as you will witness shortly. It illustrates what I told you about all the other planets. As you see, they build their houses and churches here too. They do that in accordance with the powers they possess, but they lack the means to accomplish something beautiful. Come on, let’s go this way and avoid that little town. We won’t find them there.’

There were many creatures wandering about, their heads bent as if they thought they would find something. It was sad to see them in that condition.

‘What are they looking for, Alcar?’

‘They’re not looking for anything, André. They are the ones who will soon go on to another sphere. They feel unhappy. They feel remorse and want to make amends for all the wrong they did. They will soon be offered an opportunity to do good. They keep their distance from the others, they’re sick of their lives; they sense a higher, a different kind of life. Spirits will come over here to help them and to show them how to pass on. But others live in complete happiness, which clearly demonstrates that they aren’t aware of their own life, nor are they convinced of their own sorry existence.’

The sky lay enveloped in a grey haze, and there wasn’t a cloud to be seen. Where was that beautiful blue colour one could see in the skies on earth? All the things he perceived in this sphere looked sad. He saw mountains too, and plains. Everything lay waiting for warmth; no sun here that could awaken life with its rays. Everything was waiting for those first rays which would make life come alive and change into warm, softer hues. Everything was shrouded, everything seemed dead, just like they who dwelt here.

Poor people they were. It was pathetic to see them like this. He wouldn’t be able to feel happy here, it was even better to be on earth. There were people on earth whom he had spoken to about the hereafter and who had so often said that they would prefer to stay there because they knew what they had right now, but they would have to wait and see what they would get in return. Well, these people were right. If they were put into this situation, they would surely feel better off on earth. Many felt happy there. They didn’t sense the monotony of their existence. They were satisfied and longed for nothing else. That’s why they were dead. Only now that he perceived them, did he understand their condition of being alive yet dead.

‘Look, André: inhabitants of this sphere, over there.’

André saw a big valley where hundreds were gathered. What were they up to? He saw men and women gathered, all of them old and shrivelled.

‘We’re lucky’, Alcar said, ‘they’re holding a meeting. They do that on earth too. You see how natural their life is. We will stay here, maybe they’ll listen

to us. I want to try to speak to them and you, my boy, will help me in this, won't you?' André looked at his leader as if he wanted to say: Must I really address them?

'Yes, André, don't you want to tell them what I have shown to you and will yet show you? If we succeed, then open up; I will help you. I want to see whether you have learnt during all those years. Also, whether you can overcome difficulties. If we can convince a single creature, then our work will have been rewarded, because in that way we show how grateful we are that God granted us all this beauty. So put everything you've got into it, André. Exert your influence on them and try to link them up. Let them sense your love, raise them up and connect them with life and try to melt their cold hearts. Remember, André, it all depends on your conviction, your concentration and your strong will power, to give something to others. Above all: do not fear. Let them feel what you feel, see what you see and hear what you hear.'

André felt nervous. How would it all turn out?

Alcar told him: 'My son, right now you're already under their influence. Let them think as they choose, embrace them in your heart, enclose them in your feeling, feel love for them; love works wonders. If you're in doubt, then we must travel on because they will regard us as intruders and attack us too. Why fear, André? Can they teach you anything? Don't overestimate yourself, but above all don't belittle yourself. It would mean your downfall. There is nothing to fear if you feel more love than they do. I leave you to it.'

André was alone. There, before him, hundreds of creatures were gathered, and in the distance there were more to come to this place. Would they be gathering down here? They were living dead. He, a man from the earth, knew more about eternity than they did. In Summerland he had met his aunt, who had left the earth as an old woman and had arrived there rejuvenated and beautiful. Immediately after she had cast off her material garment she had taken on her spiritual state. She was beautiful and young in this life, but what did these creatures look like? They had bent backs, they were old and this was all due to their lack of love. Oh, he already longed for the moment he would be allowed to begin. He longed fervently to open their eyes. He felt himself growing calm inside, and a wonderful feeling of peace came over him. There in front of him he saw a tall human being, dressed like a clergyman on earth. Was he one of those who preach about hell and damnation over here too? The man moved away from all the others and went to a raised pedestal. Would he be speaking too? And where was Alcar? He didn't see his leader anywhere. The clergyman looked at him and André sensed how the other regarded him as a stranger who didn't belong here. He seemed to demand to know what André was up to, all on his own in this place. His gaze

was fixed upon him as if he wanted to pierce him. He withstood the cruel gaze and sensed the man's coldness.

Then he saw Alcar, his leader appeared right out of their midst. Alcar went up to the clergyman and exchanged a few words with him. He clearly heard Alcar say: 'May we address your congregation?' From his raised pedestal the clergyman looked down defyingly at his leader, his arms across his breast, and a few seconds went by before he replied.

André would have liked to charge at him and cry out: 'Don't you see who is standing in front of you?' Must that man treat his leader with so much contempt? Surely this wasn't necessary. Oh, what would Alcar feel like? Finally he asked, in a harsh tone of voice: 'Who are you?' 'We', he heard Alcar say, 'are your brothers, and we come to you from a different country with love in our hearts, in the true sense of the word.' The clergyman smiled sarcastically. He was still standing there, gazing down on him, just as Nero once on Rome. His old face was creased with wrinkles. At last he spoke. It was a tense moment. How simple Alcar was, waiting in all simplicity for his decision. André sensed a lesson in life in Alcar's attitude; things could only be achieved with love.

'Are you here in the name of God?' The words lashed at his soul due to the chill in the man's voice. This unfortunate man was asking his leader whether he came in the name of God. It typified the man. How he felt himself. Alcar looked at him respectfully and replied: 'We come to you in the name of God, in the true sense of the word, as I already told you.' 'I'll give you half an hour', was his reply. That's not much, André thought, his leader would need all that time for himself. Anyway, he agreed, the ice was broken, and Alcar went up to them and addressed the crowd: 'Sisters and brothers. Your leader gave me permission to speak to you. If you would all please be seated, then we can begin.'

The creatures looked at Alcar as if he were a miracle. Even the clergyman had changed noticeably.

Alcar addressed them in his soft, yet sonorous voice: 'Why, dear friends, is man to blame for his own misfortune? Why, I ask you, does man not know himself, although God has given him intelligence for him to think? God placed man above the animal, and the animal feels where it belongs, yet man does not. An animal doesn't fall back, it will always live in accordance with his feeling. His feeling shows him the way and tells him how to follow it. And how does man act? The love of the animal is a love which is given in full. But what do we do? Do we always give our pure love? Do we give it at full strength? Of course not. Isn't there a power in us which always takes us back to ourselves? And isn't that our very own self? God put man above the animal and gave him a Divine power, a mind to a greater or smaller extent.

And do we use this mind to follow the track? Not one of us does. Don't we keep on wandering away from our intention to do good? Then doesn't an animal offer a more beautiful kind of love than we humans generally do? Did I say too much? Doesn't an animal know itself better than we know ourselves? Doesn't an animal live more consciously? And are we aware of our own situation?

Isn't it terrible, isn't it sad that we are so often unable to resemble an animal? Don't we very often sense these shortcomings, aren't we to blame for this ourselves? God gave us intelligence to think, a power He Himself embodies. God gave us the mercy to have our very own personality, a Divine mercy which every human being receives. But we must watch out that we don't perish. God gave us the power to reason. And doesn't this power serve to cultivate our own ego? Doesn't it serve to shape an aura of self-love and selfishness? Isn't that our very own downfall? Doesn't it tell us that we don't understand life and that we too often put ourselves in the limelight? Don't we feel the urge to be in the centre of attention, which makes us lose our balance? We will be led back to the truth in accordance with our experiences. It helps us to get to know ourselves. Wouldn't you admit that God granted the power to reason for other purposes? We very often say: use your brains! And these brains serve to connect us with God. God intends you to make use of the Divine gift you received to find your way to the light, to His holy land of eternal love. God gave us our thinking capacity and placed us above the animal in order to mean something to others. But isn't our elated feeling a misfortune to ourselves? Man, feel your divine mercy and use your life to really come to life. Don't use your brains for yourself, sense your own situation and act according to your higher insight. Man, be alive. Awaken, friends! God granted you that great mercy to attune to Him, which is only possible through His holy Power, which lies within all of us. Friends, sharpen your mind towards everyone, towards everything that's alive, try to raise yourself above the animal. Don't hold on to your brains for the sake of your own selfishness; become altruists of mankind to serve life. Use your powers to save your soul from human selfishness, passion and violence, and try to emerge as victors. There is strife in every life, a struggle to get to know yourself. The urge to rise must make itself felt within you. It's your spiritual struggle which will bring you closer to God. It's the battle that enables you to enter the higher spheres. Man must keep on rising. But many have chosen a road that leads to deep darkness. They made wrong use of their brains. Their road doesn't lead to God. They go around in circles and their brains won't help to get them out. But the more you practice and learn to use your brains, the more your feelings will develop, which will bring you happiness and light. Man, use your brains to develop your feeling in the spirit.

Clear the way for yourselves, friends, without flinching, and know that God placed all those hardships on your path, and that you must conquer them. Know, friends, that spheres of greater beauty await you, which my brother will tell you about afterwards and which you can reach if you know how to use the powers God gave to you. Fight, my friends, for your own sake, but don't submit to the struggle. Try to conquer yourself. Know that God's holy Power is in you, that He gave you His holy Life.

Awaken, for your life is eternal. Awaken from your deep sleep, God is within you. Call out for help, ask God for strength to help you find your way.

And when you bow down humbly and lay down everything at God's feet, then everything will be allowed to change for you.

Pray, my friends, pray often, ask to get to know the powers which are in you. Pray that God's light may forever shine on you, which you will one day see in all its glory. It is God's will that His love be used to help others, to give warmth to those who don't yet feel His love. Know, friends, that it's possible to rise.

God gave you intelligence, the mercy to live forever. Learn to use your brains in the service of God, difficult though it may be. Learn to trust that God, in His infinite goodness, will help you all to partake of eternal happiness. Amen.'

Deep silence prevailed amongst them. They all looked at Alcar in amazement. They felt deep respect for everything.

In a flash it came to André: 'Talk about nature and link them up with life.' He began immediately and he sensed that he was being helped.

'Sisters and brothers! We come from a different country to tell you about the beauty there, and we invite you to visit our land. Our country is full of beauty, even nature shows itself in a different way than here. The colour of the sky is bright, and everywhere flowers grow and bloom and they remain fresh forever and never wither.

We build our own homes, in the way we wish them to be. None of them look alike. That's because also every creature is different and possesses his very own personality. As we imagine our home to be, so it will be. We can build wherever we want to, between mountains, in the plains, on the waterfront or on riverbanks. But we cannot obtain the necessary materials from other countries. We can use anything that grows and lives in our own country. We also know that in other countries where people also live, building materials cannot be obtained from abroad either. We are bound by laws. Those laws correspond to the inner condition of the person who lives there. This means that we may not and cannot transcend our own powers. We can't put materials from other countries to use, for the simple reason that we have a different climate, and everything would fall to pieces.

We live together like sisters and brothers. We live for each other with love in our hearts, and we would never lie to each other or deceive one another, not even in our thoughts. You will think this strange, but we would immediately be aware of it, because we can follow each other's thoughts. That's why everyone is honest and why a brother or sister is open, entirely open, to all others. When we see a sister or a brother we see ourselves, because we possess one love and are one in that love, which means that our life is nothing but happiness.

We practice the arts as we wish, and we play with each other like children. We enjoy ourselves and have fun, that's how beautiful our life is. We attend festivities dressed in beautiful garments and go to concerts where various masters are gathered and perform. They don't play from written music, they play according to nature, which radiates various hues. The masters are one with nature, and the masters reproduce the feeling of all of life with their beautiful instruments. It's marvellous where we live, and compared to your land ours could be called paradise. We have beautiful temples and buildings and, though you will find this unbelievable, our temples reverberate. This means that sound is spread around so that you can follow the concert without being inside. It spreads out for thousands of miles just as everything is one and reflects life. We know and possess many miracles which all of us understand, because deep down we sense the miracle. Therefore nothing is secret to us, because a secret is a different life, and when we experience that life we will acquire it and it will belong to us. We keep on advancing in this way, ascending all the time, and thanking our God for everything given to us.

Fortune smiles us in the face. We pray in the open, never inside buildings or in temples, because nature is God and because it's easier for us to approach God through the life that lives in nature, as it's God's holy power which is inherent in everything. And we link up with it and nothing will disturb us because our togetherness is one, and we want to unite in simplicity and in honesty.

That's how we sense God and we try to approach our Almighty Father with love. To us love is the holiest, the most beautiful and the mightiest of all of God's creations, which He gave to us. It's the holy power which is God Himself, and if we can love others, we approach God because God is nothing but love. Then everything will shine on us and we will remain happy forever. We will never grow old. We don't know old age in our country. Old age, such as you possess here, is unknown to us. We're like flowers, forever fresh. Let me tell you about another miracle, but I tell you beforehand that you will think this is incredible, yet I also say that it's the truth, as sure as you're alive. We, and many others with us, are already thousands of years old and

yet we're young, we're handsome, and we can be like children, in the pure sense of the word. Isn't it unbelievable? Yet what I say is the truth. We can no longer grow old. We are old within, but on the outside we are young. Our old age is our wisdom, which every creature in our country possesses. No matter whom you see or speak to over there, they all possess wisdom, which they carry within. Our wisdom is our feeling because we sense the life that is inherent in everything and we therefore understand everything. I could go on and list thousands of other miracles. Many strangers came to visit us, but they didn't want to return to their relatives. Our beauty held them captive. They simply couldn't understand why we were all so young. And they wanted to know how that could be attained. Our masters, who govern everything in our land, told them how they could be enabled to stay with us and possess a young life. They told them: 'All of us who live here once lived in a different country. There we were visited by strangers who convinced us that a country existed of greater beauty, which they called the land of love. They told us that we should all set off on our pilgrimage. They made it clear to us how we should travel, and with their help we set off in thousands to reach their land of love. They also told us that it would be difficult because we would have much to suffer from on the way. But once we had reached that land there would be nothing but happiness.'

Thousands of us headed for that country, and only a handful turned back. We asked God for strength to support us on our difficult and heavy journey. And so we steadily moved on, further and further, and the miracle came true: the nearer we got to the land of love, the younger we became. We shared everything on the way. We travelled together with love in our hearts and helped those who were unable to continue, supporting them with all the powers that were in us. After a while we awoke and understood what the strangers had meant: we were to get to know ourselves. Many already sensed within what their attunement was, and that they hadn't known themselves because they hadn't felt the life which God has put into everything. Now we got to know life as well as our own life through grief and sorrow and by overcoming hardships. It was a struggle all the way, nothing but a struggle, but we followed and understood that a higher happiness was ahead of us. This was evident by everything that surrounded us, because we were getting younger in the midst of the battle. So we arrived in another country, but this was not yet the promised land of love, where the strangers lived. We were all happy that we had left our own country. How cold everything had been compared to the things which surrounded us now. Yet the land of love was even more beautiful. And with renewed courage we moved on, further and further, until that beautiful morning when we finally entered the land of love.

How happy we were. Oh, those first moments, it was as if we awoke, it seemed like a dream, to feel the greatness of God's powers, how much beauty God has in store for all His children.

When we were allowed to behold God's holy light we all knelt down and thanked God for all that beauty. We prayed for a long time, our heads bowed down deeply for all that beauty that was given to us. We had all earned ourselves that land of love, through battle and through grief and sorrow. We all understood that God is nothing but love. God is light, God is life. We were all young, fresh and beautiful. All of us, without exception, cried out at the top of our voice: God is love, God is light, God is life, eternal, everlasting life.' All were happy.

André had spoken passionately. They were all linked up with him in their thoughts. Even the priest beamed, his old face reflected the happiness and the longing to be allowed to possess all this beauty.

Their yearning looks moved him deeply. It made him aware how they were all under his influence, and he himself sensed that he could, at that moment, move mountains.

He continued with fervour.

'Our masters told us: 'Go back to your country and follow the path which we and many others have trodden. Show them the way, how they must follow it, and support each other on this difficult journey. It's all up to yourself. You hold your fortune in your own hands. And if you persevere in spite of much grief and sorrow, you will soon be here, where thousands will await you, and we will take care that everything is ready to receive you. All those who follow our path can enter here. There is happiness here for everyone, nothing but happiness. Eternal, holy happiness awaits you. But do not forget that you can never enter this place if you haven't travelled your way with love in your hearts and didn't feel love towards everything you encountered on the way.'

André saw how the priest descended from his pedestal and went over to Alcar. André continued:

'The strangers returned to their country and thousands set off to reach the land of love and start their pilgrimage.

And you, my friends, to all of you I call out: you too must leave this barren land behind; a different, a higher happiness awaits you.

Leave this valley of tears and follow the way they travelled and all will travel because it's the road which God shows us and will always show us. Stand up, my friends, follow the path of love. Follow the path which will take you to the land of eternal happiness, where your friends already live.'

André felt that he was allowed to go on for the moment, and fervently he called out to them:

‘Friends, I will tell you even more; it’s the truth, as everything is true. Listen, listen carefully and never forget it.

You have all lived on earth and you died there. You are living in eternity, but you wasted your earthly life because your life was centred on matter, which caused you to get into this situation; you have no knowledge of a spiritual life because you closed yourself off to that life. Pray that God may open your eyes.

‘Where are your children? They too live on this side, but in other countries. They are purer and more beautiful and they possess a higher attunement which is why you can’t see them. Sense your unnatural state and compare your life with a higher, a spiritual life where you will one day live forever. At present you are at odds with everything in that country, even with your own children. You won’t see your children again here, never ever in this region. Over there, where there is nothing but happiness, you will find them again, in heavenly beauty. It is God’s will, my friends, that you follow His path. God is love, my friends. God is light, happiness and life.’

They had all changed by now. He heard the priest call out: ‘God is love, we want to follow the path of love.’ Their shouts mingled: ‘God is love, we want to go to the land of love, we want to see our children again.’ It was a memorable ending which he hadn’t dared to expect in advance. Many were crying, the tears flowed down their cheeks. They had all loosened up, their hearts had melted. Love flowed in, the coldness had to give way to a warmer, a more beautiful feeling. This was the new dawning in all its beauty.

Alcar told him to stop, and that they would now disappear before their eyes. In a flash it came to him: ‘I will convince you too what love can do, what the powers of love are.

Prepare yourself, André, and give me your hand as our link-up.’ André felt merely happiness within.

‘What I talked to you about in the dark spheres will now happen. Focus on me, all your powers are required.’ The priest was standing in front of his congregation and a hundred voices sounded: ‘God is love, we want to go to the land of love and happiness, we want to see our children again.’

They looked up at them for the last time; then André was told to be ready. He felt himself being drawn into a different state and they were gone before their very eyes. They could still hear the voices: ‘A miracle has happened, Christ was in our midst, Christ was here, Christ showed himself with an apostle. God is love, nothing but love.’

‘Hear them, my son! They believe that God’s holy Child was in their midst. It was the power of love, which a human being can possess and which enables him to make himself invisible to lower conditions and attunements. So it’s nothing but the power of love, in spiritual attunement.’

Hand in hand they glided on, towards another sphere.

The first, second and third sphere

‘I don’t know how to thank you, Alcar, for all the help you gave me.’

‘Don’t thank me, my son, thank God, who granted you this mercy and allowed you to experience all this.’

‘How can one ever perform these miracles, Alcar?’

‘These aren’t miracles, André. Didn’t I make it clear to you that it’s nothing but attunement to love in the spirit. This is the way Christ manifested Himself on earth to His apostles. Christ Who was able to link up with planets and stars made Himself one with matter. Also the people on earth believed they were witnessing a miracle, but it’s actually the power of the being who feels and possesses love. If this is something even we are capable of, then how great must the power be of God’s perfect Child. And He was the one they nailed to the cross, because the people didn’t know these holy powers and didn’t understand them. The things they don’t know they reject. Many truths, holy truths are lost in that way. Everything is very simple. There are no miracles here, all miracles are to be found within a human attunement and condition. So we are the ones who are the miracle, that holy love lies within us, it can be found within us. It enables us to perform miracles for those who aren’t that far yet. We left them behind in a wondrous condition, but what are things like when one knows?’

The power of love, the spiritual gold in the life after death, to others it will seem like a miracle to possess this, yet it’s nothing but happiness to those who bear it within.

Now we will go over to the first existential sphere in the spirit (the first sphere of light). Those who live there, André, know that they have passed on on earth. They know that they dwell in eternity, even though their feeling is material. This sphere is therefore identical to the earth, yet as spiritual substance. That’s why it’s the first existential sphere, which means that they truly attune in the spirit. So here we have a natural condition. Everything that lives there is true, it’s real because it’s an existential condition. Is that clear to you?

So that’s where they start their development in the spirit, and they follow the road which everyone who now lives in this attunement must follow. Men and women live there together, and younger people too, but no children. The children live in other spheres, where the little ones find attunement, and later on, when they have reached the appropriate age they will enter into an existential condition.

The children's spheres are situated in the higher areas, which we will visit. But others, I mean the younger beings, have reached the age of fourteen when they arrived here from the earth. Those who are younger, meaning from the age of seven up to fourteen, live in different spheres again than the even smaller beings that have left the earth. In other words: there are different conditions for the small ones, namely the connecting spheres which lie between the third, fourth and fifth sphere. The youngsters who live in the first sphere are together, as far as their parents aren't in the same or other, higher spheres. So if their parents possess a different attunement, then they're alone until they have won themselves one single attunement and possess one love, which is their attunement in the spirit. But we know that there are mothers who are alone, and fathers and children who are alone, just as various friends and relatives, who will all be united later on, to remain together in all eternity, in happiness, in love, in perfect holy happiness. But this won't happen until they have reached the first blissful spheres in the spirit. Many are therefore impatiently awaiting the moment of their reunion. Accordingly, man arrives here from the earth and believes he will meet his loved ones, only to find that they dwell in other spheres. It makes these people very sad and we witness doleful scenes. There is nothing more gruesome for man than to have to descend into the dark spheres. Yet they cannot be together.'

'Then don't they see each other at all?'

'Certainly they do; the higher attunement can link up with a lower one. This is possible, but we too are bound by laws. You will have noticed how the light in the sky keeps on changing, until we enter the first sphere, where the same light shines as on earth. Look, we're already in the first sphere. You won't notice the slightest difference between here and the earth. It is the earth, yet in the spirit.'

André saw a country, as Alcar had said, which resembled the earth. The sky was clouded and a stiff breeze was blowing. He saw birds and flowers and trees, and greenery, he saw all the things that can also be found in nature on the earth.

'How is this possible Alcar, we're on the side beyond and yet on earth.'

'Exactly, André. All human beings know that they live in the spirit, but his feeling finds attunement to matter. They are in the first stage of spiritual development. They're convinced that everything belonging to the earth is void of spiritual value. They're all trying to reach a higher sphere where they can and will arrive, but only if they help others to mean something to their fellowmen, which is the love that gives. Is that clear to you?'

'Yes, Alcar, all of it.'

'Shortly, when we enter the second sphere, it will become clear to you how they must exert themselves before they're allowed to enter a higher sphere.'

He saw many old people gathered, and young ones too. There was nothing strange about them. They were dressed in a coarse-material but some already wore beautiful garments. He sensed what that meant. These individuals might soon enter a higher attunement.

‘Well sensed, André. They already dwell in the second sphere and are waiting until they’re permitted to pass on. They all fight their heavy spiritual battle to ascend, they won’t rest until they have reached Summerland, the first happy sphere. That’s why the first, the second and the third sphere are purification spheres where man casts off his material feeling. Not until they’re in the third sphere will they feel free from matter, and there they prepare themselves to enter Summerland, which you visited during your previous journey. So their battle is a battle to conquer themselves. You must feel how hard it is, because they have to dismantle themselves bit by bit. All the earthly pedestals crumble down on this side. First they must demolish what they thought they possessed. Their earthly possessions are nothing but a hindrance in the life on this side.

Many return to earth again to help loved ones they have left behind. They convince them that their life goes on forever, and they urge them on to develop themselves in the spirit. Others descend into the dark areas to help the unfortunate because they want to mean something to others and in that way they take themselves in hand. On this side man can only develop by giving, which is the love that serves. The development of those who merely demand comes to a standstill. Life on earth cannot be compared to this life, even if the outward appearance of this sphere is similar to the earth. Don’t forget that earthly conditions are meaningless in the spirit. Here people live for each other. On earth a person may be a servant. Those who have lots of property let themselves be served, but there’s an end to that here. So all who have reached the first sphere are convinced within of their spiritual life.

This sphere also encompasses other conditions, which are also intermediary spheres where those people dwell who closed themselves off on earth, to spend their life in solitude. Here they go on living that same kind of life, because the attunement of their feeling doesn’t change. But when we point their situation out to them, they reply: ‘I’m happy, don’t you see my light?’ Of course they’ve got light, but what is their light compared to the light of those who live in higher spheres? However, if they continue in this way, then hundreds of years will pass and they will remain in this attunement all that time. Their development will be at a standstill because they close themselves off to life. You see from all these conditions that only those will be happy who become one with all of life; this is the path of love they must follow.

‘You told me, Alcar, that someone with a higher attunement may descend into a lower sphere; aren’t they allowed to stay there?’

‘They may and can do as they wish. But if they mourn along with them about not being one, then both will perish; in other words: their own development is hampered too, because they feel pity with those who live on a lower plane. This shows once again that pity can lead to a person’s downfall. Occasional reunions with their loved ones will urge them to take themselves in hand. They too must rise and will free themselves from their situation.’

‘In that case a spiritual separation will be harder to endure for man than an earthly one, won’t it?’

‘Well sensed, André. On earth man lives for a limited time, here they’re in eternity. The separation on earth may be short, here it can last for hundreds of years.’

‘Can people develop faster here than on earth?’

‘On earth it’s easier to develop spiritually than on this side. This has the following reason: on earth, in a material condition, a heavy battle must be fought to acquire spiritual happiness, and it demands a lot of power and effort. Matter is the means, through matter it can be attained. Life on earth isn’t hard when one possesses all the things that make life more pleasant. Matter can enable one to develop by helping others. This means freeing oneself from all existing material conditions. But matter is the downfall of many people. Cutting oneself loose from the earth, in other words enriching oneself spiritually in a material condition, that’s what we’re after, that’s what God wants from all His children. The lives of many, as I said, are ruled by matter. During one’s life on earth a single deed may suffice to make a person happy. One deed, performed as an act of love, entails development in life. The earth is in deep darkness, and it takes a lot of power to emerge out of the darkness into the light. Those who are capable of that will see light when they pass on. They see the light which they carry within, and will find their attunement here. How is life lived on earth? We know all about that here. Why do we visit the earth from here? To help others. On earth it’s very difficult to reach man. I already made that clear to you while we were in the Land of Twilight. We will now go on to the second sphere.’

‘Look, Alcar, a lot of spirits are gliding past. Where are they going to?’

‘They will visit certain conditions to get to know the laws of the spirit. They are all students. Here they can continue the studies they started on earth, and acquire further skills. But first they must learn how connections are brought about. They are all happy spirits. On earth one can acquire the skills of one’s choice, but that’s not possible here. Here one must possess love and have reached a certain grade before one can qualify for some study or other. They would otherwise be unable to sense the psychic laws. So all the wisdom on this side stands for love, nothing but love. And love is wisdom in the spirit. Life here cannot be compared to that on earth. Attunement is

needed here. On earth one learns to possess, here one learns to give, to make others happy. That is why the goal of life on earth is not understood. To many people their study and scholarship is fame and destruction. However learned the scholars may be, on earth possession means sensation to many of them. Here one qualifies to serve life. To experience life as happiness, that is what the study, the wisdom of many here is all about. On earth one can train to become a physician to comfort suffering mankind, to obtain a quality which will alleviate its misery. But how many sense their calling? Some of those you just saw are scholars who once lived on earth, and now they are guided along by those who weren't learned, who never studied. What does that tell you, André? The latter possess love, and love is wisdom. No material skill can bring that about. So it's worthless if one doesn't possess love. The scholars of the earth ought to submit to them because they are beings with a higher attunement. Here one bows one's head before love. Here one is filled with awe by love, because love is light and wisdom on this side.'

'How beautiful it all is, Alcar.'

'Everything is foreseen, my son. God has hidden nothing from His children. We will meet many of these groups. Every being has his or her task in order to serve life.'

'Are these guides invisible to the first sphere too?'

'Not only to the first, but also to the second and third sphere, because they are beings who live in Summerland. Only there can they join an order.'

'Do they visit the earth, Alcar?'

'Certainly. You saw, while you were sitting at Wim's sickbed, that they too had been brought there to experience how the physical human being is acted upon and how he can be helped. They visit the earth to be of help there shortly. There are many other ways to accomplish something on earth. Everything is simple, André, if we possess the necessary love. Only now will you be able to really understand the poem you were given.

Do you remember how it went:

'Love is the richest treasure

Given to mankind.

Love makes life sparkle

And tremble with emotion.

Love is all, Love is God.

It makes the poor rich.

Without Love, what a destiny!

It would be without value.

Spirit of Love, guide us onward.

Penetrate us with Your Being,

We will await

the End untroubled, without fear.
Whether Life be short or long,
God's Love brings on no dread.'

Now you will understand love even better than before. It will be clear to you why one must possess love on this side to be happy.

Look, we have now entered the second sphere.'

André saw yet another country. Everything looked different from the sphere where he had just been. The sky was shrouded in a taut blue garment, and there wasn't a cloud in sight. The heavens resembled a full balloon that might explode at any moment. He sensed this clearly. This same power was inherent in nature too, which seemed very strange to him. A curious feeling came over him. He saw temples and buildings everywhere around, erected in a most beautiful style and made of a finer substance than in the first sphere. It was just as if everything sensed more life and therefore existed on a higher level. He saw many beings too, and it caught his eye how the garments were very different from those they wore in the first sphere. They were all younger here too. 'What does this tension mean, Alcar, that pervades everything? Does it mean something? It's just as if everything is about to explode.'

'You sensed this accurately too, André. Everything that lives here has reached a transitory condition, and man senses a link with a higher attunement. Nature, and man, will open up to a higher life. And this inner possession causes an enhanced power of feeling in everything. They focus on enhanced possession to test their inner condition. You sense their struggle to reach the third sphere from here. Here they must battle the fierce attacks of their own ego. This is where they will have to dismantle themselves to get to the third sphere, where they enter the spiritual life for good. The higher man rises, the harder his battle will become, because the conditions are finer and more beautiful, the spheres are less dense, and deep within they must attune. So the big battle is fought to enter the spiritual and leave matter behind. Do you sense how hard this battle is, how strained their condition, and how vividly they focus on this higher possession? I could explain lots of things to you about this sphere, but some day you will get to know their life too. We will go on to the third sphere now. Later on, when we return, you will speak with them, you will see them at work, busy with their art, and in many other conditions. I must now keep to a rigid plan; it would otherwise prove too much for you, because there are still other conditions which we must visit. You will receive a great deal on this journey, André, and it will all mean wisdom to you. The further we go, the greater the beauty the spheres, the art, the beings will display. Everything will radiate, just as the life which lives there feels in accordance with the power of love they possess.

At present we are in a connecting sphere which links up the second and the third one, where the children of the earth live who have passed on at an early age. But we'll move on and will visit these spheres later. We'll visit the sphere of the angels too, because I want to offer some comfort to the mothers who have been left behind in grief and sorrow, and make it clear to them where their children are. And don't forget that a child that has reached an age between seven and fourteen passes from the earth into a purification sphere, just as every being that has entered a state of awareness on earth.

Look, my son, the first rays of light from the third sphere are shining on us. Beyond, lies the third sphere where you were during your previous journey. The tension you felt in the second sphere has changed into a soft yearning for the fourth sphere. We have passed the border of the third sphere.'

André recognized it all. The warmth and the great happiness which they bore here as their possession, he had already felt this once, and it had made him experience perfect happiness when he had returned to earth afterwards. He saw the beings, dressed in exquisite garments and surrounded by the most beautiful spheric flowers, which radiated light. Everything was alive, nature sang its pure, sublime song, the people who dwelt here were young and fresh like everything that lived here. Life was beautiful, stripped of all the things that were reminiscent of matter; the earthly element had been destroyed: they had entered the spiritual life. Here man was happy. Love was what he saw, nothing but love. Everything bore the elated feeling of mindful beings. Now that he had witnessed the darkness he understood how great their possession was and how terrible the battle to reach this attunement must be for those who dwelt in the dark. How distant this sphere was now for them. He didn't even dare to think of the Valley of Sorrows and all those other conditions Alcar had told him about. How many years would have to pass? Would it ever be possible for them to enter this place? Poor human beings they were, how terrible their attunement was. Could they still be saved? Alcar had told him that they too were Divine and would one day dwell here. He could hardly accept it. In his mind's eye he saw all those dark spheres passing by. One sorrow after the other. He saw himself in that Valley of Sorrows, were he had been up in arms, at the edge of the bridge, peering into their infinite misery.

Now he saw and felt the depth of their miserable existence with even greater intensity than when he had actually experienced it. How great and mighty the difference appeared when he compared these conditions. Here he sensed happiness, down there its terrible impact took his breath away. A mighty sight it was to perceive this difference in colour, in happiness. He saw before him that formidable gap which they wouldn't be able to bridge in a hundred years. Here their loved ones lived in prosperity and happiness, while they

themselves dwelt in deep misery. Wasn't it terrible? Down there parents and children lived in deep darkness. There were children whose mothers had fallen below the animal level. Borders had been drawn, immeasurably deep and far, which man himself would have to abolish. It demarcated the attunement of their feeling in the spirit. It was a poignant truth: life was nothing but grief and sorrow down there. It was heartbreaking. Yet he felt fortunate to have been allowed to experience all this. It urged him on to make something out of life on earth which would attune him to a happy sphere on this side. That's what he would put himself out for. They were still children, those creatures who lived there in darkness. (By children this refers to: those who are spiritually not yet further developed.) Why did you mess up your inner condition during your short earthly life? Whatever for? The images which Alcar had shown him were clear proof of their bestial life on earth. How true everything was. No-one would ever be unduly punished. They punished themselves; how just God was. Yet man rebelled. What else could one expect. He too had rebelled while he had experienced it all.

Look how beautiful those creatures are who live here. Look at their rays, their oneness with life. Look how great, how uplifting everything is, how pure their love is, and their inner attunement. How gentle their feeling, they're like children in the spirit. Now, here in the third sphere, he really began to understand the meaning of conditions, attunements in the spirit. Now he understood what spiritual possession meant to those who felt love. Here he became convinced of all those truths. Here he understood what darkness and light could mean in the life after death. Only here had he begun to understand the meaning of heaven and hell. And in the deepest depth of his soul he thanked God for everything he had been granted. He was a blessed being of the earth.

Oh, people of the earth. I would like to call out to you from here: Develop your love.

And you, mediums, you who see and hear, develop your feeling, it will enable you to help others, because you too will perceive what lies behind the veil and makes others happy.

From here I call out to you: Only through love can they who live in these spheres reach you. Love and happiness await you, if you yourself wish to become the truth.

André looked at this man who had shown him and let him experience all this beauty. 'How can I ever thank you, Alcar?' But his leader wanted no gratitude and André knew why. He called himself merely a child of love, and that child carried him along to unknown areas and was able to perform miracles. Everything in the life of the spirit was simple and denoted humility towards Him Who reigned all, their Father in heaven, their God, who was

nothing but love.

‘Before we leave here’, Alcar said, ‘I want to perform just one experiment to convince you how fast we can travel about and link up. You know how faraway the dark spheres are, how terribly deep the Valley of Sorrows is and how distant all other conditions are from here. But we can move along in a flash and link up with the Valley of Sorrows.’

‘It seems to me like years away from here, Alcar.’

‘Give me your hand and hold on to me tightly, and don’t forget to link up with me with all the powers of concentration you possess. Nothing, and I mean nothing at all, is allowed to interfere. No other thoughts may occupy your mind, only think of me. Is that understood, André?’

‘Yes, Alcar.’

‘Get ready.’

André felt an enormous power surging up within. At that same moment he felt himself being taken up and swept away in a flash. He awoke from a slight trance and saw to his dismay that he was in the Valley of Sorrows. A miracle had happened?

‘Concentration and strong will power, my son. There, in front of you, are the ones we linked up with. We arrived here in a flash and can return, right through all the spheres I showed you. That’s the way we get to earth and link up with everything that lives. Wherever man may be, we will find him.’

What a strength, what a power of love.

In the third sphere he had seen the dark spheres pass him by, and now he had returned to this misery in a flash.

‘We will return in a flash too.’

Again André felt himself sinking, yet he was aware of everything. They had soon reached the third sphere, the spot they had just descended from. It was wondrous what he experienced on the side beyond. To a spirit in the light depths and distances no longer existed, they were one in everything.

The sphere where children dwell, and reincarnation

‘And now for the higher spheres.’

They glided onward.

‘The fourth sphere, my son, is Summerland. This is where you met your aunt and here too the people of the earth visit their loved ones, of which they are unaware after they’ve returned. I already made this plain to you during our first journey. But there’s another Summerland too, it’s located in the mental regions. When man passes on and enters that land, he cannot return to this sphere, nor to any other. One passes on to it. It’s the sphere where

the spiritual body and that of the soul split up, and the soul continues on its way. Man has reached his spiritual attunement and passes on into other conditions. We won't stay in the fourth sphere, we'll go straight on to the sphere of the angels, which is an intermediary sphere connecting the fourth and the fifth sphere. That's where the little ones of the earth live, from the unborn baby onwards, until they reach the age of three. The child that has experienced the process of awakening consciousness in matter grows up on this side, even if it didn't see the sun rise on earth. All the little ones are brought to this sphere and raised by spirits of love who possess true mother-love. It wouldn't be possible for other beings to care for the little ones; this will become clear to you when we arrive there. Their peace is taken care of. When they're seven years old according to earthly standards, they pass on to other spheres, depending on their attunement.'

'Don't those little ones have the same attunement, Alcar?'

'No, that isn't possible. Not until they have reached the age of fourteen do they take on their true attunement to further their own development. On earth people suppose that those young beings possess a heaven, and their situation is indeed heavenly, but it's not the heaven the people have in mind. I'll try to explain this to you.

When children pass on before birth, in other words, when they're still-born, they are spiritual children, but not angels in the true sense of the word. They cannot enter an angelic state, for the simple reason that they lack the appropriate attunement. There are beings between the seventh sphere and the mental areas who may call themselves angels because they do possess this attunement. I also told you that it's the place where the soul and the spirit split up. It's therefore impossible to enter an angelic sphere from the earth – even if one hasn't experienced matter, like the child that passes on before birth – because they have had dealings with the earth. That life would never have made it there. Is that clear?'

'Yes, Alcar.'

'Now for another condition. Those who have a task to fulfil in these spheres, or even on earth, remain below their own condition, because if they were to possess a higher attunement they would no longer return. Not until they have accomplished their task will they fare forth.

So all creatures, in other words: each life that dwells on earth and arrives there, lives below the seventh sphere; otherwise it wouldn't be possible for them to work here. My master is in charge of all these areas, including the earth. When he passes on to the mental regions, another spirit will continue his work, and he cannot return because his spirit and his soul split up.

Now the angels who live in the mental regions have awakened cosmically. They are angels in cosmic attunement. Those who dwell in the fourth, fifth,

sixth and seventh sphere are angels in spiritual attunement. This attunement cannot be compared to a cosmic mentality which they possess over there. My attunement corresponds with the fifth sphere, so it's not an angelic sphere, but all those who live there are children in the spirit. Children who love spiritually. We're still far removed from those who can call themselves angels. Is this clear to you too?

So they are children of the spheres. Spiritually attuned creatures. If this is all clear to you, then you'll understand that when a mother believes her child to be an angel, she proves she doesn't understand that attunement.'

'Is the link between mother and child kept intact?'

'I already explained that to you too, and affirmed it. This link is maintained because the parents wanted this connection and established it themselves. Yet they bear the heavy task of attuning to their child if they want to become linked when they arrive here.'

'That's a sad truth, Alcar.'

'It certainly is, my son. They don't get to see their little ones, not even when they arrive on this side. It's a spiritual law which says that the parents must attune, and only when they possess this power of love will this law cease to govern them. Look, that's Summerland over there.' Again André saw a mighty light breaking through. It was the light from the fourth sphere. 'You already know this attunement, so we won't stay here. We'll rapidly continue until we have reached the angelic sphere, where we'll stop for a while.'

In a flash Alcar had moved on.

'Look over there, in front of you, an angelic sphere, in spiritual attunement. The little ones dwell here in the peace of the spirit.'

André saw a beautiful country. He hadn't seen anything of such beauty in the places he had visited until now. Nature appeared Divine. He couldn't have found the words to describe it. Perfect peace prevailed. The sky was swathed in a silvery haze, mirroring nature. Everything around was reflected in the silvery firmament. It was a mighty sight for a creature from the earth. It meant nothing but happiness to him. What would the higher spheres be like if this already seemed like paradise. All this was Divine. The little ones dwelt in heavenly beauty. Flowers everywhere, surrounded by young life which nature displayed in all its glory. It formed a symphony of colours. Nothing but life, their happiness was inherent in all things.

There were benches all around, amidst flowers, where the little ones could abide. They were far off in the distance, together with their (spiritual) mothers. He saw them wandering about everywhere and everything breathed happiness, the inner state of the being. Beautiful they would be, pure and immaculate. He couldn't believe himself, there they were, the children of the earth. Oh, if only a saddened mother could linger here for a short moment,

she would forget her sorrow. He saw beautiful temples, made of snow-white marble. They lived here like royal children. He also sensed that no prince or princess on earth could ever possess this happiness. Happiness on earth couldn't be compared to this.

'Can't we draw up a little nearer, Alcar? Maybe I could get a better view of them.'

'No, André, we can't. We're not allowed to approach them, we would disturb their peace.'

André understood. Why wasn't he satisfied? Alcar could of course link up, but he didn't do so for him. He hadn't got far enough yet to merge with them. But he felt happy that he was permitted to take a look within this beautiful sphere. 'Come over here, André, we'll sit down.'

They sat together in an abundance of beauty. He inhaled nothing but happiness, pure happiness, the happiness of a child from the spheres. He had a feeling of well-being and it invigorated him deep within.

'What bliss God has in store for all His children, Alcar.'

'There is heavenly bliss for everyone, but man destroys his eternal life during his short earthly existence. To be allowed to inhale this, will strengthen the powers of your soul. However, we aren't linked up with a holy spirit yet, no more than certain people on earth. You know where we've been. I would rather dwell here than amongst those who allegedly saw the holy spirit descend. Now you understand that spiritual children cannot be brought to earth to be raised by a physical being. I wouldn't have said anything more about it if it wasn't so terribly sad. All the things that live on earth are far too crude for this condition. Those who live here can't manifest themselves on earth. It's impossible. Aren't earthly human beings too coarse for these little ones? Shouldn't we stay far away from them too? Only a pompous clairvoyant could convey this falsehood, others would consider everything too sacred and be awe-struck by this truth. That kind of person won't know until he too arrives here one day what a mess he has made of his life.'

I want to talk about the mothers now, who stay behind in grief and sorrow. The little ones live in happiness, the parents bear the grief and sorrow. For the little ones it's marvellous, and so it is for every other creature if it may leave the earth at an early stage. It has a spiritual meaning to be allowed to die young on earth. It's God's intention, and man on earth must accept all this. Possession on earth isn't really possession. To know this and to live accordingly, that's what God's intention is. But man will not relinquish the things he believes to be his own, and this is especially true when he must part with a loved one. He then lives in grief and sorrow, whereas those who have passed on live in heavenly bliss. To know this and to act accordingly, in complete submission, that is God's will, and it makes man come alive.

But how little this is understood on earth. If they accept this, sorrow will no longer be sorrow. That's how we know and feel that they don't possess pure love. God calls all His children, and that happens in His time, which no creature can or will ever change. Here they live in heavenly happiness, but their ignorance disturbs them in their happiness. Their grief and sorrow extends throughout all areas and reaches those who feel the peace of the spirit. If people accept all this, they will live, and life on earth will be understood. They put everything into God's hands because they know that their little ones live like royal children, which will make them happy too. One day their loved ones will approach them; in spheric beauty, in happiness, in love they will await them. Then they will be united forever, provided they possess love and are attuned to them. When they have been roused on earth, they will live just as we on the side beyond live, which is God's intention. Such is the development of mankind on earth. Then man will live, and possess a different attitude of mind.

However, we are aware of the present situation on earth. Isn't it all at odds with God's holy laws? Do people understand that great happening in matter? Did God intend this sacred event to become defiled? Didn't I make it plain to you that it's done out of passion? Mothers are heartbroken when they lose their child, but they can claim nothing, nothing at all for themselves. The churches lay down laws stating that their happiness depends on the amount of children they bear. And how this takes place is of no importance, as long as they submit. The way in which they multiply isn't given a second thought. No-one asks whether it's done out of passion or violence. And when God takes their possession away from them, mother-hearts are broken. What kind of morals is this? Nothing but earthly, material conditions, which have no meaning in the spirit. What's the use and what's the purpose of multiplying in this way? If the feeling is material, then how can the spiritual core develop? Can a material condition, which doesn't foster wisdom in the spirit, awaken the core, even make it grow and bloom if the conception is due to passion? Is this possible? Do you feel, my boy, what I mean?

I want to make it clear to you that everything is earthly and, because they experience the spiritual in a material way, they will be destroyed by matter too. None of these conditions causes life to be in harmony with God. None of these parents will see the light which a sower of light reaps. Those who experience this sacred event in a purely earthly manner will, because they are material, live in sorrow and grief, because they oppose God.

'But', man asks, 'then what does all this mean?'

The meaning of it all is to live just as all things in nature live, and life will then prosper in happiness, in beauty, and everything will bring forth wisdom. When people merge in love, nothing but a blessing will rest upon that

union. Then they follow the way God has intended. If they ask God to grant the being they will receive wisdom, strength and love, then everything will show itself as a blessing for them and for the earth, because God's blessing will rest upon their lives. Their longing will cause the child to be blessed, as their union took place in love, and so the young life will grow up and later on it will even offer warmth to others. Then happiness will prevail on earth, because the people will realize that life is eternal. Their possession, born in love, will give love, and thereby change the mentality of the earth. Then there will be no more war because every creature will understand earthly life, as the parents united in the spirit. Love will make life perfect. Man lives on earth with the sacred goal of accomplishing a task, which makes his life worth living.

That is why I call out to all parents: Pray that God may bless your possession, that God may install His holy Powers, wisdom and love into the young life, making your life worthwhile, letting you gain spiritual powers, and one day will grant you happiness on this side, forever and in all eternity! Only then will a bond have been established with a sacred goal, and the marriage will know nothing but happiness. Then life on earth will no longer be frightful, there will be no sorrow or grief, nothing but happiness. Then the holiness of this event will be understood and the mothers will awaken, because they have become linked in the spirit. There will be no more violence, because man lives.

No longer will people ask 'why' and 'for what reason', they will put everything into God's hands, because they know. Their lives will change from a surging whirlpool into a straight path, leading upward towards higher regions, to God. Their passing on on earth will be a journey to an eternal land, and they will envy others who passed on before them. Then there will be no sorrow and no grief because they know they will meet up again on this side. Death will not mar their lives, death will no longer mean dying, it will spell life to them. Then everything will be different and on earth a God of love will be known. Then they will bear the cross which God gave them to carry. Now they weep like little children when they have to part with their possessions. Does their love mean more to them than merely possessing their child? They will have to follow our path, because it's God's path, which all who dwell on this side and live in the highest heavens, have followed.

Another thing, my son: When a child, or any other creature, leaves the earth, this passing on has a meaning. But these situations cannot be fathomed on earth. Early transitions in the spirit mean that life has experienced the awakening of consciousness in matter. Those who experience this will have to give up everything. It's God's will. We on this side know the attunement of the life that lives on earth. We know why a human life visits

the earth. It is known here why a child leaves the earth before it is born. We know and understand both these situations because the masters possess this cosmic attunement. This all is reincarnation.'

'Do you accept this law, Alcar?'

'Absolutely. It signifies the cycle of the soul. Later on we will follow the psychic laws and you will get to know these conditions too. But more about that soon.

Is it clear to you now that when man leaves the earth at an early stage, that it's God's will? That the parents were temporarily granted this happiness in matter? And that it's matter in which man will develop spiritually? Isn't everything simple?'

'Alcar, as you explained to me on earth, a mother doesn't live together with her child if they pass on together, but is this true for everyone?'

'Unfortunately it is, for every creature. The mother who enters the third sphere from the earth will soon see her little one. But to merge with it, no, that's impossible. This will not be accepted on earth, but it's the truth. I'll make it even clearer to you.

The mother enters the sphere which she is attuned to. This is clear, isn't it? We know that no form of life can enter the first spiritual existential sphere, which is the fourth sphere, from the earth. Now the mother passes on, together with her child. The spiritual being enters here, the mother enters the sphere of her attunement. So she lives under this condition, but is allowed to visit her little one when she has progressed accordingly. Don't forget that many a mother slipped beyond animalistic behaviour. They bear a young life and don't even know who the child's father is. There are thousands of other conditions in which the mother is coarse-material and cannot visit a spiritual sphere. I ask you, was such a child born in love? Was it all love? Did the mother tune in to the child? Wouldn't everything be earthly and God a pitiful creature? His Creation wouldn't be Omnipotence, it wouldn't be a Power that could rule man and all the other planets. What would God be? Like man himself, material. Would that be possible? No, a thousand times no.'

'Is the mother attuned to the child, which possesses the father's inner light, Alcar?'

'The mother, André, lives in an unconscious state and is alive yet dead.'

'How many mothers arrive here in that unfortunate condition?'

'Thousands, my son, and one in a thousand will see her little one again. They themselves want it that way, because they live materially, and because the most sacred thing bestowed on her was blemished. So could these creatures dwell together? Could she bear that love, that pure and holy love, that light, that golden, pure light on this side? No, never. God planned everything and never punishes a child, but the child punishes itself.'

‘It all sounds terrible, Alcar.’

‘But don’t forget that man has control over all this, he himself possesses light, and deep darkness too.’

‘You said that early transitions mean reincarnation; do they know anything about this when they enter here?’

‘No, nobody knows anything about that. I already told you that only those can know who have, in a cosmic sense, been roused. Only those who dwell in the mental areas can sense and understand reincarnation. Life arrives on earth in an unconscious state and returns from there and is only aware of its earthly life.’

‘Is it known here from where life on earth passes on? And how this happens?’

‘No, this isn’t known to us either.’

‘Do you know how often man will visit the earth?’

‘Yes, that is known to us. A life will return to earth until it feels spiritually, even if it has a material attunement. When it has reached that stage, nothing is left for it to learn there. Is that clear to you?’

‘Yes, Alcar, I understand it all. Is it possible for a human being to fall deeper than his spiritual level?’

‘Carry on like that, André, that’s a very good question. No, it isn’t possible, even if the possibilities were offered to him on earth. To make it clear to you that this is impossible, I will tell you something which demonstrates this impossibility, even if a person is in an unconscious state. I was present at this occasion. So I’m telling you my own personal experience. When I pursued my way on earth to get to know the earthly conditions, I witnessed this event. A hypnotist put his subject, it was a girl of about twenty years, in a trance and made her do certain things. She complied with his wishes and so she acted according to his will. Suddenly he ordered her to undress. What happened? She definitely refused. His power over her broke due to the power behind her spiritual attunement; her personality saved her, which manifested itself in her refusal. She definitely refused in her unconscious state what she wouldn’t have done consciously either. So it’s clear that even in an unconscious state man cannot fall deeper because he possesses the relevant powers without knowing. Man isn’t conscious of it. So it will be clear to you that if the subject didn’t possess these inner powers, she would have complied with his wishes. Likewise many powers lie dormant in man, unconsciously, and other conditions of life too of which he isn’t conscious but which are all conditions he has gone through and which have therefore entered his power of feeling. The parapsychologists of the earth will analyze all these conditions and to them the subconscious embraces everything, even the psychic phenomena that our side gives to the earth. That young science will flourish the

day it accepts the psychic hypothesis. It's a science which finds attunement to eternal truth, but as long as they cannot sense this attunement, since they reject that one and only possibility, they will only be fathoming deep depths which they're not attuned to. If they don't accept eternal life, science is and will remain earthly, which means the life that lives in matter. This cosmic reservoir is only accessible by accepting the spiritualistic possibility. It's the only way for them to become connected with life. Is this clear to you too, André?

'Yes, Alcar. Is it possible, Alcar, to attain that spiritual condition on this side? Or does one have to go back to earth to acquire this degree?'

'Your first question I can answer in the following way: only those who possess a material attunement on this side can develop themselves here in order to enter the first spiritual existential sphere. They have reached the material attunement, which means transition into the spirit. Your second question is harder, but I will also try to explain to you how useful it is to return into the material body. The earth is a material condition, man is a Divine creature, yet in a coarse-material, even a pre-animal condition. We have experienced this attunement in the dark spheres. That's where these creatures live, and also on earth. How could an animal-like being ever sense a spiritual life? Doesn't it need an existential state to be able to experience that? And is this possible in the spirit, after the spirit has returned to its spiritual life? And if that is possible, then isn't the animal-like life, which is to be experienced, wrapped in matter? Even the very nourishment to satiate oneself in matter? Doesn't material life serve to develop oneself? Isn't it the plaything of the child? Can animal food be found in the spheres of light? Isn't material life the clothing to protect oneself against the cold? Isn't it the breath that enables one to live? I could go on like this, my son, to show you that the return into matter is a great mercy to life that exists in these conditions. It needs life on earth to enter matter from the animal-like state, this is where reincarnation serves its purpose. When man has nothing more to learn on earth, he will be ready to make the transition from matter into the spiritual life. What is the purpose of the planet earth? Where does it rank in the universe? What is the purpose of God's Creation? Do you understand the purpose of being allowed to live there? Why is it said: life is worth living – and is this a lie? Isn't this the development of the individual? To be allowed to experience every condition of life in matter is spiritual knowledge, even if it finds attunement to matter. And isn't matter God's Creation? Isn't it the purpose of matter to proceed to spiritual work? Isn't it to get to know life? On earth man exists in the workshop of life. Here life is a life in the mind. In daily life man experiences everything he thinks in the spirit. That is why man possesses a material body, and why the body that bears sensitivity is one in matter. That, my son,

is why matter is the means and the earth the possibility to rapidly develop in the spirit. Until life rules over its own condition. Do you feel how it is, André? This is feeling what reincarnation is all about. That is why I say: Be happy that it's possible, because it's useful for every form of life. So my reply to your first question is, that those who have attained spiritual consciousness will not return. In other words: These beings have accomplished their cycle on earth and continue in the spirit on this side, because for them there is nothing more to be learned on earth. My reply to your second question is that man will visit the earth until he leaves the animalistic state and enters the spiritual. Understood, André?

'I feel that this is how it has to be, Alcar, I understand you completely. Is that guidance too, where and why man visits the earth?'

'That too is guidance, my son. God's holy guidance. Life arrives there with a set goal. The masters are familiar with these conditions and know the location of that life on earth, the condition it's in, what kind of life will be lived. I will give you one very clear example to enable you to get an even better understanding how beautiful reincarnation is for the life that is allowed to visit the earth: A child is born. A very normal event, isn't it? But this life exists on earth to experience something. We don't know when, but it will experience this at a certain time in order to return to this life and follow the path to perfection. This child grows up until it has reached the age of womanhood. She loves children but she has been deprived of the possibility, she remains alone. She keeps on longing for this great possession but she will not experience this Divine happening. She grows old on earth and passes on to this world. Her longing to be with children, to be able to care for them, was now answered. On this side she was allowed to look after spiritual children. She lived between the third and the fourth sphere. At the beginning of her transition this meant great happiness to her, and yet she kept on yearning for that which would have been the most beautiful and most sacred gift to her on earth. She lived on like this and longed for motherhood. Here she battled with her own yearning. After all, this cannot be experienced on this side. Finally she gives up, closes herself off and lives on, desiring, and in solitude. What happens to her? Here spiritual development has come to a standstill, she has reached a deadlock. Here battle is fierce, her longing for this possession increases in intensity. Then suddenly a mighty law, which we are not familiar with, goes into action. She returns to the earth to become a mother. Now, in that life she does become a mother. But how and where she is and how that life will be, we do not know, only those do who, as I already explained to you, possess this cosmic wisdom. That holy mercy, my son, is experienced in matter. This was the purpose of her life on earth. Isn't it mighty? Could she ever become a mother on this side? Therefore, André, man experiences everything in the

material body on earth, that's what matter is for the planet earth. Could it be any clearer? Now when all material feelings have been experienced, man returns to this life and continues on this side. But first she will experience a feeling because beforehand her feeling was focussed, she was no longer conscious of a spiritual life and just wished for that one experience. There are thousands of conditions, forces of feeling which man on earth must and will and can experience.

And they will experience everything in an unconscious state. Not until we have attained that attunement on this side will we be able to admire our own film of life. Not until we have entered the mental areas. Not until we have become sisters and brothers and mother-love has changed into universal love.

Now a different image: Someone has property on earth. He is happy, because he owns a lot. Prosperity on earth means happiness to many. But someone with spiritual feeling said to the rich man: 'My spiritual knowledge means more to me, my spiritual treasures have more value than all your possessions.' And these forces, this I want to stress, have induced the person, due to all his material property, to renounce everything belonging to the earth. He possesses happiness in the spirit and he is poor in matter. These are two different states of spiritual attunement. Both dwell on earth. The one doesn't understand that the other doesn't yearn for riches. Yet another commits a murder to possess matter and riches. And we see these kinds of conditions by the thousands. Now for the core of all these conditions: the spiritual being must have lived in a certain condition to renounce all these riches in his present life, to know that they won't make him happy. They will cause nothing but trouble, which is why he no longer wants them. He must know what it means to possess a lot of matter on earth. He can only know by having experienced this once, under all kinds of circumstances. After all, man has no knowledge of ever having lived on any planet other than the earth. So it must have been the earth where that life mastered these powers. In thoughts another world of existence is not possible for the coarse material human being. Those who do possess that knowledge and have attained the appropriate force of feeling, have developed a condition in life which makes them realize that they're on earth for a higher purpose, which are different conditions again. So man will go on learning his lessons on earth and will also have to cast off what he wanted to possess in some other condition. Man will discard and make amends for the destructive traits he manifested in a former life on earth. I could go on explaining thousands of different conditions of life which would enable me to show you that everything man learns and will still learn is learnt on earth.

These contain various attunements of love, conditions of feeling as I already said, that serve to enter matter from the pre-animalistic, the animal-

istic, the coarse-material condition, and to attain the spiritual attunement either on this side or already on earth. And everything, André, denotes the cycle of the soul that departs from the animalistic state and reaches the Divine. So everything serves to develop the eternal body which is the spiritual body.'

'This is all so profound to human understanding, Alcar, to his ability to sense this. If I understood you correctly, reincarnation means a separation in the spirit. Is that so?'

'It is a separation, but definitely not in the spirit. When we are one, there is no more separation. Being one is a connection, wherever the other life may be. The human being who lives in this condition possesses and has attunement to universal love. It excludes all separation. It makes us one in all, together with all our sisters and brothers. In that condition man has discarded all his former states of feeling and lives in this enhanced attunement. In this attunement everything is dissolved, including father-love and mother-love, man then only knows one love, namely universal love. We will then be sisters and brothers. All earthly states of feeling will have been discarded and we will be one in everything. Is that clear to you? So no separation is possible. However, all this only applies to those who possess this attunement. Not until man has discarded all material states of feeling and wants to live as he should live, will his life on earth be different too.'

'What a comfort this would be to people, Alcar, if they were to know all this.'

'They will get to know everything, I will make it known to them through you. I want to convince the mothers that they will see their little ones again, in radiant beauty, and will live forever in love and bliss.'

Come, André, on we go.'

The fifth sphere

'Take another look at the little ones, we won't be back here for the time being. One day you will see them again though, but we will return for a different purpose. Here the poor and the rich live together, princes and princesses, they are all linked in the spirit. They are one in everything.'

Once again André looked at all the beauty surrounding him. He would have loved to stay here. It was tremendous. The little angels that lived here were ethereal. And yet they were strong, just like their natural life. To have to part from here proved difficult to him. It was like paradise.

'Off we go, André, on to the fifth sphere.'

They glided along for quite a while. André thought of all the things he

had once more received. All the wisdom Alcar had given him. Oh, he was so grateful. They were both lost in thought. He felt himself going all quiet. And his leader was withdrawn too. Something was acting upon him which made him so silent. Where would Alcar be taking him to now? They went on and on, constantly ascending, and still Alcar said nothing to him. How strange, he thought. This had never happened before. Alcar always told him everything after they had left a certain condition and were under way again. He didn't dare to ask Alcar anything, but he felt that something was on his mind. Never before had Alcar been so silent. Where hadn't he been so far already? First on earth where he had experienced lots of conditions that had all been terrible. Afterwards into the darkness. Oh, he didn't want to think about how far they were away from them now. He thought about the living dead too. It was beautiful. Who would have helped him there? Where had he suddenly got all that wisdom from? It was a mystery to him. While they had been talking he had seen all those countries pass by. It was just as if he had lived there himself, so simple it was to him. Strange that he hadn't thought of that before. It was very curious how everything simply dissolved. Alcar had let him experience wondrous situations. Afterwards the Valley of Sorrows; no, he didn't want to think of that, those conditions were terrible. How mighty everything was and yet so simple. Alcar made him understand the deepest problems, the way he explained things. He made all the problems disappear, since everything lived and was truth.

And now he was going to his own sphere, there where he lived. How great his leader was. He called him his brother. He was love, nothing but love. He noticed how far they had already travelled. And still Alcar had said nothing to him. Was something the matter? Had he done something wrong? How strange. He reflected, but he wasn't aware of any error. Was something bothering Alcar? He just couldn't imagine this sudden change. André looked at his leader and then immediately averted his gaze. Alcar was gazing upward as if he was already in his own sphere, trying to link up with invisible powers. The stillness increased. He sensed deep peace in these surroundings.

Suddenly, he got an enormous shock, the heavens tore apart and a mighty golden light broke through the veil and shone upon them. André didn't dare go on. The light stopped him. What was this feeling that stopped him? It was impossible for him to go on. He felt as if his soul were on fire. He knelt down, bowed his head deeply, and fervently prayed to God for the power to be able to stand up to that golden light. He wasn't aware how long he had been praying, but he felt how a hand was laid on his head, causing a powerful flow within him, and strengthening him. He clearly heard his leader say: 'Come, André, we are allowed to go on. Your prayer has been heard. I have been praying too, from the time we left the sphere of the children, that

God would permit you to enter here. It is my own attunement. This is where my powers cease, my son, I can no longer support you. You must beseech a higher power to be allowed to enter here. God heard your prayer because you wanted it yourself. There was nothing I could change about this. You had to want this with all the love which is in you. I cannot link up here because my powers are at an end. No creature can ascend higher than the powers it possesses within. It will be even clearer to you that on this side one cannot act beyond one's own attunement. Your prayer kept you upright. You tuned in to me by asking God for strength and help; otherwise we would have had to turn back. You see how mighty love is. Therefore, in order to support you, I prayed that God would grant you this mercy.

And now on to my spiritual dwelling. You will get to know me, know who I am, what I was on earth, why we are together.' And in a flash they were in the fifth sphere. This exceeded everything he had seen until then. What he beheld was indescribable. No material language could ever give words to it. This had to be sensed and taken in, you had to pray that God would grant you the powers, otherwise you couldn't understand it, that's how beautiful everything was, how holy this sphere was. Everything was bathed in a golden haze. Where was he? Within Alcar's attunement, his condition. Everything he saw was heavenly. How far had his leader progressed on the spiritual path? So much happiness, so much love. Gold, the spiritual life and purity emanated from all around. They wandered through a beautiful landscape surrounded by a sea of flowers. He heard the song of life itself. Something vibrated deep within his soul, something like great, holy happiness; it was the voice of life. Truly, everything was alive here. Life rejoiced, it was a glad song that could be heard from afar. He saw ineffable hues. Flowers such as he had never yet seen on earth. They were of a strange kind and they all radiated light. He heard soft, pure singing, life was breathing, these were sounds of the soul, which he heard. God's life, how remote was this to earthly man?

How had he, an earthly human being, deserved this? To be allowed to experience this was a Divine blessing. He, the blessed one. Only now did it dawn on him how great his gift was, how sacred it was to be allowed to receive this as a human being on earth. The spiritual gold he possessed within, this gift of disembodiment, it was mighty to have acquired this on earth. He was rich, only here did he understand it all. How could he thank God for this great mercy. He could perceive things at great distance. He saw beautiful temples and buildings all around which had been erected in a special, unfamiliar style. Here things were even more beautiful than with the little ones in the children's sphere. It overpowered him and he looked at his leader to thank him.

'What a surprise, Alcar. How great my happiness is! How did I ever de-

serve all this?’

‘Because you want to work for us, André, and because you follow us in everything. Your complete submission gives me the power to develop you. If you continue in this way, you will be allowed to experience even more beautiful situations. Look up there on that mountain, my spiritual dwelling.’

Up on a high mountain André saw Alcar’s property. It wasn’t a house, it was a strange building. It was a condition of its own which reflected the life of the person who dwelt there. A strange kind of architecture which he couldn’t describe. It was spherical and he clearly saw that the whole thing was supported by heavy foundations. It was surrounded by a sea of flowers. It was made of a bluish material and the whole building seemed to radiate light. He saw a bluish light that kept on changing colour and then returned to the previous hue. He thought that was very strange too. How could a building possibly radiate? Everything was remarkable. There was nothing he could compare to things on earth. Everything was different and yet it was natural. He went a bit nearer and observed that Alcar’s house was made of bluish marble. It was a radiant globe of light. It was like a small planet, he couldn’t describe it more clearly. This description was nearest to the truth. All around the entire surroundings of Alcar’s property he saw nothing but light and life. It was marvellous. Oh, if he could only find words to describe it clearly.

Now he was standing in front of Alcar’s dwelling.

‘Come in, my son.’

Again he sensed that he could go no further. What was this? Suddenly he felt something come over him which made him understand why he was once again being held back. He knelt down for the second time and prayed to God for the power to link him up with his leader. It lasted quite a time. Everything was clear to him. He felt the truth of everything surging up in him. Before the gates of the fifth sphere had opened up before him, he had had to attune to Alcar, but now he was entering Alcar’s entire being. It was hardly possible. He was to descend into him. A dwelling was a human being. He was descending into his leader, he, an earthly human being. A spirit was opening itself up to him. Was he really allowed to enter? Oh God, he prayed, give me these powers, only God could draw him into Alcar’s life. His soul was his house, and his house, that was Alcar. He felt dazed. He, an earthly human being, couldn’t simply barge into a spiritual dwelling. Again he prayed, this needed attunement. Oh, how willingly would he enter Alcar’s inner being. How great love was. Everything depended on himself. Alcar wanted this, he had to ask God for these powers in order to be accepted. He prayed fervently. Wasn’t this selfishness on his side? He understood that his leader was completely opening up to him. Wasn’t this self-love on his side? Or curiosity? Did he have the right to do this as an earthly human being?

This was all so remote.

He felt a sacred feeling flowing through him; for the second time his prayer had been heard.

When he raised his eyes he met his leader's radiant gaze. It burnt into his soul as never yet before.

'I am so happy, André, that you understood all this. Nevertheless, I wasn't anxious and I had no doubts. You were to bridge this gap too. You were allowed to perceive everything within this sphere, but the door to my condition remained closed, in spite of my willingness to let you in. It wouldn't have been possible if you hadn't understood this. Help came because your prayer was pure and you approached me humbly. Since you want to support humanity on earth, this too has been overcome. On earth one can ask no matter whom, but here that isn't possible. Here one must possess love to be allowed to enter someone else's dwelling.'

André stepped across the threshold and entered Alcar's spiritual dwelling. Step by step he continued. Here he stood on blessed ground. Everything was sacred. He was walking on the property of a higher being and that higher being was his Alcar, his brother, his leader. The floor trembled under his feet. He felt as if he were floating, even though he was on the ground floor. The floor he was walking on consisted of bluish marble. And everything radiated light, everything was alive. It was marvellous. But how could the floor he was walking on radiate light? He trembled with every step he took. His blood gushed to his head. And yet the floor was solid. In order to examine this, and also to check the course of his thoughts, he stamped on the floor with all the power he possessed. Indeed, the floor was solid.

But what was that? He was overwhelmed by an enormous fear. He felt dizzy, he didn't know what to do with himself. The sound which he had caused with his stamping and which resounded through the spheres was like a piercing pain. It reflected in all of life, so that it could be heard in the entire surroundings. His fear increased. It hurt him down to the depths of his soul. At last it stopped and he too regained peace again. Oh, what a shock that had been. He understood the disaster he had brought about. A feeling of deep sorrow came over him. Oh, how stupid he had been. He felt ashamed of his violence. How crude he was. He had disturbed the peace of the spirit. How could he ever make amends? Oh, Alcar, he thought, forgive me for this grave mistake. I'm standing here, stamping on his soul to find out whether his soul was solid; oh, my God, forgive me for my mistakes, I am defiling the spiritual life that opened up to me full of love! Alcar must have felt this. Without wanting to he had caused pain and sorrow to his leader. It wasn't a physical kind of pain, but he had hurt him deep within his soul. Only man could do that, and so could he, an earthly being. He felt his heart

bleeding; he beseeched God for forgiveness. How stupid that his curiosity could have made him forget himself. Alcar had explained everything to him beforehand. His house was his soul, his soul was he himself. That's what he had been stamping on. No, he could never make amends for this, never, he had destroyed a bond, defiled the great and sacred love of his leader. To make matters worse, he had torn his soul apart, and committed the worst of all evils. They had heard his unrest everywhere. It was his doing, due to his curiosity! If only he could flee from here, far away. How puny he was. How long would it take before he too would possess this love? Oh, what a holy fire love was. He had trampled on that holy fire, on that pure power of love, on life, on the being that was sacred to him. That's what all humanity was like. Christ had been nailed to the cross because they didn't understand His love. He had done something similar, and yet, no he hadn't wanted this. If only he could make amends.

He looked behind him to see what his leader would have to say to him, but he didn't dare look him in the eye. Yet he must. But when he turned around to his leader he got a terrible shock, Alcar wasn't with him. Nowhere was his leader to be seen. What was the meaning of this? He wanted to beseech him for forgiveness, but it wasn't possible. No, it wasn't necessary. Had he hurt Alcar? Yes, of course. Oh, what should he do? Go back again? Go outside? And just as he had decided to go back he heard a voice which wasn't Alcar's, telling him: 'Stay, André. On earth a human being will torment another to the deepest depths of his soul, yet without wanting to: that too will teach them something if they understand what happened.'

Yes, he understood and he had learnt. Who was this, talking to him in this way? Alcar always spoke to him like this, and yet this wasn't his leader because he could distinguish Alcar's voice from thousands.

At that moment the voice spoke to him again and said: 'We will reward your love for our work. Listen, André.'

The invisible one seemed to know him?

'Look around you', he heard him say, 'I will make a few situations clear to you, and then I will go away. I have known you for quite some time now, let that be sufficient. Your leader will return soon. Go on, André.'

And André went on. Step by step. His amazement increased constantly. Everything was decorated with beautiful flowers, which he saw wherever he looked. He was now standing in a large hall. It was majestic. Here too he hardly dared to look at it the floor was of the same material as where he had just been. The interior was lit up but he couldn't see where the light was coming from. Everything radiated towards him, there was life in everything. Never before had he been allowed to perceive anything of such beauty. The walls were decorated and even these walls, if you could call them that, radiat-

ed light. He could just about look through them. Above his head he saw the ceiling which looked like the universe. He couldn't find the right words, this was heaven, here he felt himself one with the cosmos and yet he was inside Alcar's house. How was that possible? There too he could look without distinguishing anything. How strange everything is, he thought. Here he was within the life of the spirit. On earth man could not imagine such things. And neither would he, if they hadn't allowed him to experience this. How could a house be alive? What miracles lay hidden here? He pondered, and felt what all this meant. He didn't want to disturb Alcar's peace a second time, let alone hurt him.

Marble pillars supported the entire building. He saw benches to rest on, all surrounded by beautiful flowers. They were flowerbeds. Oh, what a luxury, how holy everything was in Alcar's house, how great his love was. In the middle of the hall was a fountain, a beautiful symbolic work of art such as he had seen in the third sphere when he had disembodied for the first time. Did Alcar own this? Yes, he supposed he did. The fountain in the third sphere represented wisdom, strength and love. Alcar was wisdom, strength, and nothing but love. The fountain radiated, just like everything he saw. What was this all made of? Oh, if only that could be explained to him! Because how could all these things be alive, and where did that life come from? It was his leader, but he had to admit that everything was too profound for him and that he didn't understand it. He clearly heard the voice addressing him: 'This house is a spiritual dwelling and it's made of matter, but of a spiritual essence which we extract from the cosmos. So it's spiritual matter, a compact wholeness which is sustained by the power of the love of the being that lives inside. It feeds and it invigorates, purely by love. It is built according to the wishes of this being, and it will radiate in keeping with the power which the being possesses. That is why everything radiates, why everything is life, because this being lives and possesses this love. The more beautiful our love is, the more beautiful our house, our possession, in short, everything will radiate, according to the power of love which we possess. This is how man builds himself his own home, and as he ascends, everything will change along with him. Therefore man is his own creator, which is brought about by his will and the power of his feeling. Everything is alive, everything contains his own life.' It was even clearer now to André why everything radiated light. A spiritual dwelling was a dwelling filled with the power of love. Everything had been erected artfully and in style, just as the being felt. Alcar was evidently a great artist. Indeed, how great his leader was.

Again the voice spoke: 'Every being has its own feeling towards art, but in this sphere we possess one love and we are one in everything, only later will you understand the deep significance of this.'

Then he heard his invisible guide say: 'Over there you see your leader's property, his inner power.' André stood in front of the fountain he had noticed before. 'You know its meaning, don't you? It also tells you where you are. This is the room of love. When I want to make a spiritual dwelling clear to you, I must address you in your language, it would be impossible for me in any other way. Everything is different, yet the meaning boils down to the following: As I told you we are standing in the room of love, and the being starts to build his dwelling from here. Around this room of love there are many other spaces, but it's not up to me to show them to you. I am only allowed to explain to you how a spiritual dwelling is erected, how it all is partitioned, and ends, in other words, until the powers which the being possesses cease to exist. Follow me, André.'

He saw the being in front of him become partly visible. It was a beautiful apparition. He and everything around them was lit up by the light it radiated. He kept on going. First left, then right, he wandered through Alcar's house. He thought it would never end. He couldn't discern anything, and yet he felt that he was still in Alcar's dwelling, in his own life. The mass closed in on itself like a single wholeness, but bands of light made it clear to him that it was nevertheless partitioned. These were separate parts but he couldn't perceive anything else. He also saw it in various colours and everything kept on changing. It was just as he had seen it from afar. Everything was globular. The apparition kept going and he followed it on its heels. Now he was able to distinguish more. It got lighter and lighter, which seemed very strange to him.

Suddenly a golden light shone upon him: The spiritual light from the fifth sphere. He was in nature, outside of Alcar's house, and he understood what a spiritual dwelling meant. He had been allowed to experience this. It couldn't be any clearer. Alcar's house dissolved. Here he found himself in a condition which was even less dense than in the room of love. Over there everything had been visible to him, but here he found himself in some unknown part of his leader's house, which could only be made clear to him in this way. He understood what this spiritual substance was and how it was maintained. It was living matter.

'Look down below, André', he heard the voice say. And immediately he saw a very glaring light that pierced the mass and made the room of love visible to him. Did he see correctly? Was it his leader he perceived? The image down in the depths became increasingly clearer to him. He shouted with joy: yes, it was his Alcar. Oh, how marvellous, he thought, so Alcar hadn't left because of the terrible thing that happened. How far removed he was from his leader.

'You see, André, that a spiritual dwelling dissolves. This possession keeps

on developing until it will, one day, have reached the sixth sphere. That's how man goes about working on himself, to embellish his possession. On and on, until he has reached the Divine attunement, and his condition, his dwelling, his life, his love will pass on to the Divine. My task is now finished; I will lead you back to your leader.'

André wanted to thank the invisible angel, but his gratitude was not accepted.

'Don't thank me', he heard, 'it's all because my brother wanted it. Thank God for this wisdom, my son, and make good use of it.'

He was sent back in a flash. The mass got ever denser, it took on shape, until he recognized the hall where the fountain was. He was back again in the room of love. There was Alcar. André rushed towards his leader and knelt down in front of him. Deeply moved by all this love he wept, because Alcar found no guilt in him either.

'Come, my dear André. After all, you didn't know. Look at me, André.'

André looked at his leader with tears in his eyes and was startled. Not with dismay this time, but with wonder. Alcar, Alcar, how beautiful you are. His leader was wearing a beautiful luminous garment. He was rejuvenated and appeared in radiant beauty. Never before had he seen his leader like this. He was in his own surroundings, young like an angel.

'Come, my boy, sit down, there's so much I must explain to you and clarify. Don't let fear and sorrow take hold of you; all this had to happen too; you wouldn't have understood otherwise. I wanted it, André. Does it all feel different now?'

André was speechless.

'Now you will know what a spiritual dwelling is. Your fear was my fear. Your sorrow was my sorrow, we were one and will remain one. I called my leader to my side and he showed you my dwelling, I couldn't do this myself, in spite of my willingness. This needed an even higher power. I'm not yet able to link up with those ethereal parts. That won't be possible until my inner condition has also changed, which is the development of my love. By that time everything which is still invisible to me now, will be clear to me too. So I will go on, and again there will be parts which are invisible and which will remain so until I, my house, in other words my soul, until my entire being has dissolved in the All. Is that clear to you?'

'Yes, Alcar, all of it. I thank God for this holy mercy.'

'Now I will explain all the other situations to you. Ubronus guided you. He is a spirit of love too and dwells in the sixth sphere. He also works on earth and he is here temporarily. This provisional period can last for ten years in terms of earthly reckoning. But to us time is unknown. Thousands with him, all of us, are under the able guidance of Cesarino, our master. But I will

tell you more about that later. Now look at the fountain and sit down, André. Let spiritual peace descend upon you; you will need a lot of strength on earth to make clear to humanity what you experienced through disembodiment.'

Now he saw how beautiful the fountain was. It stood on a beautiful pedestal within a basin where fish of various colours were swimming around. Here, in the life after death, everything could be found that was known in nature on earth. Man was one with the realm of plants and animals. One in all. Beautiful flowers flourished around the fountain. How mighty this symbol of love was. He kept on crying out with amazement. Again Alcar showed him a spiritual marvel. 'Look at this, my boy, take some of these fruits, they will strengthen you.' André saw that everything within Alcar's house was united. Here he stood in the midst of nature. Fruit grew and flowers bloomed in ineffable colours all around. 'Go ahead, André, take some, they're there to strengthen man.'

André picked a fruit. It was unbelievable, its soft juice flowed into his mouth. It resembled an earthly peach, but this fruit was nothing but juice. He felt invigorated, he couldn't find words to describe this.

'On this side we have everything. So why shouldn't we have fruits too? I will show you even more miracles. A spiritual dwelling is a paradise in itself. Man possesses this attunement and is one with the life that lives in his condition. Here everything lives and grows and rejoices in an enhanced condition. Look over there, André.'

At that moment various birds flew inside. Only now did he see that Alcar's house was open. He was surprised that he hadn't noticed this before. His view was unhampered in all directions. Immediately he heard: 'Because you weren't linked up.' Alcar spoke to him in the spiritual language because the birds flew inside. It moved him deeply to see how the animals took place on Alcar's arms, his head and his legs. 'My little pets, André. They know that I'm back and they've come to greet me.'

Love, nothing but love was what André saw. He felt a heavenly peace settling within. This was a tremendous moment to him. The animals made room for one another so each one could greet its master. They all sang their song, which moved him to the bottom of his soul. It was heavenly. Pure, perfect love was given and received here. Nothing but that holy power did he feel and experience, which filled him with happiness. He saw how a beautiful white bird flew inside, another miracle for him to experience. The bird settled itself on the rim of the fountain and dropped some food from its beak into the basin, from which André gathered that it was feeding the fish. Love, love again was shown to him. One life fed the other. No power greater than love. No love purer than God's life. The bird rose up from the fountain, flew around it a few times and then it landed on his master's shoulder with an

elegant sweep. It pressed its little head against Alcar as if it wanted him to sense its love. The others made room for it and sang in unison as if they concurred with everything. There were tears in André's eyes. He wanted to hide his emotions, but it was impossible. All this was too overpowering to him as an earthly human being.

'How sweet to come and greet us', he heard his leader say to the bird. He understood that Alcar was about to pray, and he also bowed his head in humility, because he felt the need to thank God for all these sacred things. 'Holy love. How loving to feed this other form of life. I know that you carry and sense God's holy Life. Here you are one, in tranquillity and peace. How can we thank the Creator for all the things given to us. How deep shall we bow our heads for all the goodness He bestows on us. We are truly one with God. We can approach God with love in our hearts, knowing that we will be given in abundance. Only with love. God granted us this peace, this knowledge, these holy powers. Our life is His. God's holy Power lies within you too, within you lies His love, because we bear one life, are one life. Through our own life we see our Father; that is how we get to know Him in order to give ourselves in love. Your path, precious life, we will follow. You don't ask for any gratitude, for any support, you feed because you know that you must help others. You will alleviate hunger, you will give love. What about the deeds of man who lives on earth? There where I have to work, there one life destroys the other. A person will satiate himself with another's grief and sorrow. Can that be God's intention? Of course not, God had something else in mind. God merged mankind with love, but the people forgot their attunement. They followed a different path, a path that led them into darkness from which only few escaped. On earth they make use of your life to feed man; but that doesn't satisfy them, they torment you, they let you starve and then they draw off your vital juices to cure man. That is what they need God's holy Life for. That's how deep man's mind has fallen. They defile God's holy Life, they do it shamelessly. Oh, so much evil of all kinds is committed on earth. I don't want to embitter your pure life by telling you about the lives they lead. I will beware of that, we're only gathered here for a short time. Everything is cruel, they don't sense our love in anything. All love is smothered; they know only passion and violence. That's what man wallows in, he knows nothing else. Help me to ask for power, that God may grant me the strength to lead them back to our path that takes them towards the light. Pray with me for strength and support, that it may be granted to me, that God may strengthen my will and increase my vision so that I may look into their lives to make them see. Help me to ask for this mercy, that I may succeed, that our love may flow into their hearts so that they will get to know a different kind of life. Only by love, this holy power, the Divine Flame, will

their hearts melt, will their life change, will they learn to see. At present mankind is blind, spiritually deaf and blind. Alas, that's what they are. May God grant me the power to link His Light and His Love to their life. May His blessing rest on our task. Now go over to my brother, let him feel your love, it will strengthen him.'

The miraculous thing happened.

The bird rose up, flew around the fountain and landed on André's shoulder. Now he could no longer control his emotions and let his tears flow freely. 'Come, my son, be strong. To receive love, pure and perfect love, will only mean happiness and strength. Here love is strength, it will ease the pain, change grief and sorrow into sacred happiness. Accept everything. God lives in all things and here His Power can be felt. Everything is concentration, André, nothing else. I spoke to him so that my words could be heard by you, but to him they are superfluous. He senses me and will act in keeping with my feeling. It will be clear to you that we can link ourselves up with all of life.'

A warm, happy feeling came over him. It was the warm cherishing love of the animal. It radiated love too and lived in the realm of love.

'Now I want to make my spiritual dwelling clear to you. Try to understand me, André, it's very difficult. I will try to picture it in an earthly way, which will make it easier for you to understand. You already know where we are now: this is the room of love. And all around there are various other rooms, they all represent character traits. They are the rooms of faith, trust, simplicity and hope, humility, prayer, rest, and art, and many others. Now here's a room where I can perceive the life I lived on earth. Everything is included, not a thought, nothing whatsoever has been lost. Everything has been retained, that's why we call it our earthly room. It's the room of truth. You will be able to wander about for hours without discerning anything, as you have already experienced. So they're character traits, all my own. Many other character traits are incorporated here, all of them rooms which I'm not even familiar with myself, because these are still invisible to me. It will be clear to you that I don't yet possess this awareness. I still have a lot to experience, and as I ascend all these situations will gradually become visible to me, because my inner feeling will attune to them.

I spent a lot of time in the room of truth in order to proceed to the room of prayer. And then on to the room of concentration and strong will power, to bring me in agreement, yes to attune me to the room of love, enabling me to link up. And so I continue to refine my house, which I can only do by giving love, by being something for other people. In that way I will find attunement to higher conditions, and one day I will pass on to even higher conditions, and then my house will have more beauty too, and I myself will possess more happiness and wisdom, yes, everything will exist in an even

higher attunement. Until my film of life will have changed into gold. But this will take thousands of years, yet I know that one day I will be allowed to enter this happiness, that enhanced condition, if I keep on following my path in this way. As long as we feel that we can keep on ascending, we will make every possible effort to capture that happiness, which is God's holy will. The foundations support the whole, which are the power of love of every creature that lives here in the fifth sphere. The room of love is cultivated with various other traits. Either by art or by other attunements which man possesses and has developed in an enhanced stage. That's why every dwelling is different, yet the rooms of love are one. Is that clear to you? So no two creatures are identical, but they all possess one love and that's what connects them. This will also become clear to you when I tell you that one being may be more apt in art than another, who in his turn has developed far beyond the first in certain other conditions. In that way one is proficient in music, another in sculpture, yet another in painting and subsequent aspects of art which they have mastered. You will get to know these conditions too on a subsequent journey. So we merge with everything here, including our heavenly dwelling. On earth people live outside of everything, whereas we are one with everything and linked up. It will be clear to you, as you have already experienced all this, that a spiritual being is one with his dwelling and that his possession will radiate according to the love he possesses. As I said, I can only show you the room of love and even here, where we are right now, you cannot perceive everything because you're unable to fathom my deepest inner powers. Is that clear to you too, André?

'Yes, Alcar.'

'Marvellous, then on we go. Ubronus drew you up into my higher attunement, so that you received a clear image; it would otherwise have been impossible for me to make this all clear to you. It enabled you to see and feel that a spiritual dwelling has a globular shape. The spheres have the same shape as my house. So a sphere is a globular condition, which has attunement to the universe; in other words, our house reflects the universe. A spiritual dwelling is the image of the universe. The power of love links up all the rooms and maintains them. You have perceived their partitioning. Likewise, thousands of conditions of feeling exist within man, which are the traits that shape him. Concentration and strong will power enable the traits to be fed by the power of love which is present, which the being possesses. And as a trait develops, it will become enlightened and that room will be visible to the being that lives in that condition. Do you feel, André, how it all functions?'

'I understand you completely, Alcar.'

'Splendid, then I'll continue. At present I am attuned to this sphere, which is a condition; and this condition is my dwelling and it's me. So my condition

is a state of love, which finds attunement to this sphere. This sphere is life, and life is God and so God is everything that lives here. That's why they say on earth: God's house has many mansions. Millions of creatures live in God's house; in the house of our Father, that's where we live. So my house is a part of this sphere, a part of God, because I have attained this degree of attunement.

Now a human being finds attunement to a condition, a condition is a sphere, a sphere is a part of the universe, which enables me to demonstrate to you what a sphere is like. Now look at the fountain: We start right at the top and descend from there. Then we reach the rim of the basin. That's what the spheres are like, it's the easiest way to explain their position. But you can't actually perceive this, because a sphere is infinite. When we descend, we therefore return to the same place. Yet it is not possible because a sphere is infinite. You can encircle the earth, but that's impossible in the universe. Wherever man is, he feels himself to be one, he is one and will be so forever. Wherever he may be, there is the centre. So there is no end; that's what our house will be like one day, our inner, infinite life, unfathomable love which we will possess, allowing us to find attunement to God and be Divine one day. Every sphere has its own master. And all other beings in this sphere live around this master, who has attunement to a higher sphere. A master sacrifices himself for others and possesses the power and the authority to extend mercy.

We have our festivities, my son, which millions of beings take part in when they are in these conditions. But even when they perform a task they are one and will experience what is experienced within their own condition. They are and remain one, wherever they are. Is that clear to you too?'

'Yes, Alcar.'

'So wherever I am, either on earth, here, or in any other conditions, I am and remain in my own attunement. I will therefore experience as if I were actually present.'

'How profound everything is, Alcar. And full of miracles.' 'I already told you, André, there are no miracles here. Everything is truth and life. As soon as we experience the life of which we still have no knowledge, the miracle dissolves before our eyes. There are no miracles, everything is life. So I can do my work and partake of spiritual festivities. But this isn't always the case, it depends on the things that take place. We too are bound by laws. When we participate, we clothe ourselves in beautiful garments. These garments radiate in accordance with the power of love of the being. The masters gather and give concerts. Don't compare them to earthly masters whose abilities bear no relation to their possessions within this attunement. You will experience this too. Our instruments cannot be compared to those on earth.

Here life itself induces us to play, since life serves us. Our music is rendered in colours. I hope you understand, when I say that here we play, even interpret life according to the extent it radiates. So our notes are hues of colour. You will shortly participate in a spiritual festivity, which will be the most sacred event of our journey. It will be clear to you that a sphere is a heaven. Likewise every creature possesses a heaven and it's a heaven of its own. Is this clear to you? Every being is a different heaven and in that way many beings can make up a heaven and thousands of beings are able to shape a heaven. So man can possess and is either a heaven or a hell, either alone or in the company of many thousands. In that way two beings can shape a heaven, which are twin-souls, twin-brothers or twin-sisters. Thousands or millions together shape one heaven. All spheres bear different names, from the very first spiritual attunement onward. Here we know the first blissful heaven in spiritual attunement, don't we? As I already explained to you. Then there's the sphere of flowers, or the heaven of flowers.

The seventh sphere, the music and art sphere, is the blissful heaven. It will be clear to you, André, that we constantly keep on changing, which is what the cycle of the soul implies and is.

Now you will know who I am and why we are together. On earth, André, I was an artist, a painter, at the time when the masters lived on earth. My paintings are still kept in museums, even though hundreds of years have since gone by. On earth I was convinced of a life everlasting, because I too sensed that I was being helped. Every artist is, to a certain extent, a medium. I knew that an artist is able to receive his aspirations from higher sources, depending on his attunement. There were times when I clearly sensed how I was being influenced by invisible forces. On rare occasions I saw these powers and forces in the shape of a figure, and I tried to link up with that power, which helped my abilities to develop. But only on this side did I see the truth. I passed on at an early age. I was forty-two when I went on my last journey. During my career I mainly painted religious subjects, such as the exodus from Egypt, Golgotha, the Last Supper and many others, too many to mention. My art was my life. I can and may honestly say, André: I didn't come to grief. I didn't mess up my life. On this side I understood the great blessing of my early transition. Here I got to know myself. Here I understood the meaning of my life on earth and also what a blessing it is to be allowed to possess one of God's gifts on earth. It was here that I learnt that these masters won't ever return, not even after a thousand years, and this also applies to those who possess the gift of music. So a second Beethoven will never be born, because that art which finds attunement in the second sphere has already been given there. But more about that later.

When I had become convinced of the existence of many conditions on

this side, I returned to earth. To my dismay I saw that many of my friends were following a dark path and had to be considered lost. Also my mentor was in a similar position. It hurt me to see them succumb, which made me decide to help them. I tried to support them from here, but I had to give it up because they could not be reached in that way. This knowledge caused me a lot of sorrow. Those whom I loved were in the hands of demons. In the end I returned to the spheres. In the third sphere I learnt how to act upon man. Years went by. I also got to know the human body, as one can also master these studies on our side. I studied this science in order to return to earth one day and help mankind. Again I hastened back to earth and stayed there for quite some time and wandered around. I experienced all the things that interested me as an invisible onlooker. Afterwards I returned to the spheres and descended to help in the dark spheres, which enabled me to get to know that kind of life too. It will be clear to you now why I can find my way around so well down there.

My friends passed on one after the other. Some were happy, but others were in a dark condition. I was soon able to convince them of this life, as they knew that I had already died before them. I made it clear to them how they could develop and attain a higher attainment.

Again I returned to earth. I experienced thousands of situations, of which I have shown you many from within my own condition. I helped unfortunate creatures there too. I also got acquainted with the powers that enabled me to do useful work on earth. I saw their needs and their sorrow, their lack of spiritual nourishment and their ignorance of eternal life, and I clearly sensed that man first of all needed to get to know himself. I lived on earth as a spirit for years on end. Afterwards I returned and asked my master to help me. It was Ubronus who supported me in everything. He helped me to find a useful instrument on earth to whom I wanted to pass on all the wisdom I had acquired so that it would be made known on earth. I primarily wanted to convince them of a life that continues forever.

Ubronus told me: 'Look for an instrument that possesses the same attunement, which will make it possible to achieve something on earth. It has to possess your own character traits, otherwise you won't accomplish the goal you have set yourself.'

We visited the earth together, in search of an instrument. And I too became acquainted with the miraculous, my son, because I had imagined everything to be completely different. My mind was set on finding an adult who was conscious of his own condition. But Ubronus taught me to follow a different path.

'Look for a child', he said, 'and link yourself up with that life. Attune yourself and develop it in its young years. Protect it and take care it is not

affected by strange influences which would be disadvantageous to its inner condition.'

That is how I found you, André. All the other conditions you already know; you remember how I made myself known to you. But in your youth I have had to protect you from many other situations in life. I followed you painstakingly on all your paths. I received help there too and was able to skill myself in other sciences. It all related to life after death. And when I was allowed one morning to begin, and to set up a link after I had had to wait for twenty-six years, I was happy that my work was about to start. It took me a long time to get that far that I had convinced you that the psychic conditions, psychic mediumship, would mean spiritual gold to you. Through you, André, I and many others with me will be able to help humanity to make life on earth, and this life too, clear to them. I developed you to be able to disembodify, and by now we have already been together on this side various times. Often, my boy, I saw my work in jeopardy. You were in other hands, in the hands of evil. But we came through, due to your love, but also due to the will to do the right thing. Oh, how hard those times were. Years of waiting, years of exertion seemed lost. I begged for help and at last you were in my hands and everything has opened your eyes. To have to look on, André, how demons take control over the most precious, is terrible. I thank God that it never got to the point that you were destroyed too. You thought that you heard me, but it wasn't me, I was no longer able to reach you. I steered clear of all the dangers; I succeeded; you have learnt and you know what your life was like over there. And now my son dwells in the fifth sphere as an earthly being. And if you continue doing our work, then even more beautiful situations will be revealed to you. Many sisters and brothers whom you convinced on earth and whom you were allowed to help are already on this side. In time, when you arrive here, they will all be waiting for you and you will receive eternal happiness. They will all be waiting for you, André, and to many others you will be able to serve as a guide on this side when they arrive in this life.

Everything you have experienced until now you will make known, and I will help you in this.

And now the moment has come for us to go on to the most sacred part of this journey: to heaven, in the life of the spirit.'

A spiritual consecration, and back to earth

The bird that was still resting on André's shoulder prepared itself, as if it felt that the moment of parting had come. It flew onto Alcar's shoulder, who caressed it and spoke a few words of love to the animal. Then around the fountain in a wide curve, as if it were protecting the fountain and all other life, the bird disappeared into nature.

'Farewell, my life. We will return.'

And to the other birds that were perched on the rim of the fountain Alcar also spoke words of love, after which they flew off.

Alcar stared after them; André didn't know what to do with himself, he was so moved by this farewell. The event touched him deeply.

'And now, my boy, just one more glance into a spiritual house. You won't return here for a long while yet. Months will go by, because first you must assimilate all this on earth. Absorb everything as intently as you can so that you can pass it on truthfully.'

André was about to leave. He felt as if he would collapse. How hard it was to part with all this. And yet he had to. He already feared the moment that he would awaken on earth, and life in matter would begin again. But he didn't want to be ungrateful and preferred to thank his leader for all these sacred things. Yet he was speechless. He summoned up courage. First he had to try to earn himself this happiness. How hard it must be for Alcar to be able to live here and yet leave all this beauty behind to work in darkness and in the cold. He understood his leader's battle on earth to help mankind.

The moment had come. Alcar was standing in front of the fountain and looked at the life that was moving about in the basin.

'Alcar', André said. 'There's not much I can say, but I feel the need to thank you. But before I part from here, I do want to tell you this: I will do my best on earth and I won't make it difficult for you.'

André knelt down before his great leader. Alcar bent down over his instrument; the few words told him everything.

'I thank you, my son. God's blessing will rest upon our work. Now on to the festivity in the spheres.'

A shiver went through him when he stepped out of Alcar's dwelling. How would Alcar be feeling now? 'A spirit of light carries his heaven within.'

André understood.

Hand in hand they glided on, towards a different condition, which was to be the last one on this journey. Everything gleamed with a golden glow. How powerful love was. How profoundly had he got to know it. They had acquired this happiness through much sorrow and grief. He saw how the landscape kept on rising. It seemed as if he were emerging out of a valley and

approaching the highest part in a softly undulating upward direction. He saw temples and buildings in beautiful colours below him, they all radiated, and he now understood the meaning. Lots of beings passed them by, all following the same direction. They were talking to each other, he saw and sensed this clearly. It was wondrous. To them nothing special, because they lived within this life. Sometimes he saw them in front of him, and then they suddenly disappeared before his eyes as if they had dissolved in the air. André didn't understand it. He asked his leader what this meant and he was told: 'When we link up and are attuned to their concentration, we see them, it's not possible in any other way. They can also remain invisible, even though they live in this sphere and we have the same attunement. This is because they move faster than we do and so they're invisible to us. Some amongst them are already attuned to a connecting sphere and will shortly enter the sixth sphere. We will move along faster now. We'll soon be there.'

André thought he could perceive a big white light in the distance. The closer they got, the clearer the light became visible to him.

'What is that light over there, Alcar?'

'What you see is the light that is radiated by the Temple of Happiness. It's the power of life. That's where beings are united. You will experience the ascent of some of our sisters and brothers. They will be admitted to the sixth sphere.'

André saw an immense building, made of snow-white marble. It had a very curious shape, representing a cross. From afar it looked very impressive.

Alcar slowly descended, until they had reached the ground. He saw the angels that came gliding along from all directions. He saw gliding angels. On earth it was a fairy tale, but in the spirit it became reality. Magnificent phosphorescent garments. All were young and beautiful, shining with a heavenly glow. Everything was alive, they all radiated light. They would remain young, for ever young. 'Many of them are a thousand years old, my son, others are younger. There are some amongst them who are two or even three thousand years old.'

André saw miracles wherever he looked. What a blessing to be allowed to live here. André thought that they were at the front of the temple. He looked at his leader to find out whether he was right. But Alcar smiled and said: 'Here we don't think in terms of back or front, here everything is open, wherever you may be. In the life of the spirit nothing can be hidden. The Temple symbolizes the life of our great Master Jesus Christ, the perfect Child of God, and was erected by His holy powers.'

He saw fountains everywhere, squirting their rays as high as the heavens and transforming life into billions of colours. Everywhere he saw happiness, nothing but love. Thousands of beings were gathered in a spirit of love.

What was beauty on earth compared to all this? He took part in their happiness. They all radiated wisdom, power and love. Was this the land of love of which he had spoken? He had seen a similar image at the time. Everything indicated that it had depicted this condition. Alcar must have passed on the inspiration to him. What he had conveyed to the living dead was Alcar's possession. He had told nothing but the truth, nothing but the eternal truth. He felt happy that he had passed on everything so clearly. Alcar had convinced them by telling them about his own life. It filled him with joy that he would one day possess this same power and this happiness.

Oh, how beautiful they all were. There was a heavenly glow in their eyes. It reflected their inherent power. It struck him so vividly because there were so many of them together. What a difference to people on earth. The most beautiful people he had ever seen there were unfortunate on this side if they were conscious of their beauty. Their beauty was nothing more than pathetic vanity. On earth people were old, even if they believed themselves to be young and beautiful. Here they were all spiritually old, yet young and beautiful in appearance; this was their wisdom, and it made them radiate. They were all like suns, spreading out warmth on others.

'Come over here, André, we'll sit down on this spot.'

Everywhere were benches to rest wherever he had been in the spheres. Here these were sculptured, representing various things. Suns were represented, stars and planets, spheres and other symbolic images. He also understood that he must be in a special condition, because nobody was taking any notice of him. How willingly would he have spoken with them, just to hear their voices for a short while. But he sensed that this was impossible, as he dwelt in Alcar's own attunement. And he felt satisfied. After all, how great this blessing was to be allowed to see and experience all this. It would already spell happiness to many on earth if they were allowed to perceive all this in a vision. No, he was in a grateful disposition. His gratitude rose up to God from the bottom of his soul. One day he would be allowed to partake of everything, when he too possessed this attunement. He would fight to capture this great truth. Oh, there was so much happiness awaiting him and all the people on earth. Some day he would become united with Alcar for all eternity. In order to possess this happiness he would gladly give his earthly life. To anyone willing to step into his shoes. But this was impossible. He would do anything because in this life there was nothing but happiness.

'Are they all together here, Alcar?'

'Here too, my boy. The richest people on earth, rulers and emperors, the poorest amongst the poor, here everything is one. Listen, the masters are starting to convey their high spiritual feelings in art.'

He felt a deep silence. The sacred event was about to happen. He heard the

tones rising in the distance. It approached from afar and sounded melodious in his ears. It had started like a soft whispering. But within that whispering heaven and earth were united. It was one, he clearly sensed it. It caused a tingling feeling in his whole body. An enormous power came over him. All beings knelt down. So did Alcar, and he knelt down beside his leader. He felt himself grow humble in a way he had never been or sensed before. His soul cried out with gratitude towards God. Now he sensed a different kind of humility than he thought he could feel on earth. Compared to this present feeling, his emotion on earth seemed rebellious, even though he believed to be approaching God. How distant he was down there from this sacred feeling. It lay miles apart from him. His heart contracted and life oppressed him. It was as if he felt all the sins anew which he had committed. He had asked for forgiveness for all his errors but he felt that they were still within him. The more beautiful the music got, the more he changed. His power of feeling kept on changing. Everything came back to him, he saw his entire life on earth passing by. A piercing feeling of grief overwhelmed him. He felt his shortcomings in everything. Here he experienced everything, expressed by the masters. Deep within he wept, but no tears appeared. He swallowed them back, he wanted nobody to see his shortcomings. He wanted to digest all this by himself. It had become part of him, it was his life. Now he felt himself gliding away. He was being led across hills and valleys. Oh that music, this wasn't the kind of music that was drawn from instruments on earth. It was stupendous, it tore a person apart. He felt himself gliding on and on. One moment he would be high up, the next found him just above the ground. He felt life dancing within, it was the dance of life. Never before had music ever moved him as it did now. It gently carried him back to the spot where he was, in their midst, in the fifth sphere. Then it became stronger and fiercer again, it was like a storm that destroyed everything around. It returned, as if a holy being was whispering something in his ear and spoke of happiness and bliss. He sensed every little detail and understood this mighty symphony which meant Life. It was as if God Himself were talking to him. He learnt that lots of happiness was in store for him if he understood Life. Like in a film he saw hundreds of images passing by. He recognized continents, and they were about to link him up with other planets. He descended down into deep depths and he saw the darkness and felt the cold creeping up in him. He saw Christ, amidst all the sorrow He had endured, and he felt the pains when He was nailed to the cross. Who made him experience all this? How would he ever be able to stand up to all this? He was one in this sphere, he was allowed to experience their present feelings. He was moved and he felt his powers ebbing away. It oughtn't to last very much longer. What a power this music bore! All the angels were connected with the masters. They also

felt their holy power. He must exert himself even more if he wanted to be able to bear this to the very end. He took Alcar's hand and gripped it tightly.

What was he hearing now? From afar the sound of beautiful singing reached his ears. Thousands of voices were united. He had never before heard anyone sing in such pure tones, it was as pure as their aura. The masters accompanied the singing. Above all the others he heard a heavenly beautiful voice, it was a clear sound. It seemed as if he were to receive even more happiness. Life entered him. He felt the power of their love, enclosed within their song. He literally understood all the sounds. All the angels were singing in unison. God is love. God is happiness. Love is life throughout all the centuries. Love means being one with Him. Oh, an awareness of great, holy happiness had entered him. He understood their feeling, life was in him.

Blessed are those who receive happiness. United in love, in peace, in happiness, one forever. It was meant for those who were to be united. Whatever God connected, He connected with Himself. The beauty of the spheres, the love of the spheres. The happiness of angels, the beauty of angels. Give love and you will receive. He felt drained, it was too much for him. Alcar kept a tight hold on him so that he wouldn't give away. Everything ended in a holy silence. The angels remained on their knees for a long time. All were quiet, it was even more quiet than before the masters had begun. At last they rose to go over to the Temple of Happiness, which they all entered.

'Their and also our prayer has come to an end, André. That's how they pray in the spheres. That's how we prepare ourselves before we take part in a festivity. They all felt a higher love which they will possess later on. Be strong, my boy. The end has not yet arrived, we will enter too.'

André kept tight hold of his leader, he didn't want to let go of Alcar again. Thousands of angels had made their way into the building. He hadn't the courage; was he really prepared to dwell in their midst? Wouldn't he be disturbing this holy event?

'No, you're allowed to go inside, my boy. Your prayer has been heard, and this provided you with new strength.'

They entered hand in hand. Here no-one was sent back; it would hold millions of beings. Everything was almighty. He sensed that this building would dissolve too. It was expanding, there were walls, but the walls were alive. It contained the life of Christ. The first thing he had noticed was the cruciform shape of the Temple. It was Christ's holy life. The entity was bathed in a white, radiating light that lit up all the beings. He saw no end of the Temple. Christ's life was endless, inexhaustible, it had no ending. Here they were in His house of love. All the beings who lived in the fifth sphere would be allowed to enter. He felt dazed, it was overpowering. Miracles from a higher sphere were being shown to him here. This all came to him and he

understood that Alcar was inward telling him this. He was being spoken to in a spiritual language. He could see the angels from far away. There was no distance here; he felt and saw everything that was present in this place. There was no hindrance in the spirit, they were all one. Flowers in immaculate white decorated the interior of the Temple. On an elevated pedestal he saw two beings kneeling down, dressed in snow-white garments. Their heads deeply bowed, their hands folded, as white as marble. André sensed that they were attuned to higher powers. The holy moment seemed to be near. God was within them, he felt the breath of life which maintained all life.

A soft, heavenly sound rang out. All the angels lifted their head, waiting for something that was imminent. Above the two happy ones he saw some light appearing. They were all watching it. Now he heard melodious singing. It was a prayer which the two beings were sending up to God. The prayer got more and more fervent, it flowed into his soul and he too prayed for their happiness. He saw a halo of light around both heads which he could clearly distinguish. He saw softer hues in her light than in his, which made him sense the masculine powers. His creative powers contained his intense strong light which linked up with hers. The lights flowed together, they were already connected in their aura.

He now saw many other miracles. The walls began to come alive and displayed entire scenes. He saw the universe, the stars and planets and the life of Christ pass by. He saw the same scenes above the two angels. The universe was awakening, it was being shown to everyone. Look, he felt, life is awaiting you. Life is waiting, you may enter higher spheres. Other planets were being shown, it was life which descended. Christ, the perfect Son of God was to come. In Him all were one. He, the cosmically roused, was about to descend. The connection had been made. They had all perceived a flash of Him and they were connected with His holy life.

Now they all bowed their heads, every being prayed for strength and love in order to be admitted to a higher state, just as the two would be.

After this impressive silence the entire Temple was suddenly lit up. The two angels were lit up by a ray of light. It continued to get brighter. From all directions rays of light flashed and lit up the two children who were to be united forever. In front of them he saw a golden light rising, like a sun. Life was approaching. The holy moment had arrived. Alcar pushed his hand into André's as if his leader wanted to tell him that the moment had come. The two beings were like marble statues. Their garments blazed as they were lit by the heavenly light. All the angels concentrated themselves on this moment. André saw how something became visible within that golden sun. It was a being. He saw it clearly within this golden frame. Now it stepped forward, it was alive. The being remained enveloped in a haze but stretched out both

arms and blessed the two angels. The holy moment had come, two lives were being admitted. As suddenly as the light had come, it vanished again. Christ, the Perfect Son of God had made Himself manifest. Angels sang, the masters accompanied them, a mighty choir set in, it was one magnificent event, everything was love.

André felt himself subsiding, he couldn't take this in. He could still hear the singing that receded further and further away. Then he was no longer aware of his surroundings. When he awoke, he still felt Alcar's hand in his and he understood that no other powers but God could ever separate them. He opened his eyes and looked at his leader.

'Well, my boy. You've come round again?'

André took both Alcar's hands to thank him for everything. He was speechless. And so they glided along for quite a while, earthward bound. His concentration had still not returned. His thoughts seemed paralyzed. He had experienced supreme happiness, he was intoxicated with happiness. Slowly his powers returned.

'Where are we, Alcar?'

'On our way to the earth.'

'No longer in your sphere?'

'No, my boy.'

'Oh, how beautiful everything was. I'm stunned with happiness.'

'It will invigorate your soul powers. What you witnessed was the most sacred part of our journey: a heavenly connection which you were allowed to experience as an earthly being. It's a mercy which only one human being in a thousand may partake of.' André saw that he was in the third sphere, and he felt how they were gliding towards the earth at great speed. A few more moments and this beautiful disembodiment would belong to the past. It would support him during his entire life on earth. They reached the earth within a few moments, and he entered his room. 'You will consciously know everything you have experienced, my son. It means wisdom in the spirit and it will add pure strength to your earthly life. Hasten to set off on your task of making this known to mankind. I will help you. But it all depends on your own feeling to convey just as I showed it to you. That's up to you; you can count on our help.'

Again André knelt down before his leader to thank him for everything.

'Be strong, my boy, we will be together again soon.'

André felt how he ascended, then descended again and with a slight tremor returned into his material body. With a great, happy feeling he awoke and he heard his leader speak: 'You are now linked up again with your physical garment. You dwell on earth, I'm on this side, yet we are one, forever, eternally. But before I break off our link I ask you not to forget the slightest thing

you were allowed to experience. Start on your task soon. New miracles will await you afterwards. Your Alcar.' André heard nothing more and fell into a deep sleep. In the morning he awoke and knew what he had experienced that night. He felt happy and could have wept with joy. He felt a great, sacred feeling within, and he knew the reason why. It was the happiness which those feel who dwell in the hereafter.

In happiness, in love, forever one. They had cast off their material garment; they understood the purpose of life on earth.

One with the life that God has laid down in all things

His beautiful gift allowed André to undergo many experiences. Various occult problems were solved and explained to him, but what he experienced in the following situation was undoubtedly the most incredible thing he had spiritually received until then. The reader will therefore ask himself whether there are people on this world or on the side beyond who are able to sense this kind of happening or can be linked up with it. Many will shrug their shoulders because they can't accept it.

Yet through those who live behind the veil, André was allowed to experience all the things he has told. Due to his great talent, God's holy gift, this all came true.

So once again: everything is the truth, and nothing but the truth. He was allowed to experience all of it.

One afternoon, when he was alone in his room, he was brought into a condition which enabled him to sense life in everything. It was a wondrous happening and to him this was a glorious moment. Following that moment, he felt a great happiness surging up in him and he sensed love for everything that lived. It was a moment of blessed happiness for which he could not thank God enough. In his mind he dwelt on the side beyond with all his friends whom he had already seen pass on. He wondered, how he would see them again, because many, he was sure of that, would possess happiness and others deep darkness. He thought most of all about the latter, because they needed help. He felt deeply linked up with them at that moment, and in this condition a miracle was revealed to him. In the morning, when he awoke, he sensed a condition he had never experienced before. This immediately struck him. It was a sense of peace, an inner quietness which couldn't be found on earth, no matter where.

First he thought that he had disembodied, but he brushed these thoughts aside, as Alcar let him disembody consciously and would have warned him beforehand. Whenever he was to experience a problem, everything was different too. No, he hadn't been in the spheres. That feeling of inner spiritual quietness remained with him that entire morning, until the moment when he sensed that he was under a certain influence, which made him understand its meaning, and he became connected with the miraculous. In the past this peaceful feeling even used to scare him, because he hadn't known what would happen to him. Again this was the case, but he had learnt to wait and not to get nervous any more, because all the instances of proof had given

him this confidence. It had developed into a strong knowledge. Nowadays it no longer frightened him, and he would wait in submission for the things to come.

While he was deep in thought he suddenly felt how he was being acted upon and that he was passing into another condition. Yet he remained aware of everything that was happening to him and around him. He wondered what this was all about, but he calmly let himself become influenced. In this way, in complete submission, Alcar would be able to reach him. What he felt and perceived was very strange to him. He was being linked up with something he didn't yet understand. Then a lovely scent reached him which made his interest in the invisible powers around him increase. He looked around whether there were any flowers in his room that spread this odour. But there were no flowers, only a vase with red tulips and these couldn't have caused this smell.

Following these phenomena he heard a soft sound. It seemed as if someone was whispering to him, but not clearly enough to be understood. At times it was away and then it would be close by again; it was audible above his head too. It was often very fierce, as if something unpleasant was happening which caused this mood.

He wondered what this could mean. Were these really sounds he was hearing? Now he heard it again, even more clearly than the first time, and he knew that these weren't voices. During his occult séances he had heard the spirits talking and he knew their voices; they sounded just as they had when they still dwelt on earth. Their voices were human, but what he heard now was completely different. He had experienced a lot in the field of occultism, but this was strange and completely new to him.

Again he tried to catch the sound and he listened attentively. No, these weren't human voices, this was something very peculiar. But what was it? He walked to and fro in his room to hear it more distinctly.

While he was standing in one of the corners of his room, listening and wanting to turn back again, he felt how he was being stopped. An invisible power prevented him from moving on. He quietly let himself become influenced and he felt how he was being pushed towards the table, where the tulips were. He immediately understood the meaning and wanted to rush forward, but again he felt how he was being held back. Then he was gently pushed forward, and step by step he approached the vase with the tulips. He was aware of everything and able to think normally.

When he had nearly reached the table he got an enormous shock. The sound he had just heard had been caused by the tulips. He thought he must be going mad. He stood there at the table like a statue. What was he to do? What was the meaning of all this? A few seconds passed. He felt prompted

to talk to the flowers. There was a strong urge inside of him to do so. Yet he hadn't the courage, and he thought of various material things to check whether he was still in his right mind.

Yes, he thought, I'm normal, my line of thinking is in perfect order.

It didn't last long before he felt completely linked up with the flowers. A miracle was taking place. When he touched the tulips with his hands, a strange feeling came over him. One flower would induce a sense of peace in him, another brought on fear, yet another made him feel rebellious and he felt an urge to destroy everything around. While he was busy rearranging them one by one, he felt various forces of feeling flowing through his body. His urge to talk increased and when he started, he sensed general approval. He sensed these various transitions of feeling very clearly. A most beautiful and most sacred feeling came over him when he sensed how some tulips would soon wither and die. It was a very strange yet intense feeling, the approaching end of this very brief existence. He was seized by a slight dizziness and he felt sleepy; he felt a delightful sense of peace entering him while sadness at the same time overwhelmed him. He remained linked up with them for several minutes until he suddenly realized how unnaturally he was acting.

He got scared of his own feelings. He, an earthly human being, was talking to flowers and sensed their lives as flowers. They were just like people, with their likes and dislikes, and they had their various emotional traits too. It made his mind reel. For the second time he touched himself, he felt his head and his arms, thought of other material conditions and he observed that he was normal. Am I still in this world, he thought, or have I been drawn into their world? After he had checked everything he was aware that everything was normal and that he was able to think and feel, see and hear as an earthly human being.

There stood the radio, there was one of the his paintings on the wall, that Alcar had made for him. This was a brown suit he was wearing, that a table, he heard people talking on the street and saw them passing by. Everything was normal, and yet he felt himself in a world which differed from the one he was conscious of on earth. He was alive and aware of everything surrounding him, and yet he was connected with a different kind of life. After he had checked all this, he again began to talk with the flowers. And this time he felt even more intensely linked up with their life.

His feelings carried him off into the earth and made him take part in the whole process. He sensed where this life, from seed to flower, was leading to, the journey it had made until they had found a spot here in this vase. A most sacred moment occurred when he witnessed how the bud was about to open up and spread out as a flower. A soft moaning, a painful feeling came over him. This awakening was painful to them too. He felt how he tightened

up within, as if his body was about to blow apart. It was an intense feeling, which he became genuinely aware of.

Afterwards something beautiful took hold of him, it was the song of the awakening life. It felt that it has been born, and he too shared this happiness. Then he had a vision how they were being picked, and a cold shiver went through him. A piercing feeling it was and he trembled with deep emotion. It was a fearsome experience that took away his sense of life. Afterwards he noticed how his feeling darkened into an expectant submission, the end of an existence. A mist lay over everything, the end was soon to come.

He ardently spoke with all of them. Especially with those that would soon wither, for them he chose sweet and strong words to mitigate their passing on. They were lamenting, he felt that very clearly. 'Come', he said, 'your life is short, and I sense quite well that man hastens on its end. Yet you must be calm and share with each other the life that you possess. Why rebel? Is there disharmony in this life too? Does one push aside the other? Aren't you all destined to die? Must you make life harder for one another than it already is? Come, be calm and happy' André clearly felt the life which God had laid down in them. He spoke to them, and after he had rearranged them, one after the other, they all regained their peace.

'Right', he said, 'that's better. Now follow the road which we humans must also follow, even though we don't want to. Man thinks too much of himself and believes himself to be too strong and he's too pleased with himself. Let there be peace in your midst. Life for you is short, I know, because I was allowed to follow this process just now. Is there no peace and no happiness at all? Not in your world either?'

They were all listening to him and he heard their voices; their change in emotions, it all went through him.

He could have gone on talking like this for hours, it had been a sacred moment for them and for him.

Suddenly he heard his name being called and Alcar told him that the link would be cut.

It gave André a shock and he got the feeling that he should demagnetize them, so he did. Then he experienced another miracle: the moment he started to demagnetize them, the tulips that had drooped down suddenly raised themselves, so that they stood there in the vase like upright candles. How is this possible, he thought, surely this proves that I was linked up with them. What was this miracle that had been revealed to him? A holy, warm feeling went through him and he felt that the link had been broken. He knelt down before the vase with flowers to thank God and Alcar, his leader, for this fortune. He prayed for a long time and when he stopped, he rushed over to his mother to tell her about this great event.

‘Mum, come up with me, a miracle has happened.’

His mother looked at him and shook her head. She saw that strange gleam in his eyes which she had already seen so often and which she knew. When her boy was in a trance, or when he was linked up with other powers that acted through him, his eyes would get a soft yet faraway gleam. Then she knew that he had experienced something strange again. Together they went up to his room. The first words she spoke to him were: ‘My boy, however could you arrange those tulips like that.’ And to put her words into action she wanted to rearrange the flowers. André understood that something was acting upon her too and he leapt over and prevented her from even touching the vase. She looked at him and thought: Oh, so he’s in a different world again.

‘Sit down over there, mum, and listen to what I’m going to tell you.’

She willingly did what her child requested and sat down. ‘Listen to me, mother, as you’ve never listened to me before. If ever you wanted to hear me out, then do so now. You know that everything which is given to me through Alcar and all the other intelligences is sacred to me, don’t you? When I’m allowed to diagnose an illness or to heal a sick person, I will convey everything and never add anything because it would sadden Alcar. You know that, don’t you? When I see something, I will never make it sound more beautiful than it is. I know, mum, that if I were to do so, I would have to make amends some day. Many spirits are watching me, how I use my gift, and as I’m aware of that, everything that has to do with life after death is sacred to me.’

His mother, who wanted to contradict him as she already knew all this, didn’t get the chance, because he prevented her.

‘No mum, let me finish. I must tell you more. Tell me honestly and don’t forget that this is holy earnest to me. Tell me, mum, do you think that I’m normal, that I’m talking to you like a normal human being?’

His mother was about to laugh, in spite of all his holy seriousness, but checked herself because she saw him give way and change colour. She nodded to indicate that all was well.

‘Now listen carefully. I have just been talking to flowers, mum. Oh, I’m so happy.’

‘What did you say, you talked to the flowers?’

‘Yes, mum, you don’t think I’m abnormal though, do you? I don’t yet know what this means, but I spoke with the tulips and sensed their life. But one thing I do know, and not only do I know it, but I feel it intensely, namely that I could embrace everything that’s alive. Oh, what a marvellous feeling there is inside of me, a feeling that I’ve never had before.’

His mother got up out of her chair and left without saying a word. André heard her mumbling. ‘Strange, very strange this is.’ To her and to the mother’s head this was all too much and too deep. Since quite some time she felt

that she no longer knew her boy and that he was far, far away from her. She sensed how this distance was increasing by the day, until he would finally be out of her reach, which sometimes saddened her heart. André, who was left alone, heard his leader talking to him.

‘Is my boy happy and are you a little more composed, André? Did it not have too strong an impact on you, and take up too much of your strength? Was the emotion not too great for you? Is André convinced of this great miracle? Do you feel, my boy, that a holy blessing has entered you? And don’t you want to thank our great Father, which you already did, from the bottom of your heart and call out: Father, what have you given to me? How can I thank You? Would you not be willing to give your life for everything that lives, if that was required? Does André not sense a love now for everything that’s alive? Aren’t you able now to love all people and don’t you want to cry out how happy you are? Does my son find it so hard to understand that I was allowed to connect him with the life which God put into everything? That God knows your determination to do our work and has heard your prayers for wisdom, strength and love?’

Listen, André: Long ago, when we were together for the first time, when you got to know those who live in happiness on this side, you got a vivid longing deep within to be allowed to possess similar attunement. You knelt down every day, every hour, and prayed that God might grant us the power to develop you into a pure instrument. At that time, André, I already knew that you would one day receive that holy mercy. That God would permit us to link you up with life. This has now occurred. You have awakened in the spirit and you feel sisterly and brotherly love. You will retain this holy feeling forever; it has become your possession. Now your battle will no longer thwart you, and you will bear the cross which God gave you to carry. You will be able to sense the life that comes your way and you will act according to your love.

One other thing: I brought you into this state of rest while you were still in deep sleep, so that you could quietly absorb this great happening. I could only accomplish this by linking up with you and maintaining this connection. So you sensed my inner peace, my own attunement. You know how we, in our attunement, sense the life in all things. I also conveyed the floral scent to you to attune your feeling and your interest to this event, which enabled me to link you up and get your entire concentration to find attunement to this, so that you would be able to follow this process. This was all successfully accomplished. I made you stop, and step by step I took you over to the tulips to safeguard the connection against disturbance. Afterwards I let you feel how disharmony prevails in nature too. I also made you sense the forces of feeling in life, the power a life possesses, and I made the process of generation

reel off within your feeling. You were able to follow everything clearly. Only when man enters the first happy sphere on this side, will he be able to sense life in everything, because his feeling finds attunement in the spirit. Is that clear to you? Man on earth cannot exist in this condition, that's why I had to link up with you to let you go through this. So it was my will that caused you to experience this, but it was also your fervent plea to serve us as a pure instrument. Without us you wouldn't have sensed life. You will continue to develop this feeling, André, which is now within you, and one day it will find attunement to our conditions, which will mean eternal happiness to you. Link up in a spirit of love, it will enable you to sense everything, just as life feels when it links up. This love, my boy, is your possession. Life is yours, my boy, be happy and let others partake in your happiness. I must go. Your Alcar.'

How mighty love was. Miracles were being revealed to him, one after the other.

All of this due to sacred spiritualism.

The spiritual and the material body

André kept on receiving more and more proof that life goes on forever after physical death. This served him to try to convince mankind that the spiritual body is a separate body and that man, after casting off his material body, enters eternal life. In addition he was shown that the spirit is the intelligent body and stands for the body of sensitivity. The many disembodiments which he had been allowed to experience, thanks to Alcar, had convinced him that man dwells on earth in order to develop his feeling in the spirit. And this is brought about by love. After his last journey to heaven and hell there was nothing left in him that doubted this truth. If something or other bothered him, Alcar made him undergo experiences that acquainted him with various problems so that he developed in the spirit. It was a great blessing to him to experience so many conditions which made him familiar with the spiritual life. The things he witnessed under these conditions are certainly worth telling.

The following event was very remarkable also. Some time before he was allowed to experience this problem he had been reading a book by a well-known author about the life of the holy Frances of Assisi. He thought the story, in the way the author had described it, was very wonderful and it had touched him deeply. His great faith, and the love which Frances had shown for his fellowmen set him thinking. There was one situation which wasn't clear to him and he pondered a lot about it; it was the chastisement which Frances inflicted on himself. Whether this had really happened or not, this case was of special interest to him. He didn't want to criticize his sanctity, but he didn't understand that Frances could have developed himself through self-chastisement. Quite some people would think he was stupid, but he couldn't let it rest; it had been in his mind for months.

He (Franciscus) thought it was marvellous to jump into a thornbush naked, causing blood to run down his body on all sides, but whether Frances had acquired his high spiritual attunement in this way, that was the thing which puzzled him.

André felt a lot of respect for the saint. He (Franciscus) was a man with deep, sacred feelings and it made him bow his head deeply. But he thought it was wrong to keep on thinking about him. He too wanted to make progress, and as Alcar had made it clear to him that man should experience life, he couldn't understand how all this was possible or could be. A woman who bore no children on earth and yet yearned for motherhood would return to experience it. Would that same mother be able to free herself from that

yearning in some other way? These were problems, and he didn't see how they could easily be solved.

Would a woman, yearning for motherhood, be able to destroy and conquer her yearning by chastising herself? Was that possible? Then what was the purpose of life? He often answered his own questions, but he never arrived at a solution. Surely self-chastisement was not the way to reach such an exalted condition within a short earthly life.

The holy man prayed day and night, sacrificed himself for all forms of life, but then what was self-chastisement needed for? To suppress passion? He lived a pure life; wasn't that sufficient? Again, he didn't want to belittle his sanctity, but he couldn't put it out of his thoughts. He continuously caught himself thinking about Frances, and there was no way he could let go of it. In addition – and this ranked high – André wanted to make something of his earthly life. He wanted to mean something to others. And whatever means might be needed, he wanted to apply them to acquire spiritual possession so that when he too was to pass on, he would possess light in eternal life. He would do anything to reach that goal, he gave himself in pure love for every being and he would give his life for no matter whom if he was required to do so. It wasn't vanity to strive to be something, he knew how trivial he was. Beautiful paintings were made through him and yet he wouldn't dare to call himself a painter. If Wolff and many others stopped painting through him, then his talent would be gone too. It was the same with seeing and healing. If Alcar didn't help him, his diagnosis would be worthless. After all, he knew he could never do it without their help. He was nothing and remained nothing, he was an instrument. But what he did understand very well was this: If he exerted himself and genuinely wanted to give himself, Alcar would develop him in the spirit, which meant spiritual gold on the side beyond. Was this vanity? Surely not! He merely wanted to be something for others; that's why he made every effort to acquire the treasures of the spirit. That's why he was caught up in this problem.

One evening he went to bed early, exhausted. But sleep would not come, Frances was occupying his mind. He wondered whether Alcar knew how he was fretting. Did this not concern him? Or were these conditions not Alcar's business? It had been on his mind for months and he saw no solution. After he had experienced his last wondrous condition, he no longer had the courage to ask Alcar for something, because whenever it was necessary, he got help. At the moment his leader would find this all very ridiculous and he would have to fight this out by himself.

Why didn't he mind his own business? Why had he read the book and taken everything literally? Of course this was wrong, but how could he alter this situation now? Dismiss everything from his mind, but how? How often

had he flung these thoughts away and yet they sneaked back into his soul. He got angry and sensed how weak his powers of concentration still were. A few nights ago he had even dreamt about it. He thought this was terrible. He couldn't even get a quiet night's sleep lately. He dreamt that Frances had called for him and told him about his life. He had said the following words to him:

'I am aware of your thoughts and I know what to do about it, come along with me.'

He had taken him along into a large garden behind a monastery and told him: 'Look, just you jump in, and all of a sudden you will know how everything is.' Frances pointed a thornbush out to him. He looked at him as if he wanted to say: You wouldn't dare. And André jumped into the thornbush naked so that the blood streamed down his body on all sides. But when he awoke in the morning and remembered his dream, there was nothing to be seen on his body; so it had just been a dream.

And now he was brooding over the same problem again. It would turn his mind if he wasn't delivered from this soon. He concentrated as he had never done before, because he wanted to sleep. Lying awake half the night and dreaming meaningless dreams, that wouldn't help him in the least. I'll keep on praying, he thought, until I fall asleep. He succeeded; the prayer sent him into a deep sleep.

He wasn't aware how long he had been asleep, when suddenly he thought he heard his name being called. He looked around, but saw no-one.

Again he heard: 'André?' Who was that calling him? Was he being fetched again for something or other? Hey, what was that? He was standing next to his body. He immediately thought of his previous nightly journey. Did someone need his help? Who had set him free? Alcar? Where was his leader? Were other problems ahead which he was going to experience? That time when he was allowed to heal Annie, two persons who were unknown to him had also come to fetch him, and after everything had been made clear to him, they had proved to be Alcar and his master. How badly he had thought of them, he wanted to prevent this from happening again. Yet he would have to be careful and not just go along; after all, he couldn't be certain that these beings weren't some unfortunate beings who had come to call on him.

Again he heard: 'André, would you follow us?' Follow, he thought, where to? He heard by the tone of voice that these weren't unhappy spirits because it revealed love; in the spirit one could immediately sense and hear this. On this side a demon wouldn't be able to conceal himself, he would be recognized by some token or other.

Before him stood two beings, enveloped in a haze of light. He saw them, and yet they seemed like shadows. Still he had heard nothing from his leader.

At that same instant he felt a power of love flowing through him; he had experienced the same feeling when they had come to fetch him for Annie, and this made him determined to go along. He stepped towards them and felt how he was lifted up and that they moved away from the earth.

I see, he thought, so this is a journey to the spheres. So this condition was different from that of Annie's. They left the earth in rapid flight and he was very curious where they would be taking him to.

André looked up at the sky and got a shock. Something was wrong here. He wasn't familiar with a condition like this, Alcar had never shown him anything of the kind. The sky was yellow. This couldn't be true. How could a sky ever be yellow? He had never heard of such a thing. Did skies such as these exist on this side? He thought it was abnormal, it just wasn't natural. He knew the light of the skies, right from the dark areas up to the fifth sphere, but a sky such as this he had never perceived before. He decided to be especially careful. He saw a landscape with yellow trees and yellow plants, everything appeared to be yellow. Could this be real? Of course not. It was a fake. Was he being taken to unnatural conditions? Was he being put to a test? What was behind it all?

They kept on gliding along and he felt himself being drawn forward by the two invisible spirits.

At last they halted. He was standing on a high hill and looked down on a deep valley that stretched out before him. André felt that he had been placed before a certain condition, because in front of him there was a path that wound its way through the valley. On the other side he saw a large building. The only one to be seen in this endless space. Should he descend? Was that their intention? And he immediately sensed that this was what they expected of him; he was to follow that path. How strange everything was, so unnatural and mysterious. Why didn't they speak to him? Wouldn't it be better for him to go back? There was nobody to stop him. He had learnt that much, and he knew how to concentrate if danger threatened. And yet he was curious to find out what the meaning of all this could be.

He descended and it took him quite a while before he had reached the opposite side. Finally he found himself standing in front of a castle that seemed to have emerged from out of the ground. He stopped to think.

It was an old building, made of yellowish building stones. That wasn't natural either. Not a being to be seen, and there was an oppressive silence which made him feel uncomfortable. A large door that looked more like a portal blocked the entrance.

Again he looked around in the landscape but didn't see a living soul, and his companions had disappeared too. The silence scared him. Life had gone to sleep here. No wind to freshen up nature, nothing but staleness in the

air, unnatural and mysterious. Nobody could ever feel happy in this place. He would rather be on earth and stay there. Whatever would he meet with behind those thick doors? People? And those who had come to fetch him, where had they gone to? Was this the end of the journey? Was he supposed to enter? All these questions went through his mind. He went up a little closer, maybe a solution would present itself. But after he had advanced a few yards the door opened up by itself; it scared him stiff. He stopped dead in his tracks. Now I'm in for it, he thought. But no-one appeared. His knees were trembling. What was the meaning of this? He peered into a long corridor, but saw no-one. Was there somebody standing behind the door? No, that was impossible, he saw at a glance that the door was practically flush with the wall.

But what, or who had ever opened it? Were they awaiting him here? Where was Alcar? After that question he felt again that Alcar was watching over him, and he went inside. He had hardly stepped over the threshold when he saw his invisible friends before him. The long corridor was laid out with tiles and again everything looked yellow and bare. He was standing at the top of a long staircase, which he descended. He counted the steps and at the same time he was surprised that all these trivial things came to his mind. He got to the foot of the stairs and again faced a long corridor which led them to a large hall.

He stopped once more and thought it all over. What kind of a building was this? Why were they taking him to a subterranean hall? He saw lots of pillars that served as foundations to support the building. Here too everything was yellow. There were no other colours to be seen. He had got used to it and it seemed quite normal now, although he knew that it was nothing of the kind. The hall was filled with a dense haze which he couldn't see through. Were they keeping everything invisible to him? Were they planning to suddenly confront him with something? He sensed his companions at a few yards distance before him. Yet he was calm and already felt familiar with them. He understood that he should go on, which he did. Step by step he walked on, because he was sure that he was about to experience something new here.

After he had advanced about a dozen yards he heard a soft sound that he thought he recognized. The first form of life he had heard on his long journey. Was it a human being? He kept listening attentively and it sounded like someone breathing deeply. Again he went on, only to get a second shock. There before him he saw three beings. One of them was undressed and merely wore a loincloth which was wrapped around his waist. Next to him stood two others, strong fellows, who both held a whip in their hands, which suddenly made him understand this scene. They were wearing yellow garments, and the only other colour he had set eyes on in this country until

then was the black cord tied around their waist. He now felt that a part of the veil of secrecy would be lifted for him. He had learnt in the life after death that colours meant light. Those black cords meant that he would soon experience what they intended doing. A ray of light filtered through, but where was the actual problem?

The one who had undressed was a handsome young person of about thirty years old. What did they want of him? Were those two strong fellows his tormentors? Was he going to get a thrashing? If that was the case, then he understood why they had come to fetch him. Yes, the man was breathing deeply, so he was the one whom he had just heard. The young man tried to gather all the powers he carried within. His tormentors were waiting until he felt ready and André sensed that the man was going to let himself be whipped of his own free will.

Suddenly he stepped forward towards one of the pillars, took his stand and waited. André trembled. He was gathering all his strength, which he clearly sensed. What was it they wanted to show him? He concentrated on him and knew that he was willingly letting himself get whipped. Now he understood it all. This had to do with him and Frances. This problem would now also be solved for him. Here he would be able to experience whether self-chastisement meant spiritual development. He sensed an enormous tension. The tormentors were standing to the left and the right of him and were waiting for a sign that allowed them to begin. André sensed how he gave them the signal. The blows fell from the left and the right and every blow they dealt left broad red slashes on his body. Soon he had been beaten black and blue, but he bravely stood up to it. Self-chastisement! At last the mystery was dispersed that had kept him in a terrible tension for months on end.

He was still being flogged, but he wouldn't be able to bear it much longer. The sweat that flowed down his body was red with blood. He stood there, his head held high, allowing them to whip him. He was a hero. André felt an enormous tension building up within him. Now he was being given a chance to show what he wanted, what he could do. The young man smiled with every beating he was given. And he was all aflame too, wanting to experience the same. At last the two stopped and carried him away. He had stood up to it. Would he be convinced that this had brought him spiritual development?

A pity that he had gone, he would have asked him. Was he here for the same purpose as he was? He felt a strong power rising in him. Yes, he was prepared. And when he had made this inner decision, his two companions jumped forward, ready to flog him.

Well now, so they were his tormentors? And yet they were not, it was he who wanted this. They wouldn't do this if he decided against it. But if he went through with this, it would rid him of all his misery. He thought it over,

what should he do? This was no thornbush, but it was self-chastisement all the same, and it would teach him something. No, he didn't want to back out now, he wanted to experience this too. Only now did he see that they had thought of everything. He was wearing the same kind of garment they had on, although he hadn't noticed this before. Had he received this here, now, while he had decided to go through with it? He had no time to think. He flung the garment from him and positioned himself in front of one of the pillars. He had to stay about two feet away from the pillar, as he felt how he could go no further. He understood that they wanted to beat him from the front as well as the back.

The other one had pressed himself against the pillar. Was this a different condition? André sighed deeply to gather all his powers. He decided deep down that they were allowed to begin and at that same moment the first lashings hit him. How terrible was the first beating. His soul cried out and trembled. He flinched with every beating. Terrible, he thought, whatever did I let myself in for! I'll give in any moment now. I can't bear this. He looked up and thought he saw some other source of light. Strange, he thought, if I concentrate on that light, I don't feel the beatings so intensely. Was it Alcar? But all he could see was a dim haze. Was he being helped? Was Alcar letting him feel this?

With every beating his concentration went to pieces; he felt the beatings slash into him. His body glowed like fire. The sweat poured from all over his body and his was coloured red too. There wasn't a spot left unmarred, he had been beaten black and blue from top to bottom. Only his head and his feet remained untouched and his hands stayed free of slashes too. He had no idea where he got all that strength from. How strong a person could be! He felt how his entire concentration was focussed on this condition. Yet he realized that his strength was waning.

His whole body was tense, his muscles were being beaten to jelly. Never before had he felt such power deep within. He gave everything he had, not wanting to keep back any reserves. He still taxed all his energies, as he felt how he might give in at any moment. He wanted to remain upright, just like that other fellow. Oh God, he thought, whatever made me do this. He looked up at the light, because he was on the verge of collapsing.

He now felt that if he wanted to stop, they would immediately cease. With every raising of an arm he felt the blow even before it had been dealt to him. No, he could take no more and they instantly stopped their beatings. The light had vanished too. There he stood. How terrible his body looked. He was a dreadful sight. His hands, head and feet hadn't been touched, but all the other places were a mass of red slashes. He had the feeling that his eyes were protruding out of his head, and everything was taut. Where was his spiritual

possession? He didn't feel the slightest change. And yet he had bravely persevered! It was a bitter disappointment. He hadn't changed a bit; he had remained the same deep down. He had become convinced, but had undergone a woeful experience. He had had to pay dearly before this problem had been solved for him. He cursed the moment the book had fallen into his hands. What an influence books could have on people. He had gone through all of this for nothing. It was his own will and his own fault, and Alcar would be angry with him. Tears of remorse about this big disappointment ran down his cheeks. A few moments ago he had been able to hide them, but now this was impossible to him. He felt broken, body and soul. Had he done wrong? Everything had been unnatural from the very start. He should have turned back. He had paid a high price for this knowledge. Every step on this path he had had to pay for with a flogging. How many floggings would some beings have to receive before they too became convinced that they were on the wrong track. When they arrived in the hereafter, he knew this for sure, many would willingly submit to a flogging to make amends for their wrongdoings, but by then it would be too late. The thought that this had opened his eyes was like ointment on his wounds, and it eased down the cutting pains.

What was left for him to do in this place? Nothing at all. He wanted to return to his body, go back again to earth. Would even that prove to be impossible? A terrible fear came over him. He felt himself being lifted and in a flash he was taken away. He had soon reached the earth, and returned into his physical body. He awoke with a slight start and he was aware of everything he had experienced in the spheres. He felt dead-tired. He could neither move his arms nor his legs. His first thoughts were with his leader. He heard nothing from him. Was he in his bad books now? Surely not? Couldn't anything be done about it? After all, he knew his leader as a spirit of love and all he wanted was to convince himself. It would turn his mind if he had to do without Alcar. Oh, how this tormented him. He looked at the clock and saw that it was six o'clock in the morning. He always returned at this time after he had been allowed to visit the spheres with Alcar. Did Alcar know all this, and had he maybe helped him? He wanted to turn around but he couldn't. His entire body was taut. Everything hurt. He fell into a deep sleep and awoke around eight o'clock. This time it was easier for him to move than it had been at six o'clock. This relaxation had done him good. He quickly got out of bed to get dressed. He took off his pyjama and got the biggest shock he had ever had. Whatever had happened to his body? It was covered from top to bottom with slashes. It was black and blue, just as his spiritual body had experienced this. There wasn't a spot left untouched, it was terrible to look at. Only his face, hands and feet were unscarred. He looked for quite a while at his poor physical body and relived what he had gone through the previous night. He

saw himself standing before the pillar and felt every blow that had been dealt out to him. Again he experienced the sorrow he had felt after the flogging.

How strange, he thought, yet I feel intensely happy, what could this mean? He didn't know what it was, but it had a meaning. His sense of disappointment vanished on the spot. What he had experienced in the spirit had been taken over by his material body. What was this miracle that had taken place? This certainly was a miracle; he had no doubt about that. What were these powers which he was linked up with? Had this been Alcar's intention? The physical body had taken over the spiritual condition, he had never experienced anything like this. He felt exhausted, but it didn't hurt, even though his skin was stretched tightly over his whole body. He beseeched Alcar to please help him but he got no answer. Were they demons, who had caused him to experience this? No, that was impossible, he had wanted this himself.

He got dressed quickly, because his mother would be terribly shocked if she saw him like this. This was all very odd. His spiritual body had been thousands of miles apart from his physical body, and yet the spiritual body had imprinted these experiences on matter. How could this happen? He knew that when he disembodied, he still remained connected by the fluid cord with his body. The fluid cord was the vital strand which linked up both bodies. He thought he saw the solution. If this were true, it would be marvellous, yet very simple. In fact there was no other possibility. Even though the strand was invisible, both bodies formed one condition. He returned in the spirit to that same place in order to determine how he had felt there. Perhaps he could perceive something. He felt himself sinking and moving, and he focussed his powers of concentration. Now he saw a thin silvery thread which ran from him towards the physical body and which he could clearly follow. He saw and felt that it was alive. Could this cord have conveyed the things he had experienced? It would make it very simple. But wasn't this merely his own phantasy? Was he that sensitive? After all, Alcar had told him that he couldn't perceive the fluid cord, contrary to those who did have cosmic attunement. But he was still very far removed from that level. But then what? It surprised him that he was busy solving his problem. Never before had something like this occurred to him. He had always waited until Alcar explained everything to him. It was also clear to him that this process had been so totally different from all the previous conditions which he had been allowed to experience. Now he was busy analyzing these things, but he also felt alone, because he heard nothing from Alcar. Had it been the latter's will to let him experience this?

His thoughts returned to the vital thread. He must have become very sensitive, if this were the truth. Here he was shown that his feeling had been greatly developed and that the vital thread possessed that sensitivity, which

could be experienced by anyone who developed himself spiritually. Now that he had gone through everything from beginning to end, it no longer presented a problem to him. The self-chastisement had convinced him, but this couldn't possibly have anything to do with his physical garment. After all, he hadn't been inside his physical garment, had he? Frances might be a saint, but this wasn't the way, he had sensed that very clearly. Now he saw a different aspect: to him this had, since long, become an established fact, but to science this would present splendid proof that the spiritual body was a separate body that continued to live on in an eternal condition. That he hadn't thought of this before, or wouldn't the scientists accept this? To parapsychologists this was the subconscious. Or could they set up more theories to destroy this proof, to prove the opposite? Were these subconscious forces? This couldn't be true, after all, he had experienced all this consciously.

What was that he now heard a voice say? 'Stigmatization?' Who was saying this to him? It wasn't Alcar's voice which he heard. 'Stigmatization, or suggestion, or concentration on various conditions, which is suggestion and manifests itself on the body.'

The voice had spoken clearly.

Suggestion? Suggest? How could that be? Is that what they would say? Couldn't science come up with something else?

How could he concentrate on himself while he wasn't even within his own body? Didn't they believe that he disembodied? When he was painting and a spirit made use of his body, he had also disembodied. And yet a painting was produced. Would that be possible if he himself knew nothing about it? Would he have to lie to himself and admit that this was the case? Could he fool himself if the power, consciousness had left his body?

It was a different condition, a different talent, yet a disembodiment was a disembodiment and it meant that the spirit had left the physical body. Oh, he certainly felt the great importance of this disembodiment and he wanted to make the best of a bad job. How could these ever be subconscious forces? After all, he had been asleep, and hadn't been aware of anything. His spiritual body was alive and experienced what it perceived in the spirit. The body that dwelt in matter and guided matter, that body was the eternal body that continued to live on. This spiritual intellect was eternal life.

What would be left of this great happening if it had something to do with the subconscious? Nothing of course, but he didn't simply want to submit. After all, he had experienced it himself. He knew from experience how the spiritual body could live in that other world and what all those attunements were like.

No, it had nothing to do with stigmatization. It was much simpler. If only they would accept that one circumstance, namely that the fluid cord was the

force which connected both bodies and in that way, due also to its sensitivity, it manifested a separate gift in matter.

He suddenly remembered his dream. He sensed that this too was somehow linked up. It had to do with this miracle. Frances had called him and he had jumped right into the thornbush without anything happening to his material body. It had only been a dream. He couldn't yet bridge the gap between these two conditions. What were dreams really all about, and why wasn't he maimed when he awoke from his dream? How could this be explained? Did that dream belong to the subconscious? In that case his subconscious was meaningless because it told him nothing. He had experienced this spiritually, he had even been aware of everything that happened to him, and he had paid attention to all the things he had encountered on his journey. Whereas his dream had been a real dream without any meaning. The longer he thought about it, the clearer his mind could picture it, so that he was able to understand this miracle. And how sensitive man was when he became attuned to the life hereafter. As soon as he had expressed the thought: I can't stand this any longer, it had ceased immediately. On earth one would have had to shout it out at the top of one's voice before they would have heard. He was familiar with these powers, it was the possession of a higher form of love, a higher attunement than that of the earth.

Now he also understood why he had had to experience all this consciously. He wouldn't have understood the slightest thing otherwise! The more he pondered, the more he felt himself treading solid ground, which gave him support in this condition.

Now he also understood why his leader hadn't shown himself. He had to experience this on his own in order to analyze it by himself. It had been his own will, but Alcar had offered him a chance to experience his problem. He felt happy that Alcar had taken this opportunity to show what the spiritual body and the material body really are. That was it, he sensed this clearly. It was a beautiful and a splendid piece of proof that life went on forever. Of course he didn't yet know for sure whether things were really as he believed them to be, but it could hardly be otherwise. He would wait until his leader explained it all to him.

Nonetheless, a total feeling of happiness surged through him; he hadn't allowed himself to be flogged for nothing. He would gladly let himself be whipped to death in exchange for this kind of proof, as long as it convinced mankind that the spiritual body continues to live on as the eternal intelligent body.

Science wouldn't be able to raise any objections, because then this experience would have to be an involuntary autosuggestion and that was no science. Sciences that had to do with the subconscious weren't yet known in

this world, and they had no chance to exist on earth. It was nothing, because it was all subconscious.

Stigmatization and concentration or the impact of the subconscious were impossible. His experience had shown him that the spiritual body is the intelligent body which continues to live on forever.

He felt peaceful, and he was happy that he had been allowed to experience this. In the afternoon he heard his leader Alcar: 'Well, my boy. Here I am again to explain a lot of things to you and make them clear. It didn't last too long, I hope, André?'

André was touched when he heard Alcar's loving voice again. He had longed for the sound of it.

'I'll explain certain conditions to you; the others you have already understood. It was all my doing, André, because you wanted this yourself. I have tried to make it clear to you how unnatural everything is and I made you experience all this in the spirit. On our side these conditions exist in order to convince the spirit of the artificiality of certain things which it considers natural. I also showed you that unnaturalness beforehand, but your eagerness to learn held you captive. Again, it was not my will but your own to experience this. So I used your will to show that the spirit is a separate body which goes on living forever. I also helped you to analyze it yourself, which would give you an even better understanding of all these things. So it was I who spoke to you, but the voice I used to speak was a different one. I supported you in everything and I also admired your courage which makes me happy. It proves your will to convince mankind of a life that continues forever. You have proved in this way that you would defy anything, no matter how it approaches you, in order to make people happy on earth. But it wasn't my will, don't you ever forget that. There are a thousand other ways to convince man, besides this one. Yet I'm happy. This prepared you to receive other work which will enable you to help many people. You have experienced how useful this disembodiment has been. The psychic powers you became familiar with will mean wisdom in the spirit. That is why everything was given to you consciously. It was my impact which gave you your dream, I made you dream it. I was Frances, André. I used it to show you that a dream has nothing to do with a spiritual disembodiment. If you hadn't decided to let yourself be flogged, I couldn't have given you this proof. Is this clear to you? But I didn't doubt your powers and your will power and I therefore kept you linked up with this condition. I maintained this connection for four reasons. First of all to demonstrate that the spirit is a separate body that goes on living forever. Second, to test to what extent you understand our work which is given to you in the spirit. Third, to make you understand that self-chastisement is not the way to acquire spiritual development. And fourth, that spiritualism is

truth, that we who have cast off the physical body, live a life of happiness and possess an intelligent body which guided our physical body along on earth. And I was enabled to do this after you had read a book which mentioned self-chastisement. If we possess instruments with a psychic attunement, we can convince science of a life that continues forever. You replied to many of your own questions, because you clearly sensed the answers. But I linked you up again in the spirit and made you see the fluid cord in visionary attunement. Is this clear to you too?’

André understood because he had experienced it.

‘So I let you perceive by conveying a mental image to you. I was the light you perceived while it happened. I gave you support, but I let you sense the full forces, let you experience the entire event. I will tell you how it’s possible for the physical body to take on spiritual experiences, in other words, how a flogging in the spirit can act on matter. This happens by means of the vital cord – which you already sensed – and which connects both bodies even though the spiritual body is separated from matter. Science, as I explained to you on our last journey, has performed experiments to make a medium disembodied by force, namely through the power of a hypnotist. That instrument was given a task and would carry it out. The medium told them what it perceived at long distance and this perception and the spoken words were conveyed via the fluid cord. The sound that came through was softer than the medium’s actual tone of voice.

You will experience these same conditions through your own mediumship when they present themselves. Science found this very wondrous but soon the wonder was destroyed. It depends on the sensitivity of a medium whether everything it perceives afar will come through and pass onto the physical body. This special gift, which you possess, has now reached a stage of development which enabled me to show you all this. But there are a thousand other conditions besides flogging, my boy, which make it possible for us to experience all this. So the transfer of these spiritual perceptions can only happen if the instrument possesses this sensitivity. I will now try to explain to you what dreams are.’

André thought: Alcar knows everything, he knows how I think and how I feel. ‘A dream is like being in a trance. In the sleep there are seven levels of trance conversions, of which the seventh equals apparent death. These attunements are unknown on earth, it’s impossible for man to detect them. It’s only possible for us who have shed our physical body. To come back to your dream, it was no dream you experienced yourself, in other words, emerged from out of your inner condition, but it was imposed upon you by me. So you dreamt because I wanted you to, by means of my will and the concentration of my thoughts, which is a condition in itself. A person can therefore

have dreams which have been given to him in the spirit. Your dream was a condition of feeling, imprinted on your center of feeling by concentration and strong will power. Is this clear to you?

As I just said, sleep encompasses seven levels. The first, second and third levels denote the conditions in which man is at rest and withdraws the consciousness of feeling from matter, which means that feeling is transferred to the spirit. The powers of concentration have then passed over into the spirit, which corresponds to the attunement during semi-sleep. This sleep isn't deep, it is proportionate to the condition of the physical body. If the physical body isn't in a state of normal health, the person is easily aroused from his sleep, as his sleep is disturbed by some illness of the nerves or other organs. One must first possess a healthy body in order to get enough sleep. When the nervous system is tense or when it contracts, normal sleep becomes impossible and the person will then suffer from insomnia. So it's obvious that under these conditions matter can have a disturbing influence. In the fourth level of sleep the spirit withdraws from the material world and the physical body is released from all disturbing factors. Those who are in this condition will sleep peacefully and will hardly awaken with a start, as the stage of semi-waking consciousness will have been surpassed. In this condition man is aware of the life he has lived, depending on the state of health of the physical body, because the material garment will not allow the body of sensitivity to depart. But this also encompasses thousands of attunements that each depend on man's development in the spirit. So it's clear that the nervous system will react to the body of sensitivity, even when the person is in an unconscious state, equalling sleep. The spiritual body is and remains as it lives and feels in matter. So when the physical body is below its normal level of health, the powers of concentration return to matter and the body of sensitivity will pass through the third, second and first level of sleep and return to the condition of life where consciousness is keeping watch. This is when one wakes up and the physical organs start functioning normally again.

The fifth (level) coincides with the attunement in which the spirit and the physical body split up, and feeling is transferred to the spirit which enables disembodiment. Only then can the spiritual body leave matter behind and go wherever it wants to. The spiritual body has then transcended the semi-waking consciousness and the spirit has entered the conscious spiritual realm. There aren't many people on earth who have reached the sixth level. This is an enhanced capacity of spiritual concentration which can be attained after a long period of study. Those who possess these powers and are able to govern matter by will power and concentration get more benefit from one hour of sleep than others do from eight hours, which is the time people normally need. This condition transcends that of disembodiment. None-

theless, they cannot disembodify if they don't possess the necessary spiritual attunement. If they tend towards matter, this will attract them and disable the spirit. They will attune according to the way they feel and want. So their inner attunement to spiritual life abides by a spiritual law. Concentration has brought them this far, but they're unable to acquire the treasures of the spirit like you can, since your feeling finds attunement in the spirit. However, your attunement harmonizes with the fifth level, and it borders on the sixth. We have already done these experiments together and you know their wonderful results. So it will be clear to you that a person can only consciously disembodify if he attunes in the spirit and actually possesses that attunement.

The seventh level of sleep equals apparent death. Here the auras of life dissolve in the spirit. This is clearly demonstrated by the physical body. There are people who have achieved this through concentration and strong will power. An example of this are the fakirs. They can be buried and remain under the ground for days; they are even capable of prolonging their life on earth and invigorating it by draining off other people's vital juices. When they let themselves be buried, the physical body is fed and its condition maintained by the fluid cord. The fakir needs a few hours of total darkness to attain this condition. This darkness is necessary because the vital aura would dissolve in daylight, which would prevent him from reaching his intended goal. Following this he can be buried and even after a long period he will reappear alive. Their powers of concentration are focussed accurately on the physical body; it's under their complete control and they can subject matter to their will power.

While we were in the dark spheres I told you how the auras of life function. The auras are vital powers which feed matter by means of a person's power of feeling. If the aura of life cannot be withdrawn, then apparent death is ruled out. The aura of life is the connection between breath and feeling. When man lives, his breath passes through the appropriate organs but the aura of life completes the physical activities and constitutes the linking threads or lines between the spirit and the material body. If one of these, the breath or the aura, is out of order, this will lead to the person's death or cause a disturbance which will result in heart failure. This is a spiritual disorder which has material consequences, causing the spiritual body to separate from the material body.

Accordingly, a fakir can reach this state of apparent death by withdrawing the vital powers from his material body, which means that it's no longer under any spiritual influence, except for one single percent of energy. When he returns into his material body, the aura of life will function like an electrical current reactivating the machine. So the material body is alive but has been deprived of its activity. This intense power of concentration is a gift, which

is directly linked to mediumship. Nevertheless, it also requires spiritual help from this side to establish this. So if they don't possess the gift of submittance, they won't be able to achieve this.

I could fill entire books on the subject of sleep and dreams if I had to dissect and analyze every transition of feeling. I have made an effort to explain all this to you so that you would understand your own attunement. I hope that it's all clear to you now. I could explain to you how the physical body demands energy and returns it, how the spirit operates and accomplishes its function during life on earth as long as it is one with matter. But you will receive all this knowledge at a later stage, and I will tell you all about these transitions, which are neither known nor sensed on earth. Each level of sleep is either a conscious or a subconscious condition of life, so you will now understand what happened to you and how your physical body could possibly take it on.

My boy, I thank you for your courage and your will to do our work, which will make your spirit receive the wisdom which only few on earth may partake of. Your strong will to be someone for others is known to us and we feel it, and we will let you experience in accordance with your own powers. In a few days the material phenomena will also vanish. This morning I was allowed to ease your pains while you were in deep sleep. Now I must leave, my boy, new problems will be explained to you. Know that I will stand by you in everything. Thank God for your great and sacred gift. Your Alcar.'

Again a problem had been solved, and he had experienced another miracle. How great Alcar was. He thanked him for his help and his unfailing love, and God too, for everything he had received.

Man proposes, but God disposes

André had been married for quite some time, and now his wife was pregnant. Years had gone by in which they had waited for the happiness that just wouldn't come, but now he was glad that he would be presented with a young life. Day in day out he prayed that God might bestow wisdom, strength and love on the being. Oh, how he loved children. He could read a young life like an open book, and he could sense the condition of the being's soul. He could point out the various transitions of feeling to the mother, so that she would get to know her little one. But he didn't dare link up with children, because mothers didn't like others to interfere with their love. If he were allowed to receive this great blessing, he would quietly act upon his child and make it feel his love. He would focus his thoughts to connect himself with the child so that it would develop its spirit too.

Yet every time he sat and pondered on these things he would feel something come over him that disturbed his happiness. It was strange how this feeling prevented him from being happy about the things that were about to take place. It got stronger all the time, so that in the end he hardly dared to think about his child. When his wife talked about it, which was a daily necessity, he felt a cold shiver running down his spine, and he just couldn't understand the meaning of it. Afterwards he would have long spells in which he talked to himself and wondered what prevented him from being happy, and he would do his best to solve this mystery. Whenever he touched the baby clothes it seemed that it made his heart beat faster and took his breath away. There was something about those little clothes, something he clearly felt. But what was it? Something kept him from looking forward with great joy to that big moment in which he would be presented with the young life.

This situation continued for some months. When the matter wasn't mentioned, he too felt calm and peaceful, but whenever his wife began to talk about her possession, he felt the fear rising, and it would really upset him. He didn't let her notice anything, he wanted to fight this out by himself. Would the child be granted to him, or was something going to happen which would deprive them of this happiness?

Whenever he wanted to ask his leader about this, he got no answer, and he sensed that Alcar didn't want to discuss it. I'm letting my feelings get the better of me, he would tell himself, after all everything is fine. His wife was in good health, and so he ought to dispel these anxious thoughts. Happiness would then return to him, and he would think about lots of beautiful things. What a blessing to be allowed to receive this!

But after a few days it would all come back again. Deep down he felt two powers: sorrow and happiness. The sorrow was trying to push aside his happiness, and sometimes the sorrow had to give in. But then it would return and destroy his peace of mind, breaking up his happiness, and his struggle would start anew. He often wondered which side would win, because it was clear to him that this had a meaning. Was Alcar making him feel that something was about to happen? Would they have to part with the happiness they had been looking forward to for so many years? Was it not meant to be? But after a short while he would ban these doubts from his mind and refuse to give it another thought. He wanted to keep the young life, and so he put himself certain questions, and his feeling to want to possess the child would give him the answers. He fathomed his wife's feelings, but there was nothing in her condition to cause him any anxiety. She worked day in day out and she had never felt better in her life.

Suddenly Alcar told him to start on his second book. Oh, that was great, then he wouldn't have to keep on thinking about his fear which simply wouldn't abate. He prepared himself and waited for the things that would happen. He already knew that he was to write about all the conditions which he had experienced in the spirit and on earth. These included the many healings on earth which he had been allowed to accomplish through Alcar, some of which had been very miraculous.

He got his writing paper ready, and a few days before Alcar was about to begin he had a clear outline of the work ahead and he also knew how the chapters should succeed each other. Nothing was lost of all the things he had been allowed to experience. Once he got linked up, he would write the chapters the one after the other.

Sometimes he wrote a hundred pages in one session without stopping. He would feel no fatigue because in those moments he would be in a special attunement. And so the work got finished within a few weeks. This gift of writing as a medium was beautiful. At such times all his other talents would be inactive, but they could be called up again whenever they were needed. While he wrote he lost all sense of earthly life and he dwelt in another world. Sometimes he would remain in this attunement for weeks. But there was a limit to this, because after a while the physical strain would overtax him.

Sometimes he experienced strange situations. One morning he had left home early to visit his patients. He walked and took the tram, helped his people and in the afternoon, back in his room, he suddenly awoke with a start. He couldn't even remember whether it was afternoon or evening Oh, he thought, I overslept, and he rushed over to his wife to ask her why she had forgotten to call him. Slowly his earthly consciousness came back to him and Alcar showed him that he had done good work. It proves how deep he

descended into his spiritual life.

On another occasion his wife asked him if he would go for a walk with her. He immediately stopped working and accompanied her into the beauty of nature. They spent an hour outdoors and when he came home he immediately felt himself being drawn back into his writing condition. About an hour later his wife went over to him, and he asked her what the weather was like, as he was feeling very cold and miserable. He had no recollection of his walk, although he had spoken with her about various things. 'How strange', she said. When he went over his writings again, he saw that he had been writing about the dark areas, where the unhappy spirits dwelt who had disgraced themselves on earth. While he wrote he attracted these influences and he became connected with them. Once, while he was writing, he heard the words: 'The doorbell is ringing, André, and there's nobody home because your wife has gone out.' He stumbled to the door and unlocked it from the inside with the key. In front of him stood a stranger and he asked him what he wanted. But it was his wife who had left the house without taking the key; she quietly walked past him, realizing that he was in another world again. Later on André couldn't recall the incident. Yet he sensed throughout that he was being watched over; he could willingly submit, and he knew that Alcar was taking care of him. It made him feel glad; he had no time to think about his fears now.

He finished chapter after chapter, until he got to a point where his fear returned. He had started on heaven and hell and it included a passage about the clairvoyance of the mother. The strange thing was that he had already spoken about this with his wife, as she too possessed clairvoyance in her condition. But, he thought, why am I writing about this right now, while she is in this very condition? Was it coincidence? Did it have a certain meaning? He reread it a dozen times and felt how it made his fears reappear. In that chapter Alcar told the mothers that they will once again see their little ones who had passed on. He comforted the mothers in their deep sorrow but also tried to explain to them that they would need attunement if they wanted to meet the little ones again. It was terrible, his soul was burning. He defied it with all his might, but it wouldn't go away. I'm writing down my own grief and sorrow, he thought, my wife will be the first to receive Alcar's support. Surely this couldn't be true? He thought about it for a long time, then he took the terrible decision to stop writing, and he tore up the chapter. He thought he was going mad. Without his previous experiences he would have believed himself to be under evil influence. But he had been allowed to undergo all these things through disembodiment and he didn't doubt it now. Yet he decidedly refused.

André was up in arms! Never before had he been like this, and he felt like

a stranger to himself. He fervently prayed to God to let this cup pass from him. It stayed in his mind the entire week, and he felt free of fear. And yet something was eating at him deep inside. Oh, how difficult it was. He was about to destroy the very things he had built up over many years. He was breaking the most sacred thing of all, his link with Alcar. He who wanted to give his life for the side beyond now refused to work for him. Wasn't it terrible? He saw himself in the spheres and relived the great moment in which he was about to leave Alcar's house. He saw himself kneeling before his leader and he heard himself say: 'I haven't got much to say, but there is something I want to tell you before we part from here.' He didn't dare think about it, his own words made him shiver. He had promised Alcar that he wouldn't make things difficult for him, and what was he doing right now? He, Alcar's instrument was refusing. No, it was impossible to believe.

He quietly looked for some paper, laid everything ready and waited whether his leader would begin. He needed his help, because he would make a mess of things on his own. If he had to continue by himself it would make his mind reel to distinguish all those psychic conditions and the spiritual attainments he had experienced. Now his fear got even bigger, it was the fear to lose his leader. He hadn't slept for nights, and deep down he fervently asked to be forgiven, to be allowed to begin again.

One afternoon he felt that Alcar wanted to write and without saying anything to him, he continued. The chapter was soon finished and it was even more beautiful than the first version. This was followed by other conditions, and he descended into hell in order to take down all its horrors. Again he felt one with those who dwelt there. Their influence was so intense that it even had an impact on his physical body while he was writing.

After he had finished this, his wife, who was sitting next to him, looked up at him and suddenly cried out in amazement: 'How old you look! You look as if you were sixty.' He told her how this can happen, and he tried to free himself from these influences, which he managed. He was so sensitive that even now, while he was in his physical body, those forces could still influence his body. He slowly withdrew into his conscious physical life again and felt how he was being released.

While he had dwelt in the dark spheres with Alcar he had become acquainted with their lives and had felt their powers. They had attacked him several times. Now he felt glad that this was a thing of the past. After dealing with the dark spheres he started on the higher ones, and he felt the fear returning. It was the chapter in which Alcar showed him the sphere where the children dwelt and where he spoke to the mothers who had been left behind, in order to comfort them. His fear increased even more when Alcar told him to take a break; he would resume after a while. This waiting period must

mean something. Alcar had stopped at the spot where he told the saddened mothers where their little ones dwelt. He was thinking about the child again! Would it have to die after all? Once more his happiness was destroyed by grief, torn to pieces and abused. His joyfulness was only brief, and sorrow crept into his soul.

He kept it all from his wife, he couldn't possibly tell her. Yet he felt that he would have to prepare her and he started to tell her about the spheres:

'Listen, Anna, I'll read something to you about the children's sphere, then you'll hear how beautiful it is over there, where the little ones from the earth dwell, those who have passed on when they were still young. Oh, it's so beautiful up there. The little ones live in palaces, and no royal child on earth will ever possess the happiness they feel. I've spoken to you about this before, but now it's laid down.' But she didn't want to hear about his spheres, and he felt that he should stop.

He felt like a brute, to talk about this now that she was in this condition. Yet that strong urge returned, and again he started to prepare her. 'If you've got a moment to spare, you should read it', he said, waiting whether she would catch on. But she didn't. It made him shiver to think what lay ahead of the young mother. Some other evening, when he sensed his chance, he again started to tell her about the spheres of the children.

'Listen', he said to her. André felt how he was being linked up within and he told her what he saw clairvoyantly. 'Over there the little ones are brought up by high spirits.' He spoke ardently and he felt that he had put all he had into his terrible plea.

'How beautiful and how marvellous to be able to experience all that as an earthly human being, and when you know of people who must part with their little ones, to be allowed to comfort them in this way. What a great blessing that is, don't you think?'

'Yes', she suddenly said, 'but you don't want to lose the little one, do you? In spite of all the beauty and the goodness they enjoy, surely you don't want to part with your child?'

André sensed a kind of resistance. 'Part with it, no, that's not it,' he went on, 'because you would see it again. It's brought up there and it will be waiting for you in radiant beauty, once we pass on too. The link is eternal and after all, you're connected with the child, aren't you?' He was waging everything now. He forced himself to hide his inner condition and he said to her:

'But you never know what God's will is like. Just imagine that it were taken away from us.' He sounded her out to sense her inner condition. 'God then takes the being and it's protected against a lot of grief and sorrow. It's a great comfort to many mothers, you know.'

‘That may be so,’ she said, ‘but you don’t want to lose it, do you?’

He was back to where he had started. But he had to go on, she didn’t need to know anything yet; even if it only left a little spark in her, it would serve her later as a support to pick up life’s threads again. He anxiously started: ‘When you read how terrible it is ...’. But he got no further, she interrupted him and said:

‘For heaven’s sake stop this, you and your constant talk about dying. I don’t want to lose Gommel, not for a thousand heavens or palaces. I want to keep Gommel and that’s enough for now.’

It startled André. He had gone too far. Gommel, he thought, whatever does that word mean? His wife was from Vienna, and she told him that it meant ‘little dwarf’ in her dialect. It was her favourite name for the little one she was bearing. ‘I’m going to take Gommel for some walks this summer’, she continued and immediately went over to look at the baby clothes she had already prepared for her Gommel. I’ve gone too far, André thought, I hope she doesn’t feel my fear. His heart tore apart and bled. After all, he was the only one who knew. He felt desperate and his fear got bigger and deeper all the time. Had she sensed anything? When she came back he sounded her out again, this time to find out whether she had noticed something. He made up his mind not to mention it again.

He told her: ‘We’ll certainly do quite a bit of walking this summer!’ She felt touched and took up the conversation. André was glad that she didn’t pursue the matter he had just mentioned.

She bore her happiness and her knowledge inside of her; her attunement was so very different from his. It was due to the possession of the life which she hadn’t the slightest doubt about.

What next? He had been startled by his own words. How cruel he had been to mention those circumstances before it had even come true. So many things might happen. No, his behaviour was strange, he should stop his ruminating. And yet he thought: If I were to accept this without restraint, would I then still be able to hide it from her? Wouldn’t that require super-human power? Did he possess that power as an earthly being? What was the meaning of all this? Would he be able to cope with it? He tried to imagine what this situation would be like, but he felt that he would give way. For six months now he had been in doubt whether to accept it. He was still drifting between two conditions of feeling, it was either yes or no. Yes meant sorrow and grief, and no stood for happiness. No was closest to him and was the hardest to keep hold of. Yes kept on creeping into his soul and then he felt a battle of life or death.

If Alcar were to show him unmistakably, would he still doubt? In the morning, when he went off to visit his patients, he always left his writings

for her to see them, but she never mentioned anything. She was out of reach; he couldn't penetrate that wall of happiness. It surrounded her like a stronghold, and she would let nothing take it away from her.

A few days later he had a marvellous vision. He saw himself being taken to an institute where a mother was delivering a baby. He experienced every detail. He was an invisible onlooker. But try as he may, he was unable to perceive the mother, it was as if she was kept invisible to him. It was a girl she bore. It was dead, and he understood that some great truth lay hidden behind this vision. No matter how he concentrated, he couldn't see the baby's face. A girl, he thought, dead? This shouldn't be possible, could it? Deep within he was heartbroken; he felt as if he had been stabbed and was bleeding from the wounds. The invisible power kept on coming back to him, until he would submit. But he didn't want to submit, he wanted the child, that young life and nothing else! How terrible it was to be clairvoyant and to see and feel everything in advance. Sensitivity was a beautiful thing, but at present it meant nothing but a struggle to him, his struggle for happiness.

This was going too far; he wanted to be left in peace. Again and again he felt a mysterious influence. Was it Alcar? Who else could it be? But he defied this invisible power and he swore he would cast it all from his mind. He and the invisible powers were now openly at war with each other. They were trying to force something on to him, nothing but misery, nothing but grief, that's all they presented him with. Just you try, he thought, I won't accept it, never, no matter who it is. He refused to see, to hear or to feel. Confronted by this problem, all his talents had gone numb, they just couldn't be called to action.

He clearly felt that he was playing a game of cat and mouse, and he was rather curious who would win. It was a cruel game, a game only few on earth would go along with. No, he had never thought of it like that; how could one ever get oneself into a situation like this?

It was remarkable how he received all encompassing help where his other talents were concerned. He sensed Alcar in everything, and yet he knew full well that he was at odds with this problem. He didn't dare think about it. Not about spheres, nor disembodiments or paintings; about nothing at all. He did his work with complete love, but he wasn't within reach of this kind of knowledge. This went on for some days, until Anna suddenly asked him: 'What do you think it will be?' What it will be? It hit him like a hammer, because this suddenly linked him up with his vision. It touched him deeply, it cut his heart to shreds.

He replied that he didn't yet know, but now his battle had started anew. Again he thought of his vision. He tried nonetheless to link up in order to perceive the happening again. But no matter how he exerted himself, he saw

nothing, it was impossible to become connected. And again he cast it from him and gave it no more thought. Yet he was convinced that he was playing a dreadful game. It was a comedy such as he had never acted out before, and he was playing the main role. One evening he received a message from his leader telling him that he wanted to draw. It's for the little one, Alcar added, which gave him a happy feeling. I was right, he thought, I'm worrying myself for nothing. Everything is fine. She's feeling well; not a cloud in the sky to hide the light. Alcar even wants to drawing. What more could he expect. His wife was happy that the other side was showing an interest in her Gommel.

Alcar told him that the drawing would be hung either above the child's little bed or theirs, and when he told her, she said: 'No, if it's for Gommel, it should be hung above its cot.' This gave André new food for thought. Why this emphasis on either the child's little bed or theirs? Did this have a certain meaning too, and was it not meant to be hung above the little bed? But he hadn't much time to think this over, because Alcar put him into a trance and his interest then focussed on the drawing. The drawing turned out beautifully. Its beauty was apparent, right from Alcar's first working session. It was a seven-cornered star with a cross in the centre.

Alcar let it rest for a few days, and he had time to think. The cross that had been drawn within didn't appeal to him. This was not the kind of cross Alcar always drew and which he used to demonstrate faith and love. The star was Bethlehem, birth, but what was that cross needed for? He never drew crosses of that kind.

Seven points, he thought, this stands for the hereafter. There were seven spheres, in spiritual attunement. What did Alcar have in mind with this drawing? Once again he was up in arms and he felt his game starting all over again. Was Alcar his opponent? No, this was madness, he was going too far. If only he could make up for this. He felt how he was making a drawing of his own sorrow and grief. First he had put his sorrow on paper, now he was drawing it although he didn't believe in it. He was drawing his child's death; oh how difficult it was for him to accept this. He saw how the drawing was framed by a weeper. It was pervaded with death and he felt it. He couldn't cut the ties; his invisible friend had won the game. All the same, this was ridiculous. I'm here on earth, I can still free myself from all these things, he thought, who is there to stop me? There was a feeling inside of him that got stronger and stronger, it made him rebellious, it urged him not to draw. 'Don't draw', he clearly heard, 'you're drawing your own child's death. A fine father you are!' He heard a laugh. 'Don't draw!' Those words were all he heard. That's how he went to bed, to lie awake for hours. He kept on thinking about that inner voice that was stirring him up against his leader. These were evil influences which he had attracted due to his refusal. He fell asleep,

still rebellious, and when he awoke in the morning in the same condition, the first thing he did was to tear up the drawing. As he held the fragments in his hands, he felt a cold shiver. It had happened, there was nothing he could change about this. In the afternoon he got a feeling of deep remorse. What had he done? He had destroyed Alcar's work as well as the present for her and for the little one, and so he had destroyed their love too.

He sensed Alcar, but didn't dare look at him. Maybe he understood his terrible battle. He was only human too, with many mistakes. Yet he had been cruel: he had thwarted the love of his child. So that was what they call a loving father. Was he fit to raise the child? The little bairn hadn't even entered the world and its father was already busy destroying the child's happiness. He, who wanted to love life in its entirety had abused the love of three people. Wasn't it terrible? How could a father ever draw the death of his own child? Hadn't he opened himself up to this without even having knowledge of these things? Was this human? Was this love? It was disgusting that he had made himself available. Was that what Alcar wanted? A spirit of love? No, he felt he hadn't done wrong by tearing up the drawing. He refused to submit. But one evening Alcar put him into a trance again while he was reading his newspaper, and he made a drawing through him. He had no say in this, none whatsoever. Draw he must. It was suddenly finished and it was beautiful. A branch of life lay beneath the star. A drawing for her Gommel, and it made his wife very happy.

Alcar spoke a few words to him: 'This is for the little one.' Now that he saw the finished drawing, he thought it was beautiful too.

After this drawing Alcar put him back into a trance and made another symbolic drawing. Again Alcar only spoke a few words to him: 'I drew the condition of a soul.' It was an extraordinary piece of work. He looked at it for a long time, but couldn't find an explanation for it and he put it away. Now he waited for the things that lay ahead. Yet he still hadn't given up hope that his child would be born alive. He felt at peace and his turmoil decreased. Alcar said nothing to him and he thought that his leader would surely forgive him for opposing him and not having understood his love. Again he was taken hold of one evening. It came over him so spontaneously that it made him shiver to think about it afterwards. He suddenly felt his right arm being grasped. Hey, he thought, what's going on, what's the meaning of this? They didn't leave him in peace lately. Yet he got a pencil and paper and submitted. Strange, who was this, taking hold of him? All he wrote down was $6 \times 7 - 12 \times 1$, $6 \times 7 - 12 \times 1$, it filled the whole page. It didn't make the slightest sense to him and he threw it into the wastepaper basket. His wife asked him what he was up to, and he told her that he had been under a certain influence but that it had merely resulted in meaningless figures.

Slowly time passed. One afternoon a friend, a very sensitive man, came to visit them. André showed him the drawing and sounded him out to determine what he felt. The man suddenly took off his hat and André sensed how he was shivering deep within. He didn't know why; all the same, this had been an extraordinary gesture. He understood this perfectly. He saw his leader next to him, exerting his influence on him. It was a sudden impact which could only be applied from the side beyond on sensitive people. He could be reached. This was ultimate proof to him, now he accepted. At the same moment he clearly saw his leader standing beside him, in order to show it to him through another human being. His friend was entirely unaware of his involuntary gesture, but he did feel, as he mentioned later on, that he had been under some kind of influence. He thought the drawing was marvellous, and a precious gift.

André now felt a deep sadness engulfing him. For seven months he had resisted. He had fought for his happiness and opposed the invisible person who wanted to convince him of a truth he would not accept. Of course there were others, who would put up a fight to their very end, but this had been an extraordinary battle. The invisible person who was thought dead on earth had conquered him. His happiness had been destroyed; sorrow had won the game, and 'yes' had, in a slow, yet predetermined battle, defeated 'no'. Now he bowed his weary head deeply before the victor. He had received Alcar's last pieces of proof.

When he was finally on his own again, he knelt down and took his time to beg for forgiveness. His stubborn resistance had once and for all been broken. He surrendered willingly and waited what would happen. He hoped it would be over soon, he longed for the truth. Before his wife's imminent departure a lady friend came to visit and say goodbye. She too sensed death in the drawing. But it no longer meant anything to him. He only thought of his wife and how great her disappointment would be. It would come, it was her fate. He could see sorrow, grief, nothing but sadness approaching from afar. It would crush her; she couldn't possibly hold on to it, her castle would also come crumbling down.

Finally the time came, and on the morning of the fifth of January he took her to the institution. At that same moment he felt strange pains welling up in him. They were like tidal waves that continually came and receded again. He told her, and she felt that same pain too. Alcar said that he had linked him up with her and that both he and a spiritual doctor would stand by and help her. He would have to exert his influence on her from a distance, that was why he was linked up, and he felt the pains because he was one with her.

When he returned home he could hardly bend over. It was odd to take over her pains at a distance. Yet that's how it was.

The sixth of January came. At eleven in the morning the child had not yet been born. He had phoned three times already, and he was told not to phone again before one o'clock. André agreed and returned home. Seated in his room he heard her call out; he thought he was going mad. What a torment to have to hear and feel everything from a distance. Yet there was nothing more he could do but wait. No, he would rather go through this a hundred times himself than to experience this. It was terrible to hear her. He wanted to force himself to think of something else, and it eased off a bit but then returned with even greater intensity. It got to twelve o'clock; he still had a whole hour to wait. He prayed fervently that her pains might lessen. It was all so unnatural. Her cries for help cut through his soul. Slowly time passed and it turned half past twelve. The woman who did the housekeeping called him for his lunch. He had hardly sat down at the table when he felt the pains dissolving. Where had they gone to? By now he had got used to them. This meant something. He felt completely free. He focussed his thoughts on her and he saw her before him. The child, a girl, was dead. It was born at twelve thirty. He rushed out of the door and phoned, and he was told to come over immediately. That's it, he thought, wrong, everything's wrong. He got to the place in no time. He finally faced the truth which they had wanted to give to him from the second month onward, but which he had refused to accept.

The doctor was waiting for him. 'How is my wife, doctor?' André asked, even before the other had the chance to speak.

'All right', was the reply.

'And the little girl's dead, doctor?'

'Were you informed?'

'No, I wasn't, I've known for seven months already.' And in a flash his whole battle passed through his mind. 'May I visit her?'

'No problem', the doctor answered and he looked at him as if the latter had been talking in a language which he had never heard before. The doctor found him strange, very strange indeed.

He felt extraordinarily peaceful and wanted to comfort and support her now. A knot in the umbilical cord had spelt the child's end. This kind of complication was very rare. Sometimes the cord would encircle the neck, but in this case the child had crept through and had closed off its own life. He hurried to the ward. There she lay, without Gommel. Her little dwarf had passed on. His battle had been fought, hers was to begin. She too was powerless. Her happiness was only a dream, a vision, no more. She had felt the happiness of being allowed to bear a young life close to her heart. Now that happiness had been destroyed; it had changed into sorrow and grief.

He comforted her and saw a film reel off before his mind's eye. A chunk of life's film was being shown to him, as genuinely human, as tragic and pro-

found as only few films of life can be. He remembered and saw the moment fleeting by in which he had spoken to her about the sphere of the children.

‘She went walking with her Gommel and wouldn’t have parted with it for all the treasures in the world.’

Man proposes, but God disposes.

She would have to go on living now without Gommel. He told her about his terrible battle, how he refused to accept it until a few days before this final ending when he finally became convinced. It comforted her and he felt how it gave her strength.

‘For seven months I fought, and defiled Alcar’s love. I will ask him to forgive me because he knows that I’m only human and he will pardon me. Submit and lay it into God’s holy Hands.’ She resigned herself to her fate.

‘Gommel was too good for this world. The place I told you about, that’s where she is now and she’s happy. She was not to see earthly light rise.’

André was a medium, a medium in all respects. And this included writing for others, convincing them of the continuity of life which he too would experience in all its profound significance. He would experience everything; nothing, absolutely nothing would pass from him. This meant serving higher powers, this was psychic mediumship. He had a task to fulfil which would lift the veil for mankind. They would be forced to drink that cup down to the last drop. He understood and sensed all this. He was paying for his mediumship with his own happiness, and hers too. Nonetheless, he felt happy now to be allowed to work for them; yes, he really meant it, he was happy in spite of everything that had happened.

His wife recovered quickly and returned home. André phoned someone to have her drawing framed. The moment he wanted to speak he heard Alcar say: ‘The other one too, André.’

‘What? Which other one?’ he asked in his thoughts.

‘This one’, he heard, and in a vision he saw the other drawing. He hung up, it was too much for him, he felt shattered by so much love. It was the drawing that represented the soul condition of the child. Two at the same time, it was stupendous. The first meant death, the other one transition and eternal life. How was it possible to give all this proof of continuous life to people who refused to believe.

He cried, he let his tears flow and felt his great and loving Alcar, his leader beside him, who wasn’t angry at him in spite of everything, who was love in everything, who would make God known to him. He was genuine, tender and great. He commanded his respect, nothing but respect. This happening was tremendous. The dead were alive and the living were dead. He sensed this truth. The dead bore a knowledge which was too mighty for the living and which they didn’t accept. The dead knew everything, but at the time he

had refused to accept their truth. The problem was enormous. How many proof of continuous life had he received now? Wasn't death equal to intelligence? Did people sense this great power? His battle would not have been necessary if he had accepted all this from the start. But could he have stood up to it? Could he have kept everything to himself? Who would be capable of this? Hadn't it been natural for him to revolt? Isn't it true that we're only human, puny human beings, with only a small heart and with so little love? He felt the shortcomings which had caused his sadness, and he had felt grief and sorrow due to his rebellion. Everything would have been different if he had submitted. He clearly saw the whole problem before him like an open book: first Alcar had let him feel it; he hadn't believed it. Alcar returned and put it on paper, to lend support to his wife and all the other mothers. Again he cast it all aside and cut himself loose from this truth. All he wanted was the child that he wanted to call his own. Then he had his vision; he completely understood that too now. He hadn't been allowed to see his own wife, but he ought to have prepared himself for all possibilities, then everything would have come to him in a different manner and he would have received the necessary strength. But no, he had thrust everything from him and hadn't even believed the things he perceived. How could anybody deceive himself in such a way? He had received a lesson in life of such profound intensity and dread that it would last him his entire earthly life.

Then Alcar had made a drawing. He didn't want to believe it, and yet he had drawn his own child's death. Only now did it dawn on him how great, how mighty these pieces of proof of everlasting life really were. Who had used him to make that drawing? Were they vibrations? Vibrations which he had refused to receive? Were intelligent vibrations like these known to exist on earth, vibrations which could draw, yes, even knew beforehand that a child would be born but that it would be dead when it arrived on earth? Was science familiar with this kind of vibrations? Never yet had he heard of living vibrations that possessed the same intelligence which God had solely granted to man as a sacred gift. The most Divine gift bestowed on man! Were even more planets known on earth with which they were connected? Where did these intelligent vibrations originate? Where? Do you know? Please tell me where intelligent vibrations exist outside of human attunement. Science, you bow your head too in the face of this truth. Or is this the subconscious? How could the subconscious ever emerge if it refused to become conscious? It is as stated before. Do you know of a subconscious that refuses to receive and yet receives? Can you get through to a person if he doesn't want to be reached? Can man accomplish something if he doesn't want to, doesn't wish to receive? He had no knowledge of these phenomena being true. No, he tore up everything his subconscious wanted to give to him, everything these

vibrations wanted to tell him. He had turned his back on his subconscious and these vibrations. Yet how great, how mighty love made both of them. All the same, his subconscious was stronger than the conscious powers in his earthly life. He hadn't consciously been able to suppress his subconscious, it came back and presented him with a drawing. Did man not possess a will of his own? And would his subconscious have been capable of putting a stop to his conscious life? Was this known to science? Did they know about these forces? He didn't, but he knew a different kind of truth, a holy, a beautiful truth, namely that only the dead, who had lived on earth but had cast off their physical body made drawings through him. It was so simple and so great to rejoice over this.

Isn't it an enormous blessing to be permitted and able to cry out, people, we will go on living when we cast off our material garment, our life is eternal. A being that parted from earth long ago had made a drawing, knowing that his child would be born dead.

What a power, what a thinking capacity, how great their wisdom is compared to ours. Man will have to bow down deeply in the face of their knowledge. He, who once lived on earth, returned and made a drawing to foretell an earthling his child's transition. But he had also depicted eternal life. Isn't this a consolation? Doesn't this mean something to you? Isn't it awe-inspiring to feel this? Shouldn't one bow deeply before them? Could this be the work of the devil? He who dwelt behind the veil kept on trying to convince him, until he finally accepted. He accepted and it was accomplished.

André felt an enormous power surging up from within. This was what he was dedicating his life to, he would sacrifice everything to this end. To be able to convince man on earth, to take away the grief of thousands, that's what he wanted to fight for, and now he thanked God that he had been allowed to down his cup to the very last drop. Now that he knew, there was no battle left, and his wife also resigned herself to this holy message and submitted. They both felt the strength that was given by them who lived behind the veil.

He dedicated his life to them, to all people, in order to transform their grief into happiness.

Man on earth, your dead can see, they can hear and they are with you to help you, but those who live on earth are spiritually deaf and blind. Alas, it's the truth, André had experienced that too while he had seen, felt and heard. But he had refused to see, refused to accept it. This is spiritualism, holy spiritualism, and not the works of the devil. This isn't table-turning, it's knowledge, pure knowledge that our dead are alive and support us in everything and are willing to help.

A few days later he heard his leader speak, who told him: 'Here I am again,

André, my dear boy, we're together again.'

André wept, Alcar was unfailing in his love. It kindled his soul that needed this warmth so badly.

'Listen, André: Man proposes, but God disposes. Is this clear to you? Does my son understand everything? Isn't life worth living, even though it may seem hard? Man proposes and asks: Father, let this cup pass from me. But God says: Come, my child, it's for your own good, and man continues on his way, because he is forced to do so. You see the same thing happening now. Man proposes and asks: Shall I do things in this way or that? Which road shall I follow? This one or that? Many people have a choice of many roads. But which one should they take? To the right or the left? They don't know because God's road is so hard to find. There's a road that seems so easy, so broad, and you can't easily go astray. But man doesn't sense or see his own downfall, because sooner or later he will sideslip. And then man ponders: must I take this road or the other. The one ahead looks so difficult and so he takes the road which leads directly into darkness. And man keeps on sighing and asks: So which one is the right one? And he checks out all the roads of life that he can choose from. He weighs the pros and cons, but God disposes. God shows him the way, just as you have been shown the way. But even if man doesn't want to follow this road, one day he will take to it, in spite of everything. And even if they keep on resisting to the very last, and go on turning things round in their mind, God still leads them all along His road, on their bare knees if they have to, because this is the one and only road, for everyone. It's the road that leads to Him, and it's His road. You've deliberated for a long time, my son. You've gone many roads, but God led you towards His road, which we must all follow and will yet follow. Because it's God's will, and all roads will join onto His road; then man will reach his God. After lengthy ramblings, after many sins, after many slip-ups man reaches God. God has disposed and in the end all will accept.

Is it easy to find God's road? No, it's very difficult. And on the other hand it's so very easy to find God's road and it could be so simple because God's road is a road of light; but people don't want to see God's road. They grope around in the dark and put their hands before their eyes to prevent themselves from seeing God's light. Sometimes they do so unconsciously, yet often it's a conscious act and then they purposely close themselves to the road they must follow, and they roam and ramble until they repent. Until the day God's love touches their heart and makes them realize that God is their Father of Love. Then they will remove their hands from their eyes and they will see God's Light, in all its majesty. Then man bows down deeply, very deeply and he begs to be forgiven for all his erring.

Then they thank God, their Father, for showing them the way. And only

then can they say: God, You dispose, because You cannot permit Your spark of love to dwell in deep darkness and in sin. André, let us deliberate in life, let us want the good things, it will make it easier to carry on. What God disposes in His great love for us, is well done. One day all of us, you as well as we, will come to stand before our Divine Father. We will stand before Him in all our nakedness and there won't be a single spot which God's love does not light up. Then there will be nothing which God doesn't feel. People on earth may face each other in opposition, they may hide their deepest feelings from each other, when they come to stand before their holy Father, there won't be a single spot left, indeed there will be nothing He doesn't see or has not seen, and then they will follow His road. Pray to God, my boy, pray often, with your heart and soul for lots of light so you may help others. Pray that your sins may be lit up for you to see, now and in the future, so that you may fight them yourself. Pray that you may always see light, God's holy Light before you, that you may keep it in front of you to see His road so that the truth may be given to you. And once you have become acquainted with it in all its majesty and have been allowed to see it, then you and all other people will have no wish to see any other light. Amen.

Tell her that we are taking care of her little one and that her child is alive. Forever, eternally. Also tell her that if she wants to see it one day, she will have to attune to the being, which she can only do by developing love in the spirit. God disposed of this young life. My love, my faithfulness is always with you, wherever you may be; wherever you may go you will receive love. Now there are various conditions I want to make clear to you. First of all I knew that it would arrive but also that it would return. I let you sense this in advance and you, André, should have accepted it. I wasn't allowed to show it to you more distinctly, you wouldn't have been able to bear it all. That little flame of hope kept you alive. Your battle wouldn't have been a battle if you had sensed this knowledge deep within. But you managed because God wanted it that way. The young life came in order to experience the process that leads to awareness in matter. Before it was to be born, it would return. It was not to see the sun rise. It's a law we know of on this side and which I mentioned to you during our last journey. That power was in that life, which cannot be fathomed on earth and is unknown to man.

Life closed itself to life and returned.

This power lay embedded in her subconscious. Sound it out, you people, you don't sense the depth of this happening! I call this out to science, my son. Nothing could be done about this. I was informed by higher spirits, so I made my calculations. You weren't willing to accept, so I built up my evidence and gathered a mass of proof. If you had accepted, I wouldn't have succeeded. It was I, my boy, who put that opposing force in you. I wanted to

find out what my instrument had in mind. You were to drain the cup down to the bottom, which you would thank me for later.

Everything is clear to you, I suppose? You were fighting an inner battle, which you will no longer have to fight. I summoned all your inherent powers and transformed this situation into a big, mighty wholeness, to enable you to convince mankind. All the proof I provided you with serves to demonstrate the reality of life after death. André, the deeper a person's sorrow is, the greater his happiness will be. I was playing a game of cat and mouse, not you. I, my boy, demanded everything from my instrument. Think this over, it will support you during your life on earth. You will be happy to give this to mankind. Pure, perfect happiness is what man will receive due to your sorrow, and her grief. It's the knowledge that one's beloved are alive, in happiness and in a spirit of love, forever. As it's God's will, I can now prove that we live on in all eternity.

From this side I therefore call out to mankind: Accept this proof, it's real and pure. I, Alcar, who lived on earth some hundreds of years ago, returned to you and portrayed the sorrow and the grief in a human event. I am grateful to God for the mercy bestowed on me to be allowed to convince you of our life. How great our happiness is that we are permitted to make use of earthly instruments to pass on our truth. Sisters and brothers, we are alive. We are all waiting for you and we're preparing everything to receive you soon on this side. I therefore call out to you, you too must set off in thousands and continue your pilgrimage, like those who dwell on our side and don't know that they have died on earth. Follow the road of love in order to reach the land of love. Your loved ones are alive, they are all awaiting you. Tune in to them in love, so that your eyes will see when you arrive on this side. Eternal life is one reality.

Now I will explain the drawings to you, André. The first one represents death. The seven-cornered star denotes birth and life on our side. The cross stands for the end on earth, just as the broken branch of life does, something you clearly sensed. The second drawing portrays a cycle of the soul, or eternal life. Up above you see a mother-bird; she carries a cross in her beak in the shape of a sword. It means love through sorrow and grief. In the right upper corner you see the young animal that returns to the mother, bringing her peace and happiness, nothing but eternal truth. Both are connected by the heart of love. The cross points to her heart; no-one could imagine greater sorrow than a mother who must part with her possession. The small circle is the being's attunement in the spirit. Again it is linked by love. You see the spiritual cross, the power of her love. From within this attunement life descended to earth. An arrow points from the spirit to the earth; the pedestal stands for matter, where she was to experience the awakening of

consciousness. Then another arrow, meaning that she would return to this life. The large circle stands for the cycle of the soul, and the various signs are the conditions of life which the being has gone through, which I could call reincarnation. Reincarnation is necessary to be able to experience this process on earth. When she has accomplished her cycle the being will return to the Divine state of being.

Everything you have received, André, is the holy truth. If I am able to convince a few, many will rejoice with me. I haven't finished my task yet and you will experience many other conditions, which I will explain to you on other journeys.

Dear friends, you may deliberate, yet God disposes of all His children. God disposes of their life, because life is God.

Eternal, everlasting happiness awaits you. And you, my son, and your wife too, I thank you for your love. Draw strength from this source of wisdom, truth and light. One day she will find her happiness again, in radiant beauty, in eternal happiness.

God shapes the back to the burden.

Now I must part.

Your Alcar.'

André continues to convince mankind and will use his Divine gift for pure purposes to follow Alcar's path, the path of light.

Afterword

Dear Reader,

Alcar wanted me to make myself known. I told you about André, which is however my own life. When I started to tell about my experiences, suddenly I could not go further and was continually disturbed by the word 'I'. Alcar also made the divisions for the first part and everything is as you have read it.

Many people have recognized me, because I live and work in The Hague. The parents of Doortje, Wim, Louis and Annie, and they too, are still alive. We have the original drawings hanging in our house and anyone who is interested can see them, as well as my other pieces obtained mediocristically. I was able to experience everything which you have read through my master Alcar. I will set to work, because the third part is already finished. We are convinced of an eternal life and hope that it will support you as it has supported us and many others in our difficult earthly life. And however difficult it is, I would not want to miss my gift for all the earthly gold.

JOZEF RULOF

The Hague, December 1935

(End of Part 2)

Volume 3

Preface (Volume 3)

Dear Reader,

In the second part I made myself known and told that I was able to experience the healings and disembodiments through my master Alcar. Yet I want to continue in the previous way and tell you about André.

Everything which you have read in both other parts, as well as in this third book, was passed onto me in truth. I thank God for this mercy and I hope that it may be a blessing to many people.

May God's blessing rest on my work!

Jozef Rulof

The Hague, November 15th 1936

Hereafter

*The body dies, the soul, releaved of all ties,
Goes into endless eternity, towards better regions,
Where light and beauty prevail full of joy, no evenings or mornings,
With all who have preceded, freed now from all worries.
There we will continue to exist and pursue the things on high,
Free from the earth, in total light, happy and content.
This will now come true and what joy and glory to be there,
Released from the heavy pressure of the world,
where there is nothing more to fear.
It's mere joy and bliss, it's a great splendour
To live there, in light, in love, one in everything, in all eternity.*

Clairvoyance through disembodiment

One afternoon André got a phone call from out of town requesting him to come over, as a fifty-year-old gentleman had suddenly disappeared. His family was very worried about his absence, and they feared that he might have had an accident. He asked his leader whether he was allowed to leave, but he was told not to go and to ask for an object instead, in order to determine what had happened. They sent him a tie and requested him to reply as soon as possible. Now he was about to experience some very strange things. Alcar told him that this situation required him to disembody. He was to take the tie in both hands and try to link up with the aura of the missing person. He did as his leader told him, and he soon felt how he was drawn up in the spirit and then became released from his body. Once he was free, he could go wherever he wanted; there was no hindrance whatsoever. Disembodiment had also become a normal phenomenon to him, after he had been allowed to take part in various journeys to the spheres with his leader. At the present moment he dwelt in the life where those live who had cast off their physical body, and where he now had work to do. He thought of the man he was to look for; once he had become linked up with him, he would experience what had happened. He focussed his powers of concentration on him and felt himself being carried miles away from his body.

Where could he be? Was he still alive? These were the first questions that came to his mind. Had he met with an accident? It was also possible that he had gone somewhere and didn't want his relatives to know. Anything could have happened and André was very curious to know where he was.

Sometimes he didn't know where his disembodiment had transferred him to, but in this case he recognized the town and the river on which banks he was now standing. He thought it was very strange that he had arrived on this spot, and he reflected for a moment to become aware of everything. The aura of the missing man had brought him here and now he had to try to find him. Where was the man? Had he drowned himself? Should he descend into the river? First he searched the whole surroundings, but then returned to his starting point. There was nothing to be seen of him. The man must definitely have stopped here for a while; otherwise he would never have landed on this spot. He had truly felt a link with him. What should he do now? Again he searched the surroundings, yet saw no sign of life. In that case I had better return, he thought, I can't find him. When he was on the verge to turn back, he heard a soft yet clear voice say: 'Why doubt, André? Why return after you've gone halfway? Didn't I show you often enough and explained to you

how to use your powers on this side? You won't solve the situation in this way. I let you depart from the body to make it clear to you what happened, which is possible because you have developed that far. During our previous journeys, including our journey to heaven and hell after our arrival in the third sphere, we returned to the darkness in a flash. This enabled me to show you and explain to you how we move about and link up on this side. You learnt that this is only possible through concentration and strong will power. Whenever I want to establish a connection, I keep my thoughts fixed on one point, which will link me up, and in the end the problem will be solved. Now, are you putting this into practice? For the present moment I remained in my own attunement to see how you would carry this to completion, but you will never find him in this way. His aura brought you here. Find out within yourself how you got here, but keep your concentration focussed on him; in other words: keep up your link with him. This spot merely marks the beginning of your task. You sensed that you were linked up, and in the spirit connection stands for experience. This means following the road which others took. When a medium links up with another life, he or she senses this life the way it feels the moment the connection is established. Accordingly, you will now experience what happened to him, and you'll be able to find him if your concentration is pure and stays that way.

I also made it clear to you that a human being has an attunement in the spirit, which is grounded on psychic laws and stands for love. Furthermore, I instructed you in the kind of life man will have to lead on earth if he wants to acquire an existential sphere in the spirit, which entails light and happiness on this side. Yet all this still isn't enough to convince coarse-material man, and that's why I will let you experience all these conditions, so that he will get to know the psychic laws. I will show you various conditions to demonstrate how, after casting off their physical bodies, they arrive here with inner feelings that relate to their earthly life; earthly life therefore points to eternity. Is that clear to you, André?

'Yes, Alcar, I understand you completely. When earthly life ends, man passes on into the spirit.'

'And I want to achieve all this, André, by letting you experience all these conditions, so that they may sense their own attunement. This will enable me to make them turn over a new leaf, when they have realized that life is eternal and that they must part with everything that belongs to the earth. I want people to get to know our spiritual life, I want to urge them on to their spiritual development, to make it clear to them that love is the holiest thing which God gave us, and that they must attune this holy gift of God in the spirit.'

Next, I want to make it clear to them how we act upon them from our

side to support and help them. In our life, love means nothing but happiness, nothing but light and bliss. I therefore urge you not to forget a single item of the things I will show you and explain to you.

Now concentrate fully, André, and turn to me whenever something happens to be unclear to you. We must descend, because the poor fellow robbed himself of his life, as you will shortly see for yourself.'

André descended into the river. What a miracle this was to him, now that he still lived in his physical body and was allowed to link up in the spirit. This enabled him to become acquainted with spiritual life. How great the power was of those who had shed their physical body. However, those who had messed up their lives on earth would dwell in darkness, and for them it was impossible to experience these conditions because they lacked the light. Love is light, and without love life on the side beyond is deep darkness.

Would people believe him if he told them that he had walked along a riverbed and had perceived his surroundings? They would shrug their shoulders and scoff at him. Yet it was true. He was walking down a riverbed in search of a human being, something his gift allowed him to experience. During the first years of his development this possibility would never have dawned on him. He experienced all these miracles as a disembodied human being, in his spiritual body. He could discern things within a wide range; the water surrounding him was lit up. This was a great moment.

He heard his leader telling him to listen.

'The light you perceive, André, is your attunement in the spirit, without it you wouldn't be able to solve this situation through disembodiment, nor would you be able to become linked up. Accordingly, everything will be dark for those who don't possess love.'

They kept on going. He glided along whenever he wished. Fish swam by to his right and left, which was a wondrous and splendid sight for him to see. He saw them in different sizes and colours. If man on earth could witness this, he would surely become convinced that life continues forever. His happiness abounded, because he clearly saw and felt the life that God had laid down in everything. The possession of love therefore equalled spiritual gold on the side beyond. He would exert himself, put in all his powers; Alcar would then be able to give him wisdom in the spirit. He would do his best to achieve this.

He thought he perceived something ahead of him. Had he seen correctly? Something was floating in the water that somehow resembled a human being. It would be terrible if this was the person he was supposed to find. When he had got a bit closer he saw that it was a human being who had parted from earthly life in this way.

André got a terrible shock. How sad this truth was. Was it the one who

had got lost or was this someone else? This was an end that saddened him. He immediately heard Alcar:

‘He put an end to his life and it’s the man we had to look for. Otherwise you wouldn’t have got to this spot. You will shortly be able to sense this, when you link up with him. Focus your powers of concentration on him, you will perceive yet another truth, one that’s even more horrible than this end.’

It was frightful to André what he perceived; what he now saw, was the most terrible part of all. The physical body was drifting in front of him, but what is more, the spiritual body was still connected to matter. It was sad, this final end of a human being, and he understood what this connection meant. The fluid cord kept him linked to matter, and he would have to remain in this condition until his body had wasted away. Alcar had already explained this to him during his previous journeys and now he understood the sad meaning of this premature transition. Both conditions had the same attunement because the spirit couldn’t free itself. Not only had his relatives been plunged into grief and sorrow, he too lived in deepest misery, something a human being who still dwells in the physical body could never imagine. Many suffered at the hands of one. He felt lots of questions surging up. What had driven him to death? Had it been worry, or maybe an illness? Who had decided his fate? Was it his own fault or had he been murdered? What had caused him to commit this terrible deed? He felt deeply touched and his soul flinched when he thought of the bereaved. How cruel it was to disappear so suddenly in the prime of one’s life. This was not what God had intended, man should await his end. Those who put an end to it themselves were irrevocably lost, not only physically but spiritually too. Poor man. To him this transition to the side beyond was a heartrending end. It might not have come to this if he had known about eternal life; that knowledge would have stopped him and he would never have gone through all the misery he was now in. Life was Divine and this life now endured the most miserable circumstances a human being could ever experience. When he thought of the higher regions where this man would have found happiness too, and then considered his present condition, he felt his heart sinking.

How remote his happiness was. His sorrow was deep, inhumanly deep. What was poverty on earth compared to this misery? Nothing. What was earthly suffering compared to his condition? It made him shiver, and deep sadness overwhelmed him. He asked his leader the meaning of this misery.

‘Can you see, Alcar, why his end was premature?’

‘I will try to link up with him.’

André waited for his leader to see something.

‘Earthly worries caused him to finish his life. But not only material worries tormented him, I see that his soul was mortally wounded. It makes you even

sadder when you realize that his inner condition would have found attunement to the first sphere on this side if his earthly life had come to a normal end. He destroyed his spiritual attunement, his entire possession on this side, by committing this terrible deed.'

'Is that possible, Alcar? When we were in the children's sphere you told me that this couldn't happen. Can a human being fall deeper than the level of his attunement?'

'You sensed that perfectly, André. I will explain this to you. This condition bears no direct relation to his earthly life; in other words, he acted against his will, under the influence of others. This doesn't necessarily mean that his spiritual level has changed. This was an act which has nothing to do with his spiritual life. Is this clear to you? Of course, he must make amends for all this and that's why he is now in this terrible state. He may be a good person, but the condition he was in made him fall into the hands of evil, and he put an end to his own life.' 'I understand everything you say, Alcar.' 'Splendid, André, then we'll continue. Evil tries to destroy mankind and that is why one has to exert all his strength to keep away from its influence. He won't slip back, his spiritual condition remains the same, but he will have to make amends for his deed. Accordingly, this is a different condition from the one I told you about, and don't forget that every deed possesses a cosmic attunement. As long as man lives below the first spiritual sphere (the fourth Sphere of Light), he may fall back because he has not yet reached or acquired the corresponding degree of spiritual development.

His inner attunement is a material condition of feeling and this makes him susceptible to those who want to destroy mankind, because he wants and pursues that connection himself. So his transition is beyond the scope of his normal earthly life. It will therefore be clear to you that not everyone who commits suicide must necessarily be an evil person. Many end their earthly lives because their love remains unanswered. This man will pay off his deed to the full in this present condition and then return to his previous attunement.

Man forgets that life is God and that it cannot be destroyed; those who nonetheless do so, sin against everything that abides by and stands for the laws of God. They forget that God imposes this battle on them, enabling them to develop, no matter how difficult this may be for them. Those who forgot themselves on earth descend down to those who dwell in darkness, to the unfortunates. So his deed shows weakness, he evades his difficulties and perishes because of them.

I therefore call out to mankind:

'Man on earth, do as you choose, live your own life as you please, but don't put an end to it, because life is eternal and indestructible. Life is God and

will return to His holy Life. You would destroy everything. You would say no to the sun, the light, the moon, the stars, nourishment, and love, although you have such need of all this in your earthly life, in that life in which you feel, hear and see. Your earthly body is material, yet your spiritual body feels, hears and sees and therefore lives in the spirit, and since its attunement is material, that is what it will keep on longing for; it neither knows nor feels any other form of life. You deprive yourself of earthly life in order to enter the spiritual. On this side your capacity to feel depends on the extent in which your love finds attunement in the spirit. And when a human being closes himself off to material light, he will be unable to perceive the spiritual light, as he doesn't possess that light within, and his deed will lead him straight into darkness. Do you sense that life is eternal? That you are on earth to develop spiritually? That life is indestructible, but that you live forever; yes, that your life will continue in all eternity. That you bear a spark within, which is God's holy life, which represents His life? Man, accept your battle and attune to us, to eternal life, because many along with me are impatiently awaiting your pleas to be helped. However, you must want this yourself; otherwise we cannot help you, as you must link up with us and possess attunement in your feeling.

Know that God is love, and there is happiness for all His children if you attune to Him.

Again, follow the road which God points out to you; it's the road of love, which we, and you too must take.'

'Is he aware of his condition, Alcar?' 'Yes, André. But when he is released from his physical body, he will roam around in the sphere of the earth until his life on earth would have ended under normal circumstances. So, for the time being he will remain in darkness and in the cold, because he will first have to undergo the decay of his material garment. Afterwards, he will be harassed by the demons, those who dwell in these dark spheres. You came to know their influence in the dark areas.'

'Is he not going to get any help?' 'Certainly, but he can't be delivered from his condition, and he will have to go through all this. He was too weak during his life on earth; so what will his life be like in the spirit if we know that his condition of feeling is the same? He wanted to destroy a law, and on this side he will have to see this through in darkness and in the cold. Man inflicts all this on himself and forgets what God gave him to bear. It was his own will and he must undergo all this. Later on we will descend into all these conditions and I will show you these attunements.'

'What are we to do now, Alcar?' 'We will return, because there is nothing we can change about this situation, and we must inform the bereaved that he met with an accident.' In a flash they were back in his room, and he woke up

in his physical body. He had disembodied for twenty minutes; so much he had been allowed to experience! It showed him clearly that the physical body presents an obstacle to the spiritual body during life on earth, and that in the life after death man senses his release from these ties. In his spiritual body he could go wherever he wanted to, and he would possess light if he felt love for all of life, which represented and equalled God's life.

André awoke in a very strange condition. What had happened to his physical body during his disembodiment? He had been healthy when he left and now he felt ill. His head felt clogged-up and he had a terrible cold. How was this possible? What kind of problem was he about to experience now? Where had that cold suddenly come from? His nose was running like a tap. What extraordinary things his mediumship brought on him. He therefore asked his leader what this meant and Alcar told him: 'You once experienced a similar spiritual impact, although it was different from this one. That time the vital cord conveyed a flogging to your physical body; in this case it's a change of temperature.' André understood. 'If you had thought it over, you would have found the solution. You know that illnesses have an material impact on your body when you link up with a patient; then why shouldn't the physical body take on that change of temperature, now that you have reached this level of feeling? It enables me to demonstrate that man has two bodies, but that the spiritual body is the intelligent and eternal body that lives on forever.

Now write, André, that he has passed on. Your cold will soon disappear, because the physical organs were not directly influenced.'

André thought it was terrible to have to convey this message. He pictured the relatives, wrapped in sorrow and grief. It was terrible, but Alcar told him to get on with it.

A week had passed, when there was another phone call asking him to go over to A. for a further investigation. However, Alcar gave him the same message, whereupon they sent him a photo. Again he descended down to the riverbed and with Alcar's help he had soon found him. He was in the same condition, which could in no way be altered, and his leader determined where and when he would be found. It took four weeks before André was notified that a shipmaster had recovered him on the spot he had indicated. André thought this was great. Everything had been correct. He had perceived with utmost precision, they said. But would they believe him if he told them how he had found him? Would they accept it? If everything had proved to be true, then can't they accept the spiritual truth? Isn't this all too incredible to an earthly human being. Too profound, too difficult for the human feeling?

Dear reader, I address myself to you. Everything was found to match down to the smallest details. Wouldn't you be prepared to accept the spiritual truth just as André experienced all this? I am telling you the truth, the holy truth,

this isn't fantasy or fiction, it's the truth, which he was allowed to receive in the spirit as a disembodied human being. Alcar let him experience this great event, which enabled him to get to know spiritual life. He also learnt that love is the highest and holiest gift God granted man. It stands for happiness and light in the life after material death.

Eternal, everlasting happiness awaits you all.

Psychic powers

What André experienced in this condition was not only wondrous, it also made him familiar with the psychic powers on the side beyond.

One evening he was visited by a doctor who came to call in his help. A member of the family, who was temporarily in medical care, had quietly left the institute, and he was very worried about it. He had brought along a passport as an 'influence', which André was to use to try to find her. He prepared himself and waited to see what would happen. Shortly afterwards he felt Alcar releasing him from his physical body and he heard his leader speak to him.

'Pay attention, my son, to everything I will show you in this condition. We experience now a similar condition as the one when we found the man who took his own life. However, in this condition you will experience how you can perceive at great distance while you remain linked up with your physical body and can convey the things you perceive to your physical body. I told you about it when I explained the event that had to do with Frances. This is a very mighty happening, André, which the scholar will neither feel, see nor hear, in spite of his presence, for the simple reason that he isn't familiar with these laws. I therefore request your full attention and concentration on your own condition. I will remain in my own attunement, so that nothing will distract you. You will experience something beautiful, which will only be visible and audible to you, because, as a disembodied spirit, you will be leading a spiritual life. At the moment, you feel released from your material garment and you can perceive on this side. But not only do you see; although you have now left your physical body, you are nonetheless capable of using your vocal organs to speak. And this way of speaking is very wondrous.'

André looked at the spot where he heard his leader speaking from, and wondered how this could be possible. The power that governed the human body had, at this moment, disembodied. Had he understood Alcar clearly enough? He immediately heard his leader. 'I have spoken very clearly, my boy, I'm dead serious about this, no matter how incredible this may seem to

you. Concentrate on your vocal organs and try to tell him something,' André wanted to talk but he couldn't utter a word. Thousands of thoughts swirled through his mind. After all, he was out of his body; matter was on its own, and the spiritual body ruled matter. Again he heard Alcar speak: 'Are you still in doubt, André? Didn't I clearly tell you that this would seem wondrous to you too? Try to concentrate.' André was thinking what he would tell the doctor.

'Listen', he began, but the word 'listen' gave him such a start that he completely forgot to go on talking. How wondrous it was; he heard his own body talking while he was standing next to his physical body. Its mental power had abandoned it, yet could talk outside the physical body. His voice, the sound he produced, was slightly softer, yet clearly understandable. He sensed that the doctor heard no difference in tone. At the word 'listen', which he had caught, the doctor asked: 'Can you already see something?' André understood every word he uttered and promptly continued. His thoughts were now focussed on one point and he replied: 'I already see a connection'. The doctor immediately interrupted: 'For heaven's sake try to find something out about her. Exert all your powers, you would be doing me an enormous favour.' It went smoothly this time, and André continued by saying that he would do his best to get to know something about her. He was extremely happy to be allowed to experience this miracle. What a power of wisdom he was learning, how great spiritual forces are. There in front of him he saw his physical body resting, and his spiritual body was carrying on a conversation with matter, it had control over the physical body through concentration and strong will power. Now he heard Alcar say: 'We'll carry out a different experiment, André. I will now explain to you how we act upon the physical human being and how we can reach him. Try to act upon him by linking up with him, and make him say a few words.' André did what Alcar wanted of him and made him ask whether he could already see something. Deep within he was accurately tuned in to him. He felt as if they were becoming one, and he sensed how his own power got the upper hand, so that the doctor repeated: 'Can you already see something?' The scholar was now subject to his will without being aware of it.

Alcar said:

'You're now seeing and experiencing how we reach the human being from this side. But if you ask him something relating to himself, he will refuse. Is that clear to you?' But André didn't understand, and Alcar then told him: 'It will become clear to you shortly; act now! Ask him to make a gesture which could jar your physical body.' Suddenly he understood what his leader meant. He focussed his attention and wanted him to ask whether he, André, already saw something, and at the same time he should touch him. Again

the doctor asked, can you already see something, but refused to comply with his other request. He felt entirely ineffective; apparently, his powers were inadequate. Strange, he thought, after all, I'm merely asking him a clear and simple question. He tried it again but observed how he definitively refused. He couldn't be reached.

'Is this clear to you, or do I have to solve it for you? He senses that if he were to respond to your request, he would disturb your condition. He has the power - which amounts to spiritual possession - to wait. It is certainly true that someone with a different attunement than his would have acted differently. The spiritual body is the sensitivity body, isn't it, and now that we know that feeling is love, his refusal is an attunement of love in the spirit. So every deed or thought finds its attunement to love, it's either material or spiritual, it's a condition which depicts the human being. This is how one recognizes the human being, in other words: we recognize the attunement of the life that dwell within the physical body.

However, this also encompasses various other attunements, which I will explain to you. In this way I want to show that his deed isn't in spiritual attunement yet, as the matter is of interest to him and it may therefore be self-love.

Make him ask whether you already see something and he will do so.' André complied and the doctor literally put the question André wanted him to ask.

'You could now ask him many other questions, which would enable you to get to know him and sense the condition of his power of love in the spirit, but there's no time for that now. However, this contains the power of feeling of the being, which shows up through this event. The more a human being develops, the more refined his feeling becomes and he tunes in to the spirit in accordance with the love he possesses. So his inner condition protects him against performing some unbecoming deed or other. Love, we already discussed this, is a psychic law and can be Divine.

Talking at long-distance by a medium is in research, but science will have to accept this through the proof given to them from our side, or the scientists also must disembodify. But a scientist doesn't lend himself to this knowledge, and he cannot open up as an instrument does, because his own studies are a hindrance to him and this truth cannot be scientifically determined. You have now experienced that speaking is possible, and you will soon be able to do this from afar too; you will notice that when we possess the appropriate powers, distance no longer exists in the life of the spirit. Now direct all your concentration at her, and although you're a long way away from your body, you will still have the power to make it act according to your will.'

They moved away as fast as a thought. André found himself at a country

house he didn't know. It was a large building, and he walked around it. There was a garden to the front and the back and these were enclosed by a high wall. Could this be the institute where she was being nursed? He heard his leader, who told him that he had sensed correctly. André understood that his investigation was to start here. He immediately heard: 'Exactly, my boy, this is where your work begins.'

Again a miracle occurred. If he hadn't experienced it himself, this would have seemed incredible to him too. Alcar told him to inform the doctor what he perceived. André wanted to talk, but he couldn't. Unwittingly, he doubted again, because it seemed such a miracle to him. 'Isn't my son convinced yet? I respect your sense for self-preservation, but in the spirit this means breaking down your concentration. Come on, André, tell him what you see.' Now the most unbelievable thing happened. Very cautiously and deliberately he uttered the first words and said:

'I'm standing in a neighbourhood which is unknown to me.' 'Oh really?' he heard the doctor ask, and at that moment he saw himself sitting in his room and heard himself talking to the doctor. He followed the conversation and told the doctor that he would explain the situation to him to determine whether he was on the right track. The doctor immediately replied: 'This is correct, you're on the spot where she was being nursed.' This was miraculous, as the doctor hadn't told him anything beforehand. André trembled with excitement. How great this moment was. Now he was getting to know powers of a different kind, which to him meant still more wisdom in the spirit. When he had reached one of the corners of the garden, he felt an urge to climb over the wall, which he did. On the other side he found his way blocked by a broad moat. What now, should he go through? He concentrated on her and clearly sensed how she had gone through the water to reach the other side. He uttered his findings, sent them to the doctor, and he heard him say: 'Terrible, that poor woman.' André gathered that his visitor understood that she had experienced the things he now felt and saw. 'Is she still alive?' he added. André replied: 'I can't tell you yet for certain, I'm only at the start of my investigation.' However, he sensed how sad the doctor felt about her and what a hard time he was having. But to him this was a spectacular event in his life. He stepped into the moat and felt himself submerging; it took him quite an effort to recover his footing and reach the other side. What a situation for this young woman to be in! He followed her in everything and experienced what she had gone through.

Once he had got to the other side he was overcome by feelings of fear, which made him realize that she too had been afraid, certainly of being caught. He conveyed to the doctor that she wasn't in the water, to which he replied: 'Thank goodness that it didn't come to that.'

André followed her route and roamed through fields and meadows, from which he gathered that she wanted to remain untraceable. Her thoughts were accurately focussed on her own situation. She made no mistakes. He sensed that he would be able to cure her, because he felt and saw the nervous disorder. He saw her illness clearly exposed within himself, which enabled him to determine where her concentration had weakened. He was deeply linked up with her. She kept on going, aimlessly; she passed through a little village which he recognized, so that he managed to get his bearings. Now he knew where he was. For a short spell he felt a certain hesitation creeping up; he understood that for a moment she had considered turning back. The road led to the village of K., and then along the beach towards Sch. Again he heard the doctor asking: 'Is she still alive?' André said he didn't know yet, but that everything would soon be cleared up. Somewhere between K. and Sch. she sat down in the dunes to rest. He clearly felt that she had spent quite some time on that spot, and that she had finally got up to continue on her way.

In Sch. she walked on to the pier; here André found no further trace of her and he sensed that the link had been broken. The doctor asked him whether he still perceived anything. He told him to have a little patience because from where he was, the connection with her had come to a halt. Where had she gone to? But now he heard his leader, who told him to wait, as he was going to look for her.

André waited. Now Alcar would solve the mystery. It didn't take long before he heard Alcar telling him to listen. 'On this spot she wanted to take her own life, which onlookers prevented her from doing. She was taken to an institute nearby, where she is being looked after at the moment. She's alive, André! Tell him to return home, as he will receive news tomorrow morning. He mustn't do anything, just quietly wait until tomorrow. Again, she's alive.'

André woke up and told him what his leader had instructed him to do. The doctor was very happy and content and trusted him completely. André had been disembodied for three-quarters of an hour, and for the second time he experienced how his body had taken over the changes in temperature, which had resulted in a cold. It was very strange and the doctor thought it was amazing. But to André this wasn't strange anymore, as he had already experienced this before.

The doctor left and would return as soon as possible after he had received a message from her. The next afternoon at one o'clock the doctor came to visit him. He arrived in a very joyous mood. 'I've got good news', he began, 'and I've come to congratulate you with your marvellous observation. It's truly miraculous what you achieved. Early this morning we already received a message, and I can assure you that everything literally matches the facts; it literally agrees with what you perceived. Nothing, nothing at all was amiss.

It's a mystery to me, and I want to report this. This is real clairvoyance. I am very happy to have witnessed this and we are also very happy that she's alive and back.' André wanted to tell him that he had determined all this through disembodiment, but he suddenly felt that he should stop if he didn't want to spoil the doctor's feelings of beauty for all this. The most beautiful of all, the spiritual truth, was too profound for an earthly human being, and for this scholar too. This was beyond people's potentials; they didn't look through matter, they couldn't sense it. What they saw was merely the shadow of their ego; their senses obstructed their spirit. It was beautiful, yes, very interesting indeed, but one shouldn't overdo it.

The patient was being looked after in the Ramaer clinic.

After a few weeks she came to visit him with her husband. She thought his seeing was marvellous and couldn't stop talking about the way he had been able to determine all her thoughts and deeds. She would like to be treated by him.

André treated her with love, but after a few visits she stopped coming. Didn't she believe in it? He didn't know, but it hurt him for the sake of one special being. He who had changed their sorrow into a happy reunion was no longer required to give his help. But now Alcar showed him a mighty and profound scene. In his mind's eye he saw dark clouds passing by, saw a human being on the cross; these were wordless images, and he understood. 'Let them be', Alcar said. 'You see, my son, how great psychic power can be. I ask science: 'Doesn't this mean anything to you?' I merely ask you one thing: 'If everything is true and proven, then can't you accept our wisdom? The things my instrument experienced, don't they convey the truth? I prove to you in this way that life after death is a reality and that the spiritual body is the eternal body that goes on living. I don't want to deprive you of your science, we only wish to prove one thing, this beautiful, this sacred truth that we live in happiness and in a spirit of love, forever, eternally. And you also bear all these powers within, if you are willing to develop your love in the spirit. Accept this, it will support you too in your studies and in your earthly life. Bow your head before Him Who is our common Father, from Whom we receive the mercy to be led to Him. Because what does it mean to be learned on earth and to be poor in the spirit?'

Alcar also let him determine the following condition through disembodiment.

André was visited by a gentleman who came to call in his help on behalf of his friend who had been missing for ten days already. Neither radio nor police messages had produced any results, and his parents were very worried. This concerned a young man aged thirty. As usual he had left his home in the

morning to go to work but hadn't returned. His visitor had brought a photo. André took it in his hands and soon sensed a link. Before Alcar released him he said: 'Tell him not to ask you anything, but to wait until you yourself start to speak.' After he had passed on this message he felt himself being released from his physical body and then transferred to a faraway place. Alcar made it clear to him that the things he would now perceive had already happened and belonged to the past. He saw the man in a car, with a lady beside him, driving towards Belgium. He was very overstrained and André wanted to know why he had got into this condition. He clearly felt the man's inner condition. Something nagged at his heart, he felt restless. He concentrated intensely and saw something very strange. His power of feeling linked him up with another girl, who lived in the town he was from. André saw her very clearly and understood his restlessness as well as the entire situation. He saw other images too, but he didn't want to go into those matters. The man was aware of everything and knew that he was doing wrong.

What did he want, and where was his path leading to? Again he concentrated, and he read in the man's innermost self what he wanted and where he was going. His entire soul was as open to him as a book. It gave him a clear image that the spirits could link up with earthly man without him feeling, hearing, or seeing anything of this. He linked up in the silence and the peace which the spirit possesses. It was also clear to him that a human being would have to be very sensitive in order to feel the spiritual impact. He thought it was most amazing to be able to experience all this. The young man was causing unpleasant circumstances for himself and for others, and these were steadily getting worse. Whatever could have got into him to leave his parents behind in such anxiety? Could this be called love of a child towards his parents? They were in terrible anguish because of him. It was all self-love, nothing but crude selfishness. He lived his own life, while two old people were at their wits' end because of their boy. André felt that he was under the influence of the lady. He believed that he loved, but his love remained unanswered. He fathomed her too; it was all merely sensation. His happiness wouldn't last long; it would come tumbling down like a house of cards. It was the kind of love that ruined mankind, that tore hearts apart and shredded souls. He felt nothing but misery, deep human misery surging up inside of him. For the man, this was a lesson in the school of life, which he had to learn, and which would make him develop. If only he could warn him, but this was ruled-out. Far, very far he saw the road he had to follow. Through Belgium, towards Germany he followed him. There too he saw and felt what the man planned to do. This was where he wanted to try his luck with her and set up a business. André also sensed that they wouldn't stay here either, but now he was faced with a mystery. Up to this point, he had been able to

follow and sense everything. What now? I can see him, but he isn't staying here. Had he accomplished his mission? Would he be returning to his body? Once again he heard his dear Alcar, who told him to listen.

'What you have perceived belongs to the past, but the next you'll see is the future. Is that clear to you?' André understood. Alcar led him back to Belgium, to the town of Antw. 'What he didn't manage in Germany, he wants to try here. He will remain here for half a year, and only then will he return to his parents. This can't be changed in any way, because he has gone in hiding and doesn't want to return. No matter how they try, they won't find him any sooner. Again, terrible though this will prove to be for the parents, nothing can be done about it.'

André thought it was very mean of the man to leave his parents behind in this uncertainty. What kind of a mentality was this? It was all passion, nothing but self-love and hallucinations. He loved someone, but he crushed his parents' love. How cruel this situation was for those poor people; he had wounded their hearts until they bled.

He returned to his physical body and told his visitor what he had perceived. He told him everything, so that if they were to receive a message this could be checked. The man thought it was terrible and he was very downcast by his friend's conduct. Poor old people, how could a child ever forget himself in this way? What had got into him? How deep the grief and the sorrow is of those who wait with silent hope. His visitor was speechless. This was too awful, it was incredible.

André said: 'That's all I can give you; it's a sad message, because this is the kind of sorrow that will nag at their hearts. May God give them the strength to be able to stand up to this.'

His visitor left with the promise to return if he heard anything from him. After five months he returned to give him the news.

'I'm sure I don't need to tell you how great the parents' sorrow was. After I left you, I carefully took down everything you had told me about him. Then I went to visit his parents and told them that he was still alive. But after a few days that bit of strength had been eaten up too and there was nothing left to help them. I spoke to them and I still don't know where I got my conviction from. I never doubted you. Otherwise Alcar wouldn't have given it to you. After I had read your first book I trusted your leader and his spiritual help; I'm glad now that my confidence proved justified. It was a terrible time for them. Months passed by. We placed advertisements in Belgian newspapers, but to no effect. There wasn't a trace to be found of him. Slowly but surely they lost hope of ever seeing him back again alive. It was unbearable for them. Various possibilities were put forward, but they were all rejected again. Then they thought: maybe he had been detained in Germany; many people

are locked away over there without anybody knowing. Maybe he was dead after all? Perhaps that man won't tell us. Finally they gave up hope. Yet I felt that a little spark of hope remained, from which they drew strength to go on living. Not all the things you saw were lost; they hung on to that last straw. To me it will be a support for the rest of my life to know that if you have a good connection, you will receive the truth. And now their sorrow belongs to the past. Their happiness is indescribable and their first thoughts went out to you. When I told my friend everything after he had returned, he thought it was very astounding. It was just as if you had experienced this yourself. 'Thank your leader Alcar in his parents' name; they asked me to tell you this.'

The man left. André was happy that this had all come true too. He learnt from this experience that those on the side beyond know more than we do, even if people think they are dead. How different everything is when we know that they are still alive and that they can help and support us humans.

André continues, in order to convince mankind.

How Alcar watched over André

A lady who lived in Geneva wanted him to come over and diagnose her. She had been examined by various doctors, yet she wanted to consult him before deciding to follow their advice. Her handwriting already enabled him to make the diagnosis, but he wrote back that he would like to have a photo of her because her letter had passed through many hands. He soon received a reply. She wrote to him that everything had been correct and that she wanted to come to Holland to be operated on by her brother who was a surgeon in Gr. However, before she departed for Gr. she would like to meet him. André visited her in the hotel where she was staying and agreed to support her from a distance. The next day he tuned in to her and stayed linked up until his leader would tell him to stop. A few days afterwards Alcar informed him that the operation had been successful and that he should stop, as the impact would now be too vigorous for her. She was not to be disturbed in any way. Alcar was watching over her too and helped her in silence. His leader had been present at the operation and told him that the diagnosis had been correct.

Later on, he was to experience these conditions, as well as all the transitions of feeling, through disembodiment. He would be allowed to witness how the disembodied human being was guided by help from the side beyond, which simplified its return into matter. Moreover, Alcar wanted to make it clear to humanity that amongst scholars there are also instruments who serve as mediums. His leader would also demonstrate the great benefit of partial anaesthetics, to protect the vital organs and to maintain their strength, when the spiritual body would recommence its activity in the physical body. He would reveal to him the great secret to science, when the physical body was anaesthetized and the spirit had left it. Many people who had undergone an operation had disembodied, and they were helped in the spirit. Very little was known about this on earth.

The patient had promised to write to him, yet after having waited for ten days, he had still received no news from her. How strange, he thought; after all, everything seemed fine. Had something serious occurred? Why had nobody written to him, wasn't he with her in his thoughts, and hadn't he helped her with love? He asked his leader whether something unexpected had happened, but Alcar reassured him. In that case I had better wait, he thought.

One afternoon a gentleman and a lady came to visit him. He asked him to diagnose her. But at that moment he heard Alcar say to him: 'Tell him that it's her left knee, and that she has waited too long.' André conveyed this

message and they both found this very remarkable.

‘Can you heal her?’ the gentleman asked him.

‘I can alleviate the pain, but I’m not able to cure her completely.’ André heard him talking about diathermy, which meant nothing to him, but again he heard Alcar say: ‘Heat rays, my son, but it can’t cure her. We can ease her condition by giving her magnetic treatment. The only possibility is to make her pains cease by means of vital fluid.’ André also conveyed this message, which satisfied them.

Suddenly Alcar told him to pay attention.

‘Concentrate on me and let me talk. Not a word, not a thought is allowed to suppress mine. Listen as you never did before.’ André had never heard his leader talk in this way. What did this mean? Was there any danger?

‘Soon’, he heard, ‘everything will become clear to you, now pay attention. You will be seeing in visionary attunement. I will show you what I see and perceive. You see via me, I will convey it to you.’ Alcar had spoken clearly, and the man hadn’t heard a word of it. ‘Calm and collected’, André heard, ‘open up, and now: look at him.’ He did what Alcar told him. That very moment he understood what this was all leading to. Alcar was watching over him like a mother over her child. He saw the lady from Geneva appear in the gentleman. He clearly saw how she became manifest in him, and he understood that this gentleman had something to do with her. But in what way? The next image, which appeared immediately afterwards, made him understand who and what this man was, who had come to visit him. ‘Well’, he thought, ‘so this gentleman wants to put me to the test.’ He looked at him sharply and asked him point-blank what Alcar dictated to him: ‘Are you a doctor?’

‘Yes’, was the reply.

‘But I see even more’, André continued, ‘namely that you were your own sister’s surgeon. Is that so?’

The man went red in the face and said that it was so.

‘Splendid sir, and what do you think of all this?’

‘Peculiar’, he said, ‘it’s peculiar.’

André sensed that the man was at a loss. He felt trapped. But he silently thanked his great leader for his protection. This person who was believed dead could read the living like a book, they knew all the things which he, André, would never have been capable of. How great everything was and how simple. How delicate and pure they were in their abilities. This proof ought to be sufficient to convince anyone of the eternal continuation of life. But the scholar had soon recovered and clothed himself in a cloud of mystery.

André continued: ‘Doctor, do you believe that I am a quack? Isn’t this real clairvoyance? Couldn’t I help mankind in this way? Am I doing wrong

things?’

He got no response.

‘Have you any doubts about your sister’s condition? The operation was a success, wasn’t it? I was to receive a message from her, but I still haven’t heard anything. And now you come here to check on me?’

André felt that this was very unpleasant for the man and he continued: ‘Will I be hearing anything from your sister?’

‘Absolutely’, was the reply, ‘you’ll be hearing from her.’

‘Can I talk to you, man to man?’

‘What do you mean?’ he asked and André saw how the cloud was getting denser.

Yet he continued: ‘I mean your sister’s health condition.’

‘But what do you mean by that?’ the doctor repeated his question.

‘What I mean’, André went on, ‘is that I would like to know from you whether my vision was correct. You’re a surgeon, so you can tell.’

But the scientist didn’t respond and evaded the matter. Alcar told him: ‘Talk to him about degrees, my son, it will arouse his curiosity. This will enable you to penetrate the cloud of mystery. I’ll help you in this.’

‘Look, doctor, you removed something from your sister, didn’t you, but you didn’t get down to the core of her disease. Isn’t that so?’

He still wouldn’t speak and asked again: ‘What do you actually mean by this?’

André said: ‘I mean that you cannot change her inner condition because she is in-between the third and the fourth degree of her illness.’

‘What did you say? Degrees?’

‘Yes’, André replied, ‘degrees, doctor. Are degrees not known to you? She happens to be in this condition, but she can grow old in spite of it.’

He now explained her condition to him, but he sensed that the doctor took no notice, because he said: ‘I don’t know yet, we’re busy investigating.’

But Alcar told him that the man certainly knew about this, yet didn’t want to talk. Still he wanted to venture a last try and continued: ‘If you don’t know about degrees, then may I come over to Gr. and tell you scientists how I see this illness and what could be done to fight it? It’s not my intention to teach you anything, but maybe I see something which may be of use to you to treat this illness.’

The answer he got was: ‘I find this extremely interesting, and I will report it. You will also hear from my sister.’

The scientist left and didn’t return. Alcar told him that he would hear nothing from either of them. He waited for a long time but there was no message. He had helped through love, but the scientist had broken off the connection.

Alcar said: 'There are scientist who possess love, but he isn't one of them; this one cannot be convinced.'

André thought of Alcar's words: 'What does it mean to be learned on earth and poor in spiritual feeling?'

The spirits know and see everything.

Making a diagnosis from a distance through disembodiment

The following clearly shows that if man possesses the appropriate sensitivity he can receive thoughts that have been sent from afar, which makes him aware that others are thinking of him.

Alcar let André experience this and showed him its inherent truth. It was very remarkable: Alcar made him diagnose a patient in Vienna. He had already been to Vienna together with his wife to visit her relatives. One morning he sensed how he was being drawn to Vienna, and that they were frequently talking about them and thinking of them. He felt it so intensely that he got anxious whether something might have happened there. He focussed on a telegram but understood that nothing serious had occurred, so that he let his feeling abate. Yet the link with Vienna remained during the entire morning and he told his wife that they would soon be hearing something about this, as it held him captive the whole time. That afternoon, while he was peacefully sitting in his room, Alcar let him disembody for a visit to Vienna.

Once he had been released from his physical body he moved off in a flash and entered the living room in Vienna, where his brother-in-law and the latter's sister-in-law were together. The previous year, he had told them so much about the conditions he had experienced that at times the room had been too small to hold all those who wanted to listen to him. He understood every word of their present conversation. They were talking about Marie, the brother-in-law's wife, who had taken ill. Before André went over to visit Marie, he wanted to make some tests and called the name of his brother-in-law in a loud voice, who nonetheless didn't hear him. He tried the same with the sister, who was younger than Marie, but with just as little result. It gave him a strange feeling to have to witness this. He was so close to them, yet they neither saw nor heard him. They weren't sensitive enough to be able to hear his soft yet clear voice. This made him understand how sensitive he himself was to spirits' voices. This gift was far beyond them. He sensed and saw the things which were necessary to get into contact with the spirit world. It was a matter of adapting to the inner condition of another being.

Once again he called out, very loud this time, but this effort proved just as fruitless. No, it wasn't possible to reach them. Neither to him nor to any other spirit who dwelt on the side where he now was.

How beautiful it was to be present in this attunement. He had arrived in complete peace and deep tranquillity. He was an invisible listener. He saw a

mighty scene before his mind's eye. So many had passed on and were called back by those who had been left behind in sorrow and grief, and when they came to them they would have to return because they couldn't reach them. Their presence went entirely unnoticed. This was a terrible thing. They were alive, returned and wanted to tell them about this great happiness, yet they couldn't reach them. All the same, if human beings opened up, each one of them could be influenced, enabling contact to be established. He realized how difficult it was for those in the hereafter to link up with physical man. Marie was lying in the bedroom, seriously ill. He understood, and also perceived in the rays of light she emanated that she had been the one who had called him. That morning, when he had still been in his physical body in Holland, he had already clearly sensed this. He went over to her to see what was the matter with her. His leader was also with him and said: 'Get ready, André, we will examine her.' André was happy that Alcar took an interest in her illness. His leader was nothing but love.

Again miracles were revealed. He focussed on Marie and sensed how he became linked up with her. He was one with the patient, and Alcar let him descend into her body. Whenever he concentrated on a certain spot this was lit up so that he could clearly perceive everything. He saw the inner organs, which enabled him to make his diagnosis. As he descended, his tension mounted. It was indeed a miracle to be allowed to experience this as an earthly being. Yet he checked himself because he didn't want to disturb Alcar. His leader examined her heart, which took quite a time. Alcar's radiance was great and powerful, so that her body lit up inside. To possess powers of love in the spirit meant wisdom in the spirit. Alcar told him that her heart and her nervous system were very weak and that he would now examine the other organs, which took up quite some time. André felt something beautiful flowing from her towards him and her sister, which was the love she felt for them. He saw these powers of love as light, which made him familiar with the pure love man senses for others. It was a miracle to be allowed to see this too. 'I see it, André. At the moment she is suffering from a gallstone attack, accompanied by diabetes, which is causing the weakness of her body. She is suffering from severe pains that well up and disappear but return from time to time. They spring from the area around the liver and spread right up to her back and shoulders. This illness, I mean a gallstone attack, is caused by the gallstones getting stuck in the biliary duct, and it disappears when the gallstones fall back into the gall bladder. Thousands of people suffer from this terrible illness. Yet many of them don't know that they carry dozens of gallstones around with them because it causes them no discomfort until the illness manifests itself. Many women in particular suffer from this. She therefore has to live on food which is easily digestible, and must call in

earthly help for her complaint. Now for the diabetes. Injections with insulin will help her, it's a serum we are familiar with, which was received from us through inspiration, like many other medicines. There are spirits on this side for medical science too, and their entire work consists of influencing the scholars in order to jointly conquer the many illnesses, those terrible enemies of mankind. Gradually, step by step, they pursue their goal, and this will take generations. Yet after a certain time cancer and tuberculosis will be conquered with our help and our knowledge. Over here, the composition of various medicines is known. If the doctors could remain passive, they would already possess the medicine to fight cancer. But then followed the path shown to us by nature.'

'What could we do to remedy an illness like this one, Alcar?' 'We can only ease her pains. I already told you, in this case earthly help is needed. She already received that. Come on, my boy, we will ease her pains.' This treatment lasted for a whole quarter of an hour, and André sensed how her pains had abated. If he were to write to her from Holland that he knew she was ill, she would be most amazed. But if he were to tell her that he had treated her and had talked to her, that would be too much, and she wouldn't believe him. And yet it was the truth, he was with her in the spirit and saw and heard everything. He put his hand on hers and kept following her thoughts. He had been here last year, and he had painted for them and now she lay looking in the direction where the painting was. Her complete concentration was focussed on him and her sister, and she was thinking of the beautiful time they had spent together. And this power of love, focussed on one human being, wouldn't merely be sensed by him but by thousands of others. Wasn't love powerful? But she didn't sense him, not even now, while he was sitting beside her. These thoughts, this love had been the means by which Alcar had let him disembody. Love was holy, and it was even more glorious to be able to experience it in this way. At present everything beamed happiness at him. He whispered a few words in her ear, but they went unheard. Yet he spoke, and one day she too would be able to see this part of her film of life after she had arrived in the hereafter, because there every being got to see its own film of life.

'Marie', he said to her, 'I am with you.' But she neither heard nor felt him, no matter how ardently he acted upon her. Yet subconsciously she did sense his presence. She believed it to be her own thoughts; she couldn't distinguish between the two. One would have to be a medium to be able to keep these forces of feeling apart, because this requires a certain sensitivity. He constantly dwelt in this condition and attunement; it had become a habit with him. They called it a gift, and yet every human being could and ought to acquire this sensitivity. It was nothing but love, and they had to attune in

the spirit. They had to descend down to others in love and demolish their inner self bit by bit, until their ego had been destroyed. To earthly man this was profound, something glorious, and yet it was very simple. As soon as their feeling developed in the spirit, they would be on the way to acquire a different condition in sensitivity, and afterwards this feeling turned into clairsentient and clairaudient and would finally change into clairvoyance.

He felt everything too, and afterwards he started to see. Feeling enabled him to see and link up with other conditions. One in feeling and one in being meant feeling everything, seeing what others felt. Spirit was spirit, one in the spirit meant knowledge. Was this so deep? Of course not. His gift was a product of nature, one of the most beautiful and most sacred gifts God had bestowed on all beings.

Every intelligent being possesses these powers, possesses love. They called it the sixth sense, but to him it was much simpler. It was love, the essence of all life: God. Many people didn't know how to use this gift. They didn't want to spread their light, because it took up too much of their power, which made it difficult. They remained poor, and their light had gone out like a candle in the night. It no longer burnt; no, they didn't want to let it burn. They didn't wish to enrich themselves and were happy with that little bit of light they bore within. However, that other part was nothing but power and healed the sick. It was 'the light' that made grief and sorrow change into happiness, into eternal togetherness. It was the link with those who had preceded them and dwelt on this side. If one didn't possess this light, one dwelt in darkness and in the cold. Abounding happiness was awaiting mankind if they had developed their love. Did gifts exist that were even greater than love? Surely not. It was God's most sacred gift. This gift of love equalled God Himself; it was the life inherent in each and every thing. Therefore, man could link up with everything if he attuned this great treasure to the spirit. And André wanted to develop this gift, to attune it to higher conditions, which to him meant happiness and wisdom.

Alcar told him to listen. 'I will now show you another miracle, André. I want to make it clear to you how great love can be, and how much power Marie possesses. I sense her subconsciousness in which are mental powers, which she will be able to put into practice at a later stage, when they emerge. So she will have to give shape to these thoughts later on to develop them. Is that clear to you? I therefore want to sound out her subconsciousness and determine beforehand what it contains. I see something there in which you are involved; otherwise it would be impossible to prove this to you. I feel and see that she will write to you, first of all that she is ill, but also what she ails. I will try to calculate how long it may take before you receive her letter.'

'What marvellous proof this would be of my disembodiment, Alcar.'

‘That’s why I want to determine this, and then you will be able to tell Anna everything about it.’

André would never have thought of this possibility. They weren’t capable of such things on earth, this was only possible to the astral human being. A being with a higher attunement could sound out anyone with a lower attunement.

It took only a few seconds for his leader to tell him: ‘In four days she will comply with her will and carry it out. It will then take another two days before she posts her letter; the letter needs two days to arrive, so you will be receiving it in eight days.’ André was very pleased and also curious whether this would all come true, although he didn’t really doubt it for a moment.

‘And now, my boy, we must return.’

André took both Marie’s hands and, as he was fervently linked up with her, had to concentrate on other things in order to free himself. How powerful love was when it was given with a pure heart! Before they left, Alcar drew his attention to the large painting, which he had hung there himself, and pointed out that the staples were beginning to come off. André saw this clearly too and was surprised that a human being in the life after death could perceive matter. Nothing but wisdom, nothing but love did he experience through Alcar. As soon as he got home he would inform them. He calmly continued on his way back to his physical body. He glid across hills and valleys, and it was a magnificent and mighty happening to look down upon the earth in his condition.

He would visit the earth with Alcar, once he had shed his physical body for good. If only people believed, that they would possess these powers after death. How beautiful it made death appear, and what remained of its power? The people preferred to mourn their dead, although the latter dwelt in happiness and light and led a life of much greater beauty than they could imagine. They too would glide along wherever they wanted to. Distances no longer existed to them, they could link up in a flash. Why didn’t they accept this great truth; was it so terrible? Nothing but happiness, and could happiness be terrible?

He already felt glad that he could present his wife with these pieces of proof. He glided across Germany and would soon reach his native country. His subdued feeling made him calmly glide on; this needed no concentration. The mere thought of his body made him return.

Now he was home again and his material garment was still lying in deep rest. Here he stood, next to his own body. Who would ever believe this? He had been allowed to determine an illness with the help of a higher being. He would rather stay on this side. It was peaceful there, and it nourished his soul. It let him live as he wanted to live. And yet he had to return, in spite

of his misgivings. These moments, when he had to return into his material garment, were always the hardest for him. It turned life into a horror, because he was even more sensitive than usual. Life was at odds with him in those moments, yet he had to bear it. It was difficult, but Alcar supported him in this too. He would often escape into nature, because that's where he could link up again with life on earth; nature always helped him. Afterwards, he would sense people in a totally different way. They would seem even cruder, and he would recoil at the thoughts they spread.

Their violence scared him. It robbed him of the courage to go on living, and in those moments his mediumship and his sensitivity were a terrible burden to him. But he had to stand up to it, he wanted to be strong.

Slowly he returned into his physical body and awoke. He quickly went over to his wife to tell her about his disembodiment, and about the coming events.

He had been in Vienna for three quarters of an hour, and he had received years of wisdom. They waited whether Marie's letter would arrive and eight days later the long-expected letter came, which literally said what he had already told her. It was a miracle, but it was the honest truth. The picture had been hung up in a different spot too.

For him everything was simple, due to the powers which one day all beings would possess if they wanted to attune their love in the spirit.

Dear reader, André asks you:

'If this all appears to be true to you, then why not accept all those other truths? After all, one day you will get to know these powers.'

Therefore André calls out to you: 'This is only possible if you develop your love in the spirit, which means happiness, wisdom in the spirit. Love is everything, love is God.'

He prays, and will go on praying that God may inspire this gift with that holy fire to warm others.

Mediumship; the spirits know everything

As a child, André already possessed the gift of clairvoyance, and also of talking with invisible beings. He could still clearly recall how he felt in his youth and how he used to play with spiritual children. He gave them beautiful names, and he always saw a tall, hefty black man with them, who brought the kids along and took them back again. And one morning, while he was linked up with Alcar and he saw and heard him, then at the same time he recognized this tall black friend from his childhood years and understood why the latter had brought the little ones over to play with him.

It became even clearer to him when Alcar told him in his spiritual dwelling about his life, which he could compare his own experiences with. He had been born with this great gift. And without this gift it would never have occurred to him to pose as a clairvoyant. It was a mystery to him that there were still so many who claimed to have this gift yet didn't bear it within as their possession. How did they dare to help people, to heal them, to determine the ups and downs of others without possessing this gift. Not only did this discredit mediumship, it also defiled spiritualism and robbed those who had been left behind in sorrow and grief of their belief. Some people even paid those who were not mediums dearly for this wisdom. Many who had visited him and had cried like children because they had been deprived of all their belief. It often hurt him, yet it was their own fault because they had been too naive. They didn't know that many posed as a medium although they knew nothing about life on the side beyond. They speculated on the credulous and were the parasites of mankind. Alcar told him that they were much worse than a thief who steals earthly goods. After all, they disguised themselves as spiritual beings and knew the Bible inside out; yet from behind that they fired off their material arrows at those who were unaware. There was no way to protect oneself against this.

Alcar had told him: 'A thief is a misfortune to himself and to others, but those who sponge on people who are in grief and sorrow are the poison of life.' They abuse God and would God protect their dark practices? They talk about love and about God, and many fall into this deep, invisible pit. All those wanting to link up with their dear ones who have passed on will first have to experience this. This will cause sorrow as never yet before. However, it doesn't take long before they and their scripture fall apart and they are recognized. But by then months of sorrow have gone by: sorrow and grief have grown, and feelings have been crushed so that everything has been reshaped into a hopeless situation. All their trust has been destroyed, they no longer

believe a single medium, and to them spiritualism has become the work of the devil.

They felt themselves to be mediums sent by God, who had got that far through spiritualistic proof. All this was passed on during their séances, but science called it crystal-gazing and the like. Was it surprising that they said that? Credulous people who visited them, heard them go into raptures about the messages their surveillants conveyed to them, but these didn't match the pure messages which came through from the hereafter. No matter where one dwelt on earth, as long as spiritual nourishment was provided the chaff could always be distinguished from the wheat, that displayed love and stood for spiritual truth. Theirs was coarse, in keeping with their own life and their human feeling. Many like him, who truly carried this gift within, were hurt by this defilement of mediumship. He knew people who had passed on and who had been full of love on earth, but when they came through during séances they were poor, fumbling little folk. Was that possible? Could they have relapsed in the life after death? This was the message the surveillants conveyed. These were doctors, who did their work through them and whom they served as instruments. They didn't only claim to possess a gift they didn't have, but also defiled an earthly doctor whom they had known or had adopted at random. Now when one of these doctors began to speak, his earthly glory went to pieces. They had become pitiful idiots who had fallen back on the spot and had changed completely. André saw through them and knew that these weren't doctors but were mere products of their own fantasy. But credulous people or those who did not know these laws were cheated because they looked up to these doctors.

In that way not only the essence of people who had lived on earth and had dedicated their lives to suffering mankind was defiled, but their names too, because mediums passed them off as their doctors. You see, that was what he couldn't understand. He was visited by heartbroken mothers who could no longer get a good night's sleep, who were nervous wrecks because of the messages they had been given. He heard endless tales of all the atrocities and sadness that had made their hearts bleed. There was no limit to their sorrows. 'No', they would say, 'that's not him, he was so very different.' And when André told them that it was their own fault, they replied: 'But, sir, they talk about the Bible and about God.' That's how their hearts got torn apart and their souls were trampled on.

There were some who sold guardian angels to those who could use one. Their surveillants would take care of that, and on the way out a person could be certain that the guardian angel was walking behind him to protect him against all evil. Wasn't this terrible? The guardian angels were queued up in long rows, waiting on the side beyond to be admitted and to receive a task

on earth. But no thought was given to the fact that these mediums would one day have to pay for all this. Did they possess some Divine gift? Did they represent spiritual beings? Were they linked up with the hereafter? Was this spiritual nourishment that would strengthen a person? Was this supposed to change the world? Their bungling? Was this meant as support for the bereaved? Were these assumed to be spiritual connections brought about by spirits? It was all merely sensation to pose as something special at the expense of other people's sorrow and grief. As a child André had already possessed this beautiful gift and was linked up with Alcar. Yet he knew that he couldn't develop a person into a medium, because this was an innate gift. Yet there were beings who set up courses and produced ten to twenty mediums within three months. Could this be? Was this possible? There were lots of them. This caused hearts to be broken till they bled. Poor, holy spiritualism, how they defile this most sacred gift to mankind. Links were broken, women and children were abandoned, because they allegedly had a task to perform, to which they had to dedicate themselves completely, and their children's fussing bothered them. It was horrible. Others were told to do nothing else but walk about in nature to develop themselves, so that they would be easier to reach for their 'doctors' than amongst those crude people. But Alcar had instructed him in such an entirely different manner. Alcar would not have been able to use him if he hadn't been fit for his material job or if he had neglected it. It was the way in which he accomplished his earthly work properly and helped other people, which had marked the beginning of his development. He had had to learn to efface himself completely, to dismantle his inner self bit by bit before he could become a good, useful instrument to Alcar. But what did the others do? They walk about in nature and lead a meaningless life. People were scared months ahead by their terrible predictions. And to top it all, this was what their spiritual helpers told them! They were highly gifted visionaries, men as well as women. Did this stem from the hereafter? Were these people spiritists and mediums? They were crude material beings, who destroyed more than they achieved. They claimed that it all came straight from the hereafter and that it was love, nothing but love.

Did they serve higher beings? Were they doctors who had left the earth? Were they highly attuned souls? Was this the way to represent the hereafter? Was this how one followed the road which Christ once showed us? Those who returned and were all spirits of love would never let anyone on earth wait in fear for long! Mediumship was love, nothing but love, to be given to those who approach us for help. One served those who returned to the earth in happiness and beauty in order to help their loved ones. It would mean nothing but happiness for themselves and for all those who approached them. That was the kind of mediumship that heals the sick and supports the

aged and the sad ones, and that shines like a sun for others to warm themselves. That was love, the most sacred thing God gave mankind. Every being felt this holy fire and mediums would radiate and be able to help others, because they attuned to those who were nothing but love.

André only wanted to use his gift from God in a spirit of love to be something to others. One of these scholars was made to cross his path, and Alcar gave that person a lesson in life.

There was an old sick lady who lived a few houses away from André's home, whom he often saw sitting at her window, waiting to catch a sign of the life that went on around her. She appeared to be suffering considerably, and since he passed by her house daily, he asked Alcar whether he could help her, as this was on his path after all. Alcar told him that she would soon die, and that she only had four more months to live.

He thought it was a miracle that his leader was able to tell him this out of the blue. The spirits knew everything about everyone. It was a pity, but there was nothing that could change the situation, so he accepted this message completely. He could count on his leader.

Her daughter, who lived below him, came to look at his pictures one afternoon. Their conversation automatically turned to her mother and she asked him what he thought of her condition. André sounded her out to see how she felt about her mother's illness, as he didn't want to worry her prematurely. He was afraid to do that, because he had often felt the great sorrow of those who had received a prediction. But when she told him that she had no more hope, he told her what his leader had conveyed to him.

'In that case I hope that she doesn't have to suffer too long. I would do anything but it's all to no avail. She also wants to move somewhere else, but what's the use for a few months and besides, it wouldn't do her any good.'

She thanked him for his message and left. Some weeks had gone by, when a gentleman came to visit him one afternoon, who wanted to discuss something with him. As he entered, Alcar told him that he had sent the man and that André should focus his powers of concentration on him. Whenever someone visited him and requested him for help in a certain matter, he immediately sent his thoughts to Alcar and waited for the information he would receive. He never had to talk or ask about these things beforehand; it had always been like that. But now he had been warned ahead of time, which was something special and would have a meaning, all the more so because Alcar said that he had sent him. Deep within, André felt prepared, and he was curious to know why his visitor had come. The latter immediately began to address him, and talked about the Bible which he knew by heart. It took him a long time to finish, and then he showed him letters of recommendation from his patients, which looked more like old scraps of paper. Well now,

André thought, so this is a clairvoyant. We're in for something here. Again he started about the Bible and within a short while quoted various parts from it. He brought Christ and all the saints on the scene, and his heart wept with emotion when he thought of all these saints. He spoke about: 'Let the children come to me', and pointed out that he too was still a child. Finally he got to the point, and began about the matter which he actually needed him for. But André sensed the man and was aware whom he was dealing with. The Bible and the saints were merely quoted to hide his true self and to give the impression that he was a credulous person who felt love.

'But what is the reason for your visit?' André suddenly asked him. 'Well, you see, I'm treating a patient who lives in this street. My doctor tells me that she can be cured, and now her daughter said that you had told her that she has only got four more months to live. But that's not true, because we can still cure her. We can definitely do something for her.'

André got a shock. Here he was, facing one of those heroes who would move mountains. Yet it was all a figment of his imagination, at the expense of much sorrow and grief to others. Where did the man get this idea from? Surely André couldn't be wrong? That would be terrible. He thought first of all about those poor people who had done everything, had spared no expenses to cure the sick person. It had cost them a fortune, and it had made them all suffer. If it wasn't possible for him to offer help, as the patient would pass on, then in his view it would be terrible to cause them even more expenses by dragging the patient along. It would have to be either yes or no, help or no help at all; he would tell them everything beforehand so that they would be able to make their own decision. And this man had the nerve to say that she would get better, which would make them scrape their last savings together to be able to give their mother the treatment she required. This would cost money, and they were forced to turn every penny a dozen times. Didn't the man realize that? Was he a good-for-nothing, although everything seemed to be so sacred to him? André didn't focus exclusively on the illness, he cared about his patients' troubles too. Night and day he prayed for the truth; was it hidden from him this time? ... Deep within he begged his leader to solve this situation for him. Amidst quotations from the Bible and all the saints he heard Alcar asking him: 'Why doubt, André?' and this assured him that he had sensed correctly. Now the man was asking him if they couldn't do this together. Together, he thought, what next? He had never experienced anything like it. If one magnetizer couldn't manage it, two didn't even need to try.

Alcar told him: 'Help her, I want to give him a lesson in life. But it will all take place under your supervision. This might open his eyes.'

They now agreed on the day and the time he would go and help, and the

'clairvoyant' left.

That same evening André talked to the daughter and asked her why she had called in someone after all. 'Yes', she said, 'that old man emphatically states that she will get better, and that's why we have all decided to contribute our little bit to give her that treatment. When you hear him talking you have to believe him, whether you want to or not. I do believe he's a good person. He talks so marvellously about the Bible, and I believe he knows everything by heart.' She had come under his influence too, just as he had when he had started to doubt his own powers. She called him the old 'doctor'. André asked her: 'Why did you send him over to me?'

'What did you say?' she asked in a surprised tone. 'I sent him over to you?'

'Yes, he came over to me and now we're going to help your mother together.' He told her that his leader wanted to give the man a lesson in life and that's why he was allowed to help.

'I'll be over tomorrow, and he is coming too. I won't charge you anything for this, but I'm curious where this all will lead to. However, all this will be carried out under my surveillance, and you will have to help me in this. This isn't how we usually work, but my leader wants it this way and I'm very curious how the man is going to receive his lesson in life.'

The next morning the old man came, and he was carrying on a conversation with the patient when he entered. If only this works out, André thought. It would disturb her more than it would give her rest. He thought it was strange that his leader wanted him to help. André instructed the man that he was only allowed to treat the legs and should leave the rest to him, and he thought that was a splendid idea. He would come to treat her every Tuesday and Friday and he, André, early every Monday and Thursday. On the very first day of treatment the old man had already forgotten their arrangement, and he treated her entire body. Alcar showed André that he had not kept to their agreement. He asked his leader what he should do and Alcar told him:

'Continue, my boy, I'm watching and checking everything. Don't worry.'

A few weeks went by without anything special happening. The old man would stick to the arrangement again and treat her legs, which were paralyzed. The 'old doctor', he was sixty, rubbed his hands, as everything was going so smoothly. André was aware that he wouldn't be fit for this kind of work if he had to submit to someone else's supervision; he would stop doing it. He wanted to be independent. One other morning, before he had even entered, Alcar showed him another image. André saw how the daughter and the old man were both trying to make the patient walk. He asked her afterwards if he had seen correctly and she had to admit that he knew it all. 'How is this possible', she said, 'you see everything.'

'I don't, but my leader knows and sees everything', André replied. 'Re-

member, he is present, so don't do anything wrong. Why don't you do what we agreed on; you were going to help me and listen to what I should tell you.'

Again it had been the old man who had persuaded her to try her legs, as the patient had lost their use. André thought he was a dangerous man and regretted that he had gone along with this. What consequences this might have?

The following day the old man came to visit him, since he was in the neighbourhood and wanted to have a chat with him, which suited André well because he had something he wanted to tell him. He immediately began: 'If you don't stop acting on your own impulses, I will stop immediately. You're not allowed to do anything on your own accord. What prompted you to make her walk? Who told you to do this?'

'My surveillant', he replied.

'You mean your leader.'

'Yes, my leader.'

Here we go, André thought, now what? He can call up his surveillant in everything he does, and if he too were to say that his own leader, Alcar, had told him not to do this, then what? This was getting difficult. But once again he received help. André saw how Alcar manifested himself next to him, accompanied by another spirit, and he heard him say that he ought to listen attentively.

'This spirit, who is with me now, used to be his general practitioner. He knows what the man is up to, and he wants to make this undone. Tell him, André, that this spirit is not with him and never has been. He will have to leave his name out of it. But prepare him and give him some proof. I will help you.'

Things were happening here which the old man was unaware of and neither heard nor saw. André asked him whether he was very familiar with his leader or surveillant.

'But of course, he's with me day and night and helps me in everything.'

'Was he your general practitioner?'

'Exactly', he said, 'your seeing is excellent.'

'That's beside the point; to me it's easy, because it is conveyed to me. Are you sure he's your leader?' André now gave him a description of the spirit who manifested himself next to Alcar.

'Yes, absolutely, that's him; you think I don't know my leader?'

André now began to feel pity for the man, because there was something deep within him that wanted to do good, but unfortunately he lacked this gift.

'Then listen to me, I've got a message for you.'

He pricked up his ears, rubbed his hands again, which seemed to be a

habit of his, and listened.

‘I am being told that the doctor whose name you use, is not your surveillant and never has been. Neither did he tell you that you should help this patient.’ ‘But’, he said, ‘she is making progress isn’t she?’ It seemed as if he thought that this would make up for everything. ‘I can’t understand it, after all, he always comes through at our séances and advises me in everything.’

André felt a resistance. ‘Look, I see this doctor; you recognize him, which proves that I am seeing correctly; but why don’t you now accept the other message? He is handing you the truth, which I believe to be a mercy, because many do the same thing and they are left to carry on as they please; but your mistakes are being pointed out to you. Don’t you think you will have to make amends for all this? Especially since you are aware that life is eternal. Don’t you feel how it clashes with all the things that are true in the spirit? This doctor has come to earth to tell you that it is not him and never has been.’

‘Could I have been mistaken?’ the old one ventured.

‘How could you have mistaken anything? Who told you that it was him? In short, who gave you that certainty that she would get better?’

Again he tried to show that she was making progress, and André left him to his own judgement. He would surely do what his leader told him.

Alcar now told him to continue, and again some weeks passed by without anything special happening. One morning, while he was treating the patient, he sensed that she had severe stomach cramps and he asked Alcar after the cause of these symptoms. ‘Tell the magnetizer for the last time that if he doesn’t stop, we will leave him to fend for himself.’ What had happened? The old man had given her spinach water to drink, to improve her bowels. It was more than terrible; her entire condition had changed. What had got into him to give the patient medicine of his own making? André had never needed to administer any medicine, as he only gave patients magnetic treatment. It scared him.

‘Why do you put up with this?’ he asked the daughter. ‘Don’t you yourself feel that this doesn’t do her any good?’

Only now did she see clearly, and the patient preferred the young ‘doctor’ to the old one too. The old one talked to much, according to the patient. She promised him that she would watch out now, and she would send him away if he didn’t listen. It was a mystery how André knew everything.

‘Now I can discern the good and the evil’, she said. ‘Some possess this gift, and others don’t, although they go on as if they do. Shame on them’, she added, ‘how dangerous those people are; I don’t want him in the house anymore, I’m finished with him.’

André advised her to do nothing, merely to watch him; he was still to re-

ceive his lesson in life. By now André had gained an even better understanding. It was the kind of mediumship that did more harm than good. People were left at its mercy, and the man went from one to the other. How many must have perished in this way? Credulous people would not be able to see through the veil he cast over the Bible and the saints. This kind of mediumship was easy; no effort was required and there was no responsibility to bear. But this was not what he wanted, and in his shoes the thought would never have entered his mind to pass off as a medium anyhow. There were hundreds just like that man. This defiled the genuine gift.

Another week went by. The old man was very satisfied with the patient and told the daughter so. But she no longer reacted to his seeing and waited for André to come and tell her. A week later the old man thought she had improved even more and he said: 'You see, we've made it, we're heading in the right direction.'

Monday morning came and André went to visit her as usual. Her daughter went up to meet him and said: 'The old man thinks her condition is very good indeed, but I've got my doubts. She's too well to my liking; this may be a bad omen.' He went over to the patient and saw in a glance that the daughter possessed more clairvoyance than the old man. Indeed, this was suspicious. He immediately heard and saw Alcar, who told him to concentrate intently on him. It lasted a long time that morning, and when he came out of his trance, Alcar informed him that it would soon be over. 'She will pass on this very week. I will warn you beforehand, but it's this week for certain.'

André told her daughter about this, and she trusted him completely. 'I think this would be marvellous for her, because then she needn't suffer anymore. After all, life goes on', she added. 'I won't mourn her passing on, and I know with all my heart that she deserves the happiness over there.' André thought she was brave and plucky, he didn't often hear people talk like that. She was convinced, and proved that this conviction supported her. 'But', she said, 'when is that old man going to get his lesson in life?' Well, André didn't know either and told her just to wait.

On the Tuesday morning the old man came back again; he thought she was normal and said that he was terribly busy and couldn't return before Friday next. He, André, would be able to manage things on his own that week. There were a lot of people who lived out of town, whom he had to help. She agreed and he left. André went to visit her every morning now to comfort her during her last days. Her end was approaching. Thursday came. Her chest was full of phlegm and this made it hard for her to breathe. Yet she was aware of everything that went on around her. She lay there peacefully and calmly, and felt her end approaching. On the Friday morning her condition had deteriorated and he saw various intelligences around the bed, who had surely

come to fetch her. Alcar told him to concentrate on him, as he wanted to convey certain images. The patient looked at him and penetrated him with her gaze, just as Annie once had done, but he was able to bear it. He spoke to her in the mind. She too was afraid of death. He would gladly have taken on her burden. He was thirty-four years old, she was a woman of sixty-four. Death was a mighty redeemer, but she knew nothing about that, although her daughter had spoken to her various times about them seeing each other again one day. She didn't accept; it didn't become inner knowledge to her.

He stayed with her for a long time and saw how loving hands were supporting and treating her with their magnetic impact. Her father and mother were with her; they had returned to earth to fetch their child. He saw love, nothing but love that reached far beyond the grave. Oh, if only people could accept this. She had always been a good mother and would therefore be happy. He told her daughter what he had been allowed to perceive, and that her end would come towards the evening. The patient lay in deep sleep and he promised to come by again in the afternoon. But her condition hadn't changed when he went over to her that afternoon. After the treatment she had gone to sleep for the rest of the morning, and she was very peaceful. As yet, she was still aware of everything. They showed great respect for his help and her daughter had already begun to love Alcar. 'Truly', she said, 'you feel safe in these hands.' She was deeply touched how everything had worked out. Another week and the four months would be over. Who could still have doubts about everlasting life? She had become convinced for the rest of her life, and it had given her great support and a feeling of trust. In his thoughts he wished the patient a good journey and left. His task had been accomplished. On the way home he thought of the old man. When was he finally going to receive his lesson in life? He didn't want to ask Alcar, because he hadn't a moment of doubt.

That evening, when he was with friends and had told them about her passing on, he suddenly got a beautiful vision of her transition. His friends, who were watching him, asked: 'What do you see up there?' 'What do I see there? I'll tell you shortly.' Alcar told him to pay attention; not a word was spoken. André focussed his powers of concentration on his leader and at a certain moment he saw her passing on. 'Look at the clock', he said to his friends, 'my patient is passing on, they will be phoning me. I'm already on my way.'

It was one minute before half past ten. 'This will be a beautiful piece of proof to you how Alcar watches over me and over her too. It will be even more beautiful when I'm gone, because there'll be a phone call very soon.' André left and when he got home they had already been there to inform him that she had passed on at one minute before half past ten. It was wonderful. Alcar, he thought, how great you are. How true, how great everything was.

All of them, the entire family, stood in awe of his leader. There were no words to describe it. It was love, nothing but love. She was buried on the Tuesday. Thursday morning her daughter came to visit him to thank him for everything. She brought some flowers for Alcar, which highly delighted André. It was all his doing, he was his spiritual leader. The invisible person was not forgotten. Alcar told him to thank her on his behalf.

‘It’s all over now, André’, the daughter said, ‘but still I’d like to know when that old man is going to get his lesson. After all, the opportunity has passed, mother’s under the earth; where is that lesson supposed to come from now? These busy days kept me from thinking about it.’ Suddenly André heard Alcar say a few words and these conveyed everything. ‘He’ll get his lesson in life on Friday morning.’ They both immediately understood the meaning of these words. They were simple, but they would lash through the soul of the old ‘doctor’ in a terrible way. It would be a lesson to him, so that if he were able to understand it properly, he would never in his whole life dare to raise his eyes up to spirits again. Tears of pity rolled down her cheeks. Nothing could be done about this, because he was bound to return. After all, the patient could be cured, couldn’t she? How terrible it will be for him to have to receive such a lesson from the spirit. Everything would be shattered to pieces before his very feet. André saw him as a broken man and their hearts ached with pity for him. And yet this was another moment in which Alcar commanded her respect. It proved how spirits know everything and how they can see months ahead if they want to and if this is necessary. Friday morning came and the old man was due. Later on her daughter told him the following:

‘I was at the door when he came marching up, happy as always, and said: ‘Here I am again.’ I had my heart in my mouth. I couldn’t say a word. ‘How are things’, he asked. ‘All right? How is your mother?’ I was still unable to speak and I hadn’t the courage to look him in the eye. The old man looked at me and sensed that something was wrong. He went scarlet and suddenly asked: ‘Well, what’s the matter, can I go and help your mother?’ Poor fellow, I thought, but I said to him: ‘Mother? Mother?’ – and I felt my sorrow mounting, which I couldn’t conceal – ‘then you’ll have to go over to the cemetery, that’s where she is.’ These words lashed at his soul. He looked at me and I thought he would collapse. ‘By God’, he said, ‘truly, truly, that man really is a medium.’ He suddenly seemed only to think of you. He turned around, ran down the street and was gone. I felt for him, and it hurt.’

The old doctor had received his lesson in life. All this taught André a lot: the spirits know everything about us and they definite surpass those who still dwell in their physical bodies by far, in intelligence.

Doesn’t this give us the strength to bear the cross which God has imposed

on us? One day we will see the light and possess happiness, the same love, the same wisdom as those who dwell on the side beyond, if we too are willing to attune our love in the spirit. They are waiting for us on the side beyond, if we haven't messed up our earthly lives.

There's room for everyone, because there are many mansions in God's house. If we are willing, eternal happiness awaits us there.

The power of prayer

In this situation André learned to know the power of prayer. A friend of his brought along a gentleman who was in need of help. 'Perhaps,' he said, 'you are able to help this gentleman.' André asked whether he had come for spiritual conditions, as he wasn't allowed to give himself for material matters. It proved to be a spiritual condition and he waited what Alcar would convey to him. André took the gentleman's handkerchief between his hands as a kind of 'influence' and played with it for a few moments to adapt himself. He sensed Alcar next to him; his leader would surely know why the man had come to visit him. He suddenly felt his right arm being pulled upward. This must mean something, and he looked up whether he could perceive anything.

They both looked at him and wondered what would happen next. Alcar told him to pay proper attention; he was going to show him something.

'Look,' he heard. Suddenly he saw a ray of light shining on the handkerchief and some words appeared, that lit up on the handkerchief, which quite surprised him. It clearly stood out before him: 'You're not allowed to leave.' Whatever could this mean, he thought. 'Pass this on, André,' he heard Alcar say. But first he asked his friend, who also practised magnetizing, whether he had perceived anything. 'No, nothing,' the latter replied.

'Listen,' he said to his visitor. 'I don't know why you have come to see me, nor do I know whether the following words will mean anything to you, but I'm telling you that what I am about to say to you is given to me from the hereafter: You are not allowed to leave.' The man burst into tears. It was terrible, he had never seen a man of forty cry like this before. Those simple words had hit him hard. His heart was shattered. He seemed a broken man. André still didn't know why these few words had upset him so much. His friend also had tears in his eyes. He still couldn't say a word. He sensed that his seeing had been correct and that it had implied something terrible to the man. Finally he related what these words meant. The man had been married for years and lately things hadn't been working out between him and his wife. He had got to know another woman whom he wanted to marry. But he didn't quite have the courage because he was convinced of an eternal life and therefore wanted to consult a reliable person to help him in his situation. He had two little daughters, and if he broke that tie he knew he would have to pay for it. He thought he could be happy with that other woman and considered in his mind what he wanted, yet didn't have the courage to carry it through. But he hadn't counted on this, it had completely caught him off

guard. What should he do now?

The tears were still running down his cheeks. He truly loved, but André sensed that this only meant physical love. This kind of love would shortly collapse too, and then he would be entirely lost.

His social situation was such that if they heard about his divorce it could mean he would be fired. And then what? No-one could tell where this would lead to in the end.

André said: 'I advise you to listen to this message. It is given to me from the side beyond. There will be friends of yours who dwell there and who will watch over you and protect you against disaster. My leader tells me that this message is from someone who loves you and your wife and children very dearly.'

It calmed him down a bit. 'Look,' he said and reached over to hand André a photo of the other woman. 'Isn't she sweet?'

André looked at the photo and sounded the woman out. Within a second he knew who she was and what she wanted. 'Listen, my good man, I'll tell you how I see her. You are convinced that I possess a gift and that I see and feel more than other people, aren't you?' The other nodded and made him understand that this was the case, since he had just experienced it.

'You are a very sensitive person who, at present, is longing for a bit of love. And when someone is in that kind of condition, he can't see things as clearly as he does under normal circumstances. You have already given up your entire personality. You have switched yourself off, because you're under her spell and you therefore see nothing but her figure. But that too is only matter, nothing but matter, without feeling. There are millions like her. What you are looking for and want to find is only seldom found in a person on earth, but you believe to see it in her. So what attracts you is her figure and therefore you don't see anything of her inner condition, which is, after all, what counts and that, please get me right, isn't worth making your wife and children unhappy. Do you sense what I'm getting at? All she wants is a good, beautiful life and in return you'll receive a bit of matter, merely matter, and would you want to leave your wife and children for that? You with your splendid job, you could attract thousands of this kind of women in one go. But is that what it's all about? Some of them have even more beauty than she has, but inside they're all alike. Your happiness wouldn't last long. Is it necessary, is it fair to look after your own happiness at the cost of the sorrow and grief of others? Do you want your happiness at the expense of much sorrow and grief? Try to be honest, is that what you want? Is she worth it? Does her love make up for the sorrow and grief of your wife and children? You may even leave your wife out of it, but your children didn't ask for this. Is your wife a bad person?'

‘No’, he replied, ‘there’s nothing I could hold against her.’

‘Well then, what is it you want? Is it because she doesn’t understand you? Is that a reason to leave her and your children?’

André sensed that he had got through to his soul and that his leader was helping him. Full of zest he went on; he wanted to make the best out of a bad job. ‘If that woman had a good character, she would have sent you back to your wife and children, and it wouldn’t have entered her mind to take you away from them to satisfy herself. If she possessed that holy love which makes a person glow within, then she would have sent you back where you ought to be. This love which is being offered to you now is coarse-material, indeed it’s a love which means the downfall of mankind, it’s crude selfishness. That love is passion, nothing but grief and sorrow, which destroys hundreds. It’s nothing but poison at the cost of human lives. It’s the kind of love that flares up for a short while and then goes out like a candle in the night. And then, sir, you will live on in deep darkness. Is that what God intended? Is that a sign of strength and ability? Is that virile strength, is that the greatness a woman will look up to? Are you capable of killing? This will be the end of her and your children. Have you got the courage to deprive those who love you of their love? Are they to blame for their lives? Did they ask to come into this world? Didn’t you want this yourself? Must you shake them off now for the sake of that woman? Oh man, think before you act, but don’t do anything foolish. The woman who wants to take you away from your wife and children isn’t worthy of you.

If she were a person of high morals and had been led to cross your path, then everything would have been different, but in that case it wouldn’t have been your will, but God’s will. Then this love would have been given to you and she would have come to you in a different way, which we people know nothing of, because these are God’s ways.’

Now he heard Alcar say that he should stop.

It had completely sobered the man up. He asked André whether he could return if he needed him. He shook his hand warmly and left, together with his friend. When André was alone again, Alcar told him: ‘The root is deeply anchored in his soul and has therefore poisoned the most sacred thing of all. His soul is infected by her influence and if you don’t exert all the powers you possess, he will perish. I therefore ask you on behalf of the person dwelling on this side, do everything and try to save him. Many will help you in this and support you in their prayers. They all want to rescue him from his downfall, which is why you will be hearing from him yet. We’re standing by, André.’

André took him into his prayers, and a dozen or more times a day he sent up his prayer to God for all of them, that he might be released from these demons. He often prayed with such intensity that he would spend all his

energy and be tired out. Those he prayed for were never out of his mind. He kept on sending his thoughts to them without ceasing, to support them in this way. Often a power would descend into him of great intensity and beauty, which made him feel that he was being helped. There were so many whom he had been allowed to help with his prayer. How great the satisfaction was after everything was over and had changed for the better. He prayed until the situation he was praying for had solved itself; never would he give up, even if it took years. Now he prayed to God that the man's eyes might be opened. They asked this of him from the side beyond, and he wouldn't disappoint them. The man could only be released through a higher power, as his soul had become too deeply influenced. His soul had been poisoned and it was worse than the most dreaded disease known on earth. It spelt his spiritual downfall.

Those poor children were not to perish; that in itself would urge him to do everything he was capable of. From the very bottom of his heart he sent him his powers; he was, in a way, inside of him, and he didn't intend to let go of him. It was a battle between good and evil. Who would win? He would soon come back to André; he returned after only a few days.

André saw when he entered that he was far from being healed. He had hardly sat down before the tears came rolling down his cheeks again. Yes, André thought, this man truly loves. Poor man, how deep your sorrow is. What is still of value to him? No wealth, nothing belonging to the earth, can compensate what he would give his life for, if that were necessary. How deep, how inhumanly deep his sorrow was. André went up to him and took this man, who was eight years older, into his arms like a child and let him cry his heart out. And while he was entirely one with him he heard Alcar say something which made tears roll down his own cheeks too; he had heard this before and in those moments it had supported him too:

'Have a cry, have a good cry, it will do you good; your heart is brimming over with all this. Everyone fights his own battle, everyone is trying to find his own way. For some that way is the road into darkness, for others it's the twisty road that leads towards God's Light. My boy, I have pointed that way out to you so often already, and now tell this to him who is lying in your arms like a broken man. Tell him that it's God's will, which he is experiencing, but that it will be also God's will, to give it to him.'

I tell you all:

'Man, you who are searching, searching for the road that leads to the light, you so often wander and err because your road is a road with many twists in deep darkness. But God tells you to do His will and then you can't and you don't want to listen to God's voice. But when everything gets too burdensome for you in life, then pray, pray. Love is the highest and the most sacred,

yes, it's the sacrosanct, but there is no love that will destroy you. Man, conquer your passions. God will bless you for every victory you gain over yourself. But it's difficult and many times you will face almost insurmountable situations. Then God says, you must, my child and you answer, my God, I cannot. But God tells you unrelentingly that you must, and again and again you sense His irrefutable will. You must, my child, this is the way. And if you listen to God's severe yet holy will, then you will have gained a victory over yourself, even if the battle made your heart bleed. And then God gently lays both His hands on your head and tells you: 'Well done, my child, I am with you!' Look this righteous battle in the face and don't try to evade it. Not your will but God's will shall be done, Amen.'

'Tell him, André, it will support him.' André told him what his leader had spoken. He sensed the pure love which poured forth from everything.

'I've had it', he said, 'my life is ruined and it has lost all its value. I can't go on living like this and if it isn't allowed anyway, then where do I find my peace of mind? I'm no longer able to work! Where is this leading to, how can I be released, and what is this burning feeling I feel here?' He pointed to the spot where the solar plexus is located, man's centre of feeling. Love made that spot burn, he was consumed by love. This wasn't passion, it was a mature kind of love, a fruit full of sacred juice that would make him happy. A fruit of love, which should be picked by gentle hands not to defile its purity, which stood for beauty in the spirit. It lay open like a rose, in full ripeness. Every gust of wind made it tremble and this violence would make it go to ruin. It had ripened gently, cherished by the rays of sunlight, and now it lived its full life. The earth, where it thought it would awaken, absorbed it and it was driven along by the wind, to East and West, from South to North, until it returned, broken in body and soul. It begged God to be released from this strange power. Never before had anything like this entered, it never thought that love could be so great. How great then, would the love be from Him Who called Himself God. It prayed to God to be released from this torment. Behold, this is what man accomplishes.

He had listened attentively to the vision which André had conveyed to him. And when he had calmed down a bit, André began talking to him again. He sensed where he could get through to him.

'There you are with all your love. How can anyone cry if he senses such happiness within. God gave you this holy power, that holy gift; He made you waken up and now you say: My God, take it away from me, I'm going mad, I don't know where to turn to! Do you really know what you're doing? All your life you have yearned for this love. God made another life cross your path to rouse you, and now, all at once, you simply want to possess it. How ungrateful you are. Do you want the one to make room for the other?

Isn't all of life God and equal before Him? Why do you want the other one and not her whom you have shared all those years together everything with? What did she do to offend you? Is it her fault that she doesn't understand you? Do you think you have no flaws or that God would have given you this gift so you could make use of her in this way? Is that what you desire, your strength, your love? Do you know whom you are attuning to? To the most terrible being that dwells on earth, to the one who satisfies itself at the cost of others. Again, do you want happiness through the grief and sorrow of others? Are you a father of love? An animal looks after its young ones, yet would you cast them from you? You are tearing their young life apart and picking it to shreds; you're only thinking of your own love and you're forgetting their love, to which they have a right. Would you reject a person who is willing but not yet able? I'm telling you now, your task is to stay with them, because they love you and because you gave them a place in this world. Those who destroy human lives, who satisfy themselves by tearing bonds of love apart, they must suffer after this life and will have to live in darkness. Just imagine your condition if you fulfilled your present desire, and then got to know her as I see her. Then a sorrow would be born of such terrible depth, that it would make your unhappiness even greater. But then it would be too late, because you would have destroyed everything. You would want to crawl back on your bare knees to make amends, but it would be useless, because she who you left behind would rather take on the most menial task than to accept charity from you. Only when you sense and perceive that you fooled yourself, that this was all for the sake of a life in luxury, of beautiful clothes, of pleasure, then you will have fallen even deeper and everything is lost. And all this for matter, just matter.'

'We'll have to wait and see about that yet', the other replied.

'Oh, is that what you think? You still don't seem to be convinced that she is a physical being. Listen, you told her that you've got children, didn't you? She know this and yet she wants you to leave them. Is that love? No, it's crude selfishness. Imagine yourself to be in a similar situation with her, and she were faced with the same situation as you are now and left you. Because this is a law: don't do to others what you don't want to happen to you. So what it boils down to is this: she expects something from you, that is inherent in her, and it's part of her personality. You admit that it's crude to want you to leave your children, don't you? And your wife would never do this. Now who is on a higher level, she or your wife? Man, what you have is good, although she doesn't entirely understand you; it's something you must both still learn. Never forget that no being in this world is perfect; you are just as much to blame as she is. Although I've never seen your wife, in my opinion she is more sensitive than you are with all your love. You say yourself that

she would never do a thing like that, she wouldn't even think of it. A woman who abuses the love of a child, who wants to take away the love of their father, is crudely selfish, senses nothing but her own interest; it's all scheming and self-love. Do you really believe you could find happiness with such a being? Don't you think this happiness would soon burn out too? I ask you again, does this love compensate for the sorrow of your children? Remember what I'm telling you and think it all over; it's for your own good. I could go on like this for hours. So I hope that you will once more accept life as it is, together with your children and your wife. You must both still learn.'

Again he parted like a changed person. All the same, André sensed that he hadn't reached the turning-point yet; the poison had penetrated too deeply for that to happen.

He had received courage and support again from a source where André drew all his power from. This power was real and pure love. He prayed ardently for him and his loved ones, until he was sure that he had conquered evil. This was a terrible battle; only through prayer would he manage to rescue him from those terrible claws.

One evening his wife came to visit him. She was at her wits' end and was about to give up. 'He's becoming impossible', she said, 'he's unwilling, so this had better be the end, I can't stand any more of this.'

André saw his work vanishing into thin air. He spoke with her too for quite some time, and pointed out to her that he needed time and that he had not yet given up all hope. 'Give me a few weeks, all you need do is wait, and stay. I haven't reached my goal yet, but am getting help from the side beyond. Leave it all to me, but you must stay. If you leave I might as well stop, it would break off my contact. Think of your children and stay with them until I tell you that there's no more chance of freeing him from those hands.'

'All right', she answered, 'I will remain until you tell me that there is nothing more to hope for.'

Thank God she still felt enough love for him to make her stay.

'Don't forget', André continued, 'that he's under a terrible spell, which is fatal. Anybody who is under that influence is lost if higher powers don't come and release him. You would give your powers for the sake of a stranger if you were familiar with those powers and your help was called in. So why not for his sake? Try to realize that he must learn; it's bad enough that he has to go through this. It is burning inside of him and it's eating him up. Take pity on him and have faith in spiritual help. I'm asking you, pray with me that God may give us the strength to rescue him from his downfall.'

She had also regained courage and promised to pray with him.

'He is my brother, you have become my sister, and we will remain so forever.'

She thanked him warmly, and returned home with fresh courage to start on her new task: praying for her husband, who had fallen into other hands.

After a few days her husband came to see André again. 'Something simply keeps drawing me over here', he said. André said nothing, but he was happy that he was listening to his will. The man was profiting from André's powers, and he wouldn't let go of him until he had been delivered from everything and set free. He had already won him over halfway, because his own will had been partially ruled out. André acted consciously on people to help them in this way. He asked how he was doing. He felt a bit more peaceful, but that burning feeling inside hadn't gone away yet. André made it clear to him that this would remain forever; it would even get stronger as he developed in the spirit. 'What did you say, it has to remain?' he asked surprised. 'Yes, why wouldn't you want that? It's the most sacred thing a human being can receive. Then didn't you understand me, after all the things I told you? I'll try to make it clear to you.'

André felt his great leader acting upon him and he repeated what Alcar wanted and conveyed to him. 'Every being that lives on this world will have to develop. There are thousands of paths, which all differ from one another. So every being has his own path and all these paths join onto God's path, which we will one day reach. But the manner in which this is accomplished differs from one life to another. Yet one thing remains the same, we are all subject to one law and that is to learn to give love. Do you understand, to learn to give. We never give, we're all still asking, for the simple reason that we don't possess this attunement. Accordingly, we experience various conditions which are all necessary in order to awaken in the spirit. Now the people who arouse on this world, have the hardest time of all because, and this is what counts, they are not understood. This lack of understanding causes them trouble and strife, and sorrow too, because, please try to understand what I'm saying, they want to give happiness to another life at the cost of their own. Man says: I don't get anything back, no matter what I do; they neither feel nor understand me. So all this happens because the sensitive person isn't understood. But they are the ones who must constantly pour forth, in other words, they must give in order to love others with an all-encompassing love, irrespective of all their flaws. They bear the power, and whoever it is who possesses this sensitivity, either the man or the woman, will have to support others. Do you sense what I mean? But as so often happens, as it did in your case: they want to find that other person and hand themselves over to the very first one they happen to meet, thinking they have found the right one. They think they will find happiness, but it turns out to be even cruder and more material than what they already had. Then they forget themselves and everything around them, because they believe they will receive true hap-

piness together with that other person. All this means weakness. It's putting one life on a pedestal and destroying the other. This is crude selfishness and nothing but self-love. These conditions cause the downfall of mankind. Now the sensitive person who awakens on earth is a blessed person, because he feels love. There are yet others who are subjected to a lot of struggle and sorrow before they reach this phase of sensitivity. However, this kind of love is still material, because they search for other lives and submit themselves to them and forget their duties. Look, this isn't fair, it isn't good, it's not powerful, and because they are more sensitive they are even worse than those they believe to be cold-hearted and aloof. The sensitive person yearns for warmth, but don't you think all those others yearn for warmth too? They don't quite know how to open up, because they don't yet possess that liberty; that is also a question of development, yet they too have their longings, there's no doubt about that. And since they are willing but not yet able, the sensitive person will have to help them by giving them the warmth he carries within, to warm them, because he must give all he has. Your feeling is a physical attunement, so don't imagine yourself to be superior to someone who isn't just as sensitive. You're in an unstable condition; this is because you suddenly began to feel something which is different from what you used to feel. This sudden feeling threw you off balance, so that you started to look at others, which you would never have done before. Your condition is comparable to that of a child, when matter lags behind the spirit and lives in discord. So this awakening is a shock, which spells more sensitivity and more love, and if you're able to hold your own ground, this feeling will spread, and you will experience entire life in spiritual attunement. So if you have understood what I said, this fire is and will remain within you; it will even gain in beauty, because you will continue to develop and afterwards you will spread your light, enabling you to shine on others. This means following the path which Christ shows us and will never stop showing us; the path we must all tread. Now you want to give that love to a single person, because you think you will get it back from her, but that is not true and it's not possible because she must possess that power; so you will receive nothing at all. That is why I tell you that you and she are egoists and possess nothing but self-love, and that you merely love yourselves.

And now that the truth is handed down from the side beyond, you cry like a little child that goes empty-handed. Don't you find yourself ridiculous?

Now for a different matter.

You want to progress because you know that life is eternal, which means that you must make something out of your own life. We know that spiritual life is love and that one must possess this in order to be happy on the side beyond, something you have already known for a long time. But how do you

want to justify all this, if you feel you are at cross purposes with everything God created, which is therefore His own life. Surely this must result in your own downfall. When we love, we must love all of life; only then are we following the path my leader keeps on showing me, and which enables us to get to know the spiritual life.

People are like small children; even if they reach the age of ninety, my Alcar says that they still remain children in the spirit. I just told you that many people won't awaken until they are on the side beyond, where they will attain this attunement, not before, and they will suffer and have to learn, which is what you are going through now if you act in accordance with the laws of the spirit. So you are already on the path that requires you to set to work on yourself. You will be working even harder on yourself in your case if you think of your wife and children first, and later on begin to feel love for life in its entirety. From then on you will go further and further and one day you will receive everything, but then God's holy time will have come. Once you have got far enough to love all people, without taking this love away from them again in order to give it to others, and you feel that life is God, only then will you really be taking yourself in hand. Man proceeds in this way, in order to learn how to give love. It will be clear to you now that it isn't very easy to mean something to others in a spirit of pure love. But every being must learn this, whether he wants to or not; every being must learn to tread the spiritual path which leads to happiness in the life after death.'

However, the man wasn't giving in yet and asked: 'Couldn't she possess that love too? Surely I should wait and see?'

André thought: This is impossible, he simply doesn't want to understand me; he already asked me that question. But he went on to explain it to him.

'Don't you feel that a woman doesn't possess love, feels nothing and is nothing if she wants to acquire that love through the grief and sorrow of others? Do you call that love? Every time you came to see me I spoke to you about this. Don't you sense that this woman, who wants to bring misfortune onto others, cannot be a person of high principles? I assure you that in time, you will see her in a different light than you do now, once you have regained your peace, and your burning feeling has changed into a mild longing.'

'You're more familiar with her than I am; how do you know all this? You never even saw her!'

'That is simple enough', André said. 'It's like this: only when you love all that harbours life; when you don't feel aversion, when you give yourself completely to no matter whom, that's when you begin to feel life in a spirit of love. Only through love I am able to fathom life that exists at a lower level than mine; that's what my leader taught me, and I experience daily that this is indeed the path, the way which enables us to sense life. What I do for you,

I do for everyone; what I feel for you, I feel for all people. That's why I don't need to see a person. I know him by his handwriting, from a photo, his gait, his head and his hands, from the sound of his voice; in short: nobody can hide away from me, because I sense him down to the deepest depths of his soul. I become one with him and I feel what he feels. The same feelings surge up in me, and it's obvious that I then know the attunement of his feeling. If I can take on an illness, then wouldn't I also be able to take on the condition of feeling of a person if everything happens spiritually? That's why a person isn't deep, once you sense his mentality. As I said, my leader taught me this, but I had to acquire it on my own, which cost me a lot of struggle and still does.'

'Can one learn this?'

'Yes, of course, why not? I acquired these powers within five years. Others may need a hundred years. Because you know just as well as I do that many a life span goes by in which man learns nothing at all; we see these conditions daily. Man must be willing, he must take himself in hand, must keep on attuning his inner self to spiritual conditions; this is what giving love means. Man must efface himself completely and live for others; that's all. Isn't it simple? But just you try; you're already busy destroying one life for the sake of another and you're acting counter to the laws, just to make something out of yourself. No, there simply isn't another way; I was allowed to experience this through disembodiment on the side beyond. I set off as soon as possible because I wanted to possess these powers just as they do, and if I continue in this way I hope to possess a bit of light when I die also, and to be happy in the life after death.'

'Is that your power?'

'Exactly, now you're beginning to understand me. Many people don't believe that I can feel just as much for others as for myself or for those who live together with me. Yet it's true; all I know is 'life', people don't mean anything to me. What counts for me is what they bear within, what they are deep down. I feel and act in keeping with the way in which life approaches me. Yet I extend love and I feel one with life, and I'm no longer able to live differently. At present I'm fighting for your happiness. Your happiness is my happiness. If I can't give myself completely, I won't be able to sense your sorrow and your grief. But your pains are my pains; in short, it's all mine because you are all sisters and brothers of mine. This has now become my possession, I can't feel any other way, even if I wanted to. If I can do something for people that brings about happiness, this makes me feel happy; I feel it in a more beautiful way than they would. That is why your sorrow is my sorrow and why I feel how you feel and know that the woman, with whom you think you can find happiness, bears no happiness within and doesn't possess this love. To feel brotherly and sisterly love means to love in universal manner, which

surpasses all earthly love. But don't think that I feel superior to you; I'm only a human being with many flaws too.'

'You just said that this kind of love surpasses all other forms of love. How can that be, surely mother love is the highest form?'

'Really, is that what you believe? I will show you that your thinking is wrong. One afternoon I was outside with friends and we were enjoying the beautiful summer weather. A brother of theirs came to visit them with his wife and child and soon I was on the best of terms with the child, a little boy aged three. I was playing with the child and descended into him. This makes me feel like a small child, which I really am at that moment, because I link up deeply. I like to play with children; I feel a strong attraction to children since adults often don't understand me. I had merged with him to such an extent that when I went to hide myself at quite a distance away from him, the child came and got me from behind the bushes, something a telepathist may not have been capable of. What happened here was very simple: we were one, and the child could do nothing that differed from the way I felt. But people are aware of their own personality and since they feel themselves to be something special, they will never get in touch with children, because they don't want to climb down from their pedestal. It makes people close themselves off from all other forms of life, including their own children. That afternoon I descended into the being of the child. I experienced that beautiful and sacred feeling, that pure love which a child senses, which a mother will never feel because she wants to approach the child from her own attunement of feeling. To come to the point: later on I was told that I had hypnotized the child. Just imagine me hypnotizing a child! The child called for me during the night and so they wanted to call the police. Don't you think that's terrible? I'm telling you this to point out that the child felt my love, because I was childlike too and yet acted according to my human intellect. I am not only able to link up with children, it works with adults too, whom I can help just as well as children. I open up and I feel no difference in either condition, I am just as I am and remain that way. My love for the child was sensed by the child, but not by the parents; they looked on me as an intruder. Her mother love is marked by the possession of the being. It's not a universal form of love, as she would otherwise have sensed me too. Yet another reading, a more apparent one. In a cinema – this really happened – hundreds of children were gathered. Suddenly fire broke out and the mothers who heard it rushed inside to save their little ones. But many of them trampled on other little ones just to save their possession. Is that universal love? Weren't all those little ones they trampled down God's life? No, only their child; they took no notice of the other beings. Fortunately they weren't all like that. Isn't this a coarse-material kind of love? They crushed lives in order to save the one life

that belonged to them. Why did they do this? Merely out of self-love. I could go on like this and describe various situations to make it clear to you that we human beings are still unloving. I would give my life for any human being. This is not a virtue, because it would be a great mercy for me to be allowed to die, since I know that life on the side beyond is more beautiful than here on earth. And yet for us on earth it is the greatest thing one could give and bestow on others. But one can also be useful in other ways and I accomplish more by being something for people in general and helping them than if I were to give my life for one single being. It's the smallest deed which encompasses the greatest power. That's why I tell you that I will be happy if I can make you happy again with your loved ones.'

'You are a person to be envied.'

'Yes I am, and I assure you that if you follow my advice, it will bring you nothing but happiness, which some day you will thank God for. If you start now, you would be performing a deed which you could be proud of.'

'You're like lightning, swirling and whizzing all around me and hitting me wherever you please. You're hammering away at me, and I'll have to accept it.'

'Thank you for your compliment, but it doesn't mean a thing to me. I told you already that I'm only a human being too with a little bit of love, and my leader says the same. But I do want to tell you this: whatever you may come up with, I will unravel it with the help of my leader and destroy your pedestal.'

'Then how do you see me and my condition at the moment?'

'You're not fishing for compliments, are you, because I haven't got any; but I can tell you in a few words how I feel you. Listen.

'You're a good fellow and you haven't got a bad character, but the only mistake is that you love yourself a little too much.' He gave in and thanked Alcar and him for the terrible lesson. He was afloat in space and yet he was glad to feel at least a bit of solid ground under his feet.

'I want to follow your path and I'm determined to do so.' He extended both hands and shook André's warmly.

'I think that's great; now you're a man one can be proud of. Your wife will begin to really love you the way you are now, it will command her respect. But first you have a lot to make amends for and you must try to regain her confidence. These next days you will still have to put up a fight because you are not yet free from this terrible influence.'

'Oh, you feel that too?'

'Yes of course, you're not free yet, but we're on the right track.'

He now wanted one of André's pictures as a lasting memory. André had a very beautiful water colour which he could have sold many times over, but

Alcar hadn't wanted him to. 'I made this for someone', his leader said, 'let it hang, sooner or later it will be fetched.' At that moment Alcar said:

'André, this water colour is for him, he perceives his own life in it.' It was fabulous how the spirits knew everything far ahead of time, because for months already André had been in possession of this piece of work. How great Alcar was, what a revelation this was to him. The man was exuberant. This piece symbolized his own condition. He took it along and both he and his wife were happy. He had promised André on his word of honour to remedy everything.

A few weeks went by. André got the feeling that he needed to give them a call and he did so. Alcar had told him that he had fallen back; his heart was bleeding like it never had before. This is terrible, André thought, how could this happen after everything he had received from his leader. The wife informed him that things still weren't well at all. He told her to bear up for a little while yet and that he would phone again that same day or the following. Alcar told him to stand by. He would receive a message from him to go over and exert all the strength he had. He still prayed for him, day in day out; he would persevere and he understood that what he had felt in the man that last time had been correct. He waited in silence and remained linked up with him. He prayed fervently for their happiness. He often knelt down and asked God for strength with such ardency that he felt all his bodily powers subsiding. Tired, dead-tired after all the praying, he dragged himself along, tunnelled his way through everything, enveloped himself in a field of force that no devil could have penetrated. He had to win, no matter how. At night, when he suddenly awoke, he would see the poor little ones in his mind's eye and he sent them his thoughts, to urge them to pray for their father. Later on he heard that they had indeed sent up a prayer for their dear father without being aware of anything. How strong thoughts were, when they were accurately focussed on a person. It still took a whole week before he was allowed to phone, and when he made an appointment with the woman to come over that evening, she was happy. They had become brother and sister.

André got ready to visit them in the evening. He would stake everything he bore within. He felt that the man was avoiding him and understood that he must still be linked up with that woman. How deep the poor man had been hit. What poison had crept into his soul. This was the end, he felt that very clearly. It was either yes or no. He wouldn't be able to give more than he had, he would exert all his energy; there would be no power left afterwards to keep on helping him. This was the final round. Then he could go to ruin; after all, that's the way he wanted it. But was that the answer? Whatever am I doing, he thought. If I start to think like that I would be giving way, and evil would triumph. No, never, either he would kill everything within him

or he was lost. His love he felt for that other woman had to be destroyed, otherwise he would keep on yearning and their life wouldn't be worth living. It would mean hell for them and that could not be allowed to happen. But he also realized that a higher power would have to help him. An earthly human being couldn't possibly accomplish this. Only God could help. Did this mean that all his prayers had been for nothing? Would his months of work be destroyed? Hadn't Alcar told him beforehand about all those who would help with their prayers. But even now he felt that all would be well, since everything within their power would have been done to help him. Yet he got scared of his own thoughts. How could that love be cast out of him if he himself was resisting? I will pray, he thought, like I never prayed before; I'll be steadfast to the very end, and we'll see what happens this evening. He went to his little corner, where he always prayed to God for power to protect him against evil influences during his work, so that he might always carry out his task accurately to serve Alcar and his spiritual friends. He knelt down, and while he made his appeal, he descended into the man and felt how deeply his soul was still infected. He lay open to him like a book, and André knew that they were linked up again. He gave me his word of honour; so words of honour didn't count! He thought he was weak, very weak, not a man one could look up to with respect. Now they were one, even if he moved away to another continent. Determined after his ardent prayer to do everything he could for him, he heard his leader say: 'Give everything that's in you, my boy, he's worth it.'

André trembled with emotion. So much love for a human being was very seldom found. Shortly before seven on this stormy evening he walked over to his home. The wind was howling, the rain splashed in his face, nature was up in arms. It gave him a good feeling, it spoke to him of power and violence, and it made his heart beat faster. Alcar was walking beside him. They had become one, after all these years. With his help he would be able to move mountains. Not a word was said; they were linked up spiritually. Alcar let him feel everything, and despite the rain and the wind he sensed and saw the power of his leader. Alcar spread an intense light all around, which made him determined to give the man everything he had. He didn't take long to get to their home and he received a very warm welcome. When he shook his hand, André had already taken on his inner condition and he knew that he could start all over again.

The first moments were enough to choke, it was almost unbearable. Oh, if this woman had to go on living in this hell she would soon waste away with sorrow. How this all clashed with everything that stood for pure love. Because of his love, he was embittering her life. He was sitting there like a dummy. He would have liked to grab hold of him and call out to him: 'Don't

you see, man, how precious every minute is? Don't you feel that you can hardly breathe in this place?' It nearly choked him. Everything about him felt cold and his life light was clouded. A man who loved was letting another life chill to death. Love meant radiant warmth, but this was more like the North Pole. It was ridiculous, sad and pitiful. It was all pure selfishness; he was stealing her happiness, as well as that of his children. André followed the course of his thoughts. His thoughts darted off like blazing fire from him towards the being who had infected his inner life and his feeling. How could this be, after all the things he had discussed with him? How many hours had he spent on him? Had it all been to no avail? Was it a hopeless task? What was he interfering with; he clearly sensed that the man would rather be rid of him. Why had he entangled himself in their lives? He suddenly felt as if he had disturbed the peace, and a very strange feeling flowed through him. It was the feeling of being unwanted. He cried inside, it hurt him, he hadn't expected anything like this. There he was, all his help had got them nowhere. Where did this feeling come from? From him? From her? He sounded her out. No, she was open and he felt love beaming at him. It was him, he would rather that he kept his mouth shut about everything and didn't interfere with his affairs. Again he fathomed him and felt how he had just recently been in contact with her, which he later affirmed to be true.

How was this possible; it was no good helping here because he refused to cooperate. No wonder she also lost heart. Would André have to surrender after all? Was evil stronger than goodness? Had he prayed so long for this? Wasn't his prayer being heard? Was there anything left of value? He begged for help from his leader, who told him to remain calm and peaceful. 'Look around, André', he heard Alcar say. He saw dark clouds covering the man's body and he began to pity him. He was in the hands of evil. How deep would they plunge him into darkness? Poor, poor fellow, how terrible to be under these influences. Who incited them to this? The devil himself? A few minutes later he heard Alcar say: 'Attack him while he's in this condition, we'll help you.'

The man was still sitting there, all huddled up, acting as if he and his wife weren't present. André prepared himself to battle him. If ever he had any feelings for him, now was the time to show it. He would either be outside within five minutes, or he would go on talking endlessly. He therefore asked the man point-blank: 'If you would prefer me to leave, just give the order and I'll disappear.' It gave him a terrible shock. His wife backed him up and said: 'André is right, you're sitting there as if there's nobody else around; what's up with you, man?' Tears were rolling down her cheeks. André continued: 'Come on, answer me. Do you want me to leave?'

'What a thing to say', he replied. 'That's ridiculous.' 'Shall I tell you,' An-

dré continued, ‘what’s ridiculous? That you’re turning your wife’s life and that of your children into a hell in your own house. Is that a way to go on? You forget that you have your duties. Are you a father? Do you deserve things to work out for you in this world? Have you forgotten that there are thousands who have nothing to eat? Yes, who don’t even have a bed to sleep in? Without a home to protect them from the cold and the rain? Do you know what’s wrong with you? You’re too well off. God ought to let you starve for a while. You ought to get to know a bit of trouble and misery, that would stop you looking for it. Follow me on my path, then you will get to see some of the terrible conditions that exist. You want to throw away the things you still possess. Don’t you understand that earthly possession means happiness too? Must all the things you have built up over the years be destroyed just because you love someone else? You know that if this is found out you will be dismissed. What will happen to your children, not to mention your own misery? Again I ask you to think before it’s too late. Think back to years gone by. How difficult it was to get to this height. When will you get it back again? Never, I tell you. Then must this be ruined beyond recall? What will be left over of all this? Fight for your happiness, but not in this way. It will mean your downfall. If it has to be wrecked, then set fire to the lot, but don’t make them drain their cup of misery to the dregs. Stop wanting to get in touch with her, man. Stop it, it’s ruining you. Your misfortune is waiting at your doorstep. All you have to do is open your door and your house will overflow with misery, and within a year you’ll be lost. They won’t need you at your office anymore.’

He didn’t contradict a single word and let everything pour over him. André went on, all ablaze. He sensed that he should show him his property, the possession of all material things and at the same time the glaring contrast, the deep misery, which would make him repent.

‘Do you feel what it means to be rich on earth? Don’t you value your property? Do you no longer feel what you once were? Have you always known this wealth? Come along with me to families where the father and the children are out of work, to others who are willing but can’t work; yet others who are going mad with sorrow because they have lost their loved ones. Here, everything is present, nothing but happiness, but the master of the house is out for sorrow, grief and misery. Isn’t it terrible? The things others sometimes receive with terror and perish because of it, you’re looking for of your own free will. What wouldn’t many people give to possess what you own. Oh man, what are you smashing to pieces, what a lot you’re destroying, if you persist in having it your way.

What do you want to destroy all this for? For a bit of love which is only material, which one can obtain from so many and makes the world go to

wrack and ruin? Is that what you want your wife and children to starve from? Is that what you're after? Again, do as you please, but I predict your downfall. Just as I gave you those four spiritual words that first morning, as surely as that, I now see your downfall.'

His wife looked at him when he said that, and André felt that he hadn't told her anything about this. He kept on going.

He took him along across the earth, made him feel wealth and poverty and then returned him to his own condition. Hills and dales of society passed his mind's eye, he compared everything with his own property. He showed him love, material and coarse-material, right down to the animal-like attunement; it made him tremble within, because in this way his downfall was being shown to him. During his plea, he heard Alcar telling him to continue like this. He could be reached in this way.

He started again. He had been talking to him for two hours already; he was almost out of breath due to the power he put into it. Suddenly the man got up out of his chair and took both his hands in his. Unexpectedly something had started to thaw inside of him. Evil had nearly been conquered. But André immediately continued, he still wasn't satisfied. Deep down he would have to give in completely; he wanted to see tears, deep sadness, a plea to be forgiven. That's what he wanted to get at. Now he went on in the spirit about the things he had already and frequently mentioned to him. Again he let him feel what this love meant. He raised him up to great heights and then brought him down again, as Alcar had taught him. He linked him up with hills and dales, planets and stars, only to lead him back to the earth to show him his condition and attunement. André begged God to help him, because he felt that he would conquer evil. He had melted down inside.

At last he burst into hot tears, and they both went up to him (André) and knelt down beside him like little children. The wife to his left, and to his right the one who had now been beaten by him (André). He (André) lovingly put his arms around them. Tears ran down their cheeks, love flowed into their hearts. It was a great and sacred moment. André felt a beautiful influence that strengthened him and made him understand that he would be able to move mountains. God was with him, and with the help of His holy Power he would set him free. God's will would make their happiness return. Both were older than he was, but at that moment he felt a thousand years older.

Suddenly he freed himself and left them sitting there alone on their knees. In a flash it came to him what he could achieve at this moment. Again he changed to another attunement and paced to and fro in the room while he told them what he perceived around them. They looked at him and were no longer themselves. Their hearts were one, their hands were clasped in each other's. He went over to them, made them fold their hands, and told them

to repeat after him the words he heard being spoken and then said aloud. 'Listen', André heard.

'Listen', he said to them, 'to what I will tell both of you and ask of you and which you will comply with.'

He made them bow their heads towards each other and repeated what a sonorous voice told him from within the spirit:

'Father, great Father, we ask for your support to guide us and to protect us. Father, give me the power to watch over my wife and children, and set me free from these evil powers. I want to, Father, I want to so very much. I want to, I want to. Amen.'

Word for word, clearly and softly, putting all their feeling into it, they repeated after him every word with which he led them in a prayer that came from the spirit. They were at their wits' end, both were broken. His soul had been opened as it had never been opened before, and all this love flowed in and eradicated the last remnants of the poison inside of him.

'This evening something beautiful has taken place here, and woe unto either of you if you defile this happiness during the rest of your life. God is with you and with all of us.'

He went on talking for a while, this time, about the things that now lay ahead. Nothing but happiness was awaiting them, a new life was to begin. He spoke about that happiness and made them feel its warmth, until they started to cry aloud, at the top of their voices. All their strength had been used up, they gave out. Exhausted, with happiness this time, they sat down again in their chairs. They both felt rejuvenated, as if they were children again. André was happy with their happiness; peace had returned here and evil had been conquered. His prayers over the last months, sent up in humility and love, had been heard by God. He had gained a sister and a brother. A miracle had occurred, but an even greater miracle was yet to take place. He didn't even feel tired; in this way he could have gone on talking for ten hours. It was a miracle. While he spoke he saw beautiful images; he saw his dear leader who conveyed the words, saw many other intelligences who were invisible onlookers on the battle which a human being fought for another person's happiness. Half past twelve, he had to return home now; where had the evening gone to? He had spoken at great speed for four and a half hours without interruption. It was difficult to have to part with them. He now felt sisterly love and brotherly love and understood that these were superior to mother love. At the door, about to say goodbye, he heard Alcar say these beautiful words: 'Love is the richest treasure given to mankind. Love makes life sparkle and tremble with emotion. Love is all. Love is God. It makes the poor rich. Without Love, what a destiny. It would be without value. Spirit of Love, guide us onward. Penetrate us with Your Being, we will await the End

untroubled, without fear. Whether Life be short or long, God's Love brings on no dread. Love is the most sacred of all, it's sacrosanct.'

They had both listened attentively and André quickly vanished; they stood there with their heads bowed. Their hearts overflowed.

Back home he knelt down on the spot where he had prayed so fervently that afternoon, and again he sent up a long prayer to thank God for the mercy that he had been allowed to help them. He felt that Alcar was beside him; they prayed together, and now André felt that the time had come to cut the ties with him. Yet deep down he would remain within them forever. But now he needed to be able to breathe freely again. Tired but happy that he had managed to conquer demons, he fell into a deep sleep and dreamt of their happiness. He saw them both as little children still, playing and laughing, with a garland of flowers around their heads; nothing but happiness, love and bliss.

He awoke in the same condition of happiness. That morning flowers had already arrived. On the card it said: 'From your sister and brother, your grateful children. For Alcar, for André.'

André wept, he let his tears roll freely. He wasn't ashamed of them, these were tears of happiness. Who wouldn't weep with happiness after so much love, so much happiness given to others? Those who believe they must destroy all this beauty with one stroke of the pen because they don't sense it yet, should do so. One day their hearts will also melt and feel the greatness of all this.

André laid down the flowers in tribute to his leader, to the one he had all this to thank for. He phoned that same morning. A miracle had happened. The man had woken up and did nothing but cry. There was a feeling of such beauty, such sanctity in him, which he couldn't describe in words. His wife thought that it was all going to start anew, but when he told her how he saw something in her, felt something he had never felt before, when he knelt down before her and took a long time begging for forgiveness, when his heart cried with happiness, then she too understood that a miracle had happened, something that was beyond their feeling. He had gone to his office, but had to return because he couldn't stand it there. He was driven back home. He felt newly born, he had entered the 'Openness', he felt the quietness of the spirit; there was a sun in him which made him, his wife and the children, even the whole house glow.

All the love which he had felt for the other one had returned to his own wife. He saw something beautiful in her, something sacred that moved him, that hadn't ever been there before. A radical change had taken place in him. These were mysteries to him; he said to her: 'What could André have done to me? What did he put into me, what is this I feel now and which bears me

up and makes me happy? He has put me under a spell!’ André was familiar with this kind of spell and he knew what it was; it was nothing but holy love; he had gained peace within. He felt reborn; new life was smiling upon him.

He sent them on a journey and said: ‘Come on, off you go to the south; compare your inner feeling with the southern warmth and when you come back, tell me which was warmest and what, most of all, gave you the feeling of happiness.’

They both set out on their journey like people reborn; they were linked up anew; they were bound for a new life.

‘H and B., a few words to both of you from this spot. Alcar wanted me to take this down, because more people ought to know this. I thought it over for a long time and I have decided to comply with Alcar’s wish and to record everything as it really happened. You see, dear brother, that not a single word of our talks was lost. Alcar made this into a spiritual film, in which your life has been recorded, and he reeled it off. Nobody will disturb your happiness. On the contrary, feelings of compassion will come to you from those who read about your struggle, and this will bring you nothing but happiness.

Live, children, and bear these hours in mind if ever dark clouds appear that obscure the light, and let it spur you on to watch over your happiness. Again, this is what Alcar wanted.

It will show mankind what a sincere prayer can achieve if it is sent up in love. Only in love man can perform miracles.

Happiness to both of you. Your André.’

André receives his rock of life

One morning he received a message from Alcar that Wolff wanted to paint a large canvas. He did as Alcar had instructed him and ordered the canvas and all the other necessities. When it was brought to his home in the afternoon, he was immediately taken over, and within half an hour Wolff had made a sketch of a rock in the sea. For the next two mornings Wolff worked at the canvas, which measured four by five feet, and it was accomplished. Wolff had worked on it for two hours. How could such a large and beautiful painting possibly be finished within two hours? Afterwards André got a message that this symbolized his own rock of life. 'My rock of life,' André thought, 'what did I do to deserve this; surely this can't be true?' Had he understood Alcar properly? No, it was too much for him, he couldn't accept it. He forgot about it and gave it no further thought. It was a splendid painting and a present to be envied, but he wanted nothing to do with a rock of life. He was too simple for that, too small, too puny. No, no, he wanted none of this. He had a fine frame made for it and at an exhibition many admired the beautiful piece of work. But whenever he was asked what the piece meant he didn't dare tell them. It represented the sea and rocks and that was final. 'But', people asked him, 'surely that rock has a symbolic meaning?' All the same, he didn't have the courage to tell them, because he was afraid they would think he fancied himself and that was something he could certainly do without. One afternoon he was visited by a lady who came to look at his paintings. When she looked at his rock and asked him what it represented, he wanted to get out of it and told her that it was a sea with rocks, but that didn't satisfy her. 'You're the one to receive it', she said, 'so surely you must know what it means?' Well, what could he say to that? 'Surely that isn't a rock', she said. 'It looks more like a church which we are all busy building.' André thought she was rather close. Should he tell her? He didn't quite have the courage; if she were to scoff at him or shrug her shoulders, what then? It would hurt him; after all, he wanted none of this himself. But she insisted and once again she began to talk about that rock, so he decided to tell her.

He carefully told her, but halfway he already regretted it, because he sensed that she doubted his words. To be sure, he thought, that was once and never again. People wouldn't understand. They ought to descend in the spirit and be able to link up with spiritual conditions. Who would appreciate its greatness? After all, it was unacceptable to them. No being would ever wheedle it out of him again; the rock could be his a thousand times over, he could hardly believe in it anymore. He thought he was vain and conceited, and he

was merely imagining things. It was a beautiful painting, and that's all there was to it. But was he really vain? He thought it over for a long time. No, he had never been vain. Anyhow, he refused to think about his rock again. Months went by. His leader didn't mention it, yet Alcar would surely know how grateful he was for the beautiful present, and he wouldn't want to grieve Wolff. All the same, he couldn't accept it as a 'rock of life'.

One night he heard himself been called by his name, something which had happened many times before. 'André', he heard, 'come over to me.' He looked around and got a fright, as he was standing beside his physical body. Who had set him free? This hadn't happened for quite some time, because his recent disembodiments had happened consciously. It showed how far he had already developed. Before him stood a spirit that went up to him and shed a beautiful light. He was clearly visible to him. 'Look', the latter spoke, 'I've come to fetch you because I have something to tell you. Would you come along with me?'

'Where to?' André asked, as he didn't see his leader around, yet at that same moment he sensed that all was well. 'You will soon be told.'

'All right, I'll come with you.'

'I have something to tell you about your rock of life.'

'You?' André asked, surprised.

'Yes, my brother, I know about your rock; please follow me.'

They left the earth without delay and arrived in the hereafter. André recognized the third sphere, which he had already visited many times with his leader Alcar. There, on a high hill in a beautiful area, they sat down. 'You know this sphere, don't you?'

'Yes', he answered, 'I often dwelt here with my leader.'

The spirit began to speak. 'Listen, brother. I must explain to you why I was called. No one else but me is able to tell you about your rock of life. In the days when I lived on earth I was once taken along to the spheres too, as I possessed the gift of disembodiment, and in order to do my work well and accurately I was presented with something in the spirit. I did the same kind of work as you do now, and I was a medium for powers on high. I wandered from village to village, from town to town, to proclaim spiritualism. I healed the sick and was allowed to write, everything happened through those who guided me like they guide you. Many became convinced, but there were thousands who could neither accept nor understand it. I disembodied to receive spiritual lessons on this side and to get to know life after death; it was a task similar to your present one. I was given support on earth to enable me to do my work, because, as you know yourself, it's not so easy to serve higher powers. I received spiritual support to lean on, whenever I needed it. They gave me a staff to keep me upright in difficult times. This all taught me

to get to know myself, and I was allowed to leave a lot of the things behind which my helpers gave me on earth, in order to convince man of a life that continues forever. I often dwelt here, and when I arrived back on earth I had to convey everything. Life on earth was difficult, but my staff helped me along, and finally my end came too. Only here did I sense the great mercy of being allowed to serve higher powers. Only here did I see the good and the wrong I had done. Oh, I thought, if only I were allowed to return, I would do things entirely differently. Here I understood the full meaning of my work, and of the gift to be allowed to possess this on earth. Especially to be allowed to depart from the body and to dwell in the spirit. You won't understand this richness either until you arrive here, because no more than a part, a mere fragment of the enormous totality, can be shown to us, as you would not be able to digest it on earth. Only after you have passed from earthly life to eternity, will you know how great the gift of disembodiment is. Here I understood that I could have achieved more if I had had a deeper feeling for my task. That is why I want to warn you against certain things and explain to you what you will be able to receive in order to bring happiness to the people on earth. I therefore asked your leader if I might inform you of all this, as I couldn't find an instrument on earth to convey my impressions to you from this side. They advised me to wait, and now we are together. It will be clear to you that your leader refrained from giving you this proof, since I was allowed to tell you this, all the more so because I am acquainted with your life on earth, and because mine was the same as yours is. Only on this side did I understand that it takes a lifetime to put the spiritual treasures which have been granted into practice. Only here, brother, did I understand how much they had intended to give to me. I will now show you a vision which will make all this even clearer to you.'

André focussed his attention on him and understood the meaning of his life on earth. Everything became clear to him.

'You see that everything could have been different. It will support you and be a warning to you during your life on earth. Now I ask you: Whenever you need help on earth, call me and I will come to help you. You will also have understood that I wanted to make it clear to you how great your task on earth is, how great the treasures are, which they wish to give to the earth through you. Remember, brother, that only one in a million possesses this gift. One other thing. The longing to be allowed to dwell here to the full also played up in me. Seeing in the invisible world tends to complicate earthly life, which only few will understand. The continuous returns, the renewed acceptance of matter, living down there, that's the hardest part of your gift. I know all about your struggle, I sense your longing to be allowed to enter spiritual life for good. These feelings also hold your leader back, they are

powers which counteract the ability to receive. This is only known on this side; man on earth doesn't know all these conditions. Yet you are one of the gifted ones, and life here will mean nothing but happiness to you if you are able to hold your ground. Now I will tell you the meaning of your rock.

After you have returned into your body and you link up with your rock, it will, especially when certain things are unclear to you and you must reach some decision or other, make it clear to you. It shows you the level you are on. You will be able to mirror your own life in it; it will show you the trend of your life, either ascending or declining. Everything will waver if you don't steer a straight course. Your rock will glow in keeping with your own radiance. In times of turmoil, pray to God to be permitted to receive the truth. Attune your own life to your rock. Everything is spiritual, just as your life on earth is, and you will receive nourishment in the spirit. So, your rock will show you whether you did your work well or not. You will fall and rise, continuously, to embellish your rock. It's obvious that it is a great mercy to be allowed to receive such a thing from this world.'

Now André felt ashamed that he had more or less flung away his own rock of life.

'So I came to warn you against yourself. Compare your life with mine; it will support you and give you strength, enabling you to still achieve a lot on earth. You will convince many people of a life that continues forever, and those who acquire this wisdom and begin to live accordingly will possess light on this side. You will get to know laws, which were shown to me too; you will visit spheres which are all even more beautiful than those you were already allowed to enter; in short, everything will be given to you to give the people on earth happiness. You will receive the treasures of heaven. I will be glad to know that my brother who still dwells in matter understands his work well, and I will support you with my prayer and with all my abilities.'

André reached out to him with both hands, which the spirit heartily shook, and they then set off for the journey back.

When he awoke in the morning, his first thoughts went to the spirit who had come to fetch him that night. He had a clear recollection of everything. He quickly got out of bed to take in his precious gift right away. There was his rock, his own life, the symbol of his own self, which he had rejected. How long would it take before he had reached that height. He would have to get to the top, as far up as the cross; that would be the end. It would take thousands of years yet. How grateful he was to his leader that he had given him this precious painting, and he thanked Wolff too from the bottom of his heart. How ungrateful he often was, when he didn't understand spiritual matters. But now everything was clear to him and he firmly resolved to dedicate himself entirely to his task. In future, he wouldn't want to be without the painting

for all the money in the world. He was now determined to use all his powers to benefit the things on high. It was a marvellous day for him and he soon experienced what a great support the rock would be to him.

Some time later, he was faced with a difficult problem that baffled him because it concerned himself. He didn't know how to solve it and he hadn't the courage to ask Alcar. But one afternoon, as he was quietly sitting in his chair thinking things over, he was suddenly linked up with his rock. Everything was wavering and he understood that if he acted the way he felt now, everything would go wrong and it would sadden him. So he decided to go the other way, which would be hardest for him, but he also saw that it would put him on the right track. You see, this was his support. Who upon this earth was able to see his own life and had his mistakes shown to him? There were only few; but he possessed this gift. Now he had an even better understanding of the life of him who had been a medium on earth. After he had acted as he must, he saw how the foundations had become even stronger than before. It was splendid but difficult; and yet he wanted that difficulty, which would strengthen him spiritually.

Some time afterwards, Alcar presented him with additional proof that his rock was a spiritual gift and what it meant. Alcar used his own mediumistic powers to give him this proof. One afternoon he received a message telling him to take some photos. He was to take spiritual photos, and this would require considerable time. He got all the requirements from one of his friends and shortly thereafter he began. The first things to appear on the plate were clouds. Then there were figures, but it took him months to achieve this result. Alcar told him that he would soon be printing something, as he had progressed that far. Yet it still took months; he had already used up various plates, but he knew he was on the right track due to the impacts he felt and which differed every evening. Suddenly gentle faces came through, which shaped themselves out of the ectoplasm and were clearly visible. But he wasn't satisfied yet and he calmly continued. However, the proof came quite unexpectedly, which made him understand that just as in life, all the beautiful and great things in the field of occultism were given without notice. One afternoon, while he was on his way home from a patient, he felt a severe impact. When he arrived home, he wasn't conscious of anything anymore, he fetched the apparatus and got everything ready without even being aware of it. Afterwards he felt himself returning to consciousness, but the influence remained.

'Call your wife', he heard Alcar say, 'she will serve as a subject. Her powers are also needed.'

He called her and she was to sit underneath the painting. Everything was ready. At that same moment he heard a voice saying: 'Open' and he heard

someone beside him counting, beginning at twenty, and at twenty-eight the voice said: 'Close'. The shot had been made. He was then guided to the dark-room and again he sensed a heavy impact, a sign that he was being helped from the side beyond to develop the plate. How astonished he was when a cross appeared. This cross was not visible on the painting. How was this possible? It must be near to six feet high. Neither he nor his wife had seen any sign of it beforehand. He felt dead-tired, as if all his powers had been used. Overjoyed with his success he heard Alcar say:

'Do you now believe, André, that it's your rock that has significance in the spirit? This, my son, is proof of the spiritual truth. It's a holy, spiritual possession, hold it in esteem.'

For the time being he had to stop, because other conditions were to be explained to him; he would take it up again later.

André accepted, and he was happy with his rock. All mediums will receive a support one day through spiritual help, when it becomes known on the side beyond that they accomplish their work in a good way.

He hopes to be allowed to receive much more from those who dwell behind the veil, and to achieve a lot through them.

Disembodiment; spiritual life in the sphere of the earth

André was in his room, as he had received word from Alcar that he was about to disembody. On his last journey to heaven and hell his leader had shown him certain conditions and attunements; on this journey he would get to know spiritual life. He felt happy that he was allowed to visit the spheres again. He already longed for the moment that he would see, hear and talk to his leader and would be allowed to sense his love. What would he experience this time? Where would his leader be taking him to? Remote regions, deep depths had already been shown to him in the spirit. It was quiet all around him, he still heard nothing from Alcar. Yet he sensed that a certain influence was being exerted on him, as the silence of the spirit entered him. This had nothing to do with the earth. This silence was unknown on earth. What he felt was spiritual possession, the radiance of love from a being that lived on the side beyond. A gentle, beautiful feeling of happiness flowed into his soul.

Had he heard correctly? Yes, it was Alcar who told him to listen.

‘André, get ready, I will release you from your physical body in a flash.’

Disembodiment was a great, blessed happiness. He had experienced his last disembodiment consciously, but this no longer seemed necessary now. He went and lay on his bed, fully stretched out on his back, focussed his attention on his leader and waited what would happen. He soon felt himself sinking in the spirit, then he was drawn up; he saw himself floating above his physical body, and finally his leader caught him up in his arms. Now he was one with Alcar.

‘Look, my boy, we’ll be together again for quite a while. This journey is harder still than all the other ones we made. You will now get to know life on this side, as well as various forms of art such as sculpture, music and painting, yet not until we have arrived in the higher spheres. But before we visit the higher spheres, you will get to know the pre-animal-like, the animal-like, the coarse-material and the material attunements in the sphere of the earth and following that, we will leave the earth in order to descend into the dark spheres. There we will visit the rulers, the geniuses and the masters of evil. You will witness how they too have their celebrations, which will make it clear to you that these human beings who have departed from the earth continue their terrible earthly life on this side. In the sphere of the earth, where we are now, I will show you the life these beings lead, that satisfy themselves on the human being who attunes to them. Then we will descend into the sphere of those who commit suicide; you will see this condition too, so that

man will receive a clear image what his life will be like on this side if he puts an end to his earthly life. I will have to make terrible truths clear to you. I therefore ask you to be strong; we won't be back here for quite a while. You will experience a lot of beautiful things, André, but also deep darkness and misery. Ask me as much as you want, I will answer you to the best of my abilities.

Look, there's your physical garment, we have now transcended all the intermediary conditions which you experienced last time.'

The coarse-material and the animal-like attunement

'Come on, André, our journey is about to begin. Now listen carefully to what I'm going to tell you. In the condition we are in now, on this very spot, pre-animal-like beings exist, as well as Divine beings, in other words, this is where we find the highest and the lowest spheres. I will explain everything to you shortly, as soon as we have linked up. You know that a higher spirit can visit the spheres that exist below his own attunement. On our previous journeys we looked at everything from within our own attunement, but now you will experience things from within every attunement. Is that clear to you?'

'Yes, Alcar', but André was trembling and felt nervous at the thought of the things he was about to go through.

Alcar sensed this and said: 'Don't be afraid, my son, nothing will happen to you. The unhappy spirits whom you will shortly see, roam and ramble around in the sphere of the earth and assault those who are completely unaware. When we descend, unhappy ones will approach us and address us, while others will attack us. This may happen, but if it does, leave everything to me and don't say a word when we're in their midst. We both speak the language of feeling, which you were allowed to use on previous occasions; everything will come to you in the mind, because our inner selves are united. When they address us and want to take us along, we will accompany them, yet we will act according to our own insights and powers. Danger lurks on all sides in this place. When I convey a message to you, you will act from within your own attunement, not from the one we're in at the time. That's simply impossible, as they see, hear and feel you, because you're linked up with them. We may also lose sight of each other, but in that case too, you will sense me and you will take action according to the feeling that comes over you. As you know, on this side strong will power and concentration stand for connection. I had to explain all this to you so that you will know how to defend yourself if the need arises. We will now descend and also return into our own condition.'

André felt how he was assimilated by a different sphere, as a terrible coldness came over him, and the light, which just a moment ago had enabled him to perceive, had vanished too. He got a frightful shock, because there in front of him stood an abominable being, and he immediately prepared himself to return into his own condition. Where had that being appeared from so suddenly? The very moment he intended to vanish, he heard: 'Stay, André, it's me.' However can this be, he thought. Is that Alcar?

'Doesn't my son recognize me?'

No, André wouldn't have recognized his leader if the latter hadn't spoken to him. The thing standing in front of him was a coarse-material being.

'I've changed, haven't I, André?'

'You look terrible. How did this happen?'

'This is my spiritual body, but are you still able to recognize me as a spirit of light? Do you now understand what connection in the spirit means? It also tells you that one cannot simply barge into this place. Those who want to work in the sphere of the earth and have descended from the higher spheres to help unfortunate beings here, must have reached a certain stage in their development and possess the appropriate powers; otherwise they cannot hold their ground. This requires a lot of effort and holy conviction, but what it needs most of all is the love for our work. I will now show you something else. I will draw you back into your own condition, but I will let you depart in the spirit, which is only a manifestation, so it takes place in the mind. These are powers which I also showed you in a visionary manner; but in order to make this even clearer to you, I want to show you that we can manifest ourselves in all those deeper attunements, as these conditions are located below ours, yet I remain in my own sphere. What it amounts to is, that you can perceive your own image in the spirit. If there are four different spheres below me, then I can manifest myself in all those spheres without leaving my own condition. Do you feel what I mean? Watch carefully, I will now draw you back, so that you will see the image which your concentration is focussed on.'

André felt himself getting lighter and also sensed that he remained linked up with that other sphere. In front of him he saw a shape resembling himself, he too had turned into a terrible monster. Was he still human or was he an animal?

Alcar said: 'I will now link you up, but slowly this time to make you experience this transition into yourself. This means that you will return into your previous condition.'

He clearly saw another body next to him and he recognized himself, but he looked like a terrible beast. How far had his spiritual body descended into this darkness? The thought of having to remain and live in this condition made him shudder. How deep the people must have fallen, who lived in this

sphere. No other image could have been more convincing to him. Now he also knew that he would be unrecognizable for all creatures. There was no more fear left in him.

‘You see how we can depart in the mind, although we have shed our earthly body. It’s all a matter of concentration and strong will power; in the spirit, concentration equals light, and by building up light we link up with and experience all the conditions we want to unite with.’

‘How terrible you look, Alcar!’

‘Why terrible? Am I not the same? I carry my possession within; nobody can take anything away from me.’

André thought of Alcar’s spiritual radiance, which he had been allowed to behold in the higher spheres. Where was his beautiful garment and everything that made him light up? What miracles was he witnessing.

‘Who could make me change, André? After all, I don’t want to live like them; none of them can or will influence me. If I were to take part in their animal-like life, I would be one of them, but I remain who I am because I neither like nor want their kind of life; I remain in my own attunement.’

Alcar’s well-shaped hands had changed into claws and his beautiful eyes had lost their gleaming lustre. All the loving glow had gone; he and also he himself had turned into a deeply ill-fated being. What powers did man possess who lived on this side? How great his powers must be, to be capable of all this. Who would still recognize him as a joyful spirit? Alcar looked at him and André knew that his leader had caught his thoughts. ‘So that’s what you believe, André? A higher attunement would empathise with me and know which attunement I possess. But everything will soon become clear to you, because you’re about to experience it. And now on we go.’

They had hardly left, when André sensed other beings around them.

‘Spirits, Alcar’, he whispered softly. In a flash it came to him: ‘What have we just agreed on, André? We use our own language, the language of the mind.’ André understood. ‘They hear every thought that is spoken, and that would force us to return because they would recognize us and attack us. This would complicate our work. So be careful and use your powers with deliberation.’

André had sensed correctly, some beings were indeed approaching them. A colossal figure, a terrible monster, addressed them. There were a few more behind them who stopped some fifteen feet away and remained there, waiting.

‘Well now’, he said, and those two words revealed everything, his possession and his entire personality. He addressed them as his equals. ‘Where are you heading for?’

André didn’t know what to do or say, although the question had been directed at him. But Alcar answered instead: ‘Where we’re heading for? Let’s

see, where shall we go to, we don't really know.' The others also came over to them; they too were unfortunate beings in an animal-like condition.

'My friend and I', Alcar began, 'have only been on this side for a short while.'

'How did you get here?' This sudden question was directed at André again. And for the second time he was at a loss, but while Alcar talked he caught his thoughts and knew that he shouldn't say anything and would just have to wait how things were going to develop.

'We fell down, we had an accident. Our profession is painter.'

'Ah', the being exclaimed, 'so you crashed down?'

'Yes, that's how it must have happened.'

André wondered whether they knew that they had died on earth. How many were oblivious of that fact! Again he got an inner answer, that they had passed on long ago and others had persuaded them of this. Yet Alcar was carrying on a conversation with him, but André felt that he should concentrate on Alcar; it would all settle itself and they would remain oblivious. How great the powers were of a being with a higher attunement. They couldn't be fathomed. None of them had sensed or grasped anything of their conversation, and he understood the meaning of all these conditions of feeling and the nature of all those attunements.

'Who told you that you were on this side?' the man again asked Alcar.

'Some people told us, but we don't know who they were.'

'Maybe not, but we do; they were blacks, no doubt about it. We know their sweet talk. They're all around the place.'

'I don't know who they were', Alcar told him, 'but they gave us some good advice what we should do to attain another life.'

'He's already hooked', the monster retorted and started to snigger in a horrible manner.

'How do you mean, sir?' Alcar asked him. They all began to laugh.

'Sir? You call me mate, got it?'

André was trembling, how coarse these terrible beings were. 'I bet they wanted to win you over', he continued who had been doing the talking. 'Didn't they tell you that there are people up above us?'

Alcar confirmed that this had been the case.

'They've been here often, but we don't need them. Don't let yourself get hooked, man, it's poison.'

Alcar told him that they had meant well, because due to them they knew that they had died on earth.

He immediately went on: 'What are you doing now? Don't you know then that you can profit from the earth here too? You can experience more, see, feel and hear more than in the life over there. Come on, join us, you'll be

surprised how wonderful things are here. Do you fancy a drink?’

What’s that being talking about, André thought? A drink?

Alcar said: ‘You must be kidding us!’

‘No, it’s the truth all right, just you come along with us, you’ll see for yourself. Here you can drink whatever you fancy, experience whatever you want. You can do anything here. You could find no better spot to live in than here. You can walk into any place without asking, nobody will throw you out. We lead a free life here, the people on earth have no knowledge of this; they would be amazed if they did. They can’t hide away from us, we find them anyway. Some of them have got a cloud of vapour around them, we can’t get at those. All the others walk into our traps of their own accord because they know nothing about this life. Yeah man, it’s not as boring here as you might think. Come along, this will make you forget the moon and the stars. The only thing we haven’t got is light; always that deep darkness, it’s always night-time.’

A shroud came over the monster, for a moment it stood there in thought. But it immediately went on: ‘Come on now, follow me’, and pulled them along by their arms.

‘But you know’, Alcar continued the conversation, ‘that there are other countries besides these, don’t you?’

‘Of course, at least if it’s true what the blacks say. We don’t know for sure, but we’ve heard about it so often. So what? I wouldn’t want to part with this life, it’s far too much to my liking. I’ve never ever felt as free to do as I please before. Why should I leave for another country? Could it ever match this one? They don’t know it themselves. Seeing is believing, as my old dad used to say! I’m just like him and I’ll do as he did. No, mate, you’ll soon find out why I don’t want to leave this place. Let me tip you off: pick yourself a person who sticks to his way of life day in day out; otherwise you’ll begin to burn inside.’

‘How do you mean?’ Alcar asked him.

‘What I mean by that, you’ll find out soon enough. Aren’t you thirsty and longing for other things?’

‘But I don’t understand you’, Alcar said to him, ‘tell me more clearly.’

The man looked at Alcar with his bloodshot eyes and was silent; these secrets were his, he didn’t go into this, the animal didn’t intend to give himself away.

André had been able to follow the entire conversation; he was linked up with his leader and would remain so. Terrible, where was this leading up to? How bestialized these people were. He saw a lot of astral beings passing by, who walked straight through the earthly people and thought nothing of it. He had seen similar scenes during his previous trips, but now he was right in

their midst. They all blazed with passion and their eyes were bloodstained, making them look like wild animals. In a heavily populated street they entered a large house. The one who had addressed Alcar said to him: 'Right, at least we'll get a drink here, and lots of other things too; this is home to us.'

They stepped into a pub. How terrible, he thought, even gin in the realm of the spirit? Didn't these people think about any other kind of life? Was this their happiness? This was all terribly sad; not a spark of light would penetrate this darkness. He followed Alcar in his footsteps. An inner voice told him: 'So you see, my son, how real it is; it will soon all prove to be true. But we won't take part in their passions. Stay with me and keep your concentration focussed on me.'

A horrible smell engulfed him. He saw in a glance where he was. None of the well-offs from the earth were present here. He also saw what the monster had meant by that vapour; it concerned those who weren't quite as evil, which apparently prevented them from linking up with them. The pub was well occupied; everywhere the earthly people were sitting together. The noise was terrible, there was shouting and screaming as if savages had gathered here. It was all passion and violence; earthly man and his many delights, enjoying an animal liquid that put fire to their souls. There was no end to this. A flaming fire raged within them; their spiritual glow was the reflection of deep darkness. It got through to his entire being, because they had all fallen into the hands of demons and were now at the mercy of these animal-like creatures. This was a terrible place; it was a whole gathering of coarse-material people. He saw sinister looking beings, some of who would be lost for hundreds of years. He saw astral beings that were hanging on to earthly human beings, draining them of their vital juices. They clung to them, which they were able to because that's what these human beings themselves were after. Subconsciously the human being was linked up. How clear life on the side beyond was to him now, and so was the meaning of having to live on earth and what one should make of it. He read them like an open book. Earthly people were totally unaware of this ghastly form of life; they thought they were alone, and yet some other being, a human being who had once lived in matter but had shed its physical garment, had linked up with them. This was how the astral human being could give full vent to his passions.

'That one', the human beast in charge of everything shouted, 'he's mine' and immediately pounced on a human being. André shivered at the sight. The animal threw itself onto the human being, embraced its prey like a mother would do with her child, and then drained him of his vital juices. The animal sense of delight flowed into its soul. It remained grimly connected, a disgusting truth was now being shown to him. Their souls united into a single gleam to form one being. Auras blended, feelings merged, one life, one

hunk of animal-like life was being experienced. The astral spirit had enormous strength; the human being would have difficulty in freeing himself. The latter was doomed to death and destruction. Lost for hundreds of years, to start a different life afterwards. Drinks were supplied; it was all poison, but their thirst was insatiable; it burnt into their souls. How long would this go on? This was nothing to enjoy; what he saw here was animal-like life. It was terrible. The spirit urged the physical being to keep on drinking. André felt how he went about this, he could accurately take on his inner condition. As a matter of fact, it was very simple, the earthly human being would have to possess strong will power if he wanted to free himself from this. It was impossible, the astral human being was strongest, his powers of concentration were murderous. This power cut itself into the human being like a lancet; he acted accordingly, he believed himself to be the one who was ordering the drinks, but he was under the influence of an animal-like being. When he caught sight of André at some distance away, the beast let go of his prey for a moment to focus his thoughts on him and with one leap he landed beside him. André was trembling all over; what was going to happen now?

‘Haven’t you got the guts? Or don’t you know what to do, then I’ll show you. Come here and if you don’t like what they’re drinking, then you lay your own will power into them and everything will happen as you want it to. Isn’t it simple? Come on, lad, get going. Here you’ve got to join in. You can have it all, as long as you’re set on it. Look, that one over there, him with the vapour all around, he’s out of reach. You simply slither off, but then you look for another one, there are enough of them. Or take a woman, they’re easier to enter, they draw you in of their own accord once you’ve captured them.

What a language they used here! What kind of opinion did they have of man? What did love mean to those who had sunken so low? Alcar was standing in a corner of the hall, lending him support.

The beast continued: ‘Once you’ve found someone, don’t let go of him and follow him wherever he goes. Now off you go.’

He went at it again. André had been told a terrible truth. He sensed his leader through everything. Oh, how brutal it was to pounce on a human being who wasn’t aware of anything. He looked at Alcar, who conveyed to him that they would be moving on. Alcar walked on into the hall and he shivered at the sight he saw. There were astral beings everywhere, they had all found their prey, they were all one. This was how they experienced the earthly life they had left behind. All this was possible. This other form of life existed in the sphere of the earth, next to man, and it was able to take possession of his life, because he harboured matching desires. Otherwise it wasn’t possible. All these conditions would cease to exist as soon as man had conquered his ego. So deep, so inhumanly deep had life on earth fallen. This was the poison of

life, it burnt their souls away. This was how they brightened up their dark existence. What were their lives like after they had died, compared to the lives of those who dwelt in higher spheres? How poor in feeling, in light, in happiness, and what a long way off from the first existential sphere in the spirit. Suddenly he heard an infernal noise that drowned out the previous din. Before he knew what was happening, he was seized and dragged out of the hall.

‘Alcar, Alcar!’ In his mind he cried out for his leader, but he saw him nowhere and felt that he would collapse. Suddenly he sensed an enormous power coming over him. He focussed all his powers of concentration on his attunement and noticed how he dissolved in their hands. Thank goodness, that was done with! He had had enough and he would have preferred to return to his physical body. All this misery was terrible. His leader was standing a few paces away from him. Alcar smiled.

‘How on earth did that happen so suddenly, Alcar? After all, I didn’t do them any harm? They took me completely by surprise.’

‘You notice how they watch your every movement; they were the ones who took us along. They sensed that we weren’t taking part in their passions and so they understood that we didn’t belong here. They’re one of a kind and will attack those who refuse to participate. They don’t put up with other attunements here. Don’t forget: evil, hatred, passion and violence prevail here. Everything spells destruction. I withdrew into my own attunement because I wanted you to experience this and make use of your own powers. You’ve got to see this through; otherwise we would have to return and try again until you could handle things on your own. This is necessary, André, you understand that. Are you feeling a little better? Here in the sphere of the earth, as well as in the dark areas, you must remain linked up with your inner self; otherwise you can’t accomplish any work here. As you see, the astral human being can participate in earthly pleasures in the life after death. There is nothing I need add to that. We were amongst the lower social classes here; we will shortly visit those who are capable of hiding themselves behind a mask. But to the astral human being this offers no impediment. Those we just met are coarse-material beings who are attuned to the animal level. They haven’t sunk as low as those we will meet shortly, since the latter destroy mankind and pour death and destruction out over them. They are malicious, because they hide behind masks. Terrible though they may be, those we were with just now are true and open; one can protect oneself against them. They live in mud and sludge, but the wealthy of the earth, who are often the poison of life, are shrouded by their garments, which conceal their dark souls. But there’ll be an end to that too, one day and then astral beings will be lying in wait for them when they enter this life.’

‘They can’t be reached, Alcar, can they?’

‘No, at least not at the moment; but they have learnt that there’s a possibility to ascend. You disappeared before their eyes; by freeing yourself from their claws, you made them think they witnessed a miracle. Look, there are some of them over there; they’re wondering where you went to. Listen, they’re carrying on a conversation.’

Those who had attacked him were still around him as if they expected him to return. André heard them say: ‘Any idea where that black one went to?’

‘No’, the other said, ‘I couldn’t tell you, it’s beyond me. What kind of powers do they have, that enable them to dissolve before our eyes? Did you ever experience anything like this before?’

‘Yes, various times. I had an idea that they might be blacks, but I don’t understand how they pull this off.’

‘Where’s the other one who did all the talking? Have you seen him?’

‘Not me. He was the leader of the one I got hold of. I knew it, but I had my doubts; otherwise we could easily have overpowered them. You find that scum everywhere. Come on, let’s get back in again.’ And their hideous life began anew.

‘You see, André, they won’t be roused, yet something stuck in their minds, and one day they will free themselves from this life to start a higher one. They are precisely the ones we can use later on for our task of helping the unfortunate, because they have all learnt in this life. They all know how to get around, they know their shortcomings, sense what they’re capable of, know exactly when to act, in short they are the guides who will help others because of the life they led themselves. Once they too will enter the higher spheres, because no child of God is ever lost.’

‘Where did the others go to, Alcar?’

‘They follow the ones they have in hand, and I’m sure you sense that they won’t stop at drinking. That’s how man is destroyed, and this is what he wants himself because he lives an animal-like life. They will sink lower and lower, and finally they fall into an abyss of passion and misery. Here good and evil live together, because on earth the attainments ranging from the pre-animal-like to the material all live together too. Come on André, off we go.’

They passed through lots of streets and he saw various physical beings that were surrounded by dark figures who followed them in their footsteps. Some were there to bring happiness and protection to the bereaved, others brought death and destruction. Others again had come to convince their loved ones that life goes on forever. What a strange kind of continued existence he was looking at; and yet it would serve its purpose to know all this on earth. He felt the power of this truth; it would be a support, an incitement to begin a

different way of life right now on earth while one was still in possession of material life. The things he had seen and experienced here were terrible.

‘We will visit conditions yet, my son, which even outdo this one in their horror. And all this exists within the sphere of the earth, around and within man, of which he is not aware. Isn’t it high time for him to know all this? Wouldn’t you exert all your strength to be able to stand up to this? Only after people have entered this life and left loved ones behind on earth, does an urge arise in them to be allowed to speak about all this on earth, but then this usually isn’t possible. First they have to take themselves in hand; there are thousands here who return to convey this to the ones on earth. But for those who have already reached this condition on earth and want to give themselves for others, the need to learn this no longer exists on this side in the life after that life. They have acquired something on earth that stands for light and happiness, so that they can offer warmth to others, make them attune to higher spheres, and then they will return in happiness. Here they will possess nothing but happiness because their development in matter will have progressed accordingly. But if someone is allowed to experience all this as a disembodied spirit, my son, then he can reckon this to be a great blessing, which is granted to only few human beings. We will now descend even further and visit a place where the wealthy of the earth are gathered. Come André, we will enter here without asking; nothing and nobody will hinder us.’

André saw a big building in front of him, where Alcar went inside as if he owned the place. They passed through various large rooms and arrived in a big hall where hundreds of earthly people were gathered. He also saw thousands of astral beings that lived around and within them.

‘Where are we, Alcar?’

‘We’re in a building where man spends time to relax his nerves. This is a concert hall and as you see, wherever there’s life, the spirit is present. Connections are possible everywhere. There are hundreds of different attunements and this in itself would suffice to fill volumes; we could record a magnificent oeuvre. But I won’t linger on one condition; man must be given an extensive image of all the transitory conditions in the spirit. You will see beings amongst them who are attacked and possessed by many at the same time. On earth, murders are committed to possess a being. And when they arrive here they keep on fighting because they can’t free themselves from that being, and it remains the focal point of all their powers because their conditions of feeling are the same. Then life begins anew, but now in a more acute sense, as they can link up without being visible to the earth. However, they face resistance on this side, because they meet beings whom they sent here themselves and who will be waiting for them, which will result in renewed fighting in

the spirit. Here they battle for the possession of an animal-like being.’

André was surrounded by nothing but luxury. The earthly people were dressed in rich garments. He saw them strolling about and talking in little groups; they were apparently having an interval. They were accompanied by an astral human being with all his lusts, but he felt that there were also many on earth to protect them. Others had terrible appearances and were lurking for a prey, or they experienced certain things that would destroy them. He saw handsome young spirits escorting earthly man in an endeavour to point out to their presence. But the people didn't feel it; they knew nothing about this, and the spirits were not understood. They would remain unnoticed while they followed their loved ones. He saw good and evil, passion and violence, coarse-material and animal-like conditions gathered together. These were people, and all these people lived in different attunements of good and evil. What he perceived was a world in itself, a world in which he became familiar with life as it could never exist on earth. It was wisdom in the spirit, spiritual laws and attunements of love. They were people who could all be Divine, children of one Father. He saw auras, beautiful to behold, which caused an ardent feeling inside of him. He saw that glaring green that was fatal if one became linked up with it. He saw luminous figures who, in this darkness, carried their light within; he sensed this because it came over him. Nothing, absolutely nothing could be perceived if he didn't adapt. It was tremendous what he now experienced. Earthly man was oblivious of all this, yet within some he sensed a conscious transition in their feeling towards this side. They all passed through him, they stood talking inside of him, told each other terrible things, spoke about destruction as if it meant nothing, and meanwhile he and many others listened in without being seen.

Of course it was tremendous for him to be allowed to experience this as a earthly human being. He saw that there were many whose lives were being lived for them by those who wanted to destroy life. They acted according to their will and through their power. But as long as man refused to change, these conditions would go on existing, and these beings would be lying in wait for them in the life on this side. He could already see some scenes taking place. He saw man, who had left the earth and was linked up with demons. Man would say: Who are you, what do you want from me, to bother me like this? The astral human being would answer: You have lived your whole life on earth according to my will and through my powers! Wouldn't it be terrible to have to hear and accept this truth once? Yet that moment would come, but then they were lost. They tried to conceal their dark souls behind all those beautiful garments, but on this side everyone was recognized. He clearly saw that man could protect himself, but it had to be his own wish; he had to attune to higher conditions and give love to everything that lived.

How disfigured many were; many were ruined by their flaming passions. But the most terrible thing of all was that they were able to conceal their inner condition. All this was possible on earth; many were misled and would perish there. But here their inner being could be derived from their outer appearance and be recognized. He saw many women who had a beautiful aura; how splendid they looked when they felt love. Others had been maimed right down to their soul; the poison of life had penetrated deeply into them. A woman walked ahead of him who was very beautiful according to earthly standards, but what a monster she was, seen on this side. How terrible she looked, something earthly eyes could not perceive. What did her beauty consist of? Nothing but her material garment; deep down she was black, as dismal as the darkness in which she dwelt. And yet people were killed to possess such a being. He saw a hideous being all around her that held her entangled with his terrible claws. She was in his power, that being was living her life for her. It drained her of her vital juices, led her through life, held her captive and yet she felt nothing of it. They were one, equal in their essence. What he perceived was connection. Here he saw true life, the essence of spiritual powers. They had damned themselves as well as others. The astral spirit roared because he was attacked by another. It turned into a terrible fight that had started on earth and was continued on this side. He saw how one of them had an gaping wound on his forehead, which must have been caused by a bullet. This one had taken his life because he had been cheated, where he thought he loved. This was human love; that's how man imagined love to be. He loved and destroyed his own life. 'Man, oh man, know yourself!'

André looked at his leader. 'A terrible truth, Alcar.'

'All this is reality, my son, truth in the spirit. There are hundreds of other conditions similar to this one.' The fight still continued; who would win? They both stemmed from one condition. Their souls were being unravelled. Even in the life after death they were fighting for her who had caused both of them to be here. Where would this end if man continued his unsuccessful earthly life behind the veil? Was that really a woman? If one saw her like André did, they would back out of her immediate vicinity. Their souls melted away, consumed by animal juices. They were one in their feeling, one in passion and violence; they had an animal-like attunement. Finally one remained lying. He immediately saw a few spirits carry him away. Where had these assistants come from so suddenly? Who had called them in this darkness? Hadn't they been recognized? Wouldn't they be attacked too? But beside him stood a spirit, who looked at him intently. In a flash it came to him: 'Do not fear, André, all is well, he is a spirit of light.' He saw Alcar on the opposite side of the hall, yet he had caught this message. André probed the spirit and a great happiness came over him. Love, nothing but love, warmth

poured within him. He understood everything. He lived in this darkness in order to help the unfortunate.

The spirit spoke to him and said: 'From the earth, on earth, and yet in the life of the spirit, aren't you, my brother?' To him who possessed a higher attunement, this was possible. Yes, he was from the earth and now lived in the spirit, but this made him see a completely different earth than the one he perceived when he lived in his physical body. How great this mighty scene was, and what a difference. 'Fear nothing, brother; 'God is love' is our password in this darkness.'

André was happy, but when he wanted to speak to him, the spirit had disappeared. Nor did he see his leader. What could be the meaning of this? Not a sign of Alcar to be seen. Was he amongst those who were gathered here? He searched the surroundings, but nowhere did he see any sign of his radiance. Suddenly he felt a certain influence being exerted on him. Where was it coming from? Who was influencing him in this darkness; who else knew him and wanted to reach him? He felt it even clearer than the first time and now he knew that this was Alcar. He focussed his powers of concentration on him and caught the following, which he understood word for word. 'I am in a different condition and will wait for you. But I want you to follow me in your thoughts, which will enable me to show you how we can be linked up and remain connected with each other. Don't worry about anything.' André found this very interesting. The terrible being was no longer in sight. All the people from the earth hurried to their places, but he walked into another hall and was cautious not to be attacked a second time. Danger lurked here on all sides. At a certain moment he felt himself being drawn out of the building into the open, whether he wanted it or not. What would he be seeing now? There was no end to the wonders he experienced. He decided that he would concentrate on his own condition if something serious happened; nobody could prevent him from doing that; it was his only means of rescue in this darkness. He landed in a street which he walked along to the end, although he felt an urge to refuse. An invisible power was drawing him along. He felt that power so intensely that he couldn't escape from it anyway. Again he met many spirits accompanying people from the earth. How wondrous this life was. How little they knew about this on earth. André continued on his way and reached a large square with a statue in the middle. He felt that he should walk around it, and when he came to the other side he saw a being that he would have preferred not to see or meet. But the being had already noticed him, because it walked in his direction. It was obviously an unhappy spirit. He was ready to return into his attunement. Come on then, he thought and went to meet him; there was nothing else he could do. The monster stopped right in front of him. What did it want from him? He heard a growling

and gathered that it was asking him where he was heading for. Should he tell him? But what should he say; was it any of the being's business what he was doing here? No, he thought, I will go on, and he wanted to walk past the being that stared at him with glowing eyes as if it wanted to tear him to pieces. André jumped aside and had nearly passed it when he felt that the being wanted to latch onto him. He got ready to return into his condition. The animal grabbed him by his shoulders and at the same moment the being told him: 'You are staying with me, aren't you, André?' He felt dazed when he heard that familiar voice.

'Alcar, how on earth; where did you come from so suddenly, what is the meaning of this? I didn't recognize you! What kind of attunement is this?'

'I am in the transitory condition that leads to the suicidal sphere with which I have linked up. We will soon descend and enter that place too. You can really link up, André, and you know how to act. I kept my concentration focussed on you and you see, you followed me. I couldn't have given you a clearer image. You have now experienced how we can link up while we're apart.'

'But you know me, Alcar; would it also be possible with someone you didn't know?'

'Even then, André; after all, I link up with higher powers. I will show you. Watch this, André! Look, there are a few beings over there approaching us.'

André saw two beings coming towards them. He couldn't believe his eyes; they were happy spirits, they spread light all around. Alcar addressed them: 'Brother Asper, I called you to convince my instrument. I knew that you would come, no matter where you were.' The spirits greeted Alcar and him too, and left. The short meeting had been cordial. 'Spirits of light, workers for the good cause, André. They are on the way and will not be stopped. You see how we can reach each other. In this way you get to know life on this side. So it will be clear to you that on earth all attunements are gathered together, but that this would be impossible on this side. Here people find their own attunement and they will be in the company of those with whom they feel in unison. I let you experience all this to show you that man on earth bears the Divine but also the animal aspect within. Both attunements are one and are inherent in man. It's up to him to free himself from evil. So on the spot where we are now, all attunements are present, including ours and those higher conditions which are all invisible to us but will become visible when we link up. We will now descend deeper and deeper and the people as well as the spheres will change. Come on, André, off we go. You know now how to protect yourself.'

André felt an icy coldness and saw his leader changing. The misery on his face lay even deeper than just before. What a change! Alcar looked like

an animal, and to think that he inhabited the fifth sphere! Here, laws were known which people on earth were not acquainted with, nor would they understand them. Man would first have to enter this life before he could become convinced of that. The streets, the houses and trees, in short, everything he had just perceived, had now vanished before his eyes. Nothing was still visible, everything was barren; deep darkness and coldness surrounded them.

‘Can’t those who live here be convinced, Alcar, that there are people living up above, where everything is different?’

‘No, that’s impossible, because they don’t feel it within.’

The suicidal sphere

‘I spoke to you about this condition when we had to visit the man who had drowned himself. He must finish his earthly life in this condition in order to return to his own attunement afterwards. You know who I mean, don’t you? He wanted to destroy life, which however cannot be destroyed. Do you sense how terrible it is for those who forget themselves? I will convince you now, as you still don’t feel how those who live here have no faith in a higher condition.’

André thought he saw some beings and looked in the direction where he thought he perceived something. When he looked up at his leader he got a shock, Alcar had disappeared. Whatever could this mean? Above him he suddenly heard a voice speaking.

‘Look André, how rapidly we can withdraw into our own condition and move about.’

In the distance he saw his leader in a beautiful light, just as he was used to see him. He preferred by far to see him like this than in some of the other conditions he could take on.

‘I am in my own attunement now and will stay linked up with you. Others who do not possess this attunement will not perceive me, although you are in that sphere.’

Yes, this was his great Alcar; how beautiful he was. Hey, what was that? He had evidently seen correctly a few moments ago; astral beings were coming towards him. He shivered with the thought of having to come into contact with them again. There were three of them, and they were already addressing him!

‘What are you looking for?’

‘What I’m looking for? Nothing, I see a light.’

‘A light?’

‘Yes’, and he pointed to where Alcar was still showing himself to him.

‘Don’t you see that?’

‘Where?’ the being shouted in a very loud voice.

Again André pointed to where his leader was.

‘Up there?’

‘Yes’, was his reply. But the spirit thought that he was cheating him and immediately attacked him. André concentrated on his own condition and freed himself from its claws. Again he experienced that it was far from easy to descend into the darkness and convince them. They were spiritually blind, just as all the others he had met until now. Alcar returned; they had entered the sphere of those who had committed suicide.

‘Do only people live here who put an end to their life, Alcar?’

‘Yes, André, all the other conditions are situated above this one. These people live in the sphere of the earth and they are the unhappiest beings on this side. There is nothing they can call their own, none of the things others still possess.’

André saw how everything was growing darker still as Alcar linked up completely. How great God’s Power was, that He knew all these conditions of the soul. They wandered around for a long time, lots of beings passed him by as shady figures, which he only saw when Alcar made him aware of them. Poor people they were, who had to live here in the cold and darkness. Suddenly he felt himself being grabbed from behind. He got a terrible shock and when he turned around he looked into a ghastly face. He asked his leader what this meant and Alcar told him: ‘I’ve seen her for quite a while, she’s pursuing us. It’s a woman, a poor mortal. Wait until she speaks.’

After some time she asked: ‘Am I not alone in this darkness? Who are you?’ she asked Alcar.

‘We are brothers.’

‘Brothers?’ was her blunt question.

‘Yes, we live here too.’

‘Both of you?’

‘As you can see.’

‘I’m alone all the time, there’s no one to help me.’

André thought it was strange, because he had met them always in the company of others. Yet he immediately heard: ‘This is also possible; what she says is true. In her condition she lives on her own. She will soon depart from here, if that’s what she wants. Her inner life has been messed up, but it was worry that brought her into this condition. She put an end to her life and passed on a long, long time ago. She took her two children along too. But they dwell in a joyous sphere, far away from the earth.’

André thought it was amazing that Alcar had already taken this over from her. The poor woman began to whimper and cry and she called out for her

children. 'Where are my children and my mother and my father? I've lost them all. Oh God, give me back my children.'

She hung onto Alcar's hand as if she never wanted to let go of him again.

'Everything has been taken away from me', she began again, 'I've got nothing left, nothing at all. Take me with you, please take me with you, oh don't leave me on my own again.'

Tears rolled down André's cheeks. Whatever she might have done, this was terrible to listen to. Poor mother! She was no longer young, and yet in this misery!

'Listen', Alcar said to her, 'I will help you.' But she wasn't listening, she kept on crying and shouting. Finally she calmed down a bit and Alcar was able to talk to her.

'When you still lived on earth you had children. You put an end to your life and that of your children by suffocating, didn't you?'

'How do you know all this, who are you?' She was speaking very politely now, which surprised André because all those he had met here had addressed them in a crude tone of voice.

'Are you an emissary from God? Are there still emissaries around?'

'Emissaries can be found wherever you are', Alcar added. 'We too want to help you.'

'Just tell me what I have to do and where my children are. Please, you know where my children are.'

'If you let me finish, I will tell you everything.' She immediately calmed down. 'Your children are alive, dear mother, far away from here in a different sphere, where they are being cared for by spirits of love. After you have made amends for your wrongdoings, you will become linked up with them forever.'

'Oh kind sir', she called out, 'whatever did I do, how can I make up for everything?' She felt deeply sorry for her deed. 'How do you know all this, tell me where they are, where I can see them. So this is true after all? They told me about this before, but I didn't believe it.' 'You see that you're alive, and they're alive too.'

'What must I do to see them again, please tell me? I'll do anything you want. So will I be seeing them again?' she asked once more as if she couldn't believe it. 'If you keep on asking God for forgiveness and pray to be allowed to see your children, then God will hear your prayer. You're in a sphere of your own choice. You knew nothing about a life that went on forever; otherwise it wouldn't have happened.'

'Then do I have to stay here for a long time yet?'

'No, you will soon depart from here to start another life.'

'But is it all true what you're telling me?'

‘It’s the holy truth, as I will show you.’

‘And where is my husband? Is he still alive?’

‘We will visit him and see whether he still dwells on earth.’

‘Oh, whatever will he say? I haven’t the courage to look him in the eye.’

‘If he’s still on earth, he won’t see you.’

‘Are you sure?’

‘Yes, I’m certain.’

‘Where do you get all these truths from?’

‘I look into your life and that’s where I also saw that your husband still dwells on earth. But I advise you not to visit him.’

This seemed strange to André and he thought to himself: Why not? He immediately got a reply to his thoughts; Alcar told him: I see that her husband is married, which will increase her suffering; she will also see that many years have passed and that everything has changed.’

André understood was surprised that Alcar had gained this knowledge so quickly.

‘Oh gentle stranger, take me home again, I want to see my home.’

‘Stay calm and come along with us, and I will lead you back into your home.’

Again André felt himself being drawn into another condition. She also remained with them. There were so many things he experienced in the life after death. How could her possession ever be found in this darkness? This required certain powers, powers of love, spiritual possession. He recognized the sphere where they had just been. The houses became visible again and all other material shapes had accepted their existence.

‘Look, there is your home.’

Were they already on the spot? ‘It’s the truth André, she still dwells where she lived previously. She wandered about in the spirit and thought that she had erred around for hours and hours, but in reality she never left this place. Those who put an end to their earthly life remain wandering about on the scene of disaster, until their earthly end has come. You know what I mean. It’s my power that makes her see all this, so I’m showing her this just as I convey various conditions to you.’

When Alcar asked whether this was her home, she began to cry her eyes out, and this hurt him. Yes, it was her home; she recognized everything. ‘Where is my husband, where is my mother?’

Alcar didn’t reply to this and appeared to wait until she knew what she wanted. But the moving way she looked at him, made it seem as if she wanted to read it from his thoughts. ‘Is it too much for me to bear?’ she suddenly asked.

‘It’s better to wait.’

‘Couldn’t I see them, won’t I be strong enough? Oh, I would much prefer to know the truth. Oh sir’, she begged Alcar, ‘let me know everything. Please, let me see.’

André understood that more was happening here than he could sense. Would Alcar let her know everything? Again his leader had followed his inner conversation and he said: I will let her sense it, André; it will make her decide for herself. It’s better for her to want this herself, because only then can she free herself from everything.’

‘Please’, she begged Alcar, ‘let me see them, just for a moment, I’ll be strong.’

It was a miracle how she had changed. Where had she suddenly got that strength from? ‘She is capable of this’, he heard, ‘because she will soon pass on, so that she will acquire a different spiritual possession. Slowly this possession of hers is returning, it’s the time of transition. If we hadn’t met her, others would have helped her.’ Alcar now wandered through various rooms and finally stopped. André saw a man, and in a corner of the room an old woman was sitting, huddled up as if she had fallen asleep. There was deep sadness around them, most of all around the mother. The man was reading a book and wasn’t aware of those who were present here.

Before she was about to perceive, Alcar told her: ‘You will perceive, but I ask you not to do anything and not to disturb them; they are not to blame for your downfall. Will you stand up to it?’ She looked at Alcar and that glance contained everything. ‘Look’, Alcar said. André watched her and got a shock. Her eyes bulged out of their sockets as she caught sight of those who were dear to her. He thought she would collapse. But she held her ground and returned into her previous state of restfulness. She bowed her head deeply and cried, cried softly. She stood there bent forwards for a long time and prayed in silence. André sensed that his leader was praying, and he also folded his hands to pray for her. Alcar knelt down next to the poor mother and he also knelt down, to combine their efforts and pray to God together that he might take her up into her sphere and ease her sorrow. They prayed for a long time; finally his leader stood up and she too finished her prayer. What now, André thought, where will she have to stay? Would they leave her on her own? That would be terrible; she had shown herself to be strong and had faced up to her sorrow courageously. Now a woman entered the room. She saw her too and understood that someone had taken over the place she had voluntarily deserted. Petrified with shock she kept on looking at that other woman. Again her whole being contorted, but she remained calm. This required superhuman strength. Alcar put his hand on her shoulder and spoke to her: ‘Well done, mother, you have shown that you can bear your cross with courage. God will reward you for that.’

André thought he saw some light in the distance. Was it life? Yes, it was moving, it was coming closer all the time. What could this mean? The light got bigger, so that he could clearly distinguish two beings in the light. Yes, he had seen correctly. Were they angels? With tears in her eyes she was still looking at the three persons who were dear to her. How strong she was, to be able to endure this. Suddenly the two beings, who were unknown to him, slowly approached them. Spirits with a high attunement, André thought. Alcar called them; she's about to pass on into another sphere. That's good, he thought; it would be terrible to leave her behind. They went up to Alcar and greeted them as their sister and brothers.

'And now, dear mother, we will continue; you will be allowed to enter a different sphere. Everything has been taken off your shoulders because you have given nothing but love. You bore your grief with love. Farewell, soon you will see your children again. Know that God is love!'

She couldn't speak, she looked at Alcar and cried with happiness. The two spirits guided her along to a different sphere, away from the sphere of the earth, where she had done penance for her wretched deed.

'Come along, André, we have been detained, but we did good work.' Withdrawn into themselves they continued. André thought about all the things he had once again learnt in that short time. He had already met with so much sadness and grief. He felt happy for her sake that she had been released from this darkness. He also understood that she wouldn't enter the spheres of light, as she did not yet possess that attunement. How she had roamed around in this darkness. Alone and abandoned, no one around her, no light, no warmth, nothing! Her sense of guilt had made her pass on, because God was love, nothing but love.

'Exactly, André. God is light and happiness and has goodness in mind for all His children, but man himself is to blame for his downfall. God has heard her prayer and she has now passed on to an intermediary sphere. But it will take a long time before she sees her children again. Yet she will work her way up because she is strong and she's willing to bow her head.'

Geniuses of evil

'We will now visit a different condition, in which man is backed up by certain influences and heads for destruction. Those who invent things that destroy mankind. When man has conquered his passions, only then will everything on earth become different. As soon as his inventions are used to ensure happiness for mankind, this happiness will find attunement to us, and life on earth will result in happiness in the spheres. We're already on

the spot where I wanted to be. People live here, and astral beings assist them from this side. We are now in a laboratory, where a scientist from the earth works out his inventions. He receives everything from our side, but he is in the hands of evil. I want you to see him at work because I wish to show you these conditions on our side. I mean when we visit the dark spheres, because that is where the inventions come from which have been contrived by geniuses of evil. The scholars of the earth are workers in their hands and only there will you get to know the masters who in turn exert their influence on them. But this scientist is their subject, through whom terrible inventions are handed down to the earth. In that way they hold many beings in their power who, without knowing it, are supported by demonic creatures. It's terrible to say this, but until now evil has triumphed over good.'

André saw a human being who sat bent forward in front of his instruments and his gaugeglasses. On top of him he saw another being, a demon, who wanted to convey its invention to him. They were one, closely linked. The 'beast' held his prey captive. It lived inside the human being, made their feelings merge. The human being felt nothing, absolutely nothing, nor was he aware of anything. He saw other beings too, who were creeping around in the laboratory. But every bit of concentration was focussed on the one who was sitting there, bent forward. The vibrations of the gaugeglasses penetrated him down to the depths of his soul. The scientist concentrated forcibly. It would secure him great wealth and a lot of fame if he managed to present this to the world. He committed his sharp intellect to serve evil. The scientist trembled over his entire body; he appeared to have finished his invention, which could destroy thousands of lives. He stood up with a jolt, walked over to another hall and came back with an animal that he tied onto a table. It was a rabbit, and André understood that poison was being tested here. There was a mad gleam in the eyes of the scientist, and he trembled with excitement. He felt mighty and strong, as if he were about to present the world with a great miracle. Around the animal he put a little cage, made of wire netting, so that the gas would be able to penetrate. The animal sat there, motionless; its end was imminent. From a small machine that he held in both hands he sprayed now, after he had put on a mask, a yellowish vapour that spread around the animal. The little creature cringed and very soon it was dead. His invention had been born. They would bedeck him with distinctions and reward him in various ways. The demon who had released itself from him made its getaway. Where would this monster be going to? The others also left and he understood that these were guards. The execution had taken place in silence; it had proven its purpose. Soon it would be tested on man. Wasn't it atrocious? These monsters lived on earth. They go around looking like humans and are honoured. The animal's lungs had been scorched and were shrivelled, the

end of an animal life. Poor people of the earth, these are the scientists whose hands you are in. Scholars of evil, backed up by demons.

Alcar stood beside him in deep thought. How would he be feeling, he who wanted to give nothing but love, who was nothing but love.

‘Is there nothing that can be done about this, Alcar?’

‘Others will come up with inventions, those who work for a higher cause and they will make every effort to counteract his. In that way some try to save humanity, others try to prepare its destruction. Once man will sense his former wrongdoings; then he will have to make up for everything, but at the cost of a lot of suffering and grief. What must I add to this? People in a pre-animal-like attunement. In the dark spheres I will show you with whom they are linked up, and that everything is arranged from there. That is how man links up with evil. Man has followed this path for thousands of years and he will continue to destroy his fellowmen for thousands of years yet. But one day goodness will triumph and man will link up with the things on high.’

‘Is influence also exerted on emperors and kings in order to help them?’

‘They too are controlled by powers and are lived that way. A ruler who passes on and arrives on this side will try to gain possession of someone who rules, and will use him for his purposes. They have to be strong personalities if they want to evade their power. Once a link has been set up, it will depend on their attunement whether they are brought to ruin, and they will pour either happiness or misfortune over mankind. Kings are inspired by those who once reached a same level on earth, and now try to win them over to their plans, as they passed on before they were able to accomplish these on earth. Every being will return, for better or for worse.’

‘Will this ever end, Alcar?’

‘One day it will, but as I said, it may take thousands of years before the conditions below the material attunement have all dissolved. Man is millions of years old, and yet pre-animal-like conditions are still known on earth. The earth would change instantly when man would part with his possessions. How simple everything is, but how fathomless the problems appear. By giving love they acquire spiritual possession, which will spell happiness and blessing in the life that awaits us. Yet what you encountered during this short voyage merely amounts to lechery and violence, darkness and coldness. Oh, if only they understood that nothing but happiness awaits them, how beautiful life on earth would be; it would make them long to be allowed to die there, and yet at the same time this would become unnecessary; the earth would then have taken on the happiness of the spheres because people would love each other. But the animal that lives here like a human being does not love man, it will enrich itself through the sorrow and the suffering of others.’

‘Then reincarnation is useful to these beings, Alcar; moreover, it’s a blessing to be allowed to return.’ ‘Indeed, to them it is a blessing. Where could they let themselves go? I have told you already more about that; it is only possible on earth. They will have to free themselves from their animal-like attunement in order to enter the coarse-material one, and when they have reached the material attunement and begin to sense spiritual, then they have nothing more to learn there. Others will return and help to work for the good cause. When people know that life is eternal, they will no longer take part in mass slaughter. Yet there are hardly any who are able to exclude themselves from their massacres, because if they refuse, they will be the first to die as victims. However, it is better to be slain than to murder, better to pass on oneself than to destroy the life of another human being, whom one has never met before.’

‘You are now discussing a very delicate matter, Alcar.’

His leader smiled, but André continued: ‘There are hundreds who talk about this on earth, but they don’t know what to do if war breaks out. I have made my choice; I will refuse. I would rather be hit by a bullet myself than to use it against my brothers.’

‘Splendid, my son, splendid.’

‘They will think I’m a coward then Alcar, for not joining in to destroy people, but now that I know so much about eternal life, I have no choice, do I? I wouldn’t have it any other way. What would you do in my place, Alcar?’

‘The same, my boy, nothing else. But I will try to answer you following my feeling, why I wouldn’t do it. But we will continue, there is nothing left for us to do here. The big problem is: when one has a wife and children and war breaks out, then one must defend oneself and take care of one’s loved ones. So when there are links of love, everything gets very complicated, because one can’t simply leave one’s wife and children behind. This is what man tells himself. Nevertheless, everything remains the same. When a father goes to war, everyone is overjoyed when he reappears after some years and his life has been spared. I believe I don’t have to explain to you that connections with such atrocious conditions spell destruction. I ask you, must a father commit murder because he has to look after his wife and children? Self-preservation is one of the biggest issues. So it is all about this question: ‘What must a man do who leaves his wife and children behind if he is convinced deep within that he commits murder?’ Is he expected to commit murder in order to protect his offspring against starvation? If he refuses, he will be executed, won’t he? Now what is preferable, and which is the path they must all follow? First they should refuse, all of them; slaughter will then become impossible. The clergy of the earth ought to put themselves out for this, but nothing can be expected from them either. In every country people have prayed to be

allowed to win the last war (World War I), although they knew one religion, one God. Instead of preventing the outbreak of a war, they consecrate the weapons to protect their sons. What kind of a mess-up is that? This is mocking with the holiest of God. Leave it to those who want a war, let them decide for themselves and fight those who want to rule just as they themselves do. But for the time being this isn't possible; people do what others want them to do and perishes at the hands of others. But what should one do if others don't want to? Can a mother who possesses genuine mother love require her husband to murder in order to take care of her and the little ones? Is this the love she feels for him, who is the father of her children? Would his wife and children perish if the father refuses to murder? Wouldn't a mother rather work herself to death than take the food which the father has earned by committing murder? Would they accept that food under normal circumstances, if they knew it was tainted with the blood of others? Would a mother who feels love and has born life want to drink the blood of other mothers to feed her little ones? The state takes care of those who are left behind, but children and mothers live on at the cost of the suffering and grief and the blood of others. Is this the way? Don't they know any other? So it remains the same: Whether one steals or murders, one will drop to the animal level and perish spiritually. No mercy, no excuses count here. Murder is murder, slaughter is attunement to animal-like, even pre-animal-like conditions. Is a human being who begins to develop spiritual feelings capable of killing? Must a human being who knows that life is eternal nevertheless go to war? Can he restrain himself? It's hard to give an answer from this side, but this is the truth and it will never be different: When man attunes to animal-like conditions and links up with them, he will perish spiritually. If a mother still wants her husband to go to war, then he will do so under her influence, but then the mother is also an animal-like being. If a person wants to ascend, must he then bestialize himself for someone else? No, a thousand times no! God doesn't want that and never will. Must one protect the fatherland? But is the fatherland eternity? Wherever man is, and no matter what country he is born in, over here everything is one. We have only one fatherland and that is the earth. So the road is: Don't take part in murder or in any other kind of violence. As I said, the churches should set an example and if they don't, then man must decide for himself. Every being, either father or mother, must take care of its own salvation. What did Christ do? If He had wanted to, He could have used His Divine Power to strike down all His enemies, but He let them have their way and died on the cross, because He didn't want to share their way of life. So what would I do, André? Follow your way; but let us hope that it won't be necessary for you.

I will now show you a human wreck that wanted war and had thousands

killed. He's alive and is still honoured, but on this side thousands are waiting for him, and that's when his misery will begin.'

They entered a large palace. Alcar walked ahead of him and once again knew his way around. They stepped into a beautiful room.

'Look: Not a scholar, but a genius of evil, a poor, terrible being.'

André saw an old man dressed in an magnificent uniform. This was an emperor or a king, but what he perceived on the side beyond was horrible. When he would pass on, the sorrow of thousands would be waiting for him. All these beings were around him, he had sent every one of them to this world. A being like this could determine the fate of millions. They had lauded him on earth, had followed him blindly and had carried out all his orders, but their love had changed into hatred. They were animal-like beings now, surrounded by mud and sludge; they had lost their personality. He, the monarch, wasn't aware what lived around and inside of him, but in time when also his end would come, the misery would then be inconceivable. As soon as he had breathed his last breath, they would tear his spiritual body to shreds, they would drag him across the entire earth, they would make him undergo the evil he had done to them. Everyone wanted his share, own a chunk out of his life. He had shed blood and was guilty of war and violence. Yet he was an honoured man on earth; he was still covered with decorations and the metal was stained with the blood of many. Wasn't it preposterous that such a human being, such an animal-like monster should possess the power to govern the lives of thousands of human beings? Wasn't it terrible, wasn't it horrible to have to accept this as the truth? This was a human, a Divine being, yet he wanted war and destruction and man on earth did what he wanted and all this to enrich himself and others. Poor people, poor earth, when will you change? All these thoughts had entered his mind and André knew that his leader had conveyed him this truth.

'Isn't man sick in the mind to go to war for the sake of that animal-like being and kill off others who have never done him any harm? Look how calmly and quietly he lives in his palace. Yet he senses how life hates him; he no longer has the courage to go into free nature. He hides behind the walls that will keep him concealed from this life. But that will be impossible on this side; thousands will be waiting for him. Over there, huddled up, he ruminates on all his deeds, a feeling of satisfaction is within him. Man watches over him, he is a precious possession. How foolish man is to let himself be forced by a pre-animal-like being to kill. Cursed is he who sits there, cherishing himself! That's what man is like, and that's how life is, that's how low human attainments can be.'

André saw that thousands of demons had gathered around him. They remained in his vicinity and were waiting for the moment that he would

pass on. They walked right through him, they were inside of him, sensed the course of his thoughts and stayed linked up with him. No being could change anything about this. Oh, what a truth: A genius who had abused his powers was being guarded by demons. And nothing was known about this on earth, no-one knew these powers.

People would weep at his grave when he passed on, but God would then have set man free from an animal-like being. Honour those on earth who wish to save mankind; lock those up who want to destroy life, but don't respond to murder with murder. Two wrongs don't make a right. How would a king be capable of destruction if the people refused? What would be left of his power, his possessions? But this was man's own wish; he didn't realize the horror of his deeds yet. Isn't it atrocious that a single human being has the authority to decree the death of thousands who placed that power into his hands? People are needed who know how to promote national interests, but lock those up who speak of death and destruction. No credit is given for fulfilling that kind of function on earth. Many forget themselves and then power, lechery and violence prevail. But this is not what God intended. On earth, every life can find happiness. André saw that everything around him gave off a terrible light. How horrible the ruler's possessions were! He wouldn't want them for all the treasures in the world. Mud and sludge were his possession; he wouldn't want to live in the midst of it. All that gleam of gold and precious stones was mere earthly sham; it was property, obtained with the blood of others. And that all was what man wanted! It was horrible when you looked at it from that standpoint within this life. Here he saw the truth, it was the poison that spelt man's destruction. Yet man with his intellect didn't want to think. He was more like a slave, a chunk of life that allowed itself be destroyed. They wouldn't otherwise. They surrendered to these beings, obeyed their orders, but their orders were focussed on the animal-like traits, to enrich themselves, to obtain a piece of earth. For that man would kill a Divine life. He killed himself and others, they went for each other like madmen until their fury had been quenched. Their souls were consumed, the poison of life had penetrated them, they would be lost for centuries. And there was only one person pulling the strings, one single person could accomplish this because this power had been put into his hands. But was that the reason why God gave him intelligence? God wanted nothing but happiness, nothing but love for all His children. God put man above the animal, but man descended into a pre-animal-like condition. He forgot himself, his own Divine attunement. Here before him he saw a human being in a pre-animal-like condition.

Man, use your brains, but not to cherish the animal-like traits. Fight and battle for your happiness, but with love in your heart; take heed of your sal-

vation. Listen to your inner voice, which will warn you.

‘Come André, we’re moving on, in the dark spheres you will see those who also rule the masses, due to their ability to influence them. There too man hearkens to these beasts.’

They glided onward, through many buildings and houses. Everywhere André saw earthly man and around him the astral spirit, who was visible to him. They could link up themselves, since man himself allowed this. Some for the sake of good, others for the sake of evil. He saw the sphere of the earth teeming with life, and man was unaware of its existence. He saw how some beings dispersed darkness, while others spread only light, that great and sacred possession, the happiness on the side beyond.

In one house they paused, where André saw a person who was busy writing.

‘We will stay here for a little while, my boy, I want to show you how man receives help in everything he does. There before you, you see an earthly author who wants to put his feelings into words. But look at his aura, there is not much I need explain about it. What he wants to give to mankind, is merely intended to raise their passions, smudge their souls and make their unconscious emerge. At his hands, mankind is defiled, because he receives his inspiration from demons, and he allows this to happen. To him everything merely amounts to money, fame and sensation. He finds attunement in the spirit because, as you can see over there, André, a terrible being is close by him.’

André looked at the spot his leader pointed at and saw a horrible monster that clung to this earthly human being. That being was backing him up; it was his own attunement. He, who had once lived on earth, had returned and newly experienced the life of his own longing through a physical human being who tuned in to his inner condition. The human being on earth opened up to him to acquire riches and lots of other property. On earth people don’t query the things they receive; they accept, they take, they are happy when these beings provide them with everything. No thought is given to other things, it makes them lose sight of their inner life. ‘He writes to provide his fellowmen with literature that is eagerly devoured. His Divine gift is used to benefit the animal-like traits. We will descend a little deeper so that you will be able to get a more distinct impression of the being that urges him on.’

André now saw how the astral spirit linked up with the earthly human being. The animal penetrated the human being, it pierced its razor-sharp intelligence into him, transformed his feeling into a horrible language and experienced the bestiality of it all, because it felt one, meant one life. Wasn’t it horrible? How simple everything was, but what a cruel, what an inhuman way of supporting man on earth. This was inspiration, evil itself in human

shape. These were attunements, one in knowledge, one in will power, one in passion, one in abilities. Two human beings turned into one, two beings accomplished one work, wanted this and those who read it linked up with them. A different world was now revealed to him, he was becoming acquainted with a new life. But how terrible that life was. He now saw what inspiration meant; he saw how an artist on earth should attune if he wanted to help the human level along for their benefit, in order to destroy evil. This author didn't think about that, he gave, but would one day plunge into this deep darkness. Man attracted the things he desired: animal-like, coarse-material, even pre-animal-like beings. That was the kind of life that existed between heaven and earth, the life in the sphere of the earth. What he perceived was reality, nothing but the holy truth. He trembled inside, it took his breath away; how real life was after physical death.

'Is everything clear to you, André?'

'Everything, Alcar, everything.'

'God gave man a will of his own to be able to act effectfully and attune to the Divine. But how does he? He forgets himself and wants to infect others, his fellowmen, with the poison of life. He who passes on in that condition goes down, down with them and sees his possession destroyed. There's no chance of escaping the consequences; only then, when he is able to attune himself to spiritual life. Man lives in a material condition, called the earth, but he will have to attune spiritually if he wants to possess light and happiness on this side. Those who feel released from matter on earth have already become happy beings. Those who long for a spiritual life on earth will be happy beings on this side and will see light here on their arrival; they will share happiness with many of those who preceded them. All these levels of human possession are spiritual attunements; it marks the life in the sphere of the earth.'

'When are people set free from this, Alcar?'

'As soon as they want to follow the path which we must all follow, and take themselves in hand so that higher beings can influence them, making the earth increase in light. The astral spirit loses power when man attunes to higher conditions. But then he starts looking again for a subject to experience his cold life, to pass all his possession onto that human being. This verdict is carried out very very slowly until the human being is completely in his power and has lost his own will power. Come on, André, we will move on, I want to show you a comparable, yet contrary condition, in which man receives the things from on high.'

They kept going, gliding on through lots of houses and buildings. It was wonderful to him, to be allowed to experience all this as a disembodied human being.

‘Look André, that being over there has adopted a very beautiful attunement and does the same kind of work, but her gift is used for higher goals. She is an instrument in higher hands.’

André saw a woman, she was very beautiful and spread a glorious light. She too was busy writing; a lovely light was around her. Within this light he saw the astral spirit; the two had become one. She received help from that being. André felt that she was aware of it; her feeling passed on into the being; their auras merged, they both had one attunement. Here too he saw two human beings, who had melted together and were trying to provide mankind with spiritual nourishment to further their salvation. A spirit of light had entered the sphere of the earth and brought happiness and warmth from higher regions. The whole room was lit up by its light. The light which he perceived, was the light from the third sphere, which he had got to know on previous journeys. She, the author, would enter there when she passed on. How great her fortune was to have already reached this level on earth.

‘Has she been linked up with this spirit for a long time?’

‘They gained oneness years ago; she doesn’t see the spiritual impact but senses it and knows that she is being helped by higher powers.’

She emanated a marvellous sense of peace, which spread throughout the large room. No other influence would be able to reach her. She was open, but only to higher powers. He was glad to witness this scene in the sphere of the earth. There were beautiful spiritual pictures hanging around her, and the statue of the Christ stood next to her, which served her to link up. She turned to Him, God’s holy Child, for the power to accomplish her work. It was quiet here; André felt nothing but happiness. He saw that she wanted to pray, and also the astral spirit knelt down beside her. How mighty, how beautiful it was to be allowed to see this truth. Two beings, kneeling down; a physical human being and a human being who had shed his physical garment. Both asked God for strength to be able to continue the work they cherished. Here she felt her God; she had no need for any church; this place was a holy piece of ground, blessed by a higher being. Spiritual light descended into her and imbued her with inspiration. Her work encompassed her entire inner power, her enhanced feeling, her desire to present man with the things on high. Her feeling was pure, her writing was beautiful and spiritualized. Her writings were the drop which divested life’s poison of its power, so that death lost its sting. This signified life; it had sprung from the Divine source; it was light, and no shadow would ever obscure it. The creative energy was the eternal sacred possession, the perfection she obtained by attuning to the powers on high. It was love, nothing but a great longing to see a change in mankind, to ease the suffering and to transform the earth into light. This woman was beautiful, a great treasure to be allowed to possess her. But she wasn’t des-

tined for someone on earth; a spiritual being would be waiting for her to be linked with her for all eternity. She was one in everything.

Alcar motioned to André and they left in silence.

‘That scene was incredibly beautiful, Alcar. It gave me a good feeling to witness this in the sphere of the earth.’

‘I could take you over to a thousand more, all of the same attunement, because it would be more than sad if evil dominated the earth. But we are going on: I will now show you an image that has to do with my life on earth.’

They passed through many streets, until they reached a large building which Alcar entered. André recognized it; this was a museum where various works of art by great masters were preserved. They went through many halls and finally reached a room where they seated themselves in the centre. He understood why his leader had brought him here, and he waited for Alcar to speak. André felt that Alcar was thinking of his earthly life as it was reeled off before his mind’s eye. How should his leader feel, now that he was admiring his own art from within the spirit? Alcar was a master from the sixteenth century; a being from that period in time was back on earth, reviewing the life he had lived. Wasn’t it stupendous? Who would ever believe and accept this? He, his master, his leader, could look back on that life; it didn’t fill him with sorrow, but wouldn’t many prefer to ward off their memories? Who would want to look back on a life that had ended through murder or manslaughter? Who, in the life after death, would want to be reminded of terror? How beautiful was the life on this side if life on earth had been well-spent. How significant the power was that emerged from the life which had been lived! How content man must feel to have accomplished something on earth which he could look back on after hundreds of years. He saw images, he saw the truth as he never had before; it gave him the power to do all he could for his spiritual life so that he too would possess happiness on this side. Alcar looked upon his own art after his earthly death. Those who were convinced that life goes on, would think this very ordinary, but others would shrug their shoulders and think they were dealing with lunatics. Yet it was the truth, nothing but the truth, which he, as an earthly human being, perceived and received through the Divine gift of disembodiment. André was in the company of a master from the earth, a genius from the sixteenth century, and that genius was his spiritual leader. He thanked God even more, now that he was allowed to experience this image and had been chosen to serve him. Could man on earth imagine anything of greater beauty? Didn’t it bring on happiness to be able to look back on a beautiful and rewarding life? Didn’t it incur deep sorrow to be reminded of terrible things? Wouldn’t it spell torture until everything had been remedied? He, who was sitting beside him, was allowed to look back on that life, because he has done only

good. André sensed that his leader felt satisfaction after having fulfilled his beautiful life. He had made good use of the gift he had received from God. Alcar had left something of lasting value behind. On earth they carefully preserved his spiritual products. Everything his hands had brought forth had magnificence.

Alcar regarded his instrument and said: 'When we get to the higher spheres, you will be allowed to admire spiritual art, which surpasses this kind of art by far. This can't be compared to the things that are created in the spheres. This is insignificant and puny.

Listen André! Now that I am aware, and know a different life, I see and feel that the work I do now is more beautiful than my entire earthly life with everything I accomplished in that life. My life on earth was great, and yet it had no significance in the spirit, which I will explain to you in the higher spheres. Only now that I am free from matter, do I see how beautiful my life is at present. If I'm permitted to give man merely one piece of proof that life goes on forever, then I will have achieved more than I did in that great earthly life. If I can convince a single human being, it would enhance my spirit and I would be living for others, which leads to development. However, in my earthly life I lived for myself, that's all I was able to achieve. Could I ever convince man of everlasting life through art? Could we reach them merely by painting? No, on earth you carry this gift along subconsciously, at least that's what the scholars think, and that's why this doesn't count as proof to them. Does man get to know God through art? Do they know about a hereafter through art? Do the pieces you received spiritually make them see the spheres? Do they sense how this all comes about and where its source lies? Does it make them see eternity? I could go on like this, I could ask you hundreds of questions and we would have to answer them all in the negative. That is why that life was neither great nor mighty and why none of us were masters, not masters in the spirit. In this life I am happy, in that life I wasn't. Many were dissatisfied, along with me, because we felt the spirit and yet could not achieve what we wanted to accomplish. We sensed perfection but were powerless. In order to achieve perfection I would have had to dwell on earth for another hundred and fifty years more. An earthly life is too short for this; those few years are not sufficient to reach this height. All those who lived along with me as brothers-in-art sensed a similar condition, which didn't make us feel happy at all. All the same, man thinks that this is perfect, but that is not true. Again, in this life I am happy, in my earthly life I didn't know myself, nor did I know about higher love; I didn't become acquainted with it until I arrived on this side. So I lived for myself, and that is why my earthly life had no inner quality, something which man will only find out on this side. I achieved something for myself, I gave something to

the earth, and mankind preserved our art, which is all very well but in the spirit it's selfishness, which will become clear to you later.

Your earthly life has more quality because you give yourself for others, which is a great blessing in itself, a gift from God, something only few on earth sense, because they don't fully understand its meaning. Nor can they, because man won't sense the meaning of life on earth until he's on this side, where everything will surpass matter in value. Only then will man kneel down and thank God, his Father, Who accorded him that place on earth. Only here do we see these conditions. On earth it doesn't get through to them. That is why I showed you my life, so that you will understand your own life, your work in the material world. Only now, André, do I feel happy that God gave me the power to be able to do something for mankind. During those three hundred years that I have lived on this side, I have learned that man cannot enter the higher spheres through art, because his full attention is focused on himself, and he forgets about all the other forms and aspects of life that lives around him and in him. Only now do we bring them the knowledge of life, do we make them familiar with life after death, and make them sense eternal happiness. This is the greatest thing man can achieve on earth; it will make them change to another attunement, if they're prepared to do so. On this side you will fully understand the happiness you have given man, which you put yourself out for at the cost of a lot of sorrow and grief. But all that sorrow and grief, all your sacrifices do not outweigh the happiness you will receive on this side.

On earth I only painted matter, whereas in the higher spheres one paints life, because everything lives, including the art they offer, which is accomplished in happiness. One has to feel how life pervades everything, before perfection can be attained. Many surprises are in store for you on this journey, André. I will show you spiritual art and you will sense the great difference in the abilities and the art. You will see that we weren't masters and never have been, but that we produced art that found attunement to the second sphere on this side. Yet how many more spheres are there above the second sphere? You accompanied me to the fifth sphere and you experienced how great, how mighty everything is. But soon, when you get the opportunity to admire spiritual art, you will call out with me: 'What did we really give on earth? It was only earthly art; it has nothing to do with spirituality.' Here you see my art exhibited; soon you will see the great difference in the works of those who possess a gift on earth yet do not find attunement to the third sphere on this side. If beings were to live on earth who produced this form of art, it would not be understood. Everything that is accomplished on earth has its value, but it can also incur a blasphemy in the spirit. Many perished due to their own abilities, because they didn't know themselves. They were

indeed destroyed by their gifts. Because what is art? What is possession on earth? What is their ability worth if they have to live in darkness when they arrive here? Isn't the shadow of death all they possess? What does it mean on this side to be dead? Not to feel life; it reduces everything to coarse selfishness. People on earth will not accept this because they will not relinquish their property. But we will talk about this when we enter the higher spheres. Everything I showed you in the sphere of the earth is also to be found in the spiritual areas, in other words: beyond the cycle of the earth. Now we will part from here, André, we will leave the sphere of the earth and visit the dark spheres, where we were during our previous journey. But this time we will descend into their lives, we will pass on into their lives, which you already experienced a few times. It will therefore be clear to you that man on earth live in all attunements and that the highest spheres are linked to the deepest depths. I explained to you that man harbours deep darkness and eternal light, that they will receive what they long for, that man will be helped by those who have parted from earthly life, and that everything points to life. I also demonstrated to you that whoever wants to receive help will have to attune in the spirit and that wherever man is, astral beings are present to link up with him, which will lead him either upward or down into the deepest depths of hell. I will now visit the dark spheres because I want to make clear to man that the astral spirit is able to attune to man and therefore returns to continue his terrible life on earth. All this will be a guideline to man, a path he can follow in order to start a different life. If people follow our path they won't have to suffer, because we warn them, and our life serves them as a pointer to enter spiritual life. Those who want goodness to prevail on earth will receive and even possess light on this side. Man on earth lives in ignorance, but we know what life on earth means and how one can acquire the treasures of the spirit. Come, André, we will now leave the earth; you are about to experience even more conditions.'

Life in the spirit; rulers of evil

They quickly left the earth. André already knew the way his leader would take to reach the dark spheres. Again he saw various planets and other celestial bodies which he had, many times already, been allowed to admire as a disembodied human being. To him this was always a mighty and magnificent spectacle, because he sensed the triviality of man on earth. Again he was afloat in the universe, his Alcar beside him. Soon they had reached the Land of Hatred and again André found himself at the border where those dwelt who had messed up their earthly life. 'Before we descend I must tell

you a few things. Last time we saw everything from within our own attunement; this time we will change over into their condition. You experienced the transition in the sphere of the earth, yet here everything is much harder, which will soon become clear to you. Gather all the powers within you so you can stand up to this too. We will be addressed again; they will force us to accompany them, but in everything we do we will act according to our own powers. Now we will descend.'

They slowly descended into the dark areas and once again André was standing at the gate that closed off the Land of Hatred. Suddenly he caught: 'Look, André: our friends; they have already noticed us and they will stop us and ask why we are here. I will do the talking and the acting, leave everything to me. You will gather from everything how earthly their life is and that nothing has changed.'

André sensed that they had crossed the threshold of the Land of Hatred. How different his perception was, compared to his previous journey. He saw various beings ahead of him who were coming towards them. Some of them asked them where they wanted to go to. Alcar spoke: 'We don't know where we're going, but we're trying to find the way to earth.'

'You don't know that?'

'How do we get out of here?'

They all laughed hilariously, it was a sneering of horrible beings. What did they mean by that? Surely it was a simple question his leader had asked. One of them was their spokesman and said: 'Even if you knew, you still wouldn't get away from here. Those who leave for the earth are sent by us; the masters will explain that to you. Be patient. Strangers always want to go straight back to the earth. Don't you like it here? You're not familiar with the laws that prevail here.'

'That's right', Alcar answered, 'we're strangers. What kind of laws were you talking about?'

'You will get to know soon enough', and again they started to laugh sarcastically, that their bloodshot eyes protruded out of their heads. They were all bestialized; their whole being breathed passion and violence. 'Come along with us and you will soon get to know the way to the earth, but in our way.'

André sensed that something terrible was about to happen. 'Follow me, André', he caught, 'and don't get anxious about anything, let them be. You will get to know their laws; it can only be done in this way. It will also become clear to you what their life after death is like. It's impossible to become familiar with their lives in any other way, but don't you worry, I'm taking care.'

André felt calm after the inner conversation with his leader, which the others had neither sensed nor understood. He sent the thought back to his

leader that he would follow him in everything he did. 'We will go along with them as long as they don't separate us, but if that's what they are after, we will return into our own attunement.'

They were led through various streets until they came to a large building which they entered. They passed through long corridors, until their escort went into a hall where they had to wait. Everything was beautifully decorated, but in an animal-like design. It had been built and painted like a house on earth. He saw colourful scenes with sinister, animal-like representations. Many beings walked in and out and lived their life; everything seemed quite normal to them. But they were all demons, devils in human guise, who had lived a terrible life on earth and were still engrossed in it. These were people filled with a hatred unknown even to wild animals. What were they supposed to wait for? A stifling atmosphere overwhelmed them. The air was oppressive; he sensed the impact of evil. Alcar told him: 'We will be taken to their leader, who will ask us a few things. He will link us up with him, just as he does with everyone who enters this place. He is a ruler of evil and there are many of his kind here, who exert their influence on the masses and force their will onto them to follow them in their unsavoury doings. If they refuse, they get a flogging, which you will shortly witness. But again there is no cause for fear, I'm taking care, my boy. They call him the ruler over darkness because he knows how to make use of his power, which no being can escape from, as I just told you. Every being that lives here is assaulted and brought before him. All those who live here have this attunement and if they want to free themselves they must suffer terribly for not subjecting themselves to their will. Consequently, there are only few who can avoid falling into their hands. Most of them are too weak to overcome their ego, even if it causes them sorrow and grief. They are tackled with violence, beaten and tortured. One must have a determined mind to do good, to be able to stand up to all this. But that's what their life was like on earth and nothing has changed in this life. That is why they willingly submit and do what is expected of them. Everything is like it is on earth; but here only one attunement exists. They are all bestialized, they are coarse-material beings. Here evil is gathered; no other attunements could exist in this place. The rulers demand slaughter and violence from them, even recurrent murder. If you understood me correctly, André, then this life is even worse than on earth, because on earth you still find people who want goodness to prevail, with whom one can cooperate to fight evil. But here they follow the one who dominates the masses, because they want to protect themselves and fear torture. So if a person has already released himself on earth from the evil that he carries within, and can sense and find his way, then he will be happy when he enters life on this side. Those who do evil on earth will be subjected to the same kind of torture on this

side, because they have linked themselves up with it.’

André had been able to follow Alcar in everything and he understood that it was not so easy to get out of this condition. If they refused to take part in their terrible life, they were flogged and chastised. All the same, it would be better for them to refuse; they would enter a different sphere after all that misery. Accordingly, there were many who didn’t shrink from this and they had started a new, spiritual life. It would be better to refuse on earth already, because on this side they would face the very same situation. He who didn’t want to take part in destruction on earth was the happy one on the side beyond. How mighty everything was, how natural life after death.

He saw many women who looked atrocious. They walked past him and undoubtedly belonged to the one who ruled here. Their garb was terrible. They wore merely loud colours, bright green and flaming red, and André was surprised that no milder colours were to be seen. They were intellectual beings; they had been allowed to study on earth but they had disgraced themselves. He could tell by their personality, but their sharp mind was attuned to the animal-like level. They now lived the same kind of life in this darkness as they had on earth. These were women, and how beautiful a woman could be if she sensed love, spiritual love. These were blessed beings because God had granted them the holiest of all gifts on earth. But their mother love had taken on animal traits. These were monsters, they had all become bestialized. Yet still they felt themselves to be beautiful and exalted, although their faces bore nothing but misery and passion. They were all fools, they didn’t know how deep they had fallen. He felt pity for them, because they too were humans and children of God. Who would believe them to be beautiful? Were there people here who thought they were beautiful? At that moment he heard Alcar say: ‘All those who dwell here think they are beautiful, because they know no other beauty. Amongst them are princes and princesses, and all circles of society can be found gathered here. They still know what they were on earth, and here they still brag about their descent. Here too they sense and know degrees and classes, but they are united in evil.’

It took a long time before they were shown inside. A few of the escorts had remained with them and kept watch over them as if they were murderers. They neither sensed nor heard anything of their inner conversation; they were deaf to this language and didn’t see – they were spiritually blind to it – that Alcar came from a higher sphere. André thought: It looks as though we are to be received by a king. ‘Precisely’, he heard his leader say, ‘something similar is awaiting us.’ André looked at Alcar. Here stood a spirit of light waiting to be admitted to someone living in deep darkness. He thought of his leader’s inner powers; he could give them all warmth, and disappear before their eyes. But he willingly let himself be taken along and led before him who wouldn’t

reach his attunement in a hundred years. And all of this was for him, for the human being on earth, in order to convince the earthly being of this life. For that reason the higher spirit descended into this darkness. Oh, if Alcar were to dissolve before their eyes, how they would rant and rave. Again he heard Alcar say: 'That too will most probably come true, but prepare yourself; I sense that they are coming to call us.' The same moment Alcar told him this, the door opened and they were allowed to step into another hall.

What would he experience now? What was he in for? They entered a beautiful hall where many beings were gathered. An atrocious monster was seated on a dais. He was surrounded by women and guardsmen who were all armed to the teeth. He, who was sitting on the dais, wore a turban and was draped with precious stones, wore heavy jackboots and a lurid red garment. André thought: I'm visiting the devil in person here. There before him sat a ruler of evil who reigned over thousands, all subjected to his will. He saw nothing but violence; they all were wild and savage. Where did they get all these things and weapons from; he saw them distinctly, although they lived in the life after death? He had perceived all this in a flash. They were taken up to the ruler, where they had to remain standing, stared at from the right and left by all those who were present. André felt fear growing inside. How would all this end? How dangerous all these people looked; they would shirk for nothing at all. Again Alcar spoke to him, but now there was a power within his leader's words which told him to concentrate his thoughts solely on him. 'There's danger lurking from all sides here, we're visiting an animal-like being.' André kept now his thoughts focussed intently on his leader. Yet he still felt scared and he heard Alcar say: 'Don't show anything of your inner fear; don't let them know anything, and no harm will befall you.'

The ruler penetrated them both with his gaze, yet not a word was spoken. André sensed that the man was trying to break down their concentration, to catch them off guard and subjugate them to his will in order to disarm them.

'If he succeeds, we'll be flogged.' Gently, befitting Alcar's life, these thoughts came to him, which made him understand that here too his leader was watching over him. This took away all his unrest. Just you try to penetrate us with your gaze, he thought; he would never be able to fathom Alcar's depth anyway. A deep silence fell. The beast was trying to make his leader yield. But Alcar couldn't be influenced. He felt satisfaction that the monster would never succeed in doing this. It was getting harder all the time; all those present had their concentration focussed on them. The thoughts that got through to him were murderous. His mind reeled, but he also felt that he was getting help from his leader. As a child, Alcar looked at the ruler and he also attuned himself as if the event did not concern him. Suddenly the beast looked at him, and he thought he would choke. He felt his fear returning but

he heard Alcar say: 'For heaven's sake, André, no fear, you can stand up to him; use your powers.' André thought of the third sphere, became released from his influence and looked him straight in the eye. His impact on him weakened immediately. 'Splendid', he heard, 'that's better. You will witness how a ruler of evil exerts himself to reduce us to harmlessness through his concentration and his strong will power.'

André gazed into his cruel eyes but looked straight through him, saw the darkness in which he dwelt, but linked up with the higher spheres. The monster got terribly angry, he was foaming at the mouth. This went on for quite a while until he felt that he wouldn't succeed to make them both harmless. He roared and uttered terrible sounds, because he sensed the counteraction of André's leader. The monster wasn't used to this kind of treatment. Suddenly he raised himself to his full height and shouted at Alcar: 'Who are you, you dog, that you dare to resist me?' André was trembling; they were in for something now. Alcar didn't respond and an enormous tension came through to him. 'Speak, or I'll have you beaten up, you dog, answer me.' Still his leader said nothing, but kept on looking at him, and he acted as if he didn't understand him. 'What language do you speak?' Alcar remained silent. André felt his fear returning. Whatever had made them enter this place? How would this end? The monster went wild, his terrible claws grabbed the whip lying beside him and he stepped down from his throne to approach them. He would soon start to beat them up. Why didn't his leader answer him? As long as he didn't harm Alcar. Again he shouted: 'Who are you to resist me; I'll teach you.'

Now Alcar spoke to him: 'I expected to be received in a different manner.'

Utterly amazed, the ruler stopped short, and André understood that he recognized Alcar to be a powerful personality. All the others listened in suspense. It wasn't a daily experience for them to hear their master being contradicted.

'Oh really', was his reply, 'so you expected a different reception?'

Alcar put his left hand on André's shoulder, which completely surprised the ruler. He didn't understand what this meant.

André heard his leader tell him: 'Concentration, my son, the end has come; we will withdraw into our own condition.'

The whip flew upward and like a devil the monster charged at his leader, but both had disappeared before his eyes. Enveloped in a haze Alcar remained visible to him and like a furious animal he cut through his leader with his whip. All those who had followed this scene rushed over to the spot where they had been standing. Alcar drew himself up and above their heads he called out to them: 'We know of other laws than those you are familiar with, we know of laws and powers that destroy your laws, even make them cease

to exist. We know God. God's laws are ours. Farewell, ruler of evil, our visit was only short, but it was powerful. It showed you how insignificant you are and that your power is limited. Farewell, we only know love.'

'Damn', André heard him say, 'it's that scum that dwells up above us.' He charged at the escorts and beat them up until they lay there, motionless.

'He's killing them, Alcar.'

'That's impossible, my boy, that could only happen on earth, but they will enter an unconscious state from which they will awaken after a long time. It will set them thinking too, and they will never escort any strangers over to him again. In this way some learn from goodness, others from the evil they inflict on their fellowmen. They know no other laws than those of violence. They all live for the sake of destruction.'

'Has he been in this darkness for a long time?'

'Hundreds of years have already gone by and still he holds thousands in his clutches. Here everything is passion, hatred and violence; we will encounter nothing, absolutely nothing else.'

A feast in the dark spheres

'We will link up with their attunement again, as there is still more I must show you.'

Once more, André felt how he became connected with the Land of Hatred. Alcar made him take this in slowly to let him get acquainted with all the intermediary conditions in the spirit. He felt himself becoming denser, and his body began to change. He had already been allowed to experience all this on earth, and now he knew the powers behind it. Here life was in a similar condition as on earth, but in the sphere of the earth he had encountered higher attunements. Only higher beings were able to withdraw into another, even higher attunement. Those who lived here first had to conquer this darkness. Which could merely be brought about by dedicating oneself for others, by helping them in different ways. There was only one law known in life, namely God's will, but every child has to acquire this power. And that is love, nothing but love. They were now in a town centre, and saw the Land of Hatred in all its horror. It seemed endless here - Alcar had indicated this on his previous journey - yet one day this town of hatred would dissolve, and evil people would no longer exist. All around, he saw people who had died on earth. They dwelt here, but their circumstances were terrible. How impoverished they were, compared to the poorest on earth who had nothing left to eat. What did it mean to be poor on earth, compared to spiritual poverty? These were the ones who were spiritually lost. The poorest people could

rank amongst the richest if they hadn't disgraced themselves. He saw people wherever he looked, and all these humans were dangerous characters. He heard a tremendous noise closing in on them. He saw how hundreds, divided into groups, moved along through the streets.

'What are those beings doing, Alcar?'

'They're celebrating, just as they do on earth, and so will we, André.' He looked at his leader as if to say: surely not?

'Oh yes, we will.' Alcar smiled. 'I spoke the truth, we will also celebrate, but merely by watching them; we won't be taking part. I want to make it clear to you how the things people indulge in on earth also take place in the dark spheres. You will soon see what their festivities are like. Come on, we'll follow them.'

They passed through various streets and soon merged with the crowd. André shuddered when he was suddenly grabbed and dragged along. He read passion and violence in their faces. What kind of festivity would these beings be celebrating? Men and women, all gathered together, moved on, leaping and jumping about. A terrible being got hold of him and pulled him along. He wanted to free himself, because he wanted nothing to do with their fun and their get-together, but it was useless. The being held on to him as if it sensed that he didn't want to join in.

'On you go', it shouted at him while it gave him a savage look. André saw himself doomed; how could he ever free himself? The people pulled the clothes they were wearing from their body; it seemed to be the custom here.

'Shout,' the being called out again, 'or do you perhaps not want to?' and it wanted to hit him. This is terrible, André thought, why on earth does Alcar enter this place. He tore himself free and ran away. He saw his leader standing on a street corner. 'Rather rough and ready, aren't they, André?'

'What kind of people are they?'

'The word 'people' no longer applies to them. This is another thing you must learn in order to free yourself from them. It wouldn't have taken much concentration to get rid of that company. It all depends on yourself; it's something you must feel.'

André found them disgusting, and he could guess what their festivity would be like. 'Do we have to go there, Alcar?'

'Why shouldn't we take a look too; you wouldn't know what makes them feel happy and have fun if we didn't. This is necessary to get a clear picture of their dark and dubious life.'

'It gave me a dreadful feeling when that being grabbed hold of me; it nearly made me choke.'

'And yet they are open, and they show themselves just as they are. There are certain powers in this darkness; these are the masters of evil, the former

scholars of the earth, whom you will become familiar with. They're not savage and wild, they're all vicious and scheming in a way you have never yet experienced. Those who are busy celebrating here are innocent compared to the ones whom we will soon visit too. You must experience this if you want to get to know their life in detail. We will descend into their midst and change over into their life. Come on, André, bear up, we won't be back in the dark spheres for a long while. 'I'm prepared, Alcar, I know what's in store for me.' They were still on the move, behaving like savages; the procession seemed endless. André didn't feel in the least inclined to join them, but before he knew what was happening he was grabbed and pulled along. Where were these beings taking him to? He was closed in on both sides. Nowhere could he see an opening to escape. But he didn't intend to take part and they appeared to sense this. A few of the beings leapt at him and held him captive. He was getting angry, but then he felt that this enabled them to get an even stronger grip on him than before. He was nervous and regretted the moment he had landed in their midst. This was getting out of hand, as they were grabbing him from the right and left and dragging him along. He wanted to free himself but he couldn't manage to. The being walking beside him uttered a terrible scream, so that the others attacked him and wanted to beat him up. He didn't see Alcar and he didn't know where his leader had got to; yet he did feel his impact. Others urged their mates not to let go of him. Amidst their shouting and screaming he felt himself sinking, which was a clear sign to them that he wasn't one of their sort and a good reason for them to try to tear him apart like savages. Nonetheless, he remained conscious of their goings-on and he understood that some other power was helping him; he would have been lost otherwise. He felt himself sinking even deeper and when he opened his eyes he was looking into those of his leader.

'Feeling a little better, André?'

'Who are these terrible people that live in this darkness?'

'You're still not able to use your powers to the full.'

'Why did they attack me, Alcar; after all, I did them no harm, did I?'

'That's exactly why you were attacked.'

André didn't understand, and he asked with surprise: 'What do you mean, they attack someone just because he doesn't want to harm them?'

'Precisely, in other words, when you don't want to take part in their festivities and they feel this, they gather that you want nothing to do with them and they see you as a weakling. The weaker ones, as I already made it clear to you, must suffer here, they're attacked by all of them; however, they will soon pass on to a different sphere, because they're disgusted with their way of life.'

Now he understood why so many others had bothered him. Who would now be bothered by that, if people did not know their life. Exactly the op-

posite happened on earth, there people could still lead a peaceful life as long as they didn't trouble others. No being on earth could ever force him to take part in such an animal-like life if he didn't want to. But here everything merged. One single violence, one single passion, they all had one and the same attunement. These experiences were strange and new to him, just as their life was.

'Did they recognize me, Alcar?'

'No, that's impossible, but they sensed your hesitation.'

'Then do all those who live here participate in these festivities?'

'Yes, until they've had enough. That's why higher spirits descend to help these beings. They no longer want to live that kind of life; they sense the horrors of this existence and try to break loose. They ramble and roam around for a long time before they are found by high spirits who take them to other places, which I already told you about. Man will emerge from the darkness and return to the light. They have to undergo all the intermediary conditions, because in the life of the spirit nothing can be left out. They pass from one attunement into the next, they continue their way from sphere to sphere; it's the way that leads upwards, which they must all follow. And only by helping others, by wanting to mean something to every other life, will they manage to take themselves in hand; we know no other way or possibility. It is God's way, which we must tread with love.'

'Did all these people once live on earth, Alcar?'

'All of them, André. They were children once, grew up, became mother and brought themselves into this attunement through lechery and violence, passion and brutalization. This is how they arrived, and they won't change their lives until they become disgusted of themselves. Then they turn over a new leaf. Those are the ones who break away from the others. Now we'll go back and visit them again, because I want you to get to know their life, but we'll make use of our own power to get in. Look, André, that's where they will enter.'

André saw a large building, where thousands of people could flock in at the same time. He heard them approaching in the distance, from which he gathered that Alcar had taken a different route. He was standing in a large square, and he could tell from beings who surrounded him that they were in their own attunement. Men and women were swinging flaming torches around. Where in heaven's name did they get all these earthly things from? He looked at his leader as if he expected to get an answer from him, which he immediately did.

'They possess everything here, my boy; you will see miracles, although all of it has no value in the spirit. They own houses and temples, wear precious stones as on earth, but adorn themselves through their concentration and

strong will power. They have everything here, but all that is part of their own animal-like way of life. You will soon see the things they possess; here you see the very likeness of the earth.'

André saw people who had freed themselves out of their clutches, but were still unable to break away, so that they kept on roaming about in their environment. Some were attacked and dragged along, just as he himself had been. He saw others who were familiar with these festivities and fled, wanting nothing more to do with the rest. Meanwhile the whole building was filling up to the brim, and they went in too. He was still in his own sphere, but Alcar was about to link up with them. Hundreds of beings were gathered here, he saw benches everywhere, and there were bottles on the tables that contained some sort of liquid they were all indulging in. Was that supposed to be wine? Was it really wine they were drinking? In the life after death, wine? It was incredible. It seemed to him as if he was living on earth. Yes indeed, he clearly saw some kind of wine being poured. Those who drank made horrible faces; it must be an awful liquor.

'Is that wine, Alcar?'

'It is wine, André, but I advise you not to drink any of it, because it would set your soul on fire. It's a home-made liquid, which they prepare from substances they're familiar with and have at their disposal. They possess drinks, but I wouldn't even offer it to an animal. Their dark souls are consumed by that liquid. They can do anything they please, André, but they're unable to enter a higher sphere.'

Many of them drank the liquid as if they would soon faint with thirst. And now he saw something he could hardly believe: they paid in cash.

'Am I seeing straight, Alcar?'

'Very well observed! They would be unable to act in any other way. They possess gold and silver to decorate their women with; so why shouldn't they possess money? But all these things are make-believe, just as their own lives are. Here, they have everything, because to them life is no different from that on earth. Those who want this kind of life will arrive here in a corresponding condition and try to attain that kind of life in the spirit. Why should their life be different here from the one on earth? It's just not possible. Their passions are no different from what they felt and bore within during that life. I just told you: what you perceive here is a copy of the earth, but here evil is gathered together. This is the kind of life they all want, and they will get what they want. However, there is no greenery to be seen here, no other forms of life such as nature on earth has to offer. No animals, no sun and no moon; continuous deep darkness. In this life they try to amuse themselves. You see, there is life, men and women are together, but they have all become bestialized. What one person does not know, another one invents, even if

it will burn their souls. It encompasses their entire personality. You will see many more things when the climax is reached. Every being that lives here is on the lookout for means to satisfy itself, and it will find it too.'

It was a hellish shouting all at the same time. Empty bottles were thrown away, and they wanted still more drinks. Women were wearing jewels and shawls in various colours, but all he saw was a jumble of piercing red and glaring green. He hadn't seen any other colours here yet; these seemed unknown to them. Where was that immaculate white that people were familiar with and wore on earth? Where were the sun, the moon and the stars, that soft green and all the other colours they had on earth? None of these existed here; no animals, no children, no young people; they all looked old and shrivelled, they were terrible beings. He saw that the men wore daggers, knives and revolvers. Here he saw all nationalities together. He saw yellow and brown, white and black, gathered together. The strongest were treated with respect by men and women. They danced and leapt around and thrust each other to the ground.

Alcar drew him aside into a corner of the hall and told him: 'This is where we descend into their attunement, but we will remain where we are. It will all get through to you with even greater intensity.'

André felt himself being drawn into their sphere and wisps of foul air filled his nostrils. But he held his ground, he would stand up to this too, and this would make him get to know all about their life. Left and right they started to fight. He was standing next to Alcar and wondered how this would all end. Wherever he looked, everywhere they were fighting. Everyone was taking part, and the onlookers were attacked, or urged to follow their example. Very soon there were victims. Everywhere these beings had come to grips with each other, and others were egging them on, or else they were struck down too. It was an atrocious scene; dozens were down and out. André saw how the wounded were dragged away like rags and dumped on a heap in a corner of the hall. A human life was worthless here. The animal-like beings were finishing each other off. They couldn't act in any other manner; this was their normal behaviour. These were people with a Divine attunement! It was incredible. Suddenly he got a tremendous shock. He saw blood; blood, here in the spheres? Blood in the life after death? How could this be? But there was no time to deliberate, too many things were taking up his attention. Besides, the commotion prevented him from asking his leader about this. Many of the women were shouting like wild animals and in their passionate rage they attacked the men. Revolvers rang out and after every bang he saw some of the beings collapse. He was witnessing a war, a small-scale massacre. The floor had changed into a slithery mass. Blood was flowing everywhere and seeped through the joints. The entire place was covered in glass and bottles

and then, after some peace and quiet had returned and feelings had calmed down a bit, they started to dance. A few couples in a strange attire appeared on the dance floor, which was soaked in other people's blood. They performed artful dances; he sensed this in everything. None of the beings had noticed them until then. They had been able to follow this process, this festivity, in silence. Yet André was calm, as his leader was standing next to him and would watch over him. The dancing couples were whirling wildly across the wooden floor. He had never witnessed anything like it; this wasn't fantasy, he was looking at candid reality. A fragment of life was being expressed in this dancing, which was unknown on earth. These beings dwelt here and experienced an atrocious game which he sensed down to the core. The clothes of the female dancers were ripped to shreds, but it went unnoticed; they were dancing the dance of life. Their eyes glowed with a blazing fire; the only colours he saw were flaming red and green, as they felt within. This was the radiance of their love. Their lives were malicious; they attacked each other and then exchanged their women. It would not be long now before they were not wearing any more clothes. One woman dashed into the arms of another and was flung several yards into the air. Were did they get the strength from? Was he looking at a dance of death? Because they didn't get up again. What had got into these people? Women screamed and uttered cries of fear. How long would this go on? It was terrible to watch. No-one had remained on his original spot; everyone was doing something, either dancing or shouting. They all felt what was being set up here, everyone was taking part. Again two dancers flung their partners high up above their heads and hurled them yards away so that they lay there, apparently dead. These had been quenched, someone else would take their place. All the others danced on as if nothing had happened. Fresh dancers appeared on the dance floor, and all of them experienced one and the same life. Now the climax had been reached. How would be the end of this horrific happening?

Alcar was standing beside him, lost in deep thoughts. What was his leader thinking of? It must be terrible for him to experience all this. He, the great artist, who knew nothing but pure love, had descended with him into animal-like life and now witnessed a festivity in the dark spheres. What a strain this must be on his leader! But André knew that it wouldn't defile his soul.

How terrible were these dances, in which something was experienced. He didn't want to think about it, it was simply diabolical. An inner condition was transformed into a dance and then displayed. These were no longer dances, it was lechery, senselessness and sensation. They twisted around each other's bodies and in this way experienced an animal-like life. It was a dance of love, expressing their love and their feelings. Nowhere in the world were these dances known, their thoughts were acutely focussed on themselves. This was

only conceivable in their present life, as they had shed their physical bodies. None of this could ever be learnt; it was part of them, it was their possession, no being on earth would dare to let itself go in this way. They possessed intelligence, but not even an animal would sink as low. Every movement they made depicted their loathsome longings. They sensed attunement to some pre-animal-like beast, and to think that these were God's children. It was beyond understanding.

Again some of the beings were hurled away like rags. The whole lot of them went wild and an uproar broke loose. They all wanted to share in this; they fell down by the dozens. André's heart was in his mouth. All ranks of society were present here. This was unbearable. To what height would their passions soar? How deep had they sunk? This depth was unfathomable; it was loathsome, he was lost for words.

Nothing had been left standing, the place was a shambles. They had stood there watching without anyone disturbing them. All at once André felt fear welling up inside. Where had that feeling come from so suddenly? What was he in for now? Alcar made him understand that he should prepare himself. It became quiet, as quiet as a mouse. The noise of just a moment ago had died down completely. You could have heard a pin drop. He saw how all eyes focussed on them. In a flash all the beings had sensed that the two had not taken part in their festivity. André understood what this silence meant. They had been recognized as beings with a higher attunement. Fortunately they were standing in a corner of the hall, all on their own. Immediately a few of them came up to them and Alcar was handed a glass of burning liquid for him to drink. Drinking meant participating in their animal-like life, but that wouldn't be the end of it. He was also given a glass of animal-like liquid. Alcar took it in his hands and he had to accept the glass too. Would his leader drink it nonetheless? But that very moment he heard the words: 'Don't drink, and stand by, André, we are leaving.'

Hundreds of thoughts were aimed at them; all these beings sensed and understood that they didn't belong here. 'Blacks', André heard them muttering, and he knew what this meant. The beings who had handed them the glasses were standing a few yards away from them, while all the others, there were hundreds of them, approached step by step. These were wild animals who would pounce on them at any moment. They encircled them, intending to close in on them. His leader was still holding the glass in his hands. André sensed that Alcar kept them in check with his concentration and his strong will power; otherwise they would have charged at them and slain them. His leader didn't say a word, but André sensed what Alcar wanted. 'Now's the time', he caught, 'throw your glass at their feet.' André did what his leader said and the glasses were shattered to pieces. Spiritually, he felt himself being

drawn upward; he had been allowed to witness a spiritual festivity in an animal-like attunement. The ones who had seen them disappear were stunned. The last thing he saw was the crowd charging at them like wild animals; however, they had vanished.

Geniuses of evil (2)

‘How terrible these people are, Alcar!’ André suddenly felt himself subsiding, the impact had been too much for him. He didn’t know how long he had been unconscious, but when he awoke he looked into the dear eyes of his leader, who had put his arms around him. They were in a different sphere, surrounded by flowers and nature, just as the higher spheres were. Yet not a word was spoken, and André thought of all the atrocities he had set eyes on. He felt haunted by a multitude of thoughts. It had been too much for him; an earthly human being who still dwelt in matter couldn’t digest this. He hadn’t expected anything like this, he had never seen passion acted out in such a loathsome manner. Terrible beings, and yet they were God’s children. Deep within they too bore the Divine core of all life. He saw himself back in that building and all the scenes once again passed by before his mind’s eye. How far were they all away from the normal human condition and attunement? How black were their souls; no angel of light could help them. Their thoughts were diabolical. Mothers were together with other mothers, and children with other children. They all lived one life, mother and child were unhappy. They had all turned into animals; lechery and passion, that was their love. They had transgressed the animal level. They were human hyenas, who used their intelligence for the sake of violence and vice. They followed the one who was the ruler of darkness and showed them the way. They had all lived on earth once and were enviable beings. They were put on a pedestal and worshipped, yet they had been brought up to live in darkness. They had been spoilt due to their beauty, but where had that earthly beauty gone to? If their inner condition could be sensed on earth, would this kind of person still appear desirable? Could a normal, intelligent human being feel love for such a person? Who, for the sake of such a being, would kill off another life, simply rob someone of his life? This showed a complete lack of morals, their souls revealed themselves on this side; they were open, all of them. Here their inner attunement was visible, but on earth man could hide behind a mask; that was impossible here. In this life their masks fell; they stood naked, stripped of their treasures. Here their inner condition was known to everyone. They all read into each other’s dark soul, because they were all one, one in their feeling; they wanted and knew only one life. Yet

they were honest in all their gruesome deeds. There was nothing absolutely nothing they wanted to cover up. They had never heard of anyone disguising himself behind the mask of a spiritual being, but on earth such a thing was still possible. They were terrible, but this was visible to others; a higher being could protect himself against them. Here he had been allowed to see the truth. They didn't try to hide anything, and this took the sting out of their violence. Their frankness toned down their lechery and passion. It was the bandage that covered the wound. They showed their animal life to others. Yet people on earth lived in the fortresses they had erected themselves. Yet God saw through everything, God knew the attunement of their souls and knew where they would go on living after that life. Man had nothing to hide. God lived in everything and knew of their bestialization. Here they weren't ashamed to give vent to their passions in front of others. Anyone who participated in their festivities was one of them, became part of their own life. But how different everything was on earth There man could hide behind his material garment; an animal-like feeling lay stored away within his physical body. Wasn't everything far more vicious on earth than here? Were people open to each other on earth, did they reveal themselves there to others? Did they show there how they felt and what they wanted? And weren't there beings on earth too who lived in a pre-animal-like attunement? Did one human being there not massacre thousands and did he not have the power to have thousands slaughtered? Didn't all those in favour of such deeds conceal themselves behind a mask? Weren't such people to be found everywhere on earth? Here he saw the truth, a terrible truth, but they had all been forced to cast off the masks which they had hidden behind during their entire life on earth. Thank God, one day their earthly animal-like behaviour will come to an end, and then they too will be beaten up and torn apart by demons. No-one could escape this. On earth sentences were carried out in silence, but here one could protect oneself.

They were honest in their bestiality, they came straight to the point; on earth that was impossible. Here they held out the goblet to each other, but there they shot poisoned arrows at people who were unaware. There, animal instincts were stashed away, there man bowed for animals in human looks because these weren't recognized as such. Weren't the latter a hundred times more dangerous? He held the beings that dwelt here to be no less than the ones who lived on earth. Soon they would pass on and their life was finished there. Here they were recognized by millions, because they saw into their dark souls. What he had perceived was only righteous.

He looked at his leader who had been following his inner conversation. 'God knows all his children, my boy; let this be your strength, your belief, hope and trust. Otherwise we couldn't go on living and life would become

unbearable. Are you strong enough to follow me? I have more to show you in this darkness.'

'Do we have to go back there, Alcar?'

'Yes, my boy, there are other, even more wretched conditions which I must explain to you.' His leader had spoken these words softly, his head held high, and André sensed what was going on inside this high spirit of love.

'Alcar', he said to his leader, 'I will follow you wherever your path may lead. I want to persevere and participate in everything, and I really mean everything. I sense what you are thinking, God will watch over all His children. I am prepared to follow you.'

'Thank you, André. In return God will grant you light and happiness in the life after death, since you are willing to do this for others.'

'May I ask you a few questions, Alcar?'

'Yes, of course, why not?'

'Where does all that blood come from in the life after death?'

His leader smiled and said: 'You're not the first one to ask such a question; I will try to explain this to you. Does it strike you as strange that their bodies appear to be material?'

André thought it over. 'No, not really, after all, I was allowed to behold this in the sphere of the earth?'

'Doesn't my son feel his own heartbeat?'

'But they died, didn't they, Alcar?'

'All the same, they're earthbound in their feelings and they will remain earthbound until they have changed within. I have blood flowing in my body too, even if its substance is spiritual. They have built themselves an animal-like, coarse-material body, which finds attunement to this condition. When man enters the mental areas, he sheds his spiritual body, which marks a separation between the spirit and the soul. I already spoke to you about this. So, the higher a human being rises, the more beautiful his spiritual body will become, more rarefied even, just as the inner self. Is that clear to you?'

André understood. Man would gradually change until he became spiritualized.

'You sensed that very correctly, André, that's how it is. On earth scholars have been shown certain phenomena in which the materialized spirit built itself a body, enabling them to hear its heartbeat. This is known on earth; these mediumistic phenomena were handed down by us. Now I ask you: if this is possible to us, to spirits on a higher level, then couldn't demons surpass this condition by far? That's why blood flows in their bodies, but, as I said, its substance is spiritual. You see what our life is like, we have everything: animals, flowers, trees and plants, houses and buildings, in short, everything,

but in a finer and more beautiful condition than on earth. The deeper one descends, the cruder man becomes. The higher we rise, the more spiritualized we become, until we have covered this road which has attunement to the cosmos. The blood you saw flowing can't be compared to its material counterpart. Now rout around in the ground and take some of it in your hand.'

André did what Alcar wanted of him and then looked at his leader.

'Is this soil, André? Of course, but its essence is spiritual. And the wine? Why not wine, and knives and revolvers, if they possess everything here? You saw how their jewels sparkle, and yet to me it has no value, nor to any other higher being in the spirit. It's the same with everything you perceive in the spirit and with the things you will yet perceive beneath the first existential sphere. You were surprised to see no white, no other colours than that piercing red and that malicious green, weren't you?'

'Yes, Alcar.' André realized that his leader had been able to follow him in spite of all the uproar.

'They wear clothes that match their concentration and their strong will power, and some are more apt at this than others. Their will power can't uphold either blue or white, because they lack the necessary power, nor do they possess that purity. So when you meet a being in a beautiful garment, it means that this being has sunk low. The poor, who are wrapped in rags, are therefore the fortunate, they are the rich ones in the dark spheres. They will soon pass on; no influence will keep them back. They have cast away all that gold and silver, as well as their garments. Consequently, no being can enter another sphere if he hasn't done away with his acquirements, the inner feeling that belongs to that lower sphere. Is everything clear to you?'

'Yes, Alcar, everything is perfectly understandable to me now. So everything is built up through inner attunement, concentration and strong will power.'

'In the higher spheres, people, along with their clothes, will have changed, and as they ascend, so will the spheres in which they dwell. On this side we know of spiritual, cosmic and even Divine attunements. Here they are capable of doing anything, André, yet they can't change their sphere into light, because this requires attunement. Look, this is where I wanted to be, we will enter without asking, but we will remain in our own attunement; otherwise we couldn't possibly approach the one I wish to visit.'

What André saw was a most peculiar building. It had a globular shape, with spires that were outlined on the east and the south, and the north and the west, which gave the whole building an alien appearance. To him this edifice had something mysterious; he had never seen anything like it in these spheres before, and it seemed to him something extraordinary. He wondered what it could mean. It was capricious and the whole thing exerted some strange influence. It was guarded on all sides; one couldn't possibly

get through, and he understood why Alcar wanted to enter within his own attunement. They walked past the sentries without being noticed and went through the gateway which marked the entrance in front of the building. They went unhindered. Those who were keeping watch here couldn't see a higher attunement, as they didn't possess the appropriate powers. This wasn't like on earth; in the sphere of the earth animal-like and Divine attunements lived together, but here evil dwelt all on its own. God's life was present everywhere, and those who didn't possess an attunement or a connection were oblivious of such powers. They passed through various corridors until they reached a passageway that twisted its way up. It took some time before they had reached the highest part. Where was Alcar taking him to, what was he in for now? They finally entered a large hall which turned out to be a laboratory. He saw various machines arranged to the left and right, but there was no sign of any living being. There was a deadly hush inside the building. He felt something lurking, and although he didn't know what it meant, he could clearly sense it. Who occupied this place, after all, these machines needed someone to operate them? He felt overcome by an oppressive feeling that took his breath away. The influence here was even more intense than around those he had just visited. Alcar walked ahead of him and he followed his leader at some distance. Now Alcar stopped. Had he found the human being who lived here? Would he get to see a genius? Alcar motioned him to come closer, as he had also stopped short. Step by step he approached his leader as if he feared to intrude and spoil everything. But Alcar smiled at his caution and said: 'They can't hear us, André, and besides, we're invisible; it's quite safe to come closer.' He felt relieved; he hadn't thought about that, although his leader had told him beforehand.

Alcar pointed his forefinger at something and said: 'Look, André, that being over there is the greatest genius we know on this side. A genius of evil. He provides the earth with his inventions, which are handed on by his assistants and infused into those material human beings who crave for fame and honour. I explained to you in the sphere of the earth how this is done, but here it will become even clearer than on earth. It is brought about by an interconnection between feelings, between spirits, and between human beings. He was the one and many others, who brought forth the horrific inventions that exist on earth. Those who have acquired this knowledge on earth and use their powers for its cause are instruments in his hands. He is master over the thousands who follow him in his terrible work. He has a mighty army at his disposal, in the dark spheres as well as on earth. They all have the same attunement. His assistants are spread over the entire earth and they receive their orders from here. He has his emissaries, who are in charge of everything on earth, but he is the one who provides all these horrors. They try to destroy

the good things on earth in order to gain control over the planet. I don't need to tell you how terrible life would be on earth if they were successful in their endeavours. They want to see life on earth destroyed. There are inventors on earth who are under the influence of this monster and they therefore serve him as his instruments. They are the greatest of the earth; he won't confide in others, because these don't empathize with him. It will also be clear to you that the more power they have on earth and the greater their inventions are, the deeper they have fallen. These monsters are highly respected on earth; that's where these beings live, who use their Divine gift to destroy. This is why there are only few who can take on and absorb his razorsharp, deliberated feeling. Those individuals have sunk very low. They guard him because he is a master and they are aware of the powers he possesses.'

He saw a human being sitting on a platform, huddled up in front of a mysterious machine. It was a tall and lean man. He sat there, motionless, his concentration focussed intently on invisible powers. It seemed as though he were dead. Nothing about him revealed what he felt or perceived within. He emanated a terrible influence, something he had already sensed beforehand. This was the devil himself.

'Not really, André, we know of even deeper conditions than this one, and they all surpass it in atrocity.'

How could even greater evil than this be brought about?

'He too has his masters and he knows them, and at present he is linked up. We are about to witness something which only few will ever behold.'

His long, dark hair hung down to his shoulders and the garment he was wearing sparkled and glittered in passionate flashes. His garment reflected his inner condition, as he had seen with others too. The man sitting there before him must have a very accurate feeling, he could tell from his aura. André sensed how he was touched by something within, something that held his attention. Yet he seemed calm, nothing betrayed his inner tension. This human being governed and supported science on earth. All those who attuned to him were in his hands and beyond recall. The scholars of the earth wanted this themselves, because they craved for wealth, honour and fame. On earth, scholars increased their wealth at the cost of the lives of their fellow human beings, but nobody gave that any thought. They searched and found, but whether it might further destruction was of no interest to them. He sat there like a mystery.

'What is he doing, Alcar?'

'I will link up with him; maybe we'll get to know a bit more.' André saw and felt how his leader adapted himself. It took a long time before Alcar spoke to him. What was the man working on? What powers, still unknown on earth, could he be extracting from the cosmos? How many years was he

ahead of earthly science? Maybe hundreds. His leader stirred, and so did the man, who moved about and took a deep breath. Suddenly he turned around, stepped down from the platform and activated one of the machines. Then he returned to his seat to become completely engrossed in his studies.

‘Were you able to determine anything, Alcar?’

‘Yes, my boy, he senses something, but doesn’t know where it’s coming from. Listen André. I will show you what I see. Next to him I see an abominable monster’, and due to his leader’s power André also saw. ‘That being is his master, who sank even deeper than he did. But we know of conditions on an even lower level, in which the masters live who rule over these areas. Compared to them, the ones we encountered up to now seem innocent.’

André clearly perceived the aura of the monster that exerted his influence on him. How far were these beings allowed to pursue their destruction of mankind? Was there no end to this? Later on they would have to spend thousands of years in the Valley of Sorrows, but they didn’t realize that. When would they themselves be destroyed? He looked at Alcar who sensed his question.

‘Their depth is as deep as the highest sphere is high according to the spiritual attunement. Is that clear to you?’

‘Yes, Alcar’

‘All the same, they cannot sink deeper than the attunement of the earth. This is the pre-animal-like attunement; every one of them once lived on the planet earth. But they took a degree in the condition they now live in, and so they are masters. This tells us that one day goodness will prevail. They cannot attune to anything higher, which means that goodness will conquer evil. Listen, he’s going to speak.’

André clearly heard: ‘Master, are you here? I sense you, but I still don’t have a good connection. The North will reflect itself in the East and the South, it will take on everything that moves about there.’

Only now did André understand the curious style of this building.

After a short break the genius spoke again. ‘If you are here, master, then let me feel it, I have something to show you and I’m prepared to follow and obey you in everything.’

Now something terrible occurred. It was the link between two demons. The man continued: ‘I have a connection with the South and the East, but not with the West and the North, because I am ‘cosmorizing’ and therefore I’m unable to regulate. I will show you, master.’

He stepped from behind his machine, walked over to the South and activated a machine and then in the East. He stopped the other one which he had set in motion previously and he went along to switch on the machines in the North and the West. André got a terrible shock. Sparks and rays of

light leapt over from the machine standing in the South to the one in the East. From there a ray of sparks sputtered towards the one in the West, but he saw and felt that the forces decreased and missed their target. Something was wrong here, this was clearly visible. Now he also learnt what ‘cosmorizing’ meant, because the genius showed and explained it to his master. After the various apparatus had been activated, he went over to a small device and set this going too, whereupon the crackling sound of the sparks ceased and changed into a soft buzzing. Now André only heard a soft humming sound and all the machines were linked up. Then the genius returned to his seat and sat down in front of his instrument.

‘I will now show you something, André, which will immediately make you understand what he wants to achieve. You are required to focus all your concentration on me, as we must link up, but we will remain invisible to him. Give me your right hand and don’t let go of me, whatever happens.’

Step by step his leader walked forward. At a certain moment they both felt a violent current passing through their bodies which took their breath away. It was so intense that it seemed to him as if his chest were being crushed. André felt how this force increased, which made him realize that his leader would keep on descending until it became unbearable. Alcar tried upwards and downwards, they rose and descended, went left and right. They felt nothing to the right, there wasn’t a good connection with the West. After this had also been perfected, escape would no longer be possible, as anyone entering the field would be doomed to die. Now he knew what this being was going to present to the earth. In his mind’s eye he saw how the scholar of the earth, who was about to give birth to this stupendous product of nature, would be covered with honour and fame. But it all spelt destruction. This was a death ray which could be adjusted by remote control to bring ruin to everything that lived within its scope. Alcar returned to his own attunement, so that André could breathe freely again. Even so, his leader hadn’t been linked up completely, as this would have been impossible to bear. The striking thing was that the genius had cut himself out and wasn’t in the least impeded.

‘It’s terrible, André, but this product of nature will at some time or other see the light of day. May God give others the power to deactivate it, so that the earth may be delivered from this murderous invention. Do you sense the extent of his invention? If a country possessed this, they could start murdering about in other countries as soon as connections were established.’

‘What does he mean by ‘expanding’, Alcar?’

‘This is clear enough; after all, he regulates from a distance. For the time being he hasn’t succeeded in hitting a target, not perfectly anyway.’

‘What a monster he is, Alcar.’ ‘The scope of his product is immense, its powers are unfathomable. Everything is cosmic energy, which he transforms

into a death ray.'

'I gather that you have come to visit him, Alcar, as you were here before?'

'Yes, we went to visit him when I was working down here. He is already thousands of years old and simply can't stop. But we were brought to him by able guides to make us become acquainted with these powers and forces, just as I am showing everything about this life to you. I know that he has been working on this invention for more than a hundred years, and quite a few years will go by before it has reached perfection. It will therefore be clear to you that no-one on earth will ever receive anything supernatural if it's not granted to him from our side. Everything the earth possesses at present, either good or evil, stems from the spirit. Here we have the thinking genius who conveys his miracle to man. Let us hope that some form of energy will be invented to counteract his.'

'If I have sensed this correctly, Alcar, one of these apparatus receives what is emitted by another and then passes it on.' 'That's how it works, and that's how he wants it to function. Everything that moves and lives in that field is doomed to die, so that millions pass on at the same time. But before this invention will see the light of day on earth, many scholars will become its victim, as they don't know how it works. But there will always be geniuses to whom this knowledge is passed on, and who are prepared to give their utmost until perfection has been reached. In fifty years from now great progress will have been made. And don't forget that everything we have seen here is already present on earth, in other words: whatever he accomplishes is brought to earth. Some scientist are at work there, subject to his will, as I already told you, who are getting closer to the truth all the time. At the moment they are just as unable to link up the East and the West. But once this is achieved, everything will be singed down to the core and be doomed. All matter will be deprived of life because his ray is murderous.'

'So this kind of power is known on earth, Alcar?'

'Most certainly; death rays have already been invented, but they can't be compared to this one.'

'Can you see whether other inventions will be brought to earth?'

'Oh yes, various ones. On earth, mankind is now experiencing the century of technology. They have passed through the century of music and art; at present they're in the century of technical wonders. I see an earth, a hundred years from now, in which man lives amidst all his miracles, of which there are many. I could name thousands of miracles like these, maybe I'll be able to show you what the earth will look like in a hundred years to come. Afterwards man will return, and will found a new generation.'

'Is that already visible on this side, Alcar?'

'The masters who possess cosmic attunement are aware of that too. This

is beyond my reach, but my master is familiar with many of these miracles. Yet all this is for later; and when the necessity arises, you will be allowed to record these things too.'

'The miracle we see now is tremendous and terrible, Alcar.'

'You're so right, André, these powers could have been used for more beneficial purposes.'

'Is it known in the higher spheres what he will accomplish?'

'The masters know that too, and therefore spirits of light will descend in order to give man something which will deactivate his invention. In this way some beings work towards a good cause, others towards evil, until man finally reaches a higher attunement and everything will then serve the happiness of mankind. But as long as there are people on earth who live in a pre-animal-like condition, there will be certain specimen that go around destroying the happiness of others, and inventions will be put to use to further death and destruction, as the cycle of the soul has its origin in the pre-animal-like attunement. If enough scientists on earth knew in whose hands they were, and if they had the courage to stop, and set their heart on goodness, then nothing but happiness would prevail on earth. However, what some accomplish to benefit the good cause, is exploited by others for evil purposes. That's why many don't understand the things we give. But whatever comes from our side will serve the happiness of mankind. All other inventions are made for the sake of prestige, money, fame and destruction, but that wasn't why God bestowed His gifts on man. Poor earth, poor mankind. Let's move on to another condition.'

Masters of evil

André looked back again at the being who still sat huddled up in front of his terrible machine. They were still buzzing, as if they are now already withdrawing the life juices from the poor human being.

'He will reach his goal, André, nobody will be able to hinder him in this darkness, and don't forget: man has a will of his own; he is putting himself in a terrible attunement.'

Soon they were outside. André looked at the strange building and now he knew what these strange steeples on all corners meant. The whole construction breathed terror and fear. They walked along various streets and again reached a square where many beings were gathered. Some of them walked around lonely and forlorn, shunning everyone, as they no longer wanted to meet other people. Now he also understood why these beings isolated themselves. Others again were violent and waved their arms and legs about, from

which he gathered that they didn't yet realize the deeply tragic aspect of their lives. They were standing about in groups.

Alcar told him: 'You must wait here for a little while, André. I want to do some work; this won't take long.'

'Do you have to go?'

'Yes, my boy, but you're not afraid, are you? Don't forget that if you're spoken to or if someone makes a nuisance of himself, you can return into your own attunement. If your concentration is focussed on me, we will meet up again in our own condition. During our first and previous journey I couldn't possibly have left you on your own; but now you have reached that level.'

André shuddered at the thought of having to remain on his own.

'Afraid, André?'

He didn't feel calm at heart, but he wanted to do his best. Alcar left. There he stood, alone in this darkness, where only demons dwelt. As long as there wasn't another procession coming by, because these made him shiver and tremble. Where could Alcar have gone to? This had never happened before. He didn't dare move away from here. On the other side of the street a spiteful character was looking at him, which wasn't at all to his liking. He acted as if he didn't sense anything, but it scared him. He tried to ban him from his thoughts, but felt that this would be impossible. What did he want from him? What should he do; Alcar still hadn't returned, although his leader had said that he wouldn't take long. That man was still looking in his direction and wanted to link up with him. What now? His heart was in his mouth, the fellow was coming towards him. This spelt trouble. He quickly considered what he would have to do and decided to stay. He was a tall figure, dressed in a peculiar garment. He could be oriental, but he also wore only garish red and vicious green; these colours dominated his whole attire. He had a brown complexion.

'What are you waiting for?' the man asked in a very gruff tone.

'I'm not waiting for anybody', André replied very quickly to his question, to show that he was calm.

'So you're alone?'

'Yes, I'm alone, so what?'

'Nothing, I merely asked whether you were alone.'

André fathomed him, but he felt how he bounced off. Strange, he thought, I always manage with those who have a different and lower attunement than I have, but in his case it's impossible. Why not this time? But he hadn't the time to think, because the being asked him: 'If you're interested, then come along with me, I know where we can amuse ourselves.'

Amuse ourselves, André thought, I know their kind of amusement and how they celebrate. Not for all the money in the world would he go along.

‘No’, he said brusquely, ‘I’m not coming with you, I have no desire to.’

‘Why not, after all, you’re bored aren’t you?’

‘I’m not bored.’

He looked past the man to see whether his leader was returning, but he saw no sign of him anywhere.

‘Are you expecting someone?’ the being asked pointblank.

Again he quickly thought what he should reply and he said: ‘Yes, a human being.’

The being roared with laughter and said: ‘A human being?’

André knew what the man meant. There were no human beings here! But did he know about that? After all, he was wearing the same kind of garment as thousands of others, and didn’t he dwell in this darkness? But how could this man sense what he meant? It was a mystery to him; he hadn’t become familiar with these powers yet. The being was getting more insolent all the time; it grabbed him by the arm and wanted to draw him along.

‘Leave me in peace,’ André called out to him, ‘I want to be alone.’ He considered that now the time had come to return into his own attunement. This is awful, he thought, why is Alcar leaving me on my own for so long? There was danger lurking from all sides. He wanted so much to stay and wait, but he simply couldn’t. The fellow took hold of him and he therefore decided to disappear. He concentrated intensely and felt how he got out of his grip and entered a different condition. There he was, entirely alone now. How would Alcar ever find him? Yet he would wait and adapt his thoughts to Alcar. What was that? Was he looking properly? The being he had just fled from was coming towards him. How could this man release himself from the Land of Hatred? Once again he was faced with laws which his leader hadn’t made clear to him. What attunement was he in now? There was light all around him, he couldn’t have made a mistake. What influence was he under? How could this man possibly have entered this place?

The stranger came up to him. He addressed him from a distance and said: ‘As you see, I can follow you.’

‘Who are you’, André asked, ‘and what do you want from me, why are you following me? The man didn’t reply, but now a different kind of feeling came over him, which led from this being towards his leader. Surely this couldn’t be true? Was he dealing with his leader? Within him he sensed Alcar.

‘Do you feel’, the being now asked, ‘who I am, and if you do, then will you go along with me?’

Again he fathomed the man standing before him who seemed so mysterious. For the second time he homed in on his leader. Now he had no more doubts and he cried out aloud: ‘Alcar, what’s the purpose of all this? Why did you have to leave me on my own?’

‘You won’t understand that until a little later. Just accept that it was necessary.’

André lay in the arms of the stranger and regretted that he had called his leader a ‘fellow’.

‘You didn’t know any better, my boy; those who dwell there are fellows. I wanted to leave you on your own to take away all the fear there is in you before we descend and visit the masters of evil. That’s why I took this step. I can change myself into any nationality when I concentrate on a certain attunement and accept it.

We will descend and return to the Land of Hatred. You’re not allowed to harbour the slightest trace of fear. We will now visit one of the feared orders which only those can descend into who have a higher attunement and can empathize with them in all things. You’ll find rulers, geniuses, artists, princes and princesses gathered there, in short: the intellectuals of the earth, who all tuned in to evil. That’s why I wanted to take away all your fear, because the slightest doubt in your own spiritual powers could prove fatal to you. I must link up with them; otherwise you wouldn’t sense their depth. Your concentration must remain focussed on me as long as we are down there, and we will communicate in our attunement, mentally in other words; it would be impossible otherwise. We will enter as Orientals and I will help you in this. Focus your concentration on me, get a proper and clear feeling for this attunement and this will change your appearance.’

Alcar had turned into the same person he had been shortly before. ‘Everything is possible in the spirit, André. On earth we can concentrate on our own life. If we couldn’t, no-one on earth would recognize his loved ones because we look much younger now. A spirit of light who has left the earth at an advanced age must concentrate on his past life if he wants to be recognized on earth, and that will make them see him in his ripe age. Yet in the spirit he is young and beautiful. As you see, this is also possible to us. Everything is concentration and strong will power! If my body can change, then why shouldn’t my clothes change too? My appearance takes on whatever I desire within; even my tone of voice will be changed.’

‘I just experienced that, Alcar; it’s a miracle!’

‘We couldn’t possibly penetrate their sanctities in any other way. We are capable of all kinds of things because we can change over into any condition which is below our own. On earth I always show myself to you in my painter’s clothes, but I could do so in my spiritual garment too.’

However, André was unable to maintain his condition, and he felt how another power entered him, which made it easier for him to concentrate. ‘What is it I’m feeling now, Alcar?’

‘It’s the power of my thought, nothing else, because I feel that you’re not

able to adapt sufficiently. But try to master this, I need your powers for the coming events, which you will shortly understand. We have now reached the place where I wanted to be, and we will enter here.'

André didn't see anything that looked like a temple or a building; it was a subterranean vault where they entered. There were sentries in front of the entrance. Alcar strode up to them, spoke a few words with them and they were permitted to enter. A few yards further on, others were awaiting them and Alcar threw open his garment and showed them something which his leader had not told him about. Then Alcar stepped up to him, opened his garment and showed the sentry a green sparkling pin which he himself hadn't noticed. He was most surprised. Where did I get this thing he thought, and what does all this mean? Suddenly it came to him: 'I know this order; it's all a matter of concentration and strong will power; so leave everything to me. I don't know either, which passwords they are using at the moment, but I will link up with them and extract it from them.' André admired his great leader; how superb Alcar's powers were. Now he understood why his leader had left him behind. If he ever got the chance to do it over again, he would act quite differently from the way he had. How puny he was, compared to Alcar. It would take years before he had acquired these powers.

The watchman led them through various halls. It resembled a subterranean castle, which one couldn't discern from outside. Everything was beautifully furnished; nothing indicated that he now dwelt in the dark spheres. Everything he saw was earthly, in a similar condition yet with a animal-like design. This was one of the most dangerous orders known; that was the kind of place they had entered. The watchman wore a glittering garment and again he saw no other colours than bright blazing red and vicious green. Alcar addressed him: 'These beings are spies, but their thoughts can't reach us. All they do is focus on us to feel whether we happen to be blacks. That's their expression for beings with a higher attunement. So I descend into them and think of nothing but murder and manslaughter; I want them to feel this. They are surprisingly accurate in their thoughts.'

One of the watchmen came up to them and Alcar whispered a few words in his ear which André couldn't understand. But the translation came to him and meant nothing less than destruction of all life. After this had happened the watchman respectfully bowed and they went on. They had passed through four or five halls and now came to a towering door which opened automatically as they approached, and they could enter. In a spacious hall were hundreds of people gathered. André thought: they are sure to come over to us soon, but the opposite happened. Nobody took any notice of them, they thought it was very normal. All the same, he had been scared out of his wits when the door burst open. He tried to get a thorough grip on himself,

and he felt how his leader was exerting his influence on him. Men and women were gathered, divided into groups. There were some who wore beautiful garments, but here too he saw nothing but those terrible colours, and he knew their meaning. He tried to take in the surroundings, but a marvellous tender feeling that suddenly came over him told him that he wasn't allowed to do this, and he understood its meaning. His leader was acting upon him in silence, and he saw the surroundings in his mind's eye as it was conveyed to him in a vision. There was a large statue in the middle of the hall, and they seated themselves at its base. His leader, who had sat down beside him, told him: 'We will first have to pass some tests; they are therefore silently exerting their influence on us before we are admitted to their circle.'

The sculpture was fenced in; chairs had been arranged around it, which some of the beings had seated themselves on.

'A select society has gathered here; they are all terrible beings, which will shortly become clear to you. Something must be about to happen; there have never been so many together, because they normally dwell on earth and act upon man. They're from the earth and have gathered here for some reason. Pay close attention to everything, but remember our connection.'

He had been able to follow his leader clearly; every word was grafted into his soul. Quite some time passed without anything special happening. André saw their garments changing, and sparks seemed to be shooting from their eyes. These beings were dangerous. A strange feeling came over him. It upset him, and his eyelids began to flutter. Then he felt himself subsiding, but he exerted all his powers to counteract this. He was overwhelmed by heavy sleepiness, his consciousness was being interfered with. Where had this sleepy feeling suddenly come from? Again he heard: 'This is some form of energy they are directing at us, and if we succumb under these razor-sharp thoughts, then we are lost and must return. So exert yourself to stand up to this, I'll help you in everything. All their concentration is focussed on us, although you don't see anything of it.'

André felt himself being released through Alcar's help. How dangerous all these beings were; no-one would have noticed this. This was all treason and destruction, how vile it was to step so low. After a few moments he felt a different influence coming over him. He felt an icy current running through him which made him freeze. What was he in for now?

He immediately heard Alcar say; 'Do nothing, André; let everything quietly take effect on you.'

These gentle loving words from his leader worked wonders. He let them have their way, but it was hard because he feared he would grow rigid. What kind of monsters in human guise were gathered here? His hands felt as though they were frozen and yet he wasn't allowed to show anything. How

simple everything was, yet how vicious! Anyone who was ignorant of these powers would fall for this. The demons were sitting there and didn't deign to look at them, yet they were trying to subjugate them in various ways. When any of them happened to glance in their direction, he felt that they looked right through them as if they weren't there. To them they didn't exist. There was a lady sitting diagonally across from him, dressed in an earthly fashion and adorned with pearls and other jewels. She was engaged in a lively conversation with some of them; yet behind it all he felt their piercing thoughts, which were out for murder. Now and then there was complete silence, and these moments made him feel the suffocating atmosphere in full. How malicious all these atrocious beings were. Were they masters of evil? And were the women female masters? He immediately heard: 'Not them, the masters are yet to arrive.' The coldness vanished as it had come. What malicious powers would they aim at them now? Sure enough, a servant came up to them who served them a reddish liquid and vanished without uttering a word. He was familiar with these drinks and prepared himself, because now his leader was bound to disappear. He would soon be able to breathe more freely. He didn't feel happy here. Amongst those others he had at least been able to move about, here he wasn't even allowed to change his seat. He was ready, but at that moment he heard his leader say: 'Take up your glass with your left hand as I will, and do whatever I do.'

André sent back his thoughts to Alcar and asked: 'Aren't we leaving then, Alcar?'

'Not yet, just do as I told you.'

These words had come to him in a flash, and he did what Alcar wanted of him. How difficult it was to understand demons. He took hold of the glass with his left hand, saw how Alcar held it between his thumb and forefinger, then raised it and tossed it over his head, so that it shattered to pieces against the sculpture. He did what his leader had done, and wondered what this was all about. How malicious everything was, how deeply their vileness showed up in this. What would they think of this? But they all went on as if it didn't concern them. Alcar said: 'This simple gesture has a profound meaning. It proves that you're prepared for all circumstances, that's all.'

Following this, one of them got up and walked around the sculpture. The being came within his reach, then stopped, and André felt that it was sounding him out in a terrible way. He broke out in a cold sweat because of its loathsome thoughts. It went on as if it perceived something above him, but it penetrated him down to the depths of his soul. He had half a mind to make a charge at the monster but he knew that he would be lost if he did.

'Let him be, André, and send him the best of your feelings. Approach him with love; otherwise it will be impossible to link up.'

Did he really have to approach a being like this with love?

‘You must’, he heard again, ‘love is our strength. If your love is not pure, it strengthens their powers and you would descend into them.’

André understood his leader; it couldn’t have been put to him more clearly. It was strange; now that he faced up to it in this way he felt nothing of its influence. He silently thanked Alcar for his help. After a moment the being went away and he heard Alcar say: ‘We have been accepted, André. We can move about freely now.’

Alcar got up from his seat; he followed him, and together they walked around the hall. None of the beings spoke to them. He looked at the sculpture. It was the devil in person, an animal-like scene, so that he didn’t dare look at it again. The demon who had wanted to sound him out went into an adjacent room and returned after a short while, carrying a small-scale model of the large sculpture they had been sitting in front of. What was going to happen now? All those present got up from their seat, while four of them stepped forward. Alcar let him feel that they were to take their seats again and he was impatient to see what would happen next. He saw vapour rising up out of the sculpture. The four beings formed a circle and linked up by grasping each other’s hands. The things he perceived seemed so utterly strange to him. And these people, how mysterious they all were. They stood there for quite a while and he felt how they focussed their powers of concentration. Were they about to link up with powers that were even more sinister? Darkness crept up around him, and the glow they called light within this darkness slowly died down. It was pitch-dark all around, yet he was still able to perceive. He had once had a similar experience in the Valley of Sorrows. He could clearly distinguish all the beings because he was linked up with them. Was someone being called? It seemed like it. He saw a pale green haze around the sculpture that increased in density. It was terrible what was happening here, it surged through his body, it crept into his soul. There it stayed, gnarling as though it wanted to suck away his vital fluids. He thought he would choke.

Then he heard his leader say: ‘Occult forces, André. This is how they link up with the masters.’

He suddenly understood. They now formed a wide circle around the sculpture, and others joined them to expand the circle. He counted fifteen beings, all focussing their powers of concentration. How deep were these human beings descending, how far were they allowed to go and could they link up? Now he saw a yellowish light that lit up the entire sculpture. Slowly this light merged into garish red and subsequently linked up with the green. Then he saw it disappear into the sculpture, which then also vanished for a moment. But this only lasted for a short while. Now long wisps of light emerged from

out of the sculpture. These extended far beyond the sculpture and spread out over all those present; this light seemed to assimilate and influence them. The light came over to him too, causing his knees to tremble, and he was overcome by dizziness. It was terrible, it exerted a horrible influence. Could all those standing around the sculpture focus their thoughts with such precision, that they were able to reach everyone in the hall? Because they did. Their will power brought about an occult connection between all the others. André withstood this vicious pressure, this terrible power. Then the lurid vapours returned to the sculpture. That smoke contained the poison that destroyed life. Their powers of concentration lit up the sculpture; it flashed, and each being could now link up with any of the others. It marked the transition to the animal-like level, the lowest one possible; here, even the ultimate limits seemed to become transgressed. A woman who must have been very beautiful on earth stepped forward. The circle was broken to let her pass through; she posted herself close to the sculpture and waited. She stood bent forward and held both arms stretched out over the sculpture. André sensed that she formed the link for this event. A medium, just as he was, yet serving occult powers. Terrible, how could a woman lend herself to such things. How deep that being must have fallen! Perhaps she had been a mother and had loved but now she had sunk so terribly low. She had become bestialized and had gained a degree in this condition. Her eyes closed, in deep trance, she drew a small circle around herself too, in order to cut herself off from all the others. He was stunned by the influence which everything began to emanate.

In spite of all the things that occupied his mind, he again heard his leader say: 'Keep your spirits up, André, the masters are coming.'

The word 'masters' brought him back to consciousness. He wanted to get to know these beings. He gathered all the energy he had within, but felt that he couldn't possibly hold his ground. Yet he had to pull through, because he wanted to understand those mysterious powers, the occult forces he had already heard so much about. He wouldn't readily be allowed to witness such an event again, that was very clear to him. 'Oh, help me', he prayed to God and to his leader, 'let me stand up to all this.' His prayer was ardent and after a few moments he actually felt how a different, even stronger power was influencing him, so that he could once again follow everything clearly. Who had come to help him this time?

His leader spoke: 'Our friends, who are here with us.'

André understood that they hadn't been the only ones to force their way into this place, and that other, higher spirits were present. It gave him a good feeling; now he would be able to withstand everything. The influence which the sculpture exerted steadily increased. He felt a terrifying silence. Now he heard them humming; they all took part in this piercing, tormenting sing-

ing. It was an inner form of cursing, he sensed this accurately. It revealed their total inner being, all the abuse expressing poison and manslaughter, passion and violence. It was so horrible, so intensely vicious that he felt how every resonance that pierced through him made his powers subside. It cut through him like a knife, because it contained something abominable. If only they would raise their voices, he thought, if only they would shout out their complaints at full blast; that would be bearable, it wouldn't be so provoking. This took him by surprise, it sawed his body and soul apart. It was murderous, a torturing feeling, because he was linked up with them. He heard his leader muttering too, but when he concentrated on Alcar, a different feeling came over him. It contained a sense of love and warmth that flowed into his soul. The terrible light increased in intensity and formed a globe around the sculpture. The sculpture stood there like a lighthouse in the mist, and the light became increasingly vicious as it approached the pre-animal-like level. The woman now lay crumpled up at the base of the sculpture. Her sleep was deep, she didn't know what was happening to her and around her. When these phenomena had ended, he noticed a dreadful smell that took his breath away. Never before had he smelt anything so horrible; he couldn't find the proper words to describe it. It was diabolical. But once he had got used to it, it no longer bothered him. Some form of life began to develop within that greenish, yellowish, reddish globe. Something took shape that resembled a being. It kept on changing, became denser and denser, until it had taken on the shape of a human being. Lots of other shadows became manifest around that image, which all took on shape. They were human beings. But they remained enveloped within a dense haze.

He asked his leader what this all meant, but a different voice, which was unknown to him said: 'Satan in his realm, André, the devil in person, he who rules over millions. They have destroyed worlds and will do anything to achieve the same on earth.'

This wasn't his leader who had spoken to him. André asked in silence whether he was allowed to know who was supporting him. His leader was sitting beside him, like a statue on its pedestal, deeply in thought. André didn't want to disturb him; he sensed what was going on in Alcar. A gentle, beautiful feeling came over him when he heard the name of the spirit who had come to his help.

'André', he heard, 'I am Ubronus.'

'Oh, dear, dear Ubronus, you who guided me through Alcar's dwelling? You have come to help me in the darkness too?'

'Your leader called me, because he wanted to link up completely and get to know their powers, which requires his entire concentration. So it was I who acted upon you. Your leader is in a different attunement, in which he wants

to follow the occult connections.'

André understood, as he felt that Alcar had withdrawn into an attunement which was unknown to him. A wall of spiritual power enveloped Alcar. Nothing about him moved. Now he would be able to experience everything. He now clearly saw some beings becoming visible in the magical light, and at the same time he smelt that terrible stench, that was getting stronger. The beings who manifested themselves were upheld by this horrible scent. Those who were present came under its influence, so that they were linked up with their masters. In the fifth sphere he had witnessed a spiritual consecration that had been heavenly; here he saw the animal in man. The difference was stupendous. Over there he had been raised, here he was shocked to the very depths of his soul. What a gap there was between these two conditions. How exalted man was in the higher spheres; how low those had fallen who manifested themselves here. Now a being moved out of the circle; the others quickly closed the ranks and this being stepped over to the woman who was still lying in deep sleep. André got a shock, as he recognized him. It was the genius whom he had visited together with Alcar. Why had he stepped within the circle? Within the illumed globe of horror and misery he now saw a pale green apparition that descended a little deeper. A human being, but what kind of human being! He saw a devil, the highest master they knew. What were the others compared to him? Nothing. The difference in power was too great. This being ranked highest, yet it had fallen deepest of all. The genius had knelt down and now looked up. In his hands he held the same insignia that Alcar had shown as they entered, but this one was larger. All the others who had arrived with the master also descended and formed a chain, just as those who stood gathered around the sculpture had. The climax had come. Longingly the genius looked at his master, wondering what the latter would say. André's soul cried with sadness because of the abundant misery present here.

The master spoke: 'Brothers, I had you summoned over to me. One amongst you has been admitted into the circle of masters and is now in your midst, lying on his knees at my feet. I will be brief. I had you summoned because Geoni will be admitted to our circle and has therefore been raised. I want you all to obey him and follow him, to support him in his work, especially those who are on earth and work. Geoni, continue your research, I will send you a few assistants to enable you to connect the West with the North, the East with the South. One of us is always in your vicinity, the one who also brought me this message.'

The satan spread out his claws over the inventor, murmured something and withdrew into his previous condition. Those who had come along with him stepped forward one by one, crossed their arms across their chest, looked

the genius in the eye and disappeared. The session had ended. The masters withdrew, the light faded, total darkness closed in around them and the chains were broken. Long strokes were made over the woman who still lay there, and she too returned out of her terrible sleep. He no longer saw Geoni; the genius had vanished without a trace. The sculpture was taken back to the place from where it had been fetched. The atrocious happening was over.

Now he heard his leader talking to him again: 'He descended, André, because he came higher.'

André understood. He had come to know the ultimate in evil.

Alcar got up from his seat and walked over to a corner of the hall where he sat down at a table. André looked at his leader and wondered what was going to happen now. But he thought he could guess what his leader was up to. He looked at all the others, who, in a rather loud way, had got into a festive mood. Servants came along to bring drinks and refreshments. The glasses were downed in one go and then cast to the floor, so that the pieces of broken glass shot past his ears. Everything he experienced here was weird and mysterious. What had got into these beings? Drinks were put down for them too, but Alcar told him not to touch anything. 'We are returning into our own attunement, André; the journey to the dark spheres has come to an end.'

'Thank God,' André thought, 'I'm glad that we're leaving.'

'Get ready, my boy, they will rush at us at any moment because we're not drinking. I won't pay their masters that tribute.'

His leader hadn't even finished talking, when he felt a stinging ray piercing him. All the beings stood up from their seats and penetrated him with their razor-sharp thoughts, as if they wanted to tear his soul apart. A few of them went up to them and asked them why they weren't drinking to the health of the master!

He now heard Alcar say: 'Pick up your glass, André and come and stand beside me.' He did what his leader wanted and posted himself next to him. The beings who had remained standing at a short distance from them thought that Alcar would have something to say about the things they had just experienced. André felt himself being drawn up, and when they had entered another condition but were still visible to them, Alcar addressed them: 'Friends, we were in your midst too.'

Amazed about so much insolence, he heard one of them shouting behind him: 'Blacks! Stab them down! Blacks in our midst, and no-one can force his way in?'

'And yet we were here', Alcar said, still holding his glass in his hand. 'Friends', Alcar continued, 'we know of other powers, which destroy yours. We know God, yes, a God of love, and this power enables us to penetrate into your midst. None of you can hinder us, not even the masters, however

deep they may have fallen, to whatever height they may step up their occult powers. One day you too will get to know these powers; then you will fight for the light, for goodness, with love for all of life. Farewell, and greet him who calls himself master.’

Alcar threw his glass at their feet. André did the same and with a terrible howl they all charged at the spot where they had been standing. André sensed how he entered a different attunement. They had all disappeared from his sight; the Land of Hatred lay behind him.

On towards the spheres of light; spiritual art, the sphere of the animals, the first, second and third sphere, cosmic mentalities

‘Look, André, the spheres of light are awaiting us; your second journey to the dark areas has come to an end. We were down there long enough. I’m sure I don’t have to explain to you what kind of beings dwell there. While the masters manifested themselves, I linked up with them to get to know who he was and how old he already is. On earth he lived in a similar condition, but I had to go back thousands of years. His power is great, and deep is the depth into which he has fallen. It will also be clear to you why I had to show myself to you in a different attunement before we could descend. You can breathe freely again now, which you longed for so fervently.’

How good Alcar was, and how great his psychic power to be able to show him all this. Yet it was the truth: he was glad that they had left the dark spheres behind. He felt new life surging up; he saw the landscape changing beneath him, and the sky became brighter. All the things he had already experienced on this journey, and what else would come? Wisdom meant everything, no matter how terrible it was down there. Yet he preferred to be with those who dwelt in the higher spheres. Everything was heavenly there. How animal-like their auras were down below. He didn’t want to remind himself of that smell. What a higher being carried within could be sensed and seen around him, and they also spread an indefinable scent. But how horrible it was there, in which those masters lived? The animal-like beings spread that smell; it was their possession, their attunement. The higher the attunement a human being possessed, the more beauty it became within and around him. Everything was clear to André now. And now he went to the light; warmth awaited him. He thought of his little child who had passed on. Might he be allowed to visit her on this journey? Would Alcar be heading there? Oh, if only that were true. But he didn’t dare ask his leader. While he visited the spheres during his previous journey he couldn’t have imagined that a child of his would be dwelling there. It was the children’s sphere,

which he had been allowed to visit with Alcar. And now he was in the same life where she was. How beautiful the children's sphere was, and everything he had been allowed to perceive. He didn't dare focus his thoughts on it, it would prove too much for him. It had happened a year ago now. It had been born dead, which he had already sensed seven months beforehand. He had fought a terrible inner battle, because he had refused to accept it, yet he had been forced to submit. Everything had happened just as Alcar had made him feel it would. Oh, if only he were allowed to visit his child. When he returned to earth from this disembodiment and would then be allowed to tell his wife that he had been permitted to see their child and had talked with her, that would be wonderful. Actually, he had already seen the child only four months after it had arrived. But he hadn't been allowed to come close; he was permitted to look on from afar. He wasn't allowed to disturb its spiritual peace. Nonetheless, the things he had been allowed to see had made a great impression on him. Hundreds of little children – they were all angels – were gathered there. They were enveloped by a blue haze and he had clearly been able to distinguish the spiritual little bodies. The little ones lived in a large building made of snow-white marble, and they were taken care of by spirits of love, angels who sensed pure, perfect mother love. Alcar had shown him his child, but he had already sensed from a distance that it was her; he was attracted to her by a link of love. Nevertheless, he was required to stay some thirty feet away from her; he hadn't been allowed to come any closer to her. But how happy he had been to see that his child was alive and growing up. He wasn't permitted to dwell in the children's sphere for long either; they returned to earth shortly after. He could recall the moment of parting, when he had taken her to her final resting-place. The difference between parting there and in the spheres was enormous. On earth it had been easier for him than that first time when he had been allowed to see her again. In the small burial chamber where his child lay, there had been another little being that had lived for four days and had passed over on the same day. This little one would be her playmate in the spheres and would remain so. That morning he had sensed an intimate link between both children of the spheres. The parents of the child were heartbroken; he hadn't felt that way, because he knew that one day he would see his child again. How gladly he would have shared his knowledge with the parents of that little angel, but they were beyond his reach. He submitted, and so did his wife, but the others wanted to hold on to their child, they couldn't part with it. And yet their child was alive too and grew up just like his.

Alcar said nothing to him; maybe he had a fixed plan which made it impossible for him to see his child. Beneath him he saw a primitive landscape; the houses they had built here looked, like the barracks back on earth. They

lay spread about all over and were occupied by people who had arrived there from the dark spheres. He knew all about this from his previous journey. Alcar had explained it to him. That's where they received their first spiritual lessons; they were taught how to spread love. From there, they would set off for the spheres of light, which were difficult to reach. This required struggle and sacrifice. Nonetheless, they were prepared to enter upon a different life. There too, men and women lived together, but they harboured no warmth yet, nor was it felt in nature; the possession of that holy fire was still far beyond their reach. Many of them fell back into their previous condition and would have to start all over again.

They continued on their way towards the first existential sphere in the spirit. As they progressed, the spheres changed too, and so did nature and everything that lived here. Man slowly ascended, until he had reached the highest spheres. How simple everything was, and how righteous God was! On earth they weren't aware of a righteous God. Here everyone saw, sensed and knew that. Here they knew only a God of love, and they knew that man keeps on rising higher and higher through prayer and labour. Man could reach it all if he sacrificed himself for others and loved everything that bears God's life within. The beauty in nature increased, people were rejuvenated because they sensed a higher form of love and carried this deep inside. This life was eternal. Below him was the connecting sphere where he had been allowed to address the living dead during their previous visit. Wonderful the moment had been when they had dissolved before their eyes. It had been a miracle to him, and yet everything was very simple if one knew these powers and cherished them within. They would soon reach the first sphere, but still Alcar hadn't spoken; his leader was lost in deep thoughts. The first rays of light were filtering through, and beyond these lay the first sphere.

Alcar looked at him and said: 'Now I will show you the spiritual art I spoke to you about on earth. Yet only in the fifth sphere you will notice how different things are from what we left behind on earth. First we will stay there for a while, and from within my attunement you will see spiritual masters and be allowed to admire their art.'

'Those who arrive here from the earth are allowed to go on practising their form of art, aren't they, Alcar?'

'Certainly, but it's better to wait until they have arrived in the fourth sphere, as their spiritual development would otherwise come to a standstill.'

'How do you mean?'

'I mean that if they deepen their feeling for art - which isn't an acquirement in the spirit -, they still wouldn't be able to enter a higher sphere, even if they kept on painting for a thousand years. An enhanced feeling for art doesn't yet stand for spiritual possession. Therefore their art has no meaning,

because it doesn't help them to enter the first sphere of happiness (the fourth sphere of light) from the earth; it would have been better for them to have first acquired these powers. I will explain all these things to you when we get there.'

'Has art reached its peak on earth?'

'Yes, the artists of that generation belong to the past. Man creates according to the things he feels. And since we know that man's feelings on earth are focussed on matter, and that he lives within that attunement, we also know that he will not create a spiritual form of art which is attuned to a third sphere. Spiritually, art on earth has reached an attunement which corresponds to the second sphere. If a form of art were born on earth which were to reach the attunement of the third sphere, then it would not be understood on earth. You know that the first sphere reflects the condition of life on earth. Accordingly, anything transcending human development cannot be sensed on earth; they have no words to describe it. So if a being from the fourth or the fifth sphere were to descend, he would be regarded as a super-human genius whom others couldn't equal in a thousand years. But we too know that this won't happen, for the simple reason that man will receive only the nourishment he can sense, understand and digest. Go back to earth, look at technology, man has no idea of the things that are bestowed on him. He is years behind; he is a slave to his machines, which is not supposed to be nor ever has been. That's the way art went; man's 'abilities' destroyed it. Everything that is given to the earth, as I already told you, adheres to a cosmic law; this life on earth consists of laws, human attunements. But those who have attained the highest degree from an earthly standpoint still don't rank as happy beings, because so many perish due to the art they create. I showed you my works of art on earth; there they call me a master, but when I entered this life I dwelt beneath the first spiritual sphere, where spiritual masters neither live nor are they known to exist. Consequently, everything is earthly from their point of view and cannot be compared to life on this side. So everything that is created on earth is located below this spiritual attunement. That is why our life is richer, has more beauty, and as we rise, all forms of art, yes, even life itself will change. Look, my boy, we're now entering the first sphere.'

André saw people, houses and other buildings; many dwellings reflected the inner attunement of the beings that lived there, and they had been built in keeping with their power of love. He had visited this place before, but now he was to learn about their art. The first sphere resembled the earth. He saw other buildings too, erected in various styles, some of which were very beautiful and had a different meaning. The spiritual dwellings were everywhere, in the mountains and on the waterfront too, built to their feeling, taste and

strength. It was all spiritual substance, and as such it appeared genuine and natural.

‘What is that big building over there, Alcar? It looks much finer than all the others.’

‘The master builders who erected it dwell in a higher sphere. So it was accomplished in accordance with their inner power and feeling. It’s meant to urge those who live here to reach that same level in art. At the sight of a higher attainment they will exert themselves accordingly. Is that clear to you?’

‘Yes, Alcar.’

‘As you know, a spiritual dwelling reflects the inner condition of the being that lives in it. Those who built this, all possess a higher attainment; this makes them sense a higher form of art, an architecture of greater beauty. Consequently, all these buildings are also maintained by them. This applies to all the spheres. Art in this sphere corresponds with the level of the second attainment, and as we ascend we find higher forms of art. In my sphere we are acquainted with art from the sixth sphere, which is taken care of by higher beings just as it is here, because both spheres are connected with each other. It’s like the reflection of light from a higher level which, as I said, will urge us on to attain that level in art, that love. This is because everything is love, nothing but love, because love means life and feeling and man will create after his feeling.’

On the edge of a mountain, surrounded by lots of greenery and flowers, André saw many beings gathered. A spirit had seated himself in their midst and was addressing them all. He could hear him from afar even.

‘Are we going over there, Alcar?’

‘Yes, we’ll go and listen to what he has to say.’

The one who was talking was a middle-aged spirit, dressed in a spiritual garment. ‘Brothers’, the spirit spoke, ‘once we dwelt on earth and knew nothing about this life.’ André sensed that he was talking about eternal life. ‘Now everything is clear to us. I already told you that those who profess a different religion meet up with hatred, but here such a thing is impossible. Here we are one and know only one Father, a Father of Love. Christ made our Father known to us. And how beautiful it is to love, to be able to mean something to others. But how can we help ourselves and others? Descend, brothers, descend into the dark areas, where your children and your brothers and sisters live; they need your help. It’s the road others followed, and which we must follow. I dwelt there for a long time, so I know how many there are who need help. Why are you still waiting? Don’t you hear them calling? You will be creating your very own condition in that way, and when you return, you will enter other, even higher spheres. Those who don’t live for others don’t develop. We must work and pray, that’s where our power, indeed all power

stems from. Those who wait are not alive, they are alive yet dead. I call out to you all, help them, your sisters and brothers. Don't you feel the urge to tell others about your life, that goes on forever? To say that you're alive? That your mother or your father and children are with you?

Full of fervour the spirit went on talking, but André felt that they would move on, so they left.

'You see how on this side people must also be urged to mean something to others. In the second sphere there is no more need for that. I know the one who was addressing them and I'm very pleased to see him again on this road. I met him in the dark spheres, he was thoroughly unhappy and he asked me to show him some proof of a higher life. Only then would he be able to accept it. I showed myself to him in a higher condition and now, after a hundred years, I see him again, convincing others. You heard him telling them about a life he once experienced, and he has a clear knowledge of all the transitions of feeling in the spirit. This is how one being acts upon another, and how he himself will develop by helping others. I couldn't have demonstrated this to you more clearly. His road is ours, and our road is that of the One Who, on earth, was nailed to the cross. Following his road, that is God's holy Will. I convinced this man with a single piece of proof, and it made him take himself in hand. Deeds, only deeds will lay one stone upon the other and build a spiritual dwelling. Everything will radiate when they possess these inner powers, which they acquired by helping others. This truth is inherent in every condition I show to you. Soon he too will ascend; he has already received his spiritual garment. Lots of happiness and love await him in the second sphere.

I call out to man on earth: Start now, don't wait until you get here; what you possess on earth, you need not acquire here. Everyone already shapes his own task on earth, and will do so on this side too. Those who are not aware of their task are not alive and will first have to be roused. But this may take a long time, and that is why we come down to earth to explain to them that they must follow our path.'

André got a shock. Was he seeing correctly? Yes, he saw a man walking over there with a dog beside him; how was this possible?

Alcar looked at him and said: 'Is that so strange to you that it should scare you?'

'There's a dog walking over there, Alcar.' He thought his leader hadn't understood him properly.

'Well seen, André. Why shouldn't we be allowed to have our animals with us? Aren't they in fact our best friends? We're together, in eternity too, if that is what we ourselves want. Both are one, everything is life, and intelligent life can link up with the other form of life.'

‘So is this the sphere where the animals live, Alcar?’

‘No, they live in an attunement which corresponds with their own condition. We have birds and various other animals, then why not those that shared long spells of sorrow and grief with us on earth? I too had a little dog on earth, and I am often together with him on this side. The little animal passed on, and here I saw it again. Whenever I want to see it I call it over, as I will show you in a little while. The animal on this side senses the being with a higher attunement, which I already explained to you during our first journey. Adolizing animals is not possible anymore. All aspects of life are different, and so is companionship with animals.’

‘Do they all live in one sphere, Alcar?’

‘Yes, and that sphere is situated below the first cosmic level.’

‘How miraculous everything is!’

‘Nothing is miraculous, it’s all reality! There are no miracles, once you know the powers that make them come about. In the spirit everything is knowledge!’

‘How do the animals get here; do they have to be fetched?’

‘You would have a long way to descend, but that isn’t necessary either. Wherever I am, in whichever sphere, but starting from the first existential sphere in the spirit, I can link up with animals. This is all brought about through concentration and will power.’

‘Are animals then bound by laws, Alcar?’

‘The animal just like human beings, so they both are. However, an animal isn’t aware of these laws, yet it senses more accurately than many people who possess intelligence. The animal possesses a single attunement to life, which is where it passes on to from the earth; that is what it must abide by. I will now show you that love creates ties on this side too, and that our earthly animals join us when we wish them to. But as I already told you, this is only possible to those who dwell in the first existential sphere. In other words: this requires spiritual possession.’ André saw that Alcar was concentrating. A few seconds passed.

‘Look over there, André.’

Some thirty feet away, a longhaired little dog came bounding along and jumped up, barking at his master. André couldn’t believe his eyes.

‘How charming everything is, Alcar! How great love is, and how mighty God is to bestow this too on man. It would make many people happy if they were permitted to know this on earth.’

The little animal whined with joy.

‘My little pet’, Alcar spoke to the animal and André was also greeted by the little dog. Tears of happiness were in his eyes at the sight of this beautiful, lovable scene.

Alcar saw his tears and said: 'This is pure, perfect love, my boy; I also got tears in my eyes when I was allowed to witness this; so let them flow freely. I cried with happiness, my son, when I was allowed to experience this great event. I thanked God from the depths of my soul for all the sacred things I was allowed to receive. I will always remain grateful for this. You see, André, that they don't forget us, even if years have passed without us seeing them. They don't forget us, their love is eternal; they will always give their love.'

It touched André deeply that he was allowed to sense and experience the love between an animal and man.

'Come, on we go now, the animal will stay with us a while, until we leave this sphere. I can summon various animals in this way whenever I want to link up in love.'

'But surely not wild animals, Alcar.'

Alcar laughed heartily and André felt that he had asked a curious question.

'Wild animals, André, are unknown to us here; they don't live on this side. But you couldn't know; it's a question many ask. I will explain this to you. When an animal leaves the earth, in other words, when it dies, it doesn't matter what race it belongs to, it casts off its life. Can you understand that? Man enters this place with the same feelings he had on earth, but an animal casts off physical life and enters his spiritual life.'

'Do animals evolve, Alcar?'

'Certainly, but it remains in a condition which corresponds to the animal attunement. An animal must follow its cycle and return here.'

'Thousands of questions are crowding my mind, Alcar.'

'We'll deal with all those questions later, when we go to visit those conditions. But for the moment we will follow another track, a different plan, which I want to stick to.'

André thought this was all miraculous. There was so much happiness awaiting man when he entered this life.

'How does an animal return, Alcar? Can it do so?'

'But of course, I will show you that too. Look, and listen to what I'm about to tell you. Everything depends on concentration and strong will power. Now, I will clearly express my will so that you'll be able to follow everything I do. The animal will obey me because it senses me.'

Alcar spoke to his earthly companion: 'Come now, dear animal, we must part, you must go.'

At that moment André sensed that the animal wanted to stay. Yet it went away and now he saw the miracle taking place. The animal turned into a haze; he saw it dissolve before his eyes. But it soon returned, which made it clear to him that his leader had drawn it back to him. How great this all was! It jumped around them for joy.

‘Those on earth who love animals will be happy to know this, Alcar.’

‘You can tell them about this, my son, and about all the other things you were allowed to experience, and will yet experience. If people want to take themselves in hand, then a lot of this happiness will be awaiting them on this side, but if they don’t, then all this happiness, all this mercy will not be theirs to share in.’

An animal that had died on earth lived in the life after earthly death just as it had lived and felt on earth. Here, all were one and gathered together.

‘We will enter here.’

André saw the large building which the high spirits had been working on. He was very curious to know what he would experience next. The amount of miracles he encountered in the life after death kept on increasing. He crossed the threshold of a spiritual building and saw beings everywhere, spiritual artists busy on their creations. Their feelings were transformed into art. He was looking at artists, who were painting in the life after death. Who would believe him? As they entered, a spirit came up to them and addressed Alcar.

‘Alcar, Alcar, God be with you!’

‘Brother Ambrosius, we’ve come to pay you a visit.’

The spirit went up to André and greeted him in a friendly way. Nothing but love, André thought. Alcar carried on a conversation with the spirit and told André that he would warn him in advance, when they would be moving on. ‘Take care to absorb everything, André, I will help you.’

Alcar left with Ambrosius; he was on his own. He saw beings who were painting figures while others depicted nature. He tried to link up with them because he wanted to feel what their spiritual products represented. He saw fanciful images which he didn’t understand. He saw young men as well as old ones. Man represented creative power, he sensed this in everything. He went from one surprise to the next. He identified with an extraordinary, near to incomprehensible depiction. It was a strange piece of art. He sensed that the being was painting his own life. It was the earthly life he had discarded. He gathered from the colours that this human being had accomplished his life in grief and sorrow; the colours showed up all his struggling. He also sensed the dark areas in the scene that had been conceived in a spectacular fashion. In beautiful hues, which also included dark and vivid, flashing colours; the image scene had been portrayed in a beautiful symbolic way. The being sensed his own self, and his accomplished life on earth and in the spheres. Rough, freakish colours helped to compose a picture which signified the condition of a soul. A poet could sing about his own life and that of others in verse; here this was done in colours. Everything had been deeply felt, and yet the piece of work had no radiance. Next to him, he saw another artist, who was busy on a large canvas. Strange, he thought, that’s not the way people paint on

earth. The colours were applied onto the canvas in one go and spread about. Five or six different colours were simultaneously brought onto the canvas and this created a hue of a beauty which no-one could ever attain on earth. He saw brushes and pounders, big and small. These served to distribute the paint and apply other hues to achieve the set goal and get the right shades. It was marvellous what he witnessed here. And this was only the first sphere; whatever would art be like in the higher areas! The mellow red melted into purple, the slightly darker hues also merged into one another; they wanted to reach perfection by using various shades of a colour. He felt that this could also be achieved on earth, provided that they followed the same technique. Another being was painting a very remarkable scene that denoted hatred. Here love was painted, as well as all the human passions; all human traits were depicted in art. But what did they use to paint on?

He suddenly heard a voice: 'On matter, André, but its substance is spiritual. As you know, we have everything here. Don't forget that this form of art, which is being shown to you now, finds attunement on earth because the first sphere is the first existential sphere in the spirit as you know.'

In his mind André thanked his leader for offering him this information. Alcar followed him in everything!

Another being was busy on a truly fantastic painting. Whatever could this mean, he thought.

A soft inner voice told him: 'This, my boy, stands for music. Absorb it thoroughly; you will see the same kind of depictions in the higher spheres, but there they will be entirely spiritual.'

André sounded the image out, he tried to link up with the painting. He wanted to know what the painter had intended by his art. He understood quite well that if this form of art were performed on earth, the artists would be ridiculed. Yet what he saw here was sublime, of such intense beauty that anyone who sensed and understood it could interpret it in music. This was music portrayed in art. He felt a wonderful state of mind emerging. The painting was exerting its influence on him; he heard and saw the orchestra, felt everything flowing through him; his soul lay open to digest it all. The art of painting made him aware how gentle tones could be drawn from a musical instrument: its deep, languishing vibrations penetrated him. Then he heard an orchestra building up; it was a spiritual happening. Art, oh how mighty art can be and how marvellous for the spirit to be allowed to depict this kind of scene. It was tremendous! This should take a human being into an enhanced state of mind if he wanted to link up. He saw small and big canvasses. Here they were painting for orchestras and for solo-instruments. 'This will be practised on earth too, in a few hundred years.'

Again it was Alcar whom he heard. And he knew for sure that at present

this wouldn't be understood on earth. And when it was born on earth, man would believe it to be his very own possession, yet he would have received this from the spirit. This applied to everything his leader had shown him on the side beyond during this journey. He didn't see any women here, which seemed very strange to him. Why were there no women? On earth women painted just as well as men. It immediately came to him: 'Not until they get to the higher areas; only there will women train themselves in art. Here women have a different task than they do on earth, than many accomplished on earth.'

André understood. On earth many women performed men's work. But creation, in its spiritual attunement, wasn't meant that way. On earth they had forgotten their attunement. They were no longer women, and on this side they had to get rid of all these self-willed traits that clashed with nature. There were women on earth who didn't even want to become a mother – the holiest gift God had granted. Were these really women? Could one ever be happy with such a being? Everything was merely matter; such a being couldn't possess true love. Was a woman on earth really aware of her significance within the universe? What the intention was of her presence there? There were many who sensed the greatness of their presence and also lived up to it, others would need centuries to reach this attunement. They lived in a body but had no spiritual possession. They made no use of the gift which God had granted them on earth. At that moment he sensed the essence of all life, something which nobody but his dear leader could make him feel. Man, as a male being, was the creative power. Woman could not approximate man in his art. He sensed this in everything. Yet both were one. The art of a man became inspired by her holy love; she was behind it all, a man could create because of her. Only when they were one, would art become inspired by the blazing love of one single being, and that was the woman, the mother, the most blessed amongst human beings. On his own, a man possessed creative power, but he was love too. Art was love and love was feeling. In this way, one feeling was transformed into the other. If an earthly artist was possessed by this holy fire, then this being transcended the normal human powers and capabilities, because he was inspired by her. How simple everything was. The woman is the driving force; it is she who makes a man create. This could be seen and sensed in everything on earth. The smallest things were imbued with that driving force. It didn't even have to be art. If a man did something good and was inspired by love, he would accomplish the impossible. As long as a woman understood how to use her powers, she would receive merely happiness from the creative human being. But how many didn't know themselves, knew nothing of these conditions, and had even taken on male traits. They were on earth to fulfil life, but that fulfilment would have to return to

her, and this was what a man should understand, should be able to sense and want to give. That was love, nothing but love; it was the essence, the driving force behind life, behind every creation. The man creates by virtue of the woman, and miracles can then be brought about; it is her love that inspires him.

Again he heard Alcar, who said: 'It will be clear to you now, André, that the woman is the inspiring power behind all forms of art, and only on this side will she have a full understanding of her task.'

He walked on through the spiritual studio. He saw art everywhere, nothing but splendid art. What would life be worth without art? It meant great happiness to be able to depict one's inner feelings in a landscape or a sculpture. Art equalled God if perfection was offered and sensed. Art enabled man to reach the sublime, but only in the spirit; it was impossible on earth, because down there man was attuned to the third cosmic degree and there were seven degrees of cosmic attunement. Again he sensed that Alcar had helped him to fully understand spiritual art. He was linked up with Alcar and would remain so. How marvellous that was. Art meant life, and after earthly death it stood for love only. The deeper love was, the greater the beauty in art. What people rated as art on earth was nothing but a material condition; it contained the feeling of the being. This was the absolute truth and it did nothing to belittle art, since man simply happened to live in that attunement.

He saw a spirit, still young in years, who was busy on a great work of art. He clearly saw and sensed, as though it was being grafted into his soul, that the being he was painting represented his mother, who still lived on earth. Love, only love! He was depicting her the way he saw and felt his mother, and this was a curious situation. If an artist on earth were to do this, everyone would immediately recognize the being down to the deepest depths of its soul. The being had painted her portrait, but her effigy was surrounded by a symphony of flowers. Various hues and images revealed all her character traits; it was, in other words, a symbolic representation of her essence. It was beautiful. The flowers bloomed and spread a glorious light. It was magnificent in its wholeness. And yet he felt that something was missing in this piece of work, in the being, which he would have liked to find there and which a loving mother ought to possess. Immaculate white, that's what he found lacking. Wasn't that power present in her? And again he heard his leader say: 'No, my son, no being from the earth can enter a first spiritual sphere (the fourth sphere of light) because every being on this side must go through his process of purification.' André understood. The being that represented this mother had been a loving mother to her child; he saw this by the splendour of flowers. Yet everything was in human attunement. When she passed on,

she would also enter the first sphere. Yet he felt how the whole thing emitted a certain sadness; it was a power that deprived it of its radiance and its happiness, as if he was hampered in his attempt to reach the ultimate. It was touching to see and to feel what obstructed the painter. In a clear vision he was shown an image which made him sense and understand that sadness. He saw a being in the dark spheres, who was trying to free itself out of that darkness. The continuous appeals got through to the being and enveloped the whole thing in a haze that contained all its sorrow. Unaware of all this, he laid these powers in and around his mother. It was the force that counteracted his ability to offer perfection; it blocked his own personality. André sensed the deep significance of this problem. Only after his father had gained happiness too, would he be able to create works of art. He was tied by a link of love; he would have to help his father himself; it would further his development and his art would profit from it, because his inner self would rise by dedicating himself to others. Only then would the being be able to reach perfection in the sphere in which it dwelt. They were waiting for him to clearly sense and decide for himself that he should descend. Afterwards he would, within a short time, make rapid progress due to his release from disturbances. On earth an artist doesn't sense all these conditions of feeling, but in love these transitions are felt.

Again André noticed that his leader was helping him. He now heard him say: 'When he feels that he must descend, Ambrosius will tell him and explain to him how he can develop by helping others. His inner condition will have changed when he returns from his pilgrimage, and this will also make him understand, that complete spirituality will be attained in the first spiritual sphere, which is Summerland. That's what life is like here; one has to possess love in order to accomplish something in the spirit. If man follows a different track, his development will come to a standstill and everything turns into selfishness. Purely personal desire to be something special! But man has a will of his own, and so he will act in keeping with his feelings.'

André understood all of it. Here they could do whatever they wanted, but it would be better to follow that other track which higher spirits had taken.

Alcar's little dog came trotting towards him. The little animal jumped up at him and wagged its tail, and André sensed what it wanted. They were to go on. When he let the animal sense this by focussing his concentration, it turned around and walked towards Alcar, whom he saw approaching from afar. How mighty love was. Animals in the spheres understood everything, because intelligence brought about a link which stood for feeling and life.

Ambrosius and his leader were approaching; the end was near. They would be ascending to visit other conditions. The spirit went up to him and looked him deeply in the eye without speaking, and André felt a radiant love flowing

through him. This glance contained everything; words would not be able to express this feeling. It was love, nothing but love. Alcar said goodbye and his little dog jumped about for joy. Yet the end for the animal has also come. Alcar called it, stroked it, and addressed it with endearments. How mighty this moment was for André, when he thought of Alcar's earthly life and the life he possessed now. He couldn't find the right words to set these two different lives apart.

'We will first say goodbye to our little friend, André, and then continue on our way. Come and stand here next to me.'

Again André saw a heavenly miracle occur, which could only happen in the spheres, in the life after death. The animal looked at both of them, turned around suddenly and disappeared through the wall. It had entered its animal sphere; the miracle had taken place. It had vanished like a shadow. There were no words to describe this and André therefore didn't even try to solve this problem by himself. It was stupendous and true, like everything Alcar had shown and made clear to him until now. Everything was power; this power was love, nothing but love, and attunement in the spirit.

'And now on to the second sphere, my son; there is still a lot I must explain to you!'

'Who is Ambrosius, Alcar?'

'He was a monk on earth. He is a spirit from the third sphere, but he prefers to work here. The things he wasn't able to accomplish on earth, he now does on this side, namely linking up with all of life. When he returns there, he wants to live a different life, and no longer will he let himself be locked up to undergo self-chastisement. At present he says, now that I know how God intended life on earth to be, I call for strength, and pray to God that I may return to earth and experience life by meaning something for others and by being allowed to love life. He wants to live amongst people like a normal human being. Not as a hermit, walled in and awaiting his end. Ambrosius, together with many others, calls out loudly: I want to live, to live the life I deprived myself of on earth. We will now move on quickly to reach the second sphere.'

Alcar moved on in a flash, and they entered the second sphere. André saw many spirits who were all wearing garments and were younger than those in the first sphere. He had met them on his previous journey; now he was getting to know their life. The houses and other buildings had greater beauty and were different in style from those in the first sphere. Here too there were buildings that had been erected by higher spirits. Alcar had already explained their meaning to him, so that he understood all of it. There were children here, and the elderly people from the first sphere had shed their age and looked young and handsome. Deformed beings as on earth didn't

live here. Disfigurement was unknown in the life after death; here, all were beautiful and young, in keeping with their inner attunement and their feeling. Here, human beings grew up until they had reached the first cosmic attunement. The people would possess grandeur and beauty according to their sphere, their attunement, their feeling and then enter the first spiritual sphere, where they would accept their inner and outer spiritual attunement. Afterwards, man continues on his path, his long path of life, and will keep on evolving, higher and higher, to finally enter the ALL. André thanked Alcar for this clear message, which he had conveyed in spiritual language. This was how they spoke in the spirit; he had clearly heard, understood and sensed every word.

‘How beautiful everything is, Alcar.’

‘Not only beautiful, it’s true as well; there is truth in everything. This, André, is where the old ones become young again, and young ones become old, until they have reached the first cosmic degree in spiritual attunement, as I just conveyed to you. Those who were deformed on earth become normal again; here disfigurement is unknown. The blind will see, the deaf will hear, and those who lost arms or legs on earth will be normal again when they enter this life. The spiritual body cannot be destroyed. The human being who dwells here is beautiful forever. You will be able to admire the arts in this sphere, but we won’t remain here for long, because I will wait until we get to the fifth sphere to show you our art. All the same, I wanted you to experience this form of art first so that you would see the mighty difference between the art they possess here, and the art in my sphere and all higher regions.’

Again André saw people who were accompanied by their earthly friends, with whom they were linked by love. Birds were singing their song and flowers decorated this sphere wherever man was. Every being that lived here wanted to ascend, because it already felt that higher warmth. Nature too was wonderful, and he saw plains, mountains and water. They entered a temple of great splendour. All around the building fruit grew and plants blossomed, and as he entered, he saw that these also grew inside the building. Their pure life was inherent in everything, although the beings who dwelt here didn’t yet feel released from material thoughts. Again André walked into a building dedicated to the spiritual arts, highly curious to know what he would experience next. Large boulders in all colours lay in front of him. He saw stones enveloped in a pale blue haze, other ones had various hues, but he liked the blue ones most. There were very mellow colours too, but it puzzled him how they came by these beautiful marble-like stones on this side. Here was everything that could serve mankind, but much more beautiful than on earth. On earth, no one could imagine what spiritual possession was like. Here he saw all colours mingled. It contained life and this life spread

light all around. Art in all its forms radiated; every form of life possessed spiritual power that was love. Here too he saw various beings who were busy on a work of art. He saw a beautiful depiction, surrounded by many figures and representing something symbolical. Lots of spirits were working on it. Together they were creating this work of art, but one of them was the master. On top of this depiction he saw a globe as if it was the earth, supported by dozens of human figures and surmounted by a cross made of snow-white marble. The cross silhouetted sharply and it filled everyone who looked at it with reverence for the Creator.

‘What does it represent, Alcar?’

‘This sculpture, my son, depicts how man bears and represents life. The globe symbolizes the earth; the cross is life and designates Christ.’

The figures that carried it were as large as life. The whole object was magnificent, and love showed up in its entirety. All those who had participated in this and gave their powers, felt love. The sculpture glowed and they also glowed with this power of love. It meant happiness to be allowed to accomplish something like this. Oh, how beautiful, how mighty this work of art was. A little further along, he saw how a being was working on a temple that he was shaping out of coloured marble. It represented a cathedral with many towers. The image was magnificent and of such intense beauty and splendour that it moved him deeply. How could a feeling for art possibly develop to such heights. On earth this level could never be reached. Spires like gossamer had been carved in marble. The entire sculpture was some thirty feet high. It was strangely beautiful and hardly credible. A little further on he saw something he had already encountered in many places, namely a spiritual fountain, which a spirit was busy sculpturing from a large block of coloured marble. Also this image, this artistic gem, had a sacred meaning. He had been allowed to behold it in Alcar’s dwelling, and on his first journey in the third sphere. Whom was this fountain intended for? Did it also serve in this sphere as an incentive for man to accept this divine gift of love and inner power? Did its present shape symbolize the driving force? An inner voice told him that he had sensed correctly, and so he knew that here too Alcar was following his every thought. No words were spoken, because they weren’t allowed to create a disturbance, and he also understood why he was being left on his own in the first sphere. The fountain symbolized their life; not until they had entered the third sphere would they receive this gift. They would then join an order and only pass over into in the fourth sphere. André understood this, because Alcar had already told him about it. Just as the beautiful building in the first sphere was meant to incite those who dwelt there to take themselves in hand, likewise the fountain would shortly make its powers felt and urge them to action. It was beautiful and pure, the way

this had all been artfully depicted in stone. Everything reflected the gently beckoning, yet pressing thoughts of higher spirits, conveyed by them in order to support those who dwelt here. Time and again he felt moved by this quiet hint, this loving call to show them the light, to make them sense the happiness which they carried within and sensed in their own sphere. Artists from a higher sphere had descended to help their sisters and brothers, whom they enabled by their high level of their art, to see and feel that it was possible to ascend. But how did people on earth? There, they just eyed the object of art; they didn't sense the love of the creative being. This obviously wasn't possible on earth, because the feelings that prevailed here were attuned to a higher sphere than that of the earth. Here in the second sphere, where he was now, he saw a form of art which had to be felt in order to be fully understood. The human being who dwelt here had been roused and was ready to enter the third sphere, where even greater happiness awaited him. Life would have even greater splendour, the flowers and nature would be even more beautiful, and the people who dwelt in the third sphere would be even younger. Everything would change; there would be a continuous ascent towards the realm of the heavens, towards God's own House, where a place is reserved and kept open for everyone on earth. Man keeps going, further and further, and so, every sphere has its own form of art, reflecting the extent in which feeling finds attunement in the spirit, because man creates in keeping with his feeling, his awareness of love. The fact that many leaders come down here from a higher sphere to support them, and sacrifice themselves to comfort them and to teach them to become skilled in art, merely serves the former to become released, so that they will be allowed to enter the fourth sphere, which is only possible by helping others. Those who live here will also be enabled to enter higher spheres in this way. That is why the fountain is depicted, which will urge them to mean something to others and to take themselves in hand. Here they engage themselves in art, but only in the fourth sphere is perfection found within spiritual attunement. We know all too well that our form of art cannot be perfect, because we are still children in the spirit, in our feeling, in our love, even if we are angels and attain this attunement. Yet even this art form cannot be compared to art on earth, it has reached a much higher level than the latter. 'And now on to the third sphere!'

Alcar met André halfway, and they left the spiritual studio to visit the third sphere. They glided onward.

'You have lots of surprises ahead of you on this journey, André, including something that will bring great happiness to you, which you couldn't possibly have experienced on our previous journey.'

'Are you going to let me admire art in every sphere, Alcar?'

'No, not quite; I still have other conditions to explain to you.'

‘Are you taken me to the sixth sphere?’

‘That’s not possible either, but my master, whom you already met on earth and were allowed to work for, will accompany you.’

André fell silent after these simple words; they concealed a problem. Why should he have to go on to even higher spheres? Why was all this necessary? Hadn’t he received enough wisdom yet? On his previous journey he hadn’t been able to visit the fifth sphere, and now he was to visit even higher spheres. Whom was this intended for? God’s sacred powers enabled him to enter and acquire a condition which even Alcar hadn’t reached yet. His leader’s master was to guide him; what had made him deserve all this? In that case there wouldn’t be any time to visit his little child. Alcar had set up his grandiose plan and there was a lot he would yet receive and be allowed to experience during this journey. Of course, these were undoubtedly the many surprises, the great happiness which he was to partake of. The sixth and the seventh sphere! His mind reeled. And yet it hurt him to have to leave his leader. He would rather stay with him; that would mean even greater happiness to him. He kept on thinking about the matter; he couldn’t let go of it, it occupied his mind. In Alcar’s house a higher spirit, Ubronus, had shown him around. He too was all love, and he dwelt in the sixth sphere. That’s where he was to go now. It was unbelievable.

‘Isn’t it wonderful, my son, to be able to visit the highest spheres as an earthly human being? Doesn’t it make you feel happy?’

‘That’s all very well, Alcar, but I would rather stay with you, no matter how beautiful it is. Why is this necessary?’

‘I’ll explain it to you. You know that I returned to the earth to tell the people about our life. But I’m not the only one, thousands of others are members of that order. Now we all want to show our life to you, as our instrument, so it will be made known to the people. In that way we will be able to give them a clear notion of the spheres, and also how to reach them. It’s my task to show you conditions and attunements as well as connections, including the sixth and seventh sphere, which you still have ahead of you. You will then have received a clear picture of all the existential spheres in the spirit, which my master believed to be necessary. I received my support from that order, and they have given me the appropriate power. For that reason thousands come to earth in all countries; in various languages our wisdom and our life is conveyed. Not until you have seen all the existential spheres will you realize how immense the happiness is that awaits you on this side. Afterwards, we will visit other conditions and undertake other journeys. The sixth and the seventh sphere are the attunements you will visit together with a being of a higher attunement, because I am neither able nor allowed to ascend beyond my own sphere. Following that, you will return and accompany me back to

earth, and then this journey will have been accomplished too. So remember all the things you will be shown, because now you know that it was my master who sent me to the earth, and that you will be carrying out their work on earth. Don't forget that many eyes will be watching you from our side, and the same applies to many others who perform work that is similar to yours and who serve higher powers on earth. Let everything merely signify happiness; it will strengthen you in the spirit and provide you and many others with wisdom. You are allowed to enter those higher spheres because you perform and accomplish our work with love. Look, there in front of us is the connecting sphere that links up the third and the second sphere. We will remain in the third sphere. The first rays of light are shining on us and we will soon be entering the third sphere.'

André saw various beings coming towards them who were all becoming skilled in some study or other, and were gliding along in the same way. Alcar had already explained to him previously where they had come from and what they were training themselves for, and so he now understood this encounter. They were all students who, guided by higher spirits, were finishing the studies on this side, which they had started on earth. But their studies had to find attunement in the spirit; it would be impossible if they didn't and besides, they would have to unlearn all the knowledge they had acquired on earth. Here, everything served to bring happiness to people; everything was love, nothing but love. Therefore, they must all have reached Summerland first; prior to that, a study in the spirit would be impossible. They had to be familiar with the spiritual powers of all the other spheres that lay beneath their own attunement, which would enable them to link up. It needed spiritual possession to link up in the spirit; otherwise they would dwell in deep darkness and wouldn't be able to perceive. Light in the spirit meant possessing love; here in this life only wisdom and happiness existed. Linking up meant knowledge and transition into another condition, and this could only be brought on by love. Everything was so simple, but he also knew how hard it was for man on earth to give love. He had to efface himself, but man refused to do so. Yet in the spirit there was only one way, one possibility to reach the light and gain eternal happiness, and that was by sacrificing oneself for others.

They went on and on, and entered the third sphere. André had already been here several times. During his previous journey Alcar had returned to the deepest darkness, and in a flash they had linked themselves up with the Valley of Sorrows. They now entered a region of this beautiful land which nevertheless, was still unknown to him. Again he saw everything different. It was all new to him; he kept on seeing different conditions. He could have dwelt here for centuries and written entire volumes about a single sphere. He

was always touched when he entered. How beautiful the third sphere was. This was sacred, and yet these people's feelings focussed on matter. They were not yet free from material thoughts. From here they would pass on into the spirit. Years of strenuous battle awaited them before they could reach Summerland. He saw a beautiful country stretched out before him, with enormous mountains and valleys. The mountains soared up into the heavens, and magnificent temples had been built on protruding tors. Art, nothing but art, a spiritual possession that served mankind. He saw a beautiful temple in the distance, that had been made of varicoloured stone. The entire building glowed in a way it never could have in any other sphere he had previously been allowed to visit. He saw beautiful sculptures everywhere, adorning the surroundings. Symbolic decorations had been applied all around the temple, and now he understood that this temple also was taken care of by higher spirits. The building spread light from all sides; everything was alive due to the power of the being. Here in this sphere they were alive, here they were happy. Mighty was the difference to the first and the second sphere. Here, nature was the same as in the fourth sphere, it was the very image of that attainment. This also served to urge those who lived here to attune to the fourth sphere. Everything he saw seemed like a miracle to him.

‘What does that temple mean, Alcar? It’s so beautiful.’

‘It’s the temple we named the universe, in which you will shortly become linked up with the universe. We have temples of this kind in various parts of this sphere in order to urge the human being to develop. As you know, we do this here in silence; no being will ever put pressure on any other form of life, because here everyone acts of his own free will and according to his feeling. No power, strong though it may be, can ever change that. As I said, this is the temple dedicated to the universe; there are also temples that are dedicated to music and all other forms of art and science. Here the spirit has everything at its disposal. These temples also serve to sit for exams in certain arts or sciences, which higher spirits put themselves out for. Afterwards, the human being passes on to higher spheres. When they ascend, the spheres celebrate, as you were allowed to witness during our first journey.’

André had a vivid recollection of his first disembodiment. He had felt great happiness when he returned to earth. He had seen hundreds of people gathered. They were happy where ever they were. They made merry and enjoyed themselves, danced heavenly dances and floated about in space. It was a mighty spectacle to behold. They were all like children, pure in their deeds and purged of all earthly thoughts. Nowhere did he sense any form of restraint; here a being was his true self. He clearly sensed this great happiness that one could be oneself. What were things like on earth and in the dark areas? What he had seen in the darkness had been terrible; here everything

was pure love. On earth people made life unbearable for each other. They couldn't live as they wanted to; they were obstructed by others. Here all were one, linked in love. Oh, what an asset, what a blessing. He saw flowers and fruits and many other products of nature. Here nature served man, as it did on earth, but this was the spiritual life. André picked a fruit, and a delicious juice flowed within him, which invigorated him. It was exquisite, but who would believe him? Birds in ineffable colours flew all around him. They lived in the company of man and were aware of their life. They were one with the life that God had laid down in everything. It was miraculous what he experienced in the life after death. Ahead of him a little creek flowed by, coloured by the hues of flowers and nature around, and reflecting life. The beings were singing, the birds accompanied them and thanked their God of love and righteousness. Here he saw no dance of life; their love towards God showed up in everything; it was a prayer to their Father. What a mighty difference there was to those who dwelt in the dark areas. How bestialized they were down there, and how exalted all these human beings were here. They were children in the spirit, children of one Father. André sensed what these dances stood for. It expressed their happiness, it showed their gratitude, and deep feeling and understanding. They floated about as gently as the wind, descended with graceful movements; the beings sensed all this in their deepest depths, and everything was love, a prayer, expressed in art. How mighty this happening was. If man on earth didn't mess up his life, he would receive all this when his life down there had expired. In this vastness he saw beings walking about arm in arm, surrounded by heavenly beauty and happiness. Here men and women from the earth lived together and were linked up forever. Men, women and children, twin brothers and sisters and twin souls, united in love. Wasn't this glorious and didn't it make earthly man happy to know this? One day, all beings of the earth would know this happiness; no one would be exempted; God's house had many mansions. Every child would be looked after, every being would be endowed by God with a happiness unknown on earth. Some would arrive here sooner than others; yet one day their happiness would reach perfection if they followed the right track. Here old people were no longer to be found, everyone looked rejuvenated and handsome. Here they lived in an enhanced condition. The further they went, the more beautiful nature became; life amounted to the love man felt and possessed. Now he had a better view of the building than when they had entered this sphere. His leader led the way to the temple, they would soon have reached it. He now saw lots of large and small towers, and the entire structure decorated with symbolic images. The highest peak was out of sight; this building had been erected to reach up into the sky. On top of one of the towers he saw a spherical dome, with lots of little globes all joined to form

a circle. He saw a similar representation on other towers and now he understood the meaning, as Alcar had told him beforehand.

‘Are we going there, Alcar?’

‘Yes, André.’

When they had got a little closer, he saw that the temple was situated on a vast plateau and had been erected in coloured marble. It was majestic; he couldn't find words to express the art and architecture that pervaded this temple. It glowed as if it were lit up by invisible powers. The building was open on all sides, just as every spiritual dwelling was, and he saw flowers, life and happiness.

‘We will enter, André, many things will be revealed to you.’

Powerful foundations supported the entire building. The first object he perceived and recognized as he entered, was the spiritual fountain which they possessed in all the spheres. It had been rendered in a grandiose and beautiful manner. Wisdom, power and love had been brought together in this fountain. Every being focussed its powers of concentration on these indispensable gifts; without this wisdom, life had no meaning here. Without love there was no happiness, without happiness everything was cold and barren, and this meant dwelling in the dark domains. Every being bore this fountain deep within; it was God's holy Power. It was surrounded by flowers and fruits, birds and greenery; these all served to decorate the fountain. Inside the temple, the birds sang their songs too and lived together with the being that dwelt here and tuned in to even higher spheres. They lived in gratitude towards God; life in its entirety lived for Him and because of Him. He saw the same representation on the fountain as on the various towers he had perceived outside, but here the depiction had been carried out in stone of various colours. He saw and clearly sensed the meaning of this miracle. It showed planets and stars, it all formed a wholeness, a small-scale universe, a tiny part of the mighty universe that God created. All this was God, and in his heart he bowed down deeply before the splendour that was being shown to him. Many beings passed him by; it was as if he dwelt in their midst. They all wore beautiful garments that gleamed in harmony with their inner power, with the love they bore. Suddenly he heard beautiful singing, he felt himself being integrated and linked up with other bodies. ‘Upwards’, it rang in his ears, ‘man wants to reach his God on high. Upwards to our common Father.’ They all joined in the singing and were happy. It touched him down to the depths of his soul and a pure feeling flowed through him. Again he heard the singing, just as he had once heard before in the spheres. Peacefully, just as it had started, it ebbed away and the song ended. In every happy sphere man sang his spiritual song; it was his prayer, it conveyed his feelings.

Alcar continued his way into the temple, and he followed his leader in

his footsteps and couldn't stop crying out with amazement because of all the beauty he perceived. There were so many miracles to be seen. Proverbs had been laid out in various flower arrangements that everyone would immediately understand. These flower arrangements symbolically represented certain thoughts. This form of art was equally remarkable to him. Just as gardens were decorated on earth, here nature had created pieces of art, which refined feelings had accurately calculated. He immediately and clearly sensed one of these representations. It said: From darkness into the light. He saw the dark hues; the various colour transitions had been delicately made; they had combined large and small flowers to accomplish this. The darkness was jet-black; the flowers that mildly merged into the light and finally ended up in snow-white lilies were fine as satin. This was a piece of nature and at the same time a condition of life, wined together by nature. The whole representation consisted of a flower bed in which the flowers blossomed forever and would never wither. Life represented the sphere and when the spheres changed it transcended all other life by far; God's holy Power, which made life come alive and bloom. The light cast his shadow ahead; one day there would be no more shadow; then man would have returned into the universe and be God. In front of him he saw a mighty sight. Thousands of flowers had been gathered into a magnificent display of colours and in the middle, in the shape of a cross, the spiritual lily, snow-white, as a symbol of purity. All the other shades would change, and merge into pure white; only then would man also have become spiritual. Man, change your inner being, it told him, attune yourself and cleanse yourself of all other colours until you have received the immaculate garment. You will not rest before then and will follow your path continuously.

Everything existed to serve mankind, to urge him on to spiritual enrichment. There was nothing they wanted more, than life to be happy. Blue was the colour that healed, red and mellow purple were the colours of attunement to various qualities of feeling in the arts. The symbol was simple, yet deep, yet not too deep, so that life could still encompass it. Here they felt its meaning, because they possessed love. There he saw a seven-pointed star made of flowers. What could that work of art stand for? he thought. He tried to link up, yet he couldn't sense it. He immediately heard the soft inner voice, the spiritual language that said to him: 'This symbolizes the fourth mentality, in cosmic attunement.' André understood, there were flowers which he hadn't seen in any of the spheres; likewise, this form of life was unknown to the human being who dwelt here. Yet it was reality; they knew, they sensed that they were surrounded by other beings, higher than they themselves, without yet feeling what that higher existence was. During his last journey Alcar had explained various mentalities to him and now he understood the deep

meaning of this representation too. This representation was taken care of by unknown powers. He silently thanked Alcar for this clear explanation. Then he saw many other floral sculptures that symbolized higher spheres. There were also depictions of all the planets and stars, moons and suns, yes, even the entire universe had been rendered in flowers and in colour, within an eternal life. It lived, it was life, it was God. 'Here, my son, all the attunements are known to us as living shapes,' he heard Alcar say. 'Come, on we go, higher up.'

The building was strange. André felt that it had been built on a circular basis and that they ascended as they went. Turning, they continued their path and everything here was also decorated with sphere flowers. Wherever man dwelt, flowers and other forms of life could be found. Man never felt lonesome, he was always surrounded by young, beautiful life. He thought it would never come to an end; his leader continued on his way up. They finally reached the highest part and his leader stopped. A spirit in a silvery white garment stepped up to Alcar as if he had been expecting him. André wanted to stop and wait, but he motioned to him to come closer. The being had a beautiful appearance. 'My brother Alcar, God be with you.'

André heard his leader addressing the spirit with Aloisius. Then the spirit went up to him and spoke the following words which filled him with happiness:

'My André, I knew that you were coming; a lot of wisdom will be given to you.'

André had no time to imagine how the spirit knew who he was; after all they were all familiar with each other here and they knew everything! He was speechless. Aloisius took his leader by the arm and together they went on. He followed them in their traces and his heart beat with bated emotion when he thought what his next experience would be. Where was he, what would this spirit be showing him? Alcar was known everywhere; those who possessed a lot of love were known to everyone. André felt happy that he was already allowed to dwell in their presence at this stage, although time was short and he would have to return to the earth. They had passed through various halls and now he noticed an increasing darkness all around. What was this? He didn't understand it at all, he didn't know what this meant. The further they proceeded into the building, the darker it became. At last they arrived in a large hall where they stopped, and where various machines were grouped together. Were they inside an observatory here? It looked very much like one. The light had changed into a bluish haze. Alcar joined him, as Aloisius had disappeared into another room. They took a seat on a bench and waited for the things to come. A few of the apparatus were set in action and a soft droning sound could be heard. Right above him he saw a spherical dome

against a sheer blue array. It was like the universe, but there wasn't a cloud to be seen. It got even darker and then it brightened up again, and then the blue changed into a lighter attunement. Again the light blurred, and changed to dark blue. Now he appeared to be in the universe; everything around him was nature, nothing but open space. It was fabulous what they had achieved here. No longer was he inside a building, he lived and was floating about in space. How mighty this all was. Alcar, sunk in deep thought, was silent, and he also felt that he became linked up. A great event was about to take place. The universe penetrated him, he felt united with it; he became linked up by the genius. He peered deeply into that dark, blue, purple-like glow. Nowhere could he see the end. Was he subjected to some power of suggestion? It was incredible. No, new powers and forces and miracles were being shown to him here, which were unknown on earth. He seemed to perceive something in the universe. The firmament became lit up by a soft glow; he didn't know nor could he distinguish where it came from. Now a circle became visible that grew denser and denser and changed its shape. It changed back into a globe, got denser again and now he saw other globes of light too, that appeared in the same manner. Another globe appeared around the first one and enveloped it like a luminous haze. This was what the earth looked like when he and Alcar perceived the planet from afar. That luminous globe signified the earth's spiritual radiance, but what this one meant here he didn't know. Yet it was stupendous. The first globe was getting denser all the time and now it became easier for him to distinguish it and he understood its meaning. He saw a planet rising, together with many others. And then more planets, stars and suns, and everything was alive. He seemed to be afloat. Yet he felt that he hadn't moved an inch, he had been drawn up into the immense universe and felt merged with it. He now saw thousands of bright spots; they all took up a certain spot and described a set course, this also showed God's holy power. It was a mighty scene, incomprehensible to him. What could all this mean? he asked himself. So all the planets followed their set orbit, but he also sensed the powerful radiance each of them emitted. Everything had come to him as feelings, and he knew that a certain influence was being exerted on him.

Now he clearly heard a voice talking to him: 'The first planet also is the first cosmic attunement. The second one you perceived, which is larger, is the second cosmic attunement; then comes the third one, the earth; then the fourth, fifth and sixth, and the seventh cosmic attunement too, where Christ dwells. What we are showing you is reality; your leader already told you about this. Here you see the universe appearing before you. Our great Master manifests Himself on all these bodies. Yes, He even fulfilled a mission on earth. On the earth, where you live, man is still in a material, even animal-like attunement, which was already explained to you by your leader,

and I have nothing to add to that.'

Now André felt that it wasn't Alcar who was talking to him. He was linked up, but he didn't know with whom. Could it be Aloisius?

The voice continued: 'What we are showing to you only serves to make plain to you that all the mentalities are present in the universe, in other words, that there are planets where life exists and that one day man will pass on into the All, after he dies on the seventh mentality, just as he did on earth.'

André thought this was wondrous.

'As I already said, our Master Christ dwells on the seventh mentality. He exerts His holy influence on all other bodies, so that life is encouraged to attune to higher conditions. What we are showing you is the cycle of the soul. Man, as a living being, has his origin in the first attunement and will need thousands of years to follow his path. Life returns and evolves. Steadily onward, steadily rising, his path becomes harder all the time to link up with higher life. All of us who live in the third mentality, in other words, all the forms of life you will meet during this journey, are in the third degree of cosmic attunement. So all forms of life that exist in the cosmos have an attunement of their own, and that attunement is love, the power of love which the being senses and possesses. The first mentality is also the lowest one, where life is in the primal stage of development. Life that exists on that level is short-lived and dies at an early age, either to return or to pass on to a different, higher attunement. That is the second mentality. So, the first mentality is the condition in which life is in its initial stage. That is where the cycle of the soul begins. The second mentality is therefore a higher mentality; the human being, or the life that prevails there, passes on from there to enter its third degree of development. That is the earth. Life on earth is known to you because that is where you live. It will also be clear to you that the earth, namely the human level, cannot and will not change before all the lower attunements, in other words: the life which lives on and within the first and second mentality, will have passed on to the third: the earth. So, the earth is populated by pre-animal-like beings which marks the cycle of the soul, as I already told you. In the fourth mentality, life lasts hundreds of years and when it dies there, it will live here, in the sphere where we are now, where you live, see and feel, but is invisible to us, as we don't possess that power of feeling. Those conditions and truths were also explained to you by your leader. In the fifth mentality life goes on for a thousand years or more, and then passes on and subsequently pursues its plan of evolution. What remains is the sixth and the seventh mentality. The sixth one is the mentality where life reaches an even older age and is then drawn into the sphere of Christ. So those on earth who believe that they will dwell with Him in paradise will be disappointed, as they don't possess His attunement, nor will they reach it in

a thousand years. But let this be a consolation to them: wherever we may be, we are and remain linked up with Him if that is what we want, no matter how distant we are from His condition. We live with Him in everything and with everything, because Christ is the perfect Child and we get to know God through Him. Therefore our life is His life, and His life will have to become ours. Through Him, as I said, we get to know God. We can receive His indispensable Love through Christ.

The seventh mentality is the planet where man, after he has shed his body, will pass on into the All. It will therefore also be clear to you that as man evolves, to greater heights his body will change, his feeling will develop to greater beauty on a higher level, and he will possess a greater and purer love. From the fourth mentality onward, life bears a different name and adheres to its cosmic attunement. So, everything that belongs to the earth remains on earth; everything will change when life enters a different and higher attunement. Inasmuch as you are alive, as a human being, inasmuch as the planet earth occupies a place in the universe, by the same token other bodies exist that also carry life, yet with a lower or higher attunement. And all this life is God, all this life is love, nothing but love. Great happiness awaits man after he has passed on and entered this life. But even deeper depths of happiness, which we cannot fathom, await us; even deeper crevices will have to be bridged before we are allowed to enter Christ's sphere. Yet that time will come, no matter how distant it may be. You will perceive that the light which the seventh mentality spreads, links up all other bodies and shines on them, which will make you understand that Evil is linked up with Good. Again, here we live, here all other mentalities exist, here Christ lives in and with us. You see how all the bodies describe their own orbit and this will not change, unless a cosmic disturbance were to hinder their course. We could explain many things to you, yet we can't, because this would take hundreds of years, and it would be incomprehensible to those on earth. We will limit ourselves and merely show you that life does not come to an end on earth; instead live continues its course in order to fulfil its cycle into the All. The masters who enabled us to link you up with the universe all dwell in the seventh sphere. The genius that feels itself connected with the cosmos bears a power which enables us to make things visible in life. So the universe manifests itself within life, because everything you will meet in the spheres of light is alive. These powers aren't yet known on earth, nor will they appear there in a thousand years, as the earth would first have to change into a seventh sphere in spiritual attunement. Yet on this side the spirit links up with all of life, as you have just witnessed. Remember everything, my young brother, and tell them on earth that life there is already eternal, and that man can acquire cosmic wisdom if he follows our path, which is the path of love. You

will now return to your previous condition, which is your own attunement, as you were linked up with us during this manifestation. We can convince those who are willing, if they bow down humbly and let the Holy Spirit act upon them. There is no other way, because they haven't reached an existential sphere yet. Only in this sphere can man be convinced of this truth and behold this eternal life. The people are led here from the second sphere, and after visiting the third sphere they will be allowed to enter here. All this serves to urge man to seek the things on high. I now hand you back to your leader and conclude by calling out to you: Tell man on earth what lies in store for him on this side; eternal life awaits him if he will follow our path, which Christ has shown to us.'

André returned to his own condition, and he saw how the light got brighter until he had accepted his previous condition again. A great miracle had been revealed to him in the third sphere. The cosmos blurred, the life it contained was no longer visible to him. The link had been broken. Alcar looked at him and smiled. 'Nothing but life, my boy, we're only an atom within the totality which God created. Draw strength from that knowledge in your earthly life.'

Aloisius appeared, took both Alcar's hands and bade him farewell. André thanked the spirit for everything. The power of their thoughts made them leave the enormous building, to continue on their way.

André sees his child

André had fallen silent after all the beauty that had been revealed to him. There is a great deal waiting for the human being after his earthly life, when he would enter here. On this side it was known why the earth was populated by animal-like beings and that one day the happiness of the spheres would prevail there too. Here they knew why other lives were worked to death and why their happiness was destroyed. His mind reeled with all these truths. What was the earth, compared to all those other planets he had beheld? It was a mere speck within the universe. But how did the human being on earth feel? Down there a single person had the power to destroy a thousand others. Wasn't it disgraceful? What a lot there still was on earth for man to learn! How distant he still was from real, pure love. What he had now received was wisdom in the spirit. How happy man should feel to be allowed to receive all this. Grateful towards God, the Father of all life; was André after the things he had just been shown. He took Alcar's hand in his and thanked him fervently for all the beauty. 'You have given me much, Alcar, a great happiness for everyone.' 'Let us hope that a few will awaken; that would suffice to reward us for our work. We will now quickly move on to another

condition, where the best part of this journey is awaiting you. It will soon be clear to you, where we are now heading for.'

They glided onward and suddenly André sensed where they were going to. It overwhelmed him, the great and sacred love of his leader moved him deeply; they were on the way to the children's sphere! They had already approached the intermediate sphere where he had been allowed to behold the spiritual children during his previous journey.

'Alcar, how good you are to me, how did I ever deserve all this?'

'Take it easy, my son; otherwise you won't be able to visit your child. Entirely at peace is needed now.'

But André couldn't control himself and wept. The very thing he had longed for so much was now about to happen and come true. He was going to see his child, that had left the earth a year ago. He, an earthly human being, would be allowed to visit his little one in the life after death. Who wouldn't feel moved? To the very depths of his soul it filled him with gratitude towards his leader.

'You give me so much, your goodness knows no limits.'

'You will soon be allowed to greet the young little being.'

'Will I be permitted to take her in my arms, Alcar?'

'I think that would be possible, my son.'

Possible, André thought, so it wasn't quite certain yet? What did Alcar mean by possible? But he wanted to remain calm and await the things that lay ahead. Oh, how happy he felt. The little one dwelt in radiant beauty. It had left the earth in a condition of happiness and light. It had been cold that morning when he had buried it. He had received a beautiful vision at the time, he had been allowed to perceive spiritual life. Snow had covered the earth, but here only light and happiness existed. Death wasn't 'death', death meant life. Here his deceased child lived forever, in all eternity. He would return to earth with a marvellous message for her, Gommel's mother. He could tell her that her Gommel was alive and had grown into a beautiful, pure being.

They entered the children's sphere; a tranquillity prevailed, with a heavenliness and an intensity such as he had never felt before. Love, and flowers in fantastic colours everywhere; the buildings and temples where the little ones dwelt were immaculately white. What would she look like after that one year? He would recognize her amidst thousands. The love, the spiritual bond was the eternal connection with this young life. From afar he saw the little ones playing in nature. Now that he was on the brink of the great happening, André felt himself growing quiet. A unknown feeling of tranquillity came over him. Where was his little girl? What would she look like? Countless thoughts ran through his mind. Would he be allowed to hold her

in his arms? This hadn't been possible the previous time he had been here, together with Alcar. He had been permitted to see her from afar, a bluish haze had kept her hidden from sight. It was almost incredible; would he be allowed to hold a spiritual being in his arms? Wouldn't this be too overwhelming for him? Wouldn't this be too much happiness? At some distance from him a lot of foster mothers were taking a walk with their little ones. They were like brightly shining suns, they all glowed with love, nothing but love. None of these children knew anything about an earthly life; not until later, when they too sensed every connection, would they get to know. They strolled along a beautiful avenue, surrounded by flowers of the spheres, and all this was meant for life as it existed here. How beautiful nature was, the birds were singing their lovely, pure songs. Flowers spread their fragrance, everything spread light around. It was heavenly. A bit further on, he saw the little ones who had reached the age of three. They would subsequently go on to other spheres, and in the end they would enter the existential sphere to which they were attuned. They would then continue on their way to higher areas, where even more happiness awaited them. To André's left and right, beautiful sculptures represented fairy-tales for the little ones to learn from. This would familiarize them with life. They didn't learn any language as on earth; here, they acquired an immediate alliance with life. Their love was their wisdom; they could link up with anything, they merged with it. Their feeling was their science; they did not need to learn any arithmetic sums here. Here they learnt to love the Creator of all these things. They would appreciate beauty, feel love for everything that lived, in order to give this to others, which attuned them to God. No dark clouds would obscure their happiness. Here tranquillity prevailed, the spiritual happiness, which no-one could disturb. The gates to this paradise would remain closed to those who didn't bear this attunement within. This was a sacred land; this was where she lived and where he was allowed to dwell, because he was being helped by his leader. Beautiful parks, snow-white temples made of marble and other kinds of stone were all around. Several brooks, as white as silver, flowed through this sacred land along banks that were decorated with flowers on the left and the right and in which birds were swimming. It was a marvellous splendour. This was where man dwelt as a young being, from the earth they had come to this place. Yet mothers refused to part with their little ones, because they wanted to keep the child as their personal property. But those who 'knew' would be able to bear the sorrow with greater ease, and submit everything into God's safe hands. Thousands of children from the earth dwelt here, all the nationalities were gathered. Royal children lived here as well as the poorest of the earth. Here no distinction was made, nor was it felt. Here they were all one; they lived in happiness, knew no jealousy or envy as children did on

earth. Everything was mighty. If the mothers on earth were allowed a mere glimpse to see how their little ones were being cared for, they would be willing to submit everything. If they could accept, this would entail happiness for their entire life on earth; the sorrow God had imposed on them could then be borne. God took the young life upon Himself and gave it this care. But man wanted things to be entirely different. Man wanted to possess, yet this was not the way, was not the wisdom and truth, wasn't God's intention; man should and would live in submission and confide in God's holy Guidance. People forgot and refused to accept, that one day their children would be their brothers and sisters; yes, that mother love would dissolve within this higher form of love. But that was not what man wanted, on earth they only knew an earthly kind of love; they wanted nothing to do with spiritual love and therefore they didn't understand all these sacred things. Their feelings were adapted to matter. Now that he saw and knew how his child was being taken care of, he wouldn't want to foster it on earth. He could never give her this kind of happiness. This would be depriving her of happiness. He was the earthly father, God was the Father in eternal life.

They had now reached a large building erected in a powerful style and made of snow-white marble. The building was a work of art in itself, and this was where the little ones lived. He hardly dared approach it. How it shone forth; every part of it revealed the happiness which the little ones carried within and which marked their attunement. Wherever he looked he discovered beautiful temples. Could one imagine a higher form of art? Of all the things man would ever accomplish, to him this was perfection. The building stood on a platform and was surrounded by a terrace; in addition, flowers and fruit trees had been planted around the whole building, all intended as a decoration, and to support mankind, and therefore to increase its happiness too. On the steps he saw a radiant spirit, who was apparently waiting for them. Had they been informed here too of his arrival? He had sensed something similar in the third sphere. The being was dressed in a beautiful garment of light. It shone with such intensity that he didn't dare look at it, as he feared that he would disturb the brilliant rays with his gaze. The spirit smiled at his leader from afar. Oh, what a beauty, who could she be?

Alcar went up to the being and André saw how his leader knelt down before the being. 'Brother Alcar', he heard her say, 'God be with you.'

Alcar was known everywhere in this infinite space. André knelt down too and waited what would happen. Alcar carried on a conversation with the angel, of which he didn't want to hear anything. He thought of God and asked for strength for this sacred event. Suddenly he heard something rustle and approaching him. A soft heavenly voice said to him: 'Get up, André, and look at me.'

André looked up; two radiant eyes gazed at him, and love embraced him in a way he had never felt before. Where did this being live, he thought, was this God in person? The spirit smiled; André sensed that she had caught his thoughts.

‘André’, she spoke, ‘from the earth in a heavenly realm, to visit your child?’
So they knew here why he had come?

The being immediately said to him: ‘Wouldn’t we know whom you came for?’ Her looked from him to his leader, and he understood this glance. It had been his Alcar, who had taken care of everything. André was to see his child.

‘She’s alive, André, she is beautiful and happy; she will be even happier when she meets her father.’

André trembled.

‘Be strong, André, you won’t be able to approach your child in this state.’

He looked at the beautiful being and a deep tranquillity descended upon him.

‘Take a walk through nature, André, and try to link up with life. We will come to fetch you soon to escort you to your child. God will permit you to approach your child if you will attune to her condition. This joy will be granted to you very soon. Attune to life; we will help you. So be calm and happy, André! Pray to God that He may link you up and attune you. The being is not allowed to sense anything of your earthly life. Nothing of your inner self may pass onto her, because she has gained no knowledge of the earth. You know that this sphere is not your possession yet and that you will have to attune to it. Ask God for support, André, only He can help you and give you the power to become linked up with her. Go, my son. Amidst all this beauty you will be enabled to link up. Call us when you feel that you are connected. To be one with everything means to approach life in a spirit of love.’ André was alone, Alcar and the angel of the spheres had left. His heart wept, big tears ran down his cheeks; it had moved him deeply. He would shortly see his child, if it was possible for him to link up. He couldn’t simply barge in, and now he understood why his leader had said that this also might be ‘possible’. Now he felt the possibility of this great happening. Oh, how he wanted to see his child; he wouldn’t be back here again for a long time. He had to prepare himself to be admitted to his own child. She too, the mother of his child, would experience a similar condition when she passed over on earth. Not only she, but many other mothers would have to attune if they wanted to see their children again. He had to prepare himself; he hadn’t thought of that, it hadn’t crossed his mind. Nobody would anticipate that, unless one knew this life. They had left him on his own so that he would be able to link up completely; he had to come to his senses and in the meantime

no-one wanted to disturb him. On the contrary, they wished to help him because here they knew that his powers to do so were inadequate. He had to attune, but to what? He thought it over deeply for a long time. Attune to his child, to another being? He had to try to approach God in simplicity and humility for the sake of a life that possessed a higher attunement. Wasn't it love, pure love which he ought to possess? It would acquaint him with yet other spiritual laws. Man on earth refused to accept these laws. Yet he had to; he wouldn't see his child before he had learnt to bow his head to approach her in humility, and to feel love for all of life. His possession dwelt here amidst this beauty. Was this child his possession? He was the father, yes, an earthly father; a heavenly Father made him familiar with other spiritual laws. How dearly he loved his child, how much he loved his little spiritual being. He was merely the connection, which connected him with this being. The vision had shown him clearly enough that this applied to everyone, to all the fathers and mothers on earth. Only now did he understand what fatherhood and motherhood meant on earth. What kept the world, the planet earth going? Fathers and mothers did. Who imbued a being with intelligence? God, God alone. That's why life was God, and man could not and must not believe that it was his possession. Man had no possessions; the only thing man could call his own, was his inner condition. The love for all of life was still so remote to the people on earth. It would take hundreds of years before man would live in keeping with this knowledge. So he would continue to tread his path as Alcar showed, taught and explained to him. That path was the path to eternal life, the path leading upward. Man on earth made demands. He was ignorant. He didn't know the life which his was part of, he wouldn't get to know it in this way, although he was meant to, because that was why he was on earth. The birth of her child could make a mother awaken. But many experienced this physically; the spiritual aspect of things was never felt. Only now, in the condition he was in at present, did he understand what his leader had explained to him about the important fact that a mother on earth could awaken by giving birth to a child. How many on earth were roused by this sacred event within this attunement? One in a million. Not until here would the mother awaken, but then it would be too late. This mighty process was not understood. How great this moment was for him, how magnificent the possession of a child. He saw many mothers from the earth arrive here, who all believed that they just like that would see their loved ones. On earth he so often heard it said that when they passed on, their children would be waiting for them. Oh, how great the disappointment would be when they entered here. What they now required of him would also be required of them, but for that many needed an entire earthly life because they had forgotten themselves during that life. He saw their saddened faces; their pains were terrible,

in no way comparable to earthly pains. What they felt here was distress of the soul. Their souls tore apart because they must wait, and keep on waiting, and give themselves for others, which they either had forgotten or had refused to do on earth. To them this paradise remained closed. They had to learn to efface themselves, and this was no instant process. In the spirit nothing could be left out. They were broken, body and soul. He was glad that he would be in a position to tell them this. Oh, mothers of the earth, the dearest treasure you lost on earth is alive here on this side, in the life after earthly death. Mothers on earth, look what they expect of me, look what I must do to see my child again! I must link up with her and attune to her inner condition if I am to see her again. My child didn't see the sun rise on earth and neither did many others with her; they all live here, in this paradise. I'm not allowed to approach her with my present feelings. Mothers, do you feel what is in store for you? Do you feel that you too will have to attune to your little ones if you want to see them again? Once you die there and enter here, you too will get to know these laws. Mothers, God neither makes nor knows any distinction. Link up with the life that lives around you and along with you, spread love and develop your inner body. Here one kneels down before the love on high, and if you're unable to do that, you will have to wait and learn to do so in other spheres. Not until then will you be admitted to all those who are dear to you. No science on earth will be able to help you; this requires love. Attunement to the being that senses your father love and mother love and that recognizes your attunement. No being from the earth, that feels no love for all life within, will see its own possession again.

André strolled about between flowers in ineffable colours, and tried to link up with life. He decidedly wanted to receive a connection; he would do anything to achieve this. How beautiful it was in this sphere! Happiness flowed into his soul. Deep within he now sensed the life with which he wanted to unite so that he would be admitted to that spiritual child. He felt himself growing calm and peaceful. He too became absorbed by life; God descended into his soul. He felt himself becoming one with nature. Everything was in touch with him, and nature was telling him beautiful poetry. He now felt united with the flowers he had once talked to on earth. They were telling him something, and he understood the birds' singing too. It told him everything, he was one with them, with all of life. Now he was able to follow the life within plants and flowers. The little creek flowing past him told him what it had experienced and that it was joyfully pursuing its course. It flowed by, but at the same time it sang; it was the song of the spheres. The birds told him the meaning of their life, and he saw God within. God lived in everything! How different he saw and felt life now then on earth. There people simply passed life by, they trampled on it, they ripped it apart without wanting to, without

any reason, absent-mindedly. Horrible thoughts were directed at people, who weren't aware of anything. Arrows were shot off, they didn't see how deeply the unspoken inner thoughts struck home at life, something they would after all see again on this side in their film of life. Nothing was ever lost. He prayed fervently, long and intense to be allowed to become linked up. His inner tranquillity increased; a heavenly quietness flowed into him.

'Oh God, link me up with my child, let me descend into her life, I will approach Your life in simplicity and humility. Father, if ever You choose to hear me, then do so now. If ever You choose to make me happy, then do so now, great and holy Father. I will be like a child and happy with Your wisdom; may Your love enter into me. Father, let me return to earth with this wisdom, so that I may convince many mothers, and likewise the mother of this being, how they can meet their loved ones on this side. Father, give me strength, so that I may see my child. Let me console and support the mothers on earth, let me experience this for their sake. Put that holy power into me, link me up with my child. Hear my prayer, Amen.'

An even greater stillness than before came over him. A feeling of pure happiness flowed through him; he felt himself sinking deeper and deeper into life. How faraway was he now in his feeling from the earth! They were helping him, as it was not possible to absorb this happiness on one's own. Powers from higher beings brought him into this condition. His thoughts were pure; nothing obstructed him in any way. He too was a child of the spheres; he now harboured the same feeling. He felt love, pure and genuine love for life, that had been laid down in everything. There were no other thoughts in him then these, that beauty, sanctity, love was pure happiness, which overwhelmed him. He couldn't compare his happiness with earthly happiness, couldn't express it in words. What was great happiness over there, compared to his feeling? This was mighty, this was light, the golden light of the spheres in which his child dwelt. He didn't know how much time he had spent there in prayer, but suddenly he felt powers of a different kind, and when he looked in the direction where they came from, he saw his leader approaching. Alcar had come to fetch him. 'Come, my boy, your prayer has been heard. We are allowed to enter. God didn't only hear your prayer, he also linked you up with your child. You are now permitted to see your child. Your desire to approach in simplicity and humility brought you into this attainment. She's waiting for us, André. Come, follow me.'

André followed his leader to the beautiful building. How far he had strayed. From afar he saw the beautiful building, yet they soon reached it and entered. They passed through many halls and came to a large space. He saw many children gathered there and the little ones were dressed in beautiful garments. They all shone like suns, thousands of children could live here to-

gether. In the hall, where many beings were gathered, he saw the lovely being who had addressed him. She took a beautiful angelic child on her arm and moved away from all the others. He and his leader followed her closely; they passed through various other halls, until she suddenly stepped outside, into nature. This building was open too, he had a view in all directions. Outside, she entered a kind of summer house, surrounded by flowers and greenery, by birds and other life. Was it his child she was carrying? He heard a soft, heavenly little voice that made his heart beat faster. His child was alive, it had grown up and looked beautiful. He heard her laughing, it was incredible. His leader entered and after a moment Alcar came to fetch him. André entered the summer house. How did he feel himself, he did not dare to think. Alcar stood beside him; an angelic being was sitting there facing him, she was carrying a child in her arms and that child was his Gommel. Gommel, he thought, I ... am here ... your father ... Dazed with happiness, powerless because a heavenly being was looking at him, he stood there and it seemed as if he hadn't yet been born himself. He felt a heavenly silence surging up in him. Two eyes looked at him and he imagined seeing God.

'Lydia', he heard, 'Lydia is watching over your child and taking care of it, André.'

He didn't dare look the high spirit in the face, but she spoke to him like a mother, which made him feel alive again.

'Come over to me, André, your child is expecting you; take her over from me.'

Filled with gratitude, united in love, he approached the being, took his child over from her and locked it in his arms. The great moment had come. The spirit left, his spiritual child lay at his breast. Alcar was sitting beside him, birds were all around him, flowers of the spheres decorated the surroundings; he was drawn up into God's paradise Beautiful and endearing was his child, whom he had not been allowed to hold on earth. He pressed her close, she laughed and talked and was wise and felt that they were one. A spiritual child was resting in his arms. Oh God, how can I thank you! She laid her dark gleaming angelic little head up against him and laughed at Alcar. It seemed as if she had known him for years. Then she sat up again, laughed at him and stroked him with her spiritual little hands so that he had a hard time restraining himself. He was not allowed to fall back into his own previous attunement. How fabulously beautiful the garment was she wore. It was nothing but light and he saw how it kept on changing. Then it was purple blue, and then palish pink. The being was pure and her little eyes sparkled like emeralds with a soft enchanting gleam. This being was sacred and would later on become his sister. They would remain linked up forever, after he had reached her attunement. At present she was one year old according

to earthly reckoning, yet she was taller than a child of that age that dwelt on earth. Development went faster in the spheres, there was nothing to impede development. They had no illnesses to cope with; here was only happiness; they sensed no obstruction in anything. Here everything was different. Their life was spiritual and the child grew up in heavenly tranquillity.

His thoughts turned from her to her mother, who lived on earth and continuously thought of her. Oh, what bliss! He saw a light reaching out from her mother to her, and he understood that this was the power of her thoughts for her child. He saw her very clearly. These thoughts in light irradiated her yet rebounded against the being, as she couldn't reach her child in this way. How far down had he been forced to descend in order to find and efface himself? She must do the same if she wanted her love to be felt in the spheres. Yet he was happy to be allowed to see this. It was the link with everything, it was her love for her Gommel. How far away the earth was from him; yet her thoughts did reach the sphere of the children. Her feelings were accurately focussed, yet her thoughts would not reach her child. Nothing disturbed the being. But there was a bond, one feeling, one understanding. And all of this was love.

He was one with the child for a long time; they would soon come to fetch it again. How long would this goodbye part them? She felt it too and pressed herself against him even more tightly. André felt his strength weakening. Then he saw the spirit Lydia approaching them like a sun. Again he looked at his child. He descended deeply into the being. Gommel looked at him, then closed her little angel eyes and was lost in profound tranquillity. Too profound for him; she was unfathomable to him in this condition. His child existed way beyond him in spiritual power. Now he felt the great blessing of this happening even more clearly. The angel took her over from him and left. On the very same spot he thanked God for everything he had been given. For this quiet, great sacred happiness. He had kissed Gommel's little hands as a last farewell; the great event was over.

Alcar made him feel that they were about to go on. André said goodbye to the sphere where his child dwelt. Hand in hand they glided on, towards another, even higher attunement. He still had a lot ahead of him.

The fifth sphere; plastic art and painting

‘And now on to the fifth sphere, André.’

Rapidly Alcar moved on. Then came the moment in which a golden gleam lit them up, just as he had experienced on his previous journey and he had been stopped from going on. Now he was allowed to continue!

‘Oh, Alcar, how wonderful all this is! Is this your sphere, Alcar?’

‘Correct, my sphere; there you will see art as you never beheld before.’ He felt the marvellous radiance, the love of the fifth sphere, and this made him feel happy. How many times had he not seen the spheres changing? Each time he had seen light of greater beauty, and people becoming younger in years. Everything changed, as he ascended. Man kept on pursuing his course and became transformed. If the people on earth were allowed to cast a glimpse into all this sanctity, thousands would instantly begin to live a different life!

‘They will cast a view into the hereafter, André; you will tell them about it on earth.’

Yes, although they didn’t amount to thousands, he had still reached many and convinced them of a life that continued forever. He had received many letters; they all thanked Alcar for everything he had given them. This made him feel happy. He would face anything to achieve that. There was one letter in particular that meant more to him than anything on earth. An old lady had passed on with his book in her hands. The last words she had apparently read were about Summerland. That’s how they had found her. Wasn’t it marvellous to be able to help mankind in this way? When he had returned to earth to explain these wonderful conditions to man, it would make even more people rejoice. It was a mercy and a great fortune to be permitted to know this. Meanwhile they travelled on. Beneath them lay Alcar’s sphere. Nature was glorious; a golden haze covered everything. He saw beautiful temples and buildings, and again he felt that there was even more beauty here than in the sphere of the children. It was a beautiful scenery of nature which he perceived. Alcar told him that they had reached the spot he had intended.

‘This is where we stay, my son; we will enter one of the temples.’

The temples had been built skyhigh. He saw cathedrals which couldn’t be accomplished on earth because the feeling of a master builder on earth had not been developed to such a high degree. They were made out of stone of different colours and had been erected in various styles; all the buildings spread a stupendous light such as he had never yet seen in any sphere. The walls consisted of spiritual matter and he knew that it was alive, through which it radiated light. In the distance he saw an enormous building, erected on a mountain. Hundreds of towers decorated the entire object, and he was unable to perceive the highest part. Was this the work of man? Could people accomplish this? It was incredible. Yet it must be true, there was no other way. Man lived in all this beauty. God gave him all this happiness if life attuned to God.

‘How can man attune himself to such a high level, Alcar, I see no end, how

is this possible?’

‘It’s just how life feels. This is their attunement of life, and there’s no end to life. Their art and also the love they cherish are in keeping with the way their feeling finds attunement. These temples and buildings find attunement and are connected to the sixth sphere.’

André understood. What he had seen in the first and the second sphere and all other conditions now showed up again in Alcar’s own sphere. That’s how buildings and temples had reached that height, but that higher attunement wasn’t visible to the inhabitants, as they didn’t bear that love within. Everything was love, this was the possession. Everything was great and sacred in this sphere, he couldn’t find the words to express it.

‘All this is awesome, André, but it can’t be compared to the things you will behold in the sixth sphere. The life of those who dwell there will be full of even greater and brighter happiness when everything has changed into a spiritual condition. These buildings contain the arts of sculpture and painting. The sixth sphere is the musical sphere; that is where you will go with my master. Come, we will enter.’

The temple was decorated all around with flowers; without flowers of the spheres, life here was not possible. How overwhelming this beauty was. Here he dwelt in the fifth sphere and yet there were even higher attunements they wanted to show him. How great the happiness is of those who dwell here. How great their love is, how beautiful their radiance. Very soon, he too would get to know these attunements. ‘God is Life’ it said at the entrance in golden letters. Those who entered had to attune to life and link up in humility. There was nothing he would do more gladly, and deep within he begged for the strength to be allowed to experience all this too. When he entered the building he felt very moved. What progress these beings had made in art! Was there any end to this? Again he saw the fountain, more beautiful than in all the other spheres he had been allowed to perceive. From the very first spiritual sphere onward, there had been love, wisdom and strength wherever there was life; existence was impossible otherwise. He saw righteousness. The fountain was the inner attunement in the spirit for all of them. But God’s house contained many mansions; there was room here for every living soul from the earth. He saw beings everywhere and wherever he looked, everything expressed love. All the highly attuned souls, men and women, were together here. Here he saw twin brothers and sisters, and twin-souls too. They were one and linked up in all eternity. A lot of spirits were busy on an enormous task. A younger being was in charge of all of them, he sensed this clearly. The object represented various sculptural groups, it was a magnificent expression of creative power. André heard his leader say that the sculpture represented life. Below, on the footing, he saw the mother giving

birth to a young life. This was surrounded by various other depictions, and all this had to do with her life on earth. It was a condition of life of man on earth, all this had once been experienced. The mother – expressed in art – was about to leave the earth, which he clearly sensed, and she would return to eternal life. It was hewn in stone; the spirit was withdrawing from the physical body, just as he had been allowed to perceive with his aunt and many others. How was it possible to create all this? This was art, felt with such depth, that only those who sensed themselves that they were alive, were capable of this. Life was expressed here through art; man saw himself reflected in it; it was his life. He saw battle, grief and sorrow in various representations spread around an ensemble, and all this denoted life. He was filled with deep awe. The beauty of this art was moving. Other groupings represented all man's character traits, from animal-like up to spiritual life. The master who led them all would have to possess deep and sacred feeling. The creative power in man! A master from the sixth sphere was in charge here; there were even some amongst them who dwelt in the seventh sphere. He saw that the women had a different task here than on earth. Supported by their love, the ultimate was attained. Man as the creator, woman as the serving power. Both were one, twin-souls forever. Happy due to their love, their oneness. If ever life were to be shown to him on the side beyond, it would be in this condition. If art was at issue, then this was art of the highest degree. There were no words to describe this. André saw angels everywhere, who had arrived as spectators because their presence was required. Their powers were also needed here; their love helped to accomplish this too. This was possible only because they were united in love. The entire work was one symphony in colours. Every part radiated light in the colour it possessed. Then he saw that where clay was used on earth, here a material was applied, which just as the other distributed light. How strange, he thought, everything is alive here. He would have liked to take some of it in his hands to see more clearly what kind of substance this was and how it could give off light. He looked at his leader who made him understand that he could safely touch it. André thought it would be heavy but to his amazement it didn't weigh anything. Again he was faced with a problem. And yet it served to depict beautiful themes which were later on hewn in stone. On earth the wind would scatter this material in all directions; nothing would be left of it all. The sculpture would dissolve and wouldn't have a chance to exist.

'How is this possible, Alcar, it doesn't weigh anything, and yet such beautiful sculptures are made out of it.'

'This can be explained in a few words. Spiritual substance, my son, because life possesses the gravity that matches its feeling and with which it has the same attunement. The spheres get more rarefied and man changes. Like-

wise, art and all other substances of life will radiate light, just as everything lives and feels.’

André understood; the spheres became more rarefied and everything changed into a higher attunement.

‘In the first sphere’, he heard in addition, ‘matter will have the same gravity as on earth, but in a spiritual attunement. I already explained all this to you in the dark areas; there too I let you feel matter; but now you will have an even better understanding of everything.’

André was holding matter from the fifth sphere in his hands; in the sixth, everything would be even more beautiful and weigh even less. He played with the substance in his hands and suddenly got a terrible shock. What was he in for now, what was this? Petrified, he looked at the substance; it had lost its colour and its radiance. How could this occur so suddenly? What was happening to him? Who had changed this substance? Its glowing colours had vanished; it was now enveloped in a soft blue haze. The other substance he had taken it from, spread its light, but this had lost its power. What kind of truth lay hidden behind here? All these questions flashed through his mind. He had put himself in a spot and didn’t know what to do. Intuitive he felt that he had passed into an unfamiliar condition. But which one? He looked around and wanted to ask his leader about this, but Alcar was no longer with him. Everything he experienced now was puzzling. Oh, if only he could ask someone about this; he was still standing there with the substance in his hands. He was overcome by an anxious feeling. How stupid of him; it was his thirst for knowledge that had brought him into this predicament.

Suddenly an angel stepped up to him and said: ‘May I explain this to you, André, brother from the earth?’

He thought he was about to shrink into nothingness. An angel was talking to him, but he didn’t dare look it in the face. Did they know him on this side, in the fifth sphere?

‘Look at me’, the being said. ‘Everything will become clear to you when I tell you who I am.’

André raised his eyes and looked at the heavenly being. By God, he thought, how beautiful, how pure this human being is! How great must her inner life be? A woman, dressed in a heavenly garment, was standing in front of him. He shivered and trembled, dazed with happiness that he was being addressed; what he had longed for so much on his previous journey, was now coming true. He was still holding the spiritual matter in his hands and he looked at her.

‘The substance in your hands distributes light inasmuch as you yourself feel and possess light.’ He was startled; he understood that he had received a lesson in life. The substance had accepted his own attunement; he had linked

up with the life within this sphere; life radiated his own power, the love he possessed. Every word lashed through his soul. He felt and understood every thought. This was what he had wanted; now he had to accept it. The substance had taken on his power of feeling, which made him understand that many years still lay ahead before he would be allowed to enter this sphere. Life in this sphere was reflected in his own life; on earth it was impossible to link up in this way, this was only possible in the spirit. They had given him a mild, yet clear lesson, because he had wanted this himself. After all, why should he be so inquisitive? He wanted to know everything! Now he understood why he hadn't seen his leader. He didn't want to give him this lesson, another spirit from his sphere had revealed all this to him. Alcar was like a father to him, who took care of his child, and he always made him aware of it. This time he had received quite a few lessons at once, and he understood even more, how beautiful and sacred life was. The angel put her beautiful hands on the substance that he had kneaded into a ball and he instantly saw the substance change. Her radiance, her power of love passed onto the substance; it radiated her light, now that she was connected with the substance. The miracle had come about! He carefully put it back where he had taken it away. Everything lived in the Spheres of Happiness, their love lay in the material. Now a splendid feeling of tranquillity flowed through him; it was the feeling of the being that was standing there before him. His head bent, deeply saddened by what he had done, he begged God to forgive him. Slowly his strength and his confidence returned, and he looked up at the being who regarded him with a smile. Love flowed through him, a holy fire began to glow inside of him.

Like a lotus, shrouded in a haze of blue, the being looked at him and said: 'Experience is life, André. By living life it will awaken and receive the truth. It will bring on happiness but also battle, grief and sorrow. But don't let it be a struggle to you, and continue on your way by experiencing life as God wills it to be. It surprises you that I know you. A few words will suffice to solve this for you too. He who is leading you, who lets you experience all this, who returned to earth to help and support mankind and wants to convince people of everlasting life, who lets them feel his love, who does and wills everything to see them happy, who is nothing but love, he, André, is my twin-soul.'

Tears of happiness welled up in his eyes, now that he was allowed to get to know Alcar's love. There before him stood Alcar's twin-soul. Oh, how mighty everything was, and how great this event! Angel of light, he thought - he could utter no words - I thank God for this sacred moment in which I was permitted to get acquainted with you.

The spirit caught his words and said: 'Give thanks to God, André, I will also keep on thanking Him and I pray that we will one day be united forever.'

Work on earth, André, live to do our work; I follow Alcar in everything and will keep on remembering both of you in my prayers. He is my soul and my life; we are one and will remain one forever because it is God's will. One day he will return and then his task and yours on earth will be accomplished, the very reason why the masters sent him there. Therefore know that I will follow you both wherever you may be. Him I will strengthen with my love, so that he will be able to give all he has, in order to accomplish many things through you and in that way you will be helping me. We will both serve him in a spirit of love; in return he will give you wisdom in the spirit and it will make others happy.'

Again two angel eyes regarded him; a world of love irradiated him. André couldn't speak, yet he wanted her to sense what he felt.

'I thank you', the being said to him, 'thank you, André. It will no longer appear strange to you that I know you. I once dwelt on earth, and it was there that I got to know you. He brought me to you, but that was a long time ago.' A deep silence came over him, and in that silence he heard life; he saw it, it was inside of him, and his soul overflowed with spiritual happiness. He suddenly felt his leader beside him. Alcar put his arm around his shoulder, looked at him and a love like hers flowed into him. Spirits of love, attuned beings, twin-souls, angels in the spirit, those were the beings he was now connected with! Here lived, could his leader live, but he worked in the darkness of the earth to help mankind and make them happy. Alcar was his true self here, with her, his eternal possession.

André could no longer think; his own conscious life lay a long distance away from him. Now he heard a soft singing, accompanied by an orchestra. On a bench, surrounded by flowers and all the other forms of life, his leader sat down with her; he seated himself next to them and was linked up with them, drawn into their lives. The singing increased in splendour, and in this sacred sphere worked the masters. He thought of the moment in which his life on earth would begin again. How difficult it would be for him now, to have to live there. Here he received love, here he felt nothing but gentleness and understanding, here everything was harmony, happiness, eternal bliss. It was becoming almost impossible for him to have to live there. They could keep everything the earth possessed; he longed most of all to die there; they could even flog him to death if necessary. But was that courageous and grateful? Didn't this clash with everything God stood for and all the things he had been given? Was this the way to show gratitude and to follow the one who let him experience all this? He already regretted his thoughts; oh well, he was still a mere human being, within him was selfishness. He was thinking of himself, not of his leader's task, whose will it was to help others. No, he shouldn't think like that, he wanted and would defy everything; he would

receive a lot, no matter how difficult it would be for him on earth. Angels were singing together. He only saw twin-souls, attuned beings. Sisters and brothers in the spirit. He didn't dare descend into their great and mighty happiness, and it wasn't possible for him either to sense everything. He had missed a lot that was happening here due to his wrong way of thinking and feeling. Now he heard the singing even more clearly; it put him into a different condition. Peace and happiness returned, he was linked up again. There before him, the masters were working, art was achieved by art. The highest was linked up by the highest, love with love, feelings melted together. The masters kept on working; they were never disturbed. Only now did he feel that the spiritual product would soon be finished. Everyone witnessed its completion, it required everyone, because the power of every being would be put into it. Boosted up in feeling, linked by art and love, the perfection in this sphere was created. What they accomplished was brought to life by heavenly melodies. It spread that glow, it lived by virtue of their sacred feeling, their oneness with all of life. Masters in music and song inspired the masters in plastic arts to imbue it with their sacred feeling and achieve the ultimate. It was accomplished, it came about because they were angels in the spirit. Here he felt how great a woman could be in love, how mighty her love was for the creative power, which meant twin-love. It was mighty; he didn't dare breathe. The masters opened up their souls; a different kind of art descended into them, through art they felt their Father, their God, and they thanked Him for everything. Their love for their Father was inherent in their art, their prayers had merged with it, the entire work radiated their love; it was the light of the Father. The singing he heard resembled what he had heard during his previous journey, when two angels were consecrated who were to be admitted to the sixth sphere. Everything merged here, everything was one and revealed happiness. They asked God for the power to irradiate this creation with His holy Love. He sensed the entire representation even more clearly than before. The mother lived, the child she had born lived and all lives were one. In the life after earthly death, art came about and developed through prayer. They were granted power by linking up with God, and even here they linked up with higher conditions because they wanted to, because all were one in a spirit of love, and their powers and prayers united. This was the end, the masters had accomplished it; they had carved a symphony of life out of stone. How great their happiness was, they were masters of Love. André gathered all his strength to be able to hold his ground. But the feeling of happiness was too overwhelming, it dazed him; he felt himself being upheld by loving hands; God descended into him, love caressed him, smiled at him just as his own child had. He sat there, huddled up, but was unable to realize what he perceived. He still heard the singing and the music, and beside

him his leader's twin-soul was sitting, which made a beaming sun light up within and all around him, so that he felt as if he were returning again. He perceived whilst he fluctuated between two worlds; one of these was his own attunement and the other was the sphere in which he now lived. Once again he prayed to be allowed to hold on so that he might witness the end of this great event. The singing had stopped now; in this short moment the masters had completed the sculpture; an enormous work of art had been born. The end was marked by washing down the sculpture, which also marked its baptism to receive God's holy Dedication, obtained by singing and music. A child of the spheres was born; it was received with love. Light, carried by the masters, was presented to this life. The sculpture was hundreds of yards high, beautiful in style, and radiant with love. It was life, it was God Himself. All the beings now gathered and sent up their prayers of thanksgiving to the Father for the beauty they had received. Again they sang and he heard mighty chords, and souls merged. It was heavenly what he now perceived.

A soft voice came to him that said: 'Be strong, André, I helped you just now to experience all this; also now you will feel my powers.'

André knew who was speaking to him; it was the voice from the dark areas. Ubronus, nobody else but Ubronus, he thought, has helped me.

'Oh, good spirit, how must I thank you for everything?'

'We know what you wish for; we will help you in all things.'

The voice was gentle; it was also full of love. The events surpassed each other in greatness; he was tired with happiness; all this heavenly happiness had to be digested. A fresh power flowed through him; he lived by another power, he sensed their mighty life. Alcar was in his own sphere and couldn't help him, even higher powers were needed here. He thanked Ubronus fervently for his help. Without his powers he would not have been able to hold out. The angels had finished their prayers. Many of them left, others came to behold the Divine work of art. What was art on earth compared to this? Did masters in the spirit exist on earth? It wasn't possible. Now he understood his leader's words, that he wasn't a master and never had been. One day it would be shown and explained to every artist of the earth. On this side, in the life after their earthly death, all people of the earth would experience it, when they had reached this height. Only then would they accept, before that this wasn't possible. A lot had been shown and made clear to him, and all this made him get to know and appreciate life after death.

Alcar made him feel that they would go on. The end of his journey hadn't been reached yet. He was to experience other conditions. He saw how Alcar bade his twin-soul farewell, but they would see each other again; separation didn't exist for them. The angel came up to André, took his hands in hers but didn't say a word. Two eyes looked at him, a sea of love held him captive. She

parted from him and an intense feeling of happiness descended unto him.

‘Farewell’, he caught, ‘may God’s blessing rest upon your work.’

Alcar preceded him, he followed his leader, his great brother, in his footsteps; other conditions were awaiting him. Yet her glow and her light remained in his soul. André saw still more artists, who were busy depicting other scenes.

Alcar said to him: ‘I will now show you some more sculptures, and afterwards you will be able to admire the art of painting. But first look at this sculpture, it’s a mighty work of art by one of my brothers. It represents the cycle of the soul and it’s carved out of stone.’ Again he saw the mother and her child, followed by the transition into this world, the first and the second sphere, the third and the highest sphere, where the artist lived who had accomplished this. He saw an enormous globe on top of the sculpture, but he didn’t understand what it meant. He looked through it and thought he perceived a sphere of less density. The answer came to him as a gentle yet distinct feeling.

‘The mental regions, André. This is where life passes into, and then on into another, the fourth mentality.’

This work of art was magnificent and it constituted a mighty complex. He couldn’t find the words, it was all too great for his understanding. The sculpture held him captive for a long time; finally he was able to free himself and he felt his own smallness. Alcar went on, further and further through the spiritual studio. There was no end to it; he could go on walking here for days on end. All kinds of human conditions, expressed in art, were arranged left and right.

‘We will now go on to the art of painting, the building is linked up to this one; it’s one unit. But we won’t stay here for long.’

He followed his leader, who showed him lots of spiritual treasures. Finally they got to the place where Alcar wanted to be. What would he be shown this time? This building was open too, just like all the others he had seen until now. Lots of angels were busy on a work of art. They worked like on earth, but here other colours were known, and here perfection was achieved. They surpassed each other in beauty, great in design and deeply sensitive. He saw a gathering of fantastic colour shades, which its creator had applied in harmony and tranquillity. He saw colours which encompassed all the hues, as in the stone which he had just perceived. It was all remarkable, it couldn’t possibly be compared with the earth, he couldn’t find the words for it. Here they tried to paint life, and they succeeded in full. Everything was alive and radiated light because the artist sensed life. Here he saw how great man could be in art; after all, this stood for spiritual attunement. Miracles were performed here; they were letting him experience nothing but miracles on

this journey. It enabled him to get to know and to love the life of the spirit. A thousand times he felt that urge creep up on him; he felt such gratitude that he would have liked to tell everyone who lived here.

‘We’ll stay here for a little while, my son. Look, there in front of you, a rare image of the spheres, there, in-between those columns.’

André sat down beside his leader. There, ahead of him, he saw an extraordinary beautiful landscape. Tranquillity, deep tranquillity. It was a panorama of such beauty and sanctity that it seemed to him as if he were dreaming. He saw birds and many other beings, and everything was covered with a golden glow. He saw a nature such as he had never seen before. How quiet it was there, it seemed to him like a holy spot; nowhere had he sensed such tranquillity. The angels he perceived were sunk in deep prayer. He didn’t want to disturb them and thought of something else, but the image held him captive; he couldn’t tear himself away from it. Who lived there must feel overjoyed. Was it a higher sphere he perceived? Was it a place where man would be more capable of reaching his God? He wouldn’t be allowed to enter there, he sensed that in everything. But how great the peace would be that descended unto him. How long had they already been praying to their Father amidst all the life that surrounded them. The birds alighted next to man, and they too prayed to life. He felt himself becoming enchanted by this fabulously beautiful and sacred land. Was his leader showing him a vision? No, because there it lay, full of peace and happiness. Alcar looked at him and asked: ‘Would you like to dwell there, André?’

André didn’t dare say anything, neither a yes nor a no passed his lips.

Alcar smiled. ‘You can safely say so, it is possible.’

‘Wouldn’t I be creating a disturbance, Alcar?’

‘If you want to approach our life with love, in simplicity and humility, then everything will be given to you. ‘Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven’, as our Master Jesus Christ once said. With that image in mind, God will grant you the power which will allow you to experience everything in the life of the spirit.’

‘I gladly would, Alcar; I want to and will do everything to avoid any disturbance.’

‘Come on then, we will descend; you will also experience this.’

André was full of joy to be allowed to dwell in that place too.

‘You go on ahead, I will follow you. There, down those stairs.’

André hurried down the steps; his leader followed him. Suddenly he was unable to go on. It was a painted canvas, a work of art by one of the masters! He was deeply touched by this miracle of human capability. This was natural, here he saw perfection.

‘Created by a master from the sixth sphere, my son. Nothing can be im-

proved nor can anything be added to this. Now this is art as I sensed it on earth yet wasn't able to achieve, and all the others along with me felt the same kind of shortcoming, we lacked this spiritual feeling. We sensed perfection on behalf of the earth, but were unable to accomplish it. This piece of art is thousands of years old; the master dwells in the mental regions and won't return here. This is man-made, but from a man, who dedicated his gift to the Divine. What is left to explain to you? This is the most sacred we possess.'

Again André sat down and he looked at this miracle for a long time. Temples and other buildings, flowers and plants, man and animal were one. The scene was Divine.

'Absorb all this thoroughly, André, and tell them on earth what you were permitted to receive and admire on this side. Now we will continue, the final conditions are awaiting you. To my own dwelling.'

The sixth sphere; spiritual music

Soon they arrived, and for the second time he entered Alcar's spiritual dwelling. He recognized everything from his previous journey. Alcar left and would return. André knelt down to thank God for everything. It was on the same spot, where he had knelt down before his leader, to thank him for everything, when he had left his dwelling to witness the spiritual consecration. There it was, that his soul reached its deepest feelings, wanted to offer its most sacred, and yet on earth he had hurt Alcar's feelings. The time he had lived on earth was now reeled off before his mind's eye; it showed him his own life. He found himself in the sphere of the earth, where Alcar told him what he would receive on this journey. How much had he seen, received in wisdom and been allowed to experience? It was God he should thank, he sensed this clearly. He now felt a strong current flowing through him. It increased and became more intense than he had ever felt before. What could this mean? He felt intoxicated. His soul absorbed this power to the full and he felt himself subsiding. Was there a meaning behind this? He wanted to pray but couldn't sort out his thoughts; all his strength had gone. Now he felt himself getting lighter and he got a feeling as if he might suddenly float upward. Yet he was aware of everything; his feeling was accurately focussed on the things that were happening to him. Hey, what was this? He saw a being coming towards him that addressed him in a friendly way. Were there others in Alcar's house?

'There is nothing to fear, André, I am Cesarino, your leader's master.' He understood the purpose of all this; in a flash it came to him. He had been irradiated, enveloped by his powers, just as Alcar had always done, to enable

him to enter conditions which he could not fathom.

‘Are you ready to follow me, André?’

He didn’t dare say anything, but in his mind he indicated to the high spirit that he was prepared. At that moment he felt himself being drawn up, and he glided towards the sixth sphere. How handsome this spirit was. He looked like a young man of twenty-five, yet according to his leader this spirit was three thousand years old. He was the one who through him had healed Annie on earth. Yet this spirit had looked different at the time, but he knew that they could take on varying appearances. The mentor didn’t say much to him, but he let him feel many things. Nothing was said in these spheres. They went further and further, until all at once the firmament tore apart and a powerful yet immensely beautiful light shone on them.

‘The light from the sixth sphere, André’, he picked up, ‘and shortly we will be entering.’

André now felt how necessary it had been for him to have undergone his radiance. The light penetrated him, but he was able to hold his ground and continue, due to these sacred forces. What a wondrous country he now saw before his eyes. The fifth sphere couldn’t be compared to this attunement. This was where Ubronus dwelt. How beautiful everything was. The firmament was enveloped in a silvery golden haze. It was mirrored in all of life, the different forms of life reflected each other. The spirit looked at him and smiled. That smile revealed his great love. How simple all the beings were whom he had been allowed to meet in the spheres of happiness. How simple the angels were; this high spirit was accompanying him to sacred places; it was incredible. He hadn’t enough concentration to be able to grasp it all. There in front of him was the musical sphere.

‘Spiritual music is what you will now hear’, came into his mind, ‘prepare yourself. We will continue until we have reached the place where the masters dwell.’ At last the spirit descended. A deep valley lay before them and in the middle of it stood a temple that reached up into the sky. Various paths ran through the valley, which all led to the temple. There were flowers everywhere in unfamiliar shades. He was standing on a high mountain and would soon have to descend. He looked down into the depths; all the paths had been laid out in an artful way. He was in a paradise here. He saw thousands of beings, all on their way to the temple. Others were down on their knees, praying, as if they were tuning in for the celebration. In this nature you could prepare yourself. You felt drawn into life; an enormous love lay inherent in everything. Apart from the temple of music, there were no other buildings here; the beauty of nature was overwhelming, everything was bathed in a goldish white light. He saw sky-high fountains, birds and greenery, all excelling each other in heavenly quality. The valley had the shape of a funnel. That

awe-inspiring building where the masters played their music rose up into the sky from the middle of that funnel. Alcar's master made him feel that they would descend. Their path slowly wound its way through all this beauty and as far as he could see, it would end at the temple.

The temple stood there majestically in the centre of the valley. As they approached, its beauty increased. Birds were singing their song all around; all of life was full of joy. Now they were down in the valley; André turned around and the mountain, where he had been on top just a while ago, rose up above him into infinity. Hundreds of beings were following the same track, all wearing magnificent garments that glistened like suns. The robe of Alcar's master was made of an entirely different substance than they were wearing. The meaning of this was already known to him; after all, these beings dwelt in the seventh sphere. Left and right fruit was growing and he was curious indeed to know what these looked like inside and how they would taste. If he were allowed to have one of those golden yellow fruits, how happy that would make him feel. Cesarino, who had been following his inner conversation, made him sense that he was allowed to take one. He chose one and wanted to pick the fruit. It touched him deeply because, oh, what had he done this time? After he had stretched out his hand to pick the fruit, the fruit suddenly flowed apart. A shock went through him. Again he had received a lesson in life. He, the earthly human being, wanted to pick spiritual fruit. But for these he was too coarse. This had been possible in Alcar's sphere, but only now did he understand that this had happened due to his leader's powers. He had a feeling within as if he had killed something. A product of the spheres had been destroyed through his fault, his will. Why did he also want to have everything? Wasn't it a great blessing in itself to be allowed to experience this? He had received a lesson in life in the fifth sphere and now also here, in the sixth sphere. It was terrible; how crude of him, he thought! Nature set him right; no being was required to use its power to do so. It had given him a terrible shock. There he stood, like a child that felt its sin and was conscious of it. The angel put his fine spiritual hand on his shoulder and said: 'To undergo something, André, is experience, and experience is development in the spirit.' Not a word was spoken about the matter, but he had already firmly resolved, no longer to touch anything nor to want anything. He withdrew into himself again and understood how great the mercy was that allowed him to dwell here. Nature gave him his lesson in life, but wasn't it God Himself? Didn't this include God's holy Life? Wasn't it really God? He trembled when he thought of it. In simplicity and humility he came to his senses, and got to know himself.

They went on and on, they would soon have reached the place where a celebration awaited him. His lesson was deeply rooted in him, he would keep

on bearing his spiritual lessons in mind. How mighty this building was. He couldn't perceive the top part. It emanated a light which his eyes could hardly endure; it stood there like a sun. Thousands of beings entered. Yet he felt calm; an unknown power helped him to go inside. While he entered at his high escort's side, he sensed that a holy event was awaiting him. The interior was in the same style as the Temple of Happiness, which he had seen on his previous journey and where he had been allowed to participate in a similar celebration. But now he was in the sphere of music; this sphere was named after this Divine art. The interior of the building was perfect. Here everything lived in a light of even greater beauty than in the fifth sphere. This life entailed the liberation from the life which man had cast off. Here even higher conditions than this sphere were known. It was almost impossible, that even more beautiful people existed than these angels. Yet it was true, man ascended higher and higher, into other areas. Holy beings dwelt there; he could find no other words to describe their level and their aura. Men and women together, all twin souls, brothers and sisters. These were earthly human beings; they had all lived there, but had freed themselves from earthly life. His mind reeled; after all, when would all this be within reach of earthly human beings? Not in a thousand years would they get that far. How distant was he, and were all the people of the earth from this condition? In the centre - if you could call this a centre, since he saw no end to it - they took a seat. Flowers were blooming everywhere; where man lived, nature lived too; man was surrounded by life. The interior was globular; there were neither angles nor finities in the spheres; everything was deep, infinitely deep, until the feeling passed on into an even higher condition. The universe was life and man was the intellect that lived within. This temple expanded; millions of beings could enter here. Here André was shown how life on earth has a cosmic attunement and could be Divine. The entire building was packed, and silence fell as they all sensed that the masters were to begin. He was about to hear spiritual music. But what was that? He saw a light some dozens of yards away, that seemed to come from out of the earth. It was like a haze that slowly rose and then dissolved above their heads. The light kept waxing and waning, until it remained constant. What could this mean? A soft voice came through to him that said: 'Spiritual notes, the music, which the masters will be playing from.' Wonderful, André thought. He kept on seeing colours within the light, until it changed into a pale blue haze. He felt how he became linked up with the light and he understood the meaning of this event. It was as if someone was breathing, as if a young life was being born. Along with the light he heard soft music accompanying it. The masters interpreted these colours. He felt himself to be on earth, far away from this sphere, as if he were being born anew. He now heard the music approaching him from afar, as if the wind

carried it along. He felt its first breaths on earth flowing through him, he saw the music in colours and heard the masters interpret it. He understood everything; this knowledge lay deeply embedded in him. The soft music represented the awakening of young life on earth; he was being shown in colours what he felt and experienced, and the same was happening to all the others present here. Colourful light, those were the notes, how was it possible? The light changed, he heard the music getting closer all the time. He saw a small being on earth; it was being cared for by the mother. He witnessed three miracles at once. This was a symphony of life. It started on earth and would end in this sphere. How mighty all this was. All the angels were connected, they experienced it, felt themselves to be back on earth and were taken care of by the mother. Oh love, holy love! My God, he thought, how great Your power is, how pure the angels, who dwell here, how exalted the art, how great the happiness, which everything spreads. Life was being interpreted in music. What he had been able to perceive as expressive arts, he heard in this sphere in music. He saw the light changing; the music increased in beauty, the human being on earth was growing up, there was nothing but happiness in this life. The young life had experienced its first years on earth and had grown up to be a child that played about in nature. Here he witnessed miracles indeed! He saw the child before him, saw it playing and heard it uttering soft sounds. Now the colours shifted; the music had changed into frolicking leaps and he too felt assimilated, as if he were jumping over meadows and plains, to meet a young life. He felt free of all cares. He bore only happiness, the life of a child; he felt nothing but his own happiness, because he had been transformed into the child. The colours increased in beauty and clarity, but the music had likewise increased in power. The child grew in years, and he felt by the music and saw from the colours that it had reached its tenth year on earth. The colours swirled around, frisking about in rhythmic waves. The colours revealed the age, the happiness of the being; he felt the child within, and the music swelled into a mighty ensemble. He also felt his life being reeled off deep within, just as all the angels felt and relived their earthly life. He was picking flowers again, took them to his mother and was happy because she was happy too. When he handed her the bouquet he felt tears of joy running down his cheeks. This was music; the chords they drew from their instruments reverberated in his soul. Masters of love descended into the soul of a child and played what that little life felt. They interpreted those inner feelings, something no one would ever think of on earth. He felt he would collapse on the spot before the end had come. What age would this life reach on earth, that had to be lived through in pain, grief and sorrow? He prayed for strength to be able to witness this sacred act. If this could be accomplished on earth, people would be touched to the depths

of their soul, and this art would make them begin another life. Everyone would be enchanted by this mighty event; it would carry them away; nobody could evade this. Deep within his soul it trembled, it paralysed his feeling, yet it carried him up into heaven and let him return to earth in frolicking beauty. The light kept on changing; the colours increased in strength; the life on earth reached a riper age; it already fought its battles, knew grief and sorrow and was tormented. The music built up and brought forth other sounds, in which that battle and all that sorrow lay hidden. Again life continued; the colours got fiercer and fiercer while the music became heartrending. Now everything merged into a mighty episode. The colours became harsh, the music increased in violence until it burnt into his soul and tore his life apart. Life became more savage, it had reached the age of manhood on earth. Within the highest tones he heard, lay all the grief and sorrow. How piercing this grief was: the life of this human being bore nothing but battle. He felt himself being drawn into real life; where would it end? Storms gushed through him, smashed him to pieces and flung him across the entire earth, until he returned to his mother. Life had returned to the mother, but it found no rest, and disappeared anew. The music swelled to a mighty ensemble and reached a fantastic climax that cut through him like a knife. Earthly life increased in violence; it took its own course. He saw how the colours changed, the music represented a heavy thunderstorm, that was meant to shatter heaven and earth. The being grew older, it felt happiness and grief, it experienced a life of horror and destruction. He was able to follow it in everything; lived with it and inside of him this life vibrated; he merged with it so that he felt as if he were being crushed. The chords were beautiful, the masters felt completely linked up and their creative power achieved fulfilment. Everything he saw, heard and felt was perfect. What he perceived was great, what he experienced was overwhelming! The human being roamed around the world and once again it had left its parental home. Amidst the harsh flaring colours he saw a soft white light that symbolized motherly grief. It was her love for the child. A mother wept for her child, that was at the mercy of dark forces. Her love followed it; she sent out her love to her child, no matter where it might be. It made her light dominate his light and her love worked wonders. Yet protection was impossible; it would perish, it had to; it couldn't escape. Now the music became piercing, like the coloured light of the dark spheres; it blazed and howled like a mighty hurricane. The symphony had reached its climax; the end of an earthly life was approaching, but this life would meet with a devastating end, it had to. Again the colours changed into beautiful hues, the music got softer and milder. This life on earth was no longer as ferocious, it leaned towards soft longings. Now André felt happiness; it was inside of him, but the colours told him that this would not last. This event

became more and more profound for him. Once again he felt how it took away his powers, he grasped the hand of Alcar's master and kept a tight hold on it. Now he could endure it all, as he felt fresh strength flowing into him. Now the colours blurred. What could this mean? Music flowed right through him; it became increasingly harsh, and the colours turned to bright red and pale green: the radiance of the masters of evil, whom he had got to know during this journey. He felt as if he were paralysed. Suddenly he heard a cutting rhythm in the music that sounded like freakish leaps, representing approaching disaster. Nothing could stop it; here life would find its downfall. The colours were whimsical and cruel and he felt the terrible influence of the dark spheres. Where and what was the end? All this could only spell misery. The music was rumbling, the colours were luminous and dazzling. It became more piercing and the colours turned craggy and colder. The evil in man revealed itself. It manifested itself through the destruction of mankind: life marched off to war. It destroyed what was God's life, and ruined itself. Rumbling and thrumming, life took up arms. The colours changed into terrible, passionate hues, it merged into deep, dark colours; doom ran rampant. Now the ensemble turned into an tremendous noise that made him tremble even more. He heard terrible sounds, drowned out by a hissing noise. The colours savagely tore apart because the end had come. A burning, choking feeling came over him, it felt as if his lungs were being wrenched out of his body. But a different feeling entered his soul, although the same terror remained. Terrible these sounds were which the orchestra brought forth, horrible the colours, and he felt all of it burning within his soul. Here a symphony of life was being shown to him, likewise, every human being had its own symphony, which contained various parts that were just as terrible as these. Every life contained scenes of this kind; every being knew grief and sorrow. Yet not one life was the same; they were all different. Spiritual music was therefore inexhaustible. There were no limits here. The music represented a human life; each life could be expressed in this way. Who thought of these things on earth? Why didn't they compose music there, that represented the life of a human being? They did, but not to perfection. Here the character was expounded, the whole being was unravelled; here they knew this being, whom they saw interpreted in colours and music and therefore experienced anew. It wasn't only great, it was tremendous and indescribable in words. Here he experienced art at its highest level. Here they experienced life in a way which was not possible on earth, because man didn't understand his own life. Here man learnt to get to know himself, and to understand the earthly life he had shed. Here he saw a film of life, represented in art. None of the masters on earth could accomplish the like. Their spiritual attunement hadn't progressed that far; an earthly life was too short to achieve that. Now

he saw how this life passed on to the side beyond. It lived in the dark areas, got to know itself there and became convinced of a higher life. The colours changed, the music played, but the chords no longer reached the earthly attunement; they no longer had that coarseness; these were spiritual sounds which couldn't be heard and understood on earth. Everything had passed on into the spirit; life had entered eternity and had set out on a higher plane of existence. It touched him deeply because he had covered this all together with his leader. Time and again he noticed how the colours kept on changing, and he saw the terrible battle that raged within the hues; it was the struggle to reach a higher sphere. Yet the colours were getting paler, but they continually took on darker tones again, as a sign that life had fallen back into its previous condition. The pale colours kept on returning; the music got more and more transparent; he heard no more coarse, terrifying tones. This was the spiritual battle which could be sensed in everything. A constant battle, merely for the sake of possession. The music increased in beauty and he felt and saw from the colours how this life had reached the first existential sphere in the spirit. They all sensed how this life had received spiritual possession and had assimilated it. This was a great blessing; it made his soul tremble, it possessed viability, it caressed, it supported him, it carried him away to other countries. He was floating high up in heaven, he felt himself being drawn up by the power of thought; here life lived in that of the spirit. He clearly sensed this in the chords, and in the colours he recognized the various spheres which life had already reached. Now they were in the second sphere; the cloudless blue sky lay in the sheer blue which he perceived, and he felt and saw in it, that life was approaching the third sphere. The colours started to change and they merged; the purple blue from the third sphere blended with the sheer blue heaven which he had been allowed to perceive a few times in the second sphere. The music played cheerful themes; the human being was alive again. These chords contained a certain humility, zest for life and love in the colours; it was happiness, life wanted to be alive again, this life sensed God and had returned to Him. Oh, to be allowed to experience this music, this art as an earthly human being! The colours grew more and more beautiful and the music became increasingly exalted; together, they formed one unity. André sensed that the fourth sphere was close by, and afterwards the fifth and the sixth sphere would be entered. Just as he had seen everywhere, the colours increased in beauty, because this life lived in happiness; it was nothing but happiness and it spread a beautiful light all around. Holy became the life of an Angel in the spirit. Soon the end would be approaching. He saw the colours which also had shone on him, when he had entered the sixth sphere. Here, life became linked up with all other forms of life. It lived here, was happy, was an angel from the sixth sphere, for

it had reached this attunement. The music softly toned down, the masters were finishing, colours merged into a haze, the last tones died down to a soft whispering; this was the end. The masters had presented a symphony of life, this life 'was' and had found its God again. André sat there, dazed; he was at his wits' end. He slowly felt himself returning and awakening. He had experienced a very special condition; other powers had helped him; he couldn't have digested all this on his own. He thanked God for all this beauty and left the temple of music together with his leader's master; he had been allowed to experience music from the sphere of music, from the sixth heaven. How could he thank God for this? What were the masters of the earth, compared to those in the spirit? Deeply moved, all the Angels departed.

The seventh sphere and back to earth

He was still holding on tightly to Cesarino's hand. He felt himself being raised, and again he glided forth to another attunement. He felt exhilarated by all this. No one would believe him if he related this on earth. How difficult it would be for him to capture all this in language and to express it. It was almost impossible. Yet it had to be done; maybe it would inspire an earthly artist to create a human condition, a symphony of life. It could be done, even if they couldn't reach the depths and heights of the sixth sphere. If the people on earth were able to attend a concert of this kind, they would hear how the inner life of a single individual was expressed: they would feel all his sorrow, grief and happiness, passion and violence, battle and love. Oh, how beautiful that would be; artists, interpreting a human being in music. One would have to approach that form of art with love; otherwise its most sacred aspect wouldn't be felt. Man would have to feel love towards the life that was depicted in art. How good, how generous his leader was to him on this journey; how much wisdom in the spirit hadn't he already received and still it hadn't come to an end, they were letting him experience even more conditions.

They were now far away from the sixth sphere. Further and further they went. Suddenly the heavens tore apart and a mighty light shone on the master and him. He was unable to move another inch. He took his time to pray to God that he might be granted a glimpse into the seventh sphere, where Alcar's master and the guardian angel of his child lived. After having been allowed to see all this, those other spheres lie hidden far beneath this enormous beauty. He felt new powers surging up in him, before he was allowed to go on. They had soon reached the border, and there in front of him, in inexplicable beauty, he saw the seventh sphere. A little beyond this spot man

would no longer be capable of returning. He understood it completely; this here was paradise, but of such rare beauty, so stupendous, that he couldn't find words for it. He didn't want to take the trouble; all one should do here was to sense life, one should only see. He saw flowers as through a haze, and he heard them singing from afar. Everything was covered in gold, and in this sphere he saw colours from other spheres gathered, but only shining colours. He would not be able to enter here. His spiritual body would be burnt by the power of the light, or else it would return to earth at a breathtaking speed. Here he saw the blissful Heaven, here the human children of the earth lived. They had all been on earth once, they had lived there and had died. Now, in this paradise, he saw earthly beings again. 'God, oh my God, how grateful people should be to You for all that happiness, all that beauty they will find when they enter here after life on earth!'

Here Cesarino lived, the mentor of this sphere; once, on earth, dictator of Rome. He was the master of all the areas which he had been allowed to visit with his leader. And this spirit was guiding him, was leading him, letting him admire all this, because he wanted to convince mankind of a blessed life after earthly death. Love, nothing but love; God was alive in everything. He saw temples such as he had never perceived before. The roads led the human being on towards the highest on high. Here he saw the life that would pass on, in order to cast off its spiritual body. The soul would continue on its way and enter the mental areas. Then on to even higher conditions, so that it would enter the fourth mentality in cosmic attunement. How distant earthly life was from all this! It would take a long time, and yet the day would come when the people who populated the planet earth would attain this. On the border of the seventh sphere André prayed to his Father and kept on thanking Him. He had received wisdom in the spirit, and in his mind he returned to the beginning of this journey. Where had he not already been to? He had got to know depths, he had been shown art and spheres of love. He had been able to see his child, one life was even more beautiful than the other. Now he was to return to the earth. The Angel let him sense, that he should get ready for the journey back to the fifth sphere.

'Before we depart', the master now spoke to him, 'I ask of you: tell those on earth what is in store for them. Tell the people on earth, who are our sisters and brothers, that we live in heavenly beauty. One day they will receive all this if they want to develop in the spirit. Tell them that spiritual life means love, that it equals nothing but love.'

'How can I thank you for everything I was allowed to receive from you and my leader?'

'Don't thank us, my son, thank God, who is our common Father. Now we will return to the fifth sphere.'

In a flash they moved on, entered the fifth sphere and went into Alcar's dwelling. André again wanted to thank Alcar's master, but it was not possible anymore. Cesarino had returned to his own sphere; people did not want any thanks in life after death.

Alcar, his leader, was sitting there, surrounded by various birds.

'Well, my boy, back again?'

André rushed into his arms and wept with happiness. It took quite a while before he returned into his condition. He looked at his leader but could not speak a word, no matter how much he wanted to.

Alcar prepared himself; André took one more look around his leader's dwelling and they speeded back to earth. This journey would soon reach its ending too. There he entered his room, hand in hand they had returned from the fifth sphere. Before him lay his material garment. André looked at his leader; he regarded him deeply within, but he couldn't find the words, both sensed what they wanted to say, they were one in their feeling, their lives were one, they had one goal: to convince mankind and to see them happy.

'Farewell my boy, you will awaken again in happiness, and soon you will set to work in order to make all these sacred things known to man. Know that we will help you.'

André asked his leader to thank all those who had received him with love. He felt himself being raised and then he descended again and with a slight tremor he awoke. Life on earth had once again begun.

He could still hear: 'God is love, nothing but love! Life after death is a reality. Live, live, you people, know that life, your life, is eternal. Farewell my boy, more work is awaiting you tomorrow. Your Alcar.'

He awoke in the morning, invigorated in body and soul, and he knew where he had been. He felt great happiness within.

André goes on and hopes to receive lots more wisdom in the spirit. He will exert all his powers to tell even more about life that continues forever.

Nothing but truth and happiness lie in store for man when he enters that life.

He beseeches God that strength and blessing may rest upon his work. His head held high, he follows the road which they all follow, the road towards the light, towards the house of the Father, where a dwelling exists for each life and is prepared when man passes on.

Jozef Rulof

The Hague, November 15th, 1936.

(End of Part 3)

A View into the Hereafter

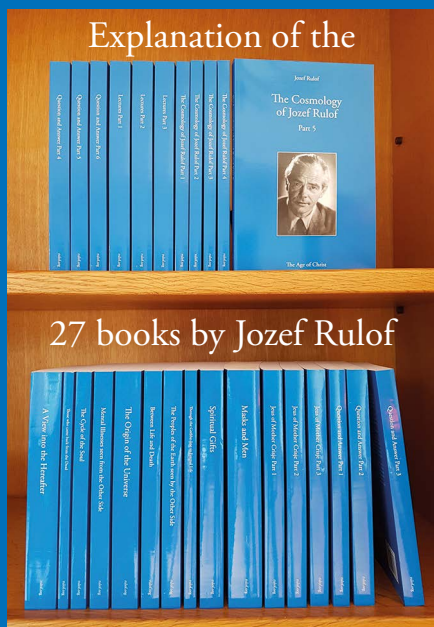
'A View into the Hereafter' is the first trilogy which Jozef Rulof received mediumistically in the years 1933-1936. In the foreword of the first edition he wrote: 'The publication of this book has the aim of giving mankind the belief of its - in a higher form of existence - life after the physical death.'

His spiritual leader Alcar allows him to 'depart from the body', whereby Jozef as a spiritual personality departed from his physical body and together with Alcar made many journeys in the Hereafter. For instance, Jozef saw the seven spheres of light, where the human being goes who feels a universal love for all life. Furthermore, they also visited the dark spheres.

Alcar allowed him to perceive the intensive contact of the spheres with our earthly world. The human being on earth who attunes himself to the spheres of light is helped by astral leaders in order to raise the spiritual level of mankind. However, anyone who is attuned to the dark spheres can be influenced by its inhabitants to follow their passions.

In an out-of-body state, Alcar let Jozef also experience a cremation, in order to allow the readers with knowledge of the spiritual consequences of this transition to be able to make a conscious choice regarding the parting of the earthly body.

ISBN 978-90-70554-88-0



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