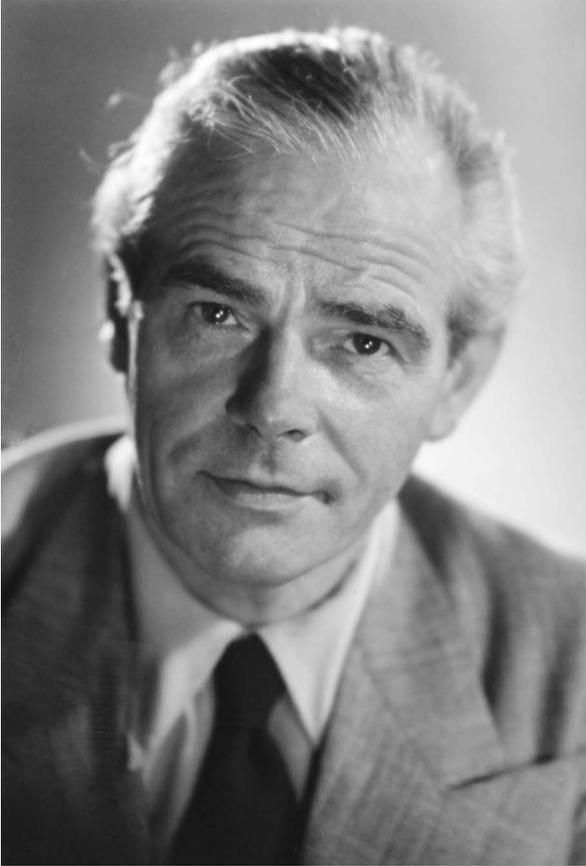


Jozef Rulof

Between Life and Death



The Age of Christ



Jozef Rulof
1898-1952

Jozef Rulof

Between Life and Death



The Age of Christ

Contact and copyright

The Age of Christ

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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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Between Life and Death, 2020.

ISBN 978-90-70554-93-4

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Word by 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 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)
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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:

Part 1 Our Hereafter

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.

1940

Preface

Dear reader,

I also received this book from the Side Beyond.

J.R.

*“Can you, man of the earth,
accept the God of Love?”*

Alonzo

My parents and my youth on earth

It was bestowed on me to tell you about my parents and my life on earth. To this end, I take you to ancient Egypt, to the surroundings of Memphis. It is a lovely place and nature is beautiful there. I would like to show you the house of my parents where I was born and invite you to come with me.

My father loved nature very much and was fond of everything belonging to life. He was a man of sentiment, convinced of the miracles and forces in creation, besides, he was a naturalist and a very pious and sensitive human. What he observed in nature meant a prayer to him; that is what he felt and experienced in the plant world and animal kingdom. Our home was like a paradise. In every corner of the house there were plants and flowers which he cultivated. Moreover, there were many cages with beautiful birds.

When he was caring for his children, as he called them, he sometimes spoke very earnestly to me and told about the miracles of nature, now and then he descended with me into that wonderful world. Then he tried to explain to me how flowers and plants awakened and grew, and every species was created. But above all, he pointed out how mighty nature is, and how he himself spoke to the inner life of animals and plants.

“You see, Venry, I speak to my children and they listen. I feel their desire to live and grow, but I must know and be able to understand when they are hungry and thirsty, or they will return to their own Father, whom they love more than me.”

“How are you so sure that they have got a Father too?”

“Do you think”, he answered, “that anything is born without His help?”

“Whom do you mean, Father?”

Then, full of happiness and like a grown-up child he said to me:

“I mean Amon-Ré, our God, the God of all life, of the sun, the moon, the stars, of trees, flowers and animals, but especially your God, mine and your mother’s. The smallest insect to the wild animal, the God of light and darkness, of stillness and thunderstorm, of the glorious heaven and of the earth we live on, who knows and loves us and who will call us to Him one day. Then, dear Venry, I shall humbly bow before Him and He will ask: ‘Did you, Ardaty, give My life to which it is entitled?’ That is why I do my best, Venry, to nourish all this life and to tend it so that the Gods will be merciful to me.”

I looked up at my Father and asked:

“You talk of one God and of Gods?”

“Yes, my boy, I know Amon-Ré and there are Gods. I do not know how other people feel about this.”

I bowed my head for his eyes were shining with a strong light, which I could not bear.

After a little while I dared to look at him again and he smiled at me, but I went to my beloved Mother. I asked her sternly because feelings of rebellion, impotence and misunderstanding came into me:

“Who is my Father, Mother? He speaks of one supreme God and of Gods.”

“But, Venry, how can you ask such pointed questions? Why are you so short-spoken? You look hot-tempered.”

“I meant no harm, Mother, but Father just told me of his God. Do you know his God, Mother?”

My Mother looked at me very seriously and said:

“The things, dear Venry, your Father talks about are deep in his soul. It is a voice, which comes to him from stillness and far regions. He hears and knows that voice. I know, my boy, that your Father is blessed by that power. He calls it his God.

His God, dear Venry, can bring us sunlight, make the wind blow, and irrigate our gardens and fields. Your Father sees that power grow and flourish and it lives in him, in you and in me, in animals, plants, and everything alive. He has known for a long time how flowers awake, why birds sing when their little stomachs are filled so that their singing rises to higher regions and even to where the Gods are.”

I thought all this over for a long time and asked:

“Is God visible, Mother?”

“He certainly is, Venry, and you will learn that, for all people will get to know Him. You must be very attentive, maybe you will see Him very soon.”

“You talk like Father, but who taught you both to speak the way you do?”

“Listen, dear Venry. In this beautiful country, there was once a priest who taught people about invisible things. He told about nature and the workings of God and from him your Father learned a lot.”

“And did Father also learn from writings?”

“No, dear Venry, from nature and nature alone and from the miracles belonging to life.”

“But did the priest also know why birds mostly sing in the morning and the evening, Mother? Would Father know this?”

“You may ask him, he will no doubt answer.”

“Do you believe in that priest and Father’s God?”

“Dear Venry, why should I not? Are not the wonders of God in our possession?”

I reflected on all this and asked:

“You love Father very much, do you not, Mother?”

“Yes, Venry, and you must love him very much too.”

I went back to my Father.

“Mother says that you spoke with a very learned priest and that you were allowed to ask him questions. Did you ask him why birds sing so much in the evening and in the morning?”

My Father looked at me with his shining eyes and said:

“You see, dear Venry, that is very simple. Birds sing in the morning because they slept well that night and are still alive; but in the evening, they sing in gratitude because they had so much food that day. Then they are happy and gay and thank God for everything.”

“Then, Father, do they know there is a God? Are they able to think and feel the way we do and thank and pray?”

My Father looked very seriously at me and answered: “Considering your age you are very wise, Venry, but listen:

all life on earth belongs to the Gods, however, it lives in its own world from which each life thanks its own God. The birds and all other animals, the flowers and plants, as well as the fishes you see here, belong to it. In their own way they thank God. The birds sing and in this singing lies their prayer.”

“And the flowers and plants, Father?”

“I told you, they all pray and thank. You cannot hear the flowers, and you will only learn that when you are older.”

“Have they got ears like we have, Father, and can you hear them speak?”

Again he looked at me in a loving way.

“Come over to me, Venry, and listen.”

He held a flower close to my ear.

“Do you hear anything?”

I listened very carefully.

“No, Father, I hear nothing.”

“Listen well, Venry, and wait till it starts talking to the other flowers.”

I waited but heard nothing.

“Can fish talk, Father?”

“Certainly they can”, he answered.

“Do they talk when we cannot hear them or do not pay attention?”

“Yes, Venry, precisely when we do not pay attention.”

“And do they also listen to what I want, Father?”

Now he looked into my soul.

“What do you mean, Venry?”

“I asked whether they listen to me, Father, to what I want.”

He made no reply and went to my Mother.

When he had apparently finished talking something over with my Mother, he came back to me.

“Now did you hear the flowers talk, Venry?”

I pretended that I had not heard him and asked: “When fish jump out of the water, Father, are they happy and is that their singing, thanking and praying?”

He smiled at me. “Yes, it usually is.”

“And are the fish older than the flowers and birds?”

“No”, he said, “they are equally old.”

Now I asked him very sternly again: “How can you be so sure of that?”

Without answering, he went over to my Mother, as if he had something to do and spoke to her.

I flew into a rage because he did not answer. I went out into the fields and stayed away for quite some time, but I forgot everything. Another time I asked my Father questions about other subjects and suddenly I became so angry that he looked at me in bewilderment. He asked: “What is the matter, Venry? Did I do or say something wrong?”

I did not reply and ran out of the house. Only late in the evening did I come home. My Father asked me questions, but I did not understand myself why I flew into a rage all of a sudden.

I growled at him: “I don’t know. Leave me alone.”

Again he was startled, for this was not the way a child should answer, and I really never did. He gave me a long and searching look, but let it pass. The next day I was myself again and forgot about it. But whenever I asked him a question, I flew into a rage, for I felt that he did not give me a clear answer.

And so my first years passed and I grew up. Time and again, I asked other questions and tried to speak with nature, as Father did. I got to know various particulars about nature until my youth was cruelly disturbed.

One day I walked with my Father in our gardens and asked all sorts of questions, and once again, I got unsatisfactory answers. At the same moment an unknown power which was much stronger than I, forced me to go away. I ran away as if something terrible was hot on my heels. What spurred me on I did not know but it came from within me like a terrible temper. These inexplicable feelings tore me away from my parents whom I loved very dearly.

Then I wandered through the fields and repeatedly tried to speak to life in nature. But the language I spoke did not seem to be the right one, for life did not hear me or, apparently failed to understand what I meant, however hard I tried.

I had caught beautiful little fish and I played with them in my own way. I picked out some of them, I wanted them to obey me and accept that I was their master. And however strange it may seem I could often do with them what I wanted. For hours I practised and forced them to do something or other. If I wanted them to lie still they were not able to move a fin and stayed

where they were.

I showed this trick to my friends, for I wanted to know whether they could do it, too, but they could not. However hard they tried to achieve this, they failed.

What this meant, and why I could do it, I was quite unable to explain. I did not feel like talking it over with my parents. There were other powers in me and I kept them scrupulously for myself.

When I had fallen asleep, I departed from my material body. I was then able to speak to nature, and I was as it were one and united with it, living at the same time in another world. From that world I walked in my Father's gardens and felt the life of flowers and plants come over me. In that world I could go where I wanted. My material body was asleep and I was outside it. Because of this I understood that I really possessed two bodies, and that the one I now used belonged to that other world.

I floated through the mighty universe and there, in that space or world, I saw people who lived there and who were like the material humans on earth, but they were all winged.

Some of them were shining and probably belonged to the Gods. I just did not understand why other people like my Father and Mother did not tell me about them. However, I also understood that it meant something particular, which I alone experienced and knew; but only when I was asleep could I depart from my body. Moreover, I knew exactly when this would happen. Curious feelings troubled me beforehand. I felt a cold stream, which made my whole body quiver and then I fell asleep out of tiredness.

When I was very tired these feelings were not so intense and I was soon able to start my nocturnal journey. The very first journey I made was departing from my body and entering it. When I experienced this wonder I was wide-awake in the spirit, in that other world and looked into that mighty space where I found that it was always light. I left and entered my body and could clearly observe it. Carefully I went higher and higher, right through the roof of my parental home and into space. After a longer or shorter period I returned to my material body and knew where I had been.

After these nocturnal journeys and experiences, I did not feel anything unusual for a length of time. I had got to know that other world. Then I began to yearn for being allowed to go far away, far from my surroundings, through the material things on earth. No man on earth can penetrate through material objects and do what I could. When I experienced all these strange and curious things I very often spoke with my Father. Through these discussions I learned, young as I was, that even he did not know everything about life. One day I said to him:

“You talk about the wonders of God but are you convinced that that is

all?"

Of course, he looked at me in amazement and went away again. I did not dare to follow him, but guessed where he went. He looked for my Mother and I presumed that he told her of my question, but I could not understand what they were talking about and that made me very angry.

These strong feelings always came quite unexpectedly and spontaneously, whereupon I acted. Now I looked for a possibility to overhear their conversation should this happen again.

Our home was detached; and around it there was a large garden divided into many small ones. There were several kinds of flowers and a great many herbs and trees which meant very much to my Father. Because of his knowledge of nature, he tended the gardens of the Temple of Isis, which he supplied with plants, herbs, flowers, and fruits. He was a master in horticulture.

It was my intention to eavesdrop on them behind the house, to the left and to the right and from the place where I slept. But these thoughts too had recently and quite unexpectedly come to me, as well as a lot of other thoughts and feelings.

I felt that I hated them, however young I was. I really did not know why I did so. Sometimes a terrible force and rage beset me when my Father talked about his own God, the things and wonders in nature, the fruits and flowers and the vigour of herbs or when he did not give me a satisfactory answer.

His confidence in respect of all these natural wonders urged me on to hate him even more. As I grew older and we clashed repeatedly my feelings of hatred became stronger and more intense.

When this hate entered me I at once felt that cold stream passing over me, it was as if a force beyond my control urged me to hate my parents. In view of my youth, those feelings and terrible thoughts could not emanate from my inner life. I had reached the age of fourteen, within me there was a deep and natural feeling, and I often understood what my Father was talking about.

Then I figured it out. I had thought everything over, compared it with my own experiences and felt that he spoke like an earthly being, and, it is true, he had a highly developed feeling and a strong faith, but knew nothing of my own experiences. I began to feel and understand why I could suddenly hate as only fully conscious grown-up people can.

Sometimes I could hate and even curse what belonged to them, their inner life and their love. It arose suddenly in me and became constantly stronger. In feeling one thought after another entered me and dominated mine. I had to feel, follow and listen to them, whether I wanted to or not. On the other hand, I began to understand why I obeyed them.

Those thoughts gave me power and strength, which was quite clear to me. Yet, I did not want to have all these terrible feelings for they frightened me.

How all these devilish thoughts came to me I did not learn until later, when I got to know myself and the forces of my hatred, also my disembodiment. My parents fell victim, for it was endeavoured to destroy their happiness and even their lives by making me revolt; my gifts were operated on their feelings of love.

When I asked my Father: "You talk about the miracles of your God, but are you sure that is all?" he instinctively felt what I meant, though he thought this and all the other questions strange, particularly, because I repeatedly came to him with such questions. However, when he came to me and said: "Come on, dear Venry, we are going to gather fruits and you may pick out the nicest for yourself", my feelings of hatred and rage disappeared instantly; I was a normal child again. His words of open-heartedness and love repressed the horrible thoughts I suffered and made me a normal child again.

We were entirely one and nothing then disturbed our harmony; I fully understood my parents and was as other children can be, obedient and devoted to my parents.

Sometimes weeks and months passed when I was peaceful; my sleep was quite normal and I stayed in my own body. How these feelings of hate suddenly came over me remained a mystery to me; it was as if a flash of lightning from the sky hit me.

When I followed my Father when he sent my Mother his deep feelings I was first overcome by an unnatural warmth, but after that warmth I became cold as ice. Subsequently that terrible hatred came in me so that I had to bite my lips to stop the words, feelings, and thoughts arising in me, for I would have called them all sorts of names. If they let me have my own way, however, that hatred, warmth and cold subsided in me, and I became my normal self again.

When he did not answer me or was busy with his animals he brought me into that unnatural condition, and it made my hatred flare up, as a result of which I ran out of the house into the open. After hours and sometimes even at night, I returned home.

In the end my Father talked the matter over with the High priest who sent for me.

In the Temple of Isis I was taken to a room and told to rest. What the priests did to me I do not know. I soon fell asleep and experienced a new journey. After I had departed from my body I walked around the gardens, picked flowers, and spoke to the birds and other animals, which were walking around in the open field. Some of them could see me in that other world and I found that my love for all that life remained unchanged in that respect. Next I went into the other gardens, for there were many near the Temple of Isis. The priests cultivated their herbs, plants and fruit trees.

While walking around, I saw a girl coming up to me who was strolling about in the same condition. I asked her where she came from and what she was doing near the Temple and she replied:

“I have come to greet you and tell you my name. I am Lyra. What is your name?”

“I am Venry”, I said. Suddenly an enormous power entered me, I was lifted into a quite different consciousness, and I asked: “Do you feel, Lyra, how I am now? That I have been waiting for many centuries? Am I allowed now to see you?”

When I wanted to take both her hands into mine and kiss her she said to me: “You are now speaking as if you are very old and old you are indeed, but you may only see me. The consciousness in which you live now has been awakened for I know that you are much younger. You can speak now as a grown-up human and I also know that you belong to me; we are both one in everything and we’ll meet again, for ‘He’ says so.”

When I wanted to ask her who ‘he’ was, she faded away before my eyes and disappeared. The situation I lived in also faded; and when I woke up a priest stood beside my bed. He invited me to follow him and took me to my parents.

I was not allowed to be present during their conversation, but I now knew a place where I could listen in on them. The priest said to my parents: “Believe me, dear Ardaty, your child is highly gifted. In due time we shall come to fetch him and teach him the things he needs. We were able to follow his spirit and discovered gifts in him, which will give your son the great wings. I have freed him from the evil influences and you must take good care of him. In a year’s time he can be trained for priesthood and we shall develop his gifts.”

This was not all he said, but I could not understand it, and then he went away. I also left and only returned to my parents hours later. Now I was myself again.

Months passed. My Father told me about nature, but I did not tell him anything about my own secret. I noticed, however, that my parents talked about it, but in a whispering voice since they had caught me eavesdropping. After some time I made nocturnal journeys again. I had a vague recollection of meeting that girl and it was as if I had dreamt it. One night, however, I met him who urged me on to do all these terrible things and who caused my hatred against my parents. The priests’ help turned out to be inadequate.

Possession

One day I went along with some boys to the Nile to bathe. We played in the water all afternoon until sundown. Then we went back home and I had to answer the many questions my parents asked. After dinner, they went for a walk in the gardens. On their return, I was put to bed and that very moment I felt something strange coming over me, as a result of which I fell fast asleep and no longer was aware of anything.

After a while, when everything was calm, I began my journey to that other world. Soon I was far away from my material body and drifted again in that mighty space. My rested body was fast asleep, but I was fully conscious and lived in another world. I met many people, who had wings like me. I heard them speak, they even smiled at me, which did me good and made me happy, but they went their own way.

When I departed from my material body and travelled, I felt grown up, because a higher consciousness entered me, and I could think and feel like adult people. My youthful age dissolved completely.

I fully understood the naturalness of this phenomenon and I was convinced of the possibility; it was wonderful. However, I did not know yet why I so suddenly accepted or received that grown-up condition. Also in my material body, in which I was still a child, that power sometimes manifested itself and forced itself on me as the awareness of an adult. I got to know that force, it was a personality.

While floating on I suddenly felt something nearing from behind; turning around I saw a human being who said to me: "Hello, Venry."

At once I asked: "Do you know me and who are you?"

"I am your friend, Venry, and have known you for a long time."

"Where do you know me from?"

"From this world, from where you live now and from the past."

I looked at him but felt that he deceived me and I answered: "I hate you for you're lying. I hate you and your thoughts. It was you who turned me into an unnatural child."

I did not immediately understand the strange phenomenon I experienced, but I read this knowledge from his soul and being. It however did not disturb him in the least.

"Is it not great, Venry, to be able to think and feel as an adult person? Come on, Venry, you should not be angry with me for I give you the strength to understand a great many things you can not understand yourself. You should not talk to me the way you do, you are very ungrateful."

As he talked to me, I understood the meaning of his entire being and the purpose of his coming. In my mind, one scene followed the other and I saw what he wanted. At this moment I saw who he was; he had been a priest and had loved my Mother. He wanted to possess that love from his world, if necessary by force, and he tried to achieve this through me. I felt even more in him, but that remained invisible to me. Then I saw my parents' past.

My Mother had been a priestess. Through him I came to my parents, but around them lay a dense haze. This concealed a big secret, which I clearly felt. However, I could not see through it. In this dense haze I saw three people. He apparently felt this and smiled. He who had come to me had something to do with my parents. As a priest he had known my parents and loved my Mother, but his love was not answered. She despised him. In My Father she had found a good and honest husband.

This terrible man, who had come up to me and under whose influence and will I had been for a good length of time, who had turned me into what I now was on earth, wanted to destroy the happiness of my parents from his world. I saw all this quite clearly, but I despised and hated this human being and wanted him to go. I heard his howls of derision.

"You see, Venry, I permit you to know everything about me. The gifts you have I should have had on earth, then, believe me, everything would have been different. They would not have been ahead of me and I would still be living there. Perhaps I would have been allowed to take her, who is now your Mother, into my arms and enjoy the caresses your Father now receives."

As he talked about my Father, he uttered a satanic laughter, which hurt me deeply.

"Why do you scoff at my Father?" He ignored my question and went on:

"I will break those hearts; I shall teach your Father to deceive me, for here I am as free as a bird in the air. And you see, Venry, that I can find and reach you, besides I can do what I please."

I cursed him and looked at this terrible man. I defied his look and felt he had no power over me any more; there was another power in this space, which guarded me and was stronger than he; although he could still reach me. I had to experience all this. Maybe this occurrence was of great importance. Silently I prayed and hoped to receive help, I called for my Father. He felt it, what then happened to me was so terrible and hideous that it sent me down to my material body as fast as greased lightning. I plunged back into my body with a swiftness of a star shooting through space, and I woke up.

When I opened my eyes my parents stood beside me. My heart leapt into my mouth and my whole body shivered and trembled with horror. I felt very sorry for my parents, but a moment later this feeling faded away. Now I was myself and not myself, I felt outside and within my own body. I never expe-

rienced anything similar. Yet, I was able to observe everything, watched my own body, and saw that my eyes were searching my Father's and he apparently could not resist mine. I now lived in an inexplicable condition. We kept on looking at each other. My Mother followed what happened.

I saw that my face was like a mask. My own face seemed to have partially dissolved. Now I came under the influence of a strange will, which was terribly strong. It wanted me to hate my Father and would submit him to my will.

If I submitted willingly, though I strongly resisted, this power did with me what it wanted and could reach my Father. I was aware of all these powers, and still felt myself. My Mother felt this terrible fight and collapsed. My Father carried her away and then returned to me. He took a cloth, moistened it, and wrapped me in it. Why he did so I did not understand, but I felt that he had prepared himself for this event and had been warned by the priest. I heard him speak to the other human being within me:

“You rascal, stealer of happiness, thief of vitality, defiler of priesthood, you dark soul, demon, leave this child, get out or I will call God.”

I, who witnessed all this, underwent his curses and profanities only partly. I was present and yet so very far away, though I could hear my Father speak quite near me. The person I had spoken to in space, whose life I had got to know, and who seemed to possess powers unknown to my parents, I did not see, though he was present.

The day on earth went by, night had come. While my Father cursed him again, which confirmed what I knew, that is, that he knew this human being, I passed through the walls and to the room of my parents. Apparently my Mother had been resting all the time. I saw that she recovered consciousness, got out of bed, and began to pray. From that other world I looked down at her and perceived how sensitive she was. She left and went to my Father. My Father had meanwhile stopped cursing, and I approached them both. I descended into my Mother, she felt her heart beat violently and a quiver seized her. She cried for help and collapsed again. It startled me in my world, and a strong sense of compassion drew me into my own body. My Father took her away again.

I heard a terrible laughter, and a demonic voice uttering curses, which only I heard, but which were meant for my Father. However, he did not hear them. Then I heard a voice which penetrated deep into my soul say: “I will be back, I shall keep coming back, for I do not give up. She belongs to me, Ardaty, only to me.”

Again I heard his demonic laughter, which subsequently died away and I fell into a deep and natural sleep. Shortly after, my soul departed from the earthly body once more, and I moved. I heard my Father say:

“Venry is quietly asleep now. Today I shall go to Dectar and tell him

everything. Go to sleep now, I will stay with our Venry for a while. Pray for him, Mother, your ardent prayer has freed him.”

My Mother was conscious again. I departed from my body and these surroundings and floated towards a region I knew well. It was as if someone called me. I saw myself transferred to a peaceful and beautiful green lawn, in a wonderful landscape, and there I met Lyra. Really, I thought, Lyra called for me. When she saw me she jumped up and greeted me. From afar she called: “Hello, my dear Venry, as you see, when we are in trouble another power brings us together. Just now you were in the hands of a devil.”

“Who told you that?”

“‘He’ told me, Venry, ‘he’ who helps me and will help you too. We are spiritually connected and will remain so for a good length of time, but then our ways will part, ‘he’ said. I see and know now what we once did.”

“Who gave you this truth and who is ‘he’?”

“The same way you receive it.”

“And do you see this human being, Lyra?”

“No, I cannot see ‘him’, all I have to do is to implore and call ‘him’ and ‘he’ will come.”

“Is he a man?”

“I think so, Venry, and a good man; ‘he’ says ‘he’ is my leader.”

“Can you rely on that?”

“Yes, certainly, for ‘he’ is coming for me in my dreams. I then disembodied as you experience and float through this space. In this place, he made me familiar with the flowers, the colours, and everything for these surroundings. From him I learned that there is another world in which people live who died on earth. Where all these people are I don’t know, so far I have not met anybody. Nevertheless, there are lots of them here. Maybe I am not yet allowed to see them.”

“Oh”, I said, “I have met a great many people. But tell me, Lyra, how do you know me so well?”

“I know through ‘Him’ that you were my master sometime, and also my lover. You are mine and belong to me forever. I know, dear Venry, that we belonged together once.”

“Do you know all this from ‘him’?”

“When I have disembodied I become aware of it as a matter of fact.”

“Are you old or young?”

“Very old, Venry. In our bodies we are both very young, but this wisdom descends from our deep inner life, though we are still children. Those who cannot experience this, Venry, do not believe it. These feelings tell me that I was once your wife. We were torn apart, tortured, and cursed, but we also killed others. I do not know whether it is His will that we now meet again;

it is not clear to me. Neither do I know whether we get this love back. However, there is a feeling in me, dear Venry, which tells me that we shall meet again. We shall then receive the mightiest love our heart will be craving for. It will be wonderful like the depth of the space we are now in.”

“Have you been able to ask more, Lyra?”

“Yes, Venry, I asked ‘him’ why he brought me to you.”

“And what was his reply?”

“‘He’ said: ‘I am your leader and will be so for the time being. You should know, Lyra, that I know both of you. I guard and will go on doing so. The one whom you will meet will become a priest and you a priestess. The two of you are one and will remain one. I cannot tell you anymore yet. No harm can be done to you or to him, dear Lyra, do not ever forget that.’

I got to know all that, Venry. Now I know that you will soon become a priest and I shall also follow priesthood and ask ‘him’ whether we may meet again. He explicitly says that we cannot without his help, but that the Gods are well-disposed towards us.”

“Do you think that other people have the same gifts, Lyra?”

“I do not know, Venry, but I feel now that we must go back to our body soon. I live in a different region. ‘He’ added that we were born on the same day, that we have the same gifts and that our souls are fully matched in feeling. Maybe we will find out what happened to us in bygone centuries.

Well, dear Venry, I have come to help you and to tell you all this. I now hear ‘him’ say: ‘Did you not forget something, Lyra?’ Can you hear it too, Venry?”

I listened and heard a soft voice say: “Take everything in well, some day you will return here and must recognize this spot.”

“Did you listen, Lyra?”

“Yes, Venry, but I heard nothing.”

I told her what I had heard.

“I do not know when we will meet again, Venry. In case of need, however, you must long for me. Put this longing deep into your heart so that you feel it. You are young on earth and do not possess this wisdom. You will receive the great wings, Venry, I feel what that means. I don’t know all about it yet, but what you will be doing is magnificent. Even now we have wings and can float in space, far away from our material body, but those other wings, dear Venry, will make you very great. I see beautiful things, far, very far ahead, which make me fall silent. I shall patiently wait in love.”

Hand in hand we walked in these beautiful surroundings. We did not speak a word, we saw that day would dawn soon. We understood that this meant awakening on the world where our material body was. I looked up at Lyra.

“How beautiful you are, Lyra. How beautiful are your face and eyes. A statue of the Temple of Isis cannot be more beautiful, for I was allowed once to see them.”

“Go now, dear Venry. We were brought together but now we must part. We must go back to the temple of our soul, the body we live in. Look there behind that bluish haze, there is the one who took me here to you, for I begin to see ‘him’. Look, my dear Venry, he gestures me to come to him. It is time for me to go. I must be back in my body before sunrise. Could you hear ‘him’?”

“No, Lyra, I heard nothing, maybe it is only meant for you, like he told me a minute ago what was only intended for me. Is that possible?”

She nodded that she endorsed my feelings.

“Farewell, my dear friend, goodbye.”

I saw her leave and dissolve before me. Tears were rolling down my cheeks. As she disappeared in that twilight I hurried back to my earthly home and descended into it. I had forgotten to ask Lyra where she lived, which I deeply regretted. I was conscious of what I had experienced and I opened my eyes. My Mother sat beside my bed and caressed me. “How are you, my dear boy, a little better?”

She was crying.

“Do not cry, dear Mother, but listen to me. When the powers of your God in heaven are not clear to you, I can explain them. It is another world between light and darkness, from which all life is born and as a result of which we as well as the animals, the trees and plants exist, and by which the birds sing. Those who live in this world can be forced to do something they do not want. However, between light and darkness there is another light, dear Mother, which can help you. It sees, feels, and knows very much about us human beings. Those who follow it have no fear, are no plaything for themselves, and know what they want. It can only bring you rest and stillness, a quietude which is not of this earth, and equals sunrise when the night makes way for the day. That is why a bird sings and thanks the Gods for what it received that day and why the snail carries its shell.

That light, dear Mother, is in all of us, we can feel and see it if it awakens in us.”

Suddenly, I realized through whom and why I said all this. I began to understand what Lyra had told me. The power, which was her leader, gave me rest, through ‘him’ I descended into myself, and there, very deep in my inner life, lay all this wisdom.

That is why I asked my Mother to listen. However, it frightened her and she left the room. Presently she returned, knelt down, and prayed. She sent an ardent prayer to her God and I followed her. What happened now brought

us close together. Then I saw – it occurred quite unexpectedly to me – that I would soon lose her.

I lay there fully conscious and saw one vision after another; one vision connected me with the next. In one vision I saw myself as a supreme priest; I saw the robe I was wearing and Lyra who was my sweetheart. We both loved, but lied and deceived. We had defiled priesthood. These qualities were still present deep within me. In addition, there were other qualities and feelings and if they were awakened by higher powers, these could reach me and I would be capable of great achievements, which, however, could only be developed through the higher powers.

I adored Lyra, but both of us had committed murder after murder. We had made an untimely end to one life after another. I had forced her to do that; Lyra obeyed my will and we both experienced all these terrible things. Horror and terror entered my soul.

My Mother was still praying. When I thought of her I could follow her, and I could also look into the past. In the stillness in which I now lived I beseeched my Mother to go on imploring her Almighty to give me power and mercy, to help me and to indicate how I could make up for all these terrible things and be freed of my sins. Then I began to see again.

Lyra and I belonged together and we were one; but at the time we had stolen our love and burnt alive the one to whom she belonged. An inhuman deed performed by passion and driven by our own desires to satisfy the greediness of our feeling and thinking. I observed scores of false events and saw that I had deceived her as well as others, and that I had even violated children.

In and around me all these mistakes and sins lived, deep in my soul, and even though I now felt different and sought the higher, this reality which formed part of my inner life existed. Because of the fact that I went back to the past I felt very old; the inherent feelings forced themselves upon me and I had to accept them.

Lyra saw me as her master and I saw her as my wife; at that moment she also lived in her own past and saw, what she sometimes felt in a condition of day-consciousness, and found, like I now did, the many mistakes and sins which once ruined her.

I was greatly interested in my own past, for that age yielded this knowledge; the scenes confirmed its truth and I felt them awaken and become conscious within me. I saw all this surprisingly quick, and now I concentrated on my Mother again. The life I was now in and what I had seen a minute ago sank down within me. My Father entered, and with him the same priest who had helped me before. He looked into my eyes and said to my Father:

“Go and fetch the blowpipe, Ardaty, be quick and darken the room.”

My Father hurried away, fetched a blowpipe used for raking up fire, and darkened the room. The priest told him to leave. My Mother prayed for me, her ardent prayer would help me.

The priest blew into my nostrils, turned me on my back, and tapped the vertebrae. He subsequently turned to the nervous system, felt the muscles, tapped and touched my back at various places, and rubbed me with olive oil. Now he waited for a while.

I observed everything and was quite conscious. There were still rebellious feelings in me, which I could clearly distinguish from my other feelings. They smirked at me so that I understood that I was not yet free from all these influences. They would no doubt disappear as a result of his drastic action, because this priest was known as a great healer.

When he had reached this stage, he breathed his healing breath on me. This happened at several places of my body. I felt that my lungs would start working again if he went on. However, I could not yet breathe adequately, such was the power of that other influence.

I even appeared to be able to influence him and I sent him my desires, because I liked him to go on. How happy I was when the priest picked up my feelings. This treatment had a beneficent effect on my organism. Again he waited a moment, put his left hand on my forehead, held my left hand in his right one, and sank into deep thought. I felt and perceived that he began to see now; probably he feared a new attack. He concentrated for a good length of time, looked into my eyes again, and said to my Mother:

“Dear Mother, we have got Venry back. Get up now, your prayer has been answered. Venry will live; the Gods want him to. His gifts transmitted to me what I needed; these powers supplemented mine, otherwise, we would have had to wait for the solution. The Gods sent us their help, and look, your child is well. I am grateful to this life, for his gifts will bestow the highest wisdom on us in future.”

I could not quite open my eyes yet, but by a weak light, which illuminated the room, I saw my mother and the priest. He looked at her in a strange and searching way. My Mother went for my Father and they knelt down.

In the meantime I returned to my body more and more and what I had seen as well as those other influences sank down deep within me. However much I concentrated, it was like a recollection of centuries ago.

Now I opened my eyes wide, a minute ago they were like those of a dead person, but through my vitality they were bright again like those of a living being. When I tried to move it was impossible, although my body was recovering.

Suddenly I felt that terrible hatred rise in me again. I violently resisted for I perceived that he wanted to speak. However, those powers were stronger

than mine, and my mouth said:

“I thank you for your help. It would have been better, however, if you had practised your tricks on other people. Damn, Master Dectar, and all those who are with you.”

The priest concentrated intensely. After a while I said to my parents: “You, my Mother and you too, my Father, I should thank. Continue your way, your days are ...” Again that other power overtook me and I sank into an unfathomable depth, whereupon the priest brought me around again the way he had done before. When I opened my eyes, he smiled at me.

“Now it is all over, is it not, Venry?”

I only nodded, for I did not want to talk, because I was afraid to land in the same situation again and say terrible things, which I did not really want. After having drunk some refreshing juice, this tension left me and I was completely myself again. The priest asked: “Can you answer me, Venry?”

I said: “What do you want to know?”

“I will only ask you one question. Do you know, Venry, what situation you were in?”

“Yes, I know everything.”

“Oh, how nice, how wonderful”, he said to my parents, “and that all by himself, it is almost unbelievable.”

Then he addressed me: “I shall come back, dear Venry; now keep quiet and do not be afraid, everything is over now.”

He formed a wall of power around me in which I was to live. He then left, and I fell into a deep sleep. My spirit remained free from all strange influences. At sunset I woke up, I felt buoyant and rested, and opening my eyes, I saw three people beside me, whom I recognized as my parents and the priest.

“Did you have a good rest, Venry?”

“Yes, but I am still sleepy. Could you let me have some more sleep for a while?”

“I will give you something, Venry, so that you can go to sleep again.”

The priest administered something and I slept until the next day when the sun was high in the sky. I saw my parents and the priest. The high priest was also present. He smiled and asked me: “Rested, Venry?”

I nodded.

“You are entirely free now, Venry.”

I looked at him and it was as if I could see through him too. His thoughts came to me and I said: “Are you going to take me to that room again?”

He understood that I had read his thoughts and nodded full of meaning.

“No, not for the time being, later. First you must regain your strength a little and then you will come to us. Master Dectar will coach you. Would you like that, Venry?”

“I shall be very pleased.”

In the meantime I saw something most remarkable. When the high priest asked me questions I saw that there was another power in this room, which closed him off completely, like Priest Dectar had done to me. Through this power, that suddenly manifested itself and enveloped him as a dense haze, I understood that it would now be impossible for him to pick up anything from me or the others who are present. This power closed his inner life off completely and also the gifts he possessed. As a result my parents, Priest Dectar and I were pushed into the background.

Our inner life faded away by this invisible occlusion, and it seemed to me that the object was to preserve us, though it was not clear to me from what. The high priest saw and felt nothing, apparently it only concerned me. Then they left.

After they took leave of my parents I saw that my parents were also enveloped in a dense haze. Then they looked at each other meaningfully and my Father became nervous, I kept following this very curious phenomenon.

My Father walked to and fro and gave a wrong reply to my Mother, which I had never heard him do before. When they both observed me and felt that I followed them, my Mother said to me: “You were possessed, dear Venry, but now you have recovered.”

“Yes, Mother, I have”, but I kept looking at her.

“Are you going to rest for a while, Venry?”

“Yes, Mother.” But I kept observing the haze around her which hung around her. My mother was wrapped in a thick haze. which was now rapidly fading away. Hardly audible and under my breath I said: “Strange, it is all very strange, and not clear. I would like to see it again, it was much clearer a minute ago.”

Apparently she had understood my muttering and asked: “What is strange, Venry, and what do you want to see.”

“The haze, Mother, it is fading away.”

“You should rest, Venry. Do not start seeing again, go to sleep or else the priests will come back.”

I kept looking at her and saw the dense haze had disappeared completely. My Mother was startled and I understood why.

“Oh no, Mother, not for that reason. I see your beautiful face and you are not old to me, Mother. To me you are very beautiful, oh so beautiful.” My dear Mother began to cry and went away. She had understood me, however.

Her face was quite deformed, it was deeply furrowed, young as it was and looked very old now. Even as a child I looked through this mask and behind it, I saw a completely different being. The well-shaped lips, the beautiful, clear skin, her high brow, and shining eyes were clearly visible. To me she

was like the Lotus in the moonlight. Around her head I saw a halo of light where I recognized the stillness, which I had been allowed to experience only recently. She lived in it and remained there. When, as a child, I once asked her why she was so ugly and disfigured, she burst into tears and collapsed.

Now she left me and I fell fast asleep again. Soon I had fully recovered and was again healthy. My organism was so weakened by the events that I hovered between life and death, as Priest Dectar told my parents. An astral entity had not only taken possession of my inner life, the soul, but of my body as well; that is the deepest and worst form of possessiveness. Consequently, the vitality of the material human being is destroyed within a very short period of time. A demon sucked these forces away and because this being controlled all vital organs the organism collapsed. But the human being who was or could be attacked in this way had to be gifted, otherwise, such a connection and taking possession would not be possible, for the inner life could not be reached.

Naturally gifted persons were therefore invariably exposed to serious dangers if someone from that world wanted to live it up on earth through them. If this connection was possible, it irrevocably resulted in possession. The priests knew these powers and forces, and had been able to set me free again. As a result of their actions the possession dissolved and the other personality was removed from my inner life.

Priest Dectar had closed me off and I would live in this enclosure henceforth. Because of all my experiences and influences they had been able to find that I was highly sensitive, which could mean that I had gifts. When I would have reached the proper age, they would start to develop these gifts. I was told to go to the Temple of Isis every morning. I was allowed to walk around freely and I felt why. In this way, they were able to check their seclusion and take action if I would be attacked again.

Priest Dectar asked me questions, which I was to answer the way I felt. At first I did not quite understand why he did so, but I gave answers that pleased him well. He subsequently asked me: "Can my young friend feel where he lives in?"

"In space."

"Very good, dear Venry, excellent indeed. But you must try to feel where you live in, here, around your body in this small circle."

He drew a circle around me. I noticed however that he began to see, for the light in his eyes faded away and they became entirely empty. I said however: "I cannot answer you."

"That is also very clear, dear Venry, very good, I thank you."

He knew however that I could answer him, but did not want to. He felt what I felt; that could not be expressed in words. I saw, felt, and understood

that he looked into me to check my answer. This was very simple for him because this priest was a great seer and he had the calling to be a great healer.

“You will soon be trained for the highest priesthood, Venry, and then we will spend a lot of time together. Would you love that?”

“Yes, I would.”

“This is for those who are naturally gifted, Venry, and you are.”

He subsequently left.

I walked through the gardens, my memory went back to what I had experienced, and I found the place where I had met Lyra. I found this so natural because I had not changed at all in that other world. In the life I was now in I had to follow the material laws, but in that other life I could go through all the material objects, though the material world had not changed as seen from that world.

On this spot I had met Lyra. It meant that I had not imagined things and that it really was reality. When I tried to return to it I suddenly could not think anymore and what I felt faded away. This was very plausible and I understood that I was well closed off, for I remained quiet and could not depart from my body anymore. Months went by.

The death of my parents

During that time I neither felt nor heard anything from my invisible enemy, for I was protected by many. The priests guarded and the other power who took me to Lyra and who was her leader turned out to be a great help for me. As a result, the demon's impotence seemed complete. I did not even think of him anymore.

My parents were very happy; I was quite different now, as a child of my age should be. I remained very quiet, but I could sometimes think deeply and give intelligent answers like grown-up people. These feelings emanated from my inner being and I found that quite normal. Because of these wise feelings within me all these former events faded away and there was rest and an unexpected quietude within me. One day, however, I perceived other phenomena within me, which could not be suppressed.

It started with a peculiar feeling that I lived on earth and yet I did not. It was as if I lived between two worlds, so that I was partly on earth and partly in that other world, and in that situation those curious phenomena occurred. In order to control this, I chastised my own body, but I did not feel pain at all. When I cut my finger or some other part of the body it bled just for a moment, and it stopped immediately, however deep the cut might be. I showed my friends and they also tried. The results were such that they did not do it again. Next, I experienced other things.

However bright the sun was, whether it was day or night, I could see that other world constantly. Even by day this world shone through the sunlight and laid, so to speak, a dense haze of purple and violet colours over this life. When I told others about this phenomenon, I found that nobody saw anything and they were very surprised.

My eyes hurt and my Father consulted Priest Dectar. I was given powerful herbs to dab my eyes with, which I should do after sunset. However strange it was, I understood why I should apply this treatment at that time. I got the feeling that the sunrays had a predominating effect on these herbs, however powerful they were. After sunset these powers dissolved spontaneously. I was also of the opinion that these herbs would not be of any help because seeing occurred from within, so that I could observe a change in nature.

I pretended to obey, but did not use the herbs. The meaning of the treatment did not dawn on me. However, when these thoughts occurred to me I felt that there was something wrong with my way of thinking and feeling, and that it might be completely incorrect.

Priest Dectar knew what I was feeling and thinking, so that I understood

that my doings were even remotely controlled. He came to me because I did not go to the Temple anymore.

“Why do you not obey my orders, Venry?”

I looked at him in surprise and did not answer.

“Come on, Venry, are we not friends? Why do you not use the herbs? They serve to strengthen your eyes and nerves. You are looking too much at the sun and you should not do that.”

The priest knew everything about me.

“You see, Venry, we are entirely one and that is why I know what you are doing. You must listen to me for your own thoughts are not pure. Why did you not follow those feelings? Those thoughts were very good and correct. Will you henceforth duly note which thoughts come to you from afar and which belong to yourself? You can feel that, Venry, for you possess these powers. However, these are experiments, Venry, and that is why we are one. You will understand this later on. Presently you will come to me, we shall walk a lot, and I will teach you many things. Now do tell me, Venry, why you did not use the herbs.”

“You know why I did not do it, correct?”

“Yes, that is right, but I want to hear that from you, Venry.”

“I felt that the herbs would be of no help, because this came to me from within and I lived in that other world.”

“Very good, Venry, but you know now that you should have followed those other feelings, for your eyes have suffered. What made you feel this so clearly, Venry? Just think calmly, we have got time.”

I now felt that he helped me. Thoughts came to me and I answered: “It is quite natural. That other world is becoming ever clearer.” When I wanted to go on telling him everything I suddenly could not, and he said: “You must answer my question, Venry, only that question, nothing else.”

Now I understood our being one and I told him how I had felt it.

“Very good, Venry, and very clear, and now the rest of your knowledge.”

“When I see in that world the sunlight loses power and cannot penetrate that other light. Next I see colours, very beautiful colours that merge. I told my friends, but they cannot see anything, though I can all the time, even at night.”

“Well, well, and what else do you see, Venry? Other things, for example?”

“A great many other things can be seen, but I cannot distinguish them very clearly. But, in this light or behind it something is alive, for there is movement and I feel rest and quietude, it is as if someone calls me.”

The priest was very happy.

“It is coming, oh, it is coming, Venry. Do you love being granted to see?”

“No, I am accustomed to it.”

“That is alright, Venry, do not desire, my boy, for then your vision will not be clear, everything must come to you as a matter of course. You must keep very calm.”

“I know why you approve of it. I can also speak to you without using my voice, with my mouth shut.”

“Splendid, dear Venry, but that is for the future too. I shall come for you soon and call you beforehand as you want to talk to me now. Yet, you will hear me all the same and come immediately. It may be night, or in the evening shortly after sunset, but you must come straightaway. Will you come, Venry?”

“Shall I hear you?”

“But of course, dear Venry, you will hear me very clearly and come to me at once and know where I am.”

“Why not take me with you now?”

He smiled and I felt very clearly that from now on I would be under his control. Instead of answering he had connected himself with me.

“Why do you commit yourself to me?”

“I will call you, Venry.”

He greeted me and left. Now we were completely one. When he looked at me, I thought I would shrink into insignificance. My consciousness sank away within me and I was now an instrument in his hands. “Dectar, Dectar”, I repeated his name several times as if that name was known to me. Though I understood this human being, much was not yet clear to me. I loved him very much and I already knew this very moment that one day I would be superior in thought and feeling, although his great gifts, his ability and wisdom were highly praised. I would become aware of that. I would get to know his deep wisdom and he would learn from me, because my gifts developed. There were sentiments in me, which told me to love him deeply and to trust him like my parents.

I had promised to use the herbs until I would feel that it was not necessary anymore. Suddenly, these thoughts came to me and I heard him say in a soft whisper: “Stop now, dear Venry, go to sleep calmly, but stop.”

I sent to him: “I will follow your advice.”

I still heard him say: “Thank you, dear Venry, many thanks.”

Again, I understood a little more of him. This repetition of my name and his soft speech, I became highly aware of it and I had to obey whether I wanted to or not. Many thoughts arose in me and however improbable it sounds this was nothing new to me, for I knew these powers. The more I thought of him the clearer my own life became. I now lived under his will, feeling and thinking; he only needed to attune himself to me and I had to listen. He undeniably possessed peculiar powers, but these wonders, which only few

persons knew about, were also present in me.

It was a long time that I no longer had to go to the Temple; I followed my Father in the gardens or helped him feed the birds. I talked a lot with him but kept quiet as to what I knew about the two of them. I had great respect for their love towards me. My Mother kept finding ways to spoil me and one pleasant event followed the other. I perceived a curious, almost fascinating atmosphere around her and saw that she became very silent. My Father seemed to feel that too. When we were together in the garden one afternoon I said to my Father: "Do you know the silence in Mother and which she is aware of, Father?"

"Dear Venry, there are feelings which are sacred to others and for which we bow our heads. Surely Mother knows why she prefers the silence and we ought to leave her to it, should we not, Venry?"

"You deceive yourself", I suddenly said and felt those feelings of hatred rise in me again.

"Remember your Master, Venry, be quiet, very quiet, for your life is only about to begin. I do not deceive myself, my dear boy, I could not, but, there are other laws which can change into forces and powers which we cannot stop."

I thought of him, followed his thoughts, and I understood what he meant.

"So you surrender entirely?"

He looked at me and said: "So young, my dear Venry, so young and yet so wise, so deep and natural. Oh, if only I could live and listen to what you will proclaim, to what your mouth will say, and that will be heard and read far beyond this country, so that pharaoh after Pharaoh will accept what you will then have given, and which will be spiritual food of men. You are very dear to me, my boy, I want to thank the Almighty that you, Venry, are my son, even though we shall only be together in these splendid surroundings for a short time."

"Do you know what it is, Father?"

"We have got to follow what the Gods say and want, dear Venry, but particularly listen to what 'He' says and will say."

He continued his work and at the same moment, I saw a silver-white line going through the earth. It proceeded in a twisted pattern and pushed its way through the core of the earth. I kept looking at this mysterious line for quite some time, I stared into a tremendous depth, where I could follow this remarkable phenomenon.

"What do your eyes see, Venry?"

When I wanted to answer him, I heard a voice within me say: "Keep quiet, dear Venry, be very quiet and do not see yet, be yourself. Do you hear me? This is Dectar speaking, your Master!"

“Nothing, I see nothing”, I told my Father.

He shook his head. My vision dissolved. I was myself again and went to my Mother. She saw me come, took my right hand in hers, and said: “My dear child, come, sit down beside me and let us talk a while.” She avoided looking at me and it was a little while before she spoke.

“Once you said that things may happen which we people do not want, but must happen all the same.”

“Did I?” I asked, but she went on.

“When these things happen, dear Venry, they are beyond our control, but the higher powers and maybe the Gods know about it. Sometimes we are informed, but often we are not. And when we are informed it is not by words, my boy. These feelings are then imprinted on us and are very clear. Where they come from probably nobody knows, yet we can rely on them and we are sure that what we feel will happen.

Whether they come from far away or nearby we do not know, but one voice within us tells us to do as we feel and to listen to that one only.”

When she stopped speaking and plunged in thoughts, I said: “You speak like Father, but you feel something, Mother, and I know what you feel. So do not hide it from me, for I know”, I repeated emphatically.

She looked at me and her eyes were full of tears. Then my Mother said: “You read in my soul, Venry. And what you read there you kept to yourself all the time, and if only because of this, I am grateful to God. I thank you, my child, that you kept all this wisdom to yourself, although you are still a child. You were told between life and death, but not all of it is true. Remember us when we are no longer here, and know that we enjoyed happiness.

You are very old, dear Venry, for wisdom is written on your face, in your eyes and in your whole being. Heaven knows that I was not aware, that I suffered, and yet I understood everything and accepted those pains.

A crown is of no significance, dear Venry, only what your Father possesses.”

“You know everything, Mother?”

“Yes, my dear. The Gods willing, you shall know everything too. When you feel the light in you, Venry, it is the sign that you are allowed to know everything. I learned the laws of heaven, see through things, and know you, dear Venry, for are you not like me? Is not that what is within you also in me? Did I not also attend that school? I know, dear child, you came to us with a certain purpose and you will attain it.

I shall pray for you, Venry, and ask the Gods to give you a mighty weapon, one which none of them possesses. However, you shall serve, Venry, only serve the Gods.

What I taught you is nothing in comparison with all that you will see

behind the veil. That is where God lives. You will see the origin of heavens, man, and animal. You have got within you what none of us possesses, and the greatest treasures are for this and the next life.”

“Where do you get all this wisdom from, Mother?” But again she did not reply and went on:

“It was revealed to me through your Father, Venry, and you will also be opened.” Again she waited a moment and said:

“You will not tell anybody what I said, will you, Venry?”

“I solemnly promise, Mother. Can you tell me something about my education, Mother?”

“Master Dectar will tutor you, you can put yourself in his hands. What you know now you have got from me, from your Father and yourself. In your Father’s gardens lives natural wisdom, the origin of which you will see and perhaps experience.”

“You did not want me to study, did you, Mother?”

“When you were born, dear Venry, my mother who has been living behind the veil for a long time now was with me. She brought me spiritual flowers and said:

‘Only in the gardens of Ardaty resides the secret of life.’ ”

I understood my Mother and she went on:

“On your forehead, dear Venry, is the star of our house. Those who possess this symbol of wisdom will proclaim where we go and how things were created. They will see what our life will be like after this life. They know why the birds sing with joy and the flowers radiate light. They are allowed to see many wonders, because they see and have received the great wings.”

I took her hands in mine and kissed her ardently. I had known for a long time that we were to part and therefore I intended to talk with her often.

My Father came in and brought flowers for my Mother, one of them of rare beauty which he called ‘love’, and which he had called after my Mother. Fruits for me. My Mother thanked him, and a deep love shone over these lives.

After dinner we stayed together for a long time and Mother talked to me. Next we went for a walk in the gardens and admired what my Father had grown and extracted from the soil. We accepted the beauty of life on earth, and were grateful for the mighty gifts sent us by the Gods.

My Father looked at all his treasures and I saw tears rolling down his cheeks. I understood this too for I felt his deep love for all this life.

I heard him say:

“Now you are grown up and you will return to the Gods anyway, for they call us, my children.”

He broke away from all this beauty, and we returned home.

When the birds had been tended, the mangers filled and the flowers arranged, so that we could begin our hour of rest, we still stayed together. It could not be more beautiful in heaven. The silence, which came up from our inner lives, had united us and we understood. I felt the urge in me to ask questions and I asked my Mother:

“Why, dear Mother, if you know that we shall lose each other, do we not leave here?”

They both looked at me and Mother answered:

“You cannot run away from these laws, dear Venry. Where stars and planets are shining and owe their creation to, where fruits are growing and blooming and our life is a law, is borrowed and belongs to the Gods. Everything, my boy, will happen the way the Gods have ordained.”

And my Father added:

“Then the palms will wave us goodbye and greet those who feel and understand God, because life knows who is awake and conscious, like all my children sing the song that only the Sower of Life knows and understands.”

Only because of my particular way of feeling and thinking could I understand them, for which I was very grateful. My parents had awakened and were conscious and their love had blossomed. They understood all these natural phenomena. To them these were laws, I would have to learn and acquire during my life. Then my Mother said to my Father and me:

“Do you feel this heat? When this goes on and the heavens tear open so that rain will be pouring down, the waters will rise and overflow their banks and fields and all life will be killed, we go ‘in’. Do you feel the heat?”

We also felt the heat of which she spoke. It became ever more oppressive.

“Believe me”, she continued, “dear Venry, whatever collapses, the Temple of Isis remains, it must and will remain for the Gods so wish. You too will stay on earth, my boy. In the Temple you will get to know the wonders of the universe. You must stay to see all those wonders, which are only known there; you can observe them behind and in space. The Gods want you to stay. Where should we go if all ways are blocked? I see that the gates of heaven will open and that my Mother calls and waits for me. You will stay, my boy, to learn and to perceive all those wonders. That is not granted me, however, you will receive them and will be able to go where you want. The power by which you will float in space is present in your inner life. Perhaps you will come to us and admire your Father’s gardens, which he will have there too. In his garden we shall live, eternity will enter us, and the knowledge why we must leave presently. One day you will see us as we are within ourselves. You will see us as you do not know us. Then we shall come to you to assist you if your heart belongs to us. That love, my boy, will be the light, which will show the right way.

How quiet it now is around us. The mistakes and sins I committed were forgiven as I infer from the many things life gave me, so that I am ready.

I am greatly indebted to your Father, dear Venry, he restored my own self, so that I could enter the gardens of life. As you sow you will reap and he who follows what grows and was planted by loving hands suffers no pain, misery, or sorrow.

Those who want to see will discover that all sorrow disappears. Growth can be followed from life, but those who go 'in' experience what is present deep down in their inner life. My temporary feeling fades away, the ultimate is now in me and is speaking like a soft whisper. Yet, my heart understands and I feel that quivering and pounding.

Therefore, I shall follow the voice of my heart, dear Venry, you should too, whatever way it will speak to you. When you feel that you will perish, so perish. When the voice tells you to ascend in love, then do so, and when it orders you to descend, then descend, my boy, it means following the way the Gods show you and have set for you. You cannot run away from it, dear Venry, for you cannot proceed otherwise when this feeling is in you, when it demands and calls in you, when it burns in you and urges you on.

Should you live, you cannot die and if you must die, you cannot go on living.

Ah, my boy, when stillness is around and in you do not look for it and wait until you are sure of yourself. Between life and death is the secret and that secret you carry within you. It will develop and become conscious and you will translate it into words. Between life and death is the 'why and what for' and the answer to all questions, but you will be there and live in the wonders, because you will possess the great wings. Only there, dear Venry, is wisdom for all of us. Something miraculous is also in me, my boy. Therefore, when the voice says 'come', we shall both go to the place where we are awaited, and where many will sing for us when we arrive there.

You are different from other children, dear Venry, for you understand all these things. If there had not been wise men on earth, we would not have known anything about it and our thirsty souls would have perished. However, our thirst is quenched by what we feel and see, and by what has already been granted us. There is food on earth now, but it came from and through them. I am greatly embarrassed now that I feel that a great many years passed during which my soul did not feel thirsty. What was granted me, dear Venry, could undeniably have been greater and mightier, but my desire for earthly things bereft me of pure inspiration, which is heavenly only. Still I am very content and am allowed to be as the Gods want to see me and I may enter."

Around us was breathless silence. Suddenly she jumped up, fetched her instrument, and sang her favourite song. In this melody lay her feeling and

thinking, and her great love for him who lay knelt down beside her.

I have a healthy respect for their closely being one, and I understood these beings as humans and as souls, to which end I could use my inner seeing. Both went 'in' into that which we belong to and which is space. They felt the silence, which was not for me, however, for I could not yet feel it and which could only be experienced by two souls. But I understood everything.

When the last cords and the sound of her beautiful voice had faded away in this sacred silence they left me and admired the gardens. Nothing seemed to come of sleep today. There was quietude in us, a quietude called silence.

I had understood her, however deep her words were. Now I knew her who was my Mother very well. I granted them this great happiness and I felt that I was part of it. She saw behind things and experienced them, as in a dream. But she knew that I would stay behind alone, that certainty was her own property. She was one, one in everything, with the very last one, for both 'dying on earth'.

We stayed together until late at night. Mother supplied refreshing drinks and my Father talked to the birds, which could not sleep. The flowers hung their heads, nature was intoxicated, for dense vapours ascended from the waters and remained suspended above the earth. We were sitting behind the house under the fruit trees, my parents to the left and right of me and they held my hands tightly.

We felt perfectly at ease and no word was spoken. We would certainly have fallen asleep, which was however not possible now. We were living in a consciousness touching 'life and death', between powers and forces representing a supreme power beyond this life. We intended to stay together until sunrise. My Mother lived in perfect peace; and also my Father was quite himself. He mumbled, but apparently my Mother understood every word and said to him:

"Dear Ardaty, just leave everything we do not need on our heavenly journey. All children belonging to this life who are not yet prepared will stay here. The other life will await us there.

But if your love adores temporality, why should you prepare yourself?

Dear Ardaty, are you actually willing? It is true that the attractive things you have here, and which were created by your mastery, are worthwhile possessing.

It is understandable that your attentive life feels this depth. These feelings are also in me. An enchanting beauty through which temporality passes into eternity and from which this silence emanates, irradiates our lives and our unity. My inner contemplation bridges 'this' and the other life and I see immutable laws, which mean powers and forces.

One emotion after the other overwhelms me when my inner eyes see the

light in which the Gods live.

The temporary release of my soul touches the life you love, but the laws demand complete surrender and 'going in' into reality. Such feelings cannot ruin you. Rebellion against this and the following life is linked with your own personality, but life demands full confidence, for a stubborn refusal may break our hearts. Who follows this passes into an improbability in feeling and thinking and discards full consciousness. It banishes everybody from what should be fully experienced.

Believe me, dear Ardaty, I shall not allow despondency to overcome me, now that the laws change into powers and forces. If you feel this breathless silence in which we live right now, then carefully follow the lighted path the Gods prepare for you. I do know that many questions now arise in you, but the direct threat also rushes up to you causing a gap between 'life and death'.

Misleading desires may cause your downfall, your soul passes into their accumulation and rejects what is perfect. What is in you now radiates far ahead and connects you with this and the next life. In our souls reside the origin and new birth, but you must be prepared to receive infinity. If you want to live then go 'in', Ardaty, and die. When inner and worldly desires attract you and you feel a shudder, it is your own ignorance of what is behind it. Everything we possess on earth, dear Ardaty, is only borrowed.

Venry will get to know Ardaty, assuming that the Gods regard it useful. Look at it, that red sky, it is like blood. It illuminates the darkness. It is a sign, but only for those who accept."

I looked into the darkness but saw neither light nor blood-red coloured sky. Although I had often observed light, which was invisible to others, I could not perceive anything my Mother saw. The last few days my Mother had spoken more than she had done in all her life. Quietly, very quietly and withdrawn into herself she had lived her earthly life and kept her secret.

Now her inner being was opened up and every word she spoke came from the depth of her soul and touched eternal life. When my Mother fell silent my Father jumped up and opened the cages.

The birds were still awake and he spoke to his children and urged them to keep quiet. He subsequently returned to my mother.

Suddenly she rose, took my Father's hand in hers and they both looked at me. My Mother's eyes looked into my soul like night makes way for day and life awakens. My young life passed by and again I experienced her great love. Our souls were one and would remain so forever. Then, as if inwardly shocked, she freed herself from me and I descended into my Father. A grateful probing and feeling and the happiness of a grown-up child came over me. They said in unison as if their being one was also perfect in this respect:

"Goodbye, dear Venry, goodbye, my boy." They walked into the gardens

They both disappeared from my sight and I remained alone.

In my mind I worked out everything she had said to my Father and me. Her feeling and thinking were immensely deep and yet I was able to understand her. When I descended deep down into myself, I understood her perfectly.

Would I get to know Ardaty? Did I not know my Father sufficiently? As I thought of him the birds flew away and disappeared. This was of great significance, for it was still night, though a faint twilight was breaking through, announcing the new day. At the very moment when the birds had reached freedom, a dull rumbling sound emanated from the interior of the earth, immediately followed by a second and third one and a deep red light broke the twilight. A sultry atmosphere nearly made me choke and far away, I heard the roar of wild beasts coming gradually nearer. Immediately thereafter, I heard Dectar's voice in me.

"Come, dear Venry, come quickly, will you? Do not look for your parents now, they are lost in prayer and go 'in', and onto 'Him', who is omniscient. Come now, dear Venry, come quickly before the laws change into forces and powers."

A Master of concentration and strong will had spoken to me. From the Temple of Isis he built a wall of strength around me. My inner life, which had, so to speak, been split for a long time so that I felt myself in two worlds at the same time, now integrated. Moreover, I felt other forces and it was as if my material body was free of gravity. However, I did not know what to make of it, though I distinctly felt it.

As fast as my legs could carry me, I ran away from the house and its vicinity. I progressed rather like the floating of a bird, that is how fast I moved. I had never before been able to run so quickly.

To reach the Temple of Isis I normally needed a quarter of an hour, now I would be able to cover this distance in just a few seconds. I lived in a power unknown to me. The Temple was outside our little village; to reach the path leading to the main staircase I had to pass through a small but dense wood, after which I saw the Temple before me. I continued at a somewhat lower speed.

I had already forgotten those curious feelings. For the fourth time I heard that terrible rumbling rising from out of the earth. A bright, blood red light shone on the earth and everything in nature was lit and coloured a deep red. My Mother had seen this terrible event beforehand and I myself had perceived it as a silver-white line.

The terrified chirping of birds suddenly shook me awake and I thought I recognized our birds, wildly flying about and unable to find rest.

Again I heard that horrible rumbling and saw the earth tear apart. How-

ever, I was not afraid. The earth split with excruciating violence and incredible force so that buildings collapsed, the surface disappeared, and I stood before a deep insuperable cleft, which blocked my way. Around me there was emptiness, depth, loneliness, and desolation. Several huts and little houses had been dragged into this depth and I heard the anxious crying of people and children. Rain now poured down from the sky and a tidal wave flooded across the earth.

The surface I stood on began to crumble away, for I felt it tremble under my feet. That moment I felt these strange forces arise in me again and I heard Dectar say:

“Jump, dear Venry, just jump. You will be able to jump very far to get over this cleft and you will feel firm ground under your feet again. You will float, Venry, just jump.”

I did not dare to, for I saw that I would never be able to make it, and I was afraid that I would disappear into the depth.

Again I heard Dectar say: “Know, dear Venry, that these forces are also in you; that they have been granted us, but that few people feel them. You have them, you possess them and I know these forces.

You may go wherever you want, but you must jump and will jump. Now jump, Venry.”

Behind and in me I experienced a bitter cold and I felt that I was becoming lighter. I had a feeling that these forces rose from the interior of the earth and I calculated the distance. I had only three metres to make the jump. Before me there was an abyss which was that deep and wide that it made me anxious. It was at least ten metres wide, before I could reach the other side. I stood still on firm ground, but could hardly move forward or backward. I was in a precarious situation. Still it did not occur to me that I was in danger of losing my life. Again I heard Dectar:

“Now jump, Venry, jump, it is high time.”

A terrible fear seized me, which was so horrible and atrocious that sweat trickled down my body. But then I concentrated my will on the leap over that abyss and I knew what was going to happen. An enormous power entered me, activated by my fear, thought and feeling; I could now force a bird to change its course and come to me if I so wished.

Then I jumped and no longer felt my own body; I floated to the other side. While floating I got the feeling that an invisible being carried me. With all speed I ran away and found the path through cracks and holes. I perceived that the wood had partially disappeared in the earth. Ahead of me lay the main staircase, which led straight to the Temple. When I had covered the first part, I took a little rest. This path subsequently meandered upwards and when I followed it, it seemed to me that somebody waited for me at the top.

“Is it you, Dectar?” I wondered. Running to the top I saw it was him. His young face beamed with delight. He embraced me.

“You see, Venry, all this is necessary. You’ve got new gifts now which fear awakened in you.”

I looked up at him and asked:

“Where are my Mother and Father?”

“They are admitted, Venry, namely in their own summer garden, where everything always blooms, smells and will smile upon them. Follow me, dear Venry, from now on we shall never part. I want to be a Father and Mother to you.”

I wanted to answer Dectar and ask questions, but I had an attack of dizziness and I fainted.

My preparation for priesthood

When I woke up Dectar was with me. I lay in a lovely, small room and smelt the scent of herbs, which I knew that my Father had grown. Dectar said:

“From both, dear Venry, only from your parents. I also have a message for you.”

“Now already, Dectar?”

“Yes, already now, and it reads:

‘Dear Venry, you are in good hands, but watch over yourself. We are very happy and alive. God willing you will see us, but don’t hurry.’

That is all, Venry.”

“I am very grateful, Dectar.” I understood my parents and felt their great love enter me.

“Do you know, Venry, how long you have slept?”

“No. I do not know, but I feel rested.”

“You have slept for seven days and nights, my dear friend.”

“How is that possible, Dectar?”

“That is because of the things you experienced.”

“Why did you want that?”

“Not only I, Venry, the high priests also wanted you to experience it.”

“And did you know that beforehand?”

“Yes, everything, the masters also saw the earthquake beforehand, but you were to stay with your parents till the very last moment.”

“Did you know that I would be able to float and that this would happen?”

“That too, Venry, and we are certain of it, but there is a lot more. You perceived that I followed your thoughts and feelings. What I am going to say now is part of your training, so that you may ask me questions, which I will answer. I want you to think clearly and phrase your questions in such a way that we can go on and on. Do not ask what happened last of all; start from the very beginning, for we must do this according to the laws of the Temple. Does my friend understand me?”

“Yes, Dectar, I shall listen attentively and I know what you mean.”

“I also want you to be completely yourself, Venry, to accept me as a friend and always call me by my name, will you?”

“I thank you, and I will. What is this all about, Dectar?”

“Excellent, very good, Venry, I welcome this question and I am very grateful to you. This points to feeling and that you are yourself, it points to rest and adjustment. Go on in this way, Venry, and we shall make rapid progress.

This is because nothing may disturb your inner feeling and thinking. You must be as you were with your parents. In that life you were able to feel and think clearly, and that was very good. You have received, seen, and experienced; you must be completely yourself in this process. That is another reason why I do not want to be your master, but your friend. But we must follow up the laws of the Temple.”

“So my parents had to die, Dectar?”

“Yes, Venry, they both understood and felt that. Now they are in heaven.”

“So it would not have been possible to leave before it happened?”

“No, Venry, for their passing over is a law. Those who feel this listen to those laws, and act as it comes to and in them. Many other people are completely unaware of this, and will leave and flee. They deceive themselves and will die all the same, because the Gods know what they are doing. Such feelings, dear Venry, which come to us a long time beforehand, touch the infinite consciousness in which your Mother lived. You probably thought that this is for everybody, but this state of mind is an attunement, connecting centuries you will get to know that later on.”

“So there is no premature death or overdue departure, Dectar?”

“How can the Gods be too early or too late? Does the sun go down too late or does it rise too early? Do you know the ‘what for and why’ of time, Venry? You will get to know that in this Temple, for these powers are in you and we shall develop them.”

“Why did I have to jump, Dectar? I could have left sooner and been spared all this terror.”

“Very well, Venry, go on like this, a very good question and clear thoughts. Was my friend not aware that a miraculous event took place?”

“You mean that light, Dectar?”

“Right, Venry, that curious feeling which came in to you which made you as light as a bird in the sky and removed gravity. That power was activated and it brought you in to that condition.

You may wonder why we waited until the very last moment. You cannot know, my friend, and I will not explain these laws to you now, for I will later on. Suffice to say that these are gifts representing two worlds, which mean the physical and psychical powers. The masters followed you, but these powers were only activated through that fear and you lived through the experience of many years in a short period of time.

We need quite some time to awaken these powers, but now they awakened in you in a few seconds. But you will understand this later, also why the masters wanted it.”

“I have got a feeling, Dectar, that I am able to think deeper and more clearly. Is that the reason, and has it got to do with it?”

“Very good, splendid, Venry, I am very glad. Keep on feeling and thinking this way, then we shall be able to make rapid progress.

I told you a minute ago that you lived a long time within just a few seconds. There are many powers in us human beings, which are unknown to us. Most people cannot even think, Venry. They are asleep, although they think and feel that the great consciousness is within them. They are asleep all their lives, their sleep is deep, and yet they are awake. You will get to know and understand this being awake, and you will feel straight away how little man knows about himself. Can you follow me, Venry?”

“Yes, Dectar, I can. When they awaken do they feel like I felt when I was there, and on earth?”

“Quite so, Venry, half awake, therefore half alive, and yet they think they feel and think the way we live. But that is not truly, not really being alive, it is sleeping and sleeping very deeply. You will get to know that, Venry.”

“You know much about mankind, Dectar?”

“We know a great deal, Venry, though not everything.”

“You knew everything about me?”

“Human feelings are not deep, my friend, and we know all about them, but we hope to get to know what lives between ‘life and death’, even though we know very much. Here you will learn to think, Venry, as you have never been able to before. And in this process you will attain priesthood.”

“Do other people also come here, Dectar?”

“Certainly, but they return to life and have learned here how to think and feel. Here they learn to speak, Venry, and are ready to live among mankind and they will make themselves great, but we know this greatness.”

“Do I have to learn another language, Dectar?”

“No, Venry, you do not need that, for you everything is different; presently I will tell you about it. There are powers in you, which we shall awaken. They are gifts, Venry, innate feelings, and you have received them from the Gods, for which you must be very grateful. Only those naturally gifted persons possess these powers and qualities, which cannot be learned. We knew about it and we therefore wanted you to stay until the very last moment, so that we can start your preparation right now. These powers are different from ‘his’, are they not?”

“You mean those by which I was possessed?”

“Yes, Venry. These powers mean rest, but they are very strong and can make you restless as well, because you cannot absorb them. But do not be afraid, I will help you.

You felt as light as a bird in the sky and you could have forced a bird to come to you, could you not, Venry?”

“You are a master, Dectar, and you know everything.”

“I know everything about you, Venry. We are one in feeling and thinking. Now you are entirely closed off. I shall open the dwelling of your soul; you cannot see any longer now, but feel, and feel very deeply.”

“Is that why I slept so long, Dectar?”

“Also for that reason, Venry, but your jump exhausted you completely. At that time you were completely closed off, and that’s why you can only think of me and of what you learn. In due time your own feelings will return, but now you must follow me. Try to remember your youth, Venry, and you will perceive that it is impossible.”

I did as Dectar asked me but I could neither feel nor think; emptiness had come in me. I could think back as far as my jump; thinking any deeper and further back was not possible. “Why is that, Dectar?”

“First of all to help you, so that those powers cannot overwhelm you and you can remain yourself. But especially because we have to start completely empty and not there where there is plenty of light in you. Thus, all the events you have experienced, all those years I must either eliminate or cut off. Now that I know what awaits you and what your life was like, I will temporarily cut off all those experiences, and we shall begin at the moment you came to me.

From that moment on your development commenced. Everything else you will forget for the time being, Venry, because there may not be anything in you to disturb your new life. We shall proceed from a darkness, which you will experience as an emptiness.

Only these thoughts and feelings may now be within you and you surely realize that this is only possible with our help. So we begin at the moment you approached the Temple, but later on, your youth will return to you again.

Now go to sleep, Venry, I shall be back in the morning, for it is night now. You are calmly going to sleep, my friend, only sleep and not dream, you shall think of nothing, because I want it and the masters so wish.”

While he talked I already fell asleep. A paralysing feeling and a mild rest entered my soul. Great were the powers of this human being; I was not conscious anymore.

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I had reached the age of fifteen now and my development was to begin. As I woke up the next morning Dectar was with me and said:

“Good morning, Venry, did you sleep well?”

“Yes, Dectar, I feel quite rested.”

“I have your meal and your robe.”

There were some fruits on a dish and beside it was a cup of fruit juice. A yellow robe with a blue cap and a red belt lay on a bench. On the place of my left breast, I saw a symbol, which assessed my inner life and presence here. Dectar wore a similar robe, but of a different colour and material, though he also had the same symbol that I noticed on my robe. He felt me already.

“The symbol, dear Venry, can only be received by the naturally gifted persons and you are one of them.”

“Has your robe the colour of your knowledge, feeling, and thinking?”

He only smiled.

“Get ready, Venry, you will get to know the building, we are going for a walk. I shall be right back.”

I did not need much time to get ready. I ate the fruits and drank the juice and when I was ready, Dectar entered. I understood that he followed me and knew that I was ready. “We are going for a walk now, Venry. You will see what has happened.”

I was ready and followed my Master. While walking on, his body leaned over to the left as I had noticed before. Sometimes he walked upright as an ordinary human being. While I thought of that he turned around and looked deep into my eyes so that I was overcome with sadness. He went on again, leading the way. We passed through long halls and corridors, entered one space, and left the other, without meeting anybody. It seemed as if this building had fallen asleep with all its occupants. Then we came outside and I saw the beautiful gardens of the Temple of Isis in front of me.

It was a lovely morning, the sun shone over all this life. I was in the gardens of Isis now, the Temple of wisdom, which knew and possessed the source of life and, which had brought knowledge to mankind by the prophets and prophetesses.

We walked along the beautifully planned beds and along the pens in which many animals and even wild beasts, birds, and insects were caged. Next, we visited the orchards, herb gardens, and all plants beneficial to inner man. After we had walked about for a period of time without saying a word to each other he said:

“What you see, Venry, has been grown and brought to bloom by your Father’s mastery. He was the master of all this beauty. When he was among them the flowers sent their scent, the birds sang their morning greetings for him and the other animals danced about for joy. Over there, where he is now, he has all this beauty too. Life itself was also his school and he was conscious in it.”

“Where is that school, Dectar?”

“I am the school, Venry, and I will teach you how to look upon things, no

language is needed for that.”

“Why not?”

“Because it is in you, Venry, a different and better one than ours.”

“And shall I learn to speak it?”

“Only when you are asleep and are among those beings who are no longer on earth and know already what can be learned between life and death.”

“And do you think I shall attain this, Dectar?”

“If you seriously want to, Venry, you shall receive the greatest possible wings. Now look there, beneath you, Venry, look how the earthquake tore the earth apart, threw mountains over and split them, made rivers swell and houses collapse. Still we are blessed, for this place was saved. Another time we and everything you see will disappear, for even that is possible.”

“Do you know this already now, Dectar?”

“I do not know anything yet, Venry, I would like to know everything, what I see and feel is very little and that is why I am not certain. But we shall wait and see, the Gods may give it to us, they know everything, Venry.”

“But you have known this for a long time, have you not, Dectar?”

“When I say I have for years, could you accept that?”

“My Mother saw it beforehand and I was allowed to see something, was that because of you?”

“Yes, Venry, you saw and felt it, but through me, and in that way I tested our being one. Are you happy, Venry?”

“I cannot answer that question, for there is no feeling in me.”

“Very good, Venry, you must say what you feel, nothing else, above all in a few words, and feel clearly what you want to say. Will you never forget it?”

“I promise, Dectar.”

“What others have got to learn is not for you, you will get to know and understand nature. This may seem very simple to you, but you will soon realize that it is not so easy.”

“Is it really so difficult, Dectar, to see things in nature as nature created them?”

“Your Father was very good at that, Venry, but it is very difficult. He was a master in this respect. Years of study are required to learn to perceive nature, my friend, but you will soon make progress. Therefore, nature is our school.

You must think and keep thinking, always try to feel and to see clearly how life in nature is and at all times. You must be able to feel how deep the sleep of the various animals is, what the happy chirping of a bird means, the obstinate refusing of another species. You must follow all this life, Venry, and know it down to the core.”

“How can I digest that, Dectar?”

“When you are full of it you must forget everything. After some time it

will return into you, and then it will be your property and part of your personality.”

“Is that so difficult, Dectar?”

“Your young enthusiasm does not feel the depth of my words yet, but this will change too. I also know that you are able to. There were many others here who felt a vocation for the priesthood. But they could not think, Venry, and they were sent away. They had no feeling. They were spiritually asleep and only experienced the worldly life. We perceived nothing of the greatness of the soul in all those previous lives, and this life is too short to awaken that. If we feel and perceive that we can draw from it, believe me, dear Venry, then we leave no stone unturned, but it is not possible. In day-consciousness they are living dead, in half-waking consciousness they are asleep, and in that deep subconscious resides a deadly tiredness which chokes their will and concentration.

You see, my friend, it is not so simple. If you cannot feel and follow nature, Venry, you will neither be able to stop the eagle in its flight; then you lack the will to force it to come to you and neither can you be sent to where those live who left this life. That is why you are here, Venry, and we shall all learn from it. If you want to achieve that, my friend, you have to follow the life of the smallest insect and all other life which is present in nature everywhere. You will begin to feel and acquire the immensity of all this life and you will be ready to feel the forces and powers between life and death completely, but especially to present this Temple with what the Gods intended for us. That feeling is in you, Venry. Nature presented you with inner treasures, which are given to but a few people. There are many secrets, laws, powers, and forces in the life into which you saw as a child, and we, human beings, are also part of it. However, it is up to us, my friend, to think very seriously and to try to feel and experience all that is hidden behind this life.”

“Can you summon a bird to you, Dectar?”

“Yes, Venry, I have those powers, but what does it mean? What does it mean to be able to concentrate on one aim, my friend, and yet feel an impotence, which bogs you down? Do you see that bird, Venry?”

“Yes, Dectar, it is flying away.”

“The little animal comes back, Venry, returns to me, it must and will return to me, it comes, life, dear Venry, not the bird but life returns to me.”

“Truly, Dectar, there it is already, you have got it in your power. You are a great miracle, Dectar.”

“You will learn it too, Venry, and very soon, it is so rapidly conscious in you just because you performed that jump. Enough said. I shall call for you in the afternoon and take you to the high priest. Now you must take a rest and think everything over and I shall help you, beginning, with your arrival,

Venry.

I am in you and remain connected with you, and you know that I can reach you. You may now do whatever you like, think or not. I follow you and must do so. You will not be alone in anything, for even in nothingness we are one. Even in your sleep, dear Venry, in your dreams or wherever your spirit may be we are always one, until you are ready and have attained priesthood.

The first few years will pass by in this way, you need that time to be able to feel and think clearly, if you want to acquire what I did just now. If I see correctly and clearly, Venry, you will excel me one day, and you will bestow wisdom on us that we do not yet know anything about.

Notwithstanding your feelings, dear friend, you will have to be careful with many powers. When you are alone, thoughts, powers, and feelings will often overtake you, which do not emerge from your inner being and which come to you unexpectedly, because space is filled with them, but which have got nothing to do with your own life at all and belongs to other lives outside this Temple.

Suppress all these feelings by adjusting your strong and unbending will to them, then force yourself to concentrate so that you remain master of your own life.

Forbid the approach of these meaningless thoughts, which may destroy us priests. Never permit your thoughts free rein, dear Venry, if you do not want to be hurled into space as if by a gale, but only think because you want to.

What then enters you and is within you is controlled by your powerful and strong will. Do not permit yourself to become a plaything of those powers and thoughts, so that the light you live in fades away. Make sure you are always ready, not only in day-consciousness, such as you are now in and listening to me, but also when you are asleep.

It will be clear to you now, Venry, that all this is not so simple, but I will help you think, and I will gladly do so.”

“Thank you, Dectar, I shall do my best.”

“And now, my friend, I want you to rest. Do not prepare yourself for anything, Venry, not for my arrival either, just wait, we do not know any hurry, because it might bring your development to a halt.”

Dectar subsequently left and I was alone, with thousands of feelings and thoughts within me.

My first lessons in concentration

After I had lain down, I began to think. It was clear to me what Dectar meant, and in my mind I returned to the moment when I lost consciousness. First of all, I attuned myself to it and passed on into that event. What came over me now seemed to be extremely important for I no longer felt anything about my youth; I already got proof that Dectar had closed me off very well. I could not have received a more natural and clear token of help.

When my concentration appeared to be perfect, I felt an attack of dizziness. Truly, I was one and reconnected with this event. This time I again wanted to experience it, but I would have to remain conscious. If I passed into that same condition and lost my consciousness I would not achieve anything, and that was not the intention. However, if I could remain conscious I would bring the non-consciousness or that unconsciousness back to consciousness and I could commence my development.

I went on and saw myself ascend. Dectar awaited me. I approached him, he addressed me, and I wanted to ask questions. At that moment the dizziness came over me and I was unconscious. That is how I had experienced it.

I held on to that moment. I descended ever deeper in this event, and was again overcome with dizziness. I thought, it is splendid, my concentration is perfect.

Now I should try to remain conscious. I found this re-experience of something belonging to the past truly wonderful. Now I began to know and understand spiritual laws, and I would acquire them.

While thinking, feeling, and concentrating, I noticed that my physical body lost vitality. I began to contemplate, for I wanted to know from where and how these phenomena came over me. It was not long before I thought I understood. When I experienced my unconsciousness, I had no sense of feeling in that condition either. Consequently, it is very clear, I thought, if you are completely one with it, you must also experience it. This time I was conscious and began to observe the event.

When Dectar held me in his arms, he looked into space. What I see already belonged to this unconsciousness, but now I was conscious. When Dectar looked, I was unconscious. At that moment I had not been able to observe it, now, however, I experienced what had taken place beyond my consciousness. This remarkable phenomenon, the feeling that I was clearly and naturally connected, and that my concentration already seemed to be perfect, made me very happy. Because of this, I understood that I was on the right track.

Now what is unconsciousness? Is there a limit to it? What happens when a

human being is unconscious? Has this falling asleep a meaning?

These questions came to me and were not mine. Is it you, Dectar? Do you ask me these questions through your mighty powers and gifts? Do you try to help me in this way? If so, my friend, our being one is perfect and I will listen.

I now wanted to follow this deep sinking away, which was unconsciousness. When I attuned myself to it, I experienced that my soul freeing itself from the physical body. This process took place as a result of the shock and by using vital powers, consequently the soul had to depart. I was pushed out of my organism. I completely understood this remarkable and natural phenomenon, though I found it most curious. I began to feel something else. Now that I was connected with it, I felt that my physical body lost energy again. If I did not make every effort I would lose consciousness again, I now felt into a deep sleep, which there was and meant unconsciousness.

To check this I raised my right arm, but that part of my body was so heavy that it flopped down beside me. I could not have carried out a better test. I now remained conscious as a result of my keen and clear concentration, without going to sleep again.

Now I got to know the physical and spiritual laws. The soul detached itself from the physical body, in this case by emotional events and the body subsequently collapsed. This event was very deep and yet very simple. In this way, I would develop inwardly.

Human beings could lose consciousness in many other situations, and what then happened was what I now had got to know. If I let myself go and my concentration weakened, I would fall asleep. Consequently, I understood and felt that unconsciousness and sleep were actually one condition, one event, and so to speak one working. Sleep meant the natural sinking away and the departure of the soul; in case of unconsciousness, however, this happens as the result of a shock, which means nothing but the consumption of power and this had to occur.

It is curious, I said to myself, only now do you get to know yourself. But what next? What happened next?

When I asked myself those questions, new feelings came to me and I suddenly understood how interesting and deep this event was. At this moment my material organism forced me to listen. I had experienced that a moment ago, for my body now wanted to fall asleep. However, I wanted to follow Dectar. When I focussed on Dectar, I fell asleep. So I was faced with a deep riddle, but I thought I felt it after thoughts had come to me.

I would follow Dectar, but to that end, I would split myself. One half of me would have to see there, and the other half would have to prevent my body from falling asleep. These feelings had just come to me and I under-

stood what was meant.

My splitting up was complete, for I accepted at once what I saw and experienced. This splitting up was very important, as a result, I saw new wonders. A moment ago I saw Dectar very clearly, now he and I were enveloped in a dense haze. Now that I observed at half-strength my perception and the space in which Dectar and I were living had faded. So that emanated from me, as a result of my splitting up I lived at half-strength, which was a great wonder to me. Now I went on, for I wanted to see what would happen.

Dectar looked into space. When I observed again, I heard him speak. That was another thing I knew nothing about. However, to whom was Dectar speaking?

I concentrated on him and heard:

“The Gods are with us, Ardaty? Oh, do go to her, I shall pass your message on to Venry. Tell his Mother that I am happy. Will everything be granted to me now, Ardaty? Go back quickly, Ardaty, quickly, you know it.”

Curious, did he hear and see my Father? But why was Dectar acting so strangely? Why should my Father go back so quickly? For whom?

Now I saw that Dectar ascended, step after step, in the direction of the Temple.

But why this secrecy? I wondered again. Did my Father share a secret with Dectar? Did my Mother know about it? What would be given him? Because of whom did my Father have to go away so quickly? It sounded urgently. Dectar spoke in a way I had never heard him speak before. I focussed on him again. Dectar's actions were very strange, for he spoke to himself. I heard:

“A gifted boy is resting in my arms, one day he will perform wonders. He can most certainly cure and follow me and keep on following me, but then there will be a time that I will stay behind alone. Then I will be a living dead. Venry will meet his great love again and once, by his great wings, sit down on the clouds by her side and look at me. Oh, if I were allowed to witness that. He will be ahead of me then, I shall have to stay on earth and continue my life in non-consciousness.

Oh, dear Venry, then you will look down upon me, but endure my asking questions, for I must know what life is like over there, where those live who passed away. Only this can make me happy. Go ‘in’, dear Venry, and see the things living there, but tell me how the planets and stars follow their orbit and why we know nothing about them. Tell me everything you will see and feel, I must know. There are many gifts in me and I see behind things and far into the future, but that is nothing in comparison with your gifts.”

Now I heard Dectar talk under his breath and I thought this very strange too.

“You will tell me, dear Venry, why the hyena eats its fill of the dead body,

and why so many animals live in one other animal. That is mighty, Venry, very deep, but I must know. I want to be like the king of the sky, the animal which is a ruler and rules that space. Ah, Venry, I am so hungry and thirsty, but you can help me. I have been allowed to see the pharaoh several times and was even allowed to cure him, I was allowed to enter his sanctuary and to put my hands on his young heart. I am said to be a wise man, and yet, Venry, I am very poor now that I'm holding you in my arms. How great your gifts are. You must tell me about them for I want to be happy in that life. I want to get to know all that wisdom.

Some day, my dear Venry, you will rapidly overtake me, and Dectar will no longer be able to follow you. Then you will see depths, views, and the irradiation of all the lives I lived in. Then you will stop the demons, possession will be far from you, and you will be a ruler in space and have received the greatest possible wings.

I can conquer demons, Venry, but it costs me such a lot of trouble. If you will teach me, I swear I will follow you, but do teach me everything that the wise men will have to say there. I have one great desire, Venry, and perhaps you will help me with that as well.

You will receive very much from the domain for the pharaoh, and you will be rewarded, and even be given love as well as oils and fine herbs that only the Pharaoh knows and possesses. For you, the the gates of their sanctuaries will be opened. You will rule and dominate in the Temple of Isis, and there will be growth and prosperity for the benefit of all of us, including those who will come after us.”

I saw that Dectar approached the entrance, and I also felt that he had split himself.

Why do you split yourself, Dectar? Why did he want to hide? No one could hear him speak, and yet he was afraid to be overheard. Afraid, but from whom? I felt his anxiety very clearly within me; I no longer needed to doubt the accuracy of my attunement.

As he approached the entrance, the doors were opened and he entered with me. We went through the halls, which I recognized. He laid me down, knelt beside my couch and prayed as a supplicant can pray and beseech a power far greater than he himself.

Next he put his hands on my forehead and I began to feel that as well. I descended deep down into myself.

Dectar's strong power pulled me out of that unconsciousness, back into natural sleep. I now experienced this return in full consciousness, and I thought it miraculous. The unconsciousness was deeper than natural sleep. Then I saw myself wake up and he stood beside my couch, and told me about the message from my Father.

Now that I had come that far I wondered: Who are you, Venry? Who are you that a master of concentration and strong will invokes things from you? Dectar saw a master in me. Do I have got magic powers? Again, I said my own name.

Venry! Venry! The power and magic effect of that sound made me shiver and tremble when I pronounced my name as Dectar had. A deep and horrible feeling arose in me, which went even deeper than the fear which had seized me a moment ago and came from him to me. This had to do with murder and destruction. Did these feelings come from space? Or, were these my own feelings? I concentrated on something else, but this still captivated my entire being.

If these feelings were mine, I understood that, one day, I would attain very much; now I still did not understand any of it. But Dectar saw more and felt powers, he saw that I had gifts and he wanted to possess them. To him these gifts meant the supreme wisdom, which belonged to that other world.

Right now I felt a strange world come into me. Yet I had only been here for a few days, I had slept more than I had lived consciously. However, I already had got to know sleep, moreover I had acquired concentration. I understood Dectar perfectly.

However, in the human soul there were depths and heights, which meant powers and feelings. Those heights and depths, however, were the events experienced in daily life. They were experienced by the inner human being, which was the soul, or the spirit. By thinking and feeling accurately and attentively, I now reached the stage at which I was able to distinguish the two bodies. My object was to witness all those events again, to think them over, feel them, and to remain aware of them. Only then had I actually experienced them, perhaps learned from them, and that school would become the wisdom of the soul, that had been given a name on earth, which was I, and was called Venry. I was amazed that I could already think and feel so clearly, but I understood that I was being helped.

Now that I concentrated on Dectar, those feelings came to me, it was as if he was walking by my side and as if this actually happened. If I returned to myself Dectar went away and I felt alone again.

I got to know a great many incomprehensible forces; I now understood what Dectar meant when he said that people could not think, although they thought that they were perfectly awake. Who thought in this way? One really only lived naturally in this way. I would exert my strength to this end and proceed.

By concentrating my will, I could already split myself, which was not only interesting but also very instructive, and as a result, I got to know my inner life. Only now did I really begin to feel what the material human being is

like, and how this human being acted. The inner life, which is the soul, could split itself. I had experienced it just now. I thought this splitting of myself very peculiar as I still remained conscious, because this splitting took place by willpower and concentration. A feeling came over me that I had to go on with this and had to feel the splitting of myself clearly, so that I could split myself when possible and necessary. I did not understand where these feelings came from. They came over me and not from far away and not from where Dectar's feelings came to me. These new thoughts which came over me emanated from space. I was aware of this, clearly felt what came over me. I looked up into space but could not see anything special. Yet, with these feelings I sensed warmth on my head, a soft and wonderful radiation that struck me as beneficent.

I experienced remarkable things. How deep human beings are, how wonderful is the composition of these two beings, one of them is invisible and the other is the material body and man proper for the earth.

Dectar had made me sleep. But what happened during my sleep? I was completely empty, he said, and I had to recuperate because that jump had consumed all my physical strength. I understood this perfectly. However, what about that sleep? What happened to my soul during those seven days and nights? I wanted to know and investigate that as well.

I jumped up from my bed and tried to see myself again. I sat down in a corner of my cell and focussed on it. Yes, indeed, Dectar had knelt down in front of me and was begging for inner possessions. But I was asleep. Next he laid his hand on my forehead and then went away. In this way I followed my own life and I felt that I need not have to split, for now I began only to see by myself and perceived that which had happened a few days ago. This was exactly as previous when I could see through things. Now, however, I saw at full strength and I felt very calm.

However, there was still more which greatly interested me. Again, I felt that warm radiation on my head and the remarkable things were the subsequent thoughts and feelings. These thoughts came to me from space and were not Dectar's, they were different, and I could tell them apart. This was a clear sign to me and I firmly resolved to pay attention to it. It might help me. If those thoughts emanated from an invisible being, this being was relaxed, for this warmth made me quiet and happy. Something radiated from that power, which could be termed protection. Something of the kind was connected with it. Moreover, this power wanted me to see and I focussed on myself.

What I saw was unbelievable. I saw myself as soul and this soul was going to see itself. My soul lived in a dense haze, which I thought very remarkable. Dectar had left a moment ago and night was falling. I followed the night and

nothing particular happened. Then day was approaching and in the morning Dectar entered my cell and moistened my lips. After that, he waited for some time, he subsequently administered something to me, and I understood why he did so. It would give me strength and protect me against weakening. He left again and returned in the afternoon when the things I had observed recurred.

They were watching me, because Dectar looked after my body as my Mother would have done. In the evening he returned to me. When he had given me some food, he sat down at the foot of my bed. Dectar began to see and I could follow his perception. The natural light which I had seen before, faded from his eyes.

What do you see, Dectar? I wondered. What do you want to see in me?

He was looking for something, for he searched my inner life. Now I felt that he touched my inner life, and that he descended into my soul and began to see. Dectar witnessed the life of someone else and that other human being was myself. Suddenly I began to feel Dectar. I came into close contact through the warmth that irradiated me and I followed his thinking and feeling. I also descended within myself and I wanted to see what he was doing there.

A sense of greed now came over me and struck me very seriously for it touched my full consciousness and I understood its meaning. Like a miser counting his gold and silver looking for earthly treasures, Dectar was looking for spiritual treasures; like a glutton he threw himself on my soul. He burst the locks of my soul, crushing the doors, which locked the entrance that only I could open, and he entered my soul, the deepest and inner sanctum of every human being. Dectar entered me, though uninvited, like a thief in the night.

Dectar, Dectar, what are you looking for in my soul? Why do you burst the doors of my soul? Not even the Gods would do such a thing for it belongs to me, it is my own body, and its inner life belongs to me. Does this mean, Dectar, that you watch over me, is that the love you want to give me? And does it mean that you want to be a Father and Mother to me?

I kept following Dectar and again felt that lovely warmth radiating on my head. This warmth enhanced my seeing and feeling. It wanted me to observe clearly. I was very grateful for it, although I did not yet know whether these consciously emitted rays originated from a human being. I got to know Dectar as a spiritual thief. He tried to search every corner of my soul. He roughly pushed aside what had been carefully arranged, to look at the place where it had stood, that is how thoroughly he searched every corner.

I could see very clearly what this meant for my material body. All those brutal thoughts and feelings disturbed my rest. My material body was shaking violently and I saw that I wrenched myself to the left and right, turned

around again and again and could find no rest, although I was not aware of it at the time. That was Dectar's fault. My soul, my self was disturbed. Dectar was searching all the time, but what for?

When I thought of this, I felt the warmth again and with it, other thoughts came over me. I did not follow Dectar anymore for I had focussed on his doings.

Now I would descend in him, feel and see what he was searching for in my inner life.

I heard him say: "Is it you or is it not? I must know."

He went on searching and followed my inner life. Now I understood what he wanted. Dectar tried to see 'lives' in me, lives I had lived previously, and he sought to turn up one of them.

"Is it you or is it not?" And is it me, Dectar? Did he expect to find another person in me, beyond myself? Who was he looking for, and what exactly did he want to know?

Suddenly he returned to himself, forgetting to close the doors of my soul in the process and he recovered like a thief being caught. After a moment he was entirely himself again. Now he looked up, to the left and right, waited for a moment and felt reassured.

What are you afraid of, Dectar? I see that you tremble with fear. You got afraid. Why, my friend, Master Dectar, are you a spiritual thief? Do I have to protect myself against you? You sneak into my soul like a hungry animal and you disturb its peace.

And you are telling me: Be calm, very calm, Venry. Especially rest, thinking and feeling, thinking deeply, very deeply. Are you a hypocrite, Dectar? How deep will my soul be hurt if I have to accept that? Right now, I tremble because of what I have observed.

He got up and went away.

I kept following myself and night approached. Another power had come to me and entered my cell. It was like a shadow and it also descended into me. I experienced that rummaging through my inner life again, but this time with even more violence and haste than previously. Was this Dectar again? Had he departed from his organism as I experienced in the past? For now, I could think deeper, and I came to think of it.

Did this shadow belong to Dectar and was it part of him? I asked myself these questions as I could not see clearly now. However, this shadow wanted to open my soul, open it completely right now, which should actually require years. Like a ghost it was abroad and searched my soul. Now I got to know a strange and mysterious something. I followed this shadow, but could not see myself so clearly, yet I understood that here a split part of a person was dwelling who, as I had witnessed before, wanted to know something.

This shade undoubtedly belonged to a human being that had split himself by concentration, and was in search of information about other people. I could not feel whether it was Dectar, however, it became clear to me that this power did not allow me to descend as I had been able to do with Dectar. This shade was, as it were, empty, the life that was connected with it had protected itself. If I felt correctly, this was the shade of a learned priest, at any rate of a man who knew what he was capable of, and who also possessed the gift of departing from his material body. In my thinking and feeling and deep concentration, I could not achieve anything now, not see anything at all. The power of this life exceeded mine and was possibly a master in this respect.

After having searched my soul for some time, the shade disappeared the way it had come. I wanted to know more about it and I focussed on Dectar. But Dectar and this shade were two separate beings. The clear feelings, which now came over me, fully confirmed it. An unpleasant feeling surprised my inner rest. I had to remain aware now and I began to ask myself questions again. Is a student priest under permanent supervision? Why all this secrecy? Was this the shade of a high priest, and was one followed in the spirit? I did not doubt the inner powers this being possessed. I had just received conclusive evidence. But it frightened me.

The night went by, and in the morning Dectar entered my cell. He partly woke me up, for I stayed in a half-waking condition and followed the natural functioning, subsequently falling asleep again on my couch. In this half-waking condition he made me do things belonging to consciousness and I understood that this was necessary.

When I was peacefully asleep he followed me and I felt that he had fully recovered. Dectar now sent me all his love, and he was sorry for what he had done. He asked my forgiveness, but I had already forgiven him completely. I thought this behaviour very strange, though. After a while he left and I was alone again. A couple of times more I saw other shades looking at me, but apart from that nothing particular happened. I presumed they were the masters, but I was not sure. Then the moment arrived when I woke up and saw Dectar beside me. Now I followed the other events and what we had discussed, including my first walk with Dectar. My first reliving of the phenomena had been completed. Next I came out of my corner and wanted to rest a bit. After I had rested for a while Dectar entered. He was like a little child and whispered to me: "Please, think of nothing, Venry, of nothing, only of your reliving and what concerns your own life. Not of other things, only of your being here and what that has to do with the priesthood, alright? Do you feel me, Venry?"

I let him feel that I understood him, though I could not fully fathom him. He was still a great mystery to me. I did not understand his behaving like a

child as he now did. He took both my hands in his, looked deep into my eyes and I saw tears rolling down his cheeks. In thought, as I had wanted to speak to him formerly, he said to me: "Can you forgive me, dear Venry? Of course you will know everything, but only later on."

My amazement reached the highest pitch as he went on and said: "You see, dear Venry, everything goes as planned. I was convinced that you would follow the right path. It is wonderful, even very clear and you were able to feel me, did you not, Venry?"

When I wanted to answer him, he surprised me by saying: "Did I not follow you quietly? I know what my pupil experienced. Did I not carry you with all my love to these surroundings? Was not my watchfulness perfect during your sleep? There was only quietness and stillness, Venry, during your sleep."

Dectar looked at me and saw that I startled violently, but he did not mind at all and went on: "I could certainly have come several times, but I considered my watchfulness sufficient, Venry. I checked your sleep which was very deep, and I watched over you day and night, like your own Mother would have done."

Somewhere here there was danger and Dectar wanted to avert it. Probably he knew very much about it, I did not understand it at all. His perfect disguise, the love he sent me and his childish attitude brought me in a position of complete submission and I accepted him as my master. However, Dectar had followed me and fathomed and felt my soul and said: "Immaculate, my friend, very good, we shall make rapid progress in this way."

He continued, but again as a distinctly different person: "You see, Venry, I am your master and at the same time your pupil. You are quite definitely prepared for it, you did not forget anything, and I am well pleased. I shall not be needed any more once you have seen all your previous lives."

He looked at me and understood my feelings. This time I felt what he meant, but he said: "Then we can begin our work, Venry, and your inner perception will be perfect."

He waited a moment as if he wanted to give me time to ponder, and spoke, but again as a totally different person: "I cannot follow that path, Venry, because mine is leading through holes, over hills and through valleys, and I need a lot of time to achieve that. However, I must know, for it is driving me mad. I get crazy with yearning, Venry, and I want to see 'her', because she lives in me. She has made me what I am now. Follow me, dear Venry, descend into me, the doors of my soul are open to you, 'go in', Venry. I want to feel a love carrying me, giving me everything. I want to see her now, in this life. How should I approach her now that my wing is paralysed? Space is so large, Venry. Will I collapse?"

Then he whispered to me again: "Can you forgive me, Venry? You may

think that I talk gibberish, but I swear by the Gods that I am unfortunate. Dectar is paralysed. But there is danger, Venry.”

He looked to the left, right, and up, but continued speaking. I also perceived very clearly that danger threatened and I would get to know that danger. Then something unintelligible suddenly happened to me and my mouth spoke to him.

My unconscious other self

“Do not say that, dear Dectar. Your gifts are very great. Did not my Mother and Father tell about your great powers and your wisdom? Have you not cured the sick, have you not been at the sickbeds, and have you not called back the dying? Have you not stopped the panther when he was about to pounce upon his prey, a young child? Have you not prevented the fight between the lion and the tiger by your will and power?

My Mother, dear Dectar, told me that you did all that, and that your wisdom is great. You know the things growing on the fields, darkness does not enter you, it is always light in your deep inner self. What more do you want? Now, dear Dectar, I see how old you are, but especially how young the feelings are which want to possess all those powers.

You are longing for greatness of spirit, for life, love, and you want to get to know that depth. When I am ready, for I know now what I am here for, dear Dectar, I will help you. Then you will receive what your heart is yearning for, but I will help you with that.

Indeed, Dectar, your wing is paralysed, but have no fear. I have already taken steps. Nobody will hear us and disturb our being one. Do not hesitate to look to the right, left, and on high; my cell is empty and locked. Those forces are in me; I am aware of that now. I also know what danger is threatening us. At this moment, dear Dectar, I am talking from my deep inner life. This is the other and unconscious ‘consciousness’, Dectar, which I once possessed. However, I am now living in another organism and this body, my friend, has yet to reach adulthood.

You were searching, dear Dectar. You have rudely disturbed my inner life and peace. Now I am quite open and talk to you. But from where, Dectar? Who is it who is now talking to you?

You played a dangerous game, my friend, do not do that again, otherwise our bond will be severed, and the wisdom you are longing for will be changed into ignorance. Your perception is immaculate, dear Dectar, but this feeling and these desires ask for destruction. As I entered, you already begged for possession and you no longer thought of all those laws, which make you shiver and tremble. You forget what life you are living, my friend. But I tell you, do not go too far. You know that I see through you, and that I can follow your inner life. Do not force me, Dectar, to use my powers, to bind you hand and foot so that your strong will dissolves into ‘nothingness’. During my sleep, you tried to get to know everything. You have heard my answer now. Leave me alone, dear Dectar. I watch over myself and will go

on watching. It is true that I need your help, but there is still other help, which exposes itself as warmth within me. Wait, Dectar, have patience, I do not want my task to be disturbed nor do I want to feel another will which dominates me.

Centuries passed by, dear Dectar. Now I am living on earth again and I must finish my task. In that other life I perished. In the depth of my soul resides the secret, the 'why and what for' I am here, but I shall get to know it, though in another way than you did. You know my previous life, Dectar, as well as yours and you know now who I am.

Now that I have been here for a few days, you already want me to come to you. Dectar, you are a plaything of your own desires. Centuries ago you were my pupil, you followed me in everything, and I taught you to attune yourself. You received power and strength to see through things, and love which you changed into grief. You have defiled your mother's grave by the poison you administered to her only to satisfy your hunger and quench your thirst, but that is why you perished. Of course, Dectar, you have made up and you are aware of that, but I ask you: Have you forgotten all this? I live, Dectar, and I am the person you are looking for and you know that now. You also know that I can bridge all those depths in my soul, but that I do not allow any disturbance in the process. Are you prepared to wait, Dectar, until I am ready? Only then shall I help you, and do you get to know the new laws which are only intended for those who follow the path through our life, and are willing to serve 'God' who gave all of us life. Go now, dear Dectar, leave me alone, I need time to recover. Go, my friend, control your inner life, and appear in another less transparent garment.

Believe me, Dectar, if there was no other help, both of us would be lost. Nothing, nothing, dear Dectar, you will tell the person called Venry. Within a few years, I shall be ready, then you will receive wisdom, which is unknown here. Now you are my pupil, presently my master again, and you will remain so for the time being. However, when I perish, Dectar, you will perish with me, you will have to wait for centuries before you will see her. This consciousness will fall asleep again, Dectar, the Venry will return, you know that I live in his soul and am part of it. The Venry, dear Dectar, will not yet be allowed to know about all this."

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Dectar came for me. I had rested wonderfully and he entered my cell. I did not know anything about what had been said.

“Are we going to the masters, Dectar?”

“Yes, Venry, and you must answer the questions properly and clearly. Your concentration will be tested, so be very calm.”

However, when I wanted to follow him Dectar received a message from space and said: “Wait for me here, Venry.” His eyes pierced mine before he left.

Was he being followed? Why was he called away? I shivered; this message received from space frightened me. So there was danger? When I thought of that I felt the warmth again. I subsequently got feelings and I understood what I should do. I should not think of anything, only of myself; thus were the orders and the thoughts which came over me. The laws of this Temple awakened in me and forced themselves on me this very moment.

Dectar came back and said: “I think too much about myself, Venry, we must be very serious.”

I perceived that he leaned over to the left, he walked with a limp just because he was afraid.

“We are going for a walk, Venry, our visit to the masters has been postponed.”

Lessons in concentration

When we got outside, I felt that Dectar had cut himself off completely. Beside me walked my master and with him his pupil. Dectar took me to a cage in which various kinds of birds were confined. As we entered, he said to me: "Now you must try to call one of those birds to you, Venry. Look, I will show you."

Dectar directed his concentration on a small bird and the little animal flew at once to his extended hand and set down quietly.

"Look, Venry, the little animal listens to me."

"Why is this necessary, Dectar?"

"Your concentration must be very strong, Venry. When you presently live between life and death you must be ready. You must be able to direct your concentration in various ways and you have to be very powerful in this manner too. Have a try, I shall help you."

I felt that Dectar set the bird free and it flew away immediately. Then I focussed my concentration on the little animal, but it would not come to me, it stayed where it was.

"You do not think properly, Venry. You must follow inner life, not the little animal you see, but its inner life. When you feel that life within you, you begin to think, and you feel like a bird yourself, then you are completely one. You would like to fly for that feeling is within you, and you are like that little animal. Then you begin to think, very calmly at first, then more strongly and consciously, ever stronger, whereupon you will suddenly concentrate your will and it will do what you want it to do. This time you follow it, you leap from branch to branch, but you guide the bird to the place you selected in advance. So first become totally one with it, then concentrate on what you want it to do. You may proceed very quietly, but also quickly, suddenly, and you want to experience everything at once, then the bird will come to you. Can you feel me, Venry?"

"Yes, Dectar, I will do my best."

"You can do it, Venry, you have the powers, I know."

I adjusted myself again, carefully became one with the little animal and sharpened my concentration. I wanted the little animal to fly around and subsequently perch on my right shoulder. When I forced the bird to do this, it flew up with a jerk from the place where it was sitting and fluttered around. Dectar, who followed me, said: "Splendid, you see that the little bird listens, it will come to you."

Truly, the bird perched on my shoulder. When the animal came to me, I

saw another coloured bird and I followed it. I immediately felt that the contact was broken and the little animal went back to its place.

“That is no good, Venry, you must concentrate on one thing only, you should have no other thoughts. You know now, try again and be attentive.”

I felt dead tired because of this effort and asked: “Why does it tire me out, Dectar?”

“You are not used to thinking at full power. People who think and feel at full power are very soon exhausted. All other people live at half power, which is the half-waking consciousness of which I told you. Now you live at full power, and your will is adjusted to one aim, and that is why you are so tired. It is enough for today, Venry, and now you feel straight away how difficult it is to become and feel one with nature. Come, we will leave here.”

“Is the concentrated will that powerful, Dectar?”

“If I possessed the power, fully conscious, and I wanted this building to collapse, then this Temple would collapse, however mighty and strong the foundations and this entire building may be. But I cannot yet think either, I am still very invalid in this respect.”

We walked through the gardens, following the life of flowers and plants while Dectar told me about the Temple and the high priests. The day was spent in this way, as were the next weeks and months. I had already made much progress. Then the moment came when I would be subjected to the first tests.

The first test

Dectar would come for me. I was relaxed and had already become a different person. Now I would meet the high priests. There were seven high priests, one of them was the leader, and the others had to fulfil their own tasks. Together with the pharaoh they ruled this country and they were the healers, surgeons, medicine men or herbalists, the teachers of religion and the experts on good and evil.

When Dectar entered I was ready and we went to another building. As we entered various birds flew towards us, and I understood why those winged animals were here. There were also some wild animals, large and small ones, as well as a variety of poisonous snakes.

The masters also entered and sat down on a platform. The supreme priest was sitting in their midst. All were dressed in different garments reflecting their grade and wisdom and the gifts they owned or had acquired. All these men, Dectar told me, were famous for some quality or other for which they had studied, and in respect of which they had become masters.

Amongst them were healers who could infallibly cure a tumour or many other diseases by concentration within a very short time. There were some healers who turned a wild beast with all its violence and passion into a lamb, and who made a bird of prey on the wing obey. Others could change the poison of a snake into honey, because they dominated the animals and its poison. They possessed an infallible concentration; these men were supreme. All knew the laws between life and death and had complete control over them. They could go wherever they wanted, they did depart from their material body and collected spiritual treasures, which they carried consciously within them when they returned, and which were subsequently recorded. The Supreme Priest and some of the others were in constant contact with the pharaoh, they were his councillors and enacted new laws with their King.

We had to sit down in their midst. What a pupil was now going to hear also concerned the master. A big mistake of the pupil affected the master. If a pupil achieved special things, it was the master who had accomplished them. My feeling, thinking and inner life were in the hands of Dectar. If I made mistakes he was also involved, for I was only an instrument.

Scribes were also present for every word spoken was written down to be preserved. The very first moment of my entering was written on yellow parchment, also what I had experienced in my youth and everything else I had got to know. They had followed my life so that I understood that they could check my inner thinking and feeling.

I now felt an overwhelming influence coming over me. My soul was being fathomed, and the physique of my body examined. This fathoming and examination took a good length of time, after which I had to undress. There was a small room to my left and I entered it.

Dectar told me: "Keep calm, Venry, the masters must see the physique of your organism."

So I appeared completely naked before them and awaited their orders. My keen interest subsided within me now that I felt their repellent fathoming and feeling. I felt revulsion arising from deep within me, but it was immediately followed by that warmth so that I understood, and clearly felt, that this invisible power had followed me up to here.

Together with this warmth, I got a different view and I understood what I had to do now. What I experienced was a revelation to me. The deeper they descended into me the stronger the warmth in and around me became. This remarkable power gave me rest. Subsequently I followed the masters and I experienced space. At this moment we lived in the universe, we went from world to world, from sphere to sphere in which the soul had lived; there were the grades of life in which I had been. They searched for many lives, because all of them were clairvoyant to a high degree, and they now tried to see those various lives by using me as a contact. That enabled them to determine my present condition. The supreme priest became lost in deep thought after he had seen through me, the others, however, were not yet ready. There was a feeling within me as if I did not live on earth anymore. I received stimulating feelings to follow them. Apparently, something frustrated them, which prevented them from feeling in the depths of my inner life; they looked at each other and they were obviously faced with a great problem.

I understood everything, however wonderful it was. This was a revelation to me, but for all of them it was inexplicable. There was something in and around me that they could not determine. There was a mystery around me or I was that mystery and a deep and mighty problem for all of them. Again they descended into me; they had never experienced such a phenomenon before.

Their combined powers were terrible. This persistent fathoming and concentration was horrible because it hurt my deep inner life. I felt like a small child, unaware of anything, a child that felt nothing, saw nothing, experienced nothing, and stood quite empty before them. Yet, there were powers and gifts in me, even conscious gifts, which they knew and could follow. However, what they really wanted to see, floated and lived between life and death; they could neither see nor feel it in any of my lives; it called them to a halt.

Their fierce powers rushed towards me. Dectar understood there were dis-

turbances and asked:

“Is something bothering you, Venry?”

I looked at him and answered: “No, Master Dectar, nothing. I feel very calm.”

“The Masters want you to be entirely yourself.”

Dectar had already said too much and one of the high priests warned him by looking at him. That look was so horrible that a chastisement could not be worse. Dectar received a spiritual blow, which hurt him deeply. His gentle feelings were not accepted.

Did Dectar understand anything of what was happening here, I wondered. I was quite aware of it but dared not think nor evoke it, for they could follow me at once. Another power called them to a halt, a power in which I lived, felt and remained myself. Their gifts as well as their perception and feeling and even their mastership no longer existed. They were obstructed in their perception and feeling. To them the human soul was like nature, not one of them could fathom the actual depth of my inner life.

Then I had to dress and sit down again. I tried to follow them, but I found that I could not think. They did not allow other people to share the way they felt and thought in their own world. That way was cut off to anyone who did not belong to these seven men.

I was not allowed to feel sorry for Dectar, because they followed me. I would be punished, and Dectar would not have instructed me properly. When they sent a deep hatred towards Dectar and me, because their perception was disturbed, I felt another consciousness come over me, as a result of which I promised Dectar to destroy them all. These feelings had come over me with that delightful warmth and I now understood that I could think and feel and that they could not follow my line of thought all the same. My whole being lived in another power and force, which meant a strong protection to me. I sensed them all beyond their own power and force, in spite of the fact that they were masters. A spiritual struggle was about to begin and it was clear to me that it would be a fight to the bitter end. Why, and from what I knew, this had come over me a moment ago.

The masters had one powerful weapon for they were one. Suddenly I thought of my Mother and the words she had spoken.

“I shall pray, dear Venry, that the Gods may give you a mighty weapon.” Would this event have to do with that? Did my Mother know about all these laws? My youth became conscious within me, another power partially awakened me, and these thoughts, and feelings formed part of it. The power, which consciously lived in me now, was tremendous. I experienced that I floated in space, but could still feel and think in my own body; my soul split into thousands of parts for I was here and in space, near them, behind and

in front of them and nowhere. Yet, I was conscious and completely myself.

Only now did I understand my thinking and feeling of weeks ago, namely that I had to follow this splitting well and clearly, and that I, if necessary, could make use of this weapon. However, I was helped with this splitting process now, for the warmth was enormous.

One hundredth part of myself was present here and represented Venry, but the other ninety-nine percent were missing, lived in space, but space was infinite and they could all get lost there. I thanked this invisible help for these mighty gifts, thanked everyone who participated in it, including my own Mother. The happiness I felt, now that I experienced that they followed me but could not find me, disturbed their unity and a disharmonic condition set in. As this happened, I saw a power, which could only be concentration. It was a strong and powerful will floating above me, giving me this miraculous strength. This became my own weapon and no one could take it away from me. If the Gods wanted to and made me their instrument, I would send all my love and power to them. Venry was ready. If I could acquire those laws and powers which I did not doubt anymore, I would be a useful instrument and they could begin. I clearly felt that I was being used as an instrument, not only for all these priests, but also for invisible powers whose activity I did not yet know.

One of the priests rose from his seat, went to a corner of the room, picked up a small cage with a lovely little bird, and put it down on a platform. He opened the cage and sat down again.

The bird leapt from stick to stick and did not bother about anything. They requested me to adjust my concentration to the little animal and to call it to me. Whether it was already possible was irrelevant, it was a test to see how deeply I could concentrate my thoughts on one point. Everybody looked at me. I adjusted myself to the little bird, followed it in all its movements. Together we went from stick to stick until I wanted it to sit. In the meantime I felt myself completely in my body again. This wonder happened while I concentrated, and I felt that the little animal responded.

I activated it again and forced it to leave the cage. It hesitated, however, it had to follow me. Never before had I controlled such a species, I did not know this one and it was possibly not known in our country. I wanted the little animal to perch on my hand and adjusted myself to it.

I held my right hand up and forced the little animal to come to me. But it refused, no matter how I exerted myself, it did not respond. There were powers which did not want the test to succeed.

It was the warmth again which made these feelings come over me, and I understood that these powers emanated from a human being. This formidable consciousness, this incredible energy and that enormous feeling and

thinking belonged to a human being that wanted this test to be unsuccessful. How deep was my emotion when I heard someone say in and around me: "Not everything at once, Venry. Be patient, dear boy, or they will go too far and you will not be able to finish your task."

While these words were spoken I watched the masters, however, nobody had felt or observed anything and I was quite certain that I was being guarded. The masters understood that I was powerless and could not go on. The little bird flew away. It did what it wanted and kept flying around. I already freed myself from the little animal and anticipated.

One of the masters focussed on the bird and it flew back into its cage at once.

His concentration was infallible.

Other thoughts came over me, feelings of doubt. The masters questioned several phenomena and wondered: "Why can we not follow this youth who is actually unable to concentrate keenly?"

Now I heard a voice within me: "You see, dear Venry, they made many collapse, and these were chased away insane and ruined", so that I understood that this power could reach me in various ways. "Are they not the healers of this Temple? You see, Venry, I have power and know their spiritual weapon, but I led them astray. I am ready, Venry. You will follow me and not them for we have to make up and destroy what they built up. Their horrendous building must collapse. To that end you shall get to know their life and understand why I am here. Many were ruined or cursed; others were disfigured and disappeared without a trace. Is that serving the Gods, Venry? Look behind their own weapon, Venry, but do that through me and accept that I am a master in this field.

Do not look for me now, Venry. The Gods want me to return to you. Our being one is free of all disturbances. You do my work. You will receive the keys of this Temple and you will get to know all the secrets. Have patience, but now see through me!"

Doubt had entered them; their disharmony was such that I had disturbed their mutual contact. They could not pick up each other's feeling and thinking. This immense contact, which was their secret weapon, I was now going to see.

I saw a lit cord running from the supreme priest to the others, which interconnected them. That astral cord, created by thought and concentration, was a magic connection. I saw this invisible cord through the other power, for I understood that this would be beyond my possibilities. I saw because someone wanted me to see. At some places this cord was impaired and even transparent. Their doubt and failure to achieve what they wanted had severed their mutual feeling and thinking. I understood the uncanny aspect of it as

well as the mightiness, and their being one was clear to me.

The way I was one with Dectar when he called me and I had to come, they had accomplished a similar alliance. I now understood the power and magic of this weapon, which had a mystic activity and even possessed space and affected the invisible world, because I could follow it. These masters were one in the depth of their inner life. All were gifted and were closely united by these gifts and the knowledge of astral laws.

They soon recovered, the cord condensed, their contact and attention were complete again, their secrecy became perfect, but they understood that even masters are no Gods. There was a gap in their being one, but they would correct it when they were alone. I had seen this secret weapon and been able to follow it within a few seconds, and foremost was that I had understood it.

The supreme priest acted as spokesman, and said to me: "You will be trained to become a priest. You must follow Master Dectar in everything, and you must comply with the laws of this Temple. You shall implicitly accept everything, give yourself completely, and prepare yourself. Go now, but know that we will follow you."

We left. Dectar was silent. We entered my cell. "You have been accepted, Venry, you can stay with me all the time. Oh, I am so grateful."

I was very curious to know how he had felt the tests and I asked: "Have you followed me, Dectar?"

He did not answer me, looked very seriously at me, so that I understood that danger threatened. Here it was impossible to think of anything, every thought was picked up, and then we would be punished. Punishment would immediately follow as soon as we thought things against the laws, or beyond the Temple, or about feelings which concerned our own lives, so that the seriousness of priesthood was forgotten. Dectar began to see, he looked up, to the left and right, waited a moment and said:

"You must listen well, Venry. Everything is safe again, but when you feel a sudden change in me do not say a word or do not think of anything, even not of yourself and close yourself off from everybody and everything. We are being followed, and that is why I am careful. You must follow me, Venry, otherwise, we cannot talk confidentially. If the masters feel that I forget myself, we will both be destroyed very soon. So if you want to talk confidentially with me, wherever we are, you must always remember this. You must arrange a wall of power around you and build it by concentration. You are still young, Venry, and also old, your age may nevertheless become your undoing. I feel that you are being helped and that is why I can speak to you now, but never forget it.

What I felt, dear Venry? Well, you were putting your life at stake. I know your inner life, I got the opportunity to get to know it, but I am very anxious

now that you know how powerful they are. However, they need your gifts, Venry. Horrible things could happen right now and the people outside this Temple do not know anything about it; but both of us would be destroyed.”

Dectar put his hands to his face and heaved a deep sigh. I understood him. He went on:

“The masters could not reach you, Venry. There was something and I warn you to be very careful now. You did not live on earth. You were not in their presence, you were somewhere and nowhere. I was allowed to follow you, but that was not possible with my own gifts. We were completely one, but I do not know by which or by whom.

The masters followed you. What happened today has never happened here before. The horror of it made me wary. At that moment, Venry, you did not live on earth anymore, you were really nothing, you could not be found, seen, or followed, and yet you were very powerful. Consequently, it is a great mystery to me and also to them, and that is why danger is threatening which is so terrible, Venry, that I beseech you to be very careful from now on.”

Dectar looked at me and asked: “Did I observe correctly, Venry?”

He went on and did not even want to hear my answer.

“You thought, Venry, that I did not know anything about it, that I was struck blind, and that I felt being alive yet dead. Neither did you know that those powers were in me, but I know a good deal more. You must listen well to me.

From now, dear Venry, we must know how to adjust. I want you to know that danger is always lurking here. Then you must know that I follow you which you must be able to feel. You must be able to feel me clearly and not anyone else. You will be able to pick up many thoughts, and yet you must be able to determine that these thoughts are not mine. They will try to influence you from afar, pretending it is me. If you respond, should you by any chance think it is me and send me your answer so that the masters find out about our feeling and thinking and being one, I assure you, dear Venry, that we shall be prey for the wild animals.

Not one but dozens have been thrown to the animals as food; not one but thousands of oaths and profanities curse the existence of this building, for its sanctity has been defiled, the depth of the spirit has been trampled on and abused. Do not forget, Venry, that I have been serving the Gods for thirty years, and I know the secrets of the Temple of Isis.”

I thanked Dectar very heartily and answered: “You are a true priest, Dectar. A profound contact will bind us, and we are helped by a spirit about whom I do not know anything more yet.”

“I have seen your contact, Venry, and I know your secret now.”

“You, Dectar?”

“You forget that your Father spoke to me and left a message, that they admitted me in their midst. It is also clear to me that I do not know everything, but I know that you will get to know the secrets and we will destroy their magic bond, which is their being one.

They have been living in this darkness for centuries, Venry. All those masters wrapped themselves up in a monstrous haze and they also live in it. The world thinks that they are doing good, but the light has been lost and they are erring. Nothing has changed during these centuries, because they succeed each other in evil.

Yet I perceive, Venry, that you led them astray, and that did me good. Then I felt doubt arise in them; I have never witnessed a thing like that since I have been here. You controlled the bird, but there was another power, which did not want you to go on. I do not know why I felt and saw this, but our being one left nothing to be desired.”

“Did they feel anything, Dectar?”

“No, my dear, that is exactly the most unbelievable thing about it. I fail to understand that, for they are powerful. Yet we are safe when you let me enter you, Venry, so that nothing will disturb our being one.”

“Go into me, Dectar, and stay there.”

Now I felt a new wonder. Dectar entered my soul, united himself with me and we merged together. I was so to speak pushed aside a little, his person dominated. Our souls merged closely and a great happiness came over me.

“You are a wonder, Dectar.”

“Presently you will know that I am not, Venry. I have learned how to become one with another human being. Well, we are now one and we can prepare ourselves.”

“Will this stay, Dectar?”

“Certainly, it must, Venry. Has Ardaty been with you, Venry?”

“Ardaty? No, Dectar, my Father has not been here. Wait and see, Dectar, maybe I can soon tell you more. What shall we do today?”

“We are going for a walk, and we shall talk things over thoroughly and take our measures. We must do this now, Venry, for it will not be possible later. They follow our feeling and thinking and their perception is keener. But I have a plan. When we want to talk confidentially, we must try to do so from that other world.”

“How much time will be needed for that, Dectar?”

“We could do that in a short time, Venry.”

It was clear to me now that Dectar could not sufficiently fathom my inner life and my gifts because I could be ready straightaway, for that other power helped me; I felt that and could make use of it all the time. Apart from my own feeling and thinking I realized that Dectar was also guided by that enti-

ty, for he had seen and experienced what happened in and around me. It was very important that we belonged together and were instruments.

I asked him to empty himself completely.

In the space around us, I saw something mysterious. I saw eyes and those eyes were looking for Dectar and me and were searching the astral connection, which was our being one. Dectar followed my perception like greased lightning so that I recognized the learned priest in him and understood how much I still had to learn.

“What did I say just now, Venry? We must be attentive and very careful and always draw up our wall around us when we want to live our own lives. Those eyes are looking for us. It has always been like this and it happens to all who are present here, but especially to you.”

“Why, Dectar?”

“They know now who you are, and again they do not, and that is precisely the dangerous point.”

“Can those eyes see everything, Dectar?”

“Not only see, Venry, but feel as well. They see, feel, and hear what I say and think inwardly. Right now we are not present here, we live in space, but they can follow us there too. Do you feel what this means, Venry? Do you understand how powerful the priests are? However, this is nothing in comparison with what they can do in addition. They are leaving now, but will be back in a little while. We may only talk to each other in space. And to that end we will have to split ourselves, Venry. You have learned that. Do you realize how dangerous these powers are? We must go on, Venry, notwithstanding all danger. In this Temple I got to know them. Yet, I sometimes even wonder why I feel them so distinctly, and why I can see through the mentality of the masters. In this country people know a lot about magical laws. Now I am aware of any danger. However, I could not explain the depth of all these laws to you, they are very mysterious.”

Dectar left, and we both took a rest. Next, we were to take a walk. I laid down and began to reflect.

How careful I had to be now. If I wanted to think of anything dear to me and which concerned myself, I had to close myself off completely. If I did not possess those powers, and I thought beyond this Temple, my thoughts would be picked up and a chastisement was in store for me. I found this terrible. If I wanted to think of my youth and of the happy events I had experienced with my parents, I went too far already, and I did not abide by the laws. That also went against my inner feeling and thinking and I found it horrible. I would nevertheless try, and find my own way to be able to think of myself and of Dectar as well as of my parents from time to time. For all of them, my youth was dead. My parents were dead too. It was considered undesirable for me to

have other thoughts, for they would stop my development. I hated all this, I hated this so deeply and immensely that I could forget myself.

I particularly understood that here lived nothing but hatred and horror. I had probably gone too far again. When I thought of that and of all those priests, I did not take care of myself; that could be fatal. My only hope was my unknown helper, only he could help me, otherwise, Dectar and I would perish. There was something else, however, which also encouraged and strengthened me, or I would collapse.

The only possibility was what Dectar had said. When I split myself and lived in space we could return from there to the earth and to everything related to our lives, and even abide by the laws of Isis. To that end, however, my whole personality had to be present in my body and that power had to represent me during my disembodiment.

It surprised me that I could think so clearly now. Was my helper with me? After a short while I felt something that pointed to it and a different kind of happiness entered my soul.

Then the eyes returned and looked for me. A horrible feeling came over me so that I cursed the masters. The astral poison, which the eyes radiated, awakened me and I was on the alert. They disappeared. I felt very quiet, but this was because the warmth was in and around me. The Temple of Isis appeared to be a poisoned building, where hearts had been broken and young lives destroyed over the centuries. And all this only happened to conceal their disgusting lives and devilish powers. I had returned to earth and to this life to expose this devilish band. It was endeavoured to achieve this by using Dectar and me as instruments. In the face of the world the priests did good things and even performed wonders, but I felt all this evil rushing up to me. I defied the masters, young as I was, for I had a helper who was infinitely stronger than they were. A mighty weapon was within me.

My Mother

A curse rested on this house, on those who ruled, on every stone of this poisoned building. They were all guilty, and it would collapse.

My rest served to think. And I thought. I thought very deeply of what had been granted me. I followed everything from the moment I entered. First of all, I pondered what Dectar had taught me and I had seen and experienced myself. When I was finished with that, I followed again what happened today. During all those influences, the tension, concentration, and the mysteriousness of them, I suddenly thought I felt my Mother. These thoughts were taken away from or suppressed in me as quickly as they had come over me. Yet, I had a feeling that my beloved Mother was with me. Now that I began to re-experience I returned automatically to that moment and I heard a voice beside me say:

“Hello, my dear Venry. It is me, your Mother. I am here, my boy, in and around you. We are completely one, Venry, so do not worry about anything, for I know what the Temple of Isis is and means.

You are in good hands, Venry, and so is Dectar. We shall help you, my boy. Ardaty and I ask God for strength, which will be given you because we all serve. Have you already got to know sleep, Venry? What you will then experience is mighty and you must learn it, because sleep has many secrets. We both live in those laws, Venry, it is very instructive.

Father is happy for he has his gardens here too. You will bring the treasures of this world to the earth. Your mouth will speak and you will make far journeys and see things that cannot be seen there, but we live in them and are one with them.

If new hatred should come over you, dear boy, then get rid of it. I ask you very fervently, and so does Father. They will have to account in our world for what they did, though their life does not concern you, do not ever forget that, Venry. The foundations of the Temple are mouldered, below them is darkness and I hear the crying of small children, calling for help. They are young souls who experienced the laws, and to which end they returned to the earth. I look into those young lives, Venry, and your Father knows it. Mind your task, the world must know what lives on this side. You possess those gifts and powers for they are present in your soul.

You will also receive the keys and get to know the secret laws, but you must make them your own so that you will be very strong and make Isis mighty. However, you must have patience, otherwise, you will collapse under a burden you cannot yet carry. It requires wisdom, and experience will strengthen

you. Never forget this.

Oh, do not worry, my child. We are alone and there is help, mighty help, Venry, which was extended to you when you were still a child. Listen to Dectar, he knows the laws. Their poison will kill you if you are hasty or too energetic. Your ardent enthusiasm sometimes worries me, but you will obey, will you not, Venry?

You must control yourself or solitude awaits you and that is why I have come to warn you. You are no longer a child, and later on you will understand me. Do not ask me what this means, for you would not be able to hide it, then the burden will become too heavy, and they will be able to receive your thoughts.

If you want to you may ask me questions, presently it will not be possible anymore. So, Venry, do not hesitate to ask.”

“What should I do, dear Mother?”

“Think very fervently of yourself and work, Venry. Do not permit others to pick up your feelings and thoughts, and do not let strange thoughts come over you; only your own thoughts or Dectar’s and those which constitute your life and way of thinking, for which you are here.”

“Is Father here?”

“No, my boy, though he hears us talk, and he is very happy now that he hears and sees that we are connected.”

“Did I feel correctly, Mother, that you were with me today?”

“You were living in space, I was also there and you felt me.”

“Can I not see you, Mother?”

“No, Venry, that is impossible, perhaps later on when you have acquired a lot of wisdom, your power will be great so that you possess many experiences and yet remain yourself. Is that clear to you, Venry?”

“I understand you, Mother, and am very grateful to you. Do you know the purpose of my life?”

“Yes, my boy. The God of us all bestowed great gifts on you. But when one receives gifts one is obliged to use them, though for one purpose only, which is to serve, Venry.

You will free the Temple of Isis from all its darkness and rebuild it. A great work awaits you and you will need any help you can get. Even when taking into consideration that you are very strong-willed, you would not be able to achieve it by your own power, Venry.”

“By whom, Mother, or whose will is it?”

“When I tell you that it is the wish of hundreds of souls you can accept this. They will all be pleased to help you, they follow you and help carry stone after stone to give Isis a more beautiful garment. They all do this for ‘Him’, whom we call God, but who is still unknown to your world.

If, on the other hand, you realize why you are here, my boy, then inspiration will be strong and very deep, an inspiration which drives you on, ever farther and higher, without interruption, to one goal: to accomplish your task on earth. In the space where I live and where those souls also reside, we see all this and wait quietly. However, do not think that we do nothing, Venry. We pray and ask for strength, which requires unremitting concentration and our souls send those thoughts and feelings to 'Him', who possesses Almightyness. We are quite sure of that.

Our prayers reach unto there so that the Gods will be with you. Powerlessness is far from us, we discarded unconsciousness. That worn-out feeling the soul experiences on earth, dear Venry, has changed here into reality, for we are conscious in everything.

We can now see behind things and we know, notwithstanding the space and the immensity in which we live, the tremendous depth of the smallest insect which follows its own evolution like we human beings do. If you wonder what this means I could tell you merely about this subject for the rest of my life, because the 'beginning' and also the 'end' of all life resides in it. Should you realize, dear Venry, that 'space' lives in the animal and that it could make itself understood, then man would hear and see his Creator and the space in which we are living would become visible to him. It is very encouraging, dear Venry, but they feel supreme. Try to feel our life and you will see 'Him' through whom we are."

"I shall do my best, dear Mother, I know my goal now and shall work and wait."

I felt my youth come back in me and asked: "Do you know him, dear Mother, who caused you grief? Have you already met him there?"

"Yes, Venry, Father and I know him, but it is not possible to meet him. Between us lies a world keeping us apart. It is up to him to conquer that world. The only thing we can do for him is pray, and believe me, dear Venry, my prayer is very earnest so that he feels and sees that his path too will be illuminated."

"Shall I see him, Mother?"

"It is your intention to see him here, is it not?"

"Yes, Mother."

"He spent the powers he possessed. He himself destroyed the possibility to see you and reach you on earth and to meet you in our world, dear boy."

"I still remember, dear Mother, that he said he knew me from other lives. Was that the reason why he could reach me?"

"When I see into them, Venry, many events manifest themselves and I see that he also felt something, though he did not understand everything."

"Is what he answered me untrue?"

“When he talked about love, dear boy, evil passed through his soul. Now he is himself too, and he has learned that hatred will kill him and cut him off from going on higher.

Forgive him if you love me, dear Venry, for he did not know the laws either and was a plaything for others; others lived through him, and they wanted to possess others again. There are lives present in you which you do not know now because this life dominates the others and claims you completely, yet it is one with those in which you once lived. And from those lives all these feelings originated; he lived in it and was conscious, but others urged him on to destroy us.

Believe me, dear boy, if we both had not made up we would have been destroyed. But in us is the light that Ardaty sees and feels, which is our life. Even a wrong thought, dear Venry, is a shadow in our life and that shadow darkens our light, it is a disturbance, so that our happiness is not genuine. That shadow was in and around both of us; we lived in it on earth and made his connection possible. But that is all over now, that shadow also faded away and we went further and higher. There was only one shadow in our lives, in the life of others there are clouds and even deep darkness in which they live and in which they were great on earth.”

“So you have done what you both should do, Mother?”

“When I was living there, Venry, I saw behind things and I spoke of feelings by which men can see behind the material life. Those feelings can be translated into words, if ‘He’ wants it, from whom they come and enter our heart.

This feeling lay under my heart, dear Venry, I caught this power and we both understood, however it happened, that time is not time, but working.

These feelings may arise in all beings, but they are not understood, for their feeling and their sense of hearing are materialized. I recognized them because I knew and clearly felt that this power meant happiness, gave us both what God reserves for all his life. The actual will, must be in us, Venry, we must follow ‘Him’ and accept everything; we must be prepared to die or else we cannot go ‘in’.

If you feel this, it will be clear to you that this is dying on earth; but here it means entering ‘life’, accepting and receiving the wealth of our home, and the gardens of Ardaty. This ‘life’, dear Venry, sent us flowers and the singing of birds so that you are thankful, only thankful because the joy within you gives life and happiness to everything, radiating your entire surroundings.

Those powers were in me, Venry, they came from here and entered me so that a holy stillness came over me. That very moment, my boy, when you felt this stillness in me which forced my soul to speak and tell you all about it, we lived in space. That working came over me a long time beforehand as did that

strange but fascinating atmosphere of which we were conscious.

To us it meant 'passing away', to others the escape from disaster, sorrow, and grief, followed by death on earth. And yet, dear Venry, no one can escape from it.

'Where shall we go', I said to you, 'when our paths are blocked', for our souls felt the power that gave us 'knowledge' and surrender to 'Him' who knows everything about us and called us to come to 'Him'. On earth it is thought that this is time, but that is not true, Venry, it is 'going in' and cannot mean anything else. The desire, arising within you to get to know all these laws, dear Venry, is as easy to understand as its occurrence. But how shall I explain all these wonderful laws to you, my boy, now that we know that everything is feeling, which has to be 'experienced'?

Space is 'feeling' too, Venry, so how much do we have to feel and witness if we want to be like 'He' is? It is another incredible thing when I say that fruits, the flowers, and animals, in short all life to which we human beings belong are only feeling. Will man be able to accept this wonder? And next, dear Venry, when I say that the waters is not water, but only 'feeling', would not the pharaoh punish me and have me locked up because he thinks that I deceive him and myself, and that my tongue is poisoned or that I am abnormal? You probably think that 'Omniscience' is in me, but that is not true either, Venry. The depressing feeling, my boy, which is sometimes nothing but asking to learn the 'why and what for' lies here in our hands. Improbability dissolved 'here' for us, we all had to accept that 'death' is there 'going in' into reality, and has never been different.

You see, my boy, that is knowing, is perceiving, and experiencing one's own life, it is deeper and mightier than one believes over there and yet so very simple. Notwithstanding all this depth, it lives 'in' your soul, for you were born out of it.

What I tell you, Venry, is true. I can speak like that from this world. Truth is living in me and in all those who see the light. Thus, we are 'conscious' and part of that all-inspiring 'life'. When I spoke of the infinite, dear Venry, you will remember, it was shortly before we went away, we possess it now. I do not have any self-satisfaction, dear boy, as this truth lives in me, otherwise, I would not see all this beauty.

When I retire to feel and think clearly I can make known what I feel and think. In this respect, my concentration is perfect, dear boy, and my constant thinking brought me the happiness of this 'life'. The unsuspecting 'going in' into the things of 'Him', dear Venry, might mean a fatal working for me. Then I would not be who I am, and yet, dear Venry, you hear me, do you not? You hear your Mother talking to you, and it is as if I am living there. Has my voice changed in any respect?"

“No, dear Mother, you have not changed at all and you make me very happy.”

“When happiness is in you, dear boy, do you not think, dear child, that others would like to be happy too? It will be a long time before they are prepared to listen, but you must tell them very clearly.

Dectar told you to think clearly and not to use many words, to look very earnestly at life in nature. And I also ask you: Say it very clearly, Venry. It is your soul which feels, creates, and translates it. That is speech. If there is depth and working in you, it will not be difficult to arrange the words. The greatness of it will be lost if you are not clear and your journey to our world will be like going to a worldly party; your life will be fraught with emptiness.

They will listen to you; your words will be nourishment for the soul, especially for those who come after you. When the worldly gold shines upon them, dear boy, even when they think they know better and their desires are not appeased, when they desire to be a mighty personality and to raise it above everything else, there is yet emptiness in them, dear boy, because those who want to own spiritual gold discard all worldly possessions. What they radiate is spiritual power and strength, which feeds the soul and is heavenly.

If you were allowed to see my garment, dear Venry, you would accept this too, but you must wait, only then will you see this tissue that emanates from our own feeling and thinking. It is not ‘being great’ on earth, but being humble in things which have been created by ‘Him’. Make them to tissues for your own garment so that it is like a play of colours.

The admirable thing about this, dear Venry, you will understand when I say that all this can be acquired by thinking and feeling. Now just imagine this, dear boy. You only need to think, to act and to feel naturally, then a heavenly garment is yours. However, you must then be free from hatred and all other dark feelings which form the dark garment and reduce you to those who swear and curse in sorrow and pain and even curse ‘Him’, the God from whom we originate.

Is it clear to you, dear Venry, that they themselves have woven this dark garment? Their actions form the tissues and the complete garment represents their own life. You should see them, my boy, how they stain themselves. Some of them corrupt themselves, and only for things they pursue which are born out of desire. Your heart will break, dear Venry, and there can only be love in you. I saw them, dear boy, and they are poor, very poor. They have no worldly and no spiritual gold, food or drink and they are black because their souls are dark. You should hear them swear, they curse the very things they can not do without. That is why they are living dead, because they always desire and neither see nor are convinced that a dark mass built up by their feeling and thinking follows them. Do you think, dear boy, that they

will spend just one brief moment reconsidering? If they would think back to the moment when they began to desire and would suppress the sensations which darken their lives, they would smooth a path that will be passable for them one day, which they will have to do themselves. They go ever further and keep yearning and are obsessed by what is called 'gold' on earth, by the buildings in which they live and feast, by the possession of slaves who have to serve them. In their right hand, I see the whip, in their left, they liberally dish out lies and deceit, their hearts are cold and that chilliness lives in there. They live behind a mask, dear Venry, so that other people cannot see who they really are.

In our life, we see through it because our garments show the blackness of our souls. None of them can make the jump you made, for they drop and disappear into their own darkness."

"Can you tell me, dear Mother, what such a jump means?"

"In you is the desire to be allowed to know what counterbalances gravity. Can you accept it when I say that this is possible by concentration? One similar law makes the planet earth float on, Venry, and with it all life.

He who could do that, dear boy, knows and possesses a small part of this law which is present in his own inner life and is activated by concentration. It would appear to be a great wonder, but accept from me that there are no wonders. They do not exist.

In reality you were carried: and the one who carried you drew from the source which balanced everything in space, from which winds begin to blow, lightning can flash, so that it rains and the rains pour down in torrents. It makes life awaken and grow and flourish, my boy, and this happened as a result of his feeling, his powerful thinking. And he who talked to you today is very strong in this respect, Venry, for he took you over that empty space. Once you have advanced that far, you can do it on your own power, for that is possible too."

"So there was someone who carried me, dear Mother?"

"You heard his voice today, Venry. It is very important that you should know that he is powerful. If you want to follow him you must be prepared to serve, for everything he says and sees is alive. You may also accept that when wonders happen their existence is known. In our life, everyone who possesses light can explain them. Because these wonders happen consciously and belong to reality, you can accept that we too belong to the conscious life; otherwise, we human beings would also belong to what is called space. But in us, there is feeling and we are tiny bits of all this greatness, which is 'God'.

The pharaoh will receive you, and you will speak words that will never be forgotten. When you follow him who spoke to you today, dear Venry, you will see light, and by this light 'love' and it is as a result of love that

everything lives.

Certainly, dear Venry, there are two souls, as you thought once, which represent life. Therefore, get to know one soul, the soul belonging to you, give one soul all your spiritual gold, your truth and your love, your own inner life, your heart and willpower and you will possess 'Him', the God we have come to know and who is only 'love'.

When 'love' radiates from this Temple, a stream of people will come here to get to know the great. To prepare yourself for that, dear boy, is worth living, being able to see and feel the wonders of God in which all people can be great. However, you will bring it to them, Venry, because right now you understand all these wonderful things. You are old because there is no youth. And yet, you are still a child, but your soul is already of that age. I need not explain that this concerns all your lives. Already in your youth, you lived in it. Is all this really so unnatural?

When the time comes that the elder will not acknowledge the younger, because they have to make room for them, we will see a fight of youth against old age, dear Venry, and this will be a struggle to the bitter end. Youth brings the new light, but only when reality and conviction are in them. But implicit acceptance of their own greatness will make them fall together with many others. When the great consciousness is in you, Venry, you may safely go to battle, for the new that is good must conquer.

The sorrow of those who do not feel this is great. However, one law says, 'Go and give way; you will make room for me, for my child comes to break down what is wrong.' And then what is old will fall, my boy, but the new is alive and will in turn grow old.

That way I saw my old past and I saw this breaking down and rebuilding again and again. You will accept now that this is the school for everyone. He who belongs to 'life' has to abide by this law, because it brings us to where 'He' is who gave life to all of us. It cannot be avoided, but you must possess the feeling for it.

Now listen well, my boy. The powers by which I am speaking to you will soon be used up. I wanted to tell you that you must forget this, however much you would like to possess it and carry it within you. Do not be frightened, my dear Venry, it will return in you later. Now that you feel me, you will understand why this is necessary, and you will know what I mean.

It is my wish and great desire, my dear Venry, that you should not think of me, but only of your work. Should you keep all this within you it will be seen and felt, and frightful things would happen. I could not withstand the pains that would come over me. But you will get active assistance, dear Venry; I shall help you with it. It will then be possible that you temporarily forget everything. Now that you feel me, my boy, you will understand it is

very important that it will return in you.”

“I have understood you, dear Mother, and I shall follow your advice. A few more questions, Mother. Shall I see you again?”

“Once more, dear boy, and then later on.”

“Father too?”

“Ardaty as well.”

“Why do you say Ardaty, Mother?”

“I have told you once that you will learn to know your Father.”

“What does this mean, Mother?”

“That I am going away, dear Venry. Do not ask any more and forget.”

“Just one question, dear Mother.”

“My dear boy, I read the question from your soul and shall give you an answer. You know the Lotus in moonlight? You know and feel that holy silence? We have talked about it together. In life nothing is imperfect, Venry. I am as the Gods created me.

My dear Venry, my face is now as you have always seen it. Now I am your princess, around my head is that halo woven by your great love. Feel in me the mighty desire to show myself to you, but the Gods ask for my attention and that means: wait and see.

In the distance I see the eyes nearing, dear boy, they are preparing to come to you and many others, to see whether you are learning, and abiding by the laws. I shall pray for you. Goodbye, my dear Venry.”

“Goodbye, Mother, I am very happy and grateful to you.”

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My Mother had gone. The warmth that I felt in and around me all that time also went, and I understood that my aide was near me. These powers were probably also around my Mother, otherwise she would not have been able to talk in that way. I made myself completely empty and followed my own experiences. After a short time, I did not feel anything of my Mother and of what she had said to me any more. A great deal had now become clear to me.

I understood the rapid return of Ardaty when I came to Isis. Of course, my Father as well as my Mother knew that danger threatened here, and as I had learned now, Dectar had then split himself.

My own experiences passed by again in my mind and now I stood before that sleep, which would last seven days and nights. Now that I was connected with it again I could not possibly get on. There was something that

stopped me. Should I still know more about it?

I had understood Dectar's whispering speech. In this way, I learned about all those frightful laws. I realized that I lived in a spiritual robbers' den, amidst demons of the most violent kind who were very dangerous. They sucked the student priests dry as well as the mature priests, among whom might be Dectar. These horrible beings made me shiver.

Sleep

Again and again I returned in my mind to those seven days and nights. Wasn't what I had followed enough? Did I not know sleep? These thoughts remained and I could not dissociate myself from them. Right now I felt that warmth again.

The feeling came over me that I should make myself completely empty. Next I had to wait for new sensations to enter me. In that way I could pick up thoughts and felt straightaway whether they were sent to me or, that they came to me from space. I deduced that they definitely wanted me to follow those seven days and nights. Sleep was most essential for me.

To think naturally I would have to feel life in depth. Now I came to realize it and understood Dectar's words: "To see things and follow them in a natural way is very difficult. Ardaty was a master in that."

But that is quite simple, Dectar, Ardaty lived with nature and followed everything, the awakening of flowers and fruits; he was like nature. I arrived at the conclusion that natural thinking is in actual fact experiencing everything. In this Temple they were really living, for all those who were here controlled every thought and became conscious in the process. I thought everything mighty, but very difficult and even dangerous to many of those present here. Yet, my soul awakened by it. I was nonetheless made to sleep. When I completely surrendered, I heard a voice within me say: "Sleep is deep. You must follow sleep again. Only then can you proceed."

I looked around me but saw nobody. Yet, someone had spoken to me. My Mother also spoke about sleep. I did not mind this and adjusted myself to it.

Next I descended into myself and proceeded to sleep. The moment of dropping off came over me again. I was still on the verge of sleep and it was now possible, if I wanted, to enter that unknown and incomprehensible building. I descended into it.

Now what was that? I saw a large building in front of me. I was standing on top of it, and looking down into an abyss. In this building there was nothing but a staircase meandering down. The whole building was empty. This was a vision, and I understood its meaning.

If I descended into this building, and went down the stairs in front of me, then this meant descending, that I would fall asleep. I signalled to the warmth that I understood, for I felt that I was now being guided by the warmth. I did not think it necessary to reflect upon this, so I went down immediately. Now it went down.

I had descended only a few steps when I felt that sleep was coming over

me. My body fell asleep but I myself witnessed this situation. Above me, I saw space. The building was entirely open. Now I descended some more steps and felt sleep becoming deeper at the same time. After having descended a bit more, the light in space changed into twilight. If I compared this light with the sensation within me, which meant sleep, my sleep was not deep and the slightest thing that happened with or around me would wake me up. But when I proceeded the twilight also disappeared, and my body was fast asleep.

What would happen next? I could still descend further, which I did. Soon I was in deep darkness and I got the feeling I had to tune into myself. What I now saw and felt was wonderful.

The way my material body felt during sleep, the soul experienced the same perception. This building was in fact my material body, it represented my body, but I lived in darkness during this sleep. Consequently, a material body was like this building, open on top, which meant being awake. During sleep the soul could go in and out and reach the deepest darkness, which is the deep sleep. Above this darkness, day-consciousness became effective, the eyes began to observe, and all other organs, including the brains, performed their duties intended by nature.

When I had been downstairs for some time and used to darkness I began to see. What I now saw was wonderful and yet perfectly natural. There was an opening here too, and I could proceed. Upstairs the walls were made of a compact substance, not unlike the material used in housing construction. But the deeper I descended the more rarefied the substance became. When I reached the last steps I could even see things belonging to another world, for I saw life.

A second revelation was that I was like that life, which lived behind the material world. I definitely was in a different space now. I wondered whether this was the world in which I dwelt very often when I was a child. When I thought of this, I clearly sensed that I experienced natural disembodiment.

I therefore thanked my invisible aide for these remarkable experiences. A lot of power resided in me. I understood that the soul, as a human being, as inner life, could pass through that rarefied substance, because inner life belonged to that world. In this world my Mother lived.

Therefore, when I departed from my body the soul detached itself, then it happened what I had got to know, and now experienced consciously. I entered that other world to which my soul belonged as astral life. I was now rarefied, invisible to material human beings, yet this rarefied body lived in material man. What I am learning now is very natural and mighty, I thought.

I was invited to conduct some tests. I attuned myself to the moment when Decar called me and I was beset by fear before I jumped over the abyss. Now what happened?

It got very dark below me, here where I lived. The rarity of a moment ago disappeared, and I was sent up, which was quite natural. I resisted with all my energy, but it turned out to be impossible to stay here, no power could stop this ascension. I returned so fast that I was up within one second.

While coming up, I was wide awake. It is quite natural, I thought. I could not have received a clearer vision. That fear had awakened me; it caused disharmony between my material body and the soul. My fear and a thousand other experiences and events or sensations that can be experienced in material life prevented the soul from descending very deep into the body, which meant being asleep.

If there were many disturbances in the soul, caused by being in revolt, the house would condense and the person himself was the actual disturber of sleep. He who has many disturbances cannot fall asleep. One should be completely free from all those experiences one lived through in earthly life, if one wanted to sleep naturally and descend into that space so that falling asleep in a natural way could be achieved. I thought this very strange; many questions arose in me.

Who was without thoughts? Were there people who could completely detach themselves from feeling and thinking? Were there people without any care? And what about those who do not go on in life, so that life actually destroys them? A triviality might cause disharmony and disturb sleep, but that emanated from the person.

In addition, there were physical disturbances, sickness, and other phenomena that also prevented falling deeply asleep. Now that I felt this, I understood Dectar and my own life better. I had to take care now, so that I would not become the slave of my own body. If there was harmony in me, if my thinking and feeling were natural, both would be one, act as one, perfect and natural, one in feeling and thinking. Now it was possible for me to see my own material body.

I learned to understand the working of my own material body through this vision. I followed all those organs and systems, the foundations, which supported my body. My body would collapse if I disturbed those systems. Then the soul would not have enough resistance, those sensations would touch the personality, and the collapse that I had witnessed would occur. However, I saw a variety of possibilities. It was, for instance, possible to follow falling asleep in different ways. The two bodies had to undergo an innate working and infinite space was present in those organisms. Why this falling asleep was necessary, I began to see and feel the wonder of it.

My spiritual aide let me feel that I had received enough. I fervently thanked, and understood that this did not emanate from me. I became aware of the tremendous consciousness both organisms could possess.

“Empty your mind”, Dectar had said. Now that I was empty, I felt completely one. In such a condition, I could pick up thoughts for I had experienced it. The depth of thinking and feeling seemed to be enormous for it was only in this manner that I followed the natural laws and learned to distinguish when it happened in a natural way.

“No, my dear Dectar, that is not so easy”, I said to my friend.

Again I descended to the last steps, and I stood before the other world again. However, this time I entered, and what I saw was mighty. I walked in a beautiful nature, in which I had dwelled several times when I was a child. However, now I understood this disembodiment, for I passed consciously into it.

The human soul was invisible, as was this world. The soul was a small part of all this splendour and because the soul belonged to it, I could now see and I felt it consciously. However, when I adjusted to my material body I saw that it was lying there like a dead body. I was the life in it, I controlled the body, and without me, it was lifeless. I could not have experienced it in a more natural way. This was the deepest grade of sleep when the soul could disembody to wherever it wanted, if the conscious desire was present in this life. They wanted to send me to this world, that was what I was being developed for, and what the gifts I had served for. The period of rest also served this purpose and the student priests again had to follow everything they had learned.

This re-experience made me perfectly conscious of all these laws and I got to know myself and space. Those who thought they ‘lived’ on earth did not live, and those who thought to be something, did not possess anything, for they were only thoughts. In this Temple, things were experienced and they ‘had’ to be lived through in that other world as well. In this way, one acquired those laws.

Now I took a rest, I was very tired because of all this thinking and feeling, and what I had experienced I found miraculous. After having rested for some time, I received fresh thoughts.

Our spiritual wall

Dectar spoke about space, from there we would talk to each other. Now that I had experienced it consciously I had that possibility, and I would proceed with it. If we were to talk confidentially, we should do so from there; we then lived in space.

By going to sleep, I could split myself consciously and this should be possible while walking, wherever we were. Even among the masters, we would have to do that, however dangerous it was, otherwise they would feel us immediately and we would be lost. My spiritual aide had shown me the way, I had experienced it already. When Dectar was ready, we could go quietly on. Space was infinite, it was not so easy to find us there. Apart from all the other feelings that I had to assimilate, these were the most essential ones. We could then quietly deal with the deepest problems, yet we were closed off from all of them.

When I reflected and re-experienced, I felt that sleep solved the mystery for us. That is why I had to follow this, because our closing off resided in sleep. I had to pass through sleep before I could build my wall.

Space was defined by this closing off and if I entered it, I experienced infinity. Then the soul could leave, which were the great wings, the spiritual wings, and the greatest gift the soul as people of the earth can receive. In that world the soul got to know laws belonging to the invisible world. It was beautiful and I felt very happy. Now that I had this great happiness in my possession, I understood even more. For I felt danger. I should not be happy, for they might feel it. The difficulties accumulated.

Suddenly I looked outside and was startled. There was deep darkness. The hours had flown by, but I had not noticed it at all.

Dectar said: "Do not concentrate, Venry, not even on my arrival, do not prepare yourself."

I understood that too. I would have been disturbed, and here, one did not disturb. That was also quite natural. There was nothing unnatural here; nature was miraculously perfect, only I was not. And that is how all people were and they had to acquire the natural quality as I had just experienced now.

When I had relaxed a little I went on. I spent hours building my spiritual wall and kept working on it. At last I was so tired that I fell asleep.

In the morning Dectar entered my cell. Soon we were outside and he said to me: "Very good, dear Venry, do not say a word, only adjust, it is marvelous. I am ready too."

I understood that he had followed me.

“You know that I followed you. I was also startled when it was dark. But you forgot something, Venry.”

“Did I forget something, Dectar?”

“Certainly, I am being followed, Venry.”

“How dangerous this life is, Dectar.”

“Remember the wall, Venry. We are in danger when you forget about it. We forge a secret weapon and forget what we must follow. Do not forget that I have to teach you every day, Venry. And that must continue. While you were re-experiencing, you forgot that the masters could follow you. But you relied on that other help. You thought and experienced, but in between there were other thoughts in you, very dangerous thoughts. You experienced everything, but you were not in your cell anymore and that made me anxious.

You thought of your own weapon and again you did not. You were building something, Venry, but what about all those other things? That is why it is so difficult. The point is to learn everything, to be able to go far away, but quietly, not wishing to achieve everything at once. You are far away then, though still on earth. You have taken the right path, however. There is no danger now, but be careful. In that other world, we will be safe. Do not forget, Venry, that we are still living on earth. For that reason, we shall build a faultless telepathic connection. The masters are ready with it, which is the power of this Temple. But do you feel, dear Venry, what purpose is served and by whom all this happens?”

“Has it been received by the gifted, Dectar?”

“Exactly, Venry, this has been received by those naturally gifted persons. We all serve the pharaoh and that will be to the benefit of this country. By you and me, however, and that is why I hate all this. We are slaves, Venry, and I feel happy now that I can speak. I am talking in thoughts now and you have followed me. You could even ask me questions, although it is very dangerous. You must always bear that in mind, you should never forget that. We must prepare ourselves in space. Yet we walk about in the gardens, you learn from me and we follow the laws. We discuss all these possibilities, but from there, and that is only possible by perfect splitting.”

I had followed Dectar in thought but now he spoke to me and said: “Listen well and do not forget your wall, dear Venry, all these children were bled dry. If the masters as well as the pupils were convinced and if any resistance was offered, Venry, then a dungeon waited him to die there. Most of them collapsed already before that, or a poison made their heart give out and the one-day great seer of Egypt was forgotten. Look, my dear, that hurts me, I hate it, Dectar detests it. I want to see them perish as the others did. We are

slaves, Venry.”

I had understood Dectar and he went on but as an entirely different person: “I have to teach you many words this morning, Venry.”

“Why is that necessary, Dectar?”

“To be able to speak presently, Venry. These words are needed to awaken the other words in you. The powers you possess and the various languages you once learned and spoke will be awakened by the masters to be able to explain what you see in that other world. You need not learn anything else and know our language completely. What I will teach you is sufficient. Those words will raise others in you. Is it not easy, Venry?”

“I think it is splendid, Dectar.”

“We know, Venry, that you have been in this country in the past and you learned a lot during that life. In addition there are other possibilities, which you will get to know later on.”

Dectar taught me a great many words. I listened carefully and when he had finished, he said: “You see, Venry, I have had to learn very much but you will not have to anymore. Changes have been made for those who are naturally gifted. They may not learn anything at all of what we know, for that disturbs the gifts.”

For a while we walked side by side and were lost in thought. Dectar was a master and possessed magnificent gifts; he was known as a great healer. What he perceived in me, however, was much deeper than he could ever achieve on his own. I possessed the highest possible gifts known. By means of my gifts I saw the things as they had developed, though these gifts were not yet conscious. Dectar wanted to possess those gifts, only then would he be a king in thought and concentration, would he possess feeling and thinking, of which the ordinary people of the earth knew nothing. These gifts were only known to the priests. I had to repeat the words he mentioned to me time and again, and, when he was satisfied, we continued to build our spiritual wall. Next he said to me:

“You see, dear Venry, I can tell you all these things now because we are one and, in this respect, we possess the same gifts and powers. All those years went by, I could not tell anyone, otherwise my life would be endangered. Then you would not have known anything about this Temple and not understood what Isis meant. And yet you have to know everything.”

“What does Isis mean, Dectar?”

“In this Temple one gets to know the powers of nature, Venry. But especially love. The masters will learn all those laws but through us. Our sign is like this goddess, Venry, nature is our Supreme Mistress and Lotus the feeling present in everything, and which we must get to know.

But where is all that love? We live in the Temple of Isis and we will make

Isis great. Dear Venry, you know what I mean when I speak of Isis or I would not dare speak like this and I would be unclear. I saw and felt Lotus and fell silent because 'love' came over me. At this place, I learned to understand my own life and to know theirs.

It is not at all deep, Venry, because infinity is lost and neglected; Lotus is defiled so that my education is blocked. You knew nothing of all these truths, but do not worry, Venry, I followed you in everything and I am ready. However, the masters are ready too, but I have been able to follow them. I cannot tell you anything about it yet, perhaps later on, now it would be too much for you.

Dectar has thought very deeply and naturally, Venry. I learned to understand my own sign, I accepted this life like they wanted me to, but I watched, guided myself through all those dangers and I am still doing so. Here 'love' lives and you will get to know this love. Enough said, Venry."

We walked on and Dectar taught me to feel and follow nature. In the meantime he made additional tests and checked our wall. Next, we visited the animals to put our secret being-one to the test. Dectar entered the pens and played with the animals. He knew no fear. He was not afraid in this respect. He played with the animals and since I knew that he entered the pens by other powers, for he remained attuned to me in feeling and thinking, I greatly admired his gifts.

It was also clear to me that I was at the beginning of my development. Dectar was very advanced already and conscious of many mystic laws. When I watched his activities and thought of all those powers, he called me: "Come on, Venry, enter and play with it."

He was in the cage of one of the mightiest animals. An incredibly large lion played with him and he had the animal under control, even if it would pounce upon someone else. Dectar would be able to take his food away even if the animal was very hungry. He seemed to be infallible in his concentration in respect of worldly beings, men and animals, however dangerous the animals and the powers and forces of human beings were.

I entered the pen, adjusted at once to the animal and it obeyed me.

"You see, Venry, it listens already, your will has become much stronger."

I quietly experienced this sensation. Yet, I should not be getting ideas, for I would not be myself anymore and danger would threaten. Infallible intuition meant being fully adjusted to one aim. The animal licked my hands, lied down and felt my power. Its obedience was perfect. When I understood that, I played my powers off against the animal and forced it to follow me. The animal walked out with me. In the meantime I did not neglect my concentration on Dectar, but at this instant I felt my aide and I understood that this was possible. Dectar saw that the animal wanted to leave the cage and

said: "Are you so sure of it, dear Venry?"

"Just let me, Dectar, I am quite sure of it."

When I wanted the lion to lie down it did at once. How quickly the animal listened to me, I did not even hold it; it followed me like a tame animal. We were completely one. I wanted it to sit down and lick my hands. It opened its mouth and did what I wanted. Now I felt what concentration and being one meant.

A warmth rose in me, it was deep love for the animal and this feeling dominated the animal. The lion felt inclined to play with me and I knew these feelings too, for they were mine. Suddenly, strange feelings and thoughts came over me. I thought I knew this animal. I felt thousands of animal species in it and I would be able to follow these species. Subsequently I saw all these species and that was too much for me.

I walked with Dectar and the lion through the gardens. This was not so exceptional as everyone who wanted to achieve priesthood had to be able to do this. But for me who had only been here for a short time it was considered tremendous, for it determined the extent of my power and will.

A high priest who saw us approached and watched the game. He let me carry out other tests and the animal obeyed. I dominated the animal to the extent that it fell asleep as a result of my concentration. It was subdued to my will and that caused the animal to sleep. When I brought it back to its pen it flopped down and fell asleep.

Dectar let me feel that he wanted to expose our wall to a very last test. He would speak to me now. An insensitive human being would not be able to follow our being one, but beside us was a master endowed with intuition. The high priest wanted me to bring other animals under control, but in the meantime, Dectar told me a very different story seriously criticizing the laws and everything concerning this Temple. The master did not feel anything; our wall was perfect.

Once again, Dectar criticized this Temple sharply. I understood what would be awaiting us if he had been able to follow and feel us. The physical and spiritual chastisements would be incalculable: no food for days on end and maybe total destruction. Dectar put all his eggs in one basket: nothing at all or completely ready. I felt that we were ready; he surely would know what was possible and what was not. He was a learned priest.

The high priest failed to notice anything, a secret and invisible radiation covered our feeling and thinking, veiled our being one. When the high priest followed me Dectar said to me as if it had not been enough: "If we were not pure and one, dear Venry, believe me, we would become feed for the animals."

Meanwhile I continued; I forced several animals to do what I wanted while

the master looked on. Next, I followed his thoughts and inner life. When I did so and followed his train of thought I met Dectar on my way to him. Dectar had also split himself and looked at me significantly, but said after a short while: "You see, we are still in our bodies but we can meet in space already. I too want to follow his thoughts. Now return quickly, it is splendid."

We went back quickly and my person became one again. What I had achieved was sufficient for the high priest to carry out fresh tests. He called for Dectar and said: "Tomorrow both of you must come for further tests." Then he left.

I had now experienced being completely conscious and to witness mysterious powers all the same. Adjusting to an animal was superb; I remained one with Dectar and most splendid of all was that we had met in the high priest. At first, we thought that he had felt us, but that was not possible. Dectar was delighted and said: "We must go on following him, Venry. If you feel uncertain and remain so, we shall lock ourselves up over there and we must stay there for the time being. We shall go for a walk again and I will tell you about various laws, but we will keep following him."

This we did, but we did not feel anything particular. While connected we perceived that the master felt himself and did not think of the event anymore. This certainty within us was proof that we were ready. Our wall was perfect, although danger was threatening all the time.

We spent the night carrying out an investigation, for Dectar wanted me to disembodify; he would put me to sleep. This was necessary for the next day. My own Master subjected me to a first test.

My first conscious disembodiment by concentration of will

Dectar returned to me and said: "You see, Venry, we now skip the years other pupils have to go through. We can use your gifts right now. We attained this by thinking and feeling, but they need ten years and some of them fifteen. There are also pupils who achieve nothing at all. Now I will try to put you to sleep and then you must tell me from that other world what you see. Would you like that, Venry?"

"I should like to, Dectar; just tell me what I must do."

"Lie quietly down on your back and make your mind completely empty."

"Do I remain conscious, Dectar?"

"That is the intention, Venry. In that other world you will be conscious and you will begin to see, but your body will be asleep. You have experienced it, have you not?"

Dectar looked at me and I asked: "Did you follow me, Dectar?"

"Do you not you realize that I am your master, Venry?"

"I am very grateful to you, Dectar. You are a learned priest."

"You will speak to me from that world, Venry. Do you feel that this is possible?"

"Yes, Dectar, I understand you."

"Well then, when you are there I am going to ask you questions. The masters will do so tomorrow, but then we shall be prepared."

I laid down; Dectar sat at my feet and concentrated on me. I immediately began to feel tired and sleep overwhelmed me. I sank deeper and deeper and became unconscious. My organism had now attained a condition of trance, which in fact meant nothing but being asleep.

Next, I began to see. I saw light around me. I descended into my own organism and followed the working of my heart. I subsequently saw my blood circulation and the activity of the lungs, but the activity was reduced to five percent, because I myself was the driving force, the inner life of my material organism. I experienced this curious sensation several times. Time and again, I descended into my body to follow the working of all organs.

That way I saw that the blood circulation accelerated, the heart beat faster and my body gradually activated. I caused this working, I who now lived outside the organism. My whole body was illuminated inwardly and this power it owed to Dectar's concentration, as a result of which, all organs became visible. He asked me what I saw and I heard him say: "Do you hear me, Venry?"

“Yes, Dectar, very clearly.” My mouth spoke these words by adjusting my will and concentration to the organs; next, by uttering my feelings. This was a new wonder to me again, a new experience I had not known before. It was miraculous.

Dectar said: “You should concentrate better and speak more clearly, Venry. Do you feel what I mean, Venry?”

“Yes, Dectar, for I see how this speech takes place. The vocal chords receive this power and working from me. I see a cord, Dectar, which runs from me to my material body. I am connected with it; you are no doubt familiar with it. When I think and want to talk it goes automatically, the cord relays my feelings and will. It passes them on to the other organs, of which the brains are part, those brains make my mouth pronounce what I feel and want to say in the world I am now living in.”

“Excellent, Venry, you are perfect right now, it is a miracle, and that without school or education, it is splendid and you spoke to me clearly.”

He continued: “You should use as few words as possible, Venry, speak very briefly, but explain everything clearly.”

“Does this concern the tests, Dectar?”

“During the tests we must try to be very accurate, Venry. Only see what they ask you to see, nothing else. Can you leave, Venry?”

“Yes, Dectar, I will go to your room.”

“No, do not, Venry, not yet, maybe later, we may not leave your own room.”

“I will stay, Dectar.” Now I strolled about in my own cell and tried to touch Dectar from my world. He felt that at once and saw what I did.

“Very good, Venry, you are highly gifted. Now descend into me and see.”

When I concentrated on Dectar I began to see and observed an old scar where his flesh had been torn by an animal. I even saw that event and also that Dectar had been in great danger. This had happened at Isis as many as fifteen years ago. When I told him what I saw he called out: “It is all absolutely correct, Venry, excellent; now look into my head.”

When I adjusted myself to his head I felt a violent stress come over me. I saw all the tissues very clearly, as well as the brains and their working. And there I felt and saw the disturbance. I observed this disturbance and took it over from him. It was caused by the head nerves. It was clear to me that I could free him from it.

“Lie down, Dectar.”

He lay down on the floor. I descended into the tissues and followed the nervous system. By concentrating on it, I saw where the disturbance was located. I irradiated this spot and made magnetizing stroking movements. Dectar suffered agonies. The tissues had swollen, and the swelling of these

delicate tissues caused pain. I saw a complicated web before me, and in it, which was formed by the vital organs, I saw the disturbance. To that end, I had to follow the entire organism.

By concentration and thinking I removed the nervous stress which had accumulated by exhaustion. In this way, I followed one organ after another and descended deep into the phenomenon. When I had finished the pains disappeared after some time, and Dectar felt completely free of them. Although I had achieved a lot, I felt that this could not happen all at once.

Dectar said: "I am very glad, Venry, right now your perception and following of my organism are perfect."

I now felt the power in me, which enabled me to heal sick persons. I very clearly saw the source of the illness and its activity, as well as the cause which automatically entered my own organism and which I could even feel in this life. I could not possibly err. I could infallibly diagnose the illness; that was beyond any doubt. What I saw and experienced lived in Dectar, and I could see that life.

Dectar let me feel that I had to return. But before I prepared to do so I heard him say: "Just try to return slowly, Venry. What you will observe then is miraculous, but while returning you must pay proper attention to your own material body, then you will feel how you reactivate the organism again yourself, so bring it to life and working. Next you will wake up."

I followed this event and slowly returned into my own body. The organs accelerated their working until normal conditions were restored, then I lived in my own body again and opened my eyes. I was on earth again.

"It is a great wonder, Dectar."

"A very great wonder, Venry, though at the same time quite simple and natural, for we people are no different. However, we know the soul and all its powers. Do you know how long it took before I had advanced that far?"

"I do not know, Dectar."

"Seven years passed, Venry, seven long years and yet I am naturally gifted. Now look at yourself."

"Shall I be able to heal, Dectar?"

"Those gifts are in you, Venry, but I think they will make no use of them."

"Why not, Dectar?"

"Well, Venry, that is very simple. We all can heal, but what you have, no one else has. It is known here that actually we cannot help man at all. In his non-consciousness, Venry, man attracts his own illnesses. If we could spiritually develop all these people, we would achieve much more than healing all these sicknesses, which after all will recur again. They invariably attract some disease or other, mostly because of their non-conscious life. The soul has this power, Venry. I know what is wrong with me now, it is my own fault. But this

does not alter the fact that these phenomena have come to me as a result of my inner feeling and thinking. In fact, I overburdened all these organs. For a period of time, it went alright, Venry, but then my material resistance was broken and the illness came over me. All sicknesses, however terrible they may occasionally be, are fed by inner life. We have been able to follow this clearly. An accident, dear Venry, is a very different thing. If all these human beings were conscious and could accept that the soul possesses everything, that they could adjust like we can, they wouldn't have any illnesses."

"That is a wonder too, Dectar."

"This is quite natural, Venry. Now that the masters know this and see that the great wings are within you, I think that they will not order me to develop you in that respect. We shall stop now and go to sleep, Venry. Tomorrow we shall continue."

Dectar left and I fell asleep.

My first conscious spiritual walk at Isis

I already departed from my body while falling asleep and I beheld earthly life from that other world. First of all, I wanted to visit Dectar. When I had made my decision and wanted to go, the well-known warmth came suddenly over me, which I felt more strongly than ever before, but I saw nobody. Then I left.

When I left my cell, I adjusted myself to Dectar. Wherever he might be, nothing could disturb me for I was automatically taken to what I thought. I already got to know these powers in my youth, and now I understood what I should do. Soon I entered Dectar's room, which was slightly larger than my cell.

He was fast asleep. I did not think it necessary to wake him up. I possessed that possibility, for I only had to concentrate for a moment and the inner life was elevated to day-consciousness and Dectar would wake up. The organism and inner life were completely one. When I adjusted myself to him, I saw that Dectar had suffered agonies, of which he had not spoken. However, I saw more. Dectar healed himself. He had adjusted a natural and strong concentration on himself. I was allowed to observe how he intended to heal his own body. How curious is everything that I can experience here, I thought. Next, I followed his inner life.

Dectar's feeling and thinking were entirely adjusted to wisdom, and for that, he gave his own life. He wanted to earn something for himself in this life, as a result of which his enormous concentration had achieved that level. In this respect he was a master. He yearned to be allowed to disembodify. He wanted to dwell in that other world where I now lived. He wanted to be allowed to see, to float on, and receive. To him these were the greatest gifts known at Isis.

I noticed that I could free him from his body. If we could walk together in this world, it would mean perfect happiness for him and me. To reach this he had had to study for years. Yet he belonged to the naturally gifted already, and he had been able to achieve this level.

However, I felt I should return to my own cell. I said goodbye to Dectar and now walked through the walls. I could see everything clearly; I saw the places where I was. The secrets of earthly and spiritual life were not mysteries to me now, for I lived in these secrets and saw into all those mysteries of which man was still unaware. Now I lived consciously between 'life and death'.

My present situation meant 'life', but 'life on earth' was temporary and

related to death. There one would die; here was no death, for here there was only life. I caught all these beautiful thoughts from space and was most grateful for I understood that I was being followed. This comforted me. I dared not yet visit the rooms of the high priests, although I would like to very much. I provoked as it were all those masters; my youthful enthusiasm saw and knew no danger, but I had to return. Suddenly, I was beset by a horrible fear.

Oh, my Dectar, I did not think of that. If only nothing terrible has happened. The masters departed from their bodies at night, which I knew because I had experienced it. But now that I returned to my body, I became very quiet. When I entered my cell, I saw everything was all right. Fortunately, my cell was empty. Now I experienced another wonder. Thoughts in me in the form of questions came over me, reading: "Imagine the masters were here the very moment you visit your friend. How do you want to explain your absence? Would you be able to point that out to them so that you will escape punishment?"

I startled; these thoughts were as if a voice had spoken within me. You are careless, Venry, I told myself. You play with Dectar's life, you do not build up because of your carelessness, but you destroy yourself and Dectar's life. I was already feeling sorry, but immediately after I heard a voice say in me in the same way: "Do go, you winged one, go, but take better care of yourself and your friend."

"Thank you very much, invisible friend, I will do my best to be more careful."

I did not think this over for a long time and left again. In the world where I stayed there was perfect rest. To be allowed to walk here was a blessing, a mercy, and an unbelievable joy. I stayed in my own surroundings, visited the other cells, and looked at the priests of whom I had not even seen one. I should not forget the number of cells I visited because I wanted to tell Dectar. My experiences would surprise him and he would want to take a spiritual walk with me.

After having visited all those cells, I returned to my body. Having arrived there new thoughts forced themselves on me. I felt that when I calmly descended into my body, I myself and my body would not awaken. Next, I would soon fall asleep and not be aware of anything anymore. Consequently, I attuned myself to my descent.

My spirit accepted the workings of my organism during the descent, the two bodies merged and became completely one and I fell asleep.

When Dectar came to me in the morning, I was ready and we could leave immediately. I understood how keen his perception and feeling were when he said, even though he had not experienced that night: "I perceive, dear

Venry, that you are far more conscious. Have you already received the great wings?"

I told him of my experiences and he thought my development and aide were miraculous. The number of priests also tallied.

Dectar's yearning; my mother

"You see, Venry, this is only for those who are naturally gifted. You cannot learn that, nor can I, but you will help me. I want to look down upon everything and everybody who is after darkness; to that end I want to possess a lot of wisdom, and so, I must be able to go where I want to. I want to be mighty, dear Venry, and see what lives between heaven and earth; it is not until then that I will be satisfied and happy. But there are some unpleasant things I have to tell you."

"What is the matter, Dectar?"

"You have to go into the darkness by yourself, Venry, you'll see neither day nor night."

"What is the good of it, Dectar?"

"In the world where you'll presently go to, great danger is always lurking. We must take all precautions for those who possess these gifts, so that they are prepared, Venry. So you must be made ready."

"Why that quickly, Dectar?"

"That is because of your tests, they took good notice and observed that you have made a lot of progress. I was told you had to go through this too."

"Is it useful, Dectar?"

"It certainly is."

"What do you do when I am shut in?"

"I have got to heal, Venry, there are many sick people."

"Can I not come with you?"

"No, not yet, maybe later on."

"What will happen next, Dectar?"

"There will be many more tests. The first few years will be spent in this manner. Subsequently, you will make journeys, but if I do not see to it that we are ready, another master will be sent to you; then I can heal and see, but nothing beyond that. And that is very little, Venry."

A gloomy influence lay around Dectar, and it seemed to me that he was very sad. He said to me: "Dectar can see a lot and hear well, Venry, but that is all. I perfectly realize that I cannot progress any further, for my gifts are exhausted. I cannot go any deeper, or see anymore, so that I must remain where I am now, and that makes me very sad. You must help me repair one of my wings, Venry, only then shall I be able to go far away and float in space. Then I can tell them what I see and that will make me very happy. Sometimes I want to go far away from Isis and from this earth. Then I will be there and see everything, but there is a voice in me telling me not to leave. Oh, Venry,

that is terrible for then I cannot see anything anymore. All my gifts will have gone and I will live in darkness. There it is neither day nor night and I will go through the process of decay of my own material body.”

“What are you talking about, Dectar?”

“That is still a great mystery to you, Venry, but you will get to know it as soon as you will be conscious of everything. It is dying and not dying, it is being tied to this body in which I now live, but then this body is dead and I will have to experience what is called dying off.”

“Where do you get these ideas from, Dectar?”

He looked at me in amazement and said: “Do not speak of thoughts, Venry, this is reality. We know these laws. From within me a voice tells me not to do so. Here we get to know these laws, however, other priests have seen it and that is why we know a lot about it.”

“What does that mean, Dectar?”

“That I may not kill myself, Venry. We must live on earth as long as the Gods deem that appropriate. Finishing life irrevocably means the flowing away of everything. Then I have no gifts anymore, no day or night, only my body which lives in a terrible darkness. I will have to experience that the worms gnaw my body.

What I am cannot be killed, Venry, it lives and must go on living, for there is no death in that other world. We have known that for a long time and you also know this life now.”

Dectar then told me horrible things and what he said made me very sad. I got to know another personality and yet he was himself.

He continued: “You did not feel this correctly, Venry. I am not myself now, even when you think I am. My inner life is very strange and I no longer see the things as they are. This has been going on for years. Sometimes I make some progress, but then I drop back and have to start all over.

These worms hold me back and I cannot bear that horrible occurrence. I am completely at a loss and I feel very catastrophic, Venry. But you will help me, will you not, and release me so that we may experience together what I am longing for, what I am yearning for.”

“How sad you are, Dectar. It is overwhelming you, my friend, you have changed remarkably.”

“Ah, dear Venry, meanwhile mind our wall, do you hear, you must never forget that, otherwise, we cannot talk anymore about the things which hurt my heart. When love takes you by surprise you cannot go on. Then you cannot see clearly anymore and everything is different. You suffer unbearable pains, Venry, but then I know that she is on earth. My soul receives and feels those sentiments and I pass on into them, for they come over me from far away, Venry, and I hear her cry. Believe me, Venry, it is as if an animal gnaws

my heart and yet I am powerless because I cannot nourish my soul. There is always that hunger and thirst, and I am very unhappy because I know she is sad too.

Oh, if only you want to help me, I could then look for her from that world and find her. Now it is not possible, for I am a prisoner, just like wild animals in their cage. They get their food, but their heart desires space too and so they will never be satisfied.

It is impossible for me to tell you everything now, but you will be able to feel me, for if I tell you everything you will not be able to think anymore and we must prepare ourselves. I ask you, dear Venry: Is being here perfect? Do we have to kill this yearning? Do I have to destroy in me what makes me happy and from which everything originates? Would this Deity, who created me and all other beings, want that? Do the powers in me have to fade away and only die off in perception and healing? I think a lot about that, dear Venry, but nobody has yet been able to help me. Still it recurs in me all the time, and then I know that she is on earth like me, and that she is sad, in distress.

I was already locked up. I felt my death, but there too it remained in me and gnawed at my heart. My life is pure, otherwise, I would not be able to feel and think. I am not old either, Venry, and I can even make myself very young. If I want to I can be of your age. I possess that gift. If the animals are allowed to possess it, Venry, why should we not, as human beings? Is the curse within me God's will? Has the fire within me to be smothered? Is not the pharaoh a human being like I am, and does he not possess his love too? Take it from me, dear Venry, I feel like a slave and shall have to remain so."

Dectar looked around very anxiously. We entered my Father's gardens. He went on talking, his yearning made his heart ache and, although I was young I deeply felt those pains coming over me. There was a conscious power in him, which made him one with another being.

All this had to do with another life. How is it possible, I thought? He yearns and knows why; he feels love, the sorrow of a soul, the soul he knew in some life or other. But now this soul is on earth and yearns like he does, feels and asks day and night to be allowed to be loved. This very love, that feeling, thinking and yearning I found horrible. To be able to think and feel deeply and to be allowed to possess gifts was a mercy. But having to feel other lives and to be conscious in them was a torture. I should not be allowed to know about all this but I understood him perfectly.

When I followed his thinking and feeling it was clear to me that he could not be wrong, for his soul, the life that belonged to him, now lived on earth. Right now I wanted to be allowed to disclose this secret to him and to make my good friend happy.

Suddenly, I tore some leaves from a plant.

“Eat them, Dectar.”

He did as I instructed and became quiet again.

“This is innate too, Venry. You know how to kill these feelings. I cannot adjust myself now, but I knew about it. In your Father’s gardens many miracles can be found. There are plants to kill, to smother a fire like this one and to heal the wounded and sick. He was a master at that. In all those gardens his children lived, the eyes looking at him were of those who had to leave too soon and who are now there, Venry, where we also want to go and the secret of which is only known to the high priests. Your Father did not want this, dear Venry. All these herbs are for the sick, not for the purpose we talked about a minute ago, for there is a curse on it. I know where all those little ones are who passed away too soon, for at night I sometimes see very clearly. When visions about that came over me, Venry, I followed them on those journeys and I understood the curse resting on this Temple.

Whether I was helped like you, I do not know, for I played with my own life. Were the Gods benevolent to me? Now that you know something about all the secret powers, you can feel me and consequently understand what I did. They cannot be followed, Venry, yet I could go where I wanted to when they had embarked upon their nocturnal journeys and blessed walks.

I ask you: Were the Gods with me? Did the Gods want me to observe? Believe me, dear Venry, my eyes were full of tears which came from the bottom of my soul; I cried over the sorrows of all these little beings who would come to earth to experience something, like all of us.

“Go and return to yourself, discard the things that are not for you.” Smooth talk, dear Venry, but they do not obey the laws, for they shut the cell doors behind them and only open them again when the beast in them has subsided. You should see them, Venry, they dare not look up, there is no night and no light in them, only fear, fear of the Gods, they are afraid to be seen or followed, because they know how to act and cannot claim any laws. When all those shadows, those souls, Venry, receive the next life and return to Isis again, there will be a struggle to the death and all those masters will perish, believe me.

‘Go and learn to know yourself, discard all those feelings and desires and kill them.’ How often did I hear that, and what do they do? I see the shadows, Venry, of all those little lives and the priestesses who disappeared from this life. They all call me to help them, because the Gods so wish. Yet I look on helplessly, Venry, and do not know what to do with all these secrets. Could your heart bear them, Venry? Would you be strong enough if I told you everything? Is it strange then, Venry, that sadness sometimes overcomes me?

I cried, though not because of weakness, and I wondered whether the

Gods consented and whether the pharaoh knew all this. How I prayed, Venry, prayed for an answer, but the Gods did not hear me and I thought that I knew. Could it be so, Venry, because such feelings are also in me? But I swear to you, my life is unblemished, I have not been a bad person. I give my life for the genuineness, for my sick and everybody else who needs me, but especially to get to know the truth. Is that not mighty? It lives within me and I feel the naturalness of these feelings.

I love winter and summer, I can do without food and drink, and am prepared to help the sick with all my energy. For many suns I can wait for my own death, and I can be one with darkness, but having to bear, Venry, that my heart goes on beating and yearning, I cannot stand.

Oh, my friend, how I must warn you. When this comes over you, you will be unable to see anything or disembody. You will receive nothing because it would burn you inwardly. In the darkness, beings will come to you and you must know how strong you are. That is why I told you about it. They resemble human beings, Venry, yet they are shadows, and they belong to those who are dead. If you want to approach them they will leave, but they will come back and enter you.

As a priest you have got to conquer everything. You must be prepared to see and go through it, and yet remain yourself. You can feel how mighty they are when I say that they love, and possess oils and the choicest herbs only the pharaoh knows and possesses, which come from other countries. They know many secrets, Venry, and they will ask you to listen to them, for they will make music and dance their dance of shadows. But woe betide you, dear Venry, if you admire that.

You are still young, but your soul is old, and they make that fire flare up within you. They make it spark off. See to it, dear friend, that you remain yourself, that they do not surprise you, for there will be no hope left. I will dry out like the meat stored here. Do not think, Venry, that I speak in riddles, it is highly necessary for me to tell you about it.”

Dectar told me horrible things. Carefully he made it clear what was in store for me. He told me the secrets of Isis by his own sorrow and desires. Dectar was a master, a refined being and a true son of man.

He went on:

“My speech does not seem very important, does it, Venry? However, you should not be careless. It may seem to you that I am a supplicant, but I know that you will not renounce me, so that I may set foot on the ‘evergreen meadow’, where flowers bloom. All that eternal life smiles at you, dear Venry. But when twilight lifts you must return to your material body. I know what it is like there, even though I have not been allowed to experience it during the short period in my life at Isis.”

“How do you know, Dectar?”

“It is in my soul, Venry; as there are gifts in you, these feelings and this knowledge were in me when I was born. I saw the ‘meadow’ before me, as a child I could see very clearly. Sometimes I played in the ‘meadow’, whereas my material body lived on earth. You know how this is possible.

At the ‘meadow’ it is lovely to walk; it is like a journey through space. The enchantment it emanates is heavenly. I was there a long time ago, Venry, but then I was someone else, and had a different body and a different name. I see that life very clearly before me.

When I was there I knew her, and she was so sweet, oh so sweet, Venry. I often think of her, and then I see myself and her as we walk in silence. And because of this I know that she is on earth and I will see her again. I know that she has received a new body. But then, dear Venry, I start yearning, for my soul is one with her. I think she is a priestess, for then I feel her near me, and I look her up at Isis. When on the other hand I entirely empty myself to follow my feelings and perception, I see her in the outside world.

In her present face, Venry, I recognize the other face, which is so dear to me, for she is mine, mine alone. Her soul and mine are one. The Gods combined us to one being and that will remain so forever. But we had to part again, Venry, and all people will experience this. There is only one soul who belongs to us and we know that soul, even if I am a priest now. I cannot believe that she has forgotten me. Whose would be the feelings which come over me? There is not one human being on the entire earth, dear Venry, who can pick up these deep feelings, for I am like she is. Nobody else can be like that; we are completely one.

Do you feel, dear Venry, what that means? We are like two flowers of the same shade, and in the way offspring resemble their mother. Like two stars. We are one in feeling and thinking, even though I possess different properties.

I live for her, she lives for me, and we both serve. She will breathe through me, Venry, for she feels my heart, my earnest will, so that we are most grateful. In her I see the interpretation of life, we both pass on into it, but we are now on our way and have been for centuries, dear Venry, for we both forgot ourselves. The earth is great, my friend, nature is tremendous, a twinkling star-sparkled sky overwhelms us, but this love, my friend, exceeds everything. I am not at all conceited when I say that we both possess everything and that everything means that the entire space belongs to us. But I am not yet ready, Venry, nor is she, and therefore we had to part.

If you believe that this is a punishment I am prepared to explain this. For the opposite is true, Venry, Dectar has that in his own hands. And still despair comes over me.

When I see her on earth I am anxious, for she is very rich and of noble birth, and I am only a poor priest. You surely sense, dear Venry, that there is doubt in me and that is terrible. But when she is on earth and very rich and she does not have this knowledge, I shall have to wait until she awakens. For she must know that it is I, and must be longing to see me. When this consciousness is in her she must yearn for me. The smallest insect experiences these curious feelings, Venry, and we human beings would not? When space is in me, knowledge will follow. But when I do not understand myself, and doubt hurts my heart, my heart beats quicker and quicker and makes my poor head burst. Then suddenly everything fades away and I am myself again. Dectar looks up into the smiling face of some 'God', and understanding comes over me, dear Venry, and I feel like a child. Oh, believe me, dear friend, I made the Gods many sacrifices, but they were not always accepted. However, the Gods know about every soul, for we originate from them, Venry.

Would you do me a favour and look her up when you possess the great wings? You can do this for me, Venry, you know the 'meadow' for you have been there. You will also be able to see behind all these walls which surround them, where the priestesses live and the high priests enter to change their age into youth; and we are not allowed to know anything about that.

However, I want to possess the friskiness of a lamb, and the relaxation and wings of a bird of prey, to rest on my wings in space and to look down upon those who disfigured me. I want to move about as a king of the air and know myself throughout, so that there is no doubt left in me. I want to see through their passions and emptiness, as well as the robes they wear. I shall be very confident, dear Venry, like my heart tells me I should be. Nothing will cut me off anymore and even the rare gates of Isis will not stop me anymore.

I equally love the wildness of a predator or the relaxation of a toad, but I particularly love space and light, and in addition, the wisdom living there and out of which we were born. Now listen to me, Venry.

Look, there in front of you, Venry, next year we shall be able to enter there, walk up and down, to the right and the left, and to absorb your Father's happiness. Those who can dwell there have received what they wanted to attain during that time, but they will become priests, dreamers and sleepers, and experience the torture of the organism. It goes very deep, Venry, for this Temple is mighty and known for its many species of herbs raised by your Father's mastery. If you are ever there, and the Gods want you to know why these gardens were cultivated, then descend. It was here that Ardaty met your Mother."

"What do you mean, Dectar? My Mother, here at Isis? Who ordered you to tell me that?"

“Ardaty, my dear Venry.”

I took Dectar’s hands in mine and looked at him. Then I overheard:

“The herbs did not help, Venry, they would not produce their deadly effect, for Ardaty was a master. You were to live, my dear, and you are alive, are you not? We must be very careful now. So do pay attention, I feel something and it is approaching us. All this you have to know, Venry.”

“My Mother was a priestess and I her child?”

“Did I not prepare you, Venry? Would I otherwise have unburdened my heart? But have you not known that for a long time? Your Father took her away from here and his heart was ready to receive your dear Mother and to share the deep sorrow with her. He gave her a new life, of which love is the space and of which I told you. They too are completely one.

You must possess patience and composure if you want to follow her and receive your Father’s blessing, if you want to know the secret of your own life. It is why your Mother cared for her boy, and that will be the powers that the Gods give you.”

I was deeply moved. Dectar continued:

“How can your soul be moved, dear Venry, now that you have received the truth? You can only show gratitude; all they wish is that you will be allowed to know and remain yourself.

My dear Venry, look into nature and know that I must hide. You must follow me.”

After a little while Dectar said to me, but as a completely different being:

“There is always danger, Venry. Well, it is a little quieter now, but the following and searching for my soul was a very serious event. But look, Venry, down there. One night I heard the singing of a nightbird in space. It broke the nightly silence. Can you follow me? You should know this too.

Listen, Venry, now listen to this song, dear friend, and your heart will relax and there cannot be hatred in you. Hatred kills, hatred destroys the strongest person and makes one forget oneself and lose one’s common sense. But the waters closed over a body, dear Venry, and she was dead, however, not that body but the event; the night gives way to the day, those who were guilty recovered themselves. Know, my dear, that someone guards, that someone feels and thinks for us, who will heal my lame wing. To this end you will receive the powers, to hide all this right now, otherwise, we shall be blinded. And think of the ‘meadow’ and look for her if you feel what I feel. My heart will then relax.

Keep following me, Venry, they will return. Look there, down in the depth, I will show you what I told you a minute ago. Do you feel it, Venry?”

“Yes, Dectar, we are being followed, but I am in space. They are looking for us and we shall lose ourselves if there is no resistance in us.”

“If we did not have our wall, Venry.”

“Is my secret down there, Dectar?”

“Those who merely look at it will be followed straightaway, Venry. This spot is guarded day and night but you will understand that only later.”

Suddenly Dectar turned around and pointed to the building, stretched his left hand and said:

“There you see the masters, Venry, behind the walls. But you can see through them. The dead speak, and their hearts implore for revenge. A sword cannot be any sharper than the feelings awakened by remorse. Behind these walls, in the Temple of Isis, you will discover a lot of secrets. But there is no light, Venry, only darkness. One day all dead beings will rise and reign here; then we will see and have reached the ‘meadow’, or we will have proceeded to see, feel, and experience our awakening. My words are not powerful enough to express what lives in my soul, but you can follow me and observe it. Really, dear Venry, this morning my ‘self’ is doomed to listen to what the dead have to say, but another time love will be far from me and I will be myself again completely. When that day comes, Venry, I will be allowed to know everything, and you will tell me whether my wing can be healed, for I feel my happiness approach.”

Then he asked me quite unexpectedly:

“Tell me, dear Venry, have you ever been at the ‘meadow’? Ah, do not tell me, I know that you were there. You see how dangerous love is, for my brain is very confused. I ask something to which I already know the answer. And I am not allowed, for us priests that is very dangerous.

Apart from that you will understand that my path is not negotiable, I constantly pass over heights, and through deep pits, and I fall again and again, and this carelessness breaks my old body.

When you were possessed you have been at the ‘meadow’. I could follow you. There I shall meet her one day, for one can rest well between life and death, but you have to know how to return home and that road is a long one, so that I may easily go astray.

You think that I am very downcast, I know, but in the dark you need a lot to think about. All these feelings will help you, for those who enter there empty will come out withered. Dectar knows all the fears, which were in them so that their brains could not assimilate them anymore, and their souls suffocated. They leave that dark hell blind and do not know anymore whether they are alive or dead. And only, Venry, because they were not prepared. They had no notion of the darkness, and yet I told them everything about it.

But you are prepared and ready, right now, your soul is full of happiness and secrets, in you live death, darkness, and light, and you will see who lamed my wing, even though I know very much about it myself. But you see

clearer.

Is it then so very unnatural that there is hatred in me? I hate those who mutilated me and deprived me of the natural activity of my soul. It is anything but pleasant, for I lived in space and possessed the great wings.

I am downcast and revert to this subject again and again, Venry, but you have to forgive me, my heart flows over. We shall both experience the events which must occur, and you had better know all about it beforehand, so that it will not be too late. The seriousness will strengthen you and make you powerful.”

“Can you tell me anymore, Dectar?”

“Ask me, Venry, I shall tell you what I know.”

“Was I born here?”

“No, Venry.” “I understand, Dectar. Is Ardaty my Father?”

“No, Venry.”

“Do you have any idea, Dectar?”

“I know nothing, Venry, nothing yet.”

“Then I understand what my Mother meant. You know, Dectar, when I was possessed a dense haze lay around you and my parents and I did not see the master in it. This haze kept you and my parents hidden, I saw it very clearly. Do you know about it?”

“Yes, Venry, I know.”

“You know everything, Dectar?”

“No, Venry, but that I know. I saw that you were connected with it.”

“Is that why you looked at my Mother so searchingly, Dectar?”

Dectar smiled, but did not reply and I asked: “And the high priest, Dectar?”

“Did you not see that he was also closed, Venry?”

“By whom, Dectar?”

“Do you not know?”

“Has my leader been with me for such a long time, Dectar?”

“You may be very grateful, Venry, it means a mighty protection for all of us.”

“Was it fear, Dectar, that my parents felt? My Father behaved so strangely.”

“Can you imagine the feelings of two happy souls and sense them, Venry, souls which carry a great secret and their own happiness? That is what constitutes their lives and by which they possess everything. When I think back, dear Venry, and see everything before me, I see my own death.”

“I will not ask you anymore, Dectar, maybe later. I am very grateful to you, also for what you did for my parents. Perhaps one day we shall be allowed to know everything. What will happen to me after the darkness, Dectar?”

“Then you will get to know death and you must get familiar with it. When

you are well advanced it will not be necessary, but we shall wait.”

“Then do I not know death, Dectar?”

“Most certainly, Venry, but sometimes we receive experiences which develop us rapidly; I shall adjust myself to them and perhaps I can tell you more tomorrow. Do realize, Venry, that it is very instructive.

And now be very careful again, otherwise, the worms will gnaw your heart beforehand and all these events need not happen.”

We went on for some time and were both lost in thought. Then Dectar said:

“During all the years I have been here, Venry, I have not been able to speak in this way and I am happy now that I have got rid of all this. I can begin a new life now. You will get to know a different Dectar. There is light in me again, and I owe it to you, Venry.”

“What do you mean by those other walls, Dectar?”

“You will get to know the invisible walls of Isis, not these, but others, through which nobody, not even a priest, has passed. You will behold this secret. I cannot tell you more about it, for you would receive too much and that is not right. I have got every hope, Venry. You have got those gifts. Now we must prepare for the test and you will be weighed. But you are ready, are you not, Venry, otherwise, we would have to continue and I want to be alone now, quite alone, to test my sadness against the nature of things. When I subsequently return to you, you will see me in a different way, then the ointment the Gods gave me will have penetrated my being and all sick spots will have been healed. If my prayer is very clear, Venry, my soul will recover, for I then touch reality.”

“What do you mean by being weighed, Dectar?”

“You will see, Venry. Your concentration will be followed. In the meantime we have approached the Temple. Forget everything, Venry, will you? Now empty your mind completely, presently everything will come back. You must only think of yourself now.”

Dectar left and I entered my own cell.

The second test

I found Dectar a wonder. His being possessed something mysterious. Then again, he was shining and alive, but sometimes darkness came over him and a little later, he had the feelings and desires of a little child, but the age of a supreme priest.

I understood about my Mother. There was a secret in my life and perhaps some day I would be allowed to know everything. Isis was a mystery all over. I would like to have the strength to render all these secret powers harmless. Many priests had been here, but they had not been allowed to acquire priesthood; they were killed beforehand. I felt what Dectar meant for I saw all those little creatures he had talked about. Here priestesses lived and I understood when he told me of all those atrocities.

Isis, my Isis, Goddess of this Temple, where has love gone to? We all seek the light, which must illuminate the darkness.

They all perished, but light, force, and power, are coming over me as a result of what I already know. One day Isis will be great and radiating and passing love on to those who need it.

There was peace in me, but thousands of things forced themselves on me, and it was as if nature took revenge on those who were present here walking about in human form. If I were an animal I would attack them unexpectedly, but they were also spiritually armoured against that, and they would know beforehand. My weapon would have to be entirely different, and I would have to prepare it between life and death.

I felt my dear friend in everything; his hatred was terrible. He had been shown secrets or he had been able to follow them. I felt, however, that he knew still more but did not want to tell me. A power within me told me to wait quietly and to be patient. After a while Dectar returned. He was in high spirits, and a completely different man. "Shall we go straightaway, Venry?"

"I am ready, Dectar."

We entered the room where I had been before. A moment later the high priests arrived and testing soon began. I was entirely myself. The bird, which did not listen at the time, now did as I wanted. This was the first test. Next, some other tests followed in which several species of animals were used. I controlled even the most difficult kind. Then they proceeded to other tests.

In the middle of the room, an instrument was placed and I felt that this was the balance Dectar had told me about. I was to sit down on it and keep my balance. It was suspended from four cords meeting in a ball, which was suspended from a pointed spindle. It was rather an instrument for balanc-

ing than for weighing. This appeared to be the case, but the inner balance was connected with it. One should keep one's balance by concentration and strong will.

I sat down on the balance, but fell off immediately. However hard I concentrated, I failed to keep my balance. The others showed me, including the Supreme Priest, and they all kept their balance. What they could do, I should also be able to, and I sat down on it again.

The test failed for the second time. Consequently, I was not ready yet and not sufficiently myself, for there were powers in me I could not control. The instrument was so precisely adjusted that the person who sat down on it, and was not able to control his feeling and thinking, failed. I sat down again, but I had to give up. I clearly felt the lack of balance between the two bodies, but my spirit had to accomplish this.

Another priest sat down on it and then Dectar. Both of them succeeded, consequently, this power was present in the quiet personality, necessary to control his own depth and the mystic laws and activities of the spirit on this balance.

I sensed, however, that I could have done it, given time. What Dectar told me of his own life had brought me to this condition and I was actually not ready. When they saw that I failed, I had to lie down on a couch. It was a wooden couch, the feet of which touched the earth. The whole had been constructed in such a manner that my body touched the earth, for the supports had penetrated the earth some metres, which could not be noticed.

This construction was explained to me because I had to know what this couch meant; no questions should arise in me when falling asleep. This contact was necessary for the connection with the earth when my body had fallen asleep.

When I had laid down, both arms alongside my body to rest, I felt a terrible influence and I understood that the high priests had started their concentration. I soon fell asleep. I departed from my body and I heard that they asked me questions. However, I did not answer. But oh dear! I was being followed; they could see me in this world. I heard a stern and commanding voice say to me the way Dectar had once spoken to me:

“Speak, you shall speak!”

My mouth opened and I asked them what they wanted to know. Now I heard:

“Where are you?”

“Beside my body”, I said.

“How do you know?”

I looked around and said: “Because I am in a room, and in front of me is my organism.”

“Can you clearly see your body?”

“Yes, very clearly.”

“Do you see all of us?”

“I see everything.”

“Can you move away?”

“Yes, I can.”

“Then do so, we shall follow you.”

I moved away from my organism and now stood before the entrance, waiting.

“Go on”, I heard, “step outside, move on, you may go on.”

Now I passed through the door and stood outside.

“Come back”, I was summoned, and returned. I lived in this world as I used to, but this time under their control. I could follow their mutual contact, and I understood that I had to be careful. It was clear to me that I should have to acquire a great many laws and powers if I wanted to be able to resist them. And for that, years were needed. Their power was great, their fathoming and adjusting were deep, while the way they followed was miraculous. Their will was terrible. They all saw me and could follow me in everything. Next, I felt that they made me return whether I wanted to or not. I descended into my own material body and woke up. I was allowed to dress and leave with Dectar. We adjusted ourselves to them, but we experienced that we had already been closed off. The connection with them had been cut off. We dared not think until in our own space when Dectar said to me:

“This time you did not go too far, Venry. Do you know what happened?”

“What kind of test is this, Dectar?”

“A wall of power has now been arranged around you, Venry, but they will all the same try to break through it.”

“Now what is the meaning of this, Dectar?”

“An astral wall, Venry, behind which you must stay and spend the days and nights, so that they are able to reach you.”

I suddenly felt the horrible nature of these masters. Dectar said:

“You will go through a lot of things, which I told you about. They will make you walk through fire; they will unleash animals on you, snakes will surround you, that will kill you with their bite. However, much of it is only show, Venry, to destroy the fear within you. However, you will think that it is all reality and that you actually experience it, but I warn you, take no notice, and remain yourself.

This test is a very short one, those which follow will last longer and, subsequently, you will make journeys.”

“Thank you, Dectar, I shall do as you say.”

“Mind you, Venry, you have got to go through this too, and you must

assimilate it or you will perish in that other world, however mighty your gifts are. In the darkness, you must conquer the evil, when you succeed everything is open to you, and you are a master. Years are required to attain this, but they have no patience because they have been at a deadlock for quite some time. They need a lot of wisdom.

The balance test was bound to fail, Venry, their concentration upset you in order to force you to follow them. Now they can suck you dry if they want to, but we shall arm ourselves against that. They are worse than wild animals, my friend, and far more dangerous.”

The secret powers of Isis

“Come, let us go for a walk, I have a lot to tell you. Mind you, Venry, thousands of thoughts will rush at you. You will visit many worlds they know to exist, but are sometimes not aware of and then again, you are connected with reality. That is why it is so horrible. But do not pay any attention, you will soon be able to feel reality and then you will pretend to be very tired.”

“You are a Father to me, Dectar. How can I ever make up for all this?”

“You are my brother, Venry, and I know your Father and Mother and love them both very much. However, you will help me too, give me back my strength; I am lame. When I feel what they want, I shall warn you. According to me, these events happen too soon. I told you that they have reached a deadlock, they cannot proceed and do not know what to do now. Nevertheless, the Pharaoh invariably asks for new wisdom. Go back to your cell, presently I will come for you, you must be very relaxed and prepare yourself.”

This ghastly reality frightened me. I knelt down and prayed to my Mother and Ardaty. I would always love him as my Father and I sent them all my love. Afterwards I felt less anxious. I now understood why Dectar sent me back to my cell. There was fear in me.

Now I also understood my Mother and why she manifested herself to me, but especially my hatred of which she spoke and many things more. What kind of monsters lived here around me? I lived in criminal surroundings, I felt and saw nothing of pure love. Did the priests and priestesses go through all these horrors? I wanted to be ready; maybe it was good for my development.

Soon Dectar returned and said: “Are you a little more relaxed, Venry?”

“Yes, Dectar, I am ready again.”

“Let us go for a walk again, but now listen well and do not forget to think of our own weapon. You should know, Venry, that this is a very difficult test. You can already disembody, and your concentration is keen. They skip many years now. In the darkness, I experienced that unclean animals gnawed at my body until I was unconscious and of course did not feel anything anymore. Next I woke up and experienced other events. My cell, the room in which these things happened, was on fire and I cried for help. But nobody heard me. When I cried for help, I was already ruined.

Subsequently, I went through other events. I was on a large river in a small boat. Everything was quiet, there was no wind, and the water was very tranquil. But presently the sky darkened, a strong wind was setting up which turned into a hurricane. Of course I perished, Venry, waves washed over me

and I disappeared into the depths. Yet I woke up and lived. In this way I experienced several events. I repeatedly lost consciousness, and that was not good and quite wrong.”

“What is the meaning of that, Dectar?”

“The priests or priestesses must prevent all this by concentration and remain themselves. There are no snakes and other terrible phenomena, no storms, no fire is burning you, those are thoughts, Venry, only thoughts of the masters, brought to life by their concentration, which you experienced as reality. If you are not yet ready, Venry, this is the very development, which is infallible to strengthen your will and make it powerful.

So we must be able to stop that fire, to control a storm, no snake is powerful enough to reach us. No creatures should be able to stun you, nothing, Venry, can happen if you are ready, and want to attain priesthood. But I and many others came out broken; our strength was entirely exhausted, we were spiritually worn out, so that months passed before we could start our work again.”

“Did you enter again later, Dectar?”

“Certainly, did I not want to attain priesthood? Two years later I was ready, Venry. Others tried again and again and never succeeded.”

“Then what happens, Dectar?”

“After three tests they may go, but their lives will then be ruined. They lost everything, gave everything in one go, and have nothing left. Their souls are completely worn out within a short time, Venry. They experienced a great many years at once and collapsed. They experienced everything or nothing.

Well then, they were empty, there was nothing left in them to encourage them to live on. They experienced a law, Venry, it means failing, failing completely or be a King in thought. But when they achieve this they have a lot of wisdom and power and that makes them great. For that purpose they sacrifice their lives.”

“Is it the same in other Temples, Dectar?”

“Yes, Venry, but this one is perfect in this respect, and who receives priesthood here is really a priest. However, Isis is dying, it lives between good and evil and will perish through evil. Isis breaks itself down, the holy of holies has been lost for years. Now please do not say or think anything for a moment, Venry.”

We walked on for a while and then Dectar said: “There is always danger, Venry, right now we are being followed.”

“Did you prepare several pupils, Dectar?”

“Yes, but many came out insane, Venry. Others became priests and are now masters in other Temples, to teach there too.”

“Do the high priests not know that pupils collapse, Dectar?”

“Of course they do, they know everything and can know everything. The first time they stop and after several days, the pupils come out again. Later on, however, the second or third time, it is all or nothing. Then those terrible things happen, Venry, of which I told you. There is neither life or death in them, they are entirely worn out, physically and mentally broken. But it is their own will.”

“Have you been able to talk with all the others in the same way to prepare them, Dectar?”

“Yes, but it was no good. They fell and collapsed or became a priest. You lose yourself and are not aware of anything anymore, whether you are alive or are already in that other life. You do not know anything anymore, whether it is day or night, nothing, your mind is completely empty, and yet you must remain yourself. Besides, all those other things which make you collapse.”

“And that cannot be achieved, Dectar?”

“Did I not become a priest, Venry? If you remain yourself, nothing can happen. You defy them all, you have gifts, and you defy all those masters, Venry, for you are a master yourself. I failed and collapsed too and many more times afterwards in my cell, but then, Venry, I became a master for I remained myself. And as a result of what, my friend? No, you cannot know that. I became a small child, Venry, a very small child, without thoughts, and yet very strong and big, even grown up. However, there was no fire, no vermin, no love, for I had no notion of them, nothing could then reach me, and yet I was everything, as you have experienced. In this, dear Venry, you must try to find your own way, for I still do not know what method they now apply. Not everybody experiences the same, and it is up to you to be strong in that other world.”

“Is it that dangerous over there, Dectar?”

“Did you not you feel those powers in your youth? That being was just a small child in comparison with others. They are hideous.”

“Is that what I have to prepare myself for, Dectar?”

“Yes, Venry, and do not think too lightly about it. For what is the use of a winged being to the masters if he collapses? Who is made insane for months, even years on end? This insanity, Venry, is not as bad as all that, for it can be healed, but the personality is destroyed, everything is lost and that during one journey. Just one moment out of the material body will suffice. Then we are powerless too and cannot do anything for this being, because this soul has been ruined for this life. When they die they will live on there and wait for a new birth. However, they may have to wait for centuries, Venry, before they return. Those centuries are necessary for the soul to recover.”

“What do they know here about these laws, Dectar?”

“We know very much, Venry, and I have to learn the rest. If you want to

be ready for the large tests I have to tell you everything about them, but that will come later. There were priests who endured darkness, Venry, but when they were in space they collapsed. There were also those who could not return again and then death immediately occurred.”

“During the test, Dectar?”

“Yes, Venry, where else? they collapsed during this very test.”

“And could the masters not withdraw them, to earth I mean?”

“You need not be so outspoken, Venry, one word and I will understand you. No, that was not possible anymore. On that side, there were thousands of demons and they retained the priest there, thus cutting off earthly life. Dead in a short time and we can do nothing for them. Against that the masters are also powerless.”

“I now understand the danger, Dectar, but we are being helped, and our aide will surely know what is possible. Besides I am ready now.”

“You see, Venry, I rely on that, but we have to realize full well what we can do ourselves. Otherwise I would beseech you: Do nothing, you are tired, let everything come over you, so that darkness cannot yet defeat you. And that is the very intention, and we will go on for some years to prepare ourselves. They will have to wait as well, the pharaoh included. But there is more, Venry. Around this Temple is an astral wall, and every cell is also surrounded by a wall of power.”

“Now what is that again, Dectar?”

“You do not yet know all this, Venry, and you may only know now. There is an astral wall around your own cell. I know you have already been beyond it for you came to see me, Venry, but then you were being helped, otherwise we would have received our castigation, or we would have been followed quietly. That is why I understood we were being helped, and I knew for sure that a strong power was present so that I understood a lot. The masters were not there then but someone else must have stayed in your cell, for they feel that immediately. This makes me feel confident, Venry.”

“So you think that somebody guarded, Dectar?”

“Of course, Venry. And when you receive this help in the darkness we can wait quietly. Do not forget, though, that you must learn, in space you cannot live on other powers; that would be much simpler but is not possible. Nobody has yet been capable of breaking through the astral walls without Isis and the masters. That is the mighty secret of the masters. None of us could go where he wanted, we are and remain closed off in our cells. It is impossible to experience things beyond the masters. We can only disembodify when we are under their control, but then you cannot think of anything else.”

“When I am there, Dectar, and I would meet my Mother, can I not tell her a thing?”

“No, Venry, that is out of the question, it is they who travel, not you, they force you to listen.”

“How terrible.”

“It is, Venry, but now there will be a possibility, my friend. I have every hope that you will break all this down, otherwise, we will both perish. That is why we should not hurry. We must build our resistance up very carefully, work at it every hour, ever proceeding consciously, deeper and deeper, otherwise, we will advance too quickly, Venry, and that is wrong. They want wisdom, but through you, hence this hurry.”

“Why is this wall around Isis and our cells, Dectar?”

“Because the masters want to keep all secrets and powers in their hands. Not one priest possesses power. No one is capable of telling others about these laws outside Isis. If we were not connected, believe me, not a word, not a thought could be in me, or the astral poison would enter my soul and kill me. I would be fed to the animals because of what I said, and when someone else decides, I will be blinded for the rest of my life, or my organism will be paralysed.

Isis, my friend, remains Isis, those who enter here will have to observe the laws or die. A slow destruction is possible, we shall perish through dominating powers.”

“But if you flee, Dectar?”

“No, Venry, that is not possible. Wherever you are, you will never be safe anywhere. They can even reach you in the other life. Demons are living there who work for the masters and do something for Isis. They serve Isis. But they all represent evil or darkness, but they just happen to be there now. These are the secret laws of Isis, but there are still more, Venry. Those who rebel will perish.

However, my friend, he who destroys all these powers is a great master who can only appear once. Here the masters are supreme, Venry. That is why our task is very heavy. If we succeed in warding off this danger, the Gods will be most grateful to us. If a priest can begin a different life, Venry, Isis will be worth retaining its place. However, all those who cannot achieve what they intended will be broken. That is why the astral wall is a spiritual but mighty construction in their hands. Hundreds of priests smashed against it. Many priestesses collapsed physically and spiritually, they and their young ones. They passed away too early, their young lives were defiled, and their hearts broken. You see, dear Venry, only for that reason do I want to live. In this respect, I do not know any danger and I must and shall watch. We must accomplish this, Venry. I am prepared to sacrifice myself, my friend. Isis must be cleared from all evil. That is why you are on earth, and the Gods will help us, because we both want to serve. You asked me a minute ago whether there

is any danger outside Isis. Well, my friend, if you want to go to the other end of the world and flee from Isis, take it from me, dear Venry, death will come after you and much quicker than you think. It comes to you and breaks your heart. I know all these laws, I have prayed to be allowed to know them. Consequently, I can also help you this time.

We are walking here now and you feel nothing. But when I tell you that right here where we are an astral poison is present in space that can reach us, you can accept that. The masters build an invisible and poisonous wall; we pass through it and are unaware of anything. Of course, they only build this wall when they know something about us. However, those who pass through it, materially or spiritually, will die very soon. This aura is fatal. Should it not be necessary for the fatal activity to be imposed, but for example insanity, then a strange lunacy will come over you. However, there are many more possibilities to destroy people. If they arrive at the decision to maim them, no power on earth can discourage them. If you have to perish as the result of a terrible sickness, you will contract that disease and very soon. Your breath is cut off and you are blinded within a few seconds. Is it clear to you, Venry, that all these powers are lethal?

Those who think that they can resist these laws are goners, or should be able to destroy them, but they are seven. That might still be possible but that person must be a miracle, one out of millions of priests. In addition there are astral priests, those who lived a similar life here or somewhere else and who are now their assistants.”

“If I understand you correctly, Dectar, we will never reach our aim.”

“If you had understood me well, dear Venry, you would never speak such words. He who faces such an event, my brother, and speaks in this way is already lost. Right now, you are your own slave. Do you think, dear Venry, that Dectar risks his own life? That he puts his precious life into your hands and receives nothing, nothing in return? Would you think that I could speak in this way? There is help and a mighty help at that, dear Venry. You will receive a weapon, only you, Venry, because all these powers are in you. Should the Gods want this to happen, nothing can stop us, or we would be destroyed as well.

I see my prayers, my thoughts, my feelings, and everything I ask the Gods answered. I want to serve and when I do so, help will be on its way and I will receive those powers. How and wherever this help may be, it will and must come. The Gods do not stand for any nonsense; one day they will take action and this interference is miraculous, but quite different from what we think. A child can then perform wonders and break the laws of Isis. If it is to happen, I will receive these powers. Should it not be necessary in this life then in the next one, but I serve and will go on serving.

One day the Gods will feel what I want and send me their help.

I have been able to follow you from your youth. Even then, I knew that I, I only, Venry, would receive help. How I yearned to be allowed to know this help. Then I saw you and I was no longer able to control myself. I asked the Gods for forgiveness and they answered my prayer.

No, dear Venry, a thousand times no, it is you; you will be able to achieve anything, because you are the instrument of higher powers. These powers have protected me, your parents, and yourself, already, during your youth, which was a great miracle. This assistance, dear boy, comes straight from that world and concerns one law; the law called 'Love'. This law is supreme, everything else is merely appearance, and is the sentiment of many villains. But they will perish one day. To be able to draw from that, Venry, and serve this aim, believe me, is a great mercy as it is, and can only be mercy.

Now I am myself again, Venry, presently you will know what that means. You will see me in various shapes, but keep in mind that I saved my own life in this way. Feel correctly and try to understand me in this respect too. I laid my own life in your hands, and I know that I have to help you; however, once I will receive.

Isis is mighty; power is also present outside Isis. In later centuries, dear friend, the people on earth will experience how mighty the astral laws are. Who, after us, follows this out of curiosity, is a dead man, and the one who does not know these laws will die sooner or later, but die he will. Because of what, Venry? Only due to the magic laws, for they are lethal. You are sucked dry from afar; they pierce your heart. That weapon is their concentration and strong will. I can heal a sick person at a distance, but also kill, such is the infallibility of my concentration. When a priest is ordered to kill, no poison, brute force, or any other weapon is needed. Only thoughts, the spiritual weapon we possess, Venry, which we acquired in the darkness. There it is all or nothing, well, we want everything, everything."

"You are a miracle, Dectar."

"My mental power is limited, otherwise, the astral laws would not keep me imprisoned either. But we achieve our aim, Venry, I rely on your aide. If you want to see an immense space and receive the wisdom from there, be a King in thought, so that you give this Temple a new garment, then, dear Venry, you must be completely conscious of yourself and know what you can do yourself and what is impossible.

The masters are not perfect either, for in their being one is a weakness we have come to know already. They do not think of us, to them honour, fame, gold, silver, and many other pleasant things mean everything. But by you, the naturally gifted person only. If I would possess a heavenly power and could change the winds into storms, believe me, dear Venry, no stone would

be left unturned. I would like to smash them all. But the Gods do not want that, because they keep such powers in their own hands, for we would not know what to do with them.”

“I think, Dectar, that you will soon come for me.”

“Do those feelings come over you, Venry? Do you feel them beyond yourself?”

“Yes, Dectar.”

“Then may come what must. You will know how to act, and there is no fear in me.”

“So the masters will open me spiritually, Dectar?”

“Yes, Venry, but there are still other gifts in you. They are as yet untouched. One of them was your jump over the abyss. These are material gifts, I do not know yet whether they will be developed, but if they are, you will see wonders. It is also possible that your gifts will automatically become conscious. However, that will be later. The spiritual gifts are the more important ones, by these powers they could accomplish wonders, if they would not lie and deceive and think of themselves. Only reality can make this Temple great, but now they cannot proceed any further.”

We walked on, when we suddenly heard a terrible roaring. Dectar dashed to one of the pens where two lions were locked up. The animals attacked each other and tried to tear each other apart. They tumbled over the floor, bit each other and drew blood. Dectar did not hesitate for a second, opened the cage door, and stood between them. Next, I saw that his eyes concentrated on those of one of the animals and it crawled away at once. Within a few seconds he had calmed the lions down and said:

“When we were here, Venry, I already felt that this would happen. They should not do that again, otherwise I shall have to take other measures, for I dearly love them both. They would have to be parted then and I would deeply regret that.”

Dectar talked to the animals and they came up to him.

“How can you be so angry, Wolta, you are the stronger one and are very, very clever. How can you forget yourself so completely? Must I get angry? But you are sorry, are you not? Do you want to be put in the darkness?”

“You see, Venry, now I cannot follow Wolta anymore. The animal closes itself off from me and that makes me sad. I can feel the toads in their slow movement and I know this sluggishness, Venry. But these animals can think and feel so quickly.

Deep down in them, other animals live, and I cannot see them. Can you see them, Venry? Just look and try to follow them. When I can observe this, they will obey me in every respect. The pharaoh also wants to know that, and they want to attain that through you. Here there are no priests who can see

this; it is very difficult indeed. Wolta is very sweet but if the other animals awake in it, it is no longer itself.”

I understood what Dectar asked me. I had observed it before. I adjusted myself to the animal, and I saw several species of animals in it. I said: “I see these animals, Dectar. Did Wolta eat all those animals?”

Dectar smiled at me and answered: “He did not, Venry, this has no meaning, but you see, go on and keep control of everything, control them, Venry, for that is a great wonder too. It makes me very happy, Venry, I request that you continue.”

“In this animal, Dectar, there are other species, for the soul of Wolta lived in other bodies. I look back through many centuries and visit other countries. When I go back further, I find myself in the water, Wolta lived in it but as another species. The soul proceeded, Dectar, ever further and received a new body each time, so many that I cannot count them. I cannot follow them now; perhaps I can when I have departed from my body. My own body interferes for I cannot move, because the space is too restricted and I have to disembody. What I saw now disappears before my eyes and dissolves.”

“Splendid, Venry, now I shall get to know Wolta and those other animals. To be able to see into that is mighty.”

The animals were quiet again and we went on.

“When you can see in this way, Venry, we shall receive fresh wisdom. None of us can, for it is very deep. How much is there between life and death that we know nothing about? That is where the mighty secret of our life on earth resides, and the high priests want to know that. In whatever world you may come, Venry, for there are many, this is most indispensable. Then I will know all animals, although there are thousands of species, and I will know where they have been and to what families they once belonged. Should you be able to see how everything was born, Venry, our wisdom will be still greater and you will receive even more than I predicted.

Indeed, dear Venry, we know very much, but knowing all those other things is wonderful. We people have to conquer all those lives, so has Wolta. When those animals come over Wolta it rebels, though it is not aware of it. I can see several shapes in the animal, which are those animals forming part of its soul, we human beings experience it too.”

Dectar's many lives

"I have got to know you in several ways, Dectar."

He smiled for happiness like a small child and said: "You see, Venry, I can help the animals as a little child, not as an adult. Wolta felt me as a child, otherwise it would have torn me apart. It cannot harm a child, but I go back even further, when I am nothing, my consciousness has left me and the animal immediately quietens down."

"How do you feel then, Dectar?"

"Well, Venry, that is very simple, like an animal of course. I go into Wolta and feel as its own child. At that moment, I know I feel very clearly and Wolta's love enters me, which is delightful. It makes me so happy, Venry. Wolta wants to play with me and I can do everything with it. It is the same with other animals, but with some of them you must be able to think back several lives. It is not until then that consciousness and being one are perfect."

"Is it true, Dectar, that poison is changed into honey?"

"Do you doubt that, Venry?"

"I do not know, Dectar, but it seems very difficult to me."

"I can do that too, Venry, but I'm not myself now and I must first be convinced of that."

"What happens, Dectar, when the poison is dissolved and you pass on into it?"

"I destroy the poison with my will and the snake as well. Do you know, Venry, that we take the poison and kill it within us? There are masters who can live without food and drink for months, even for years at a stretch, and yet they are in high spirits and feel healthy. That is difficult too and requires years of study. Our concentration must be keenly focussed on one goal, otherwise, it is not possible. We bring the snake into another life, next we completely pass on into that life, and only then there is no snake any more but the animal we have conceived. A bird is free of poison, well, if I pass on into it the poison completely loses its power."

"It is miraculous, Dectar, but is this activity infallible?"

"Certainly. We know that every animal species used to be a different species. I could tell you a lot about that. Our concentration can also pass into another one in which we once lived. If we descend deep down into it, all qualities of that other life will pass into us and we discard our present being.

This being so, Venry, for we know these laws, it is also possible in the animal kingdom. Our keen concentration passes us into it. If we want to change the poison I pass the animal into another life, next I pass into that species, I

completely merge with it, and behold, that poison is like honey.

When I got to know these laws I felt very happy. I realized that they were my protection. In this way, I passed into other lives again and again and they saw me change until I was completely lost.

I lived in various lives. I saw myself as a child and beside me, my mother, however, in another country.”

“Is this feeling conscious in you, Dectar?”

“Certainly, Venry. I pass into it automatically and then I am untraceable. One should be conscious, otherwise they see through it; they know I want to hide. When I am a child I obviously lose this life, or I completely discard this life. Should there be any disturbances or should my connection not be perfect, then everybody will feel the unnaturalness of my feeling and thinking. But then I speak in a very different way and cannot express myself clearly. You will surely understand, Venry, that in that case, I am still living in this organism, but I feel and see myself in some other country. I wear another garment in that life, and these cloths I find ridiculous. I see garments, which mean darkness.

In other lives I am very old and also speak a different language, which is not known here and the masters laugh at me, even though they find it very natural. Yet, it is of no value to them. I’m aware of a great many lives, among them there are some which I find terrible, for I was insane then. Some years ago, this was a horrible experience. Then all these lives were conscious. Yet they are part of me, which sounds very unlikely but it is the truth.

If my other gifts had not been conscious I would have been sent away, for I would not be the right person to disembodify and make journeys. They laughed at me, but I assure you that it saved my own life. I just let them, otherwise I would not have been here anymore.”

“Could the masters establish that during the investigation, Dectar?”

“That is correct, during the tests, Venry. They could not use me for departing from the body. They are always in a hurry and yearn for new wisdom. However, all those lives disturbed me when departing from the body and wanted to pass into my body to talk a great deal and that is not the intention. The masters find my observations in space useful, not those of all those others. They call it dead consciousness and it must remain dead, only this life must be experienced.

Now it is much better, Venry, I am nearly ready and will have conquered them. I will see to it that they fall asleep again, for I want to go on.”

I saw that Dectar also changed and yet remained himself. He felt what I thought and said: “You see, Venry, that is the way it happens. Do you feel me? Yet I am myself, but one of them arises from within me and awakens. Then my entire being changes. This personality has nothing to say, or it was

something beautiful. All these personalities are stupid, they are not alive or fully conscious, but they have fallen asleep. What they have to say is nothing special, there is no depth in anything, they are all spiritually poor and yet they are part of my inner life, for we are one, are we not. In you, other personalities live too, Venry, and in every human being, but in you and others they are asleep and only wake up when they have gifts and can make use of them. I told you a minute ago that I made them fall asleep, one after another and I am very far advanced in this respect. But when love is in me, I awaken them myself. Then it starts again and my life becomes unbearable. There is one life in me during which I was a mother, Venry. Then I want to leave here and go to the mountains, to my children, where I was very happy. Then I see a beautiful country where the mountains attract me and I could cry for desire, that is how conscious this life is in me. The desire to have children again makes me feel miserable. I cannot help others, for my own 'self' is lost, and she who lives consciously within me has no notion of gifts, healing, and concentration. Therefore, when she is within me I have lost all my gifts. It is so simple and natural, dear Venry, for the person I am now belongs to this life. And now I am Dectar, and a man."

"Do you know any more priests going through the same, Dectar?"

"There are two more, Venry, but they are in a much tighter spot. I am still myself, but they consciously pass into those other personalities and are not aware of this life anymore. What those other personalities yearned for, their desires for instance, and other phenomena, are also present in them and they do incomprehensible and wrong things."

"How did this come over you, Dectar?"

"It is very natural, is it not, Venry, it did because of my awakening, my gifts, feeling, and knowledge of all these laws."

"Cannot the high priests do anything for you?"

"They have very often been able to help me well. But this requires time and I want to do it myself. I must be able to, Venry. That is why my gifts could not develop sufficiently, especially so my wing, I am lame. They do not help me; they ran me down and maimed me. Oh, if I would see them collapse, Venry, all these personalities would leave me at once, but only because of the happiness I will then feel."

"Can you not do anything about it yourself, Dectar?"

He looked at me in amazement and said: "I alone against them all? No, that is not possible. I often tried to free me from them, but all my thinking and concentration resulted in deadly tiredness. Sometimes I was completely free, but when I am fast asleep, right in the non-conscious condition, dear Venry, they maim me. My caution and counter-concentration are inexhaustible; otherwise, my life on earth would have long been ended. In their eyes I

see and feel nothing anymore and am an innocent child. But deep in my soul Dectar lives, as well as my hatred, which becomes ever greater.

You see, my friend, all these years I have been living for nothing. That is how my beautiful life is spent and I will achieve nothing for myself, which is a great pity.”

An enormous change took place in Dectar now that he told of his sorrow and all his lives, which had broken him inwardly. I firmly resolved to do anything to help him and said: “Can you have a little more patience, Dectar?”

“My dear friend, I felt you already. I am very happy, Venry, for now I see some light.”

In the meantime, Dectar received a message. In the morning, he was to come for me and take me to the building where I was to be locked up.

“Is it not marvellous, Venry, to be one? And they will defile this being-one again? I hate that, for the Gods give them everything and yet they are not satisfied.”

We took leave, Dectar left, and I entered my own cell. The darkness awaited me and I had to prepare myself. I had only come here recently, but I had already experienced such a lot. Would I collapse? Would the darkness destroy me? What was I actually to endure? Was it really so terrible? They wanted me to become a great priest, but I trembled and shuddered because of all those monstrous things and the secrets of Isis. I could not imagine something more horrible.

I kept thinking throughout the evening. An astral wall surrounded Isis, built up by the masters. It was obvious that I would require time; otherwise, nothing of my inner life would remain. After a period of time, I would possibly be at full strength and they could begin. How monstrous all this was, only demons lived here. Oh, how well did I understand Dectar. He was like a ray of sunshine in these poisonous surroundings, and he was the only honest being I had come to know. I was living in an environment of sin and misery, where murder after murder was committed. In the Temple of Isis lifeblood flowed.

The secret signs inscribed on the door of my cell represented the masters, but even there reality was defiled. They meant: “Do not think, we think. Do not live, we live. Do not kill, we kill.”

But that would be the personality of those living here, and I understood it all. This was not deep, for the holy seriousness was missing.

Shadows lived in the Temple of Isis and all these beings would like to live again, to experience this life again but in a different way. They would be prepared for the events and be ready to resist the magical laws. They would like to be ready to destroy the masters who decide here on light and darkness and in all of whom good and evil live. To me it meant power, an urge to prepare

myself.

Dectar wanted to sit on the clouds and float in space, to look down at those who were like devils. Only now did I understand these words as well as their deep human feelings. He would live in space and feel happy.

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My supper and oil were brought. The latter I considered even more essential than the former. My body should be very supple, but too much food could be detrimental to my development. I rubbed my temples, heart region, and other parts of my body. These mixed oils penetrated my skin and imparted a suppleness, which did me good. When I was ready, I lay down.

My leader

Soon I was honoured with other powers that came over me, and I now felt more clearly than ever before. Were these from the masters? I followed this powerful influence and felt very relaxed. Next I saw eyes again, but they had a completely different power and could be clearly observed. An improbable feeling, which I could hardly accept, descended within me. These eyes made me feel that I should remain quiet and that there was no danger. For some time, I saw nothing, but when night approached, they returned to me.

They were in my immediate vicinity and the face to which they belonged even began to take shape, but it remained translucent. I saw the set face full of vitality and the very fine features before me when I heard the voice say: "Do not be afraid, priest of Isis, I took my precautions, nothing can happen to you. Know now that I am your friend, I have been with you before. You have felt my powers.

Once, long ago, I lived in this cell. At an early age, I was to receive darkness as you will experience. I prepared myself too, dear friend, and completely submitted. How my soul was tortured. It appears to me that you are ready to listen to me, otherwise I would not tell you anything about this, for I do not want to frighten you. There are a great many people who do not want to know the truth, and that is why they do not make any progress.

This truth may strengthen you. I was brought back to the light like a dead man. You no doubt feel that I was not prepared. My greed, as well as my energy, vanity, and youthful enthusiasm destroyed my own life. I was wounded until bleeding. I collapsed.

And have you not been as I was? That is why I understand and know your aim and can help you now. Oh, my friend, do not be afraid, for did I not tell you that I have taken precautions? Besides, I know the laws, and in addition I belong to this world, and live in the light. Those who live in the darkness and were once masters in it but now work for Isis from this world, I see them too, as well as their lives, but my inner life dominates them all.

The Gods want me to be your leader. My work is your work, so we both have to accomplish the same task. Consequently, you must accept me, dear friend, and know now that I have been waiting for you for a long time. I have been with you from your youth on. Later, when you are ready, we shall make Isis great.

Soon they will come for you, but you will return to your cell equally soon. I made you feel that and also that you are not ready yet. We need time, for you will not serve them, but the Gods. You will abide by those laws, not

those of Isis. You got to know me by my light but do not look for me for you will not be able to find or see me. On the other hand, I can come to you, but you cannot come to me. Never forget that. If you think that no connection is possible, precisely, then I am with you. You should know that you are living in my aura, which once closed off others and protected them against many dangers, misery, and grief. You have been able to see that but through me. When you live in that situation, you will be sure of yourself for my powers will pass into you. Is all that clear to you?

The spiritual walls of Isis are no obstruction for me, but they keep you imprisoned. If you will accept my powers this will not be possible anymore, you will pass on into another personality. It is not until then that you will get to know and understand the laws of Isis, which you have already enforced. If I had not guarded you, you would have been a dead man, as well as your friend Dectar, who is very dear to me. You may give him my regards. Will you please pass on my message?

You cannot yet accept it, your feelings come to me and this is very natural. Let me tell you that I was in your cell when you went to see your friend and you were overcome by fear. If you are still in doubt, then I will say the following: imagine that the masters were here during your absence. Feelings arose in you as questions, but they were mine. Do you understand? I was in your cell although you thought that the masters had not been there. I kept it to myself, for you do not yet possess the powers to hide. Now you have advanced that far. Your thinking and feeling are not yet conscious, but I guarded you and I will go on doing so and request your complete submission. You know now that I am always there, but you must not think of me. I need not explain that this is necessary. Many others asked you this and they did so for me and through me.

You live your own life, and just leave me alone, you think of nothing, 'never' think of me, do you hear? Never. You go your own way, and I go mine. And yet we are one. If you draw me towards you the masters will follow you, and I cannot finish my task. You see, it is very clear.

Keep relaxed, my friend, why be afraid? You are still in doubt about me. Do I have to tell you everything about your youth? Again, I know the laws of darkness and light, they are in me, in me is everything you need to serve. The Gods sent me to you. I very much want you to follow your own life and use your time in the darkness to learn to split yourself. These feelings also came to you, but they were mine.

So split yourself into many personalities, but remain yourself. Learn, by all means, to understand the powers of your deep inner life, and you will be able to go wherever you want. None of us has ever been able to, for even now it is not possible without my help. But you must accept me. You will get to

know all these powers.

In space, the masters cannot follow you, as you have already experienced. You lived in me then; did they feel you? You lived among them and yet you were not there, but in my world. Consequently, far away and yet near them, you were here and nowhere. They have not yet any notion of that, my friend, although they call themselves masters. Is it now clear to you that I am your friend? When the sun rises, you must be ready. However, I mean something quite different. So do it in the darkness not in daylight, because the powers of heaven dominate your thinking and feeling and you will achieve nothing. We were all born in the darkness; not when there was already light, and that is precisely, where your power resides. So return to 'nothingness' and you cannot be traced. To break hearts they yearn for wisdom here, but they will all be blinded. They think they know themselves and feel almighty, but their very first emotion already entered their soul. Such sentiments mean weakness, my friend, and we see through them. I am ready to undermine their own 'self', that is my task. You must also prepare yourself, to which end you need a weapon. Your dear Mother spoke of that.

It will strengthen you if I tell you that I know her. Keep quiet, my friend, do not let there be happiness or sadness in you. I told you of your weapon. We shall prepare it on this side. Here, in our world, lives the secret of your life and of them all. I will help you. I can follow your train of thought, so I know what you are thinking of, but it is not as simple as that, my friend. And yet, a child could render them harmless if the Gods so wish.

When the stars twinkle and send their light to you, you see yourself. We all originate from it and to be allowed to live and see in it is the weapon the Gods will present you with. First of all your complete submission is required and the sincere desire to serve. Only then will the doors of your soul open and your perception become perfect.

You cannot possibly comprehend what you will observe then, but it outshines everything given and known so far. In space, my friend, resides the origin of man and animal and it is in my world and yours, which is life on earth.

Again, I feel that you do not think as you should. The way you think is to see all this in space, but it is also present in your own surroundings, in this little cell. Consequently, you realize that you need not make long journeys. This wonder can be seen here too, for in here the food lives which people are waiting for. In this space your weapon lives, which must be spiritual and material. And from that world, I speak to you. Yet, I am not in it. Does this not sound improbable?

I live in 'nothingness', my friend, and 'nothingness' is not visible for terrestrial eyes, nor perceptible, unless one belongs to our life. Should you be able

to project yourself in it you would enter 'nothingness', and only then do you possess everything. After all, we originate from it as well as all other life, and you will be able to break down the astral walls of Isis. By listening attentively, you understand that they know neither the origin of all life nor the end of our human feeling and thought. Consequently, only the Gods can give us that wisdom, but for that purpose we must serve and many others with us.

At Isis they do not serve and that is why they promote darkness. This has been going on for centuries, but now light penetrates their darkness, though in a different way than they can imagine. Consequently they receive a great deal, but as a result, they will perish. Now is that not strange too?

To change poison into honey is an art, which they should not teach you. To be 'everything' in 'nothingness' is my experience, and you will acquire it. To this end, you will accept the child within you but shall not forget your age, for both are one. If you want to experience this and return into it, you must be able to discard yourself. Is that so difficult?

Reality lives between 'life and death', my friend, everything else is only temporary and will die. Jealousy, passion, lies, and deceit blot this building and pure inspiration is lacking because their hearts remain closed to the Gods. When you enter darkness, I will be with you and I will help you think. Go to sleep now, only your material body will rest, you yourself will disembodify to assist those who need your help. Give them back their lives and your path will be lighted because you serve 'Him' from whom we all originate. Your ardent feelings will show you the way, even if they would lead you to other countries. You are conscious and ready to receive everything. Those who are conscious will conquer and experience the treasures of the spirit. With me, you will enter the Temple of the truth and with you many others. You are highly gifted, my friend, and worth being developed, but only by me. I greet you, you are alone again."

The astral walls of Isis; I received my weapon

This was a revelation to me. I had just received great happiness. I lay down and soon fell asleep. Immediately, I began to feel and think, and I departed from my body. The very first thing I saw was the wall, the poisonous weapon of the masters. How is it possible, I thought, around my cell there is a dense haze. The terrible weapon. In what dangerous situation did I really live? My heart thumped as a result of these mysteries. Nevertheless, I had been out of my cell before. My gifts might also have meant my own misfortune. A spirit of light guarded Dectar and me. How was I to pass through it? Did I have to split myself? Of course I would accept him; he was a friend to me, and above all my master. He had told me that here, in my cell, everything was present. In this confined space was the beginning, but also the end of human feeling and thought. But where is it? Where does this deep mystery live? Suddenly, I thought I felt it. A moment later, I heard the voice say to me: "Concentration, nothing but concentration, not anything else."

These words made me happy. I still heard: "Make your mind empty, do not think of life on earth nor of my world, behind it, there it is. Then you may go wherever you want to and Dectar with you."

How nice, I thought, that Dectar was not forgotten. Next, I concentrated on 'nothingness'. I had to be entirely empty. Soon I was connected. First of all, I left my own world and subsequently I entered life after death. Before me, I saw houses, buildings, human beings, animals, and the light overshadowing all; this life was beautiful. I went on. Then light and darkness came. These were two worlds, which merged. Again I went on and I felt that I was being guided. Yet, I still lived in my own cell, and I experienced something miraculous.

After a while everything blurred, all these worlds faded away, but I remained conscious.

"Go on", I heard a voice within me, "just a little further and you will be there. I will take you there; presently you must be capable of doing it yourself. You must possess this consciousness; it is the consciousness of all these worlds, and once you possess it the secret and astral walls of Isis will not mean anything to you anymore."

Again, I went on and experienced a great wonder. Behind the haze and all these worlds, I saw a deep darkness. A feeling of blissful happiness made it certain that I had reached the end. My astral body was so rare now that I could hardly see myself. If I concentrated on myself I was fully aware of everything, but this rare affection remained. My spiritual body was much

rarer now than the astral walls of Isis. I had already conquered these poisonous walls.

Here the very first laws existed, and I also lived in them. The masters had not advanced that far and this was my weapon, a mighty weapon in my own hands. In gratitude I knelt down and thanked the Gods for this great mercy and promised to do my utmost. It is unbelievable, I thought, but I have made it, though I could never have achieved this on my own, but how to go on? I was faced with a new problem. If I left now, my cell would be empty and my leader had not spoken a word about that. I thought it over for a long time but could not solve it. I could go now and yet I should not move an inch. It was not even possible to split myself. The masters would immediately feel and see it.

A deep sadness was the only result of this mighty wonder.

What seemed enormous to me a minute ago now proved to be of no value. However, I heard the voice within me say: "If you want me to help you never ask me who I am. Listen, my friend. You may safely leave here. I will stay and guard your body. If necessary I shall descend into it until all danger is over. You need not be anxious, and can do your work at full power. You will not see my face anymore and you shall not hear my voice for the time being, yet I will follow you in everything and speak to you from time to time. You will feel me immediately. This is to preclude any danger. The light is in you. Go now, Venry. You hear that I know you. I will stay here until your return. Only then shall I go. The masters will come to us now, Venry, watch how I will do my best."

Now I was alone again but I wanted to follow what was going to happen. A high priest entered my cell, followed a moment later by two others. They were on their way to control the inhabitants of Isis. The masters had departed from their material body, and I experienced the searching of my spiritual and material body. Very near them and yet invisible I was looking on and experienced this unbelievable event. How great were the gifts of all these beings. However, they followed the evil and belonged to the demons. I had never thought of this possibility, for I could follow them in everything.

The masters of Isis had set off. I was beside them and inaccessible. "My weapon is mighty, dear Dectar, mighty, very mighty."

It was not until now that my work could start. One of them descended into me and searched my inner life. Nonetheless, I shivered when this happened. Soon he returned to the others. They all pierced my sleeping organism and found me there. My leader represented my personality; my inner life had not changed in any way. A master in concentration was the living vitality in it. I could not have imagined it greater and simpler. How natural it really was, and yet none of them had any notion.

The masters left, but I went with them. I wanted to follow these monsters and walked ahead of them, and behind, but they did not see me. Should I stay in this world, there would be no danger for me. Moreover, I now understood their weakness, and I could establish how far they had advanced. They were not familiar with the possibility of splitting themselves and of spiritual help. They would never get to know these powers, for they would not receive this help. For them, this was the deadlock Dectar had mentioned. What they had received so far was only a trifle of what all that power and space encompassed.

The situation I lived in offered many possibilities to split, but these were the worlds I had come to know. Dectar had told me of them and he wanted to acquire them. My leader had connected me with the very last possibility and world. And from there they would receive wisdom, but through me and not until I was ready.

Because I adjusted myself to them I descended into them and received their thoughts and feelings. I was their very first victim, now we went to Dectar. We both disturbed their rest for they gave us their full attention. They were at their post too and were ready in every respect. The silence in which they lived and their indifference, pretending that they did not follow us, were merely appearances. In fact they followed us day and night, their concentration focussed on both of us and would remain so. However, great events were to happen at Isis.

Their horrible proceeding made me shiver; though I remained myself. Soon we were in Dectar's cell and I would see to what extent my friend was maimed. Dectar was fast asleep. One of them bent over him, which lasted quite some time. The master adjusted himself to his inner life and the other two followed his descent.

I followed the masters too and could clearly feel their thinking and concentration. They were careful enough not to wake Dectar. Their joint powers forced him to remain asleep. Now that I knew both organisms I understood this searching of my soul, otherwise, I would not have been able to follow it. The master who descended into Dectar followed his soul, the others saw to it that the two bodies remained one, so that he remained asleep. Owing to my higher consciousness, I could see now why Dectar limped during day-consciousness. The right part of his material body had a completely different radiation than the left part. That is what they concentrated on so that Dectar could not disembody. On his left side his wing was paralysed and his material body maimed. I could not see why he had been maimed, but I would get to know this too.

The masters were quite satisfied and left. I followed them wherever they might go. I would return to Dectar, however, now it was more essential to go

with them; perhaps I would discover some more secrets.

We visited many other cells, but only stayed there for a moment. I understood that I had felt properly. At Isis there were only two persons important to them, in fact only one and that was I. They gave me their special attention. In addition to the high priests, there were forty priests, among whom student priests and even children who wanted to become a priest just like me.

We now went over to another building where the masters used to gather. As we entered, I saw that the astral doors opened; then we were in the actual room. I found this closing off horrible. In this room, decisions were made on life and death. There were two more priests here but in their material life and day-consciousness and therefore awake. Yet, the three masters were immediately observed. From this world the others got a message, that they received spiritually. I felt why they did so. This was necessary to control their own connection and being-one. Certainly, I thought, Isis is mighty and I am going to know this power now. No priest would be able to destroy this power by himself. Their power was connected with it; they were one in feeling and thinking, hearing, and perceiving. They all had only one purpose, to make the best of life so that they could enjoy wisdom, honour, glory, and the pleasures of life. But for all of them, the Gods were the means, the wisdom, their power and greatness, but the pupils of Isis were the victims who had to accept their beastly poison.

Disgust and deep emotion entered my soul. I could experience still more secrets here, but I put that off until later, for we continued our way. Now we went to another building. Around it, I also saw a thick wall of astral power. Now what, I thought, for there were no doors in it; this building was also completely spiritually closed off. Would I perhaps discover new secrets?

The first secret and wonder was that the masters passed through this wall. They subsequently entered the material building. I recognized this closing off from their own radiation, for they went through their own power, so that I understood this mystery too. It was quite natural, but deadly dangerous for those who had been accommodated in this building. Oh, how mighty Isis is, how mighty, I said to myself again and again, how terrible everything is, is Isis with its secrets.

“Dectar, my friend, I know now the love of Isis and I wonder how you have been able to protect yourself during all those years.”

We entered the building in which the priestesses lived. A terrible influence came over me. We passed through some corridors and entered a cell. I adjusted to the masters. The influence, which came over me was devilish, I felt lust, murder, passion, and the destruction of a young life. Death entered my soul, followed by deep sadness so that I thought that my heart would break. With superhuman efforts I succeeded in remaining conscious, for what came

over me was terrible. I had to remain myself at all cost, even though I lived in evil. I would not be able so soon to experience something similar and my collapse might mean the destruction of our lives. What came over me now was nothing but misery.

On a couch lay a naked priestess, but she was dead. To all outward appearances, her material body was empty; maybe the soul lived somewhere else and was thrown out. She had suffered a violent death. The masters stared at the youthful organism and sucked their fill. They could not yet depart from this young corpse. Now I understood what Dectar said: "They feed the beast in them."

All of them were guilty of it, but one of them was the murderer. They had sucked their fill and defiled her spiritual and material body. I felt that I became silent, very silent. This deadly atmosphere poisoned this small room; their presence contaminated her very last breath, which had remained in the corpse. Here I saw one of the many thousands of curses of Isis, one of the many by which the Gods were cursed as well as the wisdom and holiness of priesthood. These spiritual hyena's looked at the body, which still belonged to this life only a short while ago. In it lived the soul ready to acquire priesthood at Isis. But this soul was cruelly thrown out of the body and with it the young life, which had now died in her body. One of them had killed his own child and was the Father, but also the deadly poison for this young life.

She was beautiful, this priestess, and not even twenty years old, she had been defiled by a brute, by a spiritual monster in the priestly garment of a master.

As I descended into the body, tears came into my eyes. In the material body there was still something alive which the masters could not observe, because they had concentrated on evil and lust, which meant joy to them. In this way, they lived to the full, although they were priests.

The body was not even cold yet, and saw that the souls of both mother and child were about to depart. I experienced the coming apart of the two spiritual bodies and understood why I was made to disembody, a little later and nobody would ever have known. Of course, my leader knew all about it, for he said to me that I should observe attentively.

Oh, masters of Isis, is this serving the Goddess? Is this your wisdom? Are you crazy about young lives? Is this the end of her study? And did she attain priesthood? Or was she here to serve the masters? However, that is not true, for I see that she was defiled in her sleep. Not one life has been destroyed but those of mother and child. In her heart lived the poison of Isis, and this killed the young life. The symbol of purity gave way to disgust, destruction, vice, spiritual and material violence, and deep darkness. What is Isis? What does it mean to follow Isis? What is the meaning of the Lotus?

“Dectar, oh Dectar, do you know that such inhuman things happen? You know, but I go through the reality and criminal nature of the masters.”

A violent hatred arose from my inner life as I looked at these three sensualists. Their astral bodies were dark and their radiation was demonic. I was quite willing to pierce them one after another, unfortunately, for this purpose I had no weapon. I had to be content with what I had experienced. I had overcome the astral walls of Isis. The young life was lying there; its soul now departed and would probably curse its end on earth.

In this material body the herb poison from Ardaty’s gardens lived. Mother and child had been torn away from this life too early. She had received much wisdom, but her wisdom also meant her death.

The astral child cried outside the material body and was already conscious.

“Mother, my mother, we live, but not there, we now live in a different world.”

“Yes”, I answered, “not here, but far away, far away from this darkness, you live where ‘His’ heart beats, He who also knows about this and saw how you were killed.”

I ran away from this spot, as fast as when the earthquake occurred, away from these terrible surroundings and back to my own cell. On my way I experienced a new wonder. When I moved so rapidly, I suddenly noticed that I floated. I floated outside Isis as a result of my enormous concentration that was raised to a great height by all this sorrow and misery. While moving on so rapidly, I had passed through the astral walls of Isis without wishing to do so. When I realised what had happened to me I shouted with happiness for I understood that these walls had lost their significance for me. For a brief moment I was no longer myself, for I wanted to go back to my cell, and I had forgotten Dectar. Now I wanted to visit him. After only a few seconds I had reached his cell and entered. First of all, I forced myself to relax; otherwise, I would not be able to follow Dectar. I was fully aware that I had already forgotten myself, and that this was very dangerous. I had to remain myself in everything, even in the deepest misery.

Dectar's lame wing

When I awoke Dectar, he adjusted on me, and began to see me. Soon he was conscious and spiritually ready. He said to me: "Well, dear friend, you have come to me? Oh, Venry, descend into me. You see, my friend, I felt clearly, now I will know what my paralysis is like. Look at my deformity, Venry, I need not know more for the time being. Can you see it, Venry?"

"Yes, Dectar, I see, but keep quiet."

"Did I not tell you, Venry, that they maimed me? Oh, those masters, damned be all those demons."

"Do be quiet, Dectar. I have a lot to tell you. I am ready, Dectar. I was outside the astral walls and even know secrets nobody knows about. Today I also received my weapon, Dectar, our weapon, my dear, presented to us by the Gods."

Dectar was very glad and he would have forgotten all caution for happiness.

"Did you not teach me to control ourselves in everything, Dectar. Do think of yourself."

He recovered and asked: "Look at what is in me, look well and tell me whether you can help me, Venry."

From Dectar's radiance I could now see his deformity and very clearly establish the activity of the masters. They did not want him to see nor to disembody. For years he had been imprisoned in this aura. They had been able to follow Dectar's thinking and feeling and he knew something of their secrets, which was his undoing. What he knew belonged to the masters and the mysterious Isis.

Dectar had nevertheless managed to protect himself. This was only possible because all those lives were conscious in him; he had told me about them. He was in fact untraceable, but his perception and feeling were very pure. Yet, he was kept under this influence and permanent control. All his gifts were smothered in this way and it prevented his development. The high priests were mighty. He should be thankful having been able to save his own life.

At this moment, I saw all those deformed people pass by in my mind. The soul and the material body were influenced in this way and their spiritual poison descended into them. One was paralysed, another materially broken; others again suffered from physical and spiritual illnesses, or became insane. I saw all those poor creatures, they dragged themselves on, understanding what was wrong with them, but they were powerless. I got to know a moun-

tain of vice and misery. I saw magic and mystic laws; they were alive before me. Wherever I looked, violence, passion and misery dominated. The violent influence broke them all and many had perished who had wanted to acquire spiritual wisdom. All of them had been deceived, materially and spiritually broken.

Dectar was deformed on his left; again and again, the masters checked his deformity. Fresh poison was administered to him, which tired him out because he wanted to free himself. I told him: "I could see everything, Dectar, and I swear that I will help you, my friend. But you must listen, Dectar, and have a little more patience. I am not now capable of breaking those powers. Only after darkness, dear Dectar. I will come for you and you will sit down on the clouds and look down on those who maimed you, for my leader will help you. I send you his greetings and he says that you are his friend too. Next, you will see the 'meadow' and her who is your twin soul. Will you have a little more patience, Dectar?"

"I can wait, Venry, even if it were for centuries, now that I know that I am his friend too. Did I not tell you that you will be great? You will receive the great wings, Venry, and Dectar will wait and see. You see, dear Venry, I am young again, now happiness will come over me, which will help me. I will do my best and remain myself. Now set me free, Venry, then you can see how lame I am. When I am free and rise, I will fall back to the earth and will be so tired, oh so tired."

"I will set you free, Dectar."

Now I saw through that web of spiritual powers through which Dectar tried to find his way. A wonderful event now took place before me. He sighed, moaned, and wriggled to the left and right, trying to get through this web. In the meantime, I adjusted to the high priests to find out whether danger was lurking. We were not followed now.

Then I helped Dectar. His departure from his material garment was perfect, but his gifts could not develop in this way. There were beautiful gifts in Dectar, even the very greatest a priest could receive from the Gods. In the Temple of Isis all priests were gifted and could disembody, but to see deeply and to see the origin of all life, possession of the soul and personality of this being was essential. This ability was present in Dectar's inner life so that he could have received the great wings, but no use was made of it, he was maimed. His material body had to remain asleep. Now that there was a disturbance in it, the soul experienced this violence to the effect that respiration was cut off.

If I wanted to disembody, I could do so in several ways. If I wanted to rise, to depart from my body to the left or right, I could achieve this at will, there was not the slightest disturbance. All I had to do was to adjust to it. Howev-

er, Dectar gasped for breath, uttering profanities and cursing the masters. At last he had freed himself and he entered my world. We embraced like happy children.

“Now we are together, dear Venry, how I longed for this. Oh, I am so happy, if you only knew what this means to me. I have prayed all my life to be allowed to receive this gift of being one, and now we are completely one, one in this immense space where those that died on earth now live. Now where are all my friends? Just imagine, Venry. Do realize how mighty it is to be granted to live here. Can you see now how monstrous the powers of the masters are? Then follow me, Venry. Without your assistance, I would never have been able to free myself. Now follow me, dear Venry, and you will understand how they tortured me and why there is so much hatred in me.”

Dectar adjusted his concentration to floating up and soon he ascended. His concentration was enormous; yet another power pulled him back towards the earth, and that power exhausted him completely. He moaned in pain and flopped down. He cursed the masters and cried like a small child over his sorrow and spiritual paralysis. He said to me: “You see, Venry, in this life I am paralysed. Their powers can even reach me in this world. It is not enough that I should be a cripple there, even here, those powers do not dissolve and that is the horrible thing about it. Can you now understand, Venry, that it takes my breath away? That’s how they break my resistance. I cannot do anything about it; a higher power must help me. I have to surrender now, whether I want to or not, for there are seven of them. The poison kills me spiritually and physically and I am not free of it for a second. I shall ascend again and show you clearly, so that you know that they will destroy us all. Whether the Gods can accept this? Is my prayer the murmur of a non-conscious being? But I will not ask questions now, dear friend, for I see help.”

However, Dectar’s attempts were discouraged. When he was about five metres above the earth he uttered sounds of pain and flopped down on earth. The powers of the masters had paralysed him completely, but it was only temporary. Then he fell into a rage so that he was foaming at the mouth. I found this most remarkable for we now lived as spiritual beings, and this phenomenon belonged to the material body. Yet, nothing had changed in this respect and I understood that the spiritual and material body were one. A chord connected both bodies and this chord conveyed the phenomenon to him. When he had calmed down a bit he said to me: “If I were more powerful, Venry, I would blind them all just as they did to Astor. I would paralyse their vocal chords so that they could never utter another word; or poison their blood so that they would be covered with pimples as the poor and sick who do not harm anybody. All these demons are not worth possessing gifts; they only use them to work us into misery.”

Dectar sat down on the edge of his couch beside his own material body and continued: "They call themselves masters, Venry, but they are masters of evil. Now I can look at my own body and see darkness in it, do you also see this? Can you see that my left side has been paralysed? And that my poor heart beats weaker when I offer resistance and that my breath is subsequently cut off? Is that serving the God? Should my hatred then be so unnatural, Venry? I possess great gifts, even the great wings, which I received from the Gods, but they destroyed me. Now you see how horrible the masters are. This Temple is cursed as well as those ruling here, cursed be all that defile the Goddess and her love. Cannot the Gods blind them? Are they allowed to go on destroying all of us, dear Venry? What do they possess that power for? However, I know I was given another power and this saved my life. Therefore, I should be very grateful. Those who live in this world, dear Venry, and see the light, all have the great wings, for they float in space. All those demons, however, only possess darkness; and with it all sicknesses of the earth which spoils their lives. Which last for centuries. You see, dear Venry, I saw all that, and that is why I remained myself. But my hatred stayed within me. I curse them all."

"You must remain relaxed, Dectar, or else you will wake up the masters. I promise you to do everything, but you must remain yourself. You do realize that it is not possible now, do you not?"

"Nevertheless, I am full of courage, Venry, but sometimes I am very angry and forget myself. Then this hatred rises in me and I curse them all. But I will recover, will I not, Venry?"

"You may rely on that, Dectar."

We now followed the activity of this magic power and agreed that I would help him after darkness. Dectar understood me completely when I explained how it would be possible to free him of it. Next, I told him of my experiences. He said: "Do you realize how great your gifts are? Did I not tell you? None of us can do that."

While Dectar was talking to me something remarkable happened to me. He looked at me and asked: "Are you going back into the past, Venry? I will wait."

"Did you feel that, Dectar?"

"Yes, Venry, your change is remarkable and natural, I know this phenomenon."

Then Dectar cast down his eyes, bowed his head and waited. Now that he felt that I did not speak, he asked: "Oh, my dear, can you forgive me? May I ask the master something?" I nodded my consent and he asked: "Has your previous consciousness come into you, Venry?"

"Yes, Dectar, I see now what you have done. Now I have progressed that

far, Dectar, right now, but through the powers of higher beings and because the Gods so wish. I am conscious of my previous life, as you have experienced it, and as it is still in you. This is through my leader, Dectar, his powers bring me into it, the moment has arrived that I have to know everything, only then can we begin.”

“Can you forgive me, master? Can you forgive your pupil? I was not sure of my seeing, and I roamed through your soul. At night, I came to you, like a thief, like a niggard and I was not myself anymore. Can you forgive me?”

“Yes, Dectar, you were forgiven a long time ago. In my soul the past now lives and I experienced this wonder.”

Then it was as if Dectar faded away before me. I saw into my previous life and now that he noticed it, he asked: “Does the master see his own life? Can I ask questions? Has the master progressed that far that he can answer me? I was your pupil and may be so again. Oh, father Taiti, can you forgive me?”

I became myself again and answered Dectar: “Yes, my friend, I saw in my previous life and was shown a lot concerning myself and others. Our leader is powerful, Dectar, we both are instruments and must serve. I advise you, however, to control yourself in every respect. I know what I must do. I also saw that you came to me and that you thought that you awakened this life in me, but it was our leader who did it, dear Dectar. You were allowed to get to know me in Venry, so that you knew that help was on its way. I spoke to you then and could do so consciously now, but another feeling has come over me, which forces me to leave. I am going to see for you, dear friend, and my leader wants me to, for you must relax, otherwise, our life remains in danger. Now I go back to the past, Dectar, and there your happiness resides, there you got to know love, and I can see there where she now lives. As soon as I know everything, dear Dectar, I will come to make you happy, and I will be ready for the darkness. Now you descend into your body, for I have no time to lose. The astral walls of Isis have been opened to me; I will pass through them, Dectar. We possess and have in our hands now what was impossible to us, however, I will be allowed to know much more.”

Dectar descended into his material body and we parted. I still heard him say: “The Gods permitting, dear Venry, this Temple will come down.”

My previous life; Lyra and Lecca

A certain power had come over me, forcing me to leave the country. I was bound for China. On my way, I consciously returned into my previous life, which I had already felt with Dectar. The life in which I was Venry sank back into me and made way for that of father Taiti.

I left my own country at full speed. I went back year after year now and approached my previous life. The closer I approached the country where I had once lived, the clearer this consciousness became, for I could feel and think as I used to. I could already speak the language I had learned in that country, everything belonging to this consciousness returned to me.

“Yes, Dectar, father Taiti has returned and now has to perform a task completely different from the former one.”

While I floated on, my garment changed to what I had worn at the time, it belonged to that life. Consequently, I lived in reality, because all events we experienced, the feelings and qualities that we acquired remained in us and will always be part of the soul. During all those centuries, nothing had changed, only in me, which meant the feeling, my striving for good. In that life, I perished. What I now experienced was a miracle to me. In this way, I could review many lives. All these lives needed to be awakened.

Again, I wore the robe of a supreme priest. I soon reached the surroundings I knew so well. On a high mountain, I saw my Temple. I was in a beautiful region surrounded by mountains. As father Taiti, I was the leader of this temple and my power was very great. Now, however, I was the pupil of Isis, but I lived in both lives, of which this life dominated.

Immediately upon arrival I descended into the subterranean vaults and corridors and visited the places where punishment, torture and hanging are executed, and where I had destroyed my enemy at the stake. Again, I saw all those events before me, and the places where those who perished had cursed their lives and priesthood.

All this occurred by my order. I again experienced all these terrible events, and I saw the priests and priestesses of former days. They had all died here and were now somewhere on earth, or on this side in order to return to the earth and make good what they had done wrong.

My enemy was a high priest and he wanted to possess my power. His very last deed brought him to the stake. He stole my love and tried to achieve this by murder, but as a result of my gifts and knowledge of the magic laws, I remained his master.

Beside me, I saw Lyra; I had met her on earth again. But where did Lyra

live? Where was she at this moment? Was she not to become a priestess?

At the stake, I saw a human being meeting his death. Lyra and I followed this terrible process and delighted in this cruel game of life and death. The one who was meeting his death received what others had experienced through him. We heard him wail and utter his cries of pain. Even my own words I had spoken to Lyra resounded towards me. All my hatred and the related true feelings also returned in me. Our hearts thumped with joy as he breathed his last breath.

The dancers dressed in priestly garments performed a life dance. We experienced the feast of destruction and the repelling radiance of human feelings, as well as death on earth and entering into the next life. In my present life the soul went on and would prepare for a new life. Then the soul got to know other parents and again went through birth and death on earth.

I had also returned, but with me all my hatred and the assassin in a spiritual dress, the expert on the magic laws. In me, true consciousness lived, but those were feelings of lust, power and animal-like experience. In this consciousness, I had driven him to his death, but as a result, my soul awakened. The serving love awoke from that inhuman process, a love that is eternal, and will never lose its power, but will only grow and become stronger.

I experienced that every wrong deed still contains the higher feeling and consequently leads the soul to the higher. Observing all this I thought of the words my mother had spoken to me:

“If the voice of your heart tells you to descend, then descend. However, should you go up in love, then go up and should you get to know love, then go in.”

Here I had experienced all this and her words were clear to me. In this life before me, a life of power, rising and falling, my soul had become conscious. Here I had got to know love, Lyra’s inner life had fully developed and the certainty in us of a great happiness on earth and on this side.

This love had awakened in an animal-like consciousness; a love called lust, which burned in our souls, setting them on fire.

I went on and entered the dungeons where the priests and priestesses lived. In one of them Dectar lived. He had come to me as a pupil but he ended his earthly life as a master. He had experienced a monstrous end. Now I got to know his deep inner life.

In Dectar, many lives were conscious now, though he was not really aware of this one. He had made amends later on in his life for the sins and mistakes made in this life. That is why I understood that he had settled an old score. Those other lives came back to his consciousness one after another, and all those events disturbed him and he had to overcome them.

He had given himself a terrible punishment, of which he had not yet told

me. From this life, he only felt love and a fear to put an end to his life. The feeling which urged the soul on to advance, and which was love, remained and became far more powerful through all those lives. When this feeling, which presented itself as yearning but meant love, fell asleep, the soul sank back to the very first stage, never to become conscious again. It was not possible, however, for that was why one lived on earth and was part of the infinite. All these lives served to acquire a higher consciousness, one day to experience that, which would be in harmony with nature and with that from which we emanated.

In this cell Dectar lived. Now that I thought of him, I picked up other feelings. I should not pronounce the name he had borne in this life. That is what I shrank from, for I might awaken Dectar's previous life within him and he would again pass into all that misery. During his life at Isis, it would be fatal to him.

"The sound of his name destroys his rest", I heard a voice in me say, so that I understood that I was also being followed here. I accepted this straight away.

What I saw, and what Dectar had experienced in this life too, was the sorrow and pain of many people; and he had to bear it all by himself here. His entire personality and his name as a priest had passed away with him.

"Leave that alone, Venry, do not wake it up, keep your hands off from what has been suffered for, and for which he was submitted to torture and for which many hearts were broken. Let it definitely sleep."

It is surely splendid, I thought, that I hear the voice in me speak so clearly here as well, and that Dectar's life is known to others. Again, I heard a voice say in me: "If everything dies, dissolves and is forgotten, not so to a name related to many deep events. The soul has listened to it. It retains its power for centuries and once having arrived at consciousness it withdraws all events again, at any rate for the gifted, so that the entire personality becomes conscious again. That sound remains alive, and if anything awakens the soul, it is the name representing life and the personality."

Now other thoughts followed to which I adjusted.

Dectar loved, and his love in this life was Lecca. He too now felt that love. But where was Lecca? Where are you, priestess, who knows my friend and feels his love? The love coming to him is awake, lives, is sent to him and belongs to the conscious craving. Dectar is on earth; here he was one with you. Lecca, where are you? You must be alive too, among all those millions of people there is only one person who touches his twin soul. Dectar says that you are alive, he sees you on earth and your love enters him. That love is his soul's. The magic laws will bring you to me and I will know where you are now living. Nothing, do you hear, Lecca, nothing will be able to stop you,

you will come to me. I had already adjusted to Lecca's soul and all my gifts of this life were activated. Again, I called her. Lecca, I am calling you. My first attempts come into action, I am calling you, Lecca, I will call you again and you will come to me.

Right now, I knew that Lecca lived on earth. Dectar had felt correctly. They were both one, one in material and spiritual life. Lecca knew the laws; the powers were present in her and would awaken. Nothing could stop her; even if she were fast asleep she would and must disembody and come to me. Father Taiti called her.

Then I went on, I went to my own room. I wanted to look back into my own life and once again feel Lyra's love and experience our end on earth. Having entered my room, I saw Lyra and myself. My inner life was consumed by love and I was the slave of my yearnings; I thought that miraculous. I knelt before her and spoke to her. I now listened to my own past and heard myself say: "Youth and old age are in me, Lyra, and you know how this is possible. We are both awake and conscious and have got to know true love. Out of all this evil our pure love was born, even though we are still living in our own darkness. You know that we will part, but shall meet again on earth, because we are twin souls.

What we did here was terrible, we experienced murder after murder and nobody may kill. We killed, Lyra, killed on behalf of our love and we experienced the dance of destruction. To satisfy our desires others perished. The masters tell me that you are my twin soul, so that you belong to me, but we shall have to make up for everything. The time will come that you are with me forever. However, now you go your own way and I go mine. Yet, we shall meet again. The higher consciousness, which is now within me, will be my task in that other life. Right now, dear Lyra, I pass on into these laws and we shall both experience that. You will return to earth together with me and in that life we shall be allowed to meet. Our souls are one and connected with the laws. I will live and overcome my hatred, dear Lyra, by the remorse I feel. This sorrow is real, very natural and sincere. There is sorrow in me, and sincere repentance, for what I have done.

My heart breaks; but my Mother will help me, I feel her prayer, she wants me to live on in it, and it is also our bond for the next life.

I will destroy myself, Lyra, and also all my mistakes, which stop me. We must serve, Lyra. I was given the task to destroy all Temples in which the light is darkened. I will meet my enemy again, because he causes new sorrow and pain and breaks hearts with his gifts. Right now, I bless the moment of my becoming conscious. Can you feel that there is deadly seriousness in me? That I will try to remain conscious? That we were created as one soul? Your soul is one with my life, Lyra; we are one in everything.

The masters want me to follow them. In the next life, my task will be great like my love for you. Now we are one, Lyra, in other lives others will belong to you, though I live in you, however, you have to make up to them. Are you ready for the poison, Lyra? We are in for a punishment, but experiencing it is our development for that other life. Be aware, dear Lyra, that the very last and deepest sorrow will come over you. In return, we will receive the higher consciousness. We impose on ourselves the very deepest sorrow, it will, however, awaken our souls and promote our being one.

Dectar also passed into it together with Lecca. They were one, also in death. Do you feel this silence? Can you follow me, now that life comes to an end? Do you love me so much that you are ready? Are you conscious of your 'yes', Lyra? What do you say? Do you hear Dectar crying? Do you hear your sister's faint voice? They are alive, of course, dear Lyra, they live and must live, and as a result their consciousness will change, the consciousness which is deeper than their being one on earth, and it will irradiate their day-consciousness.

Dear Lyra, the animal-like life gnaws at our hearts and we remain conscious and one until our bones will appear, until we receive the plain naked reality which carries still more pains, Lyra, so know what you do. Are you ready?"

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A poison ended our earthly life. Quietly we ingested it. Next, I saw that we went to our graves and laid down there. Hand in hand, our souls one and united. And so we passed away. Our bodies went through the same process and yet we were still far apart. Slowly the moment of death came nearer as did the conscious entering of that other world. Lyra did not speak anymore, her eyes darkened but opened again and we now lived in the other life.

Death by suicide, quietly and consciously, to advance higher and higher spiritually, to satisfy desires, to extinguish the fires in our souls and to become acquainted with the mystic and magic laws, but above all to make up. The consequences were horrible.

Dectar heard a voice in him, as he wanted to put an end to his earthly life. Now I understood and knew this voice and the feelings of my best friend.

"Yes, Dectar, the worms once devoured your body, you yourself went through that monstrous process, which is non-consciousness and means destitution. We too, Dectar, went through it and thousands of others and nobody achieved anything, we only acquired that knowledge, nothing else. We

wanted spiritual property, spiritual development, and the desire to make up. However, in this way making up is not possible. We experienced the process of decay and learned a lot by it, dear Dectar, as your soul will refuse a second time and you cannot experience it again.”

When I had followed this, I returned to Dectar’s cell. The thoughts that came over me urged me not to lose time. Again, I adjusted to Lecca.

“Lecca, you are on earth. Wherever you are you will come to me.” I continued calling her for a while and began to see. Right now, I could follow her soul. I waited for a while and felt very relaxed.

“Truly, dear Dectar, she is on earth”, I called out to him, “she lives in a new organism and even near your own vicinity. Your feelings are pure and natural, your love is real and she will come to me.”

In his cell, I drew a magic circle around me. I had to stay in it, because I awakened hell and devil. Yet Lecca would come to me; these powers were in her too, for she had once been a priestess. In those days, I used my gifts for all sorts of evil and many obscure affairs. Now, however, for the happiness of two souls. My concentration was perfect; I kept adjusting to her soul and drew these dangerous laws and powers towards me. The magic circle now protected me; otherwise, I would be dragged through the darkness and become the plaything of demons. The dark powers resided in it, as did the higher ones, which could be used for the well-being of mankind.

I knew how to contact them. All these beings lived in those powers, and I myself passed on into them. In this respect I was a master in this life. For Dectar and others, I was Father Taiti, who was guarding all his children.

The dark powers forced themselves on me right now. As a result of this, the soul, here called Lecca, would return to me. Then I called her again: “Lecca, you will come. Father Taiti calls, wherever you are, you will come. Depart from your body, Lecca, do so. Dectar is on earth; he is faithful to you and loves you dearly. Dectar is waiting. Depart from your body, Lecca. Use your wings and come to me.”

In the meantime, I arranged a cloud of power around me. I knew from experience that my constant concentration was required. If my personality passed into these powers, I would be lost. Many had met their death in this way, for I touched the laws of darkness.

Again I called Lecca and repeated my call for quite some time. I followed my concentration and forced her to disembody.

Lecca was a priestess and the sister of Lyra. Both knew the laws and there was no power that could stop her now. If her soul did not live on earth I would be helpless too; but if the soul lived in a new organism and if she belonged to the conscious world she would come to me and this life would suddenly be conscious in her. Only the world in which the soul had to wait

to be born could render my concentration and connection impossible. However, Lecca lived on earth.

Again, these thoughts were sent to me. As before I understood what followed: “What does magic mean and what are the magic laws? It is the knowledge of previous lives, the being one in them, and the conscious experience of them. How does it work?”

Next follows the awakening of the past. The soul as a human being has all these powers in it, for nothing is lost. And now that we know that everything stays alive, that unspoken thoughts and feelings also mean activity, the soul can connect itself with them and this being one is the experience of reality, of feelings once experienced. When you are aware that all your actions and feelings are the possession from the past and that you consequently live in day-consciousness, and experience, create, receive, act, see and hear, and that all these feelings constitute your entire personality, then you can accept that the soul also lives in the past during day-consciousness.

Is it clear to you that your soul did not acquire anything in this life? That you are building, creating and serving, and that you have not yet earned anything? What are the new qualities you acquired in this life? Search yourself, descend into yourself, or go ‘in’ and see properly and clearly whether this is correct, and you will accept that you and all those who are on earth live in their own past and draw from it.

Is that unnatural? First of all, work out who you are and what you have now become. Has any change come about? Who gave you as a child a mature consciousness? Can you receive that? Where does it get the qualities from at such an early age, qualities which really belong to the grown-up being? Is life that simple? You know the laws, now lay a protection around you. Are you aware that this is also necessary? When consciousness is fully awake, you will realize that this brought you all this knowledge, but it is the past, it is what you acquired in former lives.

Do you feel that this present life gave you ‘knowledge’? Lecca will come because she also lives in her own past and because this is her day-consciousness, for you talk, think and feel in and from the past. So there is only ‘now’, it is there and will remain, there is no past, ‘life’ is there and you are now conscious in it. But only in so far as it concerns your own life.”

All these words were certainly not mine, they were given to me. Yet, I found it miraculous. It was all clear. Now feelings of sleep came over me and this sleep belonged to Lecca. Her soul detached itself from her material organism and she would come to me. As a result of what I had just heard, my connection had become much simpler. She sent me her thoughts from afar. Lecca was on her way. Just a few more seconds and she will be here. A personality approached me enveloped in a light and dense haze.

“Lecca? Lecca, is it you? Dectar’s twin soul?”

“Father Taiti, did you call me?”

“Do you recognize me, Lecca?”

“I always see you in my dreams. Oh, Father Taiti, my master, why did you call me? Do you know where I live and where I am now?”

“I am very glad you recognize me, Lecca, and that the past is conscious in you. That you feel the love you possessed here too.”

“Oh, Father Taiti, is that why you called me? Can you make me happy? I love him so, everything is conscious in me and I live in this consciousness. I have prayed, sacrificed a lot and now I will receive? Do you know where my soul lives? Where is he who was given to me by the Gods? May I see him? Oh, I know, Father, I will not mention his name, mine is dead too. When I think of him the silence returns in me, but also grief and all his sorrow, which is also in me. Oh, tell me his name, may I know?”

“His name is Dectar, and yours?”

“My Mother called me Myra. As a child, my former name was in me and I asked my Mother to give me this name. But afterwards grief came over me all the time, and then she called me Myra again. Call me Myra, Father Taiti; and where is Dectar? Where is my soul and does he know that I am longing for him? That I send him my love? Is he conscious? There is love in me and I shall live on in it.”

“He will come to you, Myra, Dectar will come. He lives and is conscious, but in love only, everything else must remain asleep. I see you are a mother, Myra, but you are not happy. You are the sister of the pharaoh. Do I see properly, Myra? Has your motherhood been defiled? The Gods want you to see Dectar. Dectar’s feeling and perception are also clear, he says that you are rich and high-born, whereas he is a humble and poor man, Myra.”

“Is that of significance, Father?”

“You will be given what you are longing for, Myra.”

“How shall I thank you, Father. Can we be one again?”

“Certainly, my child. Your love consumes Dectar. You live in him, Myra, and in his present surroundings. I also see what your life is like and that you cannot receive happiness, because Dectar is your soul. You will see him, Myra, but you still have to wait. You may not know yet where we are, or else your desires will overwhelm you. Yet, you will recognize Dectar and me. Listen, dear Myra, to what I may now see, I will tell you.

We will both come to you. I will pick a white flower for you from space, Myra, and only then will you recognize me as that other person. I live in another garment, but then you know that Father Taiti is there and lives in that body. The flower is from Dectar, your twin soul, and then you will recognize your soul in the person I will take to you. Do you understand what I saw and

told you, Myra?”

“Yes, Father.”

“This life and your present life are centuries apart. Yet, there is no past, Myra, which also became clear to me. You are now awake and conscious, but love has no regard for ages. Is there no love in you? This dream will bring reality to you, Myra.

Wait, I will recognize you at the court as pharaoh’s sister. However strange this may seem, we shall receive reality.

Later, you will wake up, Myra, and you will know where you have been and nevertheless think that it was only a dream. However, I ask you, Myra, to forget everything and wait. Our lives, Dectar’s and mine, are in danger. Afterwards, you will see the ‘meadow’. Dectar yearns for the ‘meadow’ and you will recognize it. Then you will understand, my child, that a crown does not mean happiness. Gold and power are of no significance. They cannot be compared with this love, this happiness, which is eternal. The Gods want us to serve however; but serving is only possible if we can love the soul belonging to us.

Dectar gave himself. He lived here to awaken and you have been faithful to him and followed him. The worms eat away at your heart; you possess development as feeling, now you can only love. To be allowed to live in love, to see, to feel and be one, dear Myra, is the acme of happiness we can receive on earth as human beings.

You live in Dectar’s inner life, your being one grows and flourishes in his heart. If this is conscious in you, Myra, how far ahead you are of other people? Has gold any significance?

When the desire and knowledge of this eternal space are conscious in us, when the past fills your day-consciousness and boosts your heartbeat, when his radiance brings you happiness and the ‘Lotus’ sends its pure power to you, only perfection can be felt, Myra, which means ‘going in’ into love.

Yes, my dear Myra, you wonder why you should spend your life in that emptiness. What is the point if I am not allowed to experience my full knowledge and feeling in being one? It hurts, Myra, but these feelings are also present in my life: we have to make up. Every second is wasted time; every day seems a century to you and that is how this life is spent.

And now, dear Myra, that you know that your soul is on earth, how will your desires be? How will you feel, dear Myra, when Dectar stands before you? Will you be able to control yourself? How will you react, dear Myra, when his eyes look at you and you feel that he is going to kneel down before you? You can only be grateful to be allowed to see him.

Will this happiness make you collapse? Will you forget your own task on earth when you see him? Will you have enough self-control, dear Myra,

when you see Dectar and feel his fiercely beating heart, so that your brother does not feel anything? Do not forget that he is the pharaoh and we are his servants. And it must be in you, Myra; otherwise, you destroy yourself and the happiness of your children. Will my child be ready?"

"Yes, Father, I will be ready and accept. May I know your new name right now?"

"No, Myra, not yet, but in due course. Did Myra forget the laws? You may not know anything about us, Myra, for the miracles that will happen will require your self-control. I will be very young, very young and yet old. I have the great wings, Myra, and the Pharaoh will receive me and you will see a fight to the death, but we shall conquer for there is powerful help. I may not tell you anymore. We have to go now, Myra, I must be ready before sunrise."

"Should I forget everything, Father?"

"Think of a dream, Myra, and wait, but do not look for me. Go now, my child, return to your material body."

"Do you know where my sister, Lyra, is?"

"No, Myra, but I have already met her. I will receive where she lives and then my happiness will also be perfect. Goodbye, Myra, Dectar will come."

She faded before me like a haze and I felt that I also had to go. There was nothing more that I could experience here.

When I concentrated on my present life again, I began to see. I saw that only the foundations of the Temple had remained. I was standing on ruins, during the centuries that had gone by this building had collapsed. How and why this happened I could clearly observe; the Gods wanted the building to disappear from the earth.

Another power wanted me to go now. What I had seen was part of my task. I could only start my activities and prepare myself when I had experienced everything. All these events and getting ready meant power and the consciousness of Father Taiti.

Thinking all this over I received new thoughts, which told me how to continue my way. These feelings were sent to me from afar. The miraculous thing about it was that my ways were guided. All these events were known; an infallible activity pushed me there. I was on my way to Isis; there I would get to know new truths and secrets of which my Mother had spoken. If the Gods were with me and there was light in me, I would be allowed to know everything. The light I had already received. That is why I accelerated my speed through space and flew towards Isis. The power of my wings and the rapid progress were the results of my own concentration.

My Father and Mother

The light, which meant feeling, and which was in me, now showed me the way. And so I went on, I approached Isis and entered Ardaty's gardens. The feeling to descend pre-dominated all my other feelings. There were gardens which had been laid out down there and which belonged to the mysterious Isis. Dectar had once shown me them. There was a little summerhouse in them in which Ardaty cultivated his herbs. I did not give it a second thought and descended into these mysterious gardens. Dectar had told me about them. In these gardens lived the natural treasures of Isis. The most curious herbs were present, but only the High Priests dwelt in this natural but unfortunately poisoned paradise.

Ardaty knew all these herbs, his mastery was known for miles around. He unfailingly assessed the strength of a natural poison from the plant, by the scent and species. This was a natural gift of Ardaty's. His olfactory organs had been developed to the highest degree.

On my journey I met shadows and these beings belonged to Isis. They were souls, human beings, who had once lived here and had probably been destroyed in some way or other. There was something sinister about the way they floated on. All these souls experienced earthly life again, but from that world. I saw old and still young people from which I assessed their age. They went their own way, however, and were spiritually conscious.

The nearer I approached that building, the clearer I began to feel. A narrow path led to the entrance and I entered. The building was empty. Apparently, they had not yet been able to find a new master. I began to see straightaway.

It was evening and the sun had set a long time ago. I saw Ardaty mixing herbs. Why are you working at this late hour, Ardaty? Have you discovered new herbs? When I asked myself these questions a priest entered and said to Ardaty: "Well, Ardaty, are you ready?"

It gave me a terrible fright for I knew this priest. Now, where had I met him before? Ardaty gave him herbs but did not say a word to him. Yet, he thought, and I could follow his thoughts. The priest immediately left and I went with him. It was curious how clearly this past was conscious to me; I could observe everything very accurately.

Of course, I thought, he is going to that building. Where else should he go? We entered the building where the priestesses lived. I had been there before. I kept following him. He subsequently entered a cell. On a couch was a priestess. He went up to her and clasped her to his heart. The priestess resisted him with all her might and did not want his love. What I saw and felt was

terrible. This priestess was in the state of half-waking consciousness and was not really aware of what happened to her. I now got to know the unconscious powers, which yet belonged to a consciousness for she still tried to protect herself in this half-waking consciousness. Her entire being revolted and this was her subconscious which constituted the personality. It was now awakened by fear. I could clearly observe the disturbance in the nervous system so that I understood that this life was to collapse. An enormous power forced her to remain in this consciousness so that she could not offer any resistance.

I adjusted myself to the priest and felt that he was going to use his powers. He partly woke her up, for she should not be in possession of her full consciousness. If the priestess would exceed half-waking consciousness she would most certainly cry for help, and he tried to avoid that. I heard him say: "Take this, beautiful, princess, and you shall have gifts, you will see, and hear, and receive the great wings."

She was in no position to make demands; he administered his medicine by force. Hatred came over me; a terrible feeling and I could have killed him. This was lust and violence. The priestess fell asleep, induced by the poison. I had observed this as a spectator. Now I adjusted myself to the inner life of the priestess. I thought I would collapse. "Mother, my Mother, my dear Mother."

She was my dear Mother. Another power calmed me down, for I was beyond myself. I felt intense sorrow. Oh, my Mother, did you have to experience this? Now I know your secret. The power, which entered me, wanted me to go on, and I followed the priest. Suddenly, I realised who he was, I recognized him.

"You devil, demon, you here with my Mother?" I forgot myself for a short moment, but I immediately regained my self-control. This priest had destroyed my youth and stirred me up against my parents. Now I experienced what my Mother had gone through at Isis, and I remembered the words she had spoken to me: "There will be new hatred in you, Venry, do not allow hate to take you by surprise."

"Oh, my dear Mother, I shall take revenge for you. How did you free yourself from this terrible den? How was your end? Who mutilated you? Who took you away from here? Who gave you new strength? Was it Ardaty?"

I was born, but where? The priest left. I followed him. As I observed his realm of thought, I saw my own Father. He thought of this event. This priest loved my Mother, but the supreme priest of Isis was my Father. My Mother had been assaulted when she was in a state of half-waking consciousness. It had been intended to kill my Mother and me. The one who walked in front of me would execute the sentence. But the Gods did not want us to die. However, something forced me to return to my Mother. When I began to see again, I perceived that I had felt correctly. One scene connected me with

the other. On her head, I saw a star, the sign of her home and birth. She had spoken of that too. My Mother was a princess by birth and wanted to retain priesthood. I did not need to know anymore. In my body, mixed blood was flowing; my Father was a high priest and the Father of the Temple of Isis. One emotion followed the other. Only by powerful concentration could I remain myself. How could I digest all this? And yet I had to remain myself. If the whole matter had not been so tragic, I would have burst into a nervous laugh. I suppressed these unnatural feelings with all my might.

“My dear Mother, I shall avenge you and Ardaty, who was like a Father to me. I love you both and I will never forget this.”

Suddenly, I got afraid. Was I being followed? Had I forgotten myself? I hurried back to my own cell, but I noticed that there was no danger. Yet, I got a message from my leader. I had to hurry and not waste my time. As soon as possible I went back to the house of Ardaty, for another experience was in store for me there.

When the priest had gone with the herbs, Ardaty stayed behind. I saw that moment before me. Ardaty was lost in thought and talked to himself: “Beautiful princess, they want to kill you. Why did the pharaoh send you to this Temple? But my poison will work in a different way than they think. Oh, no, beautiful princess, you will not die yet. The Gods want you to live. I am a poor man, an expert on herbs, but my prayer is powerful. Thoughts have come to me, dear princess. If I feel well, then these thoughts clearly must have come from the Gods. These are the feelings of higher powers. For this is great what is in me now. I have been relieved of every embarrassment, every hesitation, so that I know how to act.

Beautiful princess, do you know these powers? Only in the case of great events do the Gods descend in us human beings, and put the awakening in us, which is the conscious knowledge, so that I surrender completely.

There is only one possibility left for me. You will be misshapen, your youth will change into old age, but you will live. You will live in pure and heavenly rest. Your heart will remain young and you will not be recognized. Come to me, I Ardaty will be a Father to you. In my gardens, I can hide your secret, when your heart says: I will come, and when you are prepared to accept my environment. I only want to take care of you so that your child can be born. My long presence here has not been in vain, but I found the irradiating light of the Lotus suspect as I observed her carefully. Did the Gods send your secret to it? It is bound to be so for I am not used to adjusting myself to it, but I assure you that my feeling and perception touch the genuine reality, even if I am only supposed to be a herbalist.”

Ardaty had stopped thinking and I waited for what was going to happen next. After a short while the priest returned to Ardaty and said: “Are you

sure, Ardaty, that you gave me the right herbs?”

Ardaty thought for a good length of time and answered: “If you wish, master of Isis, and you will allow me, I will administer other herbs to her. Should your master agree I am quite prepared, but you had better bring her to me.”

The priest hated Ardaty, but Ardaty saw what he was up to. The priest also reflected for a good while and following his train of thought he led me to the Head of Isis and to the pharaoh’s court. He subsequently returned in thought to the Father of the Temple. I followed this curious conversation which they held from feeling to feeling while being one.

My Mother had to be taken away from here; she had caught a serious and infectious disease. He had received his orders and said to Ardaty: “Are you sure of yourself?”

“Bring her here, master of Isis, here in my room; I will make the body return to matter within a very short time, but you must permit me to do so. May I, Ardaty, serve the masters? I am prepared and ready.”

The priest had already arrived at a decision and said: “Dear Ardaty, I will soon return to you, and you will receive full authority, as well as the seal.”

“Bring me that consent, High Priest, for you know that I have to obey the laws too. You will get to know my knowledge and I will show you my mastery.”

The priest left and Ardaty waited. After a short while he entered again, he was carrying my Mother in his arms and laid her down on a couch. He hated Ardaty who was like a small child and wanted the priest to go. The priest refused and stayed. What to do now?

Ardaty said to him: “You know the laws, master of Isis? You have a right to deny me your sanctuary, but the Gods gave me power, knowledge, and a right to be here. If you serve the Goddess then go, or I will go.”

The master of Isis sent him his hatred, but left. Then Ardaty set to work. While doing his mighty work he talked to the Gods and I heard him say: “If you want to, oh great God of all life, then let me take care of her and let her child live. I will mix the most powerful herbs of which only you know the secret, and which came over me a moment ago. Or was it from the Lotus? Is the Goddess of Isis with me? I will oil this body, rub it with ointment, and administer what it needs. However, I will be like the waters which flow on, quickly and powerfully as when a tidal wave develops. I will control myself under this foaming force for it is the power, which comes over me. You must enhance my mastery, because this is my very first test. Help me, God of all life; give me that knowledge to kill the poison in her, her child must stay alive. Is this not awe-inspiring? You, God of all life, can help me and I am ready. I already see the traces of poison in her face, it will mutilate her, but she will live. Her life will be a luminous path to follow, for myself, and others

who come to us. In the very first place, for her child. Her death will be written in golden letters and be laid down in documents and her illness will be described. Her body will be embalmed, but the truth will never be known.

Help me, oh great God, if I am worthy of serving you, help me to bring her to my humble dwelling, my house behind the hills and nobody will recognize her or know who she once was. The pharaoh will not know either. Your blessing hovers over the heads of the high priests and the laws of Isis give them authority, so there is no danger either, for they serve, they all serve the Gods.

Oh, look how her face has already been mutilated. But she is alive and so is her child. I love her, dear God of all of us, and I will be a father to her. Let me serve, I want to serve You and her.

Do I hear correctly? Her heart beats as before, all danger is gone. I experience a wonder, which is possible as a result of Your concentration. Truly, mighty God, the child is alive. Thank You for everything. I will take care of her as if she were a sick person. It is known that I am a master and receive many poor people. Nobody will ever know our secret. I swear. Come to me, God of all Gods, and help me so that I can protect her.”

I saw Ardaty kneel down and pray. He seemed to have received new strength and was ready. He wrapped her in a cloth and carried her off in the direction of his house. Now I knew everything, yet I kept following him. He subsequently carried her into his house. I was born there; he had managed to keep this a secret too. On this spot, I thanked the Gods for everything I had received from both. My entire youth flashed by. I understood my dear mother and Ardaty. Ardaty radiated the happiness and love of a great person; his natural simplicity connected them with ‘life and death’. They were like two happy children, two children of God.

I had come to know our secret, and as a result, I had found my own weapon. I was facing a fight of blood against blood, a fight of a child against his Father, of hatred against hatred, old age against youth. I wanted to paralyse his wings, poison his blood and revenge my dear Mother. Now I returned to my cell. My leader had not yet left; his enormous power came towards me.

“I do not know who you are. I cannot see your entire being, yet you live here and see me. Do you feel my gratitude but also my hatred? Your power and wisdom are great. It is true, I can only bow my head, but there is hatred in me. I am embittered, for what you let me observe was terrible. Do you know my Mother’s sorrow? And do you know Ardaty? Is it not worth meeting him there? His discarded dress shines on all of us, for in him, the Gods lived and Lotus brought him silence. You may think that I am grateful, but I do not have such feelings just now, even though I sent them to you. Is it my youth that gives me rebellious feelings? Is it possible that the past is too much

for me? My parents have passed away, great master, and their love is still with me and will give me rest.

The hatred, which is still in me, makes the naturalness in my soul fade away; it will also be my fight against him, my enemy, who defiled her youth. My blood is infected, do not touch me. I do wonder what you try to find in my environment? Are my life and my person so worthy that you follow me? Can you not make better use of your time and powers? You watch like a slave does over his master and we all play the game of 'life and death'.

Is your space so puny?"

I set down and heard: "Father Taiti, are you satisfied? Did you see Lecca? Do you still possess your powers from the past? Would you like to see Lyra? She is alive too, dear Venry, I know where she is, and one day you will see her. Have patience, we must finish our work and then I will take you to her. Why is there hatred in you now that you know that the laws must be experienced? If you feel that there is no past? Why is there hatred in you? All of us must make up, Venry, you too, your parents also, everybody. One day you will be allowed to see her, for they now live in the laws.

The Gods want you to know all this, but your sentiments are translucent like those of a child. You now talk like a unconscious being, like people collapsing under their sorrow, weighed down with a burden which does not exist, who cry for help and go blind. Remember the words of your mother and your friend Dectar. Both are conscious. Is a slave lost because he waits and serves? Do you understand the good fortune to be allowed to serve? In this restricted space, the 'All-embracing' lives, and you have got to know that, but your present consciousness concerns worldliness and human nature. You do not see any light in your own life, and yet your path was shining.

You must learn to accept. You say you are grateful, but your emptiness dominates your gratitude, your embittered feeling may mean your own ruin. All this may kill you, my friend. If you had any light, realize that it was given to you, otherwise, you would not have been able to see the past. When there is hatred in you, all these miracles cannot occur, and I will not be able to finish my work. When your mother 'perished' there was hatred in her soul and yet she saw the light that the Lotus brought her, and the Goddess of Isis plaited her an aureole embellishing her lovely head in our world.

All these feelings may mean your own fate, never forget this. Your unsuspecting thinking and feeling after all this knowledge are dark sentiments. I would not be here if my perception and thinking would not destroy worldliness. But you do not appreciate the necessity yet, your youth lives in you and your old age is unconscious. I was allowed to start right now, but I must wait. Your way of feeling and thinking forces me to follow other laws. You could have opened yourself, my friend, instead you look for your hatred, and

nurture it, but we shall wait. Do know, however, that I am ready, you know my power. Do you want to know me in all my serving? If so I am also ready to come to you in this respect if you desire to serve. However, you must be truly serious about it.

I will go now, dear Venry. When you are in the darkness, turn everything over in your mind. Now descend into your earthly body, there is rest in it now, during your journey I was a pupil of Isis. If you think that this is so simple I advise you to follow my concentration and you will see how many were here. Do not forget that the masters too live in their own past, you were able to feel their fear, so that your flight back to your cell is a childish fear. However, you were able to see their lives, but through me. Your material body is empty now, I left it, but you have not been able to observe me. Does this mean anything to you? How puny I am with all that is in me? What I am doing here and whether it is worth seeing Ardaty? Well, my friend, hear what I say. In front of me I see a space and I go 'in.'

I still heard: "Should you follow my advice then try to get some sleep. Give what you know now to your earthly body, it will welcome you, for you must be one. The masters know these laws. In the distance, I see my own heaven and those asking for instruction and yearning to get to know the laws. Therefore, you are not the only one who receives. I withdraw, enter that immense space and yet I am at my post. Goodbye, Venry, you are alone again."

I could clearly feel this personality leave, though I could not see him. I descended into my material body and soon fell fast asleep.

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When I awoke I felt quite rested. Dectar would soon come for me. I had a lot to tell him. How happy he would be to be allowed to know that his twin soul was living on earth. I had become relaxed during my sleep; the powers of my leader were immense. He was an incomprehensible person, but possessed great power and I was sorry for my thoughts. Then Dectar entered my cell and said: "You are a miracle, Venry."

"How much time have we got, Dectar?"

"We must hurry, Venry, do you have a lot to tell me?"

"Yes, Dectar, quite a lot. I met your twin soul, she lives on earth. You must keep quiet, Dectar, even though I forgot myself again. We are not conscious although my leader says that you are. I know my Mother and Father, Dectar. My own secret, I know everything about you and me now.

Do you know her name, Dectar? Did her name come to your mind? The

love you feel comes from her to you. Your feelings are pure, Dectar.”

“I know her name, Venry. Lecca was her name, but her present name is Myra.”

“Since when do you know this, Dectar?”

“I woke up at night and I was allowed to follow you. But I remained in my material body. Subsequently, I heard you speak from afar and call Lecca to you. Then, dear Venry, I understood everything, my soul awakened completely, but only through your leader; I myself would not be able to, for you know how my condition is.”

“You will see her, Dectar, she is waiting and will go on waiting until we go to her.”

“I am so happy, Venry, and I will do my best. May the Gods help us, now we need a lot of power. We must forget everything again, Venry, only think of the darkness. The masters may come to us. When you are with me again, we will continue our talk. Is my friend ready?”

“Is there no time to tell you everything, Dectar?”

“No, you must forget everything now.”

“I am ready, Dectar, and I will follow you.”

“Come on, Venry, you will soon be with me again. Ponder everything and do not forget anything I told you. Think in particular of tiredness, surrender entirely and let come what must come. Empty your mind completely, then they cannot achieve anything.”

“I am empty, Dectar.”

“You are superb, Venry, after so many emotions.”

In the darkness

Dectar brought me to the building where I would be locked up. Before leaving, he gave me a last look.

A priest in a dark garment came to see me, but did not say a word. He took me to the darkness, and explained how and where I would receive my simple meal, then disappeared. In my mind, I caught his unspoken words, for he was like death and a guard of the silence. He was not allowed to speak.

I was alone. Now my education would really start. I found myself in that terrible space which many had left insane, and in which others had met their death. This cell was circular. Apart from a couch and myself, it was completely empty. I lay down, for there was a lot to reflect on. When I was ready with my own experiences, I adjusted to the darkness.

My couch was facing west, which had a meaning.

“That bed cannot be removed, it must stay there. Stay in the east as much as possible.”

These thoughts were not mine; my leader was at his post. I am very grateful to you. I nevertheless tried to move the bed, but it was impossible. On this spot, it was easier to reach me and they need not exert themselves. If I lay with my head facing west my concentration would already be half-broken. I would follow the natural laws, but now I lived in a disharmonious condition. I did not think it fair, but I gave in. My soul was yearning to attune itself; my own life and thinking were orientated towards the east, not the west. This was not natural harmony, but the breaking of my personality.

Some light could still be observed; presently it would become very dark. I was to stay in this hell for seven days and nights. I would love to spend all my energy but another power did not want me to. I felt very powerful and thought I was ready. A sleepy feeling came over me. Here I also saw an astral wall. Darkness was gradually approaching; I could hardly see my hand before my face. It was clear to me that I should try to save myself. I would not be helped in everything, for then I would learn nothing. Now I would have to acquire various powers. The activity and danger of ‘life and death’ forced themselves on me, because a deathly weariness came over me. I gave in and fell asleep, but stayed awake spiritually.

My organism was asleep now; I myself lived in it and was awake. I had succeeded in acquiring this wonder. As a result of my natural talent, my being awake was perfect. I now waited for the first phenomena and pierced the darkness.

My drowsiness, as the very first phenomenon, became ever stronger; a

deadly tiredness overwhelmed me and my earthly body. The masters had adjusted their concentration. I was tired, deadly tired. As a sick person, I hang in my own body. I slipped out of it unwillingly, although I wanted to stay in it. Therefore, I adjusted my concentration to counter it so that I could follow their thinking and feeling. They wanted to reach me in my sleep; if I was worn out they could do with me whatever they wanted.

The tiredness I now felt was terrible. I thought I would collapse straightaway, though I had only been here a short time, and things had not even started. The more deadly my tiredness became, the stronger got my own desire to stay awake. I managed to keep up with this game of being awake and falling asleep. I no longer had the slightest notion how long it had been going on.

In the meantime, I took some fruit-juice and adjusted to nature, for I wanted to know how long I had been here. But nature was closed off for me, I had no notion of day or night, time or sun, nothing, only darkness. I now lived in their world; their concentration and closing off was destructive.

I could not think of anything. My own feeling and thinking were suffocated. I was to feel only them, and was their spiritual prisoner. I had to try to cope with the terrible thoughts they sent me.

“You are infallible, masters of Isis, your concentration is very strong, but monstrous.”

I got to know a world of power and force; they played a game of life and death from their own world, for their thoughts began to take shape. When I had dealt with this, other thoughts came over me. I felt the warmth again and understood its meaning. I no longer had any notion of time and space, day or night, but the warmth made me feel what I should do. It was my only possibility to think beyond their influence.

My material body was a natural product. My own body could, as a being capable of thinking and feeling, connect me with nature. When I thought properly and could adjust myself without their interference, I could also think and remain myself beyond their influence. The organism possessed a natural attunement. It had come from nowhere into being, but now lived to capacity and was perfect. If I followed this activity, in which process I was assisted, I would be able to think independently and prepare myself against their attack. Following this activity, which meant the growth process, required all my energy. I had been engaged in this process for a considerable period of time when I felt as one. Only then did I understand this wonder.

From my material body, sleep overcame me, the feeling every living being experiences. It belonged to my own organism and this forced me to sleep. However, I determined time and hour by the sleep. This is remarkable, I thought, I see and feel that the sun has set. I had been in the darkness for a whole day and I was still conscious. Following this natural tiredness I could

see that night was approaching. This attunement enabled me to see, even though the masters had elevated me into their own world, I felt their influence all the time.

I could clearly distinguish the tiredness of my earthly body and that of the masters. Their way was rough and punished me, whilst that other tiredness gave me a feeling of well-being. I felt happy now that I could control these various kinds of tiredness. I sent up my gratitude to my leader for what I had learned.

So far, I had actually been inaccessible. Things went the way it did when they probed me for the first time and could not find me. I was there, and yet was not there. I lived here and experienced their concentration. Meanwhile, one day had passed, and I was still conscious. It was a superb achievement and my first knowledge after one day's experience in the darkness. Dectar had not told me anything about this. My body was asleep, but I had to wake it up. Suddenly, I got a feeling of being very thirsty. I found this feeling most remarkable, for in actual fact I lived outside my material body. However, the cord, which connected the two bodies, conveyed this thirst to me; my body needed liquid. My own organism forced me to wake it up and comply with this wish. To this end, I descended into my body. When I was one, and activated the organism, a terrible weariness overwhelmed me. Their unremitting concentration had tired it to the extent that I could hardly make it move. I dragged myself to the place where the fruit juice was, and then returned. I was more dead than alive.

Nevertheless, I had succeeded in protecting myself for a full day and in preventing the condensation of darkness. Every moment I thought I already saw shadows. So intense were the thoughts of the masters, that I was no longer able to keep my body awake. Their poison descended into me. They had now conquered my material body, this was clear to me. Fear crept over me. If I collapsed they could begin and unleash their vermin on me. Would the shadows, which Dectar had spoken about, come to me? For a full day, they pounded my material body and it lay there as if dead. My ruination was near.

Fear, and a feeling of powerlessness, entered my soul. Tiredness crept further and further over me; next I myself, only then would things start. Therefore, I looked for a means to protect myself against it. Their poison was already deep within me for a languid feeling forced me to fall asleep. If it were possible this empty space would be inhabited, and the fakes and the demons which really lived, would certainly waken. I was hardly able to think anymore. When I pronounced Dectar's name it no longer had any meaning to me. I repeated it several times. Dectar? Who is Dectar?

I felt far away, in a world where I knew nobody, where everything was alien

to me. Then a feeling of well-being came over me and awakened my soul. This feeling helped me think; I was on the threshold of non-consciousness. However, a helping hand raised me towards day-consciousness. I would have been almost lost and become the plaything of the masters. I did not even know my best friend anymore. I prayed for help, for my dear Mother and Ardaty, all those who were dear to me should help me. I had just felt the beginning of non-consciousness, for I was not myself anymore. The name Dectar still did not mean anything to me. There was unconsciousness in me. I was impregnated with their poison; it came nearer and nearer and would destroy me. Danger was approaching. Then the warmth came over me. At the very last moment, they intervened, but I had learned my lesson and experienced the intensity of their concentration.

I then heard myself being told: "If you continue to offer resistance you will become insane, therefore, you must split up minus twenty five percent."

"Can you understand that you make me happy?" I sent back. "I will gratefully accept your help and do my best, there is nothing else left in me now."

After I had sent up my gratitude, I got down to work. I understood what was meant; I would split. To that end, I had to descend into my body and accept the activity of the masters. But those twenty-five percent would be my own weapon; the seventy-five percent had to experience what they sent to me. It was quite clear; and I descended into my earthly body.

I immediately felt the deadly tiredness of my body; they had nearly killed it with their unremitting concentration. I had been resisting too long, and yet could not escape from it. Now violence was on its way. I could not think and feel anymore. Soon I sank away and my vision blurred. The masters had overpowered me. I was no longer aware of anything.

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I was outside. Before me, I saw a wonderful landscape. Nature was very beautiful and I was on my way to look for fruits which grew during the night. The surrounding area was lonely and deserted; I did not meet a soul. My way led to a valley. A strange power urged me on, ever quicker so that I could hardly breathe. Yet, I had some strength left to check this rapid advance. When I reached the valley, I proceeded more steadily, for now, it was not possible to move any faster. I was, as it were, a spineless instrument, yet I realized I had to experience this. I adjusted myself to finding the fruits and hoped there were many, knowing that I would make the pharaoh happy with them. I would get a reward because collecting those fruits was most

dangerous, for I could suddenly be faced with natural events, which were the wild animals that lived here in great numbers. Before me, I saw a cave and I would most certainly find them in there. I did not think of any danger. At the entrance, I felt a cold air current flowing towards me. As I began to feel used to it, I proceeded further into the cave. I looked to the left and right, in clefts and on projecting boulders, but I saw no fruits. I wandered from corridor to corridor and felt myself getting anxious.

I now ran into one corridor and out of another, I had lost my way. I was lost in a labyrinth of clefts and corridors. I broke out in a cold sweat and felt desperate. I went on looking for a way out but my way was blocked everywhere. Fear and terror came over me. The light I had seen only a minute ago darkened; groping I searched for the exit. Suddenly, I heard a terrible hissing noise. Quite near me, something slid over the ground. Two fiery eyes, which then looked up and approached me. The animal radiated light, I could clearly see that. It was a snake of unbelievable size. When it neared me, I cried for help. The eyes forced me to stay where I was, but I kept crying for help. The hissing noise came nearer, the split tongue shot in my direction; presently, it would be at me. I felt dizzy from my fear. My surroundings began to fade as I sank away deeper and deeper, yet, I kept thinking consciously.

This thinking was like the memory of centuries ago. I felt like myself, then again, I did not. However, I could remember that it was I, the person who had to experience something, that had a body like everyone else, and that I lived on earth. I felt like a particle of myself, the rest had left me and right now, I could not draw it back. I was like one petal of a flower and yet I had to do with the whole and was part of it.

My fear and dizziness, my searching, groping, and the hissing noise of this terrible animal did not get through to me now. Quietly, I began to think. The snake had reached me and curled around my body. The animal would crush me to death, but I had no strength left to resist any longer. I let come what must come. I was paralysed and had no strength left for counter-concentration.

Now the snake crushed my chest. I began to feel a stabbing pain, and but I no longer had the strength to call for help. The pain cut off my breath. Unconsciousness was at hand. Yet I could still think.

Had I been crushed already? I could not even follow things anymore. Truly, I was still alive but I was being slowly crushed to death. My breathing became increasingly difficult; I could do nothing against it. I completely surrendered and accepted what I would have to experience. I was not afraid of death, for there was no death. Apparently, the animal was not hungry; otherwise, I would already have been crushed. I had to accept the process of dying and I was about to experience it now. It was as if I fell asleep. The pains

lessened, my breathing stopped. I had died on earth, crushed by a reptile, but death was nothing but falling asleep. I had discarded my earthly consciousness and now my spiritual consciousness was about to enter me.

I had gone through the process of dying and entering that other world. I waited for new powers to enter me. I was now in life after death, and slowly my own life returned. I understood what had happened to me. With lightning speed, I reflected on what I had had to experience and thought it miraculous. The concentration of the priests was terrible.

But where in fact was I? This space was familiar to me. Had my leader followed me? And had I offered resistance in this condition? Had there been moments that I had forgotten myself? Had the masters been able to follow my thinking and feeling? When asking all these questions I saw a terrible monster near me. It was like an earthly being, but it had green eyes and I inhaled a repelling stench. It was like a wild animal and uttered satanic cries. The beast rushed at me, but before it reached me I collapsed and lost consciousness. There was no resistance left in me, all my strength was spent. Then I woke up and saw darkness around me. Carefully, I began to think and wonder where I lived. I felt my body, and yes, I was still alive. But where did I live? Had the beast not crushed me? Around me, there was darkness. I had no notion of life or death; no normal consciousness was left in me. I had nothing left now to find my bearings from. What had actually happened to me? Did I live between 'life and death'? Did I still belong to the earth? Could I belong to the earth? Where was I? Where am I, where do I live? I had lost my power of reason. I could not properly think anymore. I am mad; insanity has come over me.

I was on the threshold of insanity. There was no life left in me, I had never experienced anything as terrible as that. Had I already gone mad? How did people feel who had lost their reason? Could they feel and think in that situation? Was there still anything left of their consciousness or, had the entire personality dissolved? I am mad, my dear Mother, I am mad. Ardaty, I am insane and lost my reason. Help; help, I am mad.

Suddenly, I heard someone quite near me say: "You are not mad. You are not insane. You can think and feel. Your feeling is normal, did you not ask for your Mother?"

"Yes", I called, "yes, I called for my Mother and I know who my Mother is."

My brain was confused and I was dead tired. I subsequently collapsed again.

Like the night makes way for the day, I returned to life. I was awake again, but my situation was still exactly the same. Again, I began to ask questions, to feel and think which quieted me down a little. I now under-

stood that I was still normal, for I could think; my own being began to return. I thought of my Mother, of Ardaty and Dectar. Carefully, I went on and turned everything over in my mind. It was clear to me what I had experienced. I was in the darkness, had gone through the process of dying and had collapsed several times. Now I was myself again and the warmth hovered over my head. So my leader had not left me. My leader now showed me the way. I should now try to remain myself. I followed everything again and then waited.

I could not yet establish whether I lived in my cell again. I could not yet see scenes on earth or think of earthly things. I lived in a spiritual chaos, several worlds forced themselves on me, but I was not really conscious in any of them. Now I was no longer aware of proceeding in any direction, and yet I had to remain myself. Was I still in the darkness? I did not even dare adjust myself to anything now. But I had to think, I began to follow again everything I experienced. Now dying on earth was drawing near, the reptile crushed me to death. I could not breathe anymore, death approached, and I collapsed again.

My resistance was broken; my own 'self' had been deprived of everything. I was a plaything, a human being without any feeling. Would the masters know all this? I asked for time, time to awaken, time to come to my senses again. I needed time to recover.

Did consciousness enter me? A minute ago, I thought I felt the warmth, and that meant help. My consciousness became stronger, fresh thoughts came to me and those thoughts brought me back to myself. My feeling and thinking had been wrong, for I had not used my gifts, so that the masters could do with me as they pleased. The beginning was splendid, my splitting up very good, yet I had forgotten myself and rendered my powers inoperative. Who had awakened me again? Who made me think now? I could think again, but owing to whom?

It was well meant; but had I learned anything? Had I gone through everything as an empty being? Had I not applied what I had learned from Dectar? All these questions arose in me and I did not understand anything about them. I had to start again and prepare myself, I had to be in my cell and out of it, on earth, or in this world where I thought I was. I was not yet certain of it, but I hoped I was allowed to know presently, so that I could go on.

I remembered that I re-experienced everything and collapsed when I had come to the event with that reptile. First of all, I wanted to know where I actually was. I felt myself, pinched my body and felt that I lived in my material organism. Truly, I am in my cell, in the darkness. When I felt my head, I was very happy. I also possessed my arms and legs, so I had not perished,

nor died, I had experienced that through the masters. That monster was an apparent shape, but I had felt its reality. Now I heard my own heart beating and felt my consciousness return. Tears of happiness rolled down my cheeks. How happy I was that I still possessed normal consciousness. As a result of my happiness and tears my body relaxed, and I could breathe more freely again.

Then I wanted to know whether I still lay on my couch. No, I did not feel my couch; my hands fingered the floor. Was I really in my cell? I had to know that, otherwise, I could not relax. I subsequently made a tour through the darkness. I crept from left to right, to the middle, and then left again. I only saw pitch-darkness and I still had not found my couch. However, something was clear to me, I was busy searching and my thinking was normal. The feeling that was in me belonged to normal consciousness. I rested a little and then resumed my search. Because of this creeping about my body was very tired, but I persisted. I had to know where I was. After having crept back and forth, to the left and the right, forwards and backwards, I finally found my couch again. With all the strengths still left in me I pulled myself up and collapsed. At the same time I disembodied and lived in that other world. I had a premonition that I would experience reality. I was in a mighty space, but I was alone again.

There was some light though, but it quickly darkened. In this empty space, life began to take shapes and to condense. As life condensed, darkness set in. When it was very dark, I saw figures and even caves and hovels in which people lived. These people had lived on earth and were now astral demons. Dectar had told me about them. I felt very relaxed and got a bit nearer for I wanted to know more about it.

How is it possible, I thought, they are human beings and yet horrible monsters. When I had adjusted myself to those bodies, I saw their blood and I could also follow their inner life. They were like devils, as even animals could not be.

Then I heard: "Their life is non-conscious, they are not aware of their own existence, and they are ready to pounce upon you."

This explanation also came from my leader and I was very grateful. Therefore, I lived in reality. When I stood watching their doings, I understood the misery of their dark life. What they did was not human, even an animal lived differently. That very inhuman behaviour captivated me and at this moment, I had already forgotten myself again. They felt that I watched them and they rushed at me.

Now I should have adjusted my concentration and used my knowledge of the magic laws. Being aware of these powers, I would have been able to resist them all, and accept an open fight. However, a feeling suddenly arose in me

that made me decide differently, and I fled. I tried to find my way through all these caves and hovels, but I felt that they would enclose me. In the meantime, I bumped against something so that my head hurt. During my flight, I adjusted myself to them again, for I wanted to know whether they were following me. They had enclosed me completely; I was overwhelmed with a new and different fear. I collapsed and lost consciousness.

When I woke up and wanted to know where they were I saw that darkness was around me, but one that differed from the one I had been in. Had not the demons destroyed me? Where was I? I lived in darkness again. Was I still in that world? Then I felt my couch. It was clear to me that I had gone through another wonder. Who had taken me to my cell? I felt a piercing pain in my head. What I had gone through there my organism also had to experience. During this unconsciousness I was taken away, there was no other possibility. Now I received a reply, beside me a voice spoke and I heard: "The masters have been able to set you free, you dissolved in their hands, otherwise, the demons would have killed you, which means that the cord breaks."

My leader had followed me and I was very happy. Now I understood a lot although there were powers, which I did not yet know. A void had developed in my mind and my pains lessened. A salutary strength came over me, which were the powers of the higher consciousness. I also thanked my leader for that. He intimated that Dectar would soon come for me and that he was very pleased. I then lay down and fell asleep.

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I did not know how long I slept, but I did not feel that terrible tiredness anymore. One feeling now dominated all others. I understood that I was of no use to them, collapsing was not good, for I was unprepared to face all those difficulties. I could be satisfied with this result, I had learned a lot.

Darkness slowly dissolved. Was my time up? It appeared to me that I had been here for ages. Would Dectar come soon? I fell asleep again. When I opened my eyes there was light around me. The priest entered and took me to Dectar.

"Dectar, oh my dear friend, how long have I been there?"

"You must have a little more patience, Venry, in a minute we can speak."

I followed Dectar outside and when he thought he could speak, he said: "It was marvellous, Venry, it could not be better. You are not much good yet, in this state the masters cannot use you, the darkness makes you collapse."

"Have you been able to follow everything, Dectar?"

“Yes, Venry.”

“Without their knowledge?”

“Yes, but I was helped.”

“Do you know everything, Dectar?”

“We were allowed to keep our connection, Venry, that is why I could follow you.”

I entered my cell and had to take a rest. Dectar let me sleep and when he came to me again, I felt relaxed. I had rested for several days. Immediately, I began to ask questions.

“Do you know, Dectar, that I nearly went insane? What will happen to me when this is going to last seven days and nights?”

“Then everything will be different, Venry, you will then have another consciousness and be ready. Did you not feel that you became stronger?” “But I did collapse again, Dectar.”

“That is very good, Venry. Yet, you understood that you could have stopped them all or, as should be, you could have taken other measures. Did you clearly feel this activity?”

“Do you mean that power which made me unconscious?”

“No, not that, but the power which made you flee, Venry. It wanted you to surrender completely; otherwise, the masters would have carried out other tests. Have you properly understood everything, Venry?”

“What do you mean, Dectar?”

“You did not feel your twenty-five percent anymore. By sinking deeply these forces dissolved, and yet they made you wake up again and again. You did not feel anything of them anymore. Yet, you lived in them and that activity was very strange. You received it from your leader. Those powers brought your own consciousness back repeatedly or else you would have remained in that condition and they would have had to stop. For some priests it means an early end and now it will be clear to you why they leave their cells insane. However, the masters wonder where that resistance came from; they were not able to assess these powers in you. That is indeed impossible for they come from space and are your leader’s. He guarded you, Venry, helped you very dedicatedly, and he also took care of my connection. I am most grateful to have been allowed to experience this; with other disciples, I could not feel anything anymore, because the masters then dominated. This is the result of our wall, Venry, we are one and remain one, also in the darkness.”

“Could you follow me in that cave, Dectar?”

“Yes, Venry, I went through something similar, but I never told you about it, for they can apply various methods. I found this one very good, but dangerous. Did you feel how clear and natural everything is?”

“I thought it terrible, Dectar, and I died there.”

“Just that dying, Venry, and yet being alive; you should have known straightaway for I told you about it. But then all consciousness has left us and we are not aware of life anymore. You have learned a lot, my friend, and presently you will be ready, spiritually and physically.”

“Did you feel that tiredness, Dectar?”

“Yes, Venry, you were overcome in a very simple way.”

“What would have happened, Dectar, if I had continued to offer resistance?”

“Then they would have murdered you spiritually and physically. There have not been any priests here who could deal with that. It is very natural and, because of it, so dangerous. Your splitting, however, was splendid. However, not everybody receives help. This way is the simplest, Venry, but at the same time the most dangerous one applied here.”

“Why so dangerous, Dectar?”

“Because your body is deprived of all powers and your soul awaits a similar fate. In this way, and when resistance is offered, the disciple will experience either insanity or death on earth. The soul exhausts itself completely and becomes a plaything for demons and the masters. In your case, they tried many possibilities and understood that you would not perish as a result of them. With other disciples, they cannot overstep the mark for then it will be too late. When they understood that you invariably woke up through your own powers, they went farther. This being awake they ascribe to the powers present in you, which will become conscious later, but which ascend already now. You withdrew from them, which is self-protection; you either have it or you do not.

When the masters feel that, they go ever deeper. We know, however, that you have these powers and that they represent your leader; they think that they are part of your sub-conscious. Do you feel that, Venry?”

“It is clear to me, Dectar, that one leaves there mentally ill. I had already lost my common sense.”

“I was able to follow your thoughts. By sleeping you will awaken and become conscious. During sleep, consciousness returns if no other powers continue to act on us and as long as you do not fall into the hands of demons. You have to sink away still deeper, Venry, and only behind that resides insanity. Your leader did not overstep the mark, for it cannot be experienced either. You are not aware of anything anymore, so are spiritually unconscious and have collapsed physically.”

“What would have happened, Dectar, if those demons had assaulted me?”

“You were assaulted, Venry, but you dissolved in their hands. However, let us assume that this had happened; the masters would then be faced with great problems and we would have had to hold sessions, day and night, to

free you from their hands. They cannot kill you, but the misery you then experience is terrible. Before they had arrived at a decision you dissolved, and you experienced it.”

“I do not remember, Dectar.”

“That is quite simple for you were unconscious, were you not? Nevertheless, the masters brought you back to your cell. It is a long way and yet so near. Where we are demons live, Venry. You were still living in your own cell, yet you were assaulted by astral beings. Is it clear now that death may come to you? We have got to know all these laws and acquire them, should we want to disembodify and take wisdom from there to this world. You do feel how mighty all this is? We shall prepare ourselves, Venry, only now are we starting with that.” “Everything is clear to me now, Dectar. There are still a few questions I should ask you, is that possible?”

“Do not forget the wall, Venry. What do you want to know?”

“How old was my Mother when she entered here? Do you know anything about that, Dectar?”

“She was seven, Venry, so still very young, but she was here in time.”

“I saw the priest who wanted to reach me in my youth. How was his end?”

“He disappeared without a trace, Venry, he died suddenly.”

“How were they able to hide that about my Mother, Dectar?”

“Isis is powerful, dear friend. Instead of her corpse another was embalmed and interred. Pharaoh does not know anything, but I was allowed to see a lot and it is only now that I understand why, for you know that I am misshapen, do you not?”

“Has that got to do with it, Dectar?”

“That is correct, dear Venry, they were able to follow me, but do not know everything.

Our leader showed me everything right then, for it is not possible without his help.”

“You did not meet him at Isis anymore, Dectar?”

“I met him sometimes in the building where the corpses are embalmed. When he left Ardaty his end was near. That night he would die too, but his death would be violent. Do not forget that your Mother was a princess. When you were possessed I could see him, everything was clear to me and I recognized him by his voice and the way of speaking. A little later, I saw him very clearly, although he tried to hide himself from me. He recognized me too and cursed me, but that does not hurt me, for I could not be reached.

However, your leader, Venry, protected all of us. If the Father of the Temple had been able to follow this, which is still a great wonder to me, we would all have died very quickly. Your Mother was disfigured, and you were his child, and yet he was closed off from all these secrets.”

“So they do not know anything about my Mother and Ardaty, Dectar?”

“No, Venry, they do not know anything here, neither does he.”

“Have you suspected this for a long time, Dectar?”

“Dectar sometimes sees very well, dear Venry, and I am a friend of Ardaty.”

“Were you able to talk with Ardaty, Dectar?”

“No, not a word, otherwise, I would have asked to be allowed to die. But there were still other possibilities.”

“May I know, Dectar?”

“Certainly, Venry, that is possible now, they are no longer here, but you may only think of it now. I was very often with Ardaty, and yet I was not allowed to think of anything and never to ask questions about your Mother. Not even in thought or in any other way. Ardaty was being followed day and night. However, I discovered another way to talk with Ardaty. He had gifts and could speak to his children.

In the silence of his inner life I heard him speak to all that life and I could follow that. In this respect, he was so sensitive that he was called a master. Even then this happened through other powers, otherwise, the masters would have been able to follow us. I came up to him with a plant and that plant was very sensitive. I had to know from Ardaty how strong its poison was. I got an explanation, but I put thoughts in and around the plant and Ardaty could pick up all these thoughts.

Carefully I made it clear to him that his thoughts and feeling were being followed day and night. However, Ardaty was ready too, and thought of a sick person from another region and attended to that woman. When he realized that I had been allowed to see, and everything was clear to him, I closed myself off for him and did not speak another word about it. I quite enjoyed that, dear Venry; we had one secret and that made me happy. Merely this was worthwhile accepting everything the masters imposed on me. However, now I know that everything was guided by your leader, also the disfigurement of her face, everything, Venry. The masters should have seen it, they are all very gifted.”

“How did you come to know that he is my Father, Dectar?”

“I began to see, Venry, I was allowed to see everything at the spot. I received that as well.”

“Already then, Dectar?”

“Yes, Venry, only to arm myself. Therefore, I was constantly prepared. It is better to know everything, however dangerous it may be, for that is indispensable here. In that case, you cannot be surprised, though our self-control must be very strong. From that time on, Venry, all those lives became conscious in me and Ardaty understood me.”

“I have no more questions, Dectar, I know everything.”

“Then it should be clear to you, Venry, that you must be yourself and may not think of anything, otherwise we will be lost even now. That secret dies, but the masters are still keeping watch, they suspect something. With Ardaty, their secret is dead, but you are still alive. When you are ready this will also dissolve, but we shall wait and see. You have patience, have you not, Venry?”

“I will do my best, Dectar. What are we going to do now?”

“You may come with me to heal.”

“That is wonderful, Dectar, I am ready and rested.”

“Come, follow me, Venry, but cover your face. Do not pay any attention to anything, and do not forget that we are also being followed in this instance. No other feelings may come over you, Venry, that world is dead for us.”

Dectar's great healing gift

Soon we were outside the temple. The earthquake had knocked over several buildings and dwellings, but our house had disappeared into the earth. However, Dectar told me that the people had already started reconstruction.

I carried the many herbs and oils he needed. We entered a dingy hut. On a bed lay a young mother; her whole body was studded with ulcers. Dectar put her at ease by saying a few kind words. The sick woman looked at me but my face was hidden under the hood, only the learned priests were allowed to show their faces; however, Dectar was known for miles around. He said to me: "We speak from feeling to feeling, Venry. The sick woman may not hear us, but the masters can follow me. Therefore, when we talk confidentially we do so from space, but in the case of a sick person I open myself completely to the masters. Now come over to me and look."

Dectar irradiated the whole body and I saw a bluish haze dissolve. The sick woman could not observe this. I felt why this was essential, but Dectar said: "You have felt already, Venry, why this is necessary. It is an astral protection, so that the illness cannot spread anymore."

Now he applied soothing oil to her skin. Subsequently, he treated the skin and spread an herbal ointment around the wounds. "Surely you understand, Venry, why I rub around the wounds?"

"You do so to strengthen the skin, Dectar."

"Quite so, Venry, then the wounds will heal spontaneously. The skin has to become stronger around the wounds, not on the spot, that will come later. In a minute I will irradiate the wounds, that is all that is needed."

The sick woman had to turn round and I saw that her entire back was one wound. Now Dectar spoke to the sick woman and said: "You see, my dear, initially these wounds were very small and now they are like one large wound. This is already recovery."

To me he said: "She could not be helped, dear Venry, others could not heal her and I was called. I have achieved quite a lot already. I might have healed her straightaway, but that would proceed too quickly. I will show you in a minute. The herbs and ointments help me, but my own powers must cure her. This illness comes from within."

Dectar irradiated the sick woman and adjusted his concentration. His right hand hovered over the body and his eyes were closed; he prayed for strength. Blood flowed from the wounds, the irradiation resulted in a violent activity and I saw a wonder occur.

After he had irradiated the wounds for some time they healed spontane-

ously, they would have normally required a much longer time to heal. Dectar's great healing power accelerated the natural activity and he reduced this process to a brief recovery. His immense concentration produced wonders. After having irradiated her for some time he said: "Were you able to follow, Venry?"

"Yes, Dectar, I saw them recover, you are a great wonder."

He took no notice and said to the sick woman: "Now keep lying down for just a moment, later I will put you to sleep." Now Dectar showed me his great power. The thigh was also covered with wounds. When he irradiated the leg, the wounds closed under his hands.

"You see, Venry, I can heal all these wounds within a short time, but as I told you that would be too quick. This must be done slowly, the way nature performs its task."

His concentration was marvellous. I noticed that the wounds contracted and scabbed over, which scabs subsequently fell off. It was a brief process, but it was wrong, for it happened too quickly. Dectar possessed miraculous powers. To me he was like a small child now. He felt what I was thinking of, and said: "That is right, Venry, you felt correctly. Now I am a child, but then I see very sharply. Beautiful things come over me so that I could cry with happiness. The sick cry with me, but they do not know why these feelings come over them. However, I know they are happy as a result of those healing powers, but there is still much more. What comes over me then is remarkable, Venry, and it makes me very happy. I pass into these powers and the sick person receives them in turn from me. These powers elevate me, then I feel very light-headed and then I am highly sensitive. Sometimes I hear voices and I can talk with them. They are the voices of people who were on earth and now live in that other world. However, the main thing is that they give me advice and their advice is more powerful than my own knowledge, including all my gifts You know of course what this means. I then have the great wings, Venry, and I can float in space and see very deeply. The masters do not know anything about it, or they would forbid me. This is my own secret, Venry, but now I know a great deal more, now that I have got to know your leader."

"Do you think it is him, Dectar?"

"There is no other possibility, Venry, the masters can follow me in everything, but they do not know anything about this. Now is that not splendid? Sometimes people come to me who have had a similar illness and they told me they died of it. They explain how all these herbs can be used, but I have to heal with my own powers. They bring me joy and happiness, also for the sick, and they know a lot about illnesses. They are not present here now, for I have not seen them for a long time, and it is my own fault."

“Why, Dectar?”

“Well, dear Venry, I am very bigheaded, for I did not want to see them anymore. That great happiness only made me sad. When I see them in their shining light I cry for desire, and I can no longer do my work properly. You must be very strong to watch them and follow all that happiness. You start drawing comparisons and that is wrong. They have advanced more than I have and I must accept that. Then I am sad because they have everything and I have nothing. And yet I am very rich, I possess beautiful gifts, but their happiness is so mighty. Can you feel this, Venry?”

“Yes, Dectar.”

“All those human beings are hardly ever alone, I always see them together. Surely, you understand they are twin souls. They are on their way and live in space, they may go wherever they want and they have everything. They float over the earth and look at us, human beings, who have nothing of all that happiness. Then I begin to yearn, dear Venry, and I have yearned so intensely that I did not want to see them anymore.

You see, Venry, it is a weak point of mine, but that is the way I am. They see much more than we think we know. It is quite natural, for they say that they died of all sicknesses; by this they mean to say that all those human beings live over there and that each one of them has experienced a different illness. Over there, they see through life. They clearly see the illnesses on earth, but in a different way than we, who possess these gifts do. But you know, when you have disembodied you see everything, the beginning and the end of an illness and that is what we should see here.

Their happiness is beyond words. When I do my utmost, so they say, you will also receive this happiness. Now I know that they speak the truth and cannot lie or deceive anymore, for they live in the light. One of them was a power who helped me, Venry.”

“And do you know that power now, Dectar?”

“But of course, it is your leader who has been waiting for years and also helped me also in this respect.

I will now put her asleep and then we will go on.”

Dectar sat down beside the sick woman and took her hand in his. I saw a light emanating from his beautiful deep eyes and soon the woman sank into a deep sleep. He covered her up and said: “Relax, my child, tomorrow you will be better, during your sleep the wounds will heal.”

We left.

“Do you know, dear Venry, how long she will have to sleep and what I have to do now?”

“Will she sleep till tomorrow, Dectar?”

“Yes, and I will go on helping her.”

“It is beautiful, Dectar, you remain one with her.”

“When I sat beside her, Venry, I became one with her. She must sleep now, for I am also asleep.”

“Your splitting is perfect, Dectar.”

“When I heal, Venry, I am ready. In this way I could put many people asleep and yet do my other job, but I remain one with them. I can talk and do other things, but my concentration proceeds and is constantly adjusted to her, and will remain so, until I want her to awaken. Tomorrow the wounds will be healed and this contraction completed. It causes severe pains and weakens her. Now she receives new strengths merely through sleep. We know all these transitional stages of sleep, do we not? Well then, I will stay with her in it and yet I remain conscious. Do you know who taught me this, Venry?”

“The masters of Isis?”

“No, dear friend, your leader.”

“So you have been connected with him for a very long time, Dectar?”

“He must wait, Venry, and prepare for everything, that is why we too are one. The masters know all these possibilities, but therein resides yet another power which they know nothing about. The masters think it is they, themselves; I accept that wisdom with great pleasure and let myself go then surrender myself in everything. However, I may not do that; I must be able to account for everything, because every illness is put down. When the power lies in that other world, it does not belong to us. Do you feel, Venry, why they want it? They do not want to be dependent. Come, we will enter here.”

We entered another hut, but were first called to a sick person who had been brought here from far away, because it was known that Dectar would come. It was an old man. An insect had stung him and he cried in pain. Dectar went up to him and calmed him down. His right leg had swollen and had a bluish-black colour. Dectar said to him: “I see that you have waited too long, why did you not come to Isis?”

The man wanted to apologize, but Dectar let it pass for he saw through him and said: “I will help you, but never tell lies anymore, otherwise the demons will enter you.”

First, he rubbed the leg with a strong-smelling ointment. Subsequently, he concentrated on the illness. His hands irradiated the leg and I saw it getting thinner and thinner under his hands, until the leg had resumed its normal shape. Within a short period of time, Dectar healed this illness, which appeared to be a poisoning. The man cried for happiness and wanted to reward Dectar, who ignored it.

The leg was healed, and the man was able to walk back home. We then visited a very sick middle-aged woman. She had been bitten by a snake, which

had caused disturbances in her organism. Dectar proceeded to tell me about her illness, and how far it had advanced.

“I have now come to the point, dear Venry, that I can remove the poison which is still present. Of course, it has already been killed, but some organs have been affected which are hampered in their activity. The poison has left a paralysing feeling in the intestines. I must now administer some herbs.”

Dectar gave her these herbs and we left.

“All these herbs, Venry, have been grown in Ardaty’s gardens. They will purify her blood and reactivate those paralysed organs. Ardaty has grown all these herbs and that took years, but we have them now. He possessed this mastery by which the sick are cured. Later, when the herbs do their work, my work will only start. Then I follow the herbs throughout the body and pass them by way of my perception and concentration to the spot where the illness is rampant. This cure is only possible as a result of my perception, the herbs and my knowledge of the illness, Venry. Presently, she will suffer terrible pains caused by the herbs, but I will put her to sleep too. She feels pain because the herbs begin to take effect, which means recovery. I know how long these pains may last, so I let her sleep throughout this period, for the organism does not operate at full power during her sleep; these organs will relax, but the organism must recover in full consciousness. It is quite different with other sick persons when I have to take other measures.”

Dectar went up to the sick woman and showed me how he had healed her.

“You see, Venry, this is produced by the herbs, but I myself took it out of her body. She will soon fall asleep and we will go on.”

On our way to another sick person we were stopped by an old man, who asked Dectar: “Master Dectar, the Gods make me cross your path, can you cure my wife? She acts so strangely; I have never known her like this for several days. The Gods sent me to you.”

“Lead the way, my friend.”

The man took us to his home. On our way Dectar said: “Did you see, Venry, that it was not the man himself who spoke to us?”

“Yes, Dectar, I see another being in him, so he is sent?”

“Very good, Venry. I know already, what we must do. His wife is possessed, through her own fault. They all want to possess gifts; they perish through wisdom and want to die for that. However, are we not like them? Are our desires any different? Do not the masters desire day after day? Does not the pharaoh invariably want fresh wisdom? What we do they all think they can do, Venry, but those who do not know reality perish.”

We came to a hut. At the entrance Dectar stopped and looked at the sick person. A female lay on the floor like a spineless instrument, her eyes popped out of their sockets. I felt that Dectar began to see, and I followed him in

his perception. Meanwhile, he said to me: "Is it clear to you, Venry? She is possessed the way you experienced yourself. If you want you can heal her within a very short time and she will not send her prayers for help and gifts anymore. The Gods sent her the non-consciousness in the shape of a human being, a demon descended into her. We shall both help her, Venry. I want to follow you very much. We need not even irradiate her, the astral personality is already aware that we are adjusting ourselves and he will leave later."

Both of us adjusted to the sick woman and we began to see. Dectar said: "Can you see everything, Venry?"

"Yes, Dectar, she is possessed, the astral being lives itself to the full and promises her spiritual treasures he does not know anything about himself. It is a man, Dectar."

"Very good, Venry, but look, he really wants to resist! Look, she winces with pain, twisting like a snake; our spiritual fire forces him to let her go. Now she will faint, but then he is gone."

Our strong concentration forced the astral monster to leave her body and the woman fainted. We carried her to a couch and Dectar said to her husband: "Would you rather that she does not possess these gifts anymore?"

"Oh, master, please take away all these phenomena from her, the Gods curse my life and she brings pain and sorrow to me and the children."

"We shall close her off, Venry, so that her feelings remain dormant. In fact, she is very sensitive, but this does not mean anything but misery to her. We could make a worthy priestess out of her, but now she is a mother and her adjustment is confused. Do you know this activity, Venry?"

"Yes, Dectar, I see what occupies her mind, it is clear to me." "Her inner life has split itself in this way, Venry. For many people this is actually the very simplest development, but for her it is disastrous, this sensitivity brings her into an unstable condition. We shall arrange a dense aura around her gifts and think of her for a while. When all these powers are dormant again we may stop and she will be freed from them for this life."

We now put a dense aura around her inner life, composed by concentration and strong will. After a brief moment this soul was freed from that obtrusive and destructive power and cured. Dectar said to the man: "You may let her sleep; she will be cured in her sleep. All those terrible gifts have now left her."

"Thank heavens."

I healed another sick person, a man, from a serious fever. Dectar said: "You see, Venry, everything is still conscious in you and now you can heal again as you used to."

"Now we will go to a strange case, dear Venry, and I think that we shall now be able to remove the tumour. But it will happen at Isis. Come, follow me."

This time we again entered a poor hut, for the rich came to the Temple and received other help, so that the rooms in Isis would remain occupied. The poor were usually helped free of charge; their gifts were only accepted once or twice. The mother of the sick child welcomed Dectar, and called her child. He was a boy of about eight, and retarded. Dectar said to me: "Adjust yourself to him, Venry, there is a tumour in his head."

He put his right hand on the child's head. I followed him and saw what he would observe. There was a small but serious tumour in the head. I could clearly see that it was ripe and could now be removed. After a little while Dectar returned into his own life and said: "Did you see, Venry, how clear this tumour is? That is why the child is vacuous." To the mother he said: "You come to the Temple with him. Tomorrow you must come to us and we will heal the child. The boy will stay with us for a couple of days and return to you well recovered."

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That afternoon we continued visiting the sick, whom we were able to help before returning to the Temple. Having relaxed for a while Dectar came for me again, and we once more visited the sick who were at Isis. Then he took me to the embalming room where I was allowed to be present. A public figure had died in an accident and was embalmed, which took the rest of the day. I arranged with Dectar, before he took leave, that I would come to him during the night to correct his deformity.

That night I disembodied and put my own powers around him to strengthen his resistance. Soon I could start again, and our own powers dominated. The masters should not know anything about it. We developed a counter force and when we had advanced that far Dectar could disembody and see in that other world or experience something or other. I hoped to attain this with the help of my leader. I was engaged in it until morning.

When he came to me, he said: "Only a short while and I will be able to float, Venry."

"Do you really know how far I have proceeded, Dectar?"

"Do you not see that I can raise myself again? But I will have to be careful. Come, we will go for a walk, I must tell you about what we know so that you will be ready for the tests."

We now visited other gardens and buildings so that I would be able to know the Temple and everything belonging to it. There were gardens in which various wild animals moved about freely and were together with

winged type species. It was a curious sight to see all these creatures together. Most of them were kept under supervision. I asked Dectar: "What is known about all these species, Dectar?"

"We know that we human beings return again and again and receive new bodies and the animals return too. How this happens and where they go to we do not yet know. You must tell me what you see, Venry."

I could not explain what I saw and said: "I cannot express myself, Dectar, to that end I must disembody, but I see these many species of animals."

"That will be splendid, Venry; do not bother, this will suffice. What do you see in space, Venry?"

"In the space I see other worlds, Dectar. I see trees and flowers, human beings and animals. You can see that too."

"That is correct, Venry, but I must know what you observe."

"I see human beings wearing beautiful garments, they are happy, and nature is much more beautiful than here. I was also allowed to see the darkness. Is all this known?"

"Everything, Venry, also that it is always light there or deep darkness. All these human beings lived on earth and died there. But what we must know is whether there are still more human beings like us living in this space. We must know whether all these luminous fireballs are inhabited. The masters search and try to get that far. The pharaoh must also be informed of it and he constantly asks whether we know about it. So far, there have been no priests who have been able to establish that. We hope to receive that through you."

"Will the masters send me there, Dectar?"

"Of course, Venry, if you have these gifts it means wisdom for all of us. We yearned to be allowed to know that."

"And would I be able to go to her?"

"That remains to be seen. We know that the soul lives in both bodies, and that we are man and woman. And whether all these celestial bodies in space are connected, that is what we want to know. We proceed ever more, but we do not yet know where we came from or where we go to. Of course, we know that we live on, but just this knowledge does not satisfy us. There must be bodies out there on which human beings live. The masters think and feel this and they have well advanced in this field. A connection must be possible, in other words, we human beings once also lived on other bodies in space and will also live there. Is it not mighty, Venry?"

"Has there been another priest, Dectar?"

"No, Venry, this perception belongs to the mightiest of gifts. Not one of the masters has these gifts, neither have I, no one here on Isis."

"How are these meetings being held, Dectar?"

"You witnessed them already, Venry. You depart from your body and you

must see in that other world. Subsequently, the masters will ask you questions; all which you must answer. If you see incorrectly and the masters notice, they will warn you. They check on you and they ask questions and what they ask they know the answers to. If your answer is clear and natural, you proceed and go deeper, ever further.”

“You told me of the waters, Dectar. Were there any priests who saw into them?”

“All of us can descend into the waters, Venry, but it is not so simple to explain all that life. There was a priest who could explain much, but afterwards it appeared that it did not belong to reality and it was all of no importance. We must be able to establish that, Venry, and to follow all these worlds, otherwise, we do not get to know the laws. The things he had declared during the first sessions, and which had been miraculous to the masters afterwards turned out not to belong to reality. The pharaoh was furious and that is not good for Isis. Other Temples were ruined because of it. What we collect, must have reason for existence, otherwise, we cannot proceed. If you can look into reality there, it will give power to Isis and all of us; however, one’s own thoughts are useless here. There were priests who had received beautiful gifts, and they thought they saw all those activities, but that was only their imagination. A later research brought to light that they had spoken nonsense, of which they had not been aware.”

“Surely that can be seen, Dectar?”

“No, dear friend. They see and experience a world, they see all that life before them, and yet it is only appearance. Their vanity, greed and desire to possess the great wings are to blame for it. They all received their castigation and some of them were killed. We have been able to follow all this feeling and perception, Venry. The possession of gifts is the greatest treasure the Gods can give us, human beings. However, it is disastrous, Venry, to imagine that you possess them and to live in thought the way they want to see it and conceive it. Then we will all perish. The masters are very docile, but woe to those who imagine they see what does not actually belong to reality, they destroy themselves.”

“But should a priest be destroyed for that reason, Dectar?”

“They ask for it, Venry, we do not ask for lies and their own thoughts, we want to get to know the laws.”

“I could break them all, Dectar, all those masters and with them the pharaoh. I hate the masters. Right now I could start and prove my powers to them, if I were allowed to do what I wanted.”

“If you go on like this, my friend, tonight we will be at the place about which we are now talking. Have you forgotten that you are not yet ready? You should not have such thoughts, or we will be crushed. Again and again I

must warn you and this makes me afraid. Oh, Venry, do be careful.”

“I will be more careful, Dectar. But I hate them, especially now that I know who my Father is. Sometimes I lose my patience. All this destruction, Dectar, all these priests were killed, and for what reason? How many priests and priestesses disappeared here without a trace?”

“Nothing can as yet be altered, Venry, we must guard our own life. When you are young, I get terrified. When I am like a child I am very serious and I am very powerful. You are not, and then I tremble because you think of nothing. But we shall return to your cell, you must close yourself off better or else I would not say another word. Do you remember this, Venry?”

“I promise, Dectar.”

“I will come for you. Today we will heal. You may attend that session.”

“I will pay more attention, Dectar.”

“Let us wait and see, my friend.”

My physical gifts

I now intended to be very serious, because Dectar was afraid. My hatred could destroy my inner life. This hatred came over me quite suddenly and I did not know what I was like anymore. Thinking all this over in my own cell, other feelings were sent to me. The feeling of sleep dominated my entire life and I sank away. However, I remained in my material body for some time; subsequently I departed from it, but I did not know this way of departure. I found myself in a very peculiar situation. When I lived in that other world I got the feeling that I could move the physical objects on earth from this world. The peculiar thing about this condition was that I also remained connected with the material world; I was half-spiritual and half-material and remained in that condition.

When thinking of earthly objects and concentrating on them, the object vibrated and it was as if it began to move. I thought it was my imagination, but I heard my leader say: “You are capable of doing that, dear friend, these thoughts are mine. For you do not know these powers. You possess these gifts. Did you forget your jump? Did you not feel then that someone carried you, Venry? And what about that cold? You now live in it again. You should have no doubts; otherwise we cannot proceed. You play with your own life and Dectar’s. If you go on like this I cannot reach you anymore. Did you think, my friend, that you were ready? Oh, do not be surprised; for it can still be more serious. I have, as always, taken my measures. We will do a test, but you must promise me that you will never try to do that by yourself. I want to be completely one with you; that is why I speak confidentially. Do you feel me, Venry?”

“I will do my best, master.”

“How childish you are to think that you are ready. If you knew Isis, you would banish all those thoughts as well as your hatred, but it still does not get through to you. Save all those powers for more useful work, otherwise, I will return and leave you to your own devices. If you want to you will experience wonders, for I am also prepared in that respect.”

“Can you forgive me?”

“You had better preclude it, and then there is no need to forgive. Now listen, Venry, to what I tell you.

You have now left material life, yet you remain connected with it, as you have already felt. In front of you, you see a fruit. It belongs to your world and has gravity. Now this is what I want. You descend into that fruit. Subsequently, you are one with that life and you can raise the fruit, but from

this world. For the earth, the fruit floats in space, but it is you who lifts and moves it. I will connect you with it.

Not one priest has been able to do this, though they know about these powers, but one must possess the gifts. This connection, this being one must be accomplished in this world. Now do not think that you are the only one who possesses these gifts, for every living being possesses these powers, but they are not used because there one does not know how to cope with them. These wonders must happen now, Venry, which will not be clear to you until later. These wonders only happen through me. The pharaoh will receive you and even be most surprised, like all those who are allowed to experience this. Not you, but I will make Isis great and both of us are instruments and serve. Are you prepared to follow me?"

"Gladly, oh, with the greatest pleasure."

"You must accept that this is possible. You possess many gifts, so that I can connect you with all these wonders. You know that we possess flowers in our world, and that nature is as it is on earth. Here where I am, everything blooms and grows eternally. If you wish, dear Venry, you may take our flowers to the earth; then they have materialized. Now do not hesitate, you will get to know this wonder. The masters know about all these wonders and gifts, but they hardly ever use them for they do not understand them. It will therefore be clear to you that it is actually us, who make these wonders happen, even though you possess these gifts. It is possible to produce them by your own, but to that end, you need a long life, this study touches on infinity. However, I live in infinity and know all these laws, so you can accept what I say. Let us now adjust ourselves."

I had listened to my leader while being outside my own organism. Nevertheless, I felt afraid of my own situation and could not adjust myself. I heard: "If you think and feel the way you do, these wonders cannot happen. Do you know the power of Dectar's words when he says: 'You shall sleep! Only sleep, I want you to sleep, you shall sleep!' You cannot evade that and you must fall asleep. All these wonders happen in this way. Adjust yourself, Venry, and let me connect you."

I now experienced a curious event. When I adjusted myself to the fruit and thought of lifting it, the fruit suddenly floated in space. This material product, as if it received wings, was not subject to gravity anymore. The fruit floated through my cell, but I carried it myself and followed this floating about. When I adjusted myself to something else, the fruit fell down to the earth. The connection was broken.

I now heard: "You see, Venry, everything is possible. You must only keep thinking of this. Your inner joy disturbed the connection. Your thoughts to tell Dectar about all this, and your joy, immediately made you pass into

something else. So you see however meagre your joy, it still upsets this wonder.

No, Venry, when you have been admitted in the natural but invisible laws you have to experience them; it is not until then that these wonders will happen. No other thoughts should enter your mind, you only think of this. If you want to follow me, there will be no joy, and Dectar does not exist for you, only this fruit or whatever interests you. You forget your age time and again. Father Taiti is not in you now, although you think you live in that consciousness. And now adjust yourself again.”

I adjusted myself to the fruit, and immediately lifted it; I could do what I wanted. I let it descend and rise, then come to me. I followed all these movements and had to experience them, otherwise, rising and lowering were not possible.

Now I heard: “If you wish, Venry, you can pass this fruit through the material walls. You now think of the moment when it still belonged to the invisible life. Then you are connected with other laws, but I follow you and activate them. So you return to nothingness, but you hold the fruit through concentration so that it does not dissolve completely. You pass it into my world; that is also possible. There it dissolves and vanishes, but here it lives and is perfect. Subsequently, you go on and pass it through the walls; and then you withdraw it to the material world and the fruit will be as it was. Is it an unnatural wonder?

No, my dear friend, these are spiritual and material laws and I have been able to acquire these laws, so I possess them. I will help you.”

I still heard: “Are you ready? My concentration is infallible.”

I adjusted myself to the fruit and brought it into my world. It dissolved for the earth. I walked with the fruit through the material walls and outside my own cell. Truly, the wonder had happened. Now I heard: “You now return with it to the earth, Venry. Return it very quickly; you can do that with lightning speed. The quicker you do this, the more perfect the laws will act; do remember this. When disturbances occur and your concentration is not perfect, unnatural phenomena will appear in your material body. These can strike you fatally, in this respect too it is ‘all or nothing’.”

I adjusted myself, my concentration was immense and I brought the fruit back to the earth. I had been allowed to experience a mighty wonder. The fruit had not changed in any respect.

“Splendid, Venry, now everything is perfect. In the past, you possessed all these gifts, now we shall use them in a different way. First, you perform these wonders through me and with me, presently alone. For I remain one with you, although you do not hear and feel me. However, never forget, my friend, all those wonders are part of my task and are your own weapon. Do

you realize now how mighty your weapon is?”

“I am most grateful to you, master.”

“You see that we can perform wonders by adjusting ourselves clearly. If need be you can have your own body disappear in this way. Can you follow me?”

“Is that possible?”

“That is also possible, Venry, and it will happen; you can travel a great distance in a short time. All these wonders, my friend, will make Isis great, to this end I have to observe the laws. Now another test, later on your material body will dissolve when you are ready for it. Now look what I will show you. What do you see, Venry?”

“I see flowers, master.”

“Very good, they are in my environment. Do you see all these colours?”

“Yes, master.”

“Which flower would you like to have, Venry?”

“The violet one, in front of me, master.”

“Splendid, I thank you for your quick decision, there should be no doubt about it, otherwise, you think incorrectly. Draw it towards you, Venry, I will help you, but your concentration must be very deep.”

Within close range, I saw many flowers and picked one. I then adjusted to the return to earth. My leader said to me: “You will also return, Venry. You will wake up there, with this flower in your hands. Open your mind.”

I drained my mind and I felt that an immense power came over me. I subsequently descended into my earthly body and woke up. And behold, I held the spiritual flower in my hand, it was like the material flowers on earth. A mighty wonder had happened. Tears of joy ran down my cheeks, but I felt dead-beat. There was a peculiar silence in my cell and I lived in it. I thought that I had forgotten myself again, but my leader said: “You understand, Venry, I and many others with me were also greatly moved when we got to know these laws. This wonder is not yet known at Isis. This spiritual product is like its sisters on earth. It is part of all those wonders, Venry, which we possess here. Our own life is also a great wonder. We cried with emotion when we understood that there is no death. We all form part of this might that we know here and that is God. When we follow this life so that we get to know ‘Him’ who gave us life, you can only kneel down and be grateful. However, you must also be able to overcome this emotion, Venry. We must remain ourselves in happiness, sorrow and grief; otherwise, the masters will follow us. If they could experience what happened just now, their hatred would grow and they would forget themselves. So remain yourself in everything, otherwise they demand your blood and that is wrong as well. Later it will be clear to you what I mean. I just want to warn you.

There will be times, Venry, that they want to possess your blood. Now they search for inner light, but for all of them it means only power. I cannot explain all this to you, but you will experience it. I now look far ahead, and my warning is sincere, never forget that.

You can keep the flower until Dectar comes. It subsequently returns to my world and you have to forget everything again. You are very energetic, Venry, but you must think more ardently and profoundly, and in particular see to it that you take a very serious view of life and that old age lives in you. Do you understand me in everything? Your youth is very dangerous, also for Dectar. I will go now, Venry, Dectar is coming. Give the flower to him for a while, so that there is happiness in him too. I now want you to wait and be patient. You know that I am always there and that I wait for you. See you, my friend.”

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Dectar entered my cell. He saw immediately that a wonder had happened and he said: “Oh, Venry, what do I see? Have these gifts awakened in you? For this flower is not of this earth.”

He looked at me, then continued: “You have grown many centuries older, Venry, and that in this brief period of time; I now see my master. May I see the flower, Venry, and clasp it to my heart? The Gods come to us; right now, we experience wonders. And what will it be like, Venry, once your development is over? What will happen a few years from now?”

Dectar took the flower in his hands and cried for happiness. He sat down and sank away. I followed him and saw him depart from his body. Dectar went into a remarkable condition. His mouth spoke and I heard him say: “Oh, ruler, leader and master, you may torture me now that I have been allowed to behold this wonder. I am prepared to follow you in everything. Invisible help, may I thank you! I deeply bow down and am very happy to be allowed to live in your shadow.”

Dectar subsequently disembodied and I saw that he was taken up by another power and that he seated himself on a cloud. Right now Dectar floated in space and experienced one of his most fostered desires. Beside Dectar, I saw another power. I could not see whether it was a human being. However, I could observe a great light and Dectar lived in it. Out there in space words were spoken, I saw and felt that Dectar listened. I could see him very clearly.

I saw that his face got very serious, but happiness, heavenly happiness radiated from him. My dear friend floated in space. It was most remarkable, today there were clouds, snow-white clouds, and he had sat down on them.

After that, I saw that he returned to the earth and woke up. He said to me: "Dear Venry, my brother, I was allowed to sit down on a cloud. Have you been able to follow me? Oh, how mighty this master is. How should I thank the Gods? What offerings can I now bring? I am ready, dear Venry and I will follow him in everything, however difficult it may be for me, I am ready."

"What is it, Dectar, is there something?"

"Should I not be touched, Venry? A minute ago I was allowed to experience a wonder."

"Yet there is something, Dectar."

"Silence came over me, dear friend, only relaxation and gladness."

I thought he behaved in a strange way and I felt something curious, but we both heard someone say: "Children of Isis, the Gods are with you. Now forget everything."

Dectar still held the flower in his hands.

"It now returns, Dectar, see how it fades away."

We both saw the flower dissolve in his hands. When it had disappeared before our eyes, we nearly collapsed. Again, we heard: "If you act like this I will not come back to you. That is not the way to keep a secret; everybody feels your happiness and reads it from your faces. Have you forgotten that you live at Isis? There is frivolity in you, a lack of mature consciousness."

We recovered and went away.

Great healers

We left my cell like two sinners. Dectar was very quiet and did not say a word. We entered the building where more wonders would happen. The sick child was already there. There was an oppressive atmosphere in the room, which made me short of breath. Once I was used to it, I could breathe again.

Dectar said: "This is to purify our breath and this atmosphere, Venry."

I thought I thanked him for this explanation. The masters entered. The child was laid down on a couch. I looked at my Father, but I was unable to think of myself, my inner life had been completely cut off by another power. Then they began.

The child was put to sleep; the soul had to disembodify, which rendered the material body insensitive. The astral child remained in that other world all the time. One of the masters drew a magic circle around us all; in this space we lived and the circle should not be broken until healing was complete. This was to exclude all danger. I received these thoughts from Dectar, but we were all one in feeling and connected with the masters. Not a word should be spoken. What I was going to experience was mighty. We all followed the child's soul, the material body had already fallen asleep, but the soul was still awake. The inner personality now lived in that other world and walked among us, and was pleased that all these disturbances had been removed. Over there, there were no disturbances for the inner life; the soul was free now and normal. That disturbance was connected with the material body and would be removed.

One of the masters departed from his body. We could follow him and I saw that he walked towards the child. The master then adjusted himself to the child and its inner life fell asleep. The master cut the inner life completely off with his own aura. I found all this splendid and quite natural. Dectar came forward. He had treated the child and would remove the tumour.

Another priest had rubbed the head with a strong ointment. Later, the hair dissolved and the skin appeared. It was explained to me and I understood.

Subsequently, Dectar rubbed other ointments on the head and waited. Meanwhile, rinse water was put ready, as were bandages of a skilfully woven substance. Dectar felt very relaxed and ready for his mighty task. All priests were in deep concentration. Dectar now treated the head; the skin had grown soft as a result of the herbs and ointments. Soon the head-skin was open and the skull was lifted. The atmosphere I felt was sacred. It was as if we lived in heaven and the Gods were present. In breathless silence Dectar had so far completed his work.

Then we saw the exposed inner organs and could observe their activity. The tumour could be clearly seen. A membrane enveloped the tumour, which had been seen beforehand, so that it was clear that the operation had been performed at the right time. The child was senseless as a result of this tumour and suffered severe headaches. Dectar had put this membrane around the tumour by his powerful will, concentration and healing power, so that further growth had been prevented. This I also found a great wonder. Now the tumour was removed. We all remained concentrated and waited. The removal happened quickly. Dectar held the tumour in his hands, and showed it to the masters. They were all very pleased. Dectar was a great master in this field and I admired him with all my heart. I found this healing unbelievable, the masters of Isis were infallible, they all served, and they all were like saints. The silence was mighty, their relaxation fascinating and their knowledge of all these laws shone over everything human in them. I saw a master, a human being in full consciousness, a gifted person; his serving brought him the greatest happiness.

Strong smelling herbs were now being burned and this vapour filled the room. The masters explained all these phenomena so that I learned a tremendous amount.

They connected themselves with me one by one; in this way, they communicated. The clerks noted everything down and this was also preserved.

In the meantime, Dectar had replaced the skull. Now other herbs were used. First the entire head was rubbed and subsequently bandaged. A special ointment was applied to the dressed head to condense the head skin, and nature saw to complete healing.

The masters were ready in every respect; Ardaty had grown herbs for every illness, whatever it might be. Some herbs were used as a natural poison; another ointment broke these laws and deprived the tissues of all power, which I had seen a minute ago. As a result, the head skin had become elastic.

Hundreds of species of herbs were known here, all of which worked infallibly; there was also perfection in this respect. There were ointments, herbs and poisons for life and death.

When Dectar had advanced that far the soul of the child was called back to the material body. But the child was not allowed to wake up and had to remain asleep for a long time. All priests remained directly connected with the child, but Dectar treated the boy. When healing was perfect, concentration was discontinued; everybody co-operated in case of an unusual situation. And this was a special case. It was not until then that the master returned in his own body and that the session was now complete. Still other sick people arrived and they were helped as well.

The child lay motionless, but its soul and material body were guarded.

Gifts and natural powers, wisdom and intelligence, feeling and intuition were combined in this Temple. The child was relaxed, its soul and body were in harmony.

The boy was taken to another room. Dectar left with the child and would return to me. Now other sick people were helped.

An old man who suffered from similar disturbances had a tumour removed, but in a different way. No removal of the skull was necessary. When he had laid down the Father of Isis required all of us to follow the process and to make a diagnosis. All of us saw the same condition and we were infallible in this perception.

The soul of this human being remained in the organism and he was brought in half-waking consciousness. There was a swelling in his head, which could now be removed. A master would heal this sick person, but all the masters helped him, because mass-concentration was required. All priests adjusted themselves to the sick man. The priest who had treated the man made magnetizing stroking movements over his head and helped him in this way. This mass-concentration was focussed on one point. Along his left ear, I saw a swelling appear. An ointment had been applied on that spot which softened the skin. This swelling grew bigger and bigger until the skin tore apart and pus oozed out. I saw a miraculous healing taking place. Again, the priest made magnetizing stroking movements over the head and led the pus to the opening behind the ear. Up to four times I saw a swelling. Then all the pus had been removed and the man was healed. I found this miraculous. The sick man returned to his own consciousness and left.

Many sick people were helped and cured that afternoon. Moreover, all these human beings found it nothing special, for the priests of Isis were powerful in this respect. Dectar returned to us but the Father of Isis called him. The supreme priest spoke to him for a while, but I could not follow them, for me they were out of touch. Everybody left, Dectar went back to the child, and I could leave.

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Having returned to my cell, I took a little rest. How beautiful everything was; these were wonders. I understood everything, all these mighty events, they had made a great deal of progress, yes, immense progress. They had received this wisdom from those having the wings and Ardaty's mastery gave them that power. They were all gifted, though; they were seers and were educated. However, perceiving all these illnesses was the main thing. They

knew beforehand what they should and could do; otherwise, they did nothing. Dectar had accomplished this wonder within a very short time. Later, he would come to me and then I wanted to ask him questions, for I gladly wanted to know what he had felt during his exquisite work. I would like to know whether he accepted the activity from that other world or that he exclusively adjusted himself to the masters, and many questions more. I was already longing for his arrival.

I got to know death

At last he entered my cell, but I thought he was in a very strange mood and I asked: "Is anything the matter, Dectar?"

He did not answer me but kept looking at me. Again, I asked: "Is something wrong with the child?"

Then he said: "Student priest of Isis, we shall continue to explain the laws of this Temple to you, which made Isis great."

I looked at him and thought I saw a lunatic. Instantly I adjusted myself to him, but my master, friend and brother was completely closed off for me. I trembled for fear and asked: "Tell me, Dectar, is anything the matter?"

He ignored my question and continued:

"You must listen to me and ask no questions. I am your master and the high priests want you to listen to me."

Again, I asked: "Tell me, Dectar, what is happening? Is there any danger? Speak, and do not leave me in the dark."

"I am your master and your teacher, do not forget."

Now I understood there was something the matter. A terrible influence came over me. I wanted to descend into him, but I could not locate him. "Are you crazy, Dectar? Are you about to dissolve?"

"You cannot think the way you do, student priest, you would be destroying yourself. You forget that I am your master."

This was sufficient and I said: "Are you quite serious, Dectar? Answer this question."

"I am your master and you are to listen to me. I do not want you to look for me. The laws of this Temple do not permit you to and you are to follow me in everything and to bow your head, or else you will get to know the laws."

"You rascal, hypocrite, defiler of true love, go away, get out of my cell or I will strangle you. Damn you mean beast, demon, go away, I tell you or I will forget myself. My power is great and I will crush you."

His eyes pierced mine, but I did not feel my friend anymore. To me Dectar had died. I hated him and all those calling themselves masters. "You are a traitor, a rascal; you defile my parents and yourself. Go away, get out of my cell, do not stay here anymore."

He stayed and gave me a piercing look, but he did not say a word. He was like the sphinx, enveloped in a shroud of mystery, which I could not penetrate now. How terrible, I felt deceived. An immense hatred rose in me, my blood rushed to my head and my heart was beating in my throat. I jumped

up and wanted to strangle him, but while I jumped a paralysing feeling struck me and I sank back on my couch.

He still stood there and looked at me. I recovered at once and cursed him again. He kept looking at me. "What do you want from me and how should I address you? How does your reverend want to be addressed? Hypocrite", I added. Had it not been so heartbreaking I would have found his show-off curious, but he was deadly serious; he stood there like a great mystery.

Once again I asked: "Is there something wrong, Dectar?"

No answer, so again this violent hatred came over me, more violent than ever before and I cursed him. Now I got sarcastic and asked: "Will not the master take a seat on clouds? Will not he look at those who disfigured him? Does he not want to know whether there are more animals present in one animal? You mean hypocrite, you ungrateful man, destroyer of everything, of my happiness and my life. I hate you, master of Isis.

"Will you take care of yourself? I will be a Father and Mother to you, dear Venry, and give you all my love. How can I thank the Gods? How did I pray for this being one. Damn you."

An ice-cold stream went through me. Again I tried to descend into him, but he was closed off. I did not understand that, but I had to accept it. Our wall had collapsed; I stood on ruins. Yet, I adjusted myself to him again, for I could not accept it. There was a power around him, a curious power, and I thought I felt this closing off. Nevertheless, I hurled my perception and feeling away, for I did not believe myself anymore.

When I had quietened down a bit I could have forgiven him everything, though all the time it did not occur to me that I had lost him as my brother. One thing was clear to me; he was my master as regards to concentration. So I had been mistaken about myself, for I thought I was ready, and yet I could not descend into him. His soul was shut and completely closed off to me. Or did he by any chance play a game? Was he that serious? I could not yet accept that.

I still asked him: "Could the master connect himself with me in space?"

I waited for a reply, but I thought I would die when he answered: "If you value your life then only think of Isis and your priesthood. The Supreme Priest of Isis ordered me to come and see him with you. Will you follow me?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"I wanted to tell you that you walk on consecrated ground and that you must follow me!"

I found this human being horrible. He was a mystery to me, but I had regained my composure.

I still said: "Is this your love? What will my leader say about this?"

"Are you ready, student priest?"

“Yes, master”, but deep down I cursed him. However, I did not want to destroy everything and said: “I am ready, Master Dectar, I have never been as ready as I am now, if you want to know, I am ready.”

He let it all pass and I followed him to the masters. I felt as if I had grown centuries older in this short period. We entered the sanctuary of the masters. Three additional masters were present with the supreme priest. Dectar went up to them and said, so that I thought I would go mad: “Father, master of the masters, head of the Temple of Isis, my pupil does not follow the laws.”

These were lies. Dectar complained about me? He is mad, I thought. Yet I remained quiet, but I did not feel myself anymore. The masters subsequently adjusted themselves to me and I was probed. I stood here like a child, but I did not feel anything of my leader. Did he leave me alone?

My Father pierced me and said to me: “Why do you not take your task seriously?”

I did not answer.

“You shall speak, student priest.”

I said, though through another power that suddenly hovered above, in and around me: “I really do not know why I am here. I am oblivious of any harm and I do my utmost. I know how my life is and I am grateful to the Gods because I may do my share in making Isis great. To this end, I will give myself entirely and acquire all the laws. I will also try to think deeper and more naturally and prepare myself. Could you give me this grace? I will serve and give myself body and soul.”

“Can you put your trust in your master? Are you prepared to follow him in everything?”

“If I had to accuse myself of disloyalty, great master, I would pierce my heart and sacrifice my soul to the Gods, or ask you how I could free myself from it, so that the laws of the Temple of Isis become my laws.”

“You are powerful, but still very young. You should know that we help you. We require complete surrender; all of us were able to follow you and the complaints of Master Dectar are justified. You should try to concentrate more clearly, especially when you rest and your daily work is done. You take a rest and sleep, but while sleeping, you will remain awake. You are not deadly earnest and you play with your life.”

There was deep silence and they adjusted themselves to me again. My Father said: “You are still nothing, pupil, you lose your way in your life, you do not know death and your path is impassable. You could have made great progress, but you are not serious. We want you to serve and follow the laws. I now understand why Master Dectar complained about you. We as the masters of this Temple want you to do everything to work at yourself. I hold that you do not know death and you must be one with it. You forget that you live

between life and death.”

To Dectar he said: “Go now, Master Dectar, and follow my orders.”

I followed Dectar outside but I did not feel him, he was still inaccessible for me.

My friend was dead.

It hurt me and I dragged myself along back to my cell. When we entered, I was startled. There was a coffin on the spot where my couch had been. I understood this punishment, Dectar had told me about it. Why was I punished? The warmth I had felt in him had left him now. I could cry for sorrow and pain.

He said to me: “You see, student priest, death awaits you and you can go to sleep. This is to make you one with His Majesty the Death. You will get to know him now, for behind him lives your own knowledge and the reason why you are here. You play a game with yourself. Therefore, make yourself one with him, and you know why. You now sleep in a bed, which awaits all of us, but you get to know it right away. In it you hear its heartbeat, which is called ‘death’ and you will learn to accept it, so that there will be deadly seriousness in you.”

“Is it really you, Dectar, I wondered, or are you possessed or, do you belong to those terrible human beings I have got to know here?” However, he did not feel me, or did not want to feel or understand me anymore. Well then, I thought, very well, from now on I will go my own way. You are dead to me.

“Go in, student priest of Isis, lay down and sleep if you think you can sleep.”

I looked at him and was lost in thought, but again he said: “Go in, student priest.”

I lay down in my coffin. A little light burned at every corner, my death-bed was beautiful. I closed my eyes. Except for my loincloth, I was naked. I stretched my arms along my body and felt Dectar’s strong influence. I felt a new world come over me, making me one with His Majesty the Death. I could not sleep and I began to think. First of all, I arranged a new wall around me, for the one belonging to both of us had been destroyed. I now had to think of myself and realize and understand the seriousness of my being here. I still felt Dectar, and also that he left. When that happened I thought my heart would break.

Now I was alone with death. I burst into tears. Throughout the evening and until deep into the night I cried and could not stop. At last, I regained my self-control. I felt somewhat relaxed; I rebuilt my own personality and started to reflect again, but this time in a different way. I felt completely free from my master and this was what I had tried to achieve.

I adjusted myself to my new situation. Yet I returned to him and began to

ask questions once more. Dectar was a demon or not normal anymore. If I had forgotten myself, then why had they not destroyed me? Or did I have to commit even greater stupidities? The more I thought the less clear everything became that was related to him. How beautiful our union and being one had been, but nothing was left of that. He had been like a Father and a Mother to me and now this ending! Nothing remained of it. I would build my own wall and protection and I would stay in it. I did not sense anything of my leader; maybe he was angry too. If so, I did not believe anything anymore and would not want to hear his voice any longer, then he would belong to the demons as well. How dangerous this life was. Yet, I resolved to devote myself entirely to my task, to prepare myself, so as to attain priesthood. I had become a completely different man during these few hours. Now I had to proceed alone, but I dared them all, however great they were. If they would give me additional punishment, I would show them that Dectar was a lunatic. Nonetheless, I had to be careful. But if he would make life impossible here, I would ask for another teacher and be rid of him.

When I had advanced that far I automatically passed into my new condition. Death came to me. I lay in my coffin. Around me, the room was festively decorated, at the four sides lights burned in his honour. On earth people died, and yet, real death was not even possible. However, I understood the seriousness of this punishment very well. This was given to destroy my youth. Did I play with the wonders? Was the danger still greater than I thought and felt? I had not heard anything from my leader yet, but he would surely know about it, he knew all about Dectar and me.

This meant the dying process. But behind it lay a mighty space. I got to know this Majesty and kept on thinking throughout the night, for I could not fall asleep. Was I kept awake? All this time I followed several deathbeds men could experience; in fact this one was the most beautiful. I would now die in complete peace and I could prepare myself for it.

Other human beings would die in a different way and for many people this mighty process came unexpectedly. Of course they were not ready and not prepared for this great event. All these human beings were ready and fully prepared for thousands of meaningless things, but not for him, this all-inspiring greatness. Men hardly gave him a thought. People did not allow themselves time to think about this mighty and, in human eyes, yet so terrible King.

Quite unexpectedly, he came knocking and people had to accept then that the irrevocable event would happen. Then what, yes, what would actually happen?

I followed this King on his inhuman journey, for he brought sorrow and pain, nothing but misery, and yet he was so kind-hearted, so incredibly good,

but nobody understood that; man did not want to understand. This secret was only known here in the Temples. People wanted to know everything about each other and told each other their experiences, but not one of them spoke with love about him whom I got to know very well only now, so that a holy seriousness came over me. Now that I was connected with him, I could almost be grateful to him, for this brought me growth. What I felt and went through now was mighty.

If Dectar would still be my friend, I could now be very happy, for it still hurt me to have lost my friend. My parents had got to know death already, and I now understood how amazingly deep my Mother's inner life was. I remembered her words: "Where should we go to, dear Venry, when all roads are blocked?"

Then she added: "If you want to stay alive, then die with me, Ardaty."

When one passed away, one actually began to live. Mother was great, she was inwardly conscious; I also hoped to reach that consciousness and acquire it. Moreover, they were alive, she and Ardaty. Yet they had died, but not in a coffin, their death was caused by the elements of nature. They had discarded earthly life and received a new life, an extraordinarily beautiful garment, and the happiness of their own paradise. Those who had not been prepared are afraid and trembled for fear of death. This punishment was actually essential for everybody, for it taught man to think and love everything that was good. For many it meant inner development, so that they would awaken, becoming greater and more conscious inwardly in a short period of time, as I now experienced. Then he could not unexpectedly come to them, they knew beforehand that he would come, in fact they were always ready and there was no waiting in them.

You could talk to him, for this King was very wise. He knew everybody, knew the animals, plant and flower life and every other life, because he could follow inner life. He looked through the greatness of the soul, he only had to see and feel in which respect he was infallible.

For him it did not mean death, nor sorrow or pain, but a journey to eternity. I had been there only recently, even though all these experiences were terrible for me. And yet, I heard him say: "Mankind hates me, Venry. Why does man hate me? Is it because they do not know me? Do you not see all those beautiful things, such as the flowers, the beautiful trees, all those magnificent houses and buildings, and last but not least the Temples? Also all the human beings and animals that I had called. When I am sad, Venry, it is only because they do not want to know me. There is not one human being on earth, dear Venry, who truly loves me. And am I not concerned about them? Of course, they must see to it that there is no hatred in them, that they are in harmony with my life. However, they must want that, Venry, I will not

force them to.

Oh, Venry, you should see what their houses in which they live are like, not those caves and huts in which they live on earth, no my boy, large, very large buildings and even Temples they receive from me. And all those buildings are decorated; the birds come to them and sing my song, the song of joy and happiness, of being one, of sacred love, dear Venry. And yet they hate me, I am hated, but they will get to know me the way you see me now and your Mother already knows me. The human beings on earth think of everything but not of me, only when I come. Believe me, dear Venry, I always postpone my arrival as long as possible, for I know whom and what they love. They think that I will help them begging for strength, but that is very stupid, too simple and too childish, dear Venry. They must want it themselves, but not at the very last moment, Venry, not when I ask them to let me in, for then it is of no avail and it is too late. I must take action then and there should be no pity in me, dear Venry. Then I am hard and terrible, so that they cry and cannot stop. Do you think, dear Venry, that I have no heart with blood flowing in it? It beats for joy and happiness the way it does with human beings. In their view I am the destroyer of happiness, they hate me like nobody is hated, and yet, Venry, look into my heart and get to know me. When I call old people to come to me, then, Venry, their feelings and thoughts are sometimes mild and loving, because those old people could better come to me than stay where they are making life difficult for others. But woe, my boy, if I call their child or beloved one who must proceed here, because their time and life is up there, then I am cursed, hated and abused, like no one on earth. But if I come, they must come to me because they must get to know the laws in my world and finish their lives on earth. Sometimes I withdraw into my loneliness and ponder on everything, all their pain and sorrow, and yet, dear Venry, I cannot act differently, they must come to me, for after all I am eternity. When, after my birth, I reached maturity and had to start my task, which the Gods had imposed on me, then, dear boy, I became raged and floated through my house. I went from East to West, from South to North, with lightning speed through the universe to vent my rage and forget all my sorrow, and hatred. Yet I could not evade it, my task is simply tough, severe and terrible; I bowed my head for that is how the laws are. I do want to tell you, Venry, because now you are alone in life and you have to proceed on your own resources, you can follow me and listen to me. Well, centuries have passed, Venry, I could not do anything else but cry myself out. Do you find that so strange? You cried your eyes out as well, did you not? And yet I was also in high spirits after that, I set again about my work, pondered those human feelings and called them to me, but without pity, without mercy; King or Emperor, rich or poor, everybody had to come, Venry, my command

is devastating for them.

How I have suffered, my boy, even now, because they hate me. Of course, where I live makes up for everything, the Gods gave me space; stars and planets belong to me and are the adornment of my own home. And in addition, the light and darkness and all those worlds you have already got to know. Now is that not beautiful? Certainly, my dear boy, all these possessions gave me strength and power, but also responsibility. The Gods follow me too, and the Supreme God, dear Venry, sometimes summons me too and then I have to tell plainly and clearly how all His children are. People on earth think that their God does now know that, Venry, but I too have to follow the laws.

Once, every couple of thousands of years I must come to 'Him' for you surely realize that I live in an immense space. You should hear our conversation, dear Venry, for it is very instructive. Then I have to answer all those questions too. You must believe me when I say that I sometimes try to conceal things to spare many human beings a lot of sorrow and pain, when I see that they do their best. Sometimes I succeed and the Supreme God is in a good mood, you see, but very often He looks at me and I know that He sees through me. In fact, He can see everything, but then he is compassionate. 'Nevertheless', He says, 'one should not feel sorry for all those children, for they will not learn and never come back to me.' And that is the intention, dear Venry, for all those children are Gods, children of the Supreme God.

When I am there and go to Him, the angels will come and alleviate my sorrow, and I receive everything. They sing and dance, dear Venry, and that in space. It is hard to accept, my boy, but everybody is happy there, nothing disturbs anymore. The palace of the Supreme God is erected of rarefied material. When His children do good deeds, live in love, and love each other truly, His palace is enlarged and the crystals become gold and silver and the angels' singing is as clear as only the Lotus can radiate. Every good thought represents one child, is one part of His mighty feeling that is the immense space in which He lives. But when people hate, dear Venry, everything trembles and shakes there, and the Supreme God sees what they do, these are then noted. When I have regained my strength, I must return to the earth and to all those other bodies. Then I will be amidst those who curse me, but then I can stand it, because what I received there is immense.

I am next to God, dear Venry. You do not think that I am conceited, do you? That is the way my task is and I have had to accept the dignity of my greatness. My Master is actually called 'Life' and you know me. I am called 'Death'. But am I dead? Do you not hear me speak? Do believe, dear Venry, when we came to belong to the visible life neither of us wanted to accept his task. We perceived that either of them meant that we would be damned. Centuries passed in this process before my Master and I arrived at a decision.

Yet we did not accept our work voluntarily, Venry, our inward voice took the decision. My proper name came to my mind the way feelings come over you and also, the same way your Mother has experienced; it was then that I understood my task.

I was to be called 'Death' and He who lived before me and therefore was older than I was, 'Life'. When I am going to answer your question, dear Venry, I will do so because you are so spirited and are prepared to listen to me. No, my dear, He lived before me, for when there was no Life so there could be no Death. First 'Life' came, then I was born and I drew all that Life to me. In fact, I had accepted my task that very instant, but our asking and demanding to be allowed to know who was actually called 'Death' or 'Life' resides in between. 'Life' was still very young, Venry, when I already had to call it. We wondered what we would do and came to a decision.

To be Supreme God, dear Venry, is not so simple either. I know that I am being cursed, but my Master is asked the most incredible things. Surely, my Master cannot make Kings and Emperors of all his children? All these questions and prayers, dear Venry, first arrive at the angels, they examine and follow those human beings on earth and perceive that they are lying and deceiving. They save their Master a lot of sorrow by not passing all those shady affairs on since his task is immensely heavy as it is. Then when I am there we talk all those matters over. I learned from it, Venry, and then realize that my own task is the simplest of the two. I have only one end in view, to think of only one thing, which is to summon them to me in time. However, my Master needs millions of helpers to investigate all those prayers, requests, questions and thoughts, for human beings are very sly in this respect, sometimes sarcastic or full of pity and sincere desire, but mostly true love is missing and they try to deceive God. The sacrifices they make are usually a surplus, dear Venry, scorned by the wild animal.

Is it so strange then that God shuts His ears? Believe me, dear boy, sincere feelings are always heard; however, it must be possible to make them come true. They ask for the most incredible things, usually happiness, either gold or silver, to become a King or Emperor, to have a lot of slaves and worldly property. You should see them then, Venry, they forget themselves and curse their own Master by their actions. And that is unacceptable, is it not?

No, my boy, my task is really much easier. Yet they do not think of me. Is there anything on earth, which comes close to me? Is there anything that natural? Is there anything, Venry, worth contemplating? Could there be anything that matches me? Can worldly Kings come close to me? Is the pharaoh as powerful as I am? Think this over, my boy. What do you feel now?

When I go and summon them they have to listen too, nobody can avoid that. Yet, dear Venry, he is honoured, people worship him and follow him

when he beckons, and even kneel down before him. When I see that I can only smile, I cannot spare deeper and other feelings. But how insignificant such a King is, Venry, in comparison with me. Believe me, and you can feel it now, for my rest and silence, nay happiness, joy, a lot of joy comes over you and only because you get to know my true 'Me'. And what do I do, dear Venry?

When I visit the sick and let them feel my rest beforehand, they call for all worldly scientists to defile my rest and great happiness as well as my sacred and pure silence. Yet, I keep dominating all those thoughts and medicines, I call, dear Venry, and my voice, my command is obeyed.

They do not want to receive illness and other phenomena from me, which they will grieve over. Accept this too, my boy, it does not even belong to me, it is my Master's, they must get to know me through it. You surely feel that we are one in everything and must be one, for Life and Death are inseparably connected. To say it more specifically:

One thing follows from the other. Still more specific, Venry, after Life or through Life, Death comes. Death originates from Life, because Life exists.

Do you understand, Venry? But look at them, my boy. I always warn them and yet they do not listen. They forget all those admonitions again and again and live their own life, without regard for anything. In this respect, they are foolish or crazy for who would ridicule this unknown, awesome, immense, nay divine law. However, they are and remain frivolous. Certainly, there are some people who completely surrender, but then they have learned a lot. One comes quietly, another suddenly, some by the poison of others. Others again as a result of an accident, and yet, dear Venry, they all come to me. They only experience one phenomenon, which is passing into my Kingdom where there is no Death, for I am Life. I am one with God and we shall remain one."

That is the way Death spoke to me and I heard everything.

"Of course, that is how it is", I said to him. "Look at the room in which I now lay, it is a beggar's place. But you make no difference, everybody, the rich included, lie in their coffin like me and have to come to you. The smallest insect digs itself in and is rich, but you know why. I cannot hate you; I begin to love you and am always grateful that I was allowed to get to know you at close quarters and that you have spoken to me. May I be your friend?"

I now feel your warm heart, it beats for true love, in and around me, but I hear it very clearly. It is not cold in my coffin; you are very warm. But you are poor, my friend, to those who do not know you. Essentially, you are immensely rich, the diversity of your wealth shines over me; it passed into me and alleviates my sorrow and subsides my hatred so that I can forget and forgive everything. If I am to know you and begin to feel your mighty will, it is because I live in your vicinity and am one with you, in life and death. I

could not have been punished in a better way. I learn and become conscious, and I am very grateful to you. I feel your warmth come over me which strengthens my soul. I want to accept and will always think of you when I am happy and relaxed, but also in pain and sorrow. The powers I now feel will help me to prepare myself so that I can attain priesthood. After that, I will have the great wings because I know you. To many people you are terrible, but immense space is in you and your view is mighty.”

I talked for hours with Death. Depth and spiritual age came over me. My cell was completely empty, this excluded everything and everybody; I was completely one with death. There was a holy seriousness in me and it would remain there. How amazingly quickly I had changed. My soul yearned for depth and I myself became conscious in it. Deep were the thoughts and feelings of death. Childlike qualities and playfulness had left me and had died, I had learned to know myself in but a short time and I felt very happy.

The night made way for the day, but I was still pondering, following death in its thousands of stages of dying and passing over. The lights were still burning; they had only spent one tenth of their contents.

I heard someone rattling at my cell door and entering, I could not see who it was; I was lying too deep down in my coffin. I could only feel and adjust myself to that. It was not Dectar; his influence and radiance were different. A strange feeling came over me, which allowed me to determine that unknown personality. These feelings developed within me and I saw the person, I could clearly observe him. I did not know this priest. I soon experienced what he came here for, because he sprinkled my body. I understood this too, for I took it over from him. Those who entered death did not need any food. So I got nothing, I would have to agree with that. Really, I thought, Isis is powerful and also deep in this respect.

Again, I began to think, for I could not sleep. I did not sleep a wink all night, I would and had to stay awake; otherwise, I would learn nothing.

“Try to sleep if you want to”, Dectar said, but I could not. Isis was great and deep in this respect as well, I would nearly say perfect. I was pondering everything over and over again, re-experiencing everything from my youth on, and acquiring it. I reviewed my entire life; I followed everything from the time I was a small child. Nothing had been lost, everything returned to my consciousness, now that I was one with that as well. When I had finished, the day had passed and night approached. Now I followed what Dectar had taught me and what we discussed together. I assimilated his feeling and thinking, for his wisdom now gave me rest and gratefulness, so that I no longer felt hatred for him. It is really remarkable, I thought, if this is going on much longer I will even be grateful to him for everything that I may now experience. My love for him returned to me and that made me very happy. I

still did not hear anything from my leader yet. The more I thought of Dectar the more grateful I became. When I had got that far and accepted him again, my love also returned to me. The night had passed, as the sun rose. I had not been able to sleep; I had to stay awake.

Again, I experienced that sprinkling of my body, which meant a salutary refreshment. I had already been living in my coffin for two days and nights and the lights were still burning and did not want to die. When they died I would belong to the living again and my being one with death would be over. The strange thing about it was that I did not even feel thirsty or hungry. I was too intensely one and connected. I started reflecting again and followed all those human deathbeds. I yearned for Death to come to me again for I learned a lot through Him. During daytime, I felt that He was far away from me, but in the darkness, I was completely one. The day seemed to last a century; such was my yearning for the darkness to come. I understood that the little lamps would continue to burn for the time being. Everything went the same way; no living organism could evade it. During daytime, I went through this deadly rest and I prepared myself as it were for the night in order to be able to listen well and clearly. I had forgotten the Temple of Isis and all the masters. I only thought of Him, His Majesty 'Death'.

I was intensely conscious; this consciousness had come over me only quite recently. Yet, I followed the laws of Isis and acquired them. I also want to acquire the invisible laws of which 'Death' had told me. Slowly the day went by and evening came.

I did not feel tired; however, my body was tense as if life had left it. It was dark, the sun had set long ago, everybody in the Temple had fallen asleep, and only I was still awake. This punishment most certainly healed me and brought spiritual depth to my poor soul. The awakening led me upwards so that another silence approached, different again from the former one, from yesterday and the day before yesterday. I would say, this one was still deeper and even quieter.

It must have been after midnight when I heard Death's soft steps nearing. With Him, an ice-cold current of air should come over me, but this time I became very warm. His Majesty was on the way. I did not have to wait long and I saw Him before me as a true shape. He said to me: "Good evening, dear Venry."

"Good evening, Your Majesty. Do you return to me?"

"I felt your desires, dear boy, and so I come to tell you some experiences which I recently had to live through. I say had, dear Venry, for they did not want to listen and come to me, and you surely realize that I had to use violence again, which is a great pity. I was with a rich gentleman, Venry, he possessed many earthly goods and all his wives wept over him. I looked at all

those tears, dear boy, but not one of them was sincere. They had served him because they wanted to belong to worldly life and to be able to look at all that wealth, although it did not belong to them. But their master, tall in stature and powerful, was stung by one of my helpers, a poisonous insect, and the man would come to me. People think that I torture them, dear Venry, but that is not true. They must come and to that end, it is essential to destroy their earthly garment. It does not matter how this happens, as long as it does happen. Well then, he raged and yelled for anger, but it did not help him in any way. Just now, he entered my kingdom, but I have no hovel, no hut, nothing at all for him, dear Venry. He lives in the darkness and lies there, waiting for God to wake him up again. He was far too rebellious. I saw into his life. He received many beautiful things, but he did not understand, and you see, Venry, then they defile all those treasures and curse my Master.

This afternoon I called many at the same time. There were thousands of them, another helper washed them over the earth and subsequently sucked them into its depth. Dear Venry, there are many more who help me, but it is me. There was a woman who poisoned her husband. She too thought that she helped me, but that is not true and I wonder what that has got to do with her. I choose my own helpers and they love to follow me.

You no doubt think that I have a lot to tell you but I must soon be on my way again, Venry. This night I have a lot of work to do and you must presently go to sleep. In the morning, you will belong to the living again. When you and those who love you come to me, then accept, dear boy, that your surroundings will be festively decorated, I will see to that myself. When you are in the 'meadow' and see me in all my power and glory, then joy, heavenly joy will enter your heart and the hearts of those who belong to you eternally.

You are getting sleepy, Venry, I know why and will therefore quietly retire and pursue my long way. Give my regards to those who belong to the living that know me and want to accept me. Make clear to them that I am only love and let them stop hating me. Will you do that for me, dear Venry? Alleviate my pain and tell them of all my warmth, so that all those sleepers and dreamers who think they are living will awaken. My boy, I will be on my way and I greet you. Finish your task and be strong, never stop thinking of me, then you will always be ready. When the sun rises my Kingdom will be filled with millions, many of whom crying like small children; the children, however, are awake and conscious and their inner life gives me warmth so that I can understand the glory of my task too. I greet you, my friend, I will be off and on my way as well”.

I thought everything over for a long time. Going by that sound, the warm and pleasant feeling I thought I felt the understanding, the mature consciousness, yes, a master. It seemed to me as if a friend who had known me

for a long time had spoken to me. It was very strange indeed and I therefore did not accept my thoughts, but I thought I felt my leader in Him. And this was possibly not true, yet I had learned so much.

Night approached day, but I fell asleep. In the morning I woke up, the lights were still burning, but the lamps had spent their fuel and they would soon expire. This was passing away too. Now I waited and one lamp after another extinguished. Exaltation rose from within me, for this meant the end of my being one with death. I would now belong to the living on earth again and I would resume my task. If I were now allowed to leave the home of death and be permitted to thank Him for his hospitality, I would be very happy. I sent Him a prayer.

“I thank you, oh Death, for the wisdom I have now received. You made me very old, and that within but a short time. I became myself completely. There is no greater power than yours if your power is accepted. I thank you, Majesty, for your thoughts, your feelings, which you gave me and which I received free. You are cursed and hated, but I love you. Your greatness came over me, my soul is conscious and I understand you. I am grateful to you for the silence, for your mighty home, this coffin, which accommodated and housed me, for the light and warmth, for everything, because you killed the hatred within me. I will not be able to hate anymore when justice comes to me. I overcame my fear and I thank you for everything.”

The lamps had extinguished, the sun brought new light, but I felt dead-beat now and I was thirsty and hungry. My material body woke up; my own adjustment had kept it free from these feelings, now it belonged to life again. It asked for liquid and nourishing food as a result of my own desire to be allowed to work.

The door of my cell opened and Dectar entered. I could not hate him anymore, but I was still unable to speak to him. I looked upon him as my master, and he said: “Good morning, priest of Isis.”

I did not reply. Yet, I was very happy that he had come to me, but I did not make him feel that. He put me on my couch again, the coffin was removed and he moistened my lips. Subsequently, he made me drink an effective herb-juice. When I had finished it I felt my limbs relax, my blood circulation recover and new strength enter my body.

Dectar left, he did not say goodbye. He was like death and the silence of the grave now. I was alone again and I fell asleep.

The herbs had made me fall asleep, but I woke up in the afternoon. Dectar brought me fruit-juice, concentrated on me and I sank away into a deep sleep again. It was not until a few days later that I awoke, and felt completely relaxed. My organism had recovered completely, my soul now was enormously powerful and I did not recognize myself anymore. I had killed my previous

personality.

Dectar provided me with refreshments, and took care of me, as my Mother would have done. It made me very glad and happy and I thanked the Gods that they had not taken him away from me, that I was allowed to be near him, to feel and see his personality and to follow his awe-inspiring tranquility and self-control. I did not know what to make of it; I wondered why I loved him so much, and as it were, I had to love him, because these feelings forced themselves on me. How I had changed. I was entirely myself now and stood before him as a man against man, although he was still my master. My youth had passed away; I lived in another garment, consciousness shone on my entire being. I was already sorry that I had not wished him good morning. When he returned to me and brought me more nourishing food he said: "If you wish we can go outside, but if you wish to stay here we will do so."

I looked at him and said: "If my teacher thinks that it is good for me, with pleasure, but I am still very tired."

Presently, two priests entered and carried me outside. I was put down in beautiful surroundings and took in the forces of nature. Dectar sat down beside me and read the laws of Isis to me.

Whatever happened to you, stranger, that you do not recognize me?

I had noticed that his gait was a good deal better; he went upright now and was quite normal again. That is after all what he had received through me. After a while a high priest came up to us and spoke with Dectar about my condition. Then he approached me and asked: "Are you beginning to feel stronger now?"

"Thank you, great master, I feel quite well and will soon be ready."

He left and I was alone with Dectar again. He did not say a word about our past, everything he said to me concerned the laws of Isis. It was not until then that I understood that in fact, I knew nothing yet. He taught me all the laws. Soon I had recovered completely and resumed our visits to the sick. We were together all the time, but he never spoke with me as he used to. That Dectar had died like my own personality. But I also loved this Dectar very much. Actually, it was quite right with me, now there was no danger anymore. I neither heard nor felt anything of my leader, nor did I speak about him with Dectar. Meanwhile, the years passed.

I did not know whether Dectar still longed for Myra and it no longer interested me either. It even left me stone cold whether he still wanted to float along on clouds. We had buried all that, forgotten the past and accepted a new life.

His childish talk and his many lives, that were in him, and which I loved, and why I loved him so much had dissolved. That also belonged to the past. He was completely himself.

During the years that had gone by he had been my master and teacher, not more but not less either. I had learned and acquired a lot through him. I accepted him and followed everything up. I wanted to experience things and I had done away with asking 'why' and 'what for'. Consciousness had come over me, a mighty power, and now I felt ready for the darkness.

One afternoon he asked: "Do you think you are ready for the darkness? Descend into yourself, you must know."

He looked at me questioningly, and I expected any moment to hear him say 'my dear Venry', but he did not open his mouth and kept all these charming words to himself. But I said: "I am ready, Master Dectar, quite ready."

I was allowed to return to my cell, he did not say a word to me, he also left, but went to the masters. The next day he notified me that I should prepare myself. Whether he would take me to the darkness as he did years before I had to wait and see.

I had been in the Temple of Isis for five years now. It took others ten years; that was another reason to be grateful that I was ready right now. I was ready indeed; this knowledge was within me.

Shortly before I was to enter the darkness, I asked him whether he still longed for Myra, but he answered: "I forbid you to probe me and to ask such questions."

I bowed my head and had to accept now that the past was buried or embalmed, but I could not accept the latter. Nevertheless, I thought: Well then, you forgot that too? I could not accept it, I did not believe that, it had meant everything to him. Why I could not accept it was not clear to me, nobody answered me. I bowed my head for this priest and accepted his personality, which was very dear to me, for the others were much stricter than he was.

In the darkness again, my consciousness was tested

Dectar took me to the building as he had done some years ago. On our way, I thought I perceived a bit more feeling in him. As I was about to enter, and he had to leave me, he took both my hands in his and said: "If there is one among us, student-priest, who wants you to attain priesthood, it is me. I know, however, that you are ready."

I looked into his beautiful eyes, descended quickly as lightning into him, which was possible now, and I understood that he was open to me. I probed his feelings, but that very moment his soul closed itself off to me again, and I felt my master. Yet I said: "I thank you, Master Dectar, I am very grateful to you. Can you accept my gratitude?"

"If the Gods want me to be worthy of your gratitude, then I am ready, but I am only a servant."

I understood him; he did not accept and was not allowed to accept any thanks. Subsequently, I detached myself from him and entered the darkness, which would now last seven days and nights. I was completely ready. I lay down on my couch. Everything was as before, only I had changed. I lay down and waited. Soon I felt myself getting tired and I understood that the masters had adjusted their concentration. Now, however, I dominated this tiredness myself; I did not allow them to reach my material organism. The weariness disappeared the way it had come over me. I drew a magic circle around me and I stayed within it. I felt ready, so that they could begin as far as I was concerned. I had already overcome the very first fatigue, but the second and third attacks were heavier. I condensed my small circle so that it was more difficult for them to attack me. However, they kept going on and it became increasingly difficult for me, but I remained myself.

I subsequently began to perceive and saw that my cell was completely inhabited. I saw thousands of little, but poisonous animals approach me. They looked for an entrance in order to destroy me. However, my magic wall could withstand them. I knew they were shapes and I remained conscious. All those animals smashed themselves up against my concentration. These little animals could not find me and in reality, they were the masters. I forced them to stop and return. I made all these animals fall asleep, but others kept coming all the time, and I stopped. They could also destroy me in this way. I therefore reduced my enclosure and by doing so, I prevented them from reaching me. Now I experienced a tremendous happiness that I was master on my own ground, because Father Taiti was conscious in me. Yet, I lived in

Venry's life for we were both one. The animals fell asleep and dissolved; the masters had felt they were unable to reach me in that way. Then I saw the shadows Dectar had told me about.

All those shadows were women and very beautiful. But they were dead to me; I did not know these feelings. They stayed around me to lure me from my own home until I was fed up. But I let it pass however hard they persisted. I was conscious and remained conscious. I now understood how demonic these human shapes were. They also dissolved. I was now lured outside where I followed a human being in nature, who invited me to follow him on the water. I understood him; the masters, and I did not go. I did not waste my strength. Dectar had told me about that too. Yet I thought this game worthwhile, and I appeared but only for ten percent. My other powers continued to constitute my consciousness. I floated with him on a large sheet of water. Then a gale came and we drowned. I was conscious and thought it ridiculous. Next, my cell was on fire so that the flames scorched my magic wall. It became so terrible that I began to hold the masters in great admiration. However, they could not reach me. I felt this warmth right into my circle, but I remained conscious, I had no feelings of fear. What was I to experience this time? I felt and saw nothing and tried to get some sleep, but immediately I departed from my organism.

I saw where I was; now I lived in that other world again. In front of me, I saw many people. They were demons, I was in the darkness and I was about to experience reality again. This time I observed them, but unexpectedly they rushed at me. A few years ago I would have run away, now I waited for them.

They were brutes. They closed in on me from all sides, they drew an ever-tighter circle around me, but I knew now what to do. Suddenly, they attacked me and dragged me through the darkness. During this event, thoughts came over me of withdrawing from their hands, for I was not one of them. My leader once said to me, that on earth I would be able to do that with my body, here I was a spirit. I concentrated and dissolved in their hands. They saw me disappear before their eyes. They saw an unbelievable wonder occur, which they did not understand at all. All these human beings were like devils. They looked at each other in astonishment. They were hairy and I saw men and women together. Nevertheless, I wanted to return to them, I wanted to know more about their life. When I adjusted myself to it, their world condensed and I had accepted their life and darkness again. Now I took a long walk through the darkness and stayed among them for a long time. When they saw me I quickly withdrew into my own world and life.

When I walked about here, observing their kingdom and getting to know it, I felt that I was being followed. Now that I was looking at the animal spe-

cies, I felt that a master from the past was following me and would attack me, it was a demon, Dectar had told me about. This was a master, but he lived in the darkness. However, I withdrew and walked through the brute and he did not see me. They could not hurt me at all; I lived in the laws of Father Taiti.

While I was walking, I saw, besides human beings, many other species. In this way, I learned to know the darkness and it seemed to me that I had been here for at least several days. Now I lived between life and death where I had been able to acquire a great deal of wisdom. While proceeding, I felt thirsty; I understood that this belonged to my physical body. So I returned to my body, woke it up, gave it food and let it drink. Then lay down again and soon fell asleep. But I disembodied straight away and returned to the darkness, for I wanted to pursue my way. I wanted to get to know all these worlds. I concentrated on floating along and went into that direction. I saw darkness everywhere. If I ascended a little and out of the darkness, it became somewhat blurred and lighter. When I had learned all those dark worlds I felt that the light attracted me and I followed. Indeed, this was a different world.

Here too I saw human beings, men and women together, but they were different. I thought I perceived more human feelings in them. When I approached them they advanced on me, and one of them said to me: "Where are you going?"

I thought that this was an obvious human question, but I was careful. Others also approached, there were nine people near me, including four women.

I answered: "I am a stranger here."

"I see, a stranger, and what are you doing here?"

"Nothing", I said, for I did not know what to say. But he answered: "If you value your life then leave as soon as possible."

The women took much pleasure from the case, but I loathed their laughter. They had apparently been able to pick up my thoughts, for one said: "Look, he gets angry, he finds us horrible."

I was surprised when the entire gang rushed at me unexpectedly. I then adjusted my concentration to withdraw; I dissolved in their hands, and before their eyes. I stood before them like a shape and said: "All of you belong to the demons. Begin a new life and leave strangers alone."

I went on, but their laughing, screaming followed me; I could clearly hear it in my own world. Again I met other human beings and they also attacked me. I was attacked repeatedly, but I invariably withdrew, in this way I actually got to know all those various worlds of which Dectar had spoken. I lived in the true school of life.

I walked on and lived in a misty space. This was one of the many worlds, but I did not see anyone. Having walked on for a while I saw a figure above

me, which had wings. As I observed this being it condensed and I saw that it was a human being. Although this was a completely different appearance I did not trust this figure either.

But this human being looked, smiled and seemed to be interested in me. However, I felt there was danger all around me, so I continued on my way. The human being hovered over me, but when I was tired and sat down to have a rest it withdrew. I thought it most remarkable but I did not trust it. After a while I saw the same being again, but the light was a bit brighter. The surroundings were illuminated by it.

I saw a well-shaped, radiating hand manifest itself. The hand threw a fruit to me and I heard a voice say: "You can safely eat it, stranger, for you are thirsty." I caught the fruit in my hands, but threw it immediately away again. I did not trust this kind-heartedness and wanted to be prepared for any event.

Again, I heard: "Here is another fruit, stranger, but eat it, it is alright, you can trust me." The shape saw to it that it remained partly invisible and I did not trust that. Once more I heard: "Do eat it, you have no faith in me, but you can trust me."

I probed the fruit and felt that it was all right. I had learned this at Isis, and Dectar was a master in this field. All priests and priestesses had to be able to this for their own safety. Everything coming from outside Isis was checked in this way, because many priests had been poisoned in the past. This time I adjusted myself to the fruit; I felt and saw that it was all right. Therefore, I ate it. The fruit, which was brimming over with delicious juice, strengthened me. Never before had I eaten one like this in the Temple. Delicious, I thought, but be careful.

Not having seen anything of this invisible and kind-hearted human being for a while, I suddenly heard a voice from another world say: "Just proceed a little further, friend of the earth, you will behold beautiful scenes. Use your wings if you wish. In this world, you may go wherever you want. So do it."

But I decidedly refused and remained where I was.

"Do try it, you want to get to know all these worlds, do you not?"

"Who are you?"

"What does it matter; I am a friend of mankind. Was not my fruit all right, was it not natural? You probed this fruit, friend, I could follow you, but it was delicious, was it not?" This being knew what I was thinking of. However, demons were able to as well. However, I found it remarkable. Yet I stayed where I was and asked: "Why do you remain invisible whereas you say that you are a friend of mankind?"

"Dear friend, my light would only frighten you. Therefore, I stay where I am, but I try to help you. However, you have the wrong ideas about me. The

people you met were demons and the others as well. If you had descended still deeper into the darkness you would have met yet different human beings, but they are very dangerous.”

“Are you a man or a woman?”

“That is of no importance either, here we are both.”

“You speak in riddles and you are a mystery.”

The being replied: “If all priests were like you, believe me, their lives would be too short if they wanted to attain priesthood. In this way, you will never achieve your goal. I know this carefulness; it does not risk anything, but receives nothing either. It is living dead. In the world you are now, events are experienced. On this side, one learns from experience, but you are afraid. Where is your wisdom, disciple of Isis?”

I was startled; did they know me between ‘life and death’? Did they know me in this world? I rose immediately and went on. I did not see the stranger again. Curious, I thought, how do they know here who I am? Could he by any chance be my leader? I did not believe that. I concentrated on floating along. Now I lived in space and possessed the great wings. How wonderful it was to proceed on one’s own. The further I went the lighter it became. Quite soon, I passed into other worlds and here I saw also human beings. A big and powerful light shone towards me and I accepted its heavenly rest and power.

I could descend and proceed on my feet at will. Below me, there was a beautiful landscape. I saw trees, flowers and small streams of water; it was like a paradise here. I thought I would like to stay here, and so I descended. Some distance away, many human beings were together and I wanted to go to them. I saw young beautiful men and women; all of them wore wonderful garments. Their rest engulfed me. I asked a young being, a handsome figure: “Can you tell me where I am?”

“Certainly”, he said most cordially, but asked: “Are you from the earth?”

“How do you know?”

“I recognize your radiance. Now you are in life after death.”

I looked at him in amazement; to hear such clear language was not a daily occurrence. He was a sincere being; that was beyond any doubt.

He answered: “Try to feel me, dear friend, I do not lie. You see, we are all completely straightforward and you can sense us.”

“What are you doing here?” I asked.

“We expect friends. They will die on earth today and we shall meet on this spot. Then we will return to our world, which is more beautiful than the one in which we are now.”

“How do you know that they will die today?”

“If you knew our life you would not ask, but you are still on earth and cannot know. Those, my friend, who are on earth and love us, think of us.

We catch all those thoughts and follow them in earthly life from here. Only we are able to see when they will die there and those feelings are in us now. It will happen suddenly and by an accident.”

You are very wise, I thought, and I understood that he had picked up my thoughts, because he answered: thinking.”

“We all can, dear friend, we have mastered that; I can see what you are

I now thought of the worlds which were supposed to be here, but this time again he caught my thoughts and said: “We only live here temporarily, as I told you before, for we live in a different world, which is more beautiful than this one. This world is a transition to a higher world. If you wish I will show you that other, higher world. I have plenty of time and would love to show you.”

I did not doubt his honesty and good intentions anymore and we proceeded together. On our way, I asked many questions, which were answered. I saw worlds in which human beings lived who could comfortably enjoy their spiritual happiness. There were beautiful buildings and Temples radiating their own light, and I saw flowers and plants, which were unknown at Isis. He showed me beautiful flowers, that took my breath away.

Among all those species of flowers, I saw the flower which was presented to me from this world. I was deeply moved to see it again and by its reality. I took the flower into my hands and tears ran down my cheeks. I thought of Dectar and the events of that day. I cried for happiness, gratitude and joy. For a moment, I had forgotten my leader. How could Dectar forget this wonder?

When I looked at him, he gave me an affable smile as if he understood what was going on in my mind. I asked him questions, the first one was: “Once you lived on earth, but while there, did you possess all this wisdom, this splendour and the reality of this life?”

“No, my friend, there we were all non-conscious. Yet we had experienced lives in which we were conscious, but it was not until after our death that we learned the great wonder.”

“Are you now conscious of birth and death on earth?”

“Yes, we are conscious of both.”

“What do you desire in this world, do you have any?”

“We all desire to be able to proceed further and higher, and to be allowed to reach these higher worlds.”

“That is splendid, and can you reach them?”

“Certainly, if we want to we will soon enter those worlds, for we are on our way, dear friend. Formerly, many years ago, we all lived in this world and could not proceed further. Now we are there and have made headway.”

“And are they all ready, do they want to go further and higher?”

“Not one stays behind, they are all ready.”

“It is wonderful to meet conscious people who know what they want. Tell me about the things you do.”

“We serve, my friend, we help the mentally poor and those who yearn for wisdom will receive worldly wisdom. We help everybody who comes to us and we are ready to assist them.”

“That is wonderful. Do you know your own existence and do they all know their own qualities and the reason why you belong to this life?”

“We do not only know ourselves, but also know that we are part of all those worlds and we thank ‘Him’ who made us part of them. We know the laws and know how everything was created and where we were before we lived our last life on earth.”

“Is this wisdom already on earth?” “No, my friend, in the Temples much of our life is already known, but not this. Nothing is known yet of the very highest wisdom, you can possibly bestow it on them.”

“Does the secret that we human beings must live on earth, reside in it? The beginning of all life?”

“Exactly, the beginning of all life and the laws we have to follow reside and live in it.”

“Were you a scientist on earth or a priest?”

“In my last life I knew very much of priesthood, my friend, but I was very poor. Now, however, I have received a different richness.”

“Do you know about your previous lives?”

“Yes, certainly.”

“Are all those lives conscious in you?”

“Yes, they are indeed, my friend, and we know now where we have been and how those lives were accomplished.”

“What you say and know is mighty. Do you know all the laws which must be followed?”

“As I told you, we learned many.”

“Do you also know how these flowers can be born on earth?”

“Yes, we know that too.”

“And could you do that, if you wished?”

“For that, earthly powers, which means gifts, are needed, but it is possible.”

He looked at me but said nothing and I wanted to leave now because I did not want to take undue advantage of his goodness, but he felt what I was thinking of, and said: “I can come with you, my friend, as long as I so wish. So do not worry about anything, I am pleased and happy that I can help you.”

A very beautiful way of living, I thought, and I asked: “Would you please bring me to the very first stage when there was nothing?”

He looked at me with his shining eyes and answered: "Would you, as a four year old child, be able to put your parents on your shoulders and carry them about for hours?"

"I thank you, I am most grateful to you for this wise lesson, I will wait."

"I thank you for your keen comprehension, but I will not disappoint you. Come, follow me, if you wish."

We passed through other countries and I saw that nature changed repeatedly and that it became lighter as we went on. "It is all so amazing. How can I thank you?"

"Here we must stay, you cannot proceed any further, otherwise the desire to possess all this on earth will destroy your inner life, and you will not be able to do your work anymore. Have a good look and absorb everything; you will not see this again for the time being. Later, when you are ready, it will be possible, but now it would disturb you, because you do not yet possess those powers."

I looked at the land before me for quite some time and began to feel tired. This overwhelming beauty tired me out because I could not digest it and I now understood his explanation. A sleep which differed from the one I knew on earth came over me and the stranger said: "Relax for a while, dear friend, I will stay here and guard you, even though it is not necessary, nobody will disturb you here. When you are back on earth you will need a lot of strength."

I lay down and soon fell asleep. I did not know how long I had rested, but I felt wonderfully relaxed. When I woke up the stranger came to me and asked: "Are you rested?"

"Yes, I feel fine. How long did I sleep?"

"If I would count time according to worldly standards, then you slept for some days."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Some days, my friend. You have all the time, why be in such a hurry? Better be here than in that little room."

"You know about that?"

"We can see everything, my friend."

"Then you also know how long I walked in the darkness?"

"There you also spent some days."

"In that case I must hurry, my body calls me, I must go back now.

Do you know that as well, I mean my organism calling me back?"

"I know. Here, my friend, take some fruits with you to the earth; they will strengthen you. They not only feed the body, but in particular the soul. I will come with you, and later I will return to my friends. Shall we go?"

"With pleasure. I am very grateful to you."

Together we returned to the earth. On our way, he explained a lot to me. Subsequently, he took leave of me:

“Now I will leave, my friend, and you go on, back to your organism.”

He pressed both my hands very cordially, looked into my eyes as a result of which blessedness came over me. Then he dissolved before my eyes and I was alone.

I still heard him say: “Be very diligent on earth, priest of Isis, you are a priest.”

“I thank you”, I called to him and I hurried back to the earth. How wonderful all this was, I thought; I felt very happy. I rapidly sped through the air and adjusted myself to my body. Subsequently, I entered my cell; I had accomplished a wonderful journey. I now possessed the great wings; I was powerful and had learned very much. I knelt down and thanked the Gods for all this kindness. Then I adjusted myself to the time, for I wanted to know how long I had been here. The seven days and nights were nearly over. Nothing had been able to disturb me, strengthened, I had returned to the earth. I had got to know the darkness and higher worlds. How happy I was. If only I could share my happiness with Dectar, then my life would be perfect.

I descended into my body and woke up. The body had not suffered, nor did I feel tired. In my hands I carried the fruits, these spiritual products had returned to earth with me. Again I thought of my delightful journey. Oh, I thought, the flowers. Why did I not think of them? Without thinking twice I sank down into sleep and disembodied again. Sinking down into sleep was what I now had acquired and I could do so whenever I wanted. Quick as lightning I returned to that other world. I picked up arms full of flowers in this court of piece and quiet. I took snow-white, purple, deep blue, mellow-pink and many other colours. I also picked some fruits and ate them. Then I returned to the earth.

I wanted to bring the flowers to the earth the same way I had done with the fruits. However, I felt that I had to do it differently. I therefore descended into my body and left the flowers behind. When I woke up in my organism, I saw the flowers before me. I now adjusted myself to the flowers and wanted to draw them consciously into my world. I picked them up, pressed the flowers to my heart and returned to the earth. My concentration was perfect; they had been materialized and were in my possession, but were born on earth. I sniffed their scent up and my heart beat with happiness. I fell asleep with the flowers pressed in my arms.

I did not know how long I had slept, but there was light in my cell. The darkness was over and had dissolved. The doors opened, and who entered my cell?

“Dectar, Master Dectar, have you come to pick me up?”

We looked into each other eyes. I perceived and read depth and a different feeling in him. An immense happiness came over me. Tears of joy ran down my cheeks and Dectar also cried for happiness. When he pronounced my name, I saw his tears, and I nearly collapsed.

“Venry, my dear Venry, how happy I am.”

“Dectar, my brother.”

I felt and saw my Dectar again. I thanked the Gods of Isis for his great love, his immense patience and self-control. Then he said to me: “Priest of Isis, I have come for you; from now on you are a priest and will receive another garment. We are all very pleased.”

Subsequently, he looked at my flowers. Dectar knew this wonder and made me feel how much he loved me. Now I understood my friend. Dectar had been forced to play along. I thanked him for all that strength and his sternness, although I did not yet understand why, but I thought I felt it. He then said to me: “Priest of Isis. Now and then, there are times, which are very difficult, but through them, the laws are being revealed to us. ‘He’ who rules over heaven and earth makes us human beings endure, and we must do so by ourselves. You have shown that you are yourself, you have bridged the gap between ‘Life and Death’ and you are now conscious. It is very hard when a mother must punish her own child, for it causes deep wounds in the mother’s heart, but when it is necessary for consciousness, for awakening, so that youth changes into maturity, she will pursue that course. A priest of Isis learns to know himself in this way. The flowers you hold in your arms represent your wisdom. You have learned to know the laws, not through me or through the masters, but by yourself. We all greet you and accept you in our midst. My dear, dear Venry, not my will be done, but his, your leader’s, who said that you are a priest.”

I understood Dectar and also that he had been able to follow me and that we were still one. He had been wearing a mask during all those years, but through an immense power, he had been able to control himself.

“Come on, dear Venry, the masters are waiting, later we shall be able to talk.”

We went outside. The supreme priest walked up to me, bowed his head for the flowers and said: “I welcome you in our midst. Priest of Isis, we are all very glad to see you amongst us.”

The eyes, which were directed at me, blazed with fury; I felt hatred and malice come over me. Everybody made room for me and bowed their heads for this mighty wonder. None of them could equal me now. The power, which emanated from this wonder, forced them to be respectful. Yet they had been able to follow me in the darkness; and I was taken to their sanctuary. The pharaoh had sent a messenger to behold the wonder. According to

the laws of Isis, I should have waited for another couple of months before being allowed to wear my garment. Now, however, I received my garment, the white-yellow garment with black belt, as a sign that I had conquered death.

I bowed deeply for the supreme priest. The King's messenger invited all of us to proceed to the pharaoh. Then I received my sign and the great wings.

A young man with wings floated in space and over the pyramid, spreading from there his wisdom over those who lived on earth. These were the signs of the great wings, which I now possessed. Then I felt thoughts entering me and I wanted to know whether the masters knew something about Dectar and me, I asked the supreme priest: "High Master, I am very happy and I thank you. But my happiness would not be perfect if my master who gave me all this might, and made me what I am now, were not allowed to share my happiness."

"What do you want, priest of Isis?"

"May I present my master with this flower which lived and grew between life and death? And may I sacrifice the others to the Gods of Isis?"

"You are a worthy pupil and you command my respect and admiration. Present your master with this happiness, his powerful leadership makes Isis great."

I knew enough and looked at Dectar who also understood me. My dear friend subsequently took the flower from me, I walked up to the King's messenger and said: "If I may make the pharaoh happy, here you are, another flower for his mighty house, for him and his Consort."

I lined up before him, bowed to the earth, picked a coal-black flower from the invisible world and presented it to him. I saw that they all knelt down. The envoy trembled for fear and emotion because of this wonder.

I said to him: "Tell your King that it will live till nightfall, then it will dissolve."

To the supreme priest I said: "I, who know the laws between heaven and earth tell myself now to leave and relax."

I withdrew from their midst, though I knew that I should not have done this, but a feeling arose suddenly, forced me to do so. This power was not known at Isis, no priest had been allowed to experience it, although they knew a lot about all these wonders. Dectar showed me my new cell. When we were alone, he embraced me and we both wept.

"Dectar, oh my dear friend, how happy I am that you are still my brother. How grateful I am, Dectar, I stand in awe of you, you are a great master, a master in everything. There was no deadly seriousness in me, but by whom, dear Dectar, and why so suddenly? My gifts are conscious now; I can go wherever I want, I can pass into material life now and that because of you, Dectar. You will now witness wonders, my friend, and this seriousness will

stay in me. Have you got the great wings as well, Dectar? Do you know anything about Myra? I see everything, dear friend, and my seeing is clear.”

“Listen, dear Venry. When the first wonder happened, your leader assigned me with it. You heard someone speak in space; and on my return to earth, I was deeply afflicted. However terrible it was for me, dear Venry, it was necessary, for we had forgotten ourselves. Then my heart broke. I have not seen Myra yet, but that will come soon. I am so happy, Venry, now we are completely one again, yet we must be very careful. You are a vision to me, Venry, a great wonder. You see, the pharaoh knows already about it, they could follow you and they have felt your power, but I received my wings back, dear Venry, and they do not know about that. Only your leader and he, dear Venry, whom you met there.”

“Do you think, Dectar, that he is indeed my leader?”

“He must be, but it is a great mystery to the masters, only I know and I was allowed to see you there.”

“Then everything is splendid, Dectar, and we can start our work. Only now I am ready, ready in every way. Was my leader also with me ‘in death’, Dectar?”

“Therein he did not leave you alone either, dear friend.”

“Can you forgive me everything, Dectar?”

“Is there anything I should forgive, Venry? I am very happy that this is over, now I can talk with you again. Yet I followed you in everything, but your closing-off was perfect.”

“Did my leader close you off so deeply, Dectar?”

“Can earthly human beings close themselves off to that extent, Venry?”

“No, that is not possible, so it was his power in everything.”

“Now our work begins, Venry.”

“You will see Myra later, and after that the ‘meadow’. Can you still be patient for a while?”

“Of course, I will wait.”

“Did you get the wings back through my leader?”

“You have experienced death, and during that time he delivered me from their powers, Venry.”

“Everything is splendid, Dectar.”

“Now you must relax, Venry. Priest of Isis, you shall sleep. Now you shall sleep. My powers have returned to me, Venry, you have also conquered sleep. Now I will receive wisdom and we shall go to the pharaoh together. That is going to be delightful, Venry. The very greatest of wings are now your possession. How can we thank the Gods; I will go now, goodbye, Venry.”

After I had admired my new cell, I lay down. But before I fell asleep I heard my leader speak to me: “Priest of Isis, can you accept my plain congrat-

ulations? Really, dear Venry, you now know how to act and take measures. You deserve to possess gifts; your youth has died. Now you serve the Gods from whom you have received all these gifts. Dear Venry, can you forgive me too? I had to take these measures, your friend Dectar found it horrible, but it had to be done.

Did you hear, Venry? The spiritually poor are already inviting you and I told you about that some years ago. Now we have advanced that far. They will receive you. I ask you, Venry, behave like a high priest. You will soon receive that too. Show them your powers, but go like the lamb to the mother, put all your wisdom around you, but do not hide your mastery, only show them the wonders when the feelings come over you, because then I will be ready. Wear the garment of simplicity and humility, but radiate all your knowledge and power, your quietness and consciousness. Do not forget, dear Venry, that he is the pharaoh and you are a priest. If the consequences of all the wonders become too much for you, then call me. I gave the wings to your brother Dectar and I am very grateful to him. I stand in awe for his great help. You have conquered death, dear Venry. Do you know death now? Did you feel my warmth? From now on I will be at your disposal and you should know that I am always there. You have neither to look nor wait for me, yet the wonders only happen through me. Do know that we are one in everything.

You are a master, but remain yourself. Leave those who strike wound after wound, their time will come, ours is certain. You will speak to all of them, Venry, make sure to choose your words in such a way that they cannot measure the depth, but still understand you. I will help you with this. I will leave, my friend, we will now commence our mighty work. He, whom you met between life and death greets you.”

At the court of the pharaoh

When I woke up the next morning, I felt completely relaxed. Dectar would come for me. It was already known for miles around that a great wonder had happened at Isis and that this wonder belonged to a still very young priest. Dectar sent me these thoughts and I was most grateful to him. Our being one was normal again; he could not have presented me with greater joy. After a little while he entered.

“Is my brother ready and completely relaxed, Venry? We are expected and must go.”

“Will you follow me in everything, Dectar? You will see Myra; I will take her to you. I received a message, which you will rejoice, Dectar. I may pick a flower for Myra; it is the wish of our master. You must be prepared for that, Dectar.”

“You make me so happy, Venry, and thank him in my name, for he gave me the great light. And now we must go, they are waiting for us.”

The bearers were ready. I would take a seat beside the Father of Isis; the others would follow us. I looked at Dectar and through him; he felt and understood me. A holy bond was ours; we were completely one between ‘life and death’. Soon we reached the palace. The pharaoh’s servants approached the masters and led us to the Monarch. I went beside the Father of Isis, but did not allow myself to think of anything concerning myself, Dectar or Isis. I followed him blindly and we entered the reception room where the pharaoh and his consort waited for us. The Head of Egypt approached and welcomed us. Two leopards accompanied him, they were beautiful animals and they followed him wherever he went. I had learned from Dectar that the priests of Isis had trained them so that they, like all other animals in the Temple, had learned to obey a strong and powerful will adjusted by concentration. “I welcome all of you. Dear Iseues, I am very grateful to you for the great wonders you created. If there is anything I can do for you I will gladly comply.”

While I admired the leopards a sudden feeling came over me, which forced me to follow the animals. The pharaoh looked at me, but the supreme priest sent me his poison, which I caught and felt.

The pharaoh said to the Father of Isis: “It would appear to me that the Gods of Isis present those who can perform wonders also with other gifts that place them beyond all life and the laws, which we shall take cognisance of.”

To me he said: “I greet you, priest of Isis, you are welcome in my house. I see that my animals are your friends and you should highly appreciate this.

Their training has taught them not to do so, but I see other powers in you with which you were blessed. I understand that you are a particularly gifted priest.”

The animals caressed me and when the pharaoh saw this he turned to his retinue and said to his consort and his sister: “Behold, a great miracle, a young man and already a priest of Isis. The Gods gave him the great wings and a mighty view and yet he is still like a child. As you see, the animals extended their friendship to him and all of you know what this means. They greet him very ardently.”

Then the pharaoh said to me: “You may come to us whenever you want, priest of Isis, my house is yours.”

Subsequently, all sat down and a profound discussion followed. The pharaoh and his consort thanked me for the spiritual flower I had presented to them. It had dissolved in time and they had witnessed this wonder. The Queen asked to be allowed to see more, after which the pharaoh invited us all for the great harvest-festival, which would soon be celebrated, so that I could show them still more wonders, if the Gods would be with them. Then they asked me questions; the first one of the King was:

“According to the masters, priest of Isis, are you conscious of the wonders which occur through your gifts?”

I adjusted myself to my leader and answered: “If I did not know the laws, great pharaoh, I would be spiritually blind and the wonder would mean my destruction or veil my garment in darkness, but there is light and the inspiration is mighty.”

There was profound silence. The Queen had been able to follow me and asked: “You speak of happiness and wisdom, priest of Isis, but is it night when you see all those wonders, the laws that are very deep, and for which we must thank the Gods?”

I was prepared and answered: “Day and night are one, wise Queen, as are ‘Death’ and ‘Life’ which are seen in those other worlds and that are the growing and flowering, the feeling and thinking of all life.”

“Have you been able to observe those wonders when fully conscious?”

“Light and darkness came over me and ‘Death’ said that it was good, but ‘Life’ followed both of us and dominated.”

For a long time, no questions were asked. The pharaoh spoke to the supreme priest and asked: “Dear Iseues, is this way of speaking new to Isis?”

My Father saved himself by saying: “We think, great pharaoh, that the Gods present us with new laws, as this way of speaking is new to Isis.”

The princes, princesses and the sister of the pharaoh came nearer and listened attentively, but the supreme priest sent me his hatred. However, I was quite myself, my leader was present. The Queen subsequently asked: “Priest

of Isis, what do you feel when you experience these wonders through the Gods?"

"The feeling which is in me, wise Queen, is the feeling and thinking of a child, which has not yet been born. Silence and rest come over me. I experience the wonders when my being one is perfect."

They all lost the firm ground under their feet and floated with me in space. My Father thought he should darken the light in me and said: "Can you explain your feelings so that we feel the earth and everything that belongs to us, but are still there and able to follow the Gods?"

They all looked at me. My Father seemed very pleased about his question and his thoughts were 'answer me, young man.'

Dectar trembled, but I put him at ease when I answered: "Great Master, Father of Isis, can you accept when I tell you that darkness dominates here while the sun nevertheless shines, that the Gods live here and connect me with the laws?"

He reflected and said: "Does that explain my question?"

I was prepared and answered: "Is it possible for you to adjust your feelings and concentration? Do you know then that being far away means being near? That you must lose yourself if you want to get to know and experience the laws? Could you warn your mother against misfortune when you slept in her and the growth process developed? What do words say, what are sentences, what does a language mean, when the feeling is in us? Why ask if the answer represents your own life? Why look for warmth and wisdom when eternal life has been given you?"

An awkward silence fell and the pharaoh said: "Dear Iseues, the Gods want us to prepare ourselves, to understand and feel what they have to tell us. Do you not think that my thoughts explain what has been said?"

But the supreme priest was himself and answered: "Should the Gods come a little nearer, great pharaoh, everything would change and what they say would concern the earth on which we live, our mind will understand and the winged will fade away."

The pharaoh understood him and tried to suppress a smile.

"Dear Iseues, is there discontent in you that you force the Gods to come somewhat nearer, and to us? Do you consider that the means by which they speak are too far away?"

My Father was rebellious, which amused the pharaoh as well as all those present. Our fight of blood against blood, youth against old age, had now commenced. But he was himself and answered:

"There are many worlds between life and death, great pharaoh, of which none of us knows anything yet, but which we might be allowed to observe."

I understood his answer, the pharaoh also accepted it, but his feelings and

thoughts were different. I bowed deeply to the Queen and said: "The Gods tell me, wise Queen, that I must show you the forces and powers which are experienced between life and death as laws. None of you know the laws and you will accept them from the Gods, because they will be shown to you."

I stood in their midst and they listened with rapt attention to the words I now spoke to all of them.

"As you see my hands are empty. Here, in this room, I see beautiful fruits, but they are invisible to you. Therefore, I look into a different world in which the Gods live. The Gods now want me to pick some fruits for you so that the wonder will happen before your eyes."

I turned to the supreme priest and said: "Do you see, Father of Isis, that I am one with the Gods? Can you see all this beautiful life? Do you see these lovely flowers before you?"

The pharaoh asked the supreme priest: "Is it true what he says?"

My Father saw nothing and answered: "We got to know priests in the Temple who thought they could see. I do not see that world, great pharaoh."

I looked at the Queen, stretched my hands, walked up to her and I felt an enormous power come over me. I was connected with the wonder. I saw the fruits before me and picked them, brought them to the earth at the same moment and all saw the wonder happen. The spiritual fruits lay in my hands full of delicious juice and I offered them to the Queen with the words that my leader wanted me to say: "The Gods beg you to accept this wonder and to taste the fruits before their eyes. The Gods ask you whether the fruits are genuine and natural. Eternal life cannot be surpassed in richness, and the Gods feel your emotion, for the wonder is mighty.

If there is true love in you, great Queen, the Gods expect all of you to awaken; your view will then be that you see the wonder and taste these fruits that live here and with which space is filled. If the childish consciousness is in you, you will be able to observe all these wonders so that happiness will enter your house. We live in it, wise Queen, although we think that they are only thoughts, for that consciousness also originates from it. My concentration consists of thoughts, aimed at this wonder, of being one and feeling, but all these wonders happen by my gifts, which were given to me by the Gods."

The Queen was deeply moved; a heavenly silence fell. The pharaoh also accepted a fruit which I offered him and his sister; the princes and princesses held their hands up, they also received. However, the priests of Isis and the supreme priest felt defeated.

Dectar's eyes shone for happiness and joy. I immediately adjusted myself to another wonder. I said to all those present: "The Gods want another wonder to occur."

I concentrated on my leader, for it was he who wanted me to make Dectar

happy and to connect him with his soul. I now became one with my leader. I saw that other world before me, picked a snow-white flower, brought it down on earth and said to the Pharaoh: "Great pharaoh, the Gods want me to present this flower to your sister." At the same time, I handed the flower over to Myra. She bowed deeply for the wonder, looked at me and spoke to me from feeling to feeling: "Master, oh Father Taiti, I see Dectar."

"You see my master there", I answered so that everyone could hear, "I received all these wonders through my master. May I take Master Dectar to you?"

"Gladly, priest of Isis, with the greatest pleasure."

I brought Dectar to her; two souls were connected and united to one life. The pharaoh and his consort thought it miraculous. Dectar spoke with his eternal love. There was happiness around me, only the supreme priest acted mysteriously. The animals joined me and I played with them. Myra and Dectar were one and Myra's dream was reality. Dectar's feelings and desires, his going through all those powers as a priest came also true. His thinking and feeling were the pure and natural consciousness, which he had acquired in all those lives.

The pharaoh said to me: "Priest of Isis, we saw wonders, which are only given once. We thank the Gods of Isis for having been allowed to see these wonders. We have been allowed to experience the descent from their heavens; from the wonders, we see that the Gods are in our midst. You bring happiness in our house, your blood is blessed; I would like to see the star of our house on your head. We are most grateful to the Gods and to you."

The Queen then said: "If you wish, priest of Isis, come to us and tell me and the princesses of all these wonders."

A feeling of fright came over me; my leader had spoken of that, but I answered: "Wise Queen, if the Gods so wish I will soon return here."

I subsequently turned to the pharaoh and asked: "Do you allow me, great Pharaoh, to leave now?"

He answered: "It never happened before, priest of Isis, that my guests leave when they so wish, but the Gods will know why they decide in this way; I resign to their decision. I bless the moment of your arrival and wait for the events which will happen at Isis."

There was profound silence. The pharaoh subsequently turned to the supreme priest and said: "Dear Iseues, I raise this priest to a high priest of Isis and I think that the Gods sent me their feelings and wishes, which I will obey."

Then the Queen addressed me: "You will make Isis great, will you convey my gratitude to the Gods? You are so close to them and you see how my heart is filled with love. We all thank you."

Before we left, I felt stillness come over me and when I looked into space I saw my dear Mother. I heard her say to me: "Dear Venry, the pharaoh will receive you in his house. The star of our house rests on your head, but be careful. Do go now."

I was very happy. Many gifts were presented to me. I asked for delightful oils for Dectar and received those too. The pharaoh handed me the insignia of a high priest. Within a very short time, I had ascended from the very lowest to the very highest rank. I could be content with this result. Now I had power and would wear a different garment. I bowed my head deeply to all of them, and we left.

Lyra

In the high dome of the Temple, I got my new accommodation. I had only slept one night in my previous cell. Dectar could not accept it, but the facts could not be denied. Only now could he start his life, he had received his great love. Love was in him, but priesthood had given him this consciousness. This great power lived deep down in his soul.

I could now go wherever I wanted, not only between life and death, but also in the Temple, all buildings were open to me, there were no more astral walls, nothing stopped me. I prescribed myself the rest that I thought I needed, for I no longer had to take orders. I wanted to start as soon as I was relaxed and ready. Dectar would see the 'meadow', that belonged to my task as well. My life was quite different from his. Yet we felt as one, for we saw one law by which all life was animated, and that was 'Love'. A love, which was experienced as a law between life and death and which I came to know, but all human beings had to acquire that law. If they wanted to understand this love, everybody would receive the great happiness, but to that end, one had to serve. I summoned Dectar and he said: "Is the Grand Master ready to receive me?"

"Come, Dectar."

"When the Gods want you to become still greater than I can see and feel, dear Venry, it will make me afraid. I wonder whether you are sure of yourself, Venry? I cannot feel the Gods, but fear came over me when all those wonders occurred before my very eyes. You are powerful like none of us. I thought I saw your Mother, Venry, is that possible?"

"Was there any fear in her, Dectar?"

"I could not feel that, Venry, but I saw her quite unexpectedly and I thought I understood her. You actually lived in your own surroundings. Did you feel at home there?"

"You saw correctly, Dectar. My dear Mother warned me, but there was no fear in her. When I was a child she told me about this and now we have advanced that far. But remember, dear Dectar, I am only an instrument, in fact I am nothing. All those wonders are mighty and yet so simple. In their eyes, they are wonders because they are obsessed by power and are delighted by the kneeling of their slaves. You will not see those qualities in me, Dectar. You taught me to be simple, but he who sees me in a different way does not understand simplicity. The Gods want us to experience wonders, but the smallest insect can perform them, for it belongs to the life of Him, who gave us life. That power resides in the very smallest being, Dectar, but the

consciousness of it resides in us. There is only one God, my friend, Who gave feeling and inspiration to all His life. One little spark that falls from heaven represents Him by whom all those wonders exist. It is only a spark, and yet it is capable of representing His Greatness, for it produces light. But tell me, dear Dectar, are you happy?"

"Oh, Venry, I am so happy."

"Yes, Dectar, now we are ourselves and we both proceed. You in love, but I must finish my task. But I ask you to tell me what you feel when you understand everything and know yourself, moreover when consciousness has come over you and you float on clouds, when you clasp your twin soul to your heart, which you have deserved through your sorrow and grief.

Later, when you are at the 'meadow', dear Dectar, will you know whether the things that you possessed in other lives were greater than this happiness? I want to know, my friend, whether a crown is more powerful than love, even though I am sure what your answer will be, like the great happiness that is now in you and radiates from you will then smile at me as well. But I wonder right now, dear friend, whether you do have the essential powers, and whether you will not collapse. What will you do, Dectar, when your heart is full of love? What will your feelings be like, when you float in space with your twin soul beside you? What will your feelings be like, dear Dectar, when you go 'in', in a Temple that is far superior to all Temples, when your being one is perfect? I want to know all this, Dectar, and you must tell me, you live in that pure happiness. But now I am beginning to see, my friend, listen.

We must be very careful, because the supreme priest is enraged. However, do not worry about anything, I am prepared. However, there is something else. Now you experience that powerful and incomprehensible happiness, but later, Dectar, possibly centuries later, I will receive that love and you will possess the great wings. It is true that you will not be a priest in that life but you will have learned to know all the laws; that is why you are here in the Temple. In that life you will see the wonders as I have to experience them now. Then you will live between life and death and you will be allowed to make very many human beings happy. Now you live in your eternal happiness, but then you will be asked to give everything you have, and, you have to serve. Prepare yourself for this, Dectar. You get to know this happiness now because in later centuries the consciousness of all these wonders and of the laws must be in you; all of this will be given to you by the very greatest of wings.

I see all these laws and it will happen the way the Gods want it. Now happiness waits you in an astral form, you will experience everything as soul, but in full consciousness. Then you will float to and fro between heaven and earth, from the earth to the darkness, to heavens and to those places in

space where now I will not stay. Perhaps I may then come to you and explain everything. I now see far, very far ahead, Dectar, and it belongs to all these wonders.

I have been allowed to connect you, dear friend. Today you will see the 'meadow'. After that, I will be ready for the great events that will be experienced at Isis. It was given to us, those who come after us will follow this path for it is luminous.

You have witnessed that the wonders have come to us, sooner than we thought, Dectar. For some it will take centuries and they have all the time to prepare themselves for them, we, however, dear Dectar, go on wings, we are ready within a short period."

"Is our wall still necessary, Venry?"

"More than ever before, Dectar, I want to proceed in this way and do not see a super power in me. The wall is needed until the very last moment. When the sun has set for a long time, Dectar, I will pick you up and we will go to the 'meadow'."

Dectar left and I also had a need for being in nature; I visited the gardens of Isis, and had to try to digest everything I had experienced. The gardens of the Temple were now open to me.

Soon I had reached the age of nineteen and I was already prepared and powerful, but this power lived between life and death and did not belong to me. However, I surrendered completely. A feeling came over me to visit the buildings where the priestesses lived. I had a right to enter there and I no longer regarded astral walls or the masters. I had conquered all those laws. I did not know what I would experience there; I followed the feelings that had come over me a minute ago.

I entered the sanctuary of the priestesses and bumped into my Father. My inner life became intensely conscious. My Father here, in this building? Are there priestesses who need special education? I read in his soul and that roused my hatred. I thought I could not hate anymore, but now I felt nothing but hatred, though only for him. His flashing eyes looked at me and sent their destructive hatred to me from behind a mask. He had recognized me, now he knew who I was, but I understood that my birth and youth remained hidden from him. He was furious, but tried to control himself. I had now learned to know his weak character traits.

He passed me by, but we took up the weapons which had been buried centuries ago, and the fight to the death had begun. Blood against blood, the child against his father, but youth would conquer. He saw Father Taiti in me. He had recognized me by my gifts and the wonders; his perception and feeling were perfect now. This man had experienced the stake through me; I had punished him for all his murders and again our paths crossed and we

would experience the laws. He thought he could now live his life to the full again, but I would destroy his life, though in a different, completely different way, a way which would awaken his soul.

You are powerful, Father Iseues, but childishly transparent, so that a blind man can see what you want and what your desires are.

My new garment opened the doors of the Temple of Isis for me; no one could stop me. I felt hatred, nothing but hatred coming towards me. How many beautiful princesses were there in the Temple?

I counted seventeen cells; children of princes and dignitaries were here but only a few were nature gifted persons. The priestesses were together in a room, which I entered. One of them, who poured her light out over me like a radiant sun, looked at me. I was startled; is it you, Lyra? You here, in the Temple? Is that the reason why I am led to this place? Did they want me to meet my Father? Do they want to give you the great wings as well? I wondered whether I dreamt. It could not be anything else; it was Lyra. How could I thank the Gods, Lyra, may I see you? The other priestesses left and I walked up to her.

“Soul of my soul, now we may meet each other, but everything is clear to me. It is I, dear Lyra, when we were children we were at the ‘meadow’; my master has connected us once again. Do you still remember the ‘meadow?’”

“I know everything, Venry, and I have had to wait a long time, yet you have come to me. But my perception is genuine. You are great, Venry, I know your wonders, you will make Isis great. I see into your life, I have always been allowed to follow you. My master made me see, as if he felt that my life is ready. Oh, do not be afraid, Venry, your leader is watching, he has always watched over me; that development is alien to me, my cause and effect have passed into waiting. In my soul resides my own protection, for the demons came to me very frequently. So did, on the other hand, a different power, which is very strong and mighty, Venry, through which you experience the wonders and which puts the very first wonder around my soul, so that the demons left for fear. I will serve, Venry, and those who want to serve receive protection from the Gods, even though I faced superior powers all by myself.”

“Lyra, my soul, I am here to make the Temple of Isis great. I have been allowed to see into our previous life. What we experienced there were passion and violence. We brought sorrow and grief to others, but our souls awakened and we satisfied ourselves with those who died at the stake. Are you conscious in that too, Lyra?”

“Yes, Venry, I know everything.”

“If this is clear to you, Lyra, do you feel then why we are here? Is the wonder of being one conscious in you? You will give me the strength to fulfil

my task because the Gods know that I would collapse when alone. You will belong to me in other lives because now we are not yet ready, dear Lyra, to receive the very highest happiness. And yet we are one, but this being one is a mercy and it belongs to my task. We live in the laws, my child, and this being one is part of this cause and effect and belongs to it.

How could I serve, Lyra, if I did not know love? What do you feel? Can you explain everything to me?"

"My dear Venry, ruler of Isis, messenger of love, you have already experienced wonders, but those which are still to come will exceed all others. The Gods want you to serve and I too must serve. Our being one awakened your gifts and developed your soul. Isis lives in me, we are children of God; our life will end in it, then proceed and make up. We are and will remain one, Venry, though my soul will live in other bodies. I will bear children, created by others, yet I belong to you, to you alone, Venry.

I shall wait, but one day I will be great and return to you and, if necessary, I will completely surrender, whatever my end on earth will be like. Times will come, Venry, when I know nothing about all these laws, but in me will be the feeling that gives me the strength to accept everything. You bring love now, in other lives you will be non-conscious and you will wonder 'why' and 'what for'. Let us begin, dear Venry, and the Gods will accept our first reckoning, so that you can look back at this life. If, one day, there will be emptiness in us and we have to endure the sorrow that is waiting for us, we will also be prepared in this respect. This life will prevail, dear Venry, and strengthen us when our souls will call and seek and cannot find a way out and when the darkness will be around us. All those faults and sins reside in me. This life will be spent, dear Venry, preparing myself for all those other lives, in which I will serve and endure sorrow and grief, not being comprehended, being left to my own devices, living through by myself and seeking, asking where my soul is.

Why I am here, Venry? Is not my soul conscious now? Could I now live in the darkness? Do we both not go the same way? And is not that to awaken? Could you have advanced more than I have? If you must follow the light, it will also shine on me; otherwise, we would not be one. When you search, dear Venry, I will search too and when there is emptiness in you it will also be in me, for we are one in everything.

Oh, I understand everything. I cry when I see into the next lives, Venry, not for fear or because of emptiness, but because I want to serve. Later you will be very great, then again quite insignificant and you will no longer know anything about all these wonders, a different life then dominates. Do not ask then why you are alone, why you have to experience that loneliness, we will, go 'in' into cause and effect and also enter that Temple to thank the Gods

that we were allowed to serve and awaken.

I thank the Gods, dear Venry, for having been allowed to see you now. Can we not be happy? Is not our struggle for awaking? How was our end when Father Taiti got to know his great love? I still feel the vermin in my heart, the pains and awakening in the spirit. Oh, my soul, when I am 'Mother' and the particle of Amon-Re lives and grows in me and falls asleep under my heart, then we are one because it will awaken us. I am conscious as never before, dear Venry, because I think and feel and this loneliness is only a short moment. Preparing myself will mean receiving and receiving means that we have lived our earthly life and will proceed in these other worlds. I will keep praying and ask the Gods whether I may die with you this time again, which is the only thing I shall ask. My prayer goes a long way; it will get through to the Gods, dear Venry. Wisdom will be given to you and the knowledge that I wait for you and that you call me to prepare myself. I know that it is a great mercy, yet we can receive it if you act in accordance with the laws after which, the wonders will happen, dear Venry. I do not implore the Gods to make me happy, I am everything, soul of my soul, happiness is in me, the happiness of wanting to awaken and to follow the Gods. I only ask to be allowed to die with you this time again, but this death will mean consciousness and 'going in'."

"I thank you, dear Lyra, for the strength that is in you and I am glad that you know everything. The power that has been given me will protect you in the Temple, the Gods will watch over you in other lives. We shall meet again at the 'meadow', dear Lyra. I am ready, you have everything, you are one with my soul, one day we shall both represent 'Him', our house will be like the space and everyone who wants to awaken shall be received in our midst.

When the darkness yields to the new light, when demons are destined to fall asleep, when my blood has calmed down and Isis awakens, when the Goddess puts her aureole on your lovely head, my dear Lyra, then I will be ready with my work and we will go 'in'. Then you will receive and we will be between 'life and death'. Thereafter, I will come for you and you will receive 'Death' and 'Life' because you want to serve."

My leader floated amidst us and wanted me to make her happy too.

I said to Lyra: "Come to my heart, Lyra, and look how our life will be one day."

She embraced me and I embraced her, but between our hearts Lotus lived and woke up. Its light shone over our love and our hearts melted together, silence came over us, deeper and more ardent than all worldly powers and forces together. Eternal love lived in her soul, I saw the entire universe expressed in her eyes, her heart spoke to me and the enchantment, the blissful being one with Amon-Re awakened, for our souls accepted this sacred ra-

diance. For a brief moment we lived in space and we saw Temples and the angels living there.

“Some day, dear Lyra, we shall be like Lotus. Then our light will be bright, our garments are one creation, woven by our deeds, and are only worn where my Mother is living. Keep the Lotus, dear Lyra, when it dissolves I will come for you and we shall die. How grateful I am to the Gods.

Oh, my soul, do not ask anything. I will overcome my hatred and approach him in a worthy manner. My struggle will be fought in love because I want to serve and get around to one life with you, to one feeling and understanding, only then will our love be perfect. I shall conquer myself, Lyra, and put my whole being into your hands and you will watch over me, like the depth of ‘maternal love’ that is in you. Then we will go ‘in’, Lyra, and our life will be blessed.

Queen of my heart, are you convinced that I will conquer myself? Do you feel that I am ready only just now? You live in and around me, I will serve for the sake of our happiness. You now felt that I would come, later you will also be allowed to know. I must leave, Lyra, my master let me feel that.”

“Go, my dear Venry, you just go, I will wait.”

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I left, Lyra lived near me; however, she belonged to me and I thanked the Gods for that. The paths the Gods force us to follow are unfathomable; they may lead us through sorrow and misery but also through happiness. I understood everything, I felt this mercy, and my serving would be perfect. I would have to earn my twin soul; all people would experience this. We were conscious in this. Everyone experienced his own cause and effect, his desires. All of them were on their way to meet that soul, which constitutes for both one part, one heaven, one Temple, one space in which they lived. We too were on our way to earn all this mightiness.

I returned to my dwelling, as I wanted to re-experience everything in my own surroundings. Yet, I had to be careful, although I had power and the pharaoh was well-disposed towards me. My Father was still the supreme priest of the Temple, and his hatred was devilish. Those were still wonders to all of them, later they could certify me insane and I had to be ready before that time. I possessed gifts of which none of them understood anything. And in this resided the danger and those were the very thoughts that came over me now. I would point my spiritual weapon at him in a natural way. I thought the struggle that I would fight was marvellous and perfectly natural.

I would triumph through my leader. I thanked him for everything, also for this happiness and I would do my utmost.

The 'meadow'

The sun had set a long time ago, everyone at Isis had gone to sleep and I prepared myself to disembody. My leader watched over my material body and would represent me, if necessary. First, I went to Dectar. When I came to him, he expected me in the spirit; his organism also remained guarded, since it would not be possible for him to leave. I heard my leader say to me: "Do not think, Venry, that this does not belong to our work, these events also have a meaning or else I would not take care of worldly feelings and desires. You cannot probe how far I now look ahead, but do realize that this consciousness is necessary for Dectar. Go now, his material garment is being watched over, the astral walls of Isis do not keep you imprisoned any longer."

Dectar beamed with happiness when he saw me and he said: "Oh, Venry, how can I make up for all this?"

I told what I had heard and he understood me.

"If I may now receive, Venry, you may well be the happy one later on when I will not know anything of all these miraculous things anymore. But I promise, when I possess gifts, I will do my best."

"Now listen, Dectar, I will take you to the 'meadow' and you will wait there, for I am coming back to the earth to collect Myra. Later on it will not be necessary any longer and you can go wherever you want on your own."

We left the earth and floated together to the 'meadow'. The 'meadow' lies between life and death and is a place where the soul may dwell temporarily to free itself from feelings. It is the place where earthly human beings meet and are one with those who have already passed away. When this being one is experienced, it happens in their dreams; some are conscious, but only one out of millions of souls has these gifts so that the consciousness of both is perfect. I knew the 'meadow', for I had been there before with Lyra, and I also knew that holy place from my previous life. At the time, we also disembodyed. When I disembodyed I set Lyra free and we floated together in space. Sometimes disembodyment happened during daytime, but mostly when the sun had set and the universe could receive the earthly souls in the quietude of life. We had witnessed several times that Dectar wanted to float on clouds and it meant a mysterious sensation. We then floated through the atmosphere and lived in space, which was a revelation to many.

The 'meadow' is like a nursing home where the soul gains fresh strength to be able to experience material life in all its stages of grief and sorrow. There is no soul on earth that has not been here, either conscious or non-conscious. It subsequently returned to the earth, with fresh inspiration and full of

spiritual powers in order to accept that what it must carry, is imposed by the laws of cause and effect. I know this, as do those who live in that other world and have experienced it. In all of us resides the desire to meet that soul for which we feel love and which the Gods have given us as mercy. I also know that only those will see the 'meadow' who sincerely yearn and are ready; not those who must awaken and for whom this love has no significance, and who experience life on earth unconsciously.

Yet, they also see the 'meadow', because their soul lives and resides somewhere, this may be in space or on earth. They may meet each other in all and different stages, but it is the organism in which the soul lives. The number of stages that the material organism possesses is represented by all those bodies, starting from childhood.

The soul may receive and must experience untold stages. What is now on earth the child who has the father- and mother-consciousness was in its previous life Mother, and the mother of her who is now Mother. God's laws are inscrutable, they cannot be fathomed, nor known and felt, yet they are visible to those who accept that there is no death, that the soul will achieve full spiritual consciousness in both bodies. That is how it is, it will remain eternally, for all time, because these are the laws which we priests wanted to get to know.

Consequently, the 'meadow' lies between life and death and is a spiritual sphere. It is like a spot on earth and like a heavenly region, it is both, it strengthens the organism and inner life. One is conscious at the 'meadow' and the previous life returns into us there. There it is known where we go and who belongs to us and who will be with us forever, forming part of our life. The 'meadow' serves to awaken spiritual consciousness and to urge the soul to yearn for that love, which means the return to God. The Creator of heaven, earth and all planets understood that His children would not awaken if they were not allowed to 'go in' from time to time. This 'going in' is the joy and happiness for the soul that it experiences as 'feeling' upon its return on earth.

At the 'meadow' a Mother sees her dead darling again, the man his wife, the sister her sister and the brother his brother, and lovers meet as twin souls and they experience their spiritual happiness. The 'meadow' helps the material human being bear, it serves, it gives and presents strength and zest to the life of God. God understood that all his children would collapse, for earthly life is only intended to awaken and to make up for what was once done wrong.

During the many lives, in which the soul lived and defiled, hated and destroyed, the 'meadow' comes to its aid. Particularly during that life on earth, which is a permanent chastisement, the 'meadow' provides the soul with

strength and resistance, otherwise, that life would collapse.

I asked Dectar: "Is the consciousness in you that one day you were at the 'meadow', Dectar?"

"In me, dear Venry, lies and lives that great happiness, and Myra will also know it."

We floated ever further away from the earth. We could also stay in space and lie down to rest on the downy bed of energy and power, out of which space originated. We could go to other countries too and, if we so wished, follow the human beings in their doings, everything lay within our reach and was open to us, because we possessed the wings. But we went on and on so that the earth dissolved before our eyes, after which, we entered another world. In it lies the 'meadow', between heaven and earth, and it is connected with both worlds.

When I was possessed as a child, I saw Lyra there again. My possession brought me to the 'meadow', because my previous life became conscious again as a result of my possession. In that life I had seen the 'meadow'; those feelings were connected with it and I experienced them again. Serious events strike deep wounds into the human soul, which are experienced as emotion. One such emotion connected me with the 'meadow'. As a result of my possession my soul awakened, that feeling rose and became conscious in me. This time, however, we were brought together by invisible assistance. But the feeling, which we once lived in, and in which love awakened in us, would in the next life be the desire that is present in every soul, and is felt by the soul as emotion and must be experienced. I began to accept and understand everything.

At the 'meadow' all those feelings return consciously and they are the consciousness of the previous life. Warmth and gifts were in me, but I had acquired those laws and had learned to know the mysticism. We had killed ourselves by chastisement. What I now possessed as feeling belonged to the life of Father Taiti, but this time I lived in a different organism and I prepared myself to receive pure love for centuries. Because of this consciousness I saw Lyra again, and Dectar saw his Myra, because we are twin souls, otherwise, we could not have experienced it. That was also clear to me.

Lyra lived on earth, so did I and we were one. Later, we would have to part again to make up for another cause and effect. In that previous life we had committed suicide, we subsequently had to wait for a new organism and we were born again. But during that time, nothing had changed in Lyra, Dectar and me. I had only received a new body and I was a priest again, for I did the same work, but this time I sought the higher. All these feelings came over me while I floated along. Everything was clear to me and I thought it very natural, for there was no past, I lived in the present.

Dectar said to me: “How clear everything is to me, Venry.”

“Have you been able to follow me, Dectar?”

“Yes, Venry, for I followed you in my mind and found it very instructive. I have learned a lot again.”

“How simple everything is, Dectar.”

“Can the Gods be unnatural, Venry?”

“No, my friend, that is not possible, but we must awaken.

The lives of Father Taiti and Venry, dear Dectar, become one only now. Is that also clear to you?”

“Now you are conscious, Venry, both lives are completely one, that is as I see it, but you experience it.”

“Look, Dectar, the ‘meadow’.”

“My dear Venry, I understand everything.”

“I will be back later, Dectar, you wait for Myra.”

I rapidly returned to the earth and soon reached the surroundings where Myra lived. I entered the palace. I saw an astral wall around this building too. This house was protected against demons, and the masters had erected this wall. I entered another building situated behind the palace. Soon I reached Myra’s room. She was alone and fast asleep. She pressed her flower to her heart, however, during this journey, it would dissolve. Her husband was not here. When I concentrated on him, I saw where he was. He was connected with Myra’s aura, but only for this life; in eternal life Dectar was her soul, her love and own life, her happiness and blissfulness.

A high-ranking official could do what he wanted, but he was a long way from this mightiness and non-conscious in love. I concentrated on her inner life and set her free. She immediately recognized me and asked: “Oh, Father Taiti, have you come to me? My master, do your wonders take me to Dectar?”

“Come, dear Myra, follow me, Dectar is waiting at the ‘meadow’.”

We floated over the pyramids, we rose higher and higher and the earth disappeared from sight. On our way, I asked her questions.

“Is everything conscious in you, Myra?”

“There is very much, Father, that I know, but not everything. When I was still a child, all feelings from my former life were conscious in me, but when I got a little older, they submerged. Sometimes I was very old, then again I was like a child.”

“Is the happiness in material life and consciousness true, Myra?”

“I am so happy, now I will finish my task. I thought I would collapse. This gives me strength; I will not leave my home, however difficult it may be. Now I know that my soul is conscious of my love, for I doubted that. I did not think nor did I feel anything anymore; I was ready to take poison again. Now I can wait, I know that it will take centuries; still I can wait. Do you

know where Lyra lives?”

“Yes, Myra, today I was allowed to see her. She is at Isis and if you wish see the priestesses there, I will let her know. You are familiar with her thinking and feeling and Lyra will recognize you.”

“I see Lyra in my dreams, she often comes to me, but she did not tell me her name. Does she have the wings? Is she nearby?”

“You will see her, Myra, go and visit her and talk inwardly, from feeling to feeling and bring her all my love.”

“Is the wisdom you now have, from this world, master?”

“Yes, Myra. The Gods want us to clear Isis from all darkness. Is there anything you want to tell me, Myra? I read it from your soul and you want to tell Dectar. Speak, Myra, I am prepared.”

“Will you be very careful, master?”

“Has the princess already been chosen, Myra?”

“If you so desire, they want your blood, master, and you will make Karina happy.”

“I will arm myself against that, Myra. Now look, my child, there is the ‘meadow’.”

Dectar had been rejuvenated, a youth knelt down, bowed his head deeply for his twin soul. Myra walked up to him and both thanked me.

“Do not do that, children of God, thank Him by whom all this is possible. Only now, can your life start. Do know, however, that you will both live in other lives to acquire the higher consciousness. We all must proceed and will make up for what we once did wrong, which will then allow us to go higher and higher to reach the very highest heavens. I will expect you in the morning, Dectar, you must explain everything to me.”

Dectar and Myra dissolved before my eyes for the ‘meadow’ is infinite, it is endless and one with the very highest spheres, so that the Gods are there when they go ‘in’. I saw millions of human beings, all of them experienced only one thing which is the most unbelievable, the mightiest thing the soul feels and for which it dies, sacrifices its own life and which is felt as ‘Love’. Next, I floated back to the Temple of Isis. I visited the masters but remained invisible to them. I now passed into all secrets; they were now visible to me. Horrible murders had been devised and committed in these rooms. I could now look back on centuries. I saw all those high priests before me, one after another they succeeded each other. Here the poison of the Temple of Isis lived, a stop had to be put to it and the Temple purified. Their doings lived here; I saw many scenes before me. The priestesses and priests that had been poisoned and whom I saw as shades waited here for revenge. I understood that none of them knew the laws, this aimless wandering about meant being non-conscious in the life they were living. Passion and violence were in them;

they perished and had already been ruined on earth, because they too were not free from hatred. This consciousness belonged to the darkness.

I prayed to the Gods for strength, for I felt ready to destroy all this. With new wisdom I returned to my material organism and closed the doors of my soul to every influence. I was not open for anything now, only for the quiet and the silence of the 'meadow' and for the wisdom that gave me full spiritual consciousness.

My leader did not speak a word to me and I understood that too, he did not need to explain anything at all. Soon I fell asleep and when I woke up in the morning, I felt wonderfully rested. I summoned Dectar. When he entered, he said: "Can my master accept that I am still living in space?"

It was clear to me that he spoke to me from space. The masters followed us. He said: "The Gods gave me the great wings by which I was allowed to go 'in.'" My soul is filled with wisdom I received there; a wisdom which is mighty and deep, so that there is gratitude in me, joy and happiness, simplicity and humility and the feelings of the unborn child, that gave me this holy silence. Is my master convinced that the mature consciousness means the destruction of this silence? Can you accept, master of Isis, that it is 'going in', the experience of all these wonders? How I trembled with emotion when I learned to know myself and when another consciousness came over me. When I saw and felt how the Gods have created us, I understood that this is the only thing by which we will awaken. That revelation suppressed my human feeling and day-consciousness and we went 'in' to receive the wonders, by which we understood what takes us back to God. It is 'Love', Master of Isis, only 'Love' can make Isis great.

At the 'meadow' we came to full consciousness, as did all those who experienced the wonder like we did. A crown has no significance when there is no love in those whose heads have been crowned. The mighty thing that a winged person may enjoy beyond the earth, Master of Isis, concerns the immense view. I know now that the things, which make us human beings great and happy, are only possible through life and mean 'going in'. He who neglects all those powers follows a dead end, because, if all souls live as we do, the time will come that there are no more souls on earth. When we got to know that, we bowed our heads and entered the Temple of Love, and we were one with reality. The Lotus lived in our hearts, and we were blessed. After that, we returned to the material world and were allowed to sit on the clouds. We floated through space on a couch of energy and power, until day was drawing near and we had to return to our house. Myra says that crowns have no meaning, and that she is prepared to follow me and we will wait until our souls will be connected again and we will have acquired eternal 'going in'. We are ready, Master of Isis.

When the masters did not follow us anymore Dectar said to me:

“Is everything clear to you, dear Venry?”

“Everything, my friend, I too am very happy. Will you see Myra again?”

“Our connection is ready, Venry, we will be one again when my heart so desires.”

My physical gifts (2)

To prepare me for the greatest tests my leader wanted to have my physical gifts tried. I personally fixed the hour of getting together. The masters were already present, together with several scribes who would put down in picture writing everything that they would experience. Every word spoken, including the questions and answers, was put down in writing and preserved. I lay down by a dim light and the scent of strong herbs, while the healers were within reach, and I soon fell into a deep trance. A magic circle was drawn around me. When the masters saw that I was fast asleep and lay there apparently dead, they followed me in that other world. When I was being observed, the supreme priest asked the first question, which was:

“Where are you, priest of Isis?”

My answer from my world was, and my material mouth spoke: “I speak to you from a different world.”

“Are you aware of what you see there and of what you say?”

“I bow my head to the Gods of Isis and I swear that I see and know where I am, I can observe you all. The masters can see me, all of you have the great wings.”

I saw that the scribes wrote down what was being said. The supreme priest said: “If you are aware of your powers then show us what you are capable of doing.”

I waited for my leader, but the Father of Isis again asked: “Do you hear what the masters are asking?”

However, I did not yet feel my leader and could not say anything, I was guided in everything. I answered: “Is a student priest of Isis allowed to open a session when the masters are not yet present?”

“Whom are you waiting for, Priest of Isis?”

“For the Gods, for whom else?”

He understood that I needed time, but asked: “If life in that world is like we know it here, how then will the light be which will shine over all of us and will mean wisdom?”

He was already causing disharmony, but I understood him and answered: “The deadly seriousness of this life forces me to be a child, if I want to receive wisdom for you which will make Isis great; I must obey the laws and wait for the Gods to come to me. If there is no patience in me I cannot but return, but then we will all remain blind.”

While speaking, I felt my leader come to me, now I was ready and said to him: “You may ask questions.”

But I had already offended my Father and he asked: "If we should be children then what is the use of mature growth and flowering?"

I was ready and answered: "If you pose questions that reduce your deep inner life then search for it in yourself and not here where I am living now, otherwise, you will be a plaything for others."

He fell silent and understood that I would answer all his questions. He asked: "Are there physical gifts in you?"

"Can a student priest receive priesthood from you if he is not yet ready? Had I not been ready and had I not possessed those gifts I would not have sent for you and the masters."

"In that case I request that you bring me the flowers you see before you but which belong to our world."

I understood what he meant. Close by him stood a small vase with herbal-flowers, the flowers were used for these sessions. I would have to bring him the vase with flowers from this world and the material object would then float in space for a brief moment, as I had experienced with the fruit. I adjusted myself to the vase, my leader let me feel that he was ready and I brought the earthly object to my Father. I bowed deeply and my mouth said: "Is the supreme priest of Isis convinced that the Gods are present here?"

The astonishment was great, all shivered at the sight of this wonder. The scribes recorded it and when they were ready, my Father asked me: "Please, take them back."

I returned with the vase, after which the explanation of this wonder followed and was written down. They received the explanation as my leader had explained the wonder of the fruit to me, when they had proceeded that far the Supreme Priest asked: "Is it possible for you to free one of the priests from his gravitation?"

"Whom do you have in mind?"

"Your master."

A great happiness radiated from Dectar towards me. When I adjusted myself to Dectar, I saw some beings coming towards me who helped me carry, but who remained invisible to the masters. Dectar was enveloped in a dense haze and we carried him through the room and back to his seat.

I waited and heard: "That is a wonder, priest of Isis, but these wonders are known to us, we can also explain them."

Now it was me who felt hurt and I asked: "Do explain them to me, supreme priest, all these wonders are new to me and they are wonders you do not yet know anything about."

He had to answer and said: "We all listen and give ourselves completely, but tell us what you see there and explain the laws to us."

He added to the disharmony and would not admit that he did not under-

stand anything about it. In addition, he asked for an answer.

I replied: "You know the laws and these wonders, nevertheless you asked me to explain them to you."

There was silence all around, my answer was considered, next I heard him say:

"If I am not mistaken, Priest of Isis, they are hurt there too and know feelings that obscure wisdom."

I understood him and answered: "In the world where I now live, no explanation is required when those who live here know that answer, and when that wisdom is in them. That is wasting energy and time. It is the talk of a non-conscious being. Here they proceed, ever further and deeper, so that they receive new food for the mind. They never return to what they have learned in the past, all are grateful and feel like children."

He did not admit defeat, however, and said: "If the wonders are so great and deep and we must follow the school of life, then how shall we be able to obey and follow the wonders when the earthly time is too short?"

His hypocrisy and talking across the laws made me touchy. However, I was ready and answered: "You possess your mastery and are the Head of Isis. Explain all these wonders to me, for your wisdom is mighty."

All the masters witnessed this frightful fight, but that was not the purpose of these sessions; they also understood that he thought he knew them too, but that he wanted to destroy me. He did not get round to an explanation because he could not. The very first cut which had affected and hurt his pride, vanity and personality and which made his pedestal shake, he had received from me. He subsequently asked in a stern and snappy way: "Do you possess other wonders which we don't know?"

My leader sharpened my weapon and I said to him: "It is the laws of the Temple which prescribe to note down and record what has been received so that there can be no disturbances in them, before we go on. Will you please first explain all these wonders; then we can proceed. The Gods are waiting for you and so are the scribes."

I heard him say to the scribes: "Write down."

Then followed the story that a priest of Isis had performed wonders and that these wonders had been accomplished from another world. However, he did not understand a thing about it and consequently gave a wrong explanation.

I asked: "Is the supreme priest of Isis ready?"

"We are ready." He now felt himself as supreme priest again.

However, my leader answered him: "Your explanation is wrong for there are other laws by which these wonders happen and you do not say a word about them."

There was silence again and astonishment, but he replied: "It has been known for ages that all these wonders happen in this way. We will proceed."

"We will not", I said, "for you are wrong and your explanation is incomplete."

His pedestal shook and his hatred made him uncertain. He snapped at me: "Come back, Priest of Isis, you will explain it to us in this world, which is in your own body. I will not proceed."

By now my leader had had enough and made me answer: "Listen, all of you, masters of Isis I alone could not carry Master Dectar, I cannot go higher than my powers will allow me but I received help from others. They are human beings who lived on earth and together we carried Master Dectar through this space."

Even sharper than before, he shouted at me: "You mean to say that you can perform all these wonders without our intermediary?"

I was prepared and answered: "Exactly, supreme priest, I meant to say that you and all of you have not seen anything, and that your perception cannot go beyond the gifts and powers and of the inner consciousness that you possess."

He reflected and I followed Dectar; but my friend felt very calm, though his heart beat for happiness and suspense. A fight to the death had started. My leader wanted me to adjust myself to Dectar and I asked him: "Well, Master Dectar, do you live in reality now?"

Dectar felt me without their knowledge and said: "Can you imagine that I have forgotten all my grief and that I am happy now?"

The brief conversation with my friend made me very powerful and strengthened my inner life.

Then the supreme priest said: "Can you perform this wonder again?"

My leader let me feel that he refused to do that and I said: "The Gods tell me that it is enough, you forget that you are connected with the Gods. So we shall go on, but the scribes must note this down."

He wanted this wonder to be proved or he would close the session.

I answered him: "The Gods want you to accept this and we will proceed."

Apparently, he thought this the best solution after all and asked for the second time: "Do you possess other wonders that we do not know?"

I said: "Do you want my material body to disappear before your eyes? Then you can be sure that I will not return and will stop for today."

He subsequently asked: "Did the Gods tell you this as well?"

"Yes, Master of Isis, for I follow the laws."

"If that is also possible, then later on, when we leave. Can you perform wonders, I mean other wonders?"

I said: "If the Gods want me to I will descend into the leopard there in

front of you and none of you can stop me, because your concentration is not conscious.”

This was too much for him. His hatred and fear came over me and my leader enjoyed himself, for he made me say: “Priests of Isis, you are afraid of death! There is fear in all of you. You know the laws, you teach others how they should adjust themselves, yet I feel fear and ignorance in you.”

Not a word was spoken and I went on: “Listen, all of you must listen to me, to what the Gods say to me: If your feelings and the way you talk do not change, I will return to you and take other measures. In this world, I hear another language and you will have to accept that. If you cannot I will go to the pharaoh and ask the King to come to us to attend these sessions. From the images that will be drawn, your hatred will be read in future centuries; they will not give any wisdom to those who come after us.”

My words caused confusion; not one priest of Isis had ever spoken to the supreme priest in this way. He was deeply touched and answered: “If the Gods want us to open ourselves and to follow them, then we are ready.”

Splendid, I thought, again his pedestal shook and I had hurt his personality, and he now asked: “Can you show us what you can do yourself?”

My leader strongly acted on me and let me clearly feel that danger threatened, for I could do nothing without the Gods. This was a dangerous moment, but I answered: “These wonders are performed by the Gods.”

“Then continue.”

I said: “You can recover this vase with flowers outside this building. It is outside this room. Will you please bow, Father of Isis, the Gods performed a wonder.”

That very moment I descended into the vase and brought it outside through the material walls. Next I returned and said: “If my Master is prepared to listen to the Gods, then go and show them all this wonder.”

He stepped down from his platform and the scribes followed him. He returned with the vase and the flowers. They were very surprised. Then he said something from which I got to know the hypocrite.

“Masters of Isis, as you all have witnessed, the Gods live in the Temple of Isis.”

To me he said: “Can you show us this wonder again but in such way that we can follow it?”

I understood what he meant and I said: “Another wonder will happen. Do you see all these flowers in this world?”

“Yes”, the masters said, “we see them in colour and they are living.”

“Well then, watch properly and follow me in what I will do.”

I concentrated on the spiritual flowers and brought them on earth. Slowly this process took place and they were able to observe the condensation of the

spiritual flowers. I said to the Father of Isis: "If I may give you, supreme priest of Isis, these flowers, my heart will be filled with joy, but I tell you they will not live long."

He accepted the flowers and asked: "Why will their life be so brief?"

I had my answer ready and said: "Because you do not know how to feed them so that they can stay alive; presently, they will dissolve in your hands again, and return to this life. This return is a wonder too."

His answer came quickly, it was short, cogent and sharp: "If you give an alms to a beggar, why then make extensive mention of it?"

But I was ready too and answered: "If the beggar is not capable of appreciating my great gift because of his non-consciousness, his simple education and poverty, I will clarify the value of my gift to him."

He gave in but I thanked my leader. Then I said to them: "We must stop for today, I will return to you."

However, he was ready again to hurt me and said: "So we must accept that your body cannot dissolve and that you do not possess these powers?"

You ungrateful man, I thought, but I waited for my leader to decide what to do. The Supreme Priest could not bear to wait for an answer and he asked again: "Are not those wonders in you and are your wings not as large as you think they are?"

I still did not hear or feel anything from my leader and I waited patiently, alone I could not accomplish anything. He already thought that he could destroy me and asked again, but in a sarcastic way: "Do you hear, Priest of Isis, what the Gods are now telling you? Can you hear them clearly? Is your sense of hearing unlimited? Are you in harmony so that you know what you are saying? Is that in you for your own destruction?"

When he had finished, I experienced something. It was a great wonder of which he could not see or feel anything, but which I experienced. Immediately, I ordered them to bolt the doors. A beautiful light shone over me on this side. I asked: "Are you convinced, supreme priest, that no one can enter or leave?"

"Yes, all of us are convinced."

I dissolved there, my material body disappeared before their eyes and I said to him, this time as a spirit and with a materialized voice: "Do you hear my knocking? I request to be shown in, I am a high priest, the doors of the Temple are not closed to me."

The place where my material body lay was empty.

"A great wonder", I heard Dectar say, "a great wonder."

I waited. The supreme priest opened the door. All were convinced and a messenger was sent to the pharaoh at once.

I demanded, however, that a dignitary be present at the next sessions.

After that, I left with Dectar. When we were alone Dectar said: “Oh, dear Venry, if your beloved Mother and Ardaty could witness this.”

“Do you mean to say that you did not see them, Dectar? They were both with me in the space. They could follow all these wonders and that gave me that certainty.”

“It is mighty, Venry, very mighty. But this fight is frightful. Can you keep it up, Venry?”

“Now is not my leader mighty, Dectar?”

“There is no fear in me, Venry, but we have never had the privilege to experience anything like it in the Temple. He poses questions that we were never allowed to ask.”

“If you keep quiet, Dectar, we shall conquer. All you need is being quiet, just that would indeed assist me, as we will remain one. He and the others have heard nothing of our conversation. But you must warn me, Dectar, I feel that he will now ask questions in a different way. He thinks that by doing so he can destroy me. When you feel that he follows a different course, you must let me feel that. What is going to happen presently, my friend, will mean his downfall. But I am ready, Dectar, do not worry about anything.”

“I have witnessed wonders, Venry, but will others accept that? Can you convince the pharaoh?”

“That will also come; we will wait and see.”

The psychic sessions

I summoned Dectar.

“My dear friend, you must help me, for the two of us must accomplish a great task. My leader let me know that we must describe everything we have experienced together for the new Temple. All my questions, your answers and our experiences must be laid down. Others will learn from them, when we are no longer here, Dectar. I will make that clear to the supreme priest and if he refuses I will approach the pharaoh. I shall do what our master instructs me to do.”

“That is wonderful, Venry, that makes me very happy. You are making me so happy.”

From my own room, I let the supreme priest know that I wanted to be received by him. He let me feel that he expected me, and I entered his room. His hostile look did not do me any harm, and I said to him: “The Gods want me to describe everything that I was allowed to experience through them and what we will still receive. Now if you are prepared to adjust yourself you will learn that these messages are true.”

He answered: “If there is no drive in you I will descend into you and follow the Gods.”

He fathomed my inner life and said: “Is what our scribes write down not sufficient?”

I asked: “Do you mistrust the Gods?”

His eyes pierced me, his hatred was destructive, but I remained calm.

Then he answered: “I shall discuss this with the pharaoh.”

Once again, I asked: “Do you mistrust the Gods? From whom did you receive your wings?”

To which he answered: “If youth fails to appreciate old age, their houses and buildings will collapse, as will the wonders they perform, for it is the work of demons.”

I found his hatred terrible, but I had an answer ready and said: “If there is possession in me would I be worthy of the Goddess?”

“You have no right to compare your life with the very last, you boast, you are a fanatic.”

This time again I was ready and said: “Is not your curse mine?”

Now he let me wait for an answer. After a while he said: “You are the child of demons.”

I did not hesitate for a moment and answered: “We shall wait and see, supreme priest of Isis, perhaps you belong to them as well.”

His poison was horrible and he had already lost his self-control. I remained calm and waited. However, I followed him in his feeling and thinking. In his mind, he went back to the past as if he wanted to attract fresh strength. I kept following him wherever he went, which made him rebellious. He also understood that I could follow him and that he could not destroy my concentration. With our minds, we now waged a fierce fight, which was even more horrible than between life and death. He felt that I kept following him and he returned into his own life of supreme priest of Isis. But I kept looking at him and I understood that I would conquer.

He subsequently recovered and cut off the past for himself, but unrestrained he shouted at me like a wild animal so that his entire body was trembling. "You may repeat this to your King, Priest of Isis, I am your supreme priest."

I said to him: "But I have the great wings." I pulled myself together very quickly and said: "When the sun will have set twice and have reached its highest point again, I expect you for the spiritual tests. I am ready for those too. I am still young, Father of Isis, but I possess youth and old age; you only have the latter. I greet you."

A curse followed me, and I returned to my own dwelling, There I received various indications as to how I was to hold the sessions.

At the fixed time all entered. A dignitary was present and was seated next to Dectar and my material organism. I lay down and was in trance in a short while. Now I lived in space again and adjusted myself to all of them. Dectar now experienced the greatest moment of his life and his deep and pure love came over me, for which I was most grateful to him. I merged with him and said: "Will you follow me in everything, Dectar."

I accepted his feelings and followed the questions asked by the supreme priest. His first question was:

"Where do you live at this moment, priest of Isis?"

"I live between 'life and death' and see darkness."

"Then pass into the light."

"I am ready. You may ask questions."

"Are you conscious?"

"I am quite myself and can see you on earth."

"How was your meal today?"

"It consisted of dates and fruit juice, however, the laws of Isis require that no food be taken before these sessions."

"Who was your master?"

"Master Dectar."

"Can you follow me?"

"I am also ready in that respect, Father of Isis, your questions are very clear

and the Gods are quite satisfied.”

“There are species of wild animals in the Temple. Do you know our favourite animal?”

“You mean Wolta?”

“What is the purpose of these sessions, priest of Isis?”

“To make Isis great and to serve. We all serve the pharaoh.”

“Is there light and darkness around you?”

“I live in two worlds, for I see a dark and a bright world.”

“Can you observe us from that darkness?”

“I can do that too, but then I see your world as it is now.”

“Those laws are known to us and your answers are clear, but can you explain your perception?”

“I could explain my life to you, should those questions be asked.”

“Can you see whether the scribes are ready?”

“You have taught them to finish their work during the questioning. They are ready, Father of Isis.”

“Are you conscious of your wings?”

“I am ready to go where ever you send me.”

“Will you try to maintain this consciousness?”

“The Gods say that I am ready.”

“Splendid, Master of Isis, very clear. Are life and death one?”

“Life and death are one, however, both worlds have their own meaning, because eternal life is around me.”

“Is the darkness of this world like that on your side?”

“No, this darkness does not vary, it is always there, but it will eventually change into light and dissolve.”

“Quite clear; you say that this darkness will dissolve. Can you tell us more about that and explain, if possible?”

“Are these laws known to you?”, I asked.

“No, I mean the dissolution of the darkness, that is completely new to all of us.”

“This darkness will only dissolve if all human beings co-operate, and they are prepared to start a great and loving life. The Gods tell me that this darkness has been built by all of us and we shall have to break it down again. It is not until then that light will come.”

“You say that there is light, now, is that not contradictory?”

“The darkness will dissolve and will then be luminous and belong to all those higher worlds.”

“That is new to us, Priest of Isis, but we understand. Can you distinguish night on earth from the darkness over there?”

I was prepared and answered: “The light that you see there belongs to the

material world. This darkness is an astral world, in which demons live that have lived on earth and have discarded their material body there. So they have deceased.”

“That is very clear too. We are very grateful to you. Can you move away?”

“I possess the very greatest wings and can go where I want to.”

“Then leave and seek out the waters, go as far as possible, we will try to follow you.”

I left their company and went for the waters. My leader led me to different surroundings and took me to the bottom of a sea. There I began to see. Next I adjusted myself to my organism and my vocal organs began to vibrate. The priests heard me say: “You may ask questions, I am at the bottom of a sea and I see all that wonderful life before me.”

I heard his question within me and clearly, I, so to speak, picked up from him: “Can you see whether the animals pass on into other lives?” When he asked me that question the light around me became stronger and I could see everything.

I said: “All these species of animals go further and higher until the time comes when they will leave the waters and live on land. You surely realize that this is for inner life and that the soul will receive new bodies, so that the next life can start.”

“Master of Isis, it is beautiful, that is very natural, we thank you.”

I adjusted myself to the scribes and saw that they were nearly ready too. I said to the Supreme Priest: “I am ready and so are the scribes, so you may pose new questions.”

However, he asked: “You see how far we have advanced and you can follow life there as well?”

“You constantly forget that I possess the great wings. Now ask other questions concerning this wonder.”

“Can you follow the inner life for the material organism?”

I began to see and said: “Around me I see a dense haze from which the inner life, that is the soul of all this material life, originates. The material animal attracts as much of it as it needs for inspiration and energy in proportion to the activity and size of the material animal.”

“So you clearly see a mass?”

“You may accept this, what I now see is miraculous.”

“Is there darkness too?”

“No, there is light around me and this light I received from the Gods. However, I can see by my own adjustment and concentration. I see in that life, and am therefore connected with reality. I observe that all species of animals must go further and higher and they will become extinct here one day.”

“Can you see how this going higher happens?”

“I will answer you. When the inner life of all these species of animals has reached maturity in their own species, the inner life, which is the soul, passes into a different world and receives a new organism. Then the inner life experiences a new birth.”

“Are you convinced that this is true and that it belongs to reality?”

“I know now that none of you possesses these wings, otherwise, you would not ask this question again and again. This belongs to reality and you need not doubt my perception. At this place I see the wonders and bow deeply for this wisdom.”

Silence reigned in their midst, but I waited and heard him say: “When you leave this material world, what do you see next?”

“That is really very simple. The waters dissolve before me and I live in a different world or space. The space in which you live and see is the material space, but I also see that other space which is invisible to those who do not possess these gifts.”

“Very clear, Priest of Isis. I now ask: we now want you to see what is also invisible to us and about which we know nothing yet. Will you move?”

At full speed, I floated through space. When I felt that he adjusted himself to me I heard a voice near me say: “Priest of Isis, can you hear me speak? I speak to you and ask you what this connection is like. So would you make clear to us in what way you receive my voice?”

My leader let me feel that the Supreme Priest disconnected me from the mightiest wonders and laws of nature and repeatedly broke off my connection, but also what I should say to him.

I was ready and answered: “You are speaking and my connection with you has not changed in this instance either, for there is no distance in this world. However, the Gods tell me to say the following to you: ‘If you go on in this way and keep sending me from light to darkness, before you know how deep and miraculous everything is, and you do not feel that I am one in this space, we will not make any progress, and that is not the intention.’ The Gods say that your consciousness of all these wonders is not genuine, because wherever I am my inner life must obey and follow what is shown to me. You repeatedly disrupt my profound being one with the wonders. The journey I just made can be compared with light and darkness on earth. The light gives all of us mighty wisdom, darkness, on the other hand, leads us to non-consciousness and you think that I will lose myself in that darkness, but that is not possible. Do you feel, ask the Gods, how unnatural your questioning is?”

He ignored all this and asked: “Then can you tell us in what way I speak?”

“Your question has not been properly posed, but I understand you and I will answer you. The words, which you are speaking, and which come to me, I hear within me. A luminous cord, which connects me to, and follows me

from my material body, but which is not visible to earthly eyes, nevertheless, conveys your thoughts and feelings to me. I receive your speaking in my inner life, therefore, from feeling to feeling, but the words spoken have, as it were, been materialized.”

“Very clear, Priest of Isis. Is this the cord that breaks when the process of dying is experienced?”

“Quite right, Father of Isis. When man dies this cord breaks, the soul passes on to one of all those worlds, and goes on living. I see many worlds that are very luminous, but there are also worlds which belong to the darkness.”

“You are conscious of that, as well as of the wonders which are around you and you can explain them to us?”

“I am conscious of my own life and of all these worlds. I have the feeling that I am a small particle of all the mightiness in which I now live. In this I cannot be mistaken, for I see, hear and feel the wonder and am one with it.”

“In what way are you conscious of your material body?”

“This question has not been clearly posed either, but I will answer you. Here one does not speak of ‘way’, for the wonder can only be felt. What is asleep there is for me only the means, so that I myself can live on earth as ‘soul’. When my organism dies there, I go ‘in’, I who now live here, but I will have to accept that world which matches with my inner life and which my soul, that is I myself, possesses in terms of light or darkness. I feel very clearly that I still live on earth, although I am now in space. My material organism is only an instrument, Masters of Isis.”

“We have been able to follow you and think it very natural. We thank you. Have you got the feeling or can you see that you will go on forever?”

“In the world where I am now living, I myself am everlasting. If the feeling and the consciousness of all these worlds are in me, we must irrevocably accept that I cannot die, but that I must proceed further and higher. I must, however, acquire all these worlds.”

“We thank you for your clear explanation of your perception. We are ready and ask: What will happen, Master of Isis, when you die here and are born again?”

“You connect the darkness and the light as one world and that is not possible, but I will answer you and adjust myself to that.” My leader connected me with this wonder and I said to him: “Your aim is that I will feel when I must experience a new birth?”

“Yes, that is my question.”

“The sensations that now come over me, supreme priest of Isis, are very deep and they affect the infinite space. I request you all to concentrate clearly, so that you can accept what I receive and may see. However mighty this wonder is to all of you, it also seems to me that it belongs to the very greatest

wonders that are known here. I request the scribes to give a clear description, because the Gods let me feel that what I am going to experience now is holy. I am ready.

Darkness comes over the world where I am now living. A moment ago, I clearly felt that I was connected but I proceed further, deeper, and back to the time when the God of Gods created all this. I descend into it; I feel completely one and see that world clearly before me. It is the great and holy moment when God split Himself up into countless particles. I now see and live in that world.

At the time there was darkness, for I see miraculous emptiness wherein it is very still, so very quiet indeed. In those days, space was still empty. Masters of Isis, do sense what this means. There were no human beings, animals, stars or suns yet, nothing, there was still nothing. Everything living on earth and in space had yet to be born. The Gods now show me the next stage.

I see that life is coming into being now. Here before me, I see clouds and those clouds are going to condense. And by this very phenomenon, Masters of Isis, all this miraculous life was born. What I see, Father of Isis, belongs to the very first stage and everything originates from that.

So this darkness is a completely different darkness than the one that we already know, and in which the demons are living. Out of this darkness all others were born and being born commenced.”

“Are you still conscious of the things you see?”

“Do I speak like a non-conscious being? Could I explain the wonders to you if my brain was confused? Can a non-conscious being observe what I now see? The Gods want me to observe and they prepared you beforehand. Nothing is known of what I am telling you. This wonder lives around me, for I see the growth process and the condensation of all this mighty life take place.”

“Can you now explain to us that you can be born again?”

“The Gods say that you do not yet know anything of this mighty wonder. Why do you want me to withdraw again?”

“That comes later, Priest of Isis, answer us now.”

Egoist, I thought, you curse yourself. Again he began to create disharmony and interrupted my miraculous perception, which could surely not be the intention, for I was now connected with the laws. Dectar let me feel that he had not yet experienced such a thing either and that it was only the desire to destroy me, so that I would return a lunatic. I was very grateful to him. But my leader went on and I answered: “If I empty my mind, Father of Isis, other feelings will come over me, but in that case the other world in which I lived a minute ago will dissolve before me. I now see darkness again and this darkness has originated from the other, though ages and ages later. Now I go ‘in’,

I will pass into that darkness, nevertheless I will remain myself. You surely feel that if this were not possible, I would be unable to answer and explain the wonder of this connection and what I see. Yet, I will pass into this world shortly and subsequently lose my consciousness. However, the Gods want me to remain conscious. Now I feel that I have been living for centuries, and that I died on earth. I now belong to one of these worlds. So when we die on earth, we go further and higher here.”

“Do you see all these worlds before you?”

“The Gods say again that you must concentrate on one wonder or law, otherwise, you will not understand anything of these wonders and your brain will become confused. The Gods tell me that it is very simple for you to concentrate on the darkness, but now you are one with the light, this light is holy and you must acquire it.”

His poison came to me; he wanted to disturb my consciousness if he could. His way of asking questions actually interfered indeed, but I answered again before he spoke.

“In the world where I live also resides the world into which I must descend if I want to be born again. So, I do not live in one world, but in many at the same time, and yet every world is a separate condition.”

He was ready again and asked: “So you live in three worlds and see them all?”

My leader was amused by his childish questions, but immediately afterwards a profound seriousness came over me and I answered: “Father of Isis, you ask childish questions. The Gods have just answered this question. You are not conscious and your feeling and thinking are confused. But the Gods are favourably disposed towards us and I answer: There are many worlds in the world where I am living now, also the one in which the soul must return to be able to experience a new birth. However, I can only adjust myself to one of all those worlds, because it is not possible for me and all those who abide here to feel and see in all those worlds simultaneously, unless they and I belonged to the Gods. All of us are only at the beginning of our way and yet, Masters of Isis; we are millions of centuries old.”

“It is clear to us but all these statements are new to Isis. Can you see to it that you remain conscious?”

“The Gods say that they are ready and that what I will see for you is necessary, but you must concentrate more clearly. You must try to feel the wonder and follow only one situation, otherwise, you will not understand anything of what the Gods tell you.”

“You say that you can feel and see there and that the new birth is ‘in’ you, but how do these wonders happen?”

“The Gods tell me that your thinking and feeling are not conscious, for

your questions are not important, not focussed on one object, an uneasy feeling disturbs your own consciousness and you do not want to accept that you are also a tiny part of all these wonders. The Gods will nevertheless answer you this time again.

If I want to return to the earth as a soul, Masters of Isis, that is only possible by means of two material beings. You know them as 'man' and 'woman'. It is they who give the soul a new organism and they are one with these laws. These laws come into force because both possess this power and strength; these laws cannot be seen, however, they can only be experienced.

If this explanation is clear to you, you can only bow your head and be grateful, for everything I receive for Isis is sacred."

"We are most grateful to you, Priest of Isis. But can you follow the laws even if you do not see them; it is of paramount importance that we should know this. We are waiting for a reply."

My leader let me feel the impropriety of his questioning. His brain became confused and his questions were not deep, a student priest would think deeper than he did and would ask other questions.

I was ready and answered: "Now you must listen to what the Gods tell you. Your questions are not in the least deep; you invariably ask the same questions. The Gods ask you: Do you live on earth? Have you experienced reincarnation? You surely feel, Father of Isis, that you must follow life on earth, you yourself will present this law; you live on earth and with you all other life. You will now receive the explanation.

When the soul descends into that world it returns to the very first stage and then waits in that world to be attracted."

"That very first stage of which you speak is not clear to us."

"You see, supreme priest of Isis, your unsuspecting thinking and feeling touches on non-consciousness. You yourself have broken those laws. Your words were: 'That comes later, Priest of Isis, do answer us.' When I was one with that world, however, you all lived in those laws and would have received the explanation. Now you do not understand anything of all those wonders. But the Gods say: We came into being when the God of all life split Himself up, at the time we were tiny particles, which were imperceptible. That is the very first stage. Now, however, the soul is on earth as a mature human being. If the soul wants to return to the earth, the inner life returns to this very first stage and is born. In the mother, Masters of Isis, this wonder we all experienced takes place. Then follows the growth process, the condensation of material life. The next stage is already the birth; that is known in the Temple of Isis."

"That is mighty, Priest of Isis, your explanation is quite natural and very clear. We are ready and ask: Can you feel or see whether you yourself inspire

that which lives in the mother?”

“The Gods tell me that I, who is now connected, is the inspiration for the material garment that grows in her and will be born, if the God of all life wants it to happen.”

“We thank you for your clear explanation. But can you see whether you are young or old, or, is this your first worldly home?”

“The Gods show me that there are all kinds of wrong feelings in you, otherwise, you would ask much clearer questions. Follow what has been noted down and you will see your own questions. You have already been told about this. All of us have been on our way for millions of centuries.

What caused your brain to be so confused, Father of Isis? Master Dectar taught me to ask clear questions; otherwise, I would receive that chastisement that would awaken me. How are your questions? Your attentiveness is not conscious and you do not realize that what we receive is mighty. It is a great mercy that the Gods instruct us. This time again the answer is ready and I explain what the Gods show me.

I received my very first material home from God millions of centuries ago. Only the Gods of Isis can connect you and me with it. Then you see everything, including the very first stage. How old I am no longer needs an explanation now.”

He ignored all this and asked: “Can you see, Priest of Isis, whether the law of ‘man’ and ‘woman’ resides in it?”

“The God of all Gods wanted us souls to be ‘man’ and ‘woman’, for that is the only way to learn to know the laws.”

“You mean that I am not capable of seeing and feeling the laws?”

“Father of Isis, you possess the creating organism, but in that other body, which is the ‘mother organism’, you can experience the laws.”

Now he considered this seriously and for a long time and said: “We thank you, all these wonders are new to Isis and we follow you attentively. We ask: Is it a law of His that we must know both organisms?”

“If you want to be like the God of all life and all Gods, you must experience that activity, otherwise, you will remain as you now feel. If you want to get to know that law and experience it, you will witness how stars, planets, suns and other bodies were born. However, that is only possible ‘in’ and ‘through’ the mother organism. Locked up in that body is what has happened here in space, which gave light and ‘life’ to stars, planets, suns and other organisms. It gave feeling to the animals and consciousness to us human beings, which is present in you and all of us, but which requires thousands of organisms to reach the level at which the Gods live.”

“Your state of mind is quite natural and we are all most grateful to you. We are ready and ask: Are you sure that we can experience the laws in the

mother body?”

“You are very careful asking questions, but once again the answer is ready. Is it possible that something can grow ‘in’ you that gave reincarnation to the new and young life, which is the child? No, supreme priest of Isis, for you are ‘creator’, if you want to, but you rather avoid all this, you follow a path that leads nowhere, but by doing so you will not learn to know the laws.”

What he sent me that moment was terrible and his answer was: “Your answers now conflict with the laws of Isis. Will you bear in mind, Priest of Isis, that we live on holy ground and are together here to make Isis great? At this moment we are one with the Gods.”

Is he not a hypocrite, I thought, he keeps going on creating disharmony. My answer was: “My explanation and my answers are for Isis and for those who come after us. All the time you fail to realize the holiness of this being one, although you talk about it. You are very great and old, Father of Isis, but you must follow the Gods like a little child and accept everything.”

Again he ignored everything and asked: “Priest of Isis, where are you?”

“I am farther away from you than the sun and yet I am near you, very near. Already in bygone days they said to you: Are you convinced that ‘nearby’ and ‘far away’ are one?”

His hatred came over me and there was unrest among all of them, but he said: “You now talk about wonders that are for Isis, so not for yourself?”

I answered: “What I am talking about is meant for Isis, but especially for all of you, because it is wisdom. The Gods want you to listen to me and follow them, but as a little child, not as a mature human being at the age of a priest, for then you are too much yourself and you cannot be something when all of you want to be one.”

Now he lost his self-control and shouted at me: “From where do you speak, Priest of Isis? Can you follow the laws or do you think you can see them?”

“You would come to yourself, supreme priest, if you could see my wings. When you feel my depth, you would want to possess the very greatest of wings, but the disharmony you continuously create cripples you and your perception and feeling become clouded. You now look at Master Sma and you wonder whether the master sees me and whether all the others can see me, but I cannot be seen, I am not in your vicinity. I am nowhere and yet I am one with the laws, for I now live in the wonders and am one with Him, who gave life to all of you.”

When I had finished, I looked at them all. I was now ready to paralyse his wings if I were allowed to do so. Now that I thought of this, these feelings came over me, so that I understood that this also belonged to my task. I said to him: “You close your eyes because you think that they are tired and that you can then observe more clearly, but you know like we all know that we

observe inwardly, that is spiritually, and that our perception has nothing to do with the material eyes.”

“From where and through whom do you speak, Priest of Isis?” I did not answer him now, I waited for my leader, but again he shouted at me: “Speak! You shall speak!” I waited, as did my leader, but he asked: “You shall answer me and speak in another way than you do now.”

Next I felt that I should answer and said: “What I speak of I receive from the Gods.”

“You think that you see.”

“Supreme priest of Isis, the Gods will answer you. If you go on asking spiritless questions you must leave and someone else will ask questions for you. The wonders in which you live are holy, but you are not ready, you create disharmony. You slate Isis, you are a disturbing power.”

He did not answer but said to the dignitary: “Do you hear what words a priest of Isis directs to the Head of the Temple?”

I did not wait now and said: “If you feel that is where you must look for help and you try to find it on earth, you do not follow the Gods, but men. Why then are we together? Let me return and close this session. Does the dignitary possess the wings? Has the pharaoh the wings? Is he not too ready to accept? Does not the pharaoh want to know everything and is he not grateful to the Gods? Does he not follow the laws too? The pharaoh is the Master of us all; but does the Pharaoh know all these laws? You are the Master of all of us and the Father of Isis, but your questions are non-conscious and you are now proceeding in darkness. You are flushed with anger, but I tell you: I follow the Gods and I am only a servant. You should be like a child and be very grateful, as I am and feel here, I want to be able to see the wonders. It is a grace that the Gods come to us.”

“Priest of Isis, you may repeat this before your King.”

I waited. When he had pulled himself together, he asked: “Where are you, Priest of Isis?”

I received the answer and said: “When a student priest of Isis asks the same question again, great Master, he does not feel the laws and will learn to know them, but by chastisement. Are you prepared?”

Confusion had arisen among them; none of them was himself anymore, only Dectar felt at ease. However, the supreme priest asked: “Has darkness come over you so that you get annoyed? Or do you want to hide your ignorance?”

I really did not know what to answer and waited. Again he asked: “Are you no longer aware of anything? We know those laws and we can explain them to you. Have you lost your wings? Shall we presently experience that you fall down like a flint to disappear into the earth or to return there where

you now live?”

He felt supreme again and completely conscious, because all the time I did not answer him. Again he asked, but in a sarcastic way: “Do you now consider whether you are creative yourself? We can also explain those laws to you, Priest of Isis.” He looked at all the masters present and felt ready for everything.

Then something came over me which was very great and mighty and I answered: “The fire that is now in me and which the Gods give me irradiates my whole being and will presently enable me to scorch your wings. Or prepare you like a bird, which fills your stomach and provides your body with fresh strength. In the darkness and the light in which I now live, I see your own insignificance and that of all of us. There can only be gratitude in me now that I see that my wings have given me that power. There are darkness and non-consciousness in you; you do not live ‘in’ the wonders, but beside them. You must put other questions, Father of Isis, now you are living dead.”

“Do you hear that, priests of Isis? We will go to the King, I close this session.”

My leader made me say: “I will also be there, but the Gods say that you must have patience and that you may only leave when my organism is no longer there.”

I caught a curse from him and he said: “You do not think that you are a God, do you?”

I was ready and answered: “If I were a God I would make a toad of you, for the way you think and feel belongs to it.”

This was appalling, never before had they ever experienced something like it in the Temple. Then my organism dissolved before their eyes. My master accomplished this wonder. Before the palace of the Head of Egypt, I got my organism back and I lived on earth again. I entered the palace. A messenger of the supreme priest passed by and I followed him to the pharaoh. The King was most astonished when I explained to him what had happened. He sent a messenger to the Queen, and dignitaries arrived, as well as the counsellors of the pharaoh. When the Father of Isis and his retinue entered the session was immediately started, for the pharaoh had to administer justice. The writing was inspected and went from hand to hand. Next, the King asked me his first question. I felt calm. Isis would fall or arise, either he was destroyed or Dectar and I would die. However, this time again my leader was with me. The King began: “Priest of Isis, you are very gifted, we are grateful for this wisdom and thank the Gods. Can you explain to us what has been said?”

I answered: “The Gods will answer all your questions. They are ready, great pharaoh.”

He asked: “We have noted that there are disturbances. What do you put

them down to?”

“Great pharaoh, the questions that were asked carried me from one wonder to another and space is infinite. The pharaoh may follow the writing and inspect the answers. The Gods thought them very vague for they were the questions of a non-conscious being. The supreme priest of Isis is not ready for these sessions.”

“Your answers are clear, Priest of Isis. Dear Iseues, what is your answer?”

“Can the great pharaoh understand when I say that the wonders that come to us are mighty? I intend to investigate all these wonders. What we experienced some years ago should not happen again.”

“Your explanation is very clear and natural too. What is your answer, Priest of Isis?”

“The Gods say, great pharaoh, that I am a high priest and they consider that their time is wasted when questions are asked in this way. What the Gods say should be accepted at once. I am not a student priest, but I possess the very greatest wings.”

The pharaoh spoke to the supreme priest and said: “It is perfectly clear to me, dear Iseues, we see that you have asked various questions, but when doing so you were very absent-minded. Look, dear Iseues, these are your questions.”

The writing went again from hand to hand and the King handed it to the supreme priest; and he subsequently asked: “Priest of Isis, tell us: Are those in space certain of all feelings and, are the questions being answered according to those feelings?”

I felt what he meant and answered: “Ask all winged beings and they will all tell you what I will now explain to you. When the Gods answer the questions they want all these questions to be clear and directed at one aim. The laws of Isis require that we, priests, speak clearly and ask natural questions. It is not possible for us to ask other questions before the wonder has been fully explained, only then may we proceed. Those who do not observe the laws receive that chastisement. Those are the laws of Isis, great pharaoh, but I am in space and must follow the laws of the Gods; there I am one with the Gods. I can say nothing but what I receive from the Gods. However unnatural and severe it may seem, I must pass it on. The Gods say that the pharaoh does not know those laws either. I must follow because the Gods have given me those wings; the pharaoh has to perform a different task for the Gods.”

“No, priest of Isis, I do not possess the wings. I must admit that.”

He asked the supreme priest: “Is this explanation obscure?”

My Father was ready and answered: “Now the answer is very clear, great pharaoh, but we now live without the laws.”

The King looked at me again, reflected for a moment and asked: “Priest

of Isis, is it possible for you to finish this session in my house, so that I can administer justice?"

"Great pharaoh, the Gods are ready. I have just been told that the Gods will come to us. Can the pharaoh have the light dimmed a little so that I can go to sleep?"

The dignitary who had attended the session spoke to the pharaoh and I understood what he spoke about.

The King asked the supreme priest: "Dear Iseues, you say nothing about the wonder that you were all allowed to behold. Is the wonder, which occurred before your eyes not mighty?"

My Father was ready again this time and answered: "During all centuries from which we have written evidence, there has been only one priest to whom this wonder was granted, but this priest returned to where he came from and the darkness absorbed him, but Isis kept silent about him."

My death warrant, I thought. Dectar prayed for me, but I felt calm and waited. The pharaoh's animals came to me as if they wanted to protect me and lay down at my feet. When the King noticed this he asked the supreme priest: "Can you explain, dear Iseues, why my animals love this priest? I know that they love children and will not approach older people. Can a child be obscure and poisoned?"

He was ready once again and answered: "There are winged beings, great pharaoh, who possess both youth and old age and can return into the poisonous insect, but then their sting is fatal and they do not belong to the Temple of Isis."

Everybody present looked at me, but the pharaoh asked me: "Are you ready?"

I lay down where I was, the animals stayed with me. Soon I was in trance and disembodied. I heard the pharaoh say to the supreme priest: "Dear Iseues, there you are, I think you may ask questions now."

The supreme priest asked: "Where are you, Priest of Isis?"

"In space."

"Where were you when darkness came over you?"

"I must correct this question, for there are many dark worlds in this world. I cannot know which darkness my Master has in mind."

"I mean the very first moment; you have spoken about it. Can you return to that moment and see what gave us our light?"

Tension mounted among those present, I was asked a question, which could destroy me or my wings should I fail to answer it. Before I answered I adjusted myself to Dectar and asked him: "You must help me, Dectar, and it is therefore necessary that you remain calm, that is all the help I need. The Gods are present."

Now I waited for my leader but the Supreme Priest asked again: “Well, priest of Isis, are you in the darkness?”

I saw that the King looked at him, but I answered: “When the Gods created all of us and all life, it required time. For the creation of powers and forces, which meant preparation, millions of moons were required before we, human beings, had reached maturity. Should I now go ‘in’, the Gods of Isis require from me and from all of you modesty and preparation for all this holiness. I face a gate and this gate is closed, but if the Father of Isis sends his powerful prayer to the Gods they will let me enter, which will make Isis great. I knelt down and will send my humble prayer up in order to be allowed to see for all of you.”

I looked at them all and felt how my words were understood and felt. The King thought my answers splendid, the Queen was absorbed in deep prayer and my answer engendered a playful feeling among the animals. Around me there was silence, holy silence, the supreme priest asked: “If the Gods are willing to answer my prayer I would ask them to give you the powers that will enable you to observe what no priest has ever before been allowed to see.”

I was ready now and said: “What I see is a great wonder. I see a darkness and light develops in this darkness. That light changes into activity and next I see life. What I observe is as the water is on earth. Many moons ago this water was a mass of clouds, but it has condensed; so the water originates from it. In this water, I see little animals and this life is translucent, they look like drops of water. The Gods of Isis explain this wonder to me and say to you: Once you were living in it as well as all other life present on earth and in space. Now you are mature and perfect, but you were born at this place, in darkness. Life grew up, went on and on and became larger. If you can see this you are connected with reality, which was the very first moment of your life. You see one drop of water, yet you died thousands of times and were born again before this stage. The waters generated all life, but that life went on and reached land, the condensed planet. At that time all life also died and was born again until inner life had reached the perfect human conception. The Gods of Isis requested me to follow them and I am about to see the heavens. I now see a world where everyone has wings. I see Temples and a beautiful nature and perfect human beings. They have all lived on earth, our ancestors among them. Through my gifts, I see all these wonders. All of you must accept now what the Gods of Isis tell me, and what I will pass on to you.

When the suns received their light they were already millions of moons old. Each of them was to fulfil its own task and has grown, as all of us have experienced in our Mother, which is called ‘working’ where I live now. As a result of that working, stars and planets, darkness and light came into being; this working extended strength, power and movement to all those bodies. I

only see movement and this will continue until all have finished their tasks. But, all this mighty life was created for us, only for us, spiritual and material human beings, because we must all return to Him, our God. All of us are still on our way, including those who live here, and are ahead of anyone of us, they will also return to God. If the Father of Isis follows me and feels what the Gods are now telling us, the Head of the Temple of Isis will understand and feel that what is now being given to all of you is holy.”

I followed them on earth; they all were quiet. The supreme priest asked: “If danger threatens Isis, what will you do?”

I fathomed his question and in me came: “Should the Gods of Isis want my wings scorched or should they want to turn me into forage for the animals, great Master, then I am ready and I will sacrifice myself.”

“Well, dear Iseues”, I heard the King say to the supreme priest, “that is an answer worthy of a high priest of Isis.”

The priest, however, was not yet satisfied and asked: “They who present themselves to you as Gods and suggest you to listen to them, what measures would you take then when you feel and see Isis will be humiliated?”

Once again he began to create disharmony, but I answered: “You know the pharaoh, but you ask him, who he is, what answer do you expect to get now that you know who he is?”

They all felt what he was hinting at, but he was a law unto himself and asked: “What do you have in mind with that answer?”

“The Gods want you to come to your senses, Father of Isis, at present you are a non-conscious being, you ask for facts that you already know.”

The supreme priest turned white as a sheet and the animals became restless, but I continued: “Your wings are paralysed and your light is obscured. Why do you not ask the Gods for new wings? But ask at the same time how to use the very largest wings, otherwise, you will fall like a meteorite and you will be crushed.”

The Queen looked very seriously at the supreme priest, but the King said to him: “My dear Iseues, you fail to answer? Are you paralysed? Has your child and pupil advanced so far that you cannot follow him anymore? What is being said here is worthy of Isis. Moreover, you dignitaries, counsellors, priests of Isis and scribes, I ask all of you: Why should I administer justice? Is this so incomprehensible? A priest of Isis has received the very greatest wings, is completely one with the Gods, should we not be grateful? Well, my dear Iseues, can you answer?”

My Father saved himself, but I had conquered. He said: “Can the pharaoh understand that the wonders, that are now being experienced, will make Isis great? But they come over us like a tidal wave, which floods the earth, and the water cannot be stemmed.”

“That is clear to me, dear Iseues, you are very tired, relax a while, and then you will be able to recover. However, I will administer justice. I invite you all to have dinner with us.”

To me and to all those present the pharaoh said: “I present this priest of Isis, who is worthy of possessing the very greatest wings, with my favourite animals, and all of you know what this means.”

There was joy all around me. Dectar came to me. This present actually meant that the honour of being a supreme priest of Isis had been bestowed on me. I returned to the earth and when I woke up the pharaoh asked me: “Priest of Isis, have you heard me?”

“May I thank the great pharaoh for this mighty present? The Gods of Isis want me to convey their gratitude as well.”

The Father of Isis thought it terrible. Next, we were together and profound talks followed. Myra came to me, but I took her to Dectar. Everyone asked questions and I had to answer them all.

The Queen asked: “Do you live in the wonders every moment, Priest of Isis?”

“The Gods willing, the wonders may be witnessed any time.”

“Can you experience all those wonders here as well, in our surroundings?”

I felt the danger that now threatened and answered: “The Gods give us mighty gifts, but every sacrifice is needed for that.”

“And if the Gods so wish?”

“I must obey the commands, great Queen, and I will accept them.”

“Would you like to serve your King in his surroundings?”

“I would be most grateful should the Gods bestow that honour on me.”

However, I had to control myself, for I felt what she wanted from me. Next she called her child and said to her: “Karina, tell the High Priest of Isis your dreams, the Gods will explain them.”

A stunningly beautiful being approached me. Judging from her looks, she was very serious, but her inner consciousness was empty. There was no feeling in her. She told me of her dreams, which were not dreams. They were meaningless thoughts and desires of an unnatural child. She soon left me, my answers were too deep and she could not follow them, although she pretended she understood me. I now followed all those present. Many of them were completely closed, yet I read into their souls and I could follow them. In this house were hatred, jealousy, envy, vanity and terror, although they now liked the idea of the higher and the wonders they had just learned to know. My leader let me observe a lot, for which I was most grateful.

They wanted to have my blood and I would at the same time be a counsellor of the pharaoh. Then I would be a different slave than I was right now. I subsequently received the message from my leader that I should speak to

the King about my work. It had escaped my attention and I also thanked my leader for that.

I asked: "Would the great pharaoh confer the right on me to note down all the experiences, which I am allowed to live through by the Gods? And would the pharaoh be prepared to inform the supreme priest of Isis, so that I receive his approval too?"

"If the Gods so wish, High Priest of Isis, and if you need help, I am prepared to assist you in everything."

He immediately informed the supreme priest, so that this had also been decided to my advantage. I thanked them again for everything. Subsequently, I showed them various wonders and dissolved before their eyes. Some of them thought it miraculous, but others became afraid. Dectar was in heaven and Myra with him, but the moment of returning home had arrived. We all took leave; the pharaoh's animals followed me, which was the very greatest present I had received. I really needed nothing more. The Father of Isis felt aged.

New sessions

At Isis we went on quietly. Our work required our full devotion and holy attention. It was only now that we could start. I asked them all to be present. They entered at the fixed hour and I disembodied. The supreme priest asked his first question: "Where are you, Priest of Isis?"

This was asked again and again to check whether there was consciousness in those who had disembodied. Next they began to observe, the winged being moved away and they went on.

I answered: "I am in the material space."

"So there is an invisible space?" This question again was a catch to test the winged being.

I said to him: "There is a visible and an invisible space. Your inner life is feeling and thinking, that is the soul which is invisible and belongs to the invisible world."

He asked: "When I die will my soul enter there?"

I found this a strange question and Dectar made me feel that such questions had not been asked before. He also found it strange, but I answered: "If there is great love in you, Father of Isis, you may go 'in' where there is light and the light awaits you. Should there be other powers in you, darkness would await you."

"Why love?"

"Because He, who created all of us is only love."

"Who is this 'He' about whom you speak?"

"The Gods of Isis say that we are all children of Him if we are prepared to follow Him."

"Can you see Him?"

"The Gods tell me that when I see all of you I see Him. You may see Him in the animals, the life of plants and flowers and in everything belonging to life. All of that is fundamentally He or the God of all life. All that life is like Him."

"Is that what He is called over there?"

"He is called here the only God of all life. Without Him we are nothing. You call me a God, which I am, if Life is in me."

Again he slipped back into his hatred for me and said: "If you ask for chastisement then say again that you are a God, and you can have it."

I was ready and answered: "If you knew who I am, and you know, you would now drop your mask, and your 'being old' will change into 'being a child' and return into it. We could experience great events and you would

follow Him, who wants us to be like Him. But if you go on hating, you will face darkness.”

“Do you know, Priest of Isis, to whom you are speaking?”

“Have you forgotten, Father of Isis, that I received the favourite animals of the pharaoh? That is associated with power and gives me a right to decide on life and death. You arm yourself the wrong way, supreme priest, for I approach you with all the love that is in me, which I also feel here and comes over me. But if you can neither forgive nor forget, then go and do not disturb our being one with the Gods anymore. However, if you wish to go on in this way, I will dissolve before your eyes and go to the King, the Head of Egypt. You may now follow your own choice.”

I saw him like a broken man, and he ordered Master Sma to ask questions in his place. This master, the only one who had some feeling left, asked his first question:

“Tell us, winged one, who is that God you are talking about, for there are many Gods we have learned to know, who taught you too.”

“Priests of Isis, listen. The wonders you have been able to follow were mighty and were given to us by the Gods. Other priests lived in the space where I am now, but none of them possessed those gifts, which I received from the Gods. But there is only one God.”

“We have heard your answers and we thank you. Are there rich and poor people?”

“Is a poor human being not a child of God? Can a God of Love make a distinction? He, the only God of all life, who created us human beings, and all other life, He is known here as the only God who decides on life and death. He is the God of stars, planets and suns, and will remain so eternally. Do you not look into previous lives when all of you are at the ‘meadow’? Then there will be consciousness in you, and you will know Him, the God of all of us. Those who live here also know and accept Him, the only God, the God of Love. This wisdom, priests of Isis, is thousands of moons ahead of all human beings.”

“You say that we are like He is, and that they can follow Him in the animals and all other life?”

“I will proceed if the scribes are ready. He' made all this life being born, masters of Isis. All of us returned to Him. Is this clear? Can you accept that we are all on our way to become like He is?”

“Can you see that, Priest of Isis?”

“I can follow all that life, Master Sma. I see it before me, but it can also be seen on earth. All of us go higher to reach the very highest heavens. It is always daytime here, and the human beings become ever more beautiful. All those who at present live on earth will be received here, but they must follow

Him. Not until then they behold the wonders in their own lives and acquire them. Those who follow Him cannot hate anymore and are forgiving, they love everything that lives, because it belongs to His life and they can accept the wonders they do not understand, which will nevertheless be wisdom for them. During life He makes room for him who has love and follows Him because He is light. The darkness must be conquered. What I see now is still unknown to you, these wonders are new to Isis, and they are only known here. If the Father of Isis feels this, the Gods will come to him and the masters of Isis will follow him.”

My leader was still prepared to help him, but he rose and left. We continued and Master Sma asked: “Priest of Isis, the wonders are mighty and we will gladly help you and assist you in everything now that the supreme priest has left. All of us are ready and we will see to it that no disturbances will occur anymore. We feel honoured that we are being instructed by the Gods and by the God of all of us. We now wait for the moment that we may ask questions.”

“The Gods want you to ask questions, Master Sma, I am ready too.”

“So death is everlasting life?”

“A very good and conscious question, Master Sma, do go on in this way.

Truly, death is everlasting life, because there is no death, in whatever form you may see life, nothing can die, there is only life.”

“Do the things that you see before you have names?”

“When I go to the darkness it is a sphere, but a dark one and there, as you all know already, human beings live who seek dark life. The luminous heavens are also called spheres, and the human beings are allowed to keep their own names, the trees and flowers, the birds and all other life are recognized in this way. But wherever I look there is life and all that life follows Him, only Him.”

“Are there many spheres?”

“I see a great deal of them, but it is said that I cannot see them all, for I have not yet advanced that far. The Gods say that every sphere is different and possesses beauty according to the light. All people who live here must acquire the laws and start that higher life, if they want to be able to reach those higher spheres.”

“That is new to Isis and we are very grateful to you. We ask: Is it definite that everyone who yearns for it will receive those higher worlds as his own possession and will receive wings?”

“Not one soul will be excluded from this miraculous development, all will proceed and one day will reach those heavens.”

“You say that all possess the great wings, but do you feel as a result of what?”

“Once they all lived on earth. Whatever their life on it has been like, they now live in the full and true light and will progress. They have advanced that far by giving their love to them, so it is only possible by love.”

“That is mighty, Priest of Isis. Are they conscious of that?”

“Those who live here follow a school of thought in beautiful Temples, but after that, all will set off and help the strangers they meet. As a result they will awaken and follow Him, who wants everyone to be helped. They follow the laws and get to know and understand them. At the location where the wonders are experienced, they go ‘in’ and the masters explain the wonders to them, and these wonders make them very great and conscious. All these human beings possess the great wings; they float through space and many other worlds and become the teachers of others. These wonders that we have now received, have been known to them for ages, for they awakened in them, and all these wonders therefore belong to them. They all understand the wonders and accept them, because they have got to know Him.”

“That is splendid. We are ready and ask: You say that all those human beings once lived on earth, was that always in one country?”

“You may accept, Master Sma, that all souls lived in all countries among all peoples and were part of them. There is not one soul on earth that has not been where people live, and it has belonged to all peoples.”

“Is that what made them awaken?”

“They all possess what Master Dectar now feels and has received. They live in salvation and happiness and are ‘conscious in all those lives. They were man and woman, child, brother and sister, the soul must follow and experience all those situations on earth should its inner life attain full consciousness.”

“It is beautiful, Master of Isis, and we are most grateful to you. The scribes are ready and we ask: Are there also animals, I mean the wild species, can you answer that for us?”

“The Gods say that your questions are very clear. The answer is: The wild species of animal evolves and receives other material bodies, in which the inner animal becomes conscious to proceed further and higher in this world as the perfect and highest species.”

“Your answer is perfect, Priest of Isis. What is the life of flowers and fruits like?”

“You have seen the flowers and you will now receive the fruits. The Gods of Isis are very satisfied.”

I saw from my world that my leader made them all happy. He made me answer: “Priests of Isis, you are now eating spiritual fruits, they have been given you by the Gods. Eat them, my friends, they will make you strong. I will now continue. The animals in this world all belong to the very highest species. The higher they go, the more beautiful they become and they will

be born again on other bodies just like we, souls, must experience it. All this life, priests of Isis, returns to Him and they are children of God, in whatever shape the inner animal may live. The wild species stays on earth and dies just like all hatred in us must dissolve before we can go higher. All these heavens are open to you if you can conquer yourself, otherwise, the gates remain closed until you bow your head and accept the laws.”

“Can the Gods explain all these wonders to you?”

“You can now explain many wonders, Masters of Isis, and follow what is known, for you belong to the very greatest wonder God has created. All of us are far ahead of the human beings, but you are priests of Isis and conscious so that you can follow me. Therefore, follow your own lives, everything is present in you, for you are part of all that power and strength and the laws belong to you. The Gods now ask you: You have been allowed to experience the wonders. Can you accept all these wonders?”

“Yes, Master of Isis, we are ready.”

“The Gods assign me the task to describe all these wonders, you can help me with it. If anyone among you is of the opinion that he should doubt all this, let him speak and you will receive the answer.”

“We are ready to assist you and we accept everything.

If the High Priest will accept our assistance we shall all be most grateful.”

“I thank you, Masters of Isis, our work can start and we shall accomplish it. Make up for what all of you have once done wrong and the light of this world will enter all of you. I return to you because the powers have been spent.”

Soon I was conscious again in my material life. We checked everything and parted company.

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I received the message from my leader that we were allowed to hold the sessions in a different way and that he himself would speak to them. At these sessions we would be addressed directly from that world, so that all masters would accept it. During these sessions a dignitary was again present who gave us the seal of the King. There would be no doubt about the reality. I sat down in the midst of them and went into a trance at a dim red light and the smell of herbs. This time, however, I stayed in my organism. My leader spoke to all of them from his world. His voice had been materialized and could be clearly heard. This is what he said:

“Priests of Isis, once again you now witness a great wonder, for the Gods

want you to hear me speak. You will receive new laws for the Temple of Isis. You read the existing laws to me, many of which will be discarded; other and better laws will take their place.”

The new laws of Isis

They all heard my leader say:

“Do not hate if you do not want to be hated.”

“At Isis there is one supreme priest who is called Father, but he will be Love.”

“The priests who represent the Temple with him are one with their King and they serve him as his counsellors.”

“Those who want to attain priesthood and enter the Temple receive a ‘loving’ protection, and are directly subordinate to the high priest and the Father of the Temple.”

“The astral walls of Isis and all houses, which cause the soul to live as a prisoner, will disappear. All are one and connected by ‘Love’.”

“The darkness remains but one can go ‘in’ by one’s own free will. This seclusion serves to approach Him, the God of all Gods.”

“The laws of instruction remain effective, but Love dominates all existing laws. Those who are great in ‘Love’ will receive the very greatest of wings.”

“The priest and the priestess can both be great in ‘Love’ and attain their being one in it.

Only after ten years can they receive this connection and the consecration will take place in the Temple of Isis.”

“The naturally gifted persons follow a different schooling as determined by the Father of the Temple and the high priests.”

“He who asks questions is entitled to do so by ‘Love’ and possesses the very greatest wings.”

“If questions are being asked which serve the questionnaire himself the others may expel this priest.”

“If a student priest is in possession of the very greatest wings and his consciousness is perfect, he may ask questions even though he is still only a student priest.”

My leader passed on many other laws and all those laws were written down. At the end he said to them all: “The Gods want you to follow all these laws and the pharaoh signs them. Other wisdom will follow.”

Then my leader left again, the masters had experienced a great miracle. When the updated laws had been formulated, we proceeded, and I lived in space again. Every day we congregated. My leader took me to other planets, descended with me into the waters and we received the depth of all those laws and miracles. For a few months we were one and connected and we received spiritual wisdom. During this time, we described my own experi-

ences; they all helped me. In the meantime, I disembodied and beyond my body, I received spiritual experiences, which made Isis great. We proceeded in this way until I received the message that the Father of the Temple was ill.

The death of Iseues

I asked him to be so kind as to receive me; I hoped that he wanted to see me one final time. I sent him my desire from feeling to feeling but he let me wait. In the evening I was called. The day before we had been at the court, my leader showed new wonders as a result of which I achieved what Iseues had never been able to. He returned to the Temple as an old man. I went up to him, and asked:

“Father of Isis, may your pupil help you? I am ready for you with all the powers I have, if, you will accept my assistance. My hands will raise you and you will be strong again and ready to make Isis great. All priests wish you happiness and strength.”

I received no answer. His eyes were bloodshot and I understood what he had done to himself. For a brief period of time, he had adjusted a deadly suggestion to himself, and in this way, he finished his own life. Next, he said to me: “I do not choose your poison.”

I remained quiet and answered: “Not for yourself, Father of Isis, but you had enough for my dear Mother and me. And you see, I am alive.”

He looked at me, sat up in his couch and shouted: “Go away from me, you satan, what are you doing here?”

“I have come to help you.

Did you recognize me? Dear Iseues, I am your child but I have no inherited properties from you, my blood is not injected, outwardly and inwardly I resemble my dear Mother. Even your material poison remained far from me, for Ardaty was a master.”

“Go away, you satan.”

“Indeed, Father Iseues, now you see clearly, a star rests on my head, my Mother was a princess; when I am with the King I live in my own house. Why do the animals come to me? They belong to me, Father Iseues, for they are my Mother’s. The Gods wanted me to receive them back and you have been able to follow that. Nevertheless, Father of Isis, now that you know who I am, I humbly bow my head to you. I come to my Father as a child and student priest and as a high priest. In all these personalities, I want to assist you with everything that is in me. I ask your forgiveness, I will make up for everything and forget, but the Temple of Isis will radiate, I must purge it from all poison. The spiritual fire scorched your wings and you fell down like a meteorite stone. But is it my will? You do not want to live any more because that cowardice resides in you. Cowardice and emptiness, that is all that is in you. Youth will triumph, Father Iseues, because the Gods so wish. Yet I ask

you: Will you accept my help? Can you forgive me?"

"Go away, darkness may come over you and yours. Your Mother asked me to make her my soul and she ..." He did not get any further. I jumped at him, but was suddenly stopped. Between us stood my Mother and with her was Ardaty.

She said to me: "My dear boy, would you really want to destroy everything? Do you want to burn your wings because the fire of hatred comes over you? You descend into hatred, dear Venry, and I warned you against it. Is that following what made you great? Is that being grateful? Is there Love in my child? Can I now be proud of you, dear Venry? Never do that, my boy, you degrade yourself. Return to yourself, Venry. You cannot help him if he does not want your assistance. In our world they are left to themselves until they bow their heads and are prepared to accept our help and start a different life. Go, my child, and finish your work. There is nothing left for you to do here. He will go 'in', dear Venry, because he wants to; no one can stop him. Do you see Ardaty? He smiles at you and we are very happy. Some day Lyra and you will be with us forever, dear Venry. My dear boy, go back to your work, your master is waiting for you. We will also return, for all danger is over now and you do not need my help anymore. The God of all of us guards his children, him too. Goodbye, my dear Venry. Do give our regards to Dectar. Goodbye, my boy."

I left, his poison followed me, but it did not harm me any more. I had forgiven him everything and was prepared to help him, but he did not need my help. The next morning we embalmed him and he was interred.

The pharaoh summoned me. I now became the Father of the Temple. Yet, my leader wanted him to appoint my successor. Master Sma would become my successor. The other priests accepted me.

In the years that went by, we finished our mighty work. We described the physical and mental mysteries and in addition, my own experiences which I had been allowed to receive through my leader. When we had finished, I presented this immense work to the pharaoh. The Head of Egypt would keep it; the new Isis was in his possession. I had dismantled the old 'Isis' through higher powers together with Dectar and the others who followed us. We were very happy, satisfied, and waited for new events.

The end of the Temple of Isis

My leader came to me and said: “Dear Venry, your time is very limited now, but our work is ready. Let us pray together and thank the Gods. You have been allowed to receive the wonders. Now look what I will show you and only tell the pharaoh when I let you feel it. He will watch over Isis and others after him. When the time comes that you feel that other wonders will happen I will be with you. Dectar and Myra will meet at the ‘meadow’. You cannot avoid the laws, nor can Lyra and Dectar; you will follow them as your Mother and Ardaty have experienced them. I will come back, but now I thank you for everything. Now look, dear Venry.”

An ominous darkness came over this country. Next, I saw that the waters burst their banks and the sky turned crimson as I had seen in my youth. I immediately understood this vision. Then my leader left.

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Soon I had reached the age of twenty-five. The weeks and months went by and summer neared. The evening of the day when the wonder would happen, I visited Dectar and Lyra. They should be ready when I would summon them. All others of the Temple could go wherever they wanted, everyone had to act according to his own feelings. The animals had already been taken care of. I had those of the pharaoh brought back to him; we were ready in every respect. Nothing disturbed our inner peace. In the afternoon, we had already been able to see the first phenomenon. A few years ago Dectar had properly and clearly seen what would now happen.

When I felt the first earthquake, I summoned Dectar and Lyra. Dectar soon fell asleep; he would meet Myra at the ‘meadow’. My master would free Myra from her material body. Lyra’s prayer had been heard by the Gods, we would be allowed to die together. Again, we felt a shock and shortly after I heard my leader say: “As you see, my children, I am here. I see that Dectar is already on his way and he will meet his soul at the ‘meadow’. Now, dear Venry, my task here is finished. Until there, my children, at the ‘meadow’.”

When my leader had finished we felt that the earth shook and was torn apart. I saw that the waters gushed over the earth; houses and buildings were knocked over. Isis perished.

When we felt the shock, we disembodied. At the same moment, Isis col-

lapsed and the cord connecting the two bodies was severed. Our material bodies were crushed, but we floated in the space I had been in so many times. The Temple of Isis had dissolved and with it all poison and lechery. I kept Lyra pressed to my heart and we looked at what the Gods had made disappear. A different Temple would take its place, the inner and spiritual Temple was ready. Subsequently, we extricated ourselves from this place and floated towards the 'meadow'.

When we arrived there, Myra and Dectar waited for us. We could now go for a short walk. Next, however, we saw a large light coming our way and from that heavenly light, my leader addressed us:

"Children of Isis, I am most grateful to all of you. You will all return to the earth. Myra is not ready yet and must finish her task in this life. I will help her with it and after this life she will also return to the earth. Isis is mighty now, my children. Isis gave all of you this great happiness, the consciousness of the 'meadow', for you all know that when the cord snaps the soul will dissolve and accept the new life as a spark.

My task is finished now, dear Venry, but once we will meet again. Dectar will receive the very greatest of wings; the Gods want him to receive them. Are you ready? You will live again and return here. Time is short, children. Hurry, the laws remain effective. At this place, we will meet again. May the God of all life bless you all. I will part and am very grateful to you."

We knelt down and thanked God for this great grace. Now we could start our walk. I felt that Dectar would soon dissolve and I also felt that both of us, Lyra and I, had to follow them. My dear friend would be ready. These were the laws of life and death and everyone had to experience them. They led the soul down and up, to riches, and poverty, terror and misery. Yet, all human beings had to return to the earth to make up.

Both of us were completely one with Myra and Dectar. I saw the moment before me when Dectar waited for Myra. He caught her with his hands outstretched to press his soul to his heart. Now they both led the way and we followed.

Dectar with his masculine beauty, Myra filled with love. Dectar had acquired his spiritual beauty in submissiveness as he had his great love for all life, by his willpower and prayer, by work and sorrow, grief and distress. This was a beauty and spiritual acquisition, which could not be compared with that on earth.

"Myra!" we heard him shout, this was the moment of her arrival. With a cry of joy, which expressed all his love and bliss, he passed into his soul and this being one brought them the silence; a silence which was heavenly and can only be felt by conscious souls, but in deep silence. Here people could only feel and those feelings were mighty and deep and their being one was

holy.

“Myra, my happiness, my soul. I am infinitely grateful to the Gods who have given us this grace that we are allowed to meet once more before I must pursue my further path of life. Your love will provide me with the strength to bear all grief and desires which will wait for me in my new material garment.

In that life I may possibly be non-conscious, yet I will feel and clearly recognize those feelings. There will be moments when my heart is filled with happiness, though I will not know then why I am so happy. It will be you, dear Myra, only you who will let me feel that happiness as we have been allowed to experience it in this life. I will then be able to bear all grief and sorrow and my burden will not be so heavy.

Myra, the Gods want it. The time has not yet come that we are allowed to stay together, but that time will happen, dear Myra, and then we shall be together forever. The gates of heaven will be opened to us and we will go ‘in’, and be received there. We shall be surrounded with those who truly love us and we will receive happiness and the everlasting bliss.

Oh, my dear Myra, if only all human beings would be prepared to understand this they would feel that all sorrow will pass, and that they should prepare themselves. If only they would understand that sorrow and grief are here to awaken and to serve, they too would feel no pain and could not collapse any more.

No soul will be excluded from this powerful and immense happiness, everyone will receive it. If they are prepared to awaken they will not lament and complain anymore, but all of them are non-conscious. They think that they really die and that it is all over. I ardently beseech the Gods to give me that mercy once more to be allowed to serve in one of my many lives, to wait and pray to be allowed to call you my own. I want to live and die for that and bear everything, yes, everything, Myra.

How grateful I will be if I may open the eyes of one of all those souls, so that it will get to know the heavenly glory of God and the ‘meadow’. By means of what lives in me I will open their inner life and awaken it. I shall show them that their material home is a prison, even if it is a Temple in which they live during their time on earth. But in that material home, dear Myra, in their own Temple, they can erect themselves a spiritual building the beauty of which surpasses everything, which they enter upon arrival at this side and receive the everlasting happiness. That will be their acquisition, dear Myra, earned by all those lives, and the Gods will bless both souls.

All this, soul of my soul, I wanted to tell you and I therefore beseech the Gods to let me serve just once more, so that my gifts and the wings will be perfect.

Oh, dear Myra, you will help me, consciously or non-consciously, wherev-

er you may live, you will support me anyway. You will live in my vicinity and give me the strength so that I will understand and be able to give everything until my soul is empty and we will return together.”

“Dectar, my life, my own life, my glory, my happiness, I ardently thank you. I earnestly thank the Gods for this mercy that now we are one and may remain one. I thank the Gods because we know that nothing can separate us and that you are the only soul among all those millions of souls that is mine, and belongs to me.

Dectar, my soul, my love, this is no farewell, it is the beginning of our future life and the first stone of our Temple, which we will build together. It will be a Temple, dear soul, finer and mightier than all earthly Temples, in order to receive all those who love.”

“Your words, my dear Myra, give me the strength to bear anything. They are my inspiration, also for the worldly life to come. However horrible my house may be, you will follow me. However rich I may be there, dear Myra, nothing can be compared with what we now know and possess and which will stay, grow and flourish in our deep inner life, so that we will achieve the very last consciousness on earth. Your love will keep me going and I will do my duty until the Gods say that it is good.

My life and my soul belong to you eternally, dear Myra. Those lives will also pass like a dream, sometimes in riches, then again in poverty, according to what we have to make up for.”

“We shall wait, dear Dectar, and when the Gods are satisfied they will give us that mercy and I will see and meet you on earth. But in one life we will be together, Dectar, one life together with Mother Earth and then we will serve for everything that we received from her in all those lives.”

“My darling, Myra, I will die for you, die a hundred times and I shall serve and work, which human beings cannot do because that consciousness is not in them. All that work I will lay into your hands, only for you, Myra, I shall do everything for you. For you I will build a Temple which, when compared with the pharaoh’s palace reduces the latter to a hovel. It will be surrounded with beautiful parks, flowers and plants. The birds will sing my song to you, the song of love and consciousness, of work and yearning, of serving, being one in everything, of sorrow, grief and understanding. The birds will sing to you the song of life, dear Myra, of death and being born, and our happiness will be eternal.

When we relax, dear Myra, the swans will come to us and increase our being one. They will put their heads on our laps. Heavenly happiness will then be in us, Myra, death nor life, no God will disturb our being one because we have overcome death and life.”

Dectar fell silent and a heavenly happiness shone over them. The Gods had

accomplished a holy and everlasting connection.

When Myra looked at Dectar with eyes shining with happiness, she saw him enveloped in a haze. Dectar was about to dissolve and return to the very first stage to be born. He was ready to fulfil his heavy task and to make up.

We went up to him, Lyra and I, and I said to my friend: "As you see, dear Dectar, you are dissolving already, you will become like the spark of God that inspires the young life and the wonder of which we have learned to know. You will grow in your Mother, perhaps in a different country, as man or woman, yet you will return to this life to prepare yourself again. Once your last life will come as will ours and maybe one of us is further ahead; yet we are one and shall remain so forever.

Go, my brother, the laws are effective."

Dectar dissolved before our eyes but Myra did not cry; there was depth in her and the silence of the 'meadow'. We knew this law and understood where he went.

I said to Myra: "Dear Myra, now you must return to your material body, but before you go I should tell you the following. Make everything clear to the pharaoh and the Queen and tell them everything of my life. They will understand why he did not receive my blood as I want to proceed and Lyra is my soul. Tell them, dear Myra, that 'love' is the highest gift we human beings can ever receive from the Gods, and that they must also get to know the 'meadow'. Tell both of them that they will return and that they may possibly be like the poor who have neither food nor drink and are this time their slaves. Explain to them, dear Myra, that everything they possess has been borrowed. You will finish your task, the Gods will bless your end."

Myra took leave from both of us and returned to her material body, but this time there was light around her. We both understood, but stayed behind alone.

A separation for many ages lay ahead of us.

"My soul, dear Lyra, the God of all life brought us together and we both represent Amon-Re, through whom we are alive. Happiness and wisdom are in us and we shall consciously experience this law. If we meet in other lives, you will perhaps not even recognize me. However, we will make up and build our own house like Dectar and Myra; we will build brick upon brick and make up. I see a lot of sorrow and grief, poverty and misery and the many wounds both of us have struck and which must be healed. We do not want to possess a royal crown, only love and consciousness. Every step is done with full consciousness, and reflects the return to Him.

If I am empty in other lives the feeling will nevertheless be in me and I will search so that reality will enter me. We do not possess anything yet, although we seriously intend to serve and to accept everything. Yet, we will achieve

that aim. The life that awaits me now requires a different consciousness; this life will fall asleep. I will receive a different name, Lyra, and live in another country and be part of a different people. Where will you be then? I will ask the Gods to wake me up.”

“My dear Venry, whatever name you may bear, this one is dear to me. Oh, I shall go on praying for wisdom and to be allowed to awaken. The question to be allowed to see and love you as I do now will be in me forever. Now let the silence enter you, Venry, let us kneel and pray, let me dissolve ‘in’ you, for I feel that this law also becomes effective in me.”

We were profoundly one and thanked the Gods for everything. I subsequently felt that formidable working come over me. I embraced Lyra still more closely and kissed her, but I experienced and had to accept that she dissolved in my arms.

“Oh, great God, forgive me my sins and faults. You are willing to forgive me everything but You cannot however much You would like to, for we are souls like You and we shall return to You. I thank You for everything.”

Next I felt that I grew lighter, the ‘meadow’ faded before my eyes, my consciousness became non-conscious, this holy space dissolved before me, a tremendous law entered me and became effective, and forced me to return to the earth. I passed into a different world and I was no longer aware of anything.

New lives

After having experienced my final life, I returned to life after death and saw into all my former lives. I had lived lives in which I bore children and possessed the 'Mother body', so that I got to know the laws. In that life, I met a soul I had to make up to, which I did with my own body. That soul descended into me and I had to accept that the mighty miracle became conscious in me. In that life I served, could only serve, and I gave myself in it.

In that life I experienced the mightiest miracle created by God. This miracle happened in me, my soul passed into that miracle, the young life arose from the darkness and became conscious in me. In that life, I was 'Mother'.

I saw many lives in which I experienced the law of 'cause and effect'. I experienced starvation and want, terrible pains, sicknesses and terrors, which can be experienced on earth when that life brings us slavery. I saw myself as a slave, was killed by others, yet to die again on earth after having reached my age and return to it. Again and again, I was attracted towards the earth by two souls, until there were no more souls on earth, which I had to make up to. And so I stood before my very last life on earth. I had made up for a mountain of misery, sorrow and grief, which I had caused to others.

In each life I searched for that 'love' which would understand me, but I did not find it. I lived in my own 'cause and effect', which meant sorrow and grief and awakening. However, I kept on yearning for that love, kept asking 'why' and 'what for'. There was sensitivity in me, a great deal of feeling and I was prepared to make up, but the means were beyond me. I travelled round the earth, poor, and then again sometimes rich. All peoples attracted my soul. From one race (see article 'There are no races' on rulof.org), I returned to the other, where I lived and had to make up; one law accomplished this: the law of 'cause and effect'.

One thing in me dominated in all those lives, the feeling of understanding and love. How I yearned for it, but wherever I lived I did not find my own love.

With the unsatisfactory feeling and the 'why' and 'what for' conscious in me as well as the immense yearning for that one love, I was ready again for my very last life, to return to the earth and finish my earthly lives.

My reincarnation on earth

We live in the fifteenth century. The piece of land to which I will take you now is situated in Catalonia on the border of the Mediterranean, in the region of Barcelona. I take you to a beautiful region where my cradle once stood. As the scion of an old noble family, lost riches, we nevertheless lived as a last memory of those rich days at a comfortable hall, the property of my parents, which they could not possibly part with. Their ancestors had lived and died here, others had performed great things there and all those reminiscences made my parents want to finish their lives here too.

I played in the garden with my dogs and other animals, which I possessed. My Mother called me: "Alonzo, where are you?"

I pretended not to hear her and went on playing. I had reached the age of five and was their only child; my brothers had already died at an early age. Again, she called me and I went up to her.

"What were you doing, Alonzo? Why did you not come straight away?"

"I played with my animals, Mother, but they will not obey me."

She looked at me with her stern eyes and asked: "Why do you want the animals to listen to you? You should leave them alone. Come, follow me, your Father wants to see you."

We entered the room of my Father who had been ill for quite some time. He embraced me ardently; I loved him very much, even more than my Mother. He understood me in everything. I always had words with my Mother, so that I felt more attracted to my Father.

"Now tell your Father what you were doing, Alonzo."

My Father asked, although he knew the answer right away: "What do you want with the animals, Alonzo?"

"I do not now, but they must listen to me and play with me."

My Mother said to my Father: "That shows you, Alonzo, this child has a horrible hobby and I think that nothing good will come of it."

"Why not let him, he wants to dominate the animals; later he will be a good ruler."

"Go, Alonzo", my Mother said to me, and I returned to my animals.

My Father soon recovered from his illness. And, when I was a little older he played with me and my animals.

The years went by and my love for animals became ever stronger. They tried to free me of those terrible feelings, but I remained as I was, to the grief and annoyance of my Mother. This caused us to drift apart, for she wanted me to give up my hobby. My Father regarded this as a highly developed

quality of character, which would disappear completely in the future and change into other strong qualities. My Mother kept demanding that I should do away with them, but I had my Father's help and I kept my pet animals.

When I was ten years old, he presented me with two young lions, which he had received for me from one of his friends. The animals were very nice and I played with them for days on end. However, shortly after my Father died, and my Mother stayed behind with me.

Her first decision she took was that my animals had to go. My begging and praying were of no avail; my pet animals had to go for they had embittered her life for years on end. I grew up and had a keen mind, but I was extremely sensitive. I absorbed what I had to learn but I retained my love for animals. In this way, my years of youth went by and I reached the age of eighteen. During the years that had passed I had nonetheless, though secretly, collected other species of animals and had accommodated them somewhere in my surroundings. My strongest desire was to possess a few wild animals again and I set out to make enquiries. After a long time, I again came into possession of two young lions. The animals soon adapted to me and they grew up to become two magnificent animals. The estates did not appeal to me, even more so, because I knew they no longer belonged to us. However, I was very fond of art and those were my only qualities that had come to full consciousness.

I felt attracted to my friend, a young poet, grandson of Spain's greatest son and we were good friends. He was a descendent of a famous family of artists and went by the name of Juan, which had once been the name of his grandfather.

In those years, other desires became conscious in me, that is to say for the invisible life. All those wonderful problems like death and being born forced themselves upon me and I wanted to get to know them. Juan was also highly interested in this field and we sometimes had serious discussions, which invariably touched all these problems. As a result, my fondness of the animals was somewhat pushed to the background. These new feelings and desires grew ever stronger and as I grew older there was only one desire left in me: to be allowed to know more about it. I could hardly talk with my Mother of it; and when that happened we did not understand each other. According to her, one should not be allowed to know all these problems, but had to accept exclusively what was being taught. To her this was religion, just that, and that was enough.

Yet, she followed me. One afternoon she asked me: "You have new qualities, Alonzo?"

I did not answer her because I did not want a dispute. She asked: "These are very strange too, Alonzo, they may even render you insane. Just what do

you want to do with those wild animals? Can they not tear themselves free? You are not a child anymore, Alonzo. You must do away with them!”

I still did not answer, but she said unrelentingly: “I want you to do away with them.”

Now I answered and asked at the same time: “Why are you afraid, Mother? Allow me this pleasure. Father did not mind. What else have I? Should I lock myself up here? Or perhaps work on the land which belongs to others?”

“Alonzo, I forbid you to speak like this. It is still our property and should not be neglected. You would be well advised to think more seriously about that than about all those hobbies, which come to nothing. In this way, we will not be able to stay here much longer. Are you a descendent of an old family? How different your brothers were! Your Father allowed you to keep the animals and it spoiled you. There is nothing you love.”

“Is it my fault that I am like this, Mother? Did you not receive what is in you? You must accept me the way I am. We come on earth and we do not know whence we came but that is the way God made me.”

“Alonzo!”

“I say nothing out of the ordinary, Mother, we are the way we are and cannot change it, we should only understand that it is good as it is. We will never be able to grasp the ‘why’ and ‘what for’ anyway, and the clergy does not know either.”

“Alonzo, how dare you!”

“I dare nothing, Mother, I say and feel something. I will do away with the animals, that will give you peace.”

That was the end of our talk of non-understanding, and she left.

My yearning for the invisible life

We did not understand each other. The older I grew, the wider became the gap between us. Her faith did not mean anything to me, much to her annoyance. But I could not change it, however much I wanted to.

When I came of age, I looked for my own way. One day she said to me: "You fall back, Alonzo, you are living the life of a gypsy."

Never before had she said anything like it to me. I looked at her and answered: "Our whole family is ..." but I did not get any further because she interrupted in a shout: "Alonzo, you forget yourself!"

"I am sorry, Mother, I am not aware of it."

She ignored my answer and went on: "You must break away from your friend and look for other friends. You have changed a lot, Alonzo. Oh, if your Father knew all this."

"You err, Mother, for I have not changed. My Father would also understand me in this respect. And my friend Juan has nothing to do with this."

"He is no friend for you and you do not go to church anymore. You have even lost your faith and that happened because of this devilish searching of you. It causes me a lot of grief."

"What else should I do, Mother? The church does not give me any satisfaction. You always hear the same until you are bored stiff, the same over and over again."

"You are a heathen, but I will watch over your faith."

"Better be a good heathen than a bad Christian."

"Alonzo!"

"If I were you, Mother, I would do nothing. You are only making it more difficult for yourself and me. I will not stop it anyway, I shall search and go on searching, nothing will stop me. The saying goes: Examine all things and keep what is good. I search and will search until my end on earth. What the church says is of no significance to me. Maybe to you and others, but not to me. Juan is not bad. Should he not be my friend because he is poor? And what does descent mean, what does do money and property mean?"

"Oh, if only Geraldo were alive, he was so different."

"Like you are yourself, Mother? You see Geraldo from your own life, your own way of thinking and feeling. You want to see me, as you are yourself. Why do you think that Geraldo would be different?"

"I do not find your character in our whole family. Nor do your poetical leanings occur in our family. All this searching is devilish. However, I will consult my priest."

“No, Mother, it would put an even greater distance between us, for I do not want to talk about myself with those people. They know nothing about it and according to them, I am possessed by the devil. I do not want to be converted. I am oblivious of any harm. You are overstrained, Mother, and you should take a rest. Is anything the matter, Mother?”

She did not answer me and went away. It was strange, very strange. I hardly recognized her, but I had not changed in any way with regard to her. I discussed it with Juan, but omitted that particular subject.

“What do you think, Juan?”

“Has she got commitments, Alonzo? To whom does the estate belong?”

“I know those gentlemen, but she wants me to change my life and to take a bit more care of the estate, but I shall not work for others on our own soil. I will leave the country if this situation does not change. Do tell me, Juan, why are people so different? Why did God create all those kinds of people? Not one person is like the other, no one understands you.”

“And your Father, Alonzo?”

“Really, Juan, he understood me perfectly. And it is these very people which you lose. My Mother is arrogant, she always has. It is only now that I begin to see her the way she is. She wants me to live as she sees life. But I cannot can't, Juan. I do not want to have my life lived. And yet I wonder why those desires are in me, Juan. Why this searching for reality? Why do I want the animals to listen to me? Why do you want to write poetry and sing of life in your poems? You cannot but do this; you do not serve any other purpose. You must and shall write poetry, but why? Would this have a meaning, Juan? Why does Carlo want to picture life: and why has everyone his own desires? Not one human being really remains himself and knows himself; all of us are mysteries. If only my Mother wanted to understand me, I would settle things for myself. If I do what she wants I will have my life lived for me, Juan, and I do not want that. No, my friend, I shall go on, I must know, otherwise, I will not settle down.

Why am I the way I am now? Is it because of God? I know your answer, Juan. Of course, my ancestors, but that has no meaning for me anymore. The soul should be an entity. Every soul is itself, Juan. Why does my Mother want me to live as she sees life? She thinks that her religion is the right one, the only good one, but it means nothing to me. But why? She says that my character cannot be found in our whole family. Explain this mystery to me, Juan. You cannot? You do not know and yet that is where this entity resides. The feelings of a gypsy are in me, there is nothing in me that stems from her. Now is this not a mystery? It is incomprehensible, yet all our feelings have a meaning. It is very useful to think a lot about it, Juan; otherwise, you will never get anywhere. It is worthwhile to learn to know all these mysteries.

Can you do something more useful on earth? Life itself is the great mystery, Juan. To see and feel in it is most essential, the only natural thing. Then you get to know day, night and the animals, in short everything, but above all yourself.

Then you descend into all those mysteries, Juan, and you understand what dying means. Why do you not sing of all these mysteries in your poems? Now they are living dead, not until then will your artistic products live, Juan. Ah, my friend, do not feel hurt. I honestly mean it. You do not feel space, Juan, you will never achieve it if you don't seek, don't feel from where you have come and where you will go."

"Do you not know that, Alonzo?"

"I no longer believe that, Juan. I cannot accept that everything ends with this short life and that we are then ready to receive the eternal bliss. The way they teach us is not natural, Juan. How can a God of Love damn His children and allow them to experience eternal damnation?"

"Do not go too deeply into it, Alonzo. This path is a dangerous one, you know how powerful the church is."

"I do not care about the church, Juan. My Mother may consult whom she wants, I go my own way."

"You are too sensitive, Alonzo, too serious and too lonely. You lock yourself up too much and will never find out about it anyway; the great mystery will remain a mystery for you too."

"There are many mysteries and I must know. You do not think, Juan. Sing in your poems of all those mysteries. Ask us, human beings, to feel and think. Ask about life; look for it in the countryside, sing of all this injustice. But you dare not, you are afraid, afraid of the church."

"My poems are empty, but is not that emptiness also in you?"

"You possess something, Juan, you possess art, I am only a searcher. Do you not really feel what I mean? I have nothing, I am not gifted, but you and Carlo can serve, yourself and others, but you do not feel it.

Oh, I wished that I possessed it, how would my poems be? I would talk about damnation and all those injustices. You can show us all those mysteries; you can go deeper and deeper, always further until you are empty and feel nothing anymore. Your life would have been well spent. But what about me I come to nothing. I just go on searching and asking and no one gives me an answer. Must we return to God, Juan; but how? Should we really reach the very highest heavens in one short life? Do you believe this nonsense? Look at all those people, Juan, look how they live, how they think and feel. Can all those people reach the highest heavens? It is not possible, Juan, but then what? Can you answer me?"

"No, Alonzo, I cannot and no one else can. You ask too much, you search

too deeply; it is not human anymore. You do not live on earth, but you float in space.”

“I float and you walk on earth and yet you want to float, to rise above everything, but you fail to do so because you do not want to. There is emptiness in me, of course, I have nothing and I am nothing, Juan. Does that satisfy you? Are you satisfied with this art? Does your inspiration go any deeper? Do you call this happiness? Does your art touch on genuineness? Is there depth in it?

Good heavens, Juan, do float, dare to float, carry us to those regions, far away from this narrowness, and let us feel that there is more than we so far know and understand.

Oh, if only I had something in my own hands, if God gave me what you possess, I would not be afraid of anything, I would dedicate my own life, Juan, and to be able to do that is delightful. It is the only thing that makes life worth being lived.”

“You are rebellious, Alonzo.”

“Do you call this rebellious? Is there dissatisfaction in me? Then we do not speak the same language, Juan; you do not understand me for I am not rebellious. I only want to know, I feel and think and search and shall go on searching. I do not revolt against all this, but I get dissatisfied because I do not accept that God can damn us. My searching and feeling are natural, but strange, because I search too deeply and my feelings do not become conscious. I am a different person than you are, Juan, and yet you too are searching, you implore to be granted to know. And you want to serve, to open our eyes and yet you yourself seek. We had better stop, for it won't bring us any further.”

I left. The years went by and I became twenty-six. My animals had not been able to solve the mystery for me but my yearning to be allowed to know became ever stronger. The gap between my Mother and I could not be bridged either. I had deprived her of that possibility, now that I ignored my descent and went my own way.

One day a priest paid me a visit, but he soon left none the wiser. My predilection for animals returned in me and again I began to impose my will on them. By concentration, I got the animals under control so that I could do with them what I wanted. My Mother thought it a pointless tomfoolery but I did not give up.

When my favourite dog littered, this was also a great and deep wonder to me. I watched the mother animal day and night for I found it mysterious. Seven puppies were born. Just like that. They had grown in its body and come to consciousness. This too was a great wonder to me.

Oh, that nature, that incomprehensible nature. I prayed to God day and

night to be allowed to understand and know about His Life. But God did not hear me and remained far away from us, human beings. But whence did life pass into these little animals and into us, human beings? From where? How did this wonder happen? How natural all this came about. How simple it actually was and yet so deep, so immensely deep, so that I expected to become insane, merely as a result of my searching.

Did I ask too much? Was I not allowed to seek? Did my Mother have the truth? Was her faith the only one and did it suffice? For what reason was I really on earth? Why did I seek, did I feel all this injustice and did this feeling live in me? Had this birth any meaning? Had all these animals to be born? Did they also pass into heaven? What purpose did all these animals actually serve? Human life did not differ much from that of the animal. Man was conscious, he could think and feel, the animals also felt and thought, though somewhat differently. Yet we went one way, all were born and had to die again. Moreover, was all this life on earth only once?

I could not accept that. I could not get at it, but I went on seeking.

The mystery of life and death

I had not seen my friends for some months and I wanted to pay them a visit. Right from the beginning, our conversation was again about all those problems. Juan asked: "Well, Alonzo, is there life after death?"

"I have not got any further, Juan. But how are you? Do your poems live? I thought your latest poems were beautiful, Juan. Can you see through the problems now? Have you come a bit closer to yourself and life?"

"You are the most sensitive one of all of us, Alonzo", Carlo said, "so you should know. Or do you not get any further?"

"Sometimes I think I know, Carlo, but then everything is gone again and I am completely empty. But it comes out of my inner self."

"So you have come a little closer to yourself, Alonzo?"

"Yes, Juan. You think I am insane, but I, who am speaking now, I must get to know. That is where the secret of everything resides and he is the one who thinks, feels and speaks, he, who is called Alonzo. This will die, but I will remain alive eternally. I do not yet know how that life will be, but I shall find out one day. Sometimes I see myself in other countries, Carlo. I do not know how that comes over me, but I clearly see it before me."

"You lose yourself, Alonzo, you will soon be insane."

"I warned you beforehand, Carlo, if you think like that, you are unnatural. I know, yet I feel all those problems in me; the mighty mystery resides in me. You laugh but I assure you that it is true. Of course, I cannot prove it, I only feel it, that is all."

"Those are your own desires, Alonzo."

"That is quite possible, Juan, but who experiences those feelings?"

"You of course, who else?"

"But who is this 'I', Juan? You cannot answer that question."

"It is you, who else."

"My brains, Juan? And those brains will die when I must die myself?"

"I really believe that you have made some progress, Alonzo."

"I did not progress, Carlo, I only got a bit closer to myself. There is no damnation. Burning eternally? That is a horror, which only serves to frighten people. The soul is an entity, it is the essential part of our whole being, which remains alive and cannot be burnt. In this short life heaven cannot be reached, at any rate, not the heaven where God gives us human beings perfection. Geraldo is closest to nature and feels it. Do you not, Geraldo?"

"Tell me, Alonzo, where do you get all these feelings from?"

"I think and feel, Geraldo, for days on end, and I try to reach my aim

in this way. There is something in me, which tells me to go on with this in order to get to know the mystery. I cannot possibly tell you what it really is, but sometimes I feel and understand everything. Then I talk to the animals and myself. My dog answers me and understands me perfectly. You think that I am going insane, but I am still myself and quite normal. When I feel everything more profoundly I am no longer myself and have discarded my consciousness, but then I live in someone else. That is very strange too. But I will reach my aim.”

“You want to become a seer, Alonzo?”

“No, Juan, when you have truly awakened you can see through things. But we are living dead, all of us. This has nothing to do with perception.”

“Do you know anything about the dying process yet, Alonzo?”

“No, Geraldo, I do not yet know anything, but I feel something.”

“We shall make an arrangement, Alonzo. The one of us who will die first and live there, and is conscious, should come down to tell us who are still on earth about it.”

“I accept that arrangement at once, Juan.”

“It is a splendid idea, Juan.”

“In that way we will, at any rate, make some progress, Geraldo.”

I left. A gypsy had told me that it was possible to speak with the dead and in what way it should be done. A few weeks later, I visited my friends and we discussed it. I persuaded them to come to me and do some tests. Perhaps we would make some headway. At the fixed hour, they called on me and we would begin. For this purpose, I had a small wooden box, which had belonged to my Father. As the gypsy said, the deceased would make the box move and the questioning could start.

My father

The wooden box stood on the table and our hands kept in touch with the object. The wooden box would start to shift by itself. To the left means 'no' and to the right 'yes'. It could not be simpler.

At first, we had a good laugh but soon we were anxious. What would happen? Would the box really move to and fro? It was not long before the box moved back and forth. We all thought that the others made it move, yet we felt something peculiar come into the wood, it was as if it vibrated. It moved rapidly over the table but nobody at that time dared ask questions.

Then I asked: "Is there life?"

The others started laughing. Carlo said: "Do you not live, Alonzo?"

"You are right, Carlo, my question is not clear, I must ask something else."

"Do you see, Alonzo, that the box seems to wait?"

"The box listens, Alonzo, it is sensitive and waits for another question."

Now I said to the wooden object: "If you want to, go to the left, which means 'no'. To the right then means 'yes'."

I asked new questions: "Is there life after death?"

"Yes", the box answered.

"Well, what did I tell you", Carlo said sarcastically. "Is there life or is there not?"

Juan asked: "Well, Alonzo, are you not happy now?"

"Now do remain serious for a moment, do me that favour, maybe we shall get a little wiser through that box."

Again, I asked: "Are you a human being?"

"Yes", it answered, but Carlo continued: "Have you seen God already?"

"No", the box said.

"You see, Alonzo, the box is serious."

"You may feel and think what you want, Juan, but there is something the matter with the box. I cannot tell you what it is, but it is as if the wood lives, as if there is movement in it."

"Neither of us have seen God", Carlo answered the box. "We seek and go on seeking. I would indeed like to know on behalf of Alonzo, it is necessary for him, otherwise, he might lose his senses."

"No", the box said, and was now beyond our control, for it tore away from under our hands and banged on the floor.

"Well, what did I tell you, Alonzo?" Carlo scoffed. "It gathers momentum and develops character. Now let us ask more questions."

I asked: "Is there no hell?"

The box remained where it was and I thought I understood and asked again: "Is there an eternally burning hell?"

"No."

We stopped for a moment to discuss the situation. Geraldo said: "Those are our own desires, Alonzo. You do not want an everlasting hell and that is why the box said no."

"But where did this sudden power come from, Geraldo?"

"The chest tore off the table because of our trembling, Alonzo."

"That is nonsense, Juan, I do not tremble, why should I? Let us try again, but remain serious this time."

When we had put our hands on the box, it moved to the picture of my Father. I did not understand it at all, but suddenly I thought I felt it and asked: "Do you know that person?"

"Yes", the box said.

"Do you know that he is my Father?"

"Yes", it answered and at the same time the box moved up to me and forced itself upon me. The very moment when the box moved up and touched me I had a thought and said to my friends: "Now listen to me, I have an idea. What about writing down the ABC and making a pointer so that letter by letter can be indicated, next we stop and make sentences."

They thought it a splendid idea and we made something similar. The alphabet was clearly legible. Juan and I held the pointer. At once, it rushed over the table and in a circle searching for the letters. Geraldo was to write everything down.

We soon received: "I am your Father, Alonzo, do not scoff at this possibility of communicating."

None of us knew what to say, but the pointer spelled: "Do it alone, Alonzo. Sit down and I will try to write through you. The others cannot accept it and you will not make any progress. Sit down, my boy."

I did what my Father – if he was my Father – wanted me to do and sat down. My hand began to move beyond my control; I had lost control over my arm. When I had written for quite a while my hand stopped by itself and we deciphered the text. I read: "My child, my Alonzo, there is no death, there is only life, eternal life. Go on, Alonzo, I shall come again and we will do so at regular intervals. Enough for today."

We could not decipher the other letters, but this was clear. My friends thought it very interesting but could not accept it. Next, they left.

When I was alone I tried again, but my hand did not write. I felt that I had to wait until the next evening. At that hour, something happened that frightened me very much.

I was thrown off my chair and rolled over the floor. Yet I did not give up

and sat down again. This time it went better and my hand wrote. This writing occurred beyond my control. A different power guided my hand and that power was so enormous that I had no control over my own limb anymore. It was therefore clear to me that my arm was being guided. That power was conscious, it wrote so it could think. I remained perfectly conscious and was aware of what I experienced. I did not care whether an angel or Satan himself wrote, someone actually did write. I need not doubt, these phenomena were real and I therefore surrendered completely. I could follow the writing, though it went amazingly quick. I continued writing until midnight when my hand stopped. I looked at what my hand had written and read the following:

“What on earth are you seeking, Alonzo? It is so very near you, for you live in it. As I said before, I live, and I am your Father. However, there are many more human beings present here. All of them died and they make it difficult for me. Your Mother is worried and she discusses it too much with her priest. You must allow me to come back to you again when you may ask questions. I will try to answer all your questions, Alonzo.”

I did not read any further, I sat down at once and asked: “Is it you, Father?”

My hand wrote: “Yes, Alonzo, I am your Father.”

“Can you prove that to me?”

“You love animals, Alonzo.”

“Yes, that is correct. Can you give me additional proof that you are my Father?”

“Your brother Geraldo is here with me and he died very young.”

“That is also correct, Father, it is perfectly true, I believe it is you. Can Geraldo say something?”

“No, not yet, maybe later on.”

“May I ask a few more questions?”

“Yes, Alonzo, do not hesitate to go on.”

“Why is it, Father, that there is such an immense yearning in me to be allowed to know more about all those wonders?”

“You are conscious about those things, Alonzo.”

“But where did I get this consciousness from?”

“From your many lives, Alonzo, we have been on earth repeatedly.”

“I beg your pardon, Father?”

“We spend many lives on earth, so not just once.”

“Your language is very clear, Father, and I am most happy. May I ask some more questions?”

“What are they, my boy?”

“Is there a hell?”

“Yes, Alonzo, there is a hell but it is different from what the church says.

Tell this to your Mother, she must know too.”

“She will not accept it, Father.”

“That does not matter, Alonzo, as long as you tell her.”

“And is there a purgatory, Father?”

“That is here too, Alonzo.”

“Just as we are being taught?”

“No, it is different, there is darkness there.”

“How interesting, Father. Do you know how happy I am?”

“I have been with you for a long time, Alonzo, but you did not feel or see me.”

“Could I acquire that?”

“No, not yet, but I am always here and I will help you.”

“What do you do there, Father?”

“I have got my tasks here as well, Alonzo. I cannot be idle. I help many people proceed so that they can start their own lives.”

“That is wonderful, Father. And Geraldo?”

“I do not see Geraldo all the time, just once in a while, for he has his own tasks too.”

“Have you met your Father?”

It proceeded very rapidly now and he answered through my hand: “Yes, Alonzo, my Mother too, she has been very nice to me. I have also met my friend who had an accident. Mother told you about it, he is often with me.”

“It is miraculous, Father. What should I do, speak with Mother?”

“Do not hesitate to talk about it, but she must know herself whether she will accept or not, that does not matter, do talk about it.”

“She wants to free me from all my feelings, Father.”

“I know, Alonzo, but you must know yourself what you want and how you want to live your life.”

“That is clear, Father.”

“Do not forget, Alonzo, these matters are very serious.”

“What do you mean, Father?”

“There will be times which are very gloomy and then there will be danger.”

“For me?”

“Yes, for you and your friends, Alonzo. But rest assured that it is I who talks to you now. You must accept that you are connected with reality, Alonzo. There should be no doubt in you; otherwise, you will be in a tight spot. We must stop now, for others will come, they are unnatural and will bring you lies and deceit. Goodbye, my boy, goodnight.”

Yet I tried again and this time my hand wrote. I was startled when I read what had been written. It said that my friend Juan had suddenly died. I ran away and wanted to visit him to convince myself. I found him in his room.

He was alive. Yet, I read out to him what my Father had said.

“So you see, Alonzo, I still belong to the living, but what is said is very clear.”

My enthusiasm had all at once been dulled, but I did not give up yet. I went home, and in the morning, I spoke to my Mother about it.

“You should listen to me, Mother. You know what I do. I received messages from Father; he lives and is all right. There is no death, Mother, there is only life and that life goes on. Neither is there hell and purgatory, as the clergy believe. It is miraculous, Mother, how clear it is what Father had said.”

I waited for an answer. She looked at me in a cool and stern way and said: “I will leave here if you do not stop these devilish doings. I do not want to hear anymore about it. Do you understand?”

I knew enough now but I did not want to give up. The next evening I sat down again and waited. Soon my Father began to write again and he said to me: “Mother does not want to hear about it, does she, Alonzo?”

“Do you know about it?”

“I was in the room, Alonzo, and I heard you talking to her.”

“She cannot be reached, Father.”

“No, Alonzo, and she will talk it over with her priest. Are you afraid of the church, Alonzo?”

“No, Father. May I ask questions?”

“Yes, my boy.”

“Who wrote through me that my friend had died?”

“You should not have sat at the table again, Alonzo. I warned you against lies and deceit but you did not listen to me.”

“So it was not you?”

“No, Alonzo.”

“Are you happy, Father?”

“I am very happy, Alonzo.”

“Are you there with others, I mean here in my room?”

“Yes, very many want to write but that is not right.”

“Do you know God?”

“Yes, but in a different way than the human beings on earth know Him.”

“In what way then, Father?”

“God is invisible, yet God is known by His work. We human beings, the animals, light and darkness and the universe, all of that is God.”

“Have you become a heretic, Father?”

“That is the danger, Alonzo, and that danger is very great.”

“Now I understand you, Father, you are very clear.” I did not know what more to ask and yet there were so many questions in me. My Father wrote: “You had better stop now, Alonzo, and go to sleep, you are tired.”

But I could not detach myself and asked: "Tell me something about your new life, Father."

"All of you will arrive in this land, Alonzo. You will go either to the darkness or to the light. But that is up to you. Always seek the good and you will see the light. Do not deviate from this way, Alonzo, but do know why you go on. When hard times come you must know what you want all the same."

"What does this mean, Father?"

"You may experience hard times, my boy, but be sure that I will help you. You shall see me here again, Alonzo. God is just and he is Love; so, do not do bad things if you want to see and receive the light. Be particularly careful with the church, Alonzo, only with the church."

"Why are you so anxious, Father?"

"As I said, hard times may develop. And now go to sleep."

"Will you come back to me, Father?"

"Just once more, Alonzo. After that, I will not be able to come to you anymore. However, there is someone with me here who will write through you, but tomorrow. Now go to sleep, Alonzo, I greet you, your Father."

I discussed all these wonders with my friends, but they could not accept them, much to my regret. Juan could not accept them either; just that one message had deprived him of all faith.

I asked him: "And what about what was said in respect of the church, Juan?"

"What should I say about that, is there really danger?"

"Not yet, but it may come."

"Just be careful, Alonzo, you go too far. You should not have discussed it with your Mother. She talks about it."

"I am already a heretic as far as she is concerned, Juan. Nevertheless, I will go on. I am not afraid for I know now that I am connected with reality."

"Do you want us to publish this letter, Alonzo?"

"Oh yes, please do, Juan, but do not put a name under it."

"Alright, I will see to that."

A leader

A few days later I was connected with my Father again. I did not have to wait long and I asked: "Are you here, Father?"

"Yes, my boy, but I am not alone."

"Who is with you?"

"There is someone with me who has a lot to tell. He will take over my task. He will bring you beautiful thoughts. Be happy, Alonzo, this spirit is Love."

"How can I thank you, Father. You do not know how grateful I am to you."

"Now listen to me for a moment, Alonzo. After this, I will go. You will experience hard times, but you know now that I live and that one day I will wait for you on this side. You must be strong and firm, my boy, and I am very proud of you. This is your faith, Alonzo, and nothing else. I give you Gerardo's regards. I cannot see your other brother, for he is to return to earth."

"Do you mean that, Father?"

"Did I not tell you, Alonzo, that we live on earth repeatedly?"

"It is so incredible, Father."

"And yet, my boy, the real truth. The Creator of heaven and earth wanted it this way. We must accept this."

"Who will accept it, Father?"

"You, my boy, and all those who can feel and are conscious. I must now make room for a master and I ask you to give him all your love. He is very great and powerful. Will you, my boy?"

"There is nothing I want more, Father."

"Our gathering was only short, my child, but it is God's will."

"I will not stop you, Father, and I shall do my best. Just one more question. So you approve of my going on?"

"I would ask for nothing better than that, my boy."

"I mean, Father, that I give myself entirely to it?"

"Listen, Alonzo, to what the master has got to tell me. I will pass his thoughts on to you. Do not the things of your Father come before everything on earth?"

"How exalted, Father, I have no words for it and I am delighted right now to receive my master."

"Will you listen again, Alonzo?"

"Gladly, Father."

"When silence is in and around you, when the day makes way for the night and those who sleep dream of beautiful things, which they do not see

but nevertheless feel, when your soul is open and you feel my silence, I will come to you. The night will dissolve before you and your prayer will be the love which comes and enters you from afar.”

“Beautiful, Father, oh, let me write, let me receive this stranger. I am ready. I am prepared to do everything and open my heart for him.”

“You will receive him, Alonzo. I shall leave now. Goodbye, my boy.”

“Goodbye, Father, I thank you.”

My hand stopped writing. Next, silence came over me and again my hand wrote: “Good evening, child of the earth. I come to you and bring you a message; it is a message of happiness, peace and consciousness. I ask you to write exclusively at night and only three times in the period, which is called a week on earth. So spread these times and I will come to you. You may ask questions.”

“Who are you, spiritual master, are you a butterfly and are your colours visible?”

“Truly, my friend, I have got wings and my colours are those of a rainbow during bright sunshine. You do not know these colours and your eyes could not bear my light because your soul is not open.”

“I wish you good evening. Enter my humble dwelling, stranger, and sit down. I thank you cordially. It would seem to me that you are ready, your eloquence is perfect.”

“I thank you, earthly friend, for this warm reception which delights me like the soft hand of a mother caressing the child and whose happiness is consequently very great.”

“Are you a poet?”

“How can you ask such a question? Is not everyone who feels and knows life a poet? Can you go ‘in’, into that which God has created without bowing your head? Can there be other thoughts in you when you feel restfulness, peace and happiness? There is then love in you and he who feels your love is a poet of life. The language you write down emerges from what the soul feels; the soul is very deep and touches eternity. Is not the farmer on his land a poet of the field? What he plants will grow and flower. Follow that, my friend, and you will see Him who wrote poetry in the silence and this silence is called working.”

I thought of my friends, what they would think of this, but the stranger wrote: “Do not rejoice at those who are blind and yet have eyes to see. They cannot accept this reality, because they are non-conscious. They are not ready for these wonders, my friend, but those who feel inwardly are very grateful to you; they eagerly read what we write down through you. They are like children, friend of the earth, for the older ones are not conscious.”

“Why is there so much injustice?”

“In your eyes all those events are unjust. To me they only mean working and returning to God.”

“You surely do not mean to say that it is good and means love?”

“I am pleased to see and feel working in you, which is really rebelling and failing to understand the wonders. Otherwise, I would go away for it is no use speaking with the living dead. All those people must be born again and it is impossible to wait for that event. But I ask you, dear friend, who spoke about ‘love?’”

“I understand, thank you.”

“I spoke of working, there is only working, there has never been injustice.”

“Yet I see injustice everywhere and man perishes, is that the intention?”

“We only know working, there is no evil on earth, nor injustice, everything is ‘cause and effect’, which means working and making up.”

“No one will accept that.”

“Do you know that the punishment you get is the settlement of a deed once committed?”

“Your words are very deep, stranger.”

“When you are punished and you know that you have to make up, what then are your feelings?”

“I would be grateful and happy for it is not until then that I can get on.”

“Look here, my friend, the wonders performed by my Father have a deeper meaning than you human beings see and feel as an injustice.”

“Now I understand you, but what about all that misery on earth?”

“When you give alms to a beggar, do you ask what he does with them when you part with your donation?”

“You are very deep, master, but what does that mean?”

“God gave you His own life, gave you and me everything, and did He ask: What do you do with your own life, which is actually My life?”

“What are you trying to say?”

“That God does not tolerate injustice, poverty, grief or sorrow. God gave everything, God gave His own life, but, my friend, what has our life been like?”

“You make me afraid, master, your words are like those of a heathen and to those who call themselves priests, you are devilish.”

“Are you conscious of previous lives?”

“I do not even know that this is possible.”

“Have you been able to follow nature in all its stages?”

“Yes, for I love animals very much.”

“Very true, but only to impose your will on them, and little else.”

“You know about that?”

“I even knew you before you were born, dear friend.”

“I beg your pardon?”

“I can see into your inner life. I knew you hundreds of years ago.”

“But that cannot be accepted, can it?”

“You are in doubt, that is quite obvious, for you are not conscious. Yours is a question of those who despair, who are in doubt and question all the wonders, because the soul is not open. I repeat, you do not know nature, you are non-conscious in earthly life. You do not know life.

Did not God give the birds what belongs to the bird? Why is there night on earth? And why light and darkness in our world? Why are you there and do I live in my own heaven? Accept that I have been allowed to know God and also that whatever I say, I mean every word of it.”

“I am ashamed, master, my disbelief is horrible.”

“If those feelings were not in you, you would be living dead, the good and evil are in us. He, my friend, who recognizes both deserves to live, he is mighty and deep and will go ‘in’ into my Father’s house.”

“Christ said that!”

“Do you know, dear friend, that I am his son and that your animals are his children?”

Profanation came into my mind and the following was immediately written: “Your thoughts are him or hers who does not know God and yet speaks of Him.”

“Everything you say is mighty, stranger, I am grateful to you.”

“If those powers were in you, you would not need me, but the doors of your soul are closed, however, you are ready to follow me.”

“Are you convinced that I earnestly want to?”

“Are you convinced, friend of the earth, that you will smile at your God even when your heart breaks? Even then when you are burnt alive?”

It gave me a fright; my Mother had talked about that, which was the danger of the church.

I asked: “Will it then be so difficult to smile?”

“I ask you: Do you know the devil and his tricks?”

“Has that anything to do with my feeling?”

“Is there complete surrender in you, my friend, and do you want to experience the wonders?”

“Oh yes, with the greatest of pleasure.”

“Would you give everything for your God and are you ready to love, however life may be? Even then, my friend, when darkness comes over you? Well then, you may ask me questions and I will answer all of them. Ponder all this and I shall return to you. I greet you.”

I perused all this and thought it miraculous. Everything was exalted, but deep. I visited my friends in the afternoon and read everything out to them.

I found their answer terrible.

Juan said: "You must ask him, Alonzo, whether he is God himself."

I became angry. "You are blind, spiritually non-conscious."

"Better be careful, Alonzo, otherwise, you might become insane. This is devilish."

"I had expected you to feel this, Carlo."

"He is a heathen, Alonzo, and too dangerous for us."

"Do you mean that, Juan?"

"I need not mean that, Alonzo, you read it out to us yourself."

I left; they could not have offended me more. They could not be reached.

The days went by and I was very sad. I yearned to be allowed to receive the stranger. At the fixed hour I sat down and waited. Next, my hand began to write.

"Good evening, my friend, as you see I have come back to you. Have you any questions? Why are you so sad, so influenced? Is that because of your friends?"

"Do you know about that?"

"I was with you and heard you speak to them."

"That cheers me up and it makes me happy, now I feel fully cured. It tells me that you are prepared to help me. I am ready."

"Did I not warn you? They are blind. Is my language so improbable? Do not let it disturb you, Alonzo. All of them are living dead. I have come to you to awaken you. You may ask questions."

"Tell me what I should do."

"Are not my words clear enough? Go your own way, Alonzo, and you will not regret it. They cannot be helped yet. I am not God, Alonzo, however, I do my best to be a child of God, but I do not need their advice. Their lives pass in non-consciousness. Do you want to follow them? Good, my friend, I will go away."

"For heaven's sake, stay."

"What you should do, Alonzo? You can do a useful job in many respects. Open yourself, if you want to and I will come to you. Rejoice about your own life and that of others and, prepare yourself so that life can come to you. Do not grasp for things that are beyond your own ability and feeling; otherwise, you will collapse, my friend, and all others with you. In what way do you think you can get to know your God? As you see, I too can ask questions and you must try to answer them."

"Is there life after death, master?"

"What a naive question, my friend. The way you think and feel is not clear. You relapse. Your friends have hurt you. I write through you, do I not?"

"So I belong to the living dead?"

“Such questions can only be posed by living dead, Alonzo, but the feeling is in you, otherwise, I would leave.”

“Can you forgive me?”

“There is nothing to forgive, Alonzo. Of course, there is life after death. Do you conceive the wonders of God to be that puny? Only for those who think they possess art and are without feeling; their art is without inspiration; they do not know what inspiration is. If you devote your own life, Alonzo, you can only do so physically, spiritually is not even possible, because you are nothing. I am nothing either and God knows all of us.”

“What do you mean by devote?”

“Christ gave his own life for every soul and we who are living in the light are also ready, but we are at the same time afraid that they think they love us physically and that is not the intention.”

“What you say just now is very instructive, master.”

“I should think so, Alonzo, but it is deep, it touches eternal life. All of us are prepared to devote our lives, Alonzo, to everyone, every soul, man or woman; we are prepared. That is very difficult on earth because this love is not understood. They think of a material being and it is the soul, it gives, it serves, it goes ‘in’, Alonzo, in everything because we follow Christ. When God awakens in you, you will follow Christ. Then you are ready to give yourself completely and it is only then that inspiration is in you. But be careful, my friend, it is holy ardour which is not felt and understood, because it is so rare. This ardour lives in and around you; it is the prayer of the animal that loves its children and it is accepting real life. You can devote your life to the happiness of others and that is mighty, very mighty, Alonzo. However, do realize that you can only follow Christ and that all love on earth has no meaning if that which is eternal is lost.”

“You mean to say that I should give myself completely?”

“During life on earth that is only possible once. Yet, you may give yourself in many other situations, but God demands it only once from us all and then it is perfect. Then you live; you are inspired. You live in reality and are prepared to accept everything. In that way, you learn to know life and you know that more species will live in one animal, but that this life has to follow its own way.

You again believe that I am talking nonsense, but my soul is full of it and I know what I am saying. It is not easy for me to make these thoughts clear to you, because anger and temper are in you and your personality has been hurt. Your gloominess reminds me of Peter, when the cock crowed three times, he knew what his Master had said to him. His disbelief was far from him then, and Peter went ‘in’.”

“What do you mean by ‘going in’, master?”

“‘Going in’ means giving everything, experiencing the pure and natural, seeing and hearing, so that you go through it. Those who go ‘in’ pose different questions and are conscious. Today you cannot ask me questions, you are obsessed by the insensitivity of your friends, and yet you ask to be opened. You might see me, but your soul is closed and ‘going in’ into the wonders of God cannot be given you.”

“What do you mean by opening, stranger?”

“Did not Christ open the apostles one by one? Were they prepared for all those wonders? Moreover, are those wonders different for your world than for us? Have not we who are now living here, all been on earth? Indeed, Alonzo, our way of feeling and thinking differs from that on earth, but we are prepared to give everything, for we want to get to know true love and we have received this love because we went ‘in’. Christ has taught us to look for it in ourselves and then to serve, serve for others so that we are prepared to devote body and soul. If you want to accept my light, Alonzo, I say to you, go ‘in’ and you will live. All those who possess light here are awake and conscious, Alonzo, and they understand their own life and that of others. If you cannot open yourself I consider my time wasted. It is now more natural for me to go away so that you can sleep, for you are tired and there is emptiness in you. For today, you are satisfied, but by the poison of those who can hurt you. I will go for the waters of life, Alonzo, and fill myself completely so that I may quench your thirst when I return. Do not forget to go to sleep. I shall return to you at our fixed hour. You are alone.”

When he had left and I read everything over, I suddenly tore it all up, for I did not understand it at all. It was enough to drive one mad. I was possessed and Satan wrote through me. Fear sneaked into my soul, fear of the many possibilities I felt. The next day I went to work and wanted to devote myself completely to worldly things. My Mother said that a priest would come again and I fully consented. A few days ago, I had shown him the door, but now I agreed to everything and obeyed.

The reverend came and said: “Your Mother, dear sir, has summoned me and you know why I come to you. Therefore, we can make it short. Do you not know that you are liable to punishment by the church? I request you for your own sake to stop that. Your seeking is absolutely devilish. You seek connection with Satan. You defile your own environment and make your Mother’s life unbearable. You err and will damn yourself forever if you continue to defile your Father’s house. Your Mother cannot stay here, you drive her away. A child of God and a heretic under one roof, that is impossible.”

I looked at the priest as he continued: “Yet, it is not too late; you may come to us and confess, then all your sins will be forgiven. Let us pray.”

A lengthy prayer followed, he prayed rosary after rosary, but his murmur-

ing suddenly woke me up. All those cold meaningless thoughts made me shiver and tremble for anger and annoyance. I saw his God and my own God suddenly before me, and at once, I was convinced that I knew what he wanted, whom he served and what his faith was like. I listened but I was in a cold sweat. When he stopped, I asked: "What do I owe you, reverend? But do not forget that I am indigent. The animals walking around here are sick, otherwise, I would like to fill your sheds."

"Are you mad? How dare you! I demand that you take all these words back, you are possessed and your illness is infectious. Satan is in you; Satan lives in this house. Your Mother must go away, away from here. I will take measures, do you hear? You cannot be helped, your poison is devilish and you will receive eternal damnation."

He ran away back to his church. My Mother entered and said that she would leave.

"Listen, Mother, before you go away I want to tell you this. I am neither possessed nor ill, if I am ever to know what to do; then it is right now. I do not do wrong things and my seeking will not make me bad. Stay here, Mother, do not leave me alone. What will my Father say about this?"

"You are possessed, Alonzo, my mind is made up, Satan lives here."

"Good, Mother, you go your own way, I will follow mine. One day your eyes will also be opened."

My Mother left and I was not even sad. "Go, my dear Mother, do not hesitate to go, but I will not follow your church."

I went to my room and looked for the torn up sheets of paper, but I knew everything, suddenly consciousness had come over me. The stranger had meant well, now everything was clear to me. Suddenly, this wonder had come over me. How grateful I was, how happy that I had remained myself. This is awake, this is conscious; theirs is living dead, now I follow him and all those who gave their lives for all this.

Good heavens, how clear everything was to me now. How true and natural is everything that has been given me from that world.

The same night I sat down and received the following message: "Did your church collapse, Alonzo? You are a heretic and they are now praying for you. Have you got to know him and his God? Why do you say such terrible things, Alonzo? You must try to see everything clearly and retain the good, do not destroy everything. They are non-conscious, Alonzo."

"Just why do you still come to me?"

"Did I not tell you that I wanted to open you? But if you think that you can do so yourself I will go straight away and not return anymore."

"For heaven's sake stay, do not leave."

"It is my intention to open you, just that, which is very much for you and

others, for you will then see the things as they are and you can take measures.”

“I should not have spoken in this way?”

“You may speak as you like, but you might have said it in a different way. Do not forget, Alonzo, that he is blind and without feeling.”

“Why did I suddenly understand everything?”

“I want to open you.”

“You?”

“Yes, I, if you want to accept me. The words you spoke were not mine, I let you see, that very suddenly.”

“Then I am grateful to you. Why do I hate all those people?”

“Because you know priesthood, Alonzo.”

“I? What makes you say that?”

“You see, Alonzo, we are now where I want to feel and think and where I try to open you. Once you were a priest, and a very great priest at that.”

“Do you mean that?”

“In our world we do not talk about things that have to do with lies and deceit, otherwise, I would belong to those who do not possess light and around me there is light. However, we do not get on in this way and you must be ready before things happen. Do you hear me?”

“You write the words, I cannot hear you. A moment ago I thought I felt you.”

“If I would descend deep into you, Alonzo, I could open you and you could follow and understand me in everything, for there are many wonders in you that have sunk into oblivion. When the soul returns to the earth, it forgets everything from that past life, because the present life dominates and is very serious. It can only be felt and that feeling is mighty.”

Your Mother went away, her love for the church is greater than for you. You are God’s own life; her faith is merely childish consciousness. Nevertheless, she is also God’s child but she must still awaken. Do not think evil of her, Alonzo, she does not know any better. But what will happen, Alonzo, before she feels and sees her God as we have learned to know him? She went away because you spoke about wonders, which she does not feel or know; yet she is very powerful in her own struggle, but she can never go ‘in’. Her way leads nowhere, Alonzo, and all of them are heretics, do you hear me, heretics, precisely because they pray so much. Go on loving her, for what did God’s Son teach us?

To be able to do that, you must see things as they are, Alonzo. The good and true things cannot be destroyed, neither hers nor the priest’s, nobody’s.

Do you feel, my friend, that we all possess a small particle of reality? All of us must awaken, be opened spiritually, including she who seeks her God

and thinks she has found Him. That is why I have come to you and I want to help you, because your life touches mine.”

“What shall I do with these writings?”

“You need not do anything, Alonzo, you have already done everything. There was a time when you were conscious of all God’s wonders and laws. Now, however, there is feeling in you and we shall open that together. You must be able to take action in all conscious and non-conscious feelings, because you should know whom you want to follow: yourself or God, Christ or the devil.

You go one way, Alonzo, you cannot proceed differently, because you experience cause and effect as every soul has to experience it. Those feelings suddenly rose from your inner life and you knew what to say. However, they too are God’s children. Now is that so strange?”

“No, master, it is clear to me and I am very grateful to you.”

“As I told you, Alonzo, I bring you a message. Are you satisfied?”

“Yes, master, even if you have got nothing more to say I am most grateful right now. Tell me, stranger, what danger is threatening me?”

“There is sadness in you, is there not? Nothing threatens but it lives in you. It belongs to you, Alonzo. It is present in your soul and it is part of your whole personality. Can there be sadness in you, now that you get to know the wonders? Alonzo, believe me, when your coffin is lowered you yourself will watch what you have served. And you will be grateful to God for what you will then observe and your consciousness will be perfect. Those who stay behind and cry their eyes out, Alonzo, are not conscious. The heavens wait for them because they are open and feel that God is only love. It is also possible for you to back up others who die with you and whom you open, Alonzo, so that your love will make them happy. If you are prepared and God calls you as one of His children, this can only mean mercy for you and all those who experience this.”

“You present me with something, you want to prepare me, but what for?”

“Did I not say, Alonzo, that I want to open you? And I do this with all my heart, with everything that is in me. Do not start loving me, Alonzo, like people do to whom one opens oneself, do not do that. Otherwise, I will leave, never to return to you, for you would not have understood me.”

“Why are you so offhand? Is it so easy to hurt you, master?”

“A very natural question, Alonzo. No, my friend, I am not, but I do not want to waste my powers, Alonzo, your love belongs to someone else. You must accept me as I am. To love me as is done on earth, because you receive something from me, is not known in this world. I would have to go then.”

“How tough you are.”

“Do you call this tough? I am on my way to serve, Alonzo. Not to receive

love, but to give love. But woe to you if you do not feel me so that your personality speaks and you think that I love you because of your personality. In our life we are as free as a bird but we devote ourselves completely. If you are prepared to accept this love, I will be your master and I am ahead of you, yet I am your servant. The depth of my love and of all those who live here touches spirituality and has been developed by sorrow and grief. We follow God's Holy Child; we love everything that lives, Alonzo, because we must return to God. Who is ready to receive this love from us? Those who understand, who feel and can accept, who are prepared to learn that their soul is being opened."

"You are prepared to devote your life to everyone?"

"Yes, indeed, Alonzo, for every soul if it is ready."

"Right now, I expect, that you have nothing to lose?"

"How naive you still are. In this life, I can lose everything. Light and spiritual consciousness are in me. I dedicate all I have when I give myself completely, for I can lose myself in this respect as well. And that means sorrow and grief and we are not understood. This failure to understand us breaks our heart, Alonzo, because we then experience that we are seen as material beings; whereas we thought that we were already on our way, so that this higher consciousness, the only and very last thing remaining in our life is seen as perfect unity."

"You are very deep, master. Our life is different and we shall soon lose ourselves in it."

"When you can lose yourself, Alonzo, then receiving everything resides beyond it. It is God's will that we will die again and again, but by dying we enter a different and higher consciousness."

"That is very clear to me and I understand that perfectly. But can this be applied here?"

"Precisely on earth, Alonzo. In our world, it is far more difficult. On earth, you have everything. You can help others in a variety of ways and you do not only serve others but yourself as well. Nobody does something for others, Alonzo, we do everything for ourselves and as a result we proceed.

That is not clear, is it?

You see how difficult it all is. It will now also be clear to you that we do not want to receive love. We do not give or serve because we must receive something in return, Alonzo. Christ gave Himself completely and we too want to follow Him. When I have yet to accept that you love me, my serving is not complete because I awakened other feelings in you. I must be able to serve in full consciousness in order to be able to proceed further and higher, but this way of serving has got nothing to do with my own personality. All who are on this side want to give themselves completely; they dedicate them-

selves and do that for anyone. If they are not understood, Alonzo, those who receive will be left to their own devices until they can accept, only that which opens them and makes the soul awaken. Just that, Alonzo.”

“It is mighty to serve in that way, master.”

“Look at God’s Child, Alonzo, forever, eternally, and you will follow true love. Life on earth serves to experience all these laws. This means that ‘cause and effect’ is present in every soul and all must accept what life on earth enforces on them.

If the holy ardour, called inspiration, comes over you, then be careful, my friend, otherwise, you will be looked upon as being possessed. And that is terrible because you will be on your own and will not be understood, but never forget that we must be alone in order to be able to reach perfection. Those who awaken get on their way to help others. And so we are all on our way and serve. One day, Alonzo, this will come to an end and then we will be ready to receive the holiest of things and understand the life of God.”

“I am very grateful to you.”

“So am I, Alonzo, because you are prepared to listen to me and you understand that I am only here to open you. You no doubt feel, my friend, that it is a school, for it is all up to us and we must acquire that knowledge, only then shall we be able to help others.

If you think that you can give everything you have, then devote your all and you will receive God and go ‘in’. Then you see God’s life awaken in the human soul, which is the awakening of the spiritual personality. When that holiness is in you, the holiest fire burns in you which is called inspiration, and which radiates from you and over all those who want to receive.”

“It is beautiful, master, but are you preparing me for something?”

“Did I not tell you that I wanted to open you? It requires a lot of power but you are awakening now.”

“Is it so dangerous to awaken?”

“Indeed, for you will not be understood.”

“Is it possible that I will see you one day?”

“One day you will see and recognize me.”

“That is remarkable too. Then what?”

“Then you will be conscious of your own lives like no mortal soul on earth is. Only then will you understand your inner happiness. There will be a different consciousness in you, so that you can see in many lives.”

“Is that possible?”

“For God everything is possible. On this side you will learn to know yourself and you will see all your Fathers, Mothers, brothers and sisters.”

“I beg your pardon?”

“We have thousands of parents and you too bore children.”

“That means that I have been man and woman, or yet have to be?”

“However improbable it may seem, Alonzo, I am speaking of holy wonders and we human beings have to experience those wonders as inner life, as soul. God created us human beings, and all other life. Animal life has to follow this way too.”

“You go ever deeper, I cannot follow you anymore.”

“And yet the consciousness is in you, all these wonders are in you, so you already received them.”

“But I am unaware of them.”

“The feeling which resides in you, which is you yourself, and which the soul acquired and is felt as feeling, touches this consciousness which manifests itself in your searching and yearning. If this is clear to you, Alonzo, you will feel that the soul must acquire all of these feelings, which requires many lives. It cannot be accomplished in one short earthly life. We return to God, never forget.”

“It is hard to accept and yet it seems so natural to me.”

“You see, Alonzo, you are awakening and become conscious. There have been lives in which all of us were mother and experienced the laws and wonders of God. Can you accept this, Alonzo?”

“You go very deep, my brain cannot digest this.”

“I could go even further and tell you that you have known all these wonders, that you once lived in the laws and received all those wonders. As I told you, once you were a great priest.”

“You are speaking like a God.”

“Again you think of profanation, I assure you that I am only a child and that I am working to make a good child of myself.”

“Do you walk there like we have to here?”

“This question is not clear either, Alonzo. Do you know how far away my heaven is from this place?”

“No, I do not.”

“When I would speak of billions of days’ march it will give you a fright. When I tell you that my heaven lies here in this room you cannot accept that. Yet, Alonzo, you would need millions of years to cover this distance and you would still have to accept that you are unable to reach my heaven. I ask you: Can I cover that distance walking in just one second?”

“Where do you take me?”

“I take you between life and death, my friend, and you will learn to know the laws, in that way I will open you. Do you know, Alonzo, that I travel faster than light? That I move as fast as my thoughts?”

“Now you become interesting, stranger. How is that possible?”

“I have the speed of thought. When I want to go to the earth and visit you

I adjust myself to it, I fly through space as quick as lightning, and I am one with you. I can go wherever I want, space belongs to me.”

“That is miraculous. Shall I also receive that grace?”

“If you want to open your inner self, yes, Alonzo, everyone will. However, holy seriousness is needed for that and a strong personality. Then your time is valuable and there is no time to waste.”

“You frighten me.”

“Is there fear in you? Of what, death? Now that you know there is no death?”

“No, a thousand times no, master, I am not afraid of death. You have taken away that fear from me. I am most grateful to you for it and I will remain so, even though you do not want my love.”

“That is not the intention either, Alonzo, however much I like to receive your love, but you must accept my personality as it is, and not love my person. You must see and feel the life of God in me, and loving that will open you. Then you follow my own life and you will go ‘in’ into that which is eternal.”

“I am beginning to understand you, master, I am prepared to follow you in everything.”

“You see, Alonzo, in that case I could be ready. I could go away for a while so that you may assimilate and experience all this. You should never forget that I can always come to you, wherever you are, even if you were in the bowels of the earth. When you have advanced that far and you think that you still need me, you can call me. Well, what about it, Alonzo?”

“I think it is a good idea for I must assimilate this, which requires some time. I will discuss it again with my friends; perhaps they have now advanced that far. Would you please return to me after that?”

“But of course, Alonzo, you may rely upon me. Now listen, my friend, I will call you, pronounce your name.”

“I heard a soft voice say: ‘ALONZO ... A..L..O..N..Z..O.’ ”

“If you hear this again, my friend, you hear me and I will come to you. Are we ready for that?”

“Yes, master, I thank you.”

“Do not forget anything, Alonzo, be strong and I assure you that you will receive divine love and learn to know my God and yours, the God of all life.”

“I see your light, is that possible?”

“Very good, Alonzo, I wanted to manifest myself.”

“You are beautiful, oh, how bright is your light.”

“You will acquire this light, Alonzo, and much of it is in you. I go now and I shall come back to you. God bless you, my friend, I will help you in everything.”

The stranger left and I collapsed in my chair as a horrible fear over came me. Yet I tried to sleep, and after a while I did indeed fall asleep, I felt that this happened through other powers.

My death; Carma

The King gave an order to appoint inquisitors and I became the victim of the inquisition.

After having held my last session I relaxed for a while to digest all the pieces of writing. I visited my friends, but none of them believed me, and they declared me insane. I had not seen my Mother since then. Suddenly, the persecution broke out and I was one of the first to be confined.

At night I was arrested in my bed. We were in all about fifty men and women; we were locked in barred pens because all prisons were packed and we waited for our sentence.

There were people of all social circles. Beside me stood a young woman; she was not sad. I thought her admirable and I felt attracted to her, because the others hung their head and were lost in thought. Her eyes radiated strength and personality, consciousness and complete surrender; there was no sign of fear in her. Her entire being radiated tenderness and deep love towards me, this struck me as benevolent. I had had little or no contact with women but this young woman had something that touched me, which I did not yet understand. I felt something in her, which my master had spoken of, and this could only be the serving feeling. In her was what I had been allowed to acquire in this short period and why my Mother had left me, which meant devoting the whole personality. I tried to find out why she was here and asked: "Have you gone astray?"

She immediately understood me and answered: "They say that I am a witch and a bad mother for my child, and that is why I am here. And you?"

"I do not know yet, but I assume that I am suspected to have concluded an agreement with the devil."

"Why with the devil?"

"I wanted to get to know death and now it is near me."

"And do you know it?"

"Yes, I know it if everything is as I feel, but then happiness awaits me and I will go 'in'."

"You go 'in'?"

"Is that so unclear? 'Going in' means being able to surrender completely. What is your view on this?"

"I am not afraid of death. There is something within me that tells me that there is no death, and that there is eternal life after this life."

"That is beautiful, you do not find many people like you. And your child? Where is your child?"

“My child is where you are talking of; it died a few days ago.” Next she looked in front of her and was lost in thought. Her thoughts were deep.

After a while I asked: “How old are you?”

“I am twenty-six.”

“Still that young and yet having to die?”

“Is life here worth being lived? Are you happy? Do you expect to stay alive? Have you still got parents?”

“My Father died, but my Mother is still alive, and yours?”

“My Father is still alive, but my Mother died long ago. I am alone in this large world.”

“And your husband? Is he dead too?”

“No, he is not dead, but I do not know where he is.”

“So all alone on earth?”

“Yes, alone and yet not alone for I have my God.”

Her eyes shone when she spoke of her God, her faith was very strong.

Meanwhile, night had fallen and we all tried to have some sleep. The people were mad, and the church was possessed by the devil. The warder came and informed us that I along with others, including the young woman, would be questioned the next morning. A depressing silence fell. The jeering of the crowd, a devilish yelling reached our ears. It was impossible to sleep, nobody could, everyone thought of oneself or of others and of death. Everybody’s face reflected fear, horror, and many shrunk with sorrow. Others again were in high spirits and hoped to be acquitted. I continued my discussion with this young woman and asked: “Is there no fear in you? And what is your name?”

“There is no fear in me and my name is Carma. Are you of noble birth? Judging by what I see, I would say so. Is your family not protected? What is your name?”

“Alonzo.”

I gave her a brief description of my whole life up to the moment that I was detained. Next, she told me all about herself. She had been rich, had enjoyed a good education, but later, at the age of seventeen, her happiness had been brutally disturbed and her young life wrecked.

I answered her and said: “No, Carma, there is no fear in me and my family does not mean anything to me. I am not afraid of death. The nearer it comes to me, the quieter I become, a mighty all-embracing tranquillity comes over me.”

“Come a little closer, Alonzo, I have got to tell you something.”

I did as she asked and she pressed a kiss on my mouth, looked at me like a little innocent child and waited for my reaction.

“Do you know, Carma, that this is my first kiss?”

“That is exactly why, dear friend, you are like a child and I love children very much. Will you accept this?”

“I am most grateful to you, Carma.”

A feeling of warmth and understanding rose from my inner life. I suddenly knew that I loved her very much and I would marry her at once if I were free. In her was that unnatural warmth, which is not understood on earth. I spoke to her and declared my love to her.

“You, big child, can you love me just like that, in this condition? Presently, we will not be here anymore, Alonzo. Maybe you or I will proceed alone and they extend mercy on us and everything will be forgotten.”

“How can you say such harsh words? Are my words that weak? Do I radiate lies and deceit?”

“If your Mother knew she would set you free, Alonzo. I am only a woman; I did not take care of my child and, as the saying goes, I did not go to confession. That is why I have to die. They know that I gave herbs to sick people and I know the verdict for that as well. I am a witch, Alonzo.”

“Did you cure people, Carma? From whom did you get that knowledge?”

“That is in me, Alonzo. Even as a child, I saw powers in nature to cure sick people. I sought and found and I cured the sick. It is quite harmless, but in their eyes, I am a witch. When you look at the sky now you will be killed, Alonzo. That is why they will burn me alive. My poor body cannot help what my soul, I myself did, can it?”

“Have you advanced that far? Do you know yourself, Carma? You speak of soul and body, that is only known to but a few human beings on earth.”

“It is in me, Alonzo, so I received it from God when a child, you cannot learn such things, we human beings must experience them.”

“It is miraculous, Carma.”

“You will live, Alonzo, but I shall die for it and I will gladly die.”

“You are a happy child, Carma.”

“I am, Alonzo, only now am I happy. Oh, Alonzo, come, kiss me, and press me to your heart. I am so dizzy, Alonzo, love has entered me, only love.”

She collapsed. I grasped the water jug and sprinkled some water on her head and face.

“Oh, my Carma, do remain conscious, let us talk a bit.”

I prayed for help, my master would no doubt help me. After a little while she raised her eyes and looked at me.

“Did you think that I am weak, Alonzo? While fainting, I floated away from the earth and I saw a green ‘meadow’ and we were together in it. Could this be an omen, Alonzo? Oh, it was so very beautiful there. And the silence I felt, oh Alonzo, for that I am prepared to be burnt alive. But would you be prepared to follow me there?”

“Gladly, with pleasure, Carma.”

“It must be the silence you told me about, Alonzo. It is heavenly there. But it lasted only a short moment; next, I was sent back to my body. I felt that cold and woke up. Do you think, Alonzo, that it is there where your stranger lives and where we will go when our bodies have been burnt?”

“You saw, Carma. You were outside your organism. That is a wonder, you have gifts. I see it before me. The stranger did not tell me about that, but he would have, had I not been here. This is an omen, Carma. My Father spoke about it. He too. We are going to die together, if I may follow you.”

The others did not understand us and let those loving young human beings do as they liked and they were all pleased. They granted us this great happiness for which we were very grateful.

“Carma, how much do I love you. Now I know, no, I feel that I am your Alonzo.”

“And I am your Carma. We will die together, Alonzo, and I will stay close to you. You are my new life, and I shall stay with you forever.”

The others were beginning to get anxious for daytime was nearing. One complained and wailed that his work had not been finished; another cursed all people, invoked God and the devil then burst into tears. Others again already felt their own death and this death was horrible. Two elderly people had collapsed and could not be aroused. Others uttered fearful noises so that I thought that my heart would break. Is there a God? Many shouted similar things; they were no longer themselves.

I put courage into them. “Why is there fear in you? Why do you curse your God? Have you not learned to know Him yet in your long life?”

“Still so young”, someone said, “yet so full of courage and vitality. Are you not afraid of death?”

“But that is quite natural, is it not”, someone else said, “these children are in love, they possess inspiration, holy fire, they know no danger.”

“Love makes powerful”, a third said. Silence fell again.

The warder entered. The hour of departure approached and we had to prepare ourselves. Our names were called; we belonged to the very first.

“You stay with me, Alonzo? We will go together and I shall be very strong.”

“Be quiet, little heroine.”

“We are going to marry, Alonzo, and our journey is to the stake. We will invite some guests and welcome them there.”

“I admire you, Carma. Oh, my soul, I love you so much.”

“Why do you say soul, Alonzo?”

“I do not know, Carma, it suddenly escaped me.”

The warder took us away. Soon we neared the building where the inquisitors were waiting for us. Many people went in and out. Old men and

mothers, even children were carried away. Our names were called off. Carma would come after me, for each of us was given a number. We attended the first trial; the culprit was a man advanced in years. He was an atheist, a great heretic. The verdict was brief and to the point. He collapsed and was unconscious. He was sentenced to death by the stake. As he was dragged away, number two followed. He received the same verdict but remained himself. Numbers three and four fared no differently. They showed no mercy here. It was not even possible to defend oneself. It was as simple as that. All followed one path, straight to death. My name was called and I stepped forward.

“There is someone”, they said to me, “who beseeches you to say that it is not true.”

My Mother, but I felt my dear Carma. Was there anyone for her? I did not consider it for a moment and said: “What I did and said is the holy truth. I am a seeker. Tell my Mother that her house is empty; nothing will frighten her anymore. Do what you must do.”

After some sneering laughter, the verdict was pronounced: the stake. I stepped back. Carma was tried. They read out what she was here for and she answered: “Is it bad to cure sick people? My child had my own faith and our God is Love.”

There was a short discussion and the verdict read: the stake.

We were taken away, back to the place to wait. We thanked God that we were together again. The sentence would be executed the next morning. Some were already carried off in the afternoon. The church disposed of all heretics. Faith was purified of every stain. We stood in our corner and waited. Those who left were covered with a cloth, but that was only for a moment, then they had to live through it, see everything beforehand, the people asked for it. To see human beings die was not daily routine and all sensation would have gone. Many convicts collapsed and were laid on the stake unconscious.

“Will you be brave, Carma?”

She looked at me and I felt a tremendous power come over me. “Do you not feel, Alonzo, how I strong I am, now that you love me? Now that you will die with me, I am very happy. Oh, my Alonzo, let us be grateful to God. I am so happy that you are mine and I feel so very much one with you. You are as I am, Alonzo, like the yearning to learn to know this love has always been in me. Would God know us? Would God know, Alonzo, that I will gladly die? Now that I have been allowed to know you, Alonzo, I am most deeply grateful to God for everything. I want to follow you, Alonzo, follow you in everything, wherever you may go. Obedient love is in me, only now, and I feel very strong with it. Feel, Alonzo, how powerful my heart beats for you, only out of happiness and gratitude. I am strong and very conscious, Alonzo, and will be so when the flames scorch my body.”

“I am so grateful to you, Carma, oh, how grateful I am. If only I could show you how much I love you. I swear to God that I will love you eternally and I am perfectly aware of what I now say, Carma. I am no child and no youngster, I want to do and experience everything for you because we are one, one in grief and happiness. No, my dear child, we will not despair nor collapse, we will stay conscious until the very last moment. We shall go where peace waits for us and lack of understanding is far from us. The silence of the ‘meadow’ of which you spoke will come over us and we will be one forever. Do you not want to have a nap, Carma?”

“How could I sleep, Alonzo, now that our hours are numbered? Now that I feel your love and happiness is in me. Do I need sleep now? We stay awake, Alonzo, and I will show you how much I love you. That is where my love resides, Alonzo, I will not cry out for pain. In this, my soul, I love you. I look into your eyes, Alonzo, you are mine. We shall show God that we are worth being allowed to love. For God we will die. We will be worthy of receiving this love. I am your wife, Alonzo, am I not?”

I pressed her even closer to my heart, for I loved her spiritually.

“Is this earthly love, Carma? Can earthly human beings love like this? Would there still be disagreements? No indeed. Everything reflects my love, you will feel and accept me even in my deep non-conscious life, in that which I myself do not yet know. Now are not our souls completely one, Carma?”

“This love is not of this earth, Alonzo. Are you not prepared? Who is being prepared? Is that not a mercy? Has the stranger not come to you, and your Father? This love, my dear Alonzo, is the most holy gift that human beings may receive; it is heavenly. It bears, serves and bows for all life. This love is pure, Alonzo. Now would you not die for that? My body burns because of this fire, not like the material fire, which will later destroy our bodies. I will feel no pain, Alonzo, my love will dominate. Now I am ready. Oh, my Alonzo, I notice that you see; your eyes are far away. Go on seeing, Alonzo, the stranger will help us and show you beautiful things. Tell me what you see, Alonzo. Where shall we go? Light has entered your eyes. That light is not from this earth.”

“I feel as if I am turning into a different being, Carma, silence comes over me.”

We did not speak until daybreak.

“My child, my soul, you are an integral part of me. How can I thank God. If everything I received is true, Carma, we will soon float in space and this space belongs to us, it is our own home. Then we shall see into other lives, for the stranger told of many lives that every soul has to experience. I do not want to return to the earth, Carma, a power in me tells me that we will proceed on that side. I will not receive another organism, nor will you, we shall

proceed there together. The nearer the hour of death approaches, the holier the silence and our being one become.”

“We are completely one, Alonzo. You say what I feel, for it is in me. I too do not want to live anymore, Alonzo, to stay here any longer for it is there that my happiness, the true and real happiness lives. Is it not mighty, Alonzo?”

“My soul, it is as if I become conscious, as if this love rises from my inner self. It is as if I have known you for ages. These feelings are as clear as that, Carma. I believe that I have known you in the past, for it cannot be otherwise, I perceive and feel in it. Now I could write poetry, Carma. The poems I made were shallow, they had no feeling, and I myself had not awakened. Oh, my soul, how I now feel life. How deep life is. How mighty is this love. When completely one, Carma, two souls are themselves like two flowers of the same colour and they sense each other in everything.

Now I see life as it is, Carma. Is it because the end of our lives is imminent? Or is it, because we are now conscious in love? Look at all those people, Carma. They are living dead; and they are afraid. They are broken. Their souls have fallen asleep. Oh, if only this beautiful real world could continue. Their fear and our love will give us full consciousness. This is what God meant, through which all His children will awaken. I love you, Carma, I want to die with you, but we shall live.”

“Do continue, Alonzo, you make me so happy. Oh, my Alonzo, is this night not holy? What a night, what a morning.”

“The day is ours, Carma, it will remain daytime forever and we will have conquered the darkness.

You are tired, my child, but how beautiful you are. So much love radiates from your soul, Carma. How great you are, dear child. Can I ever make up for this? Presently, I will give you proof of my love; I love you with my soul. Over there we shall have a new garment and ours will radiate with our own light. We die for God and for His holy Child. God will give us strength, Carma. We are ready, are we not?”

We heard strange, fearful screams, which came nearer and nearer. The doors were opened and our names were called off. I took Carma’s delicate hand into mine and we were ready.

My right hand caressed her and she understood everything. She felt and understood every tender squeeze and a treasure of love descended into her; she then sent me all her love. There was nothing more to say.

Twelve of us were going to die. Carma was the only woman. The others were men, most of them older people. We were the youngest among them. Four strong men collapsed and were left for dead. One of them woke up after a while, but his legs were trembling under him. Now he had to experience

the dying process consciously. The others were dragged outside, where they could possibly keep their blessed unconsciousness so that they would not feel the flames.

I whispered to Carma: "Could that perhaps mean a mercy of God, dear soul? You see they are unconscious. Look, Carma, the others become conscious again but that old man over there with his snow-white hair remains unconscious. He has died already, Carma, look at that deathly pallor. His eyes have already grown dim. Now is that not mercy? Does God not watch over His children? Is this not an act of God? God interferes at the very last moment. Oh, Carma, I grant him this mercy, but I want to stay awake. Only now, dear soul, do I feel the acts of God, that incomprehensible God and yet, how clear this sinking away is and how mighty God's hand.

Look, my soul, he is dead. He is already there where we will go. Is this not a wonder? We have been allowed to experience a great wonder, Carma. That is God, our Almighty God who has given us this love, our holy love. We will go to God, dear Carma, to Him, the God of all life.

Look over there, Carma, he too is a man advanced in years, it is as if light radiates from his forehead. How superior this person is. Where does this light come from? Do you see that light, Carma?"

"I see it, Alonzo; oh, it is sacred. God does not want His child to go in darkness. That other man over there, Alonzo, should not be laughed at. And we, bliss of my life, we must show that we are children of God and we are prepared, are we not, Alonzo?"

"Would you like to swap, Carma?"

"No, dear soul, a thousand times no, I want to stay conscious."

"God makes us bear and we are grateful. Those who are strong will have to bear, dear Carma, the others are not ready. Look, my dear angel, over there, you can see our deathbed."

Again some fainted but they were soon conscious again. The others were dragged on to the pile. We also neared. The executioners were ready and would soon light the fire. We did not even hear the jeering of the crowd.

Beside us, we heard someone say: "Look at them. They look as if they go to their wedding. Look at those two. Look; look at them. They are not afraid, they love each other."

I squeezed Carma's hand more strongly and she understood me. Then we mounted the ladder. The others followed us, seven were already on top, and three were unconscious. The old man had died but the others became conscious again. They had to experience this hell.

A mast had been arranged in the centre and we had seated ourselves there. I pressed Carma to my heart. Once more we looked at the people who wanted to witness this game of life and death. Then we took leave of them and

of the earth forever. I pressed her still closer to my chest and looked into her beautiful eyes.

“In this way we will die for God and our love, Carma.” The executioners had received their sign and a dense cloud of smoke bellowed up. The sentence was being executed. We all felt the heat. Shortly, the flames billowed up, but they had not yet reached us. My soul, I myself, passed into Carma and we felt completely one. I went ‘in’ into her deep loving life, now we were connected and waited. Then the flames came. This event only happened for us, we did not hear anything of the wailing of the others.

I called to Carma: “Keep feeling me, Carma, stay in me, we are completely one. Do not leave my soul. I will stay in you too.”

The flames rose higher and higher and had now reached us. They already affected our legs. I felt that my flesh was being scorched.

“Stay in me, dear Carma, I can help you ‘in’ me and we are one.”

I felt her pains and she felt mine. A great fire rose.

Then she called to me: “Alonzo, oh, my dear Alonzo, I love you so much. I love you so unspeakably as only the Gods can love. I see, my dear Alonzo, I see, I become clairvoyant. I begin to see. I begin to see, my Alonzo; now that the flames destroy my flesh I am beginning to see. I see into a different world, Alonzo. I see us. Oh, my God, how great is this mercy. Alonzo! Alonzo, my eternal love, do you hear me? Do you see me, Alonzo? Alonzo, I love you. This life fades away; I pass into a different life. You go away, Alonzo; you go away, my love. A different life enters me, yet I am one with you. Both beings belong to me. I am a different person, Alonzo. I am someone else and that other person is now conscious in me. I myself pass into it. Do you feel it, Alonzo? Do you see and understand everything?”

“Yes, dear Carma. I too now pass into a different life. I see you, my soul, I see you. I am with you, Carma. I see us together in a different life. Do you feel the flames, Carma? Do you feel my love? Do you feel that our love dominates? Do you feel how much I love you? Let it burn, oh, let it burn. My God, we want to see more, we want to remain conscious. Let our bodies burn, but let us remain conscious. Now we see into other lives. Oh, my soul, we become conscious of our past life, right now we may know that we will live on forever. The flames can only add to our love and give us more consciousness. The flames, dear Carma, give us this perception. I kiss you, my soul; I embrace you, for my body collapses, my lips burst and your beautiful material garment burns. But my love is strong, dear Carma, it is conscious and belongs to you.”

We felt our strength dwindling away. Next the vision returned and I became aware of a different life. It was as if a veil was being lifted and I could see. Carma began to see as well and followed me. We were closely one and

we remained one. I saw a beautiful landscape before me and we walked there. Others walked with us. That was the 'meadow' and we were very happy.

"I see us both, Carma."

"I see you too, my dear Alonzo. I know you. I call you by your name, the one you then bore. Oh, my Venry, my dear Venry, Alonzo and Venry are one. Do you hear me, Alonzo? You are my Venry, my Venry, my master."

Our strengths dwindled away more and more and the more terrible it became, the sharper our perception got. I saw my soul, I saw the two of us and called out to Carma: "My soul, my Lyra, soul of my soul, we are one. I will be strong, Lyra. I want to remain conscious. Oh, my God, let us see. Let us remain conscious."

My Lyra, ah, my Lyra. Look, the 'meadow'. Now we are conscious again. There we were completely one and we now return. The 'meadow', dear Lyra. Look, the 'meadow'."

"Oh, God, let us see."

"Stay 'in' me, Lyra, dear Lyra, we shall remain conscious till the very last moment. Do you know everything, Lyra?"

"Everything, everything, Venry ... everything ... e..v..e..r..y..t..h..i..n..g Venry!"

"My dear soul, remain conscious, oh, do remain conscious."

"My God, let us experience everything."

Carma's eyes had already been scorched and could not see me anymore. However, she saw me spiritually for we were one. Lyra opened her eyes. Carma would die. Lyra awakened and stayed awake. Her spiritual eyes saw me. We were spiritually one. Her mouth still wanted to speak, her material mouth, and I still heard: "Alonzo? V..e..n..r..y.. A..l..o..n..z..o..m..y..V..e..n..." Carma had died on earth.

Suddenly, I heard my name being called like the stranger had predicted.

I heard: "A..L..O..N..Z..O? Do you hear me? I am here and wait for both of you. For you, my dear Venry and your beloved Lyra, your soul, your eternal love."

We must have died on earth by that time, yet we were still conscious.

I said to Lyra: "Look, my soul, our leader from the past."

At the same moment, however, we departed from our material and charred bodies and we entered eternal life. We went 'in' and had died on earth. In the other life, I held Lyra in my arms. We were one and remained one. I pressed an ardent kiss on her mouth.

"My dear Venry, only now have we made up. I am so grateful to God."

Next, we looked at those who had died with us. Some of them were met by their beloved ones, others dissolved before our eyes and we understood where they were going. They would receive a new organism. We went higher and

higher, and now floated over the pile. We slowly left the earth. Suddenly, we saw a powerful light and this light came to us.

“Do you see that light, Lyra?”

“Yes, Venry, it is coming to us. The nearer it approaches us, the stronger it becomes.”

“It is an angel, Lyra. But an angel like a human being, just as we are. I see a shape already. My God, Lyra, who is it; can you feel that?”

“Peace, light and warmth come over me, dear Venry.”

“My goodness, who are you? Who are you?” we called together. I pressed Lyra to my heart and we waited.

Now we heard: “Alonzo? My dear Alonzo? My children, my Venry, my Lyra.”

We knelt down and bowed our heads and we heard the voice say to us: “Venry, my dear Venry, Lyra, my dear Lyra, I have come for you and welcome you forever in my Father’s house. Children of Isis, look at me. Are you conscious? Is Isis awake in you?”

“Yes, master, everything in us is conscious.”

“Come to my heart, my children. My dear Venry, my dear Lyra, let my tears of happiness make you forget your pains and grief. Do you know that this had to be so?”

“Yes, master, and we are so sincerely grateful to God. May we know who you are?”

“I am your Father, your Father who loves you, dear Venry, one of your many Fathers. However, our bond has a meaning. God wanted us to accomplish one task. You were not allowed to know this at Isis, otherwise, the masters could have followed you. I was not allowed to awaken this past in you during that life. Many centuries ago we were one, dear Venry, and we have endured very much together and that brought us together. The Gods wanted you to follow me and that work is done. You know everything else. Lyra is your twin soul. You go on together forever. Come, follow me, dear children, I must show you something.”

We floated to Egypt and saw that a new Temple of Isis had been born. Love reigned in the Temple.

“What you see now, dear Venry, already belongs to the past. That Temple has also been destroyed. I will connect you with this time so that you may observe everything.”

“How is that possible, Father?”

“I feel what you feel, dear Venry, and also what lives in Lyra. Would you think, dear Venry, dear Lyra, that what was born in love can be destroyed?”

“But where is our wisdom, Father?”

“Have you forgotten Dectar?”

“Good heavens, Father, where is Dectar?”

“Dectar has been born again, dear Venry, and he will bring the treasures of the Temple of Isis on earth. I know, dear Venry, dear Lyra, that it will happen. But we will talk about that later, when you are with me.

I now go to my sphere, children, there we shall meet again. In this life, Venry, you have all your gifts and powers again and will convince one human being of the real God. After a time you will come to me, we are brothers and sisters. Everything is over now, everything has been made up for and all of us are deeply grateful to God. Come, children, we will now go to the ‘meadow’, others are waiting there. I already go my own way here. We shall meet again, children, you know where I live and I, and thousands with me, will receive you with love. Goodbye, Venry, goodbye, my dear Lyra.”

We returned to the ‘meadow’. Father Alonzo waited for me, my brother Geraldo was with him and many, many others. They were all very dear to me and one with us. Next an angel came up to us, and with this figure, we saw a small child from the spheres. Lyra pressed her own child to her heart. “Oh, God”, she called, “how great is your love.” Lyra laid her child in my arms and said: “Our child, dear Venry, our child from the spheres.”

After this the little one was collected and brought to its own heaven. We both knelt down at the ‘meadow’ and thanked God for everything.

“Dear Lyra, how utterly happy we now are. You are my Lyra and my Carma; both are dear to me. For me you remain the brave, my loving Carma, but Lyra and Carma are one and will remain so forever.”

Then we returned to the earth. I had something to do there, this great mercy we also received from our God, our Father of Love. I was conscious of my gifts.

We soon reached the earth and entered Juan’s room. I woke him up. I subsequently condensed my spiritual body. My dear friend saw me and cried out: “Alonzo, oh, my friend, my Alonzo, my heart is breaking. Am I really worthy of your coming to me? How can God approve of this?”

“Do you recognize me, Juan? Do you know, Juan, that I was burnt alive? But because of that I have learned to know the God of Love.”

“Oh, Alonzo, I know, you were so courageous and she was too, the angel who was with you. Did she come to you from heaven? We speak of pure love. The executioners wept like little children, Alonzo, and people have prayed. You have been canonized. Believe me, dear friend, it was sacred. You, the two of you, have awakened many people. And now you have come to me to tell that you are alive? I will make up for everything, everything, my dear friend.”

“Tell the others, Juan. And get ready, your life is but short. Be grateful for this great mercy, Juan.”

Next, I dissolved before his eyes and we saw what he did. I was not interested in the others, but Juan was my twin brother, I was allowed to convince him.

“Come, my soul, dear Lyra, shall we take a rest now? Shall we go and visit our spiritual and heavenly dwelling? Shall we go and see what our temple is like?”

Hand in hand we floated to our eternal rest, our spiritual dwelling, built by both of us. On our way to it, another bliss awaited us.

“Mother, my good and dear Ardaty. How can we ever thank God.”

Together we went on and entered the third sphere on this side, a heaven of unknown beauty. We found our spiritual dwelling in readiness. Flowers decorated our house; birds flew towards us and sang their song of welcome. We went ‘in’, we understood, we felt, we were grateful, deeply, deeply grateful. We knelt down and prayed: “Oh, my God, how great, how good you are. How can we thank you? Do we know you? Father, our Father in Heaven, we thank you.”

“Man of the Earth, see your one and only God who is nothing but Love. We go on, ever further and higher, where other planets are waiting for us. We shall return to God, we have learned to know His Holy Life. Love is in us.

Can you, man of the earth, accept this God of Love?”

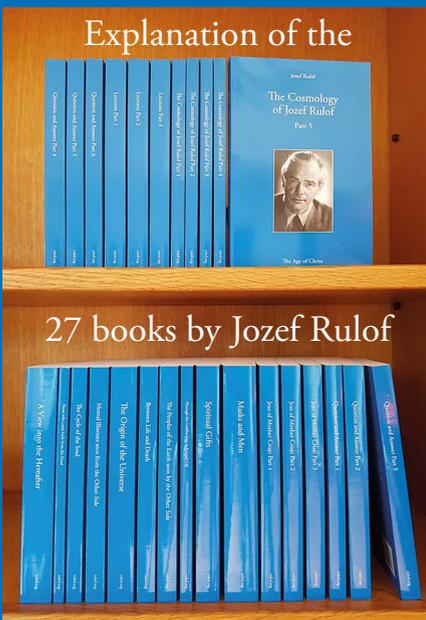
The end

Between Life and Death

'Between Life and Death' is a novel about the temple life of the priests in ancient Egypt, approximately 4000 years ago. In the book, we get to know priest Dectar, an important past life of Jozef Rulof. In that life, he got to know and conquer the magical powers which formed the basis for his later mediumship. Before his life as Jozef Rulof, these powers had sunk to his subconscious, but Alcar - the spiritual leader of Jozef - used those powers from the subconscious in order to build up his mediumship. As a result of his temple lives, Jozef could reach a height in the mediumship which rarely occurred on earth. The books that Jozef Rulof received are in fact a continuation of the knowledge which was passed on in ancient Egypt.

In the temples an unrelenting discipline reigned, the high priests even checked every thought of the trainee priests in order to ensure that the strict laws were obeyed. Under the pretext of service to the gods, the high priests lived out their dark passions. Dectar fought a heroic fight against those high priests, together with his trainee priest Venry who as a natural talent had exceptional gifts. This battle was fought at the highest level, as far as the court of the pharaoh.

ISBN 978-90-70554-93-4



Explanation of the books by Jozef Rulof

As publisher of the books by Jozef Rulof (1898-1952) we describe in this explanation the core of his vision. With regard to a number of passages in his 27 books, we refer to articles from this explanation. If you have any questions about the contents of his 27 books, we advise you to consult this explanation. On our website rulof.org you can read the 140 articles from this explanation online as separate web pages or download them as a free e-book.