

PSYCHO-SCIENTIFIC FRONTIERS

Selected publications from a variety of subjects of psycho-scientific research. Editor: Rolf Linnemann
(Certificated Engineer) * Steinweg 3b * 32108 Bad Salzuflen * Tel. (05222) 6558

Internet: <https://www.psygrenz.com>

E-Mail: RoLi@psygrenz.de

Translator's email : evak30@optusnet.com.au

Source: Selbstverlag Werner Schiebeler (Wersch-Verlag)



Professor Dr. Ph. D Werner Schiebeler

Life after physical death

The experiences of the deceased

Werner Schiebeler, Professor, Dr. rer. nat, born in Bremen in 1923, died in 2006. Studied physics in Göttingen and in 1955 graduated from the Max Planck Institute, Göttingen with his thesis on fluid dynamics. From 1955-1965 worked in the electrical industry at Standard-Elektrik-Lorenz AG in Pforzheim, seven years as head of a development department for electronic teletext technology. From 1965 lectured physics and electronics at the then State School of Engineering, now University of Applied Sciences, Ravensburg-Weingarten. Appointed professor in 1971 and retired in 1983. In addition to the subjects of natural-science and technology, he also taught para-psychology and para-psycho-physics from 1969 onwards at regular special lectures at the University of Applied Sciences, Ravensburg-Weingarten and continued to do so the ensuing years. The author published numerous articles in journals as well as brochure and four books on various para-psychological topics. In addition, he also released a film about the "Paranormal healing methods in the Philippines" at the Institute of Scientific Films in Göttingen. He received the "Ernesto Bozzano Price" from the Associazione Italiana Scientifica Metaphysica in 1974 and the "1st Swiss Price" from the Swiss Foundation for Parapsychology in 1988.

Introduction

When discussing the question of terrestrial death and the possible survival after, one often uses the idiom: "None of the death has ever returned". In as far as this statement deals with the permanent return of a person and if one leaves the possibility of *reincarnation*¹ out of the equation, this statement is naturally correct. But some of the deceased that were declared "dead" have returned to Earth for short periods of time on numerous occasions. This happened either in full physical form, amongst other things with so-called *materialisation mediums* or predominantly through the temporary occupation of the body

¹ **Reincarnation:** The return to Earth in the body of a newborn child, an assumption that Hindus and Buddhists represent, but something that also plays a hypothetical role in parapsychology.

of people still living on Earth, people we call psychics. According to experience, the control centre or their human will can under certain circumstances be deactivated to a lesser or higher degree to be replaced by an alien will. This is in certain cases possible with living human beings, namely through the process of so-called *hypnosis*². The deceased, so-called “spirit entities”, can in specific cases *deactivate* the will and the waking consciousness of predisposed people to a lesser or higher degree. In pronounced cases, they are able to utilise the voice boxes and the limbs (for instance the hands) of accordingly talented people (one talks of mediumship = psychic ability) as if they were their own. They can then convey their whole personal knowledge and their linguistic peculiarities to other, living people in this way. According to the level of the deactivation, one talks of a *full-trance*, *semi-trance*³ or *inspiration*.

The exact physical and psychological processes taking place during these paranormal events are *still unknown to this day*. But the English parapsychologist and researcher Findlay⁴ reports what otherworldly entities could tell him through his medium Sloan (5, P. 214):

“Question: What actually happens when you put the medium under your influence and when you use its vocal cords?” (Refers to *trance* utterances and *not* to direct voice)

“Answer: “When the medium is under control and we want to speak through its vocal cords, we place it in a passive state. It finds itself in this state when it is in a trance. Its spirit has momentarily left the body and it is outside of it. When it is in this condition, we are able to have an effect on its larynx and its vocal cords, its tongue and the muscles of its larynx. We do however *not* enter the medium but we *stand behind it*. We can place ourselves into a state or we can harmonise with the medium to a degree where, when our vocal cords move, the mediums also move accordingly. An ethereal or psychic link eventuates, whatever one likes to call it, that has the same effect on the muscles of the medium as one tuning fork has on another tuning fork, when both of them are attuned to the same pitch. This is how the two voice systems work in accordance with one another. There is *no* question that the messages are somehow influenced by the spirit of the medium, because its spirit plays no role whatsoever in this. We do *not* work through its spirit, but directly through its vocal cords⁵. Everything that is transmitted is exactly the way it is formulated by the spirit of the ethereal being. The spirit and the brain of the medium are momentarily *deactivated* and the spiritual organiser supervises the muscles of the medium’s vocal cords.”

The external processes of *trance-speaking* and *trance-writing* (often called *automatic writing*) and those of *full and partial materialisations* have already been extensively dealt with in the two books “Der Tod, die Brücke zu neuem Leben” (17) and “Aus der jenseitigen Welt” (18). These narrations deal with the appearance of the varied influences that flow from the after death realm of existence to our Earth. They show that our physical world is not the only form of existence. These apparitions provide the *experience based proof* that terrestrial death is *certainly not the end of life* and they indicate that a subsequent, ethereal life in another, differently constructed world exists. Ever since people existed here on Earth, large portions of mankind have been convinced that an exchange of information between the two spheres is possible and that one can receive advice and even physical help from deceased ancestors or higher spirits from the other world. Native tribes in particular make ample use of this when hunting, during warfare and when solving crimes. This made it possible for them to better master their fight for survival. The knowledge of these things was largely lost by Europe’s more civilised people. The modern spiritism that appeared in the 19th century as a practical application for making contact with the world

² **Hypnosis** (Greek hypnos = sleep) is the effective deactivation of the normal waking consciousness and the decision-making ability through the persuasion of another person, ergo a comprehensive subjugation under the will of the hypnotist.

³ **Trance**: (Also called “Trans” by many authors, Latin trans – beyond) is a specific state whereby the control of one’s will over one’s body is suspended and one’s waking consciousness is deactivated.

⁴ **Arthur J. Findlay**: 1883 – 1964, English author, justice of peace and parapsychological researcher who worked with the English medium John C. Sloan (1870 – 1951) through direct voice.

⁵ This doesn’t generally apply. Other forms of trance utilise the spirit (the brain) and not the muscles of the medium.

of the hereafter raised the interest of inquisitive people, showing that beings from a different sphere of existence could sometimes provide practical help for one's daily life and this not just through more or less practical advice, but also through impressive interventions in the life of individual people or provide very valuable information.

Two examples should back this up:

During the middle of the 19th century, a *Dr. med. Bernhard Cyriax* who was born in Germany, lived in Cleveland, Ohio USA. He was a professor at a medical college at that time. Initiated by a haunting experienced (1848) by the family *Cox* in the village of *Hydesville* in the State of New York, USA, modern Spiritism started to spread to a relatively high degree. Meaning that attempts were made at many locations in America, and a little later also in Europe, to make contact with the world of the hereafter via psychically gifted people. This produced the most peculiar parapsychical apparitions the like I described in the book "*Aus der jenseitigen Welt*" (18). The question of the genuineness of these apparitions started a bitter struggle between opponents and supporters already in those days. *Dr. Cyriax* initially belonged to the former. He maintained that Spiritism was a deception (3, P. 64) and he thought that the time had come to look into these processes and to expose the deception in order to prevent its dissemination. This is why he started to visit spiritistic meetings from 1853 onwards. He started with the circle of a married couple, the *Morrill* (3, P. 67) whereby *Mrs. Morrill* was a good medium for physical phenomena and trance-transmissions. *Dr. Cyriax* was allowed to thoroughly search the whole house and the meeting room, but he found nothing that could serve the fraudulent production of apparitions.

In spite of his marked scepticism and caution, he experienced quite astonishing *telekinetic* processes during his first participation at their meetings and they elicited great astonishment. Besides, his *deceased half-sister Amanda Cyriax* announced her presence in writing through the medium. She was able to answer very specific questions by giving accurate details about family relationships (3, P. 71). She wrote in *German*, something the American medium was unable to read. This and other proclamations convinced *Dr. Cyriax* after only a few meetings that the spiritistic processes he experienced could *not* be trickery or deception and that no stage magic was involved. Besides, some of his own psychic abilities soon became apparent. These had a favourable effect during his numerous participations at materialisation meetings later and they eventually led to an *experience that saved his life*. During a moment of extreme danger outside of a meeting, two phantoms materialised to help him. *Cyriax* reports (3, P. 135):

"It was, if I remember correctly, shortly after New Year in 1869 when I returned home in a terrible storm between 11pm and 12pm and went to bed. I don't know how long I had been sleeping when I suddenly felt my little dog licking my face, it whined anxiously and it tried to scratch the blanket off of me, well it tried to wake me up. I felt quite unwell, this felt like a heavy weight on my chest. I felt that something extraordinary, something damaging to me had entered. My head alone was so heavy that I was unable to get up and I lost consciousness.

I was suddenly lifted up and wrenched from my bed by two strong men who hauled me down the long corridor to an open window, they constantly jogged and shook me and finally led me to a water main where they held my head under a tap and allowed cold water to wash over me. I was completely without will and subjected myself to all these manipulations without resistance, even though I couldn't comprehend the meaning of all of this. I was then advised to drink some water and once I had done so, I had to vomit violently. The stupor I had been in finally lifted. I knew that the house was filled with smoke and gas and that I had been close to being asphyxiated.

I now looked at both men more closely and to my astonishment recognised that my *protective spirits, Hans Alexander from Alvensleben* and *Guillemot Mazarin* had abled-bodily aided me in a fully materialised state. I now received information from them about what had taken place: As it was the norm with the Steward Stove utilised in those days, I had placed a number of large bituminous pieces of coal in the stove before going to bed and once they had started to burn relatively well, I poured a box full of little pieces of coal, sieved from the ash and wetted, into the stove until it was full and as I always did, I left the door open. The storm broke the iron cap in the

chimney and it solidly closed the opening so that no gas or smoke could escape, it therefore had to fill the room. My dog, who sensed the danger, wanted to wake me up, but I was already no longer capable of awakening from my stupefaction and I would surely have been asphyxiated if my spirit friends had not made an effort by materialising and by physically dragging me into the fresh air.

My dog had run after us and when he saw me looking at him, he came and jumped up at me howling and whimpering. I took him into my arm and praised him for trying to save my life. He seemed to be well aware of the danger, because he whimpered and nestled close to me, he licked my face and hands. 'Go quickly to your room' said Hans Alexander 'and open the window, douse the fire and fetch your canary. He is lying benumbed at the bottom of his cage, but if you bring him out into the fresh air, he will recuperate'. I found the bird exactly as described, I hung the cage somewhere outside and he recuperated very soon.

I now suddenly experienced a severe chill and I became aware that I stood in a draft in a sodden shirt without any other clothing so I expressed my concerns that I might catch an illness. But my spirit visitors and lifesavers calmed me down by assuring me that I was completely under their influence and that they would arrest any adverse reaction of my body.

I did as they requested and vigorously rubbed my whole body with a Turkish towel, changed into a dry shirt and went back to bed, they requested me to leave the window open in spite of the storm and the cold and after a few magnetic strokes I was soon asleep. Anyhow, they had managed to produce a severe reaction, because when I woke up the next morning, I was sweating severely, but apart from feeling weak and somewhat dazed in my head, I felt quite well.

I hereby pass the description of the effects of this energy to my dear readers the way it has true and truly happened in January in 1869 at my flat at 130 Ontario St, Cleveland Ohio. I gave this description without embellishment, but also without leaving anything out and I leave it up to the readers to make their own judgment about it. One thing I am certain about is that these manifestations and the previously described facts are based on actual manifestations and were not produced as conjured up, plastic hallucinations by my psyche, because the smell of smoke and gas, the open window and my canary in another room observed the following day, as well as the wet shirt and the collapse cap on my chimney bore witness to it."

Next to further experiences and events, *Dr. Cyriax* also describes the following whereby a person living here on Earth has been spared from suffering great damage through the intervention by otherworldly entities. At the beginning of his spiritual activities, *Dr. Cyriax* was invited by the painter *Lanning* to a so-called developing circle. He was dealing with a group of participants that wanted to develop some of their own psychic abilities. Amongst the already advanced mediums was a *Mrs. French*. *Dr. Cyriax* reports about her (3, P. 82):

"Let us recall a highly curious, directly life-invasive event. During a meeting one afternoon, *Mrs. French* once again received a sudden message from the spirit of her daughter that made her get up and catch the next train to *Philadelphia*, because she had to prevent a conflagration at the hotel where she usually lodged when in town and that belonged to a very special friend of hers. She didn't know what she could do, but as per usual, she abided by the wishes of her *spirit guides* and therefore didn't hesitate to depart immediately. The result showed that without her intervention, her friend would have lost house and home.

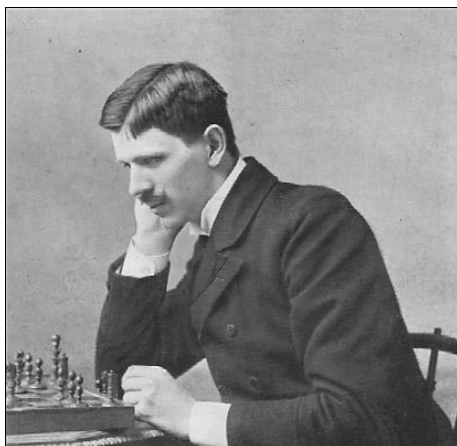
She arrived at 8pm and immediately informed the hotelier about her assignment without actually being able to provide details. She acted completely according to the inspirations she received from her spirit guides and she demanded to be shown around the hotel. During her passage through the various storeys, she stopped outside a small chamber that had been established under a set of stairs and indicated that this is where the fire was going to be lit. When by chance one of the *servants* walked across the yard, she indicated that this was the man that would commit the crime.

At around 11pm, *Mrs. French*, the hotelier and two policemen went to a chamber that was located directly opposite. This is where they remained in darkness and complete silence until just after midnight, when they heard somebody silently creep up the stairs and then opened the door. After a few minutes had passed, the medium indicated that it was time to act. The lights were switched on and both policemen jumped out of the chamber and grabbed the man as he was closing the door. It

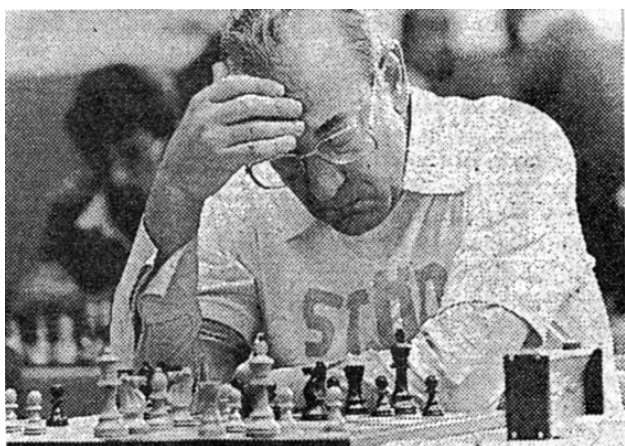
was indeed the *servant* that had been fired by the hotelier and he wanted to revenge himself for having been dismissed by starting a fire. He had filled a basket with wood shavings, poured petrol on it and placed it under the stairs, they were already well alight when they opened the door. As this part of the house contained the hotelier's flat and therefore was not frequented by many, this chap had calculated quite correctly that the fire could easily spread and that by the time it was discovered, help could not come quick enough to save the house.

How could the medium in Baltimore possibly have knowledge about these processes? It wasn't reading somebody's thoughts, because the medium would have had to have been with the servant! We have a case of pre-cognition of future events here; but I naturally assume that the spirits that control *Mrs. French* had contact to her friend in *Philadelphia* through her and that they actually became aware of the preliminary preparations of the servant and now encouraged the medium to go to the location where this was going to take place and to prevent this crime from happening with her *gift of clairvoyance*."

As a more recent example I would like to tell you about an event that took place in January 1988 and that has still not been resolved, it provides *very powerful evidence* of the personal survival of a specific person who had lived on this Earth until 1951. Such evidence always brings with it the difficulty of how a deceased can actually verify his or her continued existence and identity. As this specific person can no longer appear in physical form here on Earth, we can only use the continuity of his memory, his knowledge, his mental abilities and the presentation of the structure of his personality. Part of his mental abilities can for instance be his scientific and artistic abilities with their specific personal characteristics, but also the art of playing excellent chess. The latter and also numerous and arduously verified details from his life help to verify the spiritual survival of the former Hungarian *Grandmaster of Chess* who died in 1951. (Image on the left) We are dealing with the following:



Géza Mároczy (1870-1951), former Hungarian Grandmaster of Chess.



Viktor Kortschnoi, Russian Grandmaster of Chess.

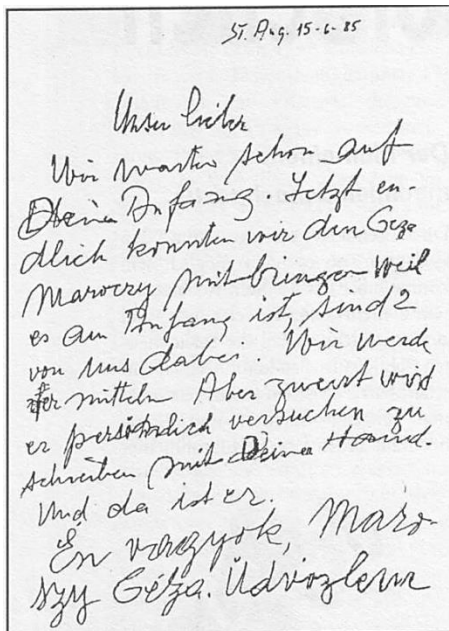
The Swiss *Dr. Wolfgang Eisenbeiss*, whom I have personally known for a long time, is not only a chess player, but also interested in questions of parapsychology and the survival after death. A number of years ago, he became acquainted with the psychically gifted German musician and composer *Robert Rollans* (born 1916) who was proficient in automatic writing. He can make contact with deceased human beings and he can write down their messages via his paranormally controlled hand. *Dr. Eisenbeiss* now entertained the idea of whether it would be possible to arrange a chess game by correspondence between a deceased grandmaster of chess and a still *living* grandmaster of chess via the medium *Rollans* who was *not* a chess player and who wouldn't even know how to arrange the chess pieces correctly on the board. If this would succeed and if a game of chess of a high level of proficiency would ensue, it would surely provide the evidence that the medium itself – consciously or subconsciously – would not be seen as the actual chess player. The course of play and the finer points and messages of a personal and up to now unknown nature that could possibly arise could bring the hoped for evidence of identity.

Dr. Eisenbeiss handed *Robert Rollans* a list of dozens of deceased eminent grandmasters of chess with the plea and the assignment, to find out through his otherworldly connection, whether one of them could be found that was willing to play a chess game by correspondence with a grandmaster of chess here on Earth? *Rollans* otherworldly *spirit guides* managed to locate the Hungarian grandmaster of chess *Géza Mároczy* who died in 1951 and he was prepared to play such a game. On the 15th of June 1985, *Rollans* psychically wrote on behalf of his otherworldly friends:

“Dear friend! We are already waiting for you to begin. We finally managed to bring *Géza Mároczy* with us. Because we are just beginning, there are two of us involved. We will mediate. But he will initially try to personally write with your hand. And here he is...”

The following was written in German:

“I am *Mároczy Géza*. I greet you.” (See below)



Psychic writing through the hand of *R. Rollans* at the start of the game of chess with the otherworldly *Mároczy Géza* on the 15th of June 1985.

Eisenbeiss managed to convince the Russian grandmaster of chess *Viktor Kortschnoi* to become the terrestrial opponent of the otherworldly chess player. He had lived in Switzerland for some time. He had been a challenger of the Russian *Karpow* at the World Chess Championship twice (1978 and 1981). The latter was however the winner of these World Championships. The chess game by correspondence between *Mároczy* and *Kortschnoi* began in 1985. It ran as follows, a small plug-in chess board was always set up in the flat of the medium *Rollans* showing the current state of the game. The otherworldly *Géza Mároczy* orientated himself by this chessboard, considered his next move, and informed the medium through writing with his hand. The latter redirected the message to *Dr. Eisenbeiss* in *St. Gallen* who in turn informed *Viktor Kortschnoi*. *Kortschnoi* now informed *Eisenbeiss* about his next move who directed his message back to *Rollans*. The latter then physically carried out the move on the small chessboard and this allowed the spirit of *Mároczy* to plan his next move and the whole thing started over again. As *Kortschnoi* and *Rollans* were still very busy professionally, carrying out one move often took weeks or months. *Rollans* and *Kortschnoi* didn't know one another, had never seen one another and didn't have a direct connection to one another.

Dr. Eisenbeiss delineated the process as follows (4, P. 21):

“As a parapsychologist in the specific field of research into life after death, I have been toying with the idea of arranging a chess game between a *living* and a *deceased* grandmaster of chess. It is due to the motivation of the Swiss dentist from Uri, *Dr. Waldhorn* that I finally tried to put the experiment into practice. It was and is my determination to verify the survival of death on hand of

evidence within the framework of *scientific criteria*. *Robert Rollans* 71, was gratuitously at my disposal as a mediator and medium. I tested the psychic, automatic writing abilities of this German musician of Bohemian heritage years ago and this produced positive results. *Rollans*, who *understands nothing* about chess, received the assignment to find an opponent for *Kortschnoi* amongst a group of deceased grandmasters in the hereafter. *Kortschnoi* obligingly agreed a priori to participate in the experiment free of charge. *Rollans* eventually “found” *Géza Mároczy* who was happy to play his part after his *guardian angel and spirit guides* had given their consent and this in their endeavour to have people deal with the fact of life after death to a greater degree.

After my request, *Mároczy* gave me at partial, but very detailed account about himself that filled more than 40 pages. Based on this I came up with 39 questions that the Hungarian historian *Lazlo Sebestyew* could answer after 70 hours of research (I naturally didn’t give him the “background” and pretended to write an essay about *Mároczy*). *Mároczy*’s living children - both of them over 80 years old now – substantially help him. The astonishing thing about it: The answers basically coincided with the core of *Mároczy* account. The differences within the insignificant speak for the genuineness of the process, ergo confute the objection for instance that the medium drew *Mároczy*’s account from his still living children.

I asked *Mároczy* via the medium whether he could remember a chess game with a certain *Romi*. I had actually selected a game from *Mároczy*’s career that he had played with a completely insignificant opponent, but that on the other hand included a jewel of a classic movement. The game against *Romi*, played in *San Remo* in 1930, was exactly the right one. The hopeless state of play with *Mároczy* in white:

White: Kh2, Dh6, Te1, Tg6, pawns a2, e7, f4, g2, h3

Black: Ke8, Db2, Td2, Th8, Lc8, pawns a7, b7, c6

The winner of the tournament *Aljechin* also believed that *Mároczy* (white) was lost, but this was followed by his unique, studied 41th move (*Mároczy* won with 41 Dh 5!). But we hear how *Mároczy* can still remember it, whereby those details are to be appreciated that hardly a living soul would know about. *Mároczy* initially indicated that *Romi* had written his name with an ‘h’ at the end. But then said: ‘I had a childhood friend by the name of *Romih* who beat me in those days. I adored him very much, but I no longer saw him after. But decades later, at the tournament in *San Remo* in 1930 – who surprisingly appeared there? It is my old friend *Romih*. And it happened thus that I played one of the most exiting games of my career. There were moments where not only those that followed the game had given up on me, but even myself thought I was lost, even though I have always been an optimist. But I suddenly had this good idea and won the match. Aged 60, I was able to gain my revenge for a game I had lost against *Romih* in my youth. I eventually ended up in 9th place at this tournament that was won by *Aljechin*, whilst my friend *Romih* came 16th and last...’ All of this was put to paper via the hand of the medium by the otherworldly entity, through a medium that had no understanding of chess or its history.

It was *Mároczy*’s wish that the carried out experiment is reported about even before the end of the game with *Kortschnoi*. The course of the game to this point, whereby it must be said that the quality of the game is of subordinate importance from the point of view of the experiment, was as follows:

Mároczy (died 1951) – *Kortschnoi* French

1. e4 e6 2. d4 d5 3. Sc3 Lb4 4. e5 c5 5. a3 Lxc3+ 6. bxc3 Se7 7. Dg4 cxd4 8. Dxc7 Tg8
9. Dxc7 Dc7 10. Kd1 dxc3 11. Sf3 Sbc6 12. Lb5 Ld7 13. Lxc6 14. Lg5 d4
15. Lxe7 Kxe7 16. Dh4+ Ke8 17. Ke2 Lxf3+ 18. gxf3 Dxe5+ 19. De4 Dxe4+ 20. fxe4 f6
21. Tad1 e5 22. Td3 Kf7 23. Tg3 Tg6 24. Thg1 Tag8 25. a4 Txg3 26. fxg3 b6 27. h4 a6.

I will depict the whole event – here is but a fragment - more elaborately at the end of the game and subject it to a critical assessment.

Dr. W. Eisenbeiss”

Kortschnoi's commentary about that part of the game on that day given to the Zurich "Sunday Paper" on the 13th of September 1987 was as follows:

"I won a pawn at the start and thought that the game would soon be finished. *Mároczy* revealed his weaknesses in the opening phase. He played old-fashioned. I must however confess that my last moves were not very convincing. I was no longer certain that I could win this game. *Mároczy* compensated for the mistake he made in the opening phase through a strong endplay. A player's aptitude shines through at the end of a game and my opponent played very well."

The last move for a while, the 27th move took place in September 1987. A longer pause set in and the reason for it was that the medium *Rollans* moved house and then had to live away from his place of residence for business reasons. The game then progressed and had reached the 43rd move by the 1st of August 1991. *Dr. Eisenbeiss* recorded the following moves:

28. g4 b5 29. axb5 axb5 30. Kd3 Kg6 31. Tf1 Th8 32. Th1 Th7 33. Ke2 Ta7
34. Kd3 Ta2 35. Tf1 b4 36. h5+ Kg5 37. Tf5+ Kxg4 38. h6 b3 39. h7 Ta8
40. cxb3 Th8 41. Txf6 Txb7 42. Tg6+ Kf4 43. Tf6+

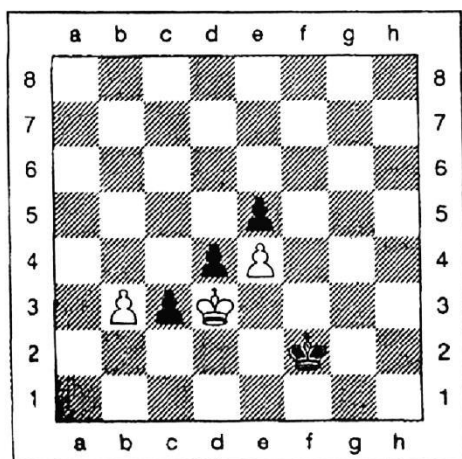
Kortschnoi, black, played his 43rd move. *Eisenbeiss* had this to say:

"Looking closer, one saw that *Kortschnoi's* position was considerably better. He had one rook and three pawns available for the end game, whilst *Mároczy* had one rook and two pawns. I assumed that the game will be over within a few moves, but I will not pre-empt the game in any way. A comprehensive analysis after the game will then reveal the whole progress of the game."

The next moves were:

44. Tf1 Th2 45. Td1 Kf3 46. Tf1+ Tf2 47. Txf2+ Kxf2

Mároczy conceded the game on the 11th of February 1993 after the 47th move. He had the king and two pawns left for a possible move. *Kortschnoi* on the other hand three pawns beside the king (see below) with the opportunity to soon exchange one of them for the queen. This would have won him the game. This "otherworldly" game of chess started on the 11th of June 1985 and lasted exactly seven years and eight months. The end of the chess game also constituted the end of the medium *Robert Rollans*. Death took him from this Earth on the 2nd of March 1993.



End result after the 47th move by black.
(From: "Schäbische Zeitung", No. 255, 4. 11. 2000)

The medium Robert Rollans

Robert Rollans, the son of a German doctor, was born on the 29th of January 1914 in *Campina*, the borough 21 in *Bukarest*. He went to a music college and worked as a composer. He was employed by

the Rumanian military during WWII. He relocated to Germany in 1971 with a tourist visa. I myself visited the medium on the 29th of July 1988 at his flat in Niedersachsen in *Bad Pyrmont* and I asked him about his sentiments during the psychic dealings and transmissions with *Géza Mározy* in regards to the game of chess against *Viktor Kortschnoi*. He gave me the following answer:

“During my psychic dealings with the hereafter *two* conditions arise: The first one is the *half-trance*, something I am accustomed to, whereby I remember nothing after and where *Mározy* does the writing through my hand, thereby bringing his thoughts to paper. This is usually the case and I have gotten used to it over the years. The other condition is however new and it happened for the first time during the game of chess. It consists in that *Mározy* contemplates the various variants of possible movements during the game. He then calls me *inside of me* and *shows* me the various possibilities, something that I would normally not understand, because I have *never* played chess in my life. I then sit in front of a chess board and *Mározy* shows me mentally how he could move the figures. My sentiment is then a clear understanding of *Mározy*’s contemplations, whereby he explains his moves and the possible counter moves of *Kortschnoi* as if I was a great chess player.

These sentiments last for minutes as *Mározy* explains his contemplations to me. Once he has left me, I sit disconcerted in front of the chess board and I no longer understand the whole game and *Mározy*’s moves. I also no longer remember the details *Mározy* told me. All that is left is the memory that I had understood everything with ease a short time ago. To continue the game, *Mározy* calls me *telepathically* and he *writes* the letter-number combinations the figures have to move through my hand. I then give this information either in writing or by telephone to *Dr. Eisenbeiss*. When not dealing with the game of chess, it can happen that I psychically write about the most varied themes for three to five hours uninterrupted and fill up to 12 A4 pages per hour with text. I can however never see my otherworldly *informers*, not paranormally either. Some of the *informers*, for instance my father, write in their own style, *different* from my hand writing.



Robert Rollans (born 29. 01. 1914, died 02. 03. 1993)
on 27. 07. 1988 in his flat in Bad Pyrmont.

My psychic ability appeared for the first time at age 33. My seven years younger brother, he past away in the meantime, participated at the spiritistic meetings of a psychically gifted mathematics professor at that time. One day, my brother took me with him to such a meeting. I didn’t believe in these things but I accompanied him out of curiosity. There were about 12 people present and they observed the so-called ‘moving glass’ whereby the medium, the mathematics professor, moved a small glass back and forth on an alphabet board. The medium was able to give certain information about all the participants. When my turn came, the following message came through:

“We know that you are composing an ‘Ave Maria’. What you have produce so far does not suffice. Even the greatest composers have written such little ‘Ave Marias’. For you to add one more makes no sense, because it can certainly not be better than the others. We advise you to turn your little ‘Ave Maria’ into a large one, adapted to a large orchestra with an important opera singer. Something like this has not been written so far.”

I *completely changed* my mind about death, the hereafter and life after death from this moment on. The fact that no terrestrial human being beside myself, my parents neither, knew that I was composing an ‘Ave Maria’ caused me to change my mind. It became clear to me at that time, that

an *alien power* had entered the picture and that a life in the hereafter existed. I excluded *telepathy* from the equation, because I had fearfully concentrated on this process and had no idea at that time that my 'Ave Maria' was *not* up to scratch and that I should write another one. I participated at two or three meetings with the professor after.

About half a year later I wanted to write a letter late one evening. With a pen in hand, I sat in front of a piece of paper and wanted to start with writing. I felt how an *alien force* took control of my hand and it started to write. It wrote down the following words: '*Don't be afraid, it is I, your brother Robi.*' – He had past away eight years ago and he had been a very young doctor. I was deeply impressed by the message he sent through my hand but I was also filled with extreme trepidation, because I had *not* known up to then, that one could also *write automatically*. The psychically gifted *mathematics professor* had only used the *moving glass* method. Out of fear, I would never have dared to write psychically. But my brother calmed me down and wrote: '*think of nothing and allow your hand free reign.*' He then took command of my hand and continued with writing:

'I am your deceased brother and I will tell you many things about us and the world of the hereafter. You must often be prepared to write and I will tell you lots of things from up here.'

This was the *beginning* of my psychic activity, it had started with a great shock and great fears, because I am a timid kind of person. My anxieties did however disappear completely later because three deceased doctors, a very eminent historian and linguist called *Hasdeu* and his daughter, who had lived in Paris and had died at a young age, made contact with me. After my father had passed away, he was also a doctor, he also joint me. I have received a lot of significant psychic messages in the meantime."

When I visited *Robert Rollans* in his flat at that time, he played the *Ave Maria* he had composed on his piano. I had recorded it on my tape recorder and I played it during my lectures about *Mároczy* and this game of chess.

In regards to *Mároczy's* life on Earth, I have to add that as a young man he studied at the "Polytechnicum" in Zurich, now called "Eidgenössischen Technischen Hochschule". This is where he learned German. He then finished his Engineering studies in Budapest. He then worked as a professor for mathematics and geometry at a *middle school* and then on the board of directors of an insurance company. In contrast to other grandmasters of chess, he never played chess as his chief occupation. It did not contribute to his livelihood.

This example shows how strong the proof of evidence and experience for the personal spiritual survival of a specific person can be. Animists, those that want to explain that everything is due to the subconscious of the medium, get themselves into trouble if they want to make it plausible that a musician who has *never ever played chess* could play against a grandmaster of chess with an exacting game. And as a terrestrial human being, where could he have gotten these details of *Mároczy's* life from, something *Dr. Eisenbeiss* had to arduously find out himself? The usual reaction is that one *simply does not acknowledge* such cases. They then simply do not exist!

I have listed a great number of similar reports in the book "Der Tod, die Brücke zu neuem Leben" (17) and I have paid special attention to *accurately identify the initiator* (the deceased human beings) with the proclamation of otherworldly entities, in order to be able *to verify* their survival at all. The question in regards to the exact name of the otherworldly reporter and his review does however take a back seat in the following expositions. The reports in this book, in regards to the originator of these reports, have generally not been accurately researched (because it was in most cases not possible) to ascertain with which deceased person one had been demonstrably dealing with. It is here not a case of uncovering past terrestrial family and living conditions, but rather more a case of asking deceased human beings for *information about their beyond death existence*. The inhabitants of the world of the hereafter are asked to have their say.

The deficiency in a terrestrial sense, is in many cases the fact that one doesn't know *from whom* in the hereafter a report is actually from and this naturally brings a certain uncertainty to the matter. But this is made even worse because one doesn't know whether the otherworldly reporter is actually *accurately informed himself* or whether he only disseminates hearsay or *out and out lies*. Furthermore, messages from the hereafter can also be influenced by the subconscious or hidden desires of the transmitting medium. One has *to know* all of this and take it into consideration in order to separate the chaff from the wheat as carefully as possible.

Otherworldly entities try in some cases to embellish their messages with specific authority and credibility by adorning themselves with impressive sounding names and titles, even though their messages do not have the corresponding spiritual importance. This happened quite often in the last but one century, namely that "*Goethe*", "*Schiller*" or "*Napoleon*" announced themselves. The names of deceased film stars and pop singers are used these days. Furthermore, I know mediums that claim that "God" or "Christ" personally speaks through them and they utilise a lot of public advertising. The greatest of care is advised here!

In 1983 I received a book titled "Gespräche mit dem Jenseits" from an author from Cologne who introduced herself in an accompanying letter as a "hereafter researcher, writing medium and a lot more". She wrote in her letter:

"I do not believe that you have ever come across a medium of my calibre before – excuse my boastfulness. You will be able to ascertain this after you have read my book."

She furthermore informed me that she could provide evidence of her research into the hereafter at any time of day and asked me *to provide her with a certificate for a fee* because it would be beneficial for her personally and for the book. I read her book and found that it contained interviews with "famous" deceased personalities that an attentive reader of glossy magazines and television viewer would be familiar with. Amongst them were for instance "Ingrid Bergmann", "Marilyn Monroe", "Adolf Hitler", "Hermann Göring", "Konrad Adenauer", "Albert Einstein" etc. – She started an interview with "Mosche Dajan" as follows:

Question: I truly no longer remember your name, but I hope that you know that I mean you."

Answer: Kindest regards dear M., yes, I am Mosche Dajan. You have been racking your brain about my name for days.

Question: Are you in the Jewish Quarters?

Answer: You are indeed well informed. Etc.

I wrote to the author *Mrs. M.* on the 31th of October 1983 that I couldn't find anything in her book that indicated to me that the personalities she mentioned by name were in fact those people. The things written in the various chapters could have come from anyone and did not constitute evidence of the asserted originators. The style on the other hand actually verified the opposite.

The psychic author made one significant mistake in regards to her "otherworldly informant" *Jakob Lorber*. She introduced him as a Catholic priest and writer and asked him:

Question: You were a Catholic priest and you wrote books and edification booklets about religion?

Answer: Yes, I was a Catholic priest and I wrote a lot of these books, books I would no longer write these days, because their content can no longer be sustained.

Jakob Lorber (1800 – 1864) had indeed been a Catholic, but *never a priest*. He was a musician and from 1840 onwards a writing medium for religious themes. Amongst other things, he wrote an eleven volume work he called "Das Grosse Evangelium Johannes".

In answer to my letter, *Mrs. M.* wrote amongst other things that she didn't resent my rejecting attitude. That I couldn't help myself thinking like this. But she was able to call upon any deceased person within seconds and that she knew her way around the hereafter the way she knew the flat she lived in. In July 1987, this lady sent me her latest advertising brochure wherein she once again called herself a "researcher into the hereafter" and offered sessions of "regression" into past lives or the *future* of the present life for the price of DM 200.00. She also promoted her book for DM 33.80 with the following words:

"My second book 'Jenseitsgespräche', evidence from other dimensions, finally the truth, mention on the radio and in the press, presently the most volatile book, leaves no question about the hereafter unanswered. It also contains regressions and tape recorded voices."

Mrs. M. from Cologne is by far not the only one that offers her services in a boastful manner. One can find columns of adverts in appropriate periodicals sold at kiosks. In my book "Aus der jenseitigen Welt" (18) I already *forcefully warned* about these types of mediums and the "otherworldly information" and explained that it is impossible to induce all those that have passed away to approach any time one likes.

When reviewing "messages from the hereafter" it is one's first assignment to *weed out* the kind of descriptions listed above. One measuring stick is the existing character traits of the mediums (for instance a *craving for attention* or *arrogance*), the standard of the transmissions, false assertions (see *Lorber*) and *contradictions* in regards to what can be middlingly accepted as facts. This for instance include *Mrs. M's* assertion to be able to contact every soul she wants to at a moment's notice (unless they have already reincarnated on Earth as a new born human being).

One may however not expect or demand that all the reports from the world of the hereafter must be congruent or without perceived or real contradictions. This even applies when one assumes that neither the medium nor the otherworldly informer consciously tells an untruth. Let us clarify the situation with the following invented example: Let's assume that 120 years ago, or even before, "inhabitants" of another solar system had the opportunity to make contact with individuals here on Earth by means of a special process (something akin to telepathy) and to question them about their life, their opinions, their environment and condition here on Earth in general. Let's furthermore assume that Central Europeans, Eskimos from Greenland, Canadian Indians, Brazilians, people from Tierra del Fuego, African Pygmies and Australian Aborigines had been amongst them, one could then imagine how *different* the received reports would have been, even if all those questioned had given subjectively correct answers. If the selected individuals from Earth had also been asked about their knowledge and ideas about God and their religion, one would once again have received *very different answers* and this each time with the assurance that it was the real truth. On hand of this varied and contradictory information one could not blame the questioners from an "other planet" if they initially had the suspicion that they were simply swindled. – Those amongst us that seek contact with the world of the hereafter are in a similar situation. We cannot simply look at this "land" at will and travel in it. We can only converse with individual inhabitants of the hereafter via a kind of "telephone connection" (namely through a medium), whilst we cannot, as a rule, see our conversation partner and therefore often do not know whether *he really is the one* that he professes to be. And the question of *whether he tells the truth* and not deliberately lies, must be arduously tested as best as we can.

From what we can ascertain from reports and from answers given by the deceased, the act of physical death does *not* make the souls that has passed over omniscient or "Saints", at best they *maintain* their established character traits, convictions (also of a religious nature) and their terrestrial knowledge, it certainly doesn't increase in leaps and bounds. Their knowledge can in fact be reduced after death (but it doesn't have to be), for instance through the fact that their *memory is impaired*, something that is often the case with ageing people.

Reports from the hereafter should be evaluated these days the way Central Europeans should have assessed travel reports from distant continents 300 years ago. As a rule, one didn't have to opportunity in those days to verify all these narrations in detail. If one had been able to do so, it would have become clear that a lot of things were exaggerated or distorted or even falsely reported. These travel reports were however not worthless in spite of this. They conveyed certain concepts about the conditions in distant lands to the reader. And if someone intended to emigrate to America and had read or heard three or four reports about this continent beforehand, it would have strengthened his confidence about undertaking such a passage or at least made settling down in a foreign land easier. The fate these individual immigrants in fact experienced would have been very different from one to the other. Some experienced deprivation, adversity and hard labour, others found a tolerable livelihood whilst others gained riches.

We must imagine our own fate as human beings in a similarly varied fashion when death throws us into a strange land, whereby our past here on Earth is a *determining factor* in regards to what our further life's path and our development in our new home will look like. Remember that the chances of an emigrant's life in a foreign land here on Earth very much depend on the *preparations* made for living in a new environment. What is of importance is whether he already knows the language of the new country, whether he familiarised himself with its customs, ways and laws and whether he has an appropriate vocational training.

As all of us have to die one day, each of us has the opportunity, if we continue to live after our demise, to compare the diverse narrations of the after death experiences in this book with what is *happening to ourself* or what we see happening to others. The narrated experiences of people that have passed away before might help a little. But those that approach the whole subject very sceptically, and nobody can blame them for it, should read the following sections with a completely neutral mind and simply store its content away in case they might be able to utilise it in the future under certain circumstances.

The experience of death and of life after it. – Reports from the deceased

In my book “Der Tod, die Brücke zu neuem Leben” I stated that human beings already have a second “body” next to their physical, carnal body whilst on this Earth, namely the *astral body* (sometimes also called *ethereal body*, *spirit body* or something similar). It consists of an invisible, up to now physically undetectable substance and it is normally embedded in the physical body and connected to it via a thin, but very strong cord. This *astral body* also has a “memory”, wherein all memories of our terrestrial existence are stored in equal measure as within our physical brain. The *astral body* can separate itself from the unconscious, physical body under life-threatening circumstances. The “experiences” of the astral body can in exceptional cases enter the consciousness of terrestrial people after they have been resuscitated (17, Chapter VII).

Such cases have been published in a series of books during the last years. They deal with the “death experiences” of patients that were temporarily *clinically* dead, ergo they were very close to their final terrestrial demise, but they could be brought back to consciousness and their terrestrial life. Some of these patients were able to report about their experiences after in spite of their preceding physical unconsciousness, experiences that have a certain relationship to the world of the hereafter, ergo the after-death regions. Amongst the authors of such books, we find that *Dr. Raymond Moody* (14) and *Dr. Elisabeth Kübler-Ross* (10) have gained some fame. Their reports give us the impression that terrestrial death is a relatively pleasant experience. *Dr. Elisabeth Kübler-Ross* writes in her preface to *Moody's* book (14, P. 10):

“All of these patients experienced the sensation of being lifted out of their physical body and of having experienced a deep feeling of peace and wholeness. Most of them perceived another person that helped them during their transition to a different level of being. Most of them were greeted by relatives they were close to and that had passed away before them, or a religious figure that had played an important part in their life, one that naturally coincided with their own religious convictions.”

About the process of the final demise from this Earth, *Dr. Kübler-Ross* writes in her own book “Über den Tod und das Leben danach” (10, P. 76):

“After we have been welcomed by our relatives, our spirit guides and also by guardian angels in the hereafter, we undergo a symbolic transformation that has often been described as a kind of tunnel. Others express this transformation as a river, whilst others express it as a gate, all according to each individual's relative symbolic value.”

A specially distinct example of a near-death experience should be reported about here, because it already shows all the hallmarks of a real death experience. It especially furnishes the first experiences from the after death sphere, the so-called “hereafter”. The rapporteur is Arthur Ford⁶, an American medium through whom a lot of deceased people have made themselves known. He had the following experience during his own lifetime and he reports (6, P. 215):

⁶ **Arthur Ford**, 1896 – 1971, originally a minister of the Christian-Science Community, a very well-known spiritistic medium in the USA since 1924.

“A number of years ago I was very ill. The doctors knew that there was actually no hope for me, but they naturally continued with everything they had at their disposal. I was taken to one of the so-called “death rooms” of the hospital in *Coral Gables, Florida* and my friends were informed that I would probably not survive the night. As if from a far distance, but not feeling the slightest curiosity, I heard one of the doctors’ whispers to a nurse: ‘Give him an injection, why shouldn’t we make it easier for him’ I sensed what he meant with ‘it’, but I was not afraid. I only contemplated the time it would take for me to die.

A few moments later I was hovering over the bed. I could see my body lying there, but I had as little interest in it as I had for any other object in the room. All I felt was peace, a feeling that everything was okay now. I then fell into a timeless emptiness. Once I regained consciousness, I floated through the room, weightless and bodyless. But I was ‘*myself*’ in spite of this and I found myself in a green valley surrounded by mountains and it was bathed in light and colours of indescribable luminosity. People approached me from everywhere, people I had known and thought dead. There were some that I had not thought about for years, but all those that I had liked seemed to have turned up to welcome me. All of them could be more readily recognised by their personality traits than their external features. Their age had changed, those that had died in later years seemed younger now and those that had died as children welcomed me now as adults.

I had often visited foreign lands and been welcomed there by friends who couldn’t stop themselves from showing me the sights of their country. The self-same happened now. But nobody had ever prepared such an extremely cordial reception for me before. I was shown everything that should interest me as far as they were concerned, and my memory of all of this has remained so clearly with me like the memories of the most beautiful places that I had seen here on Earth. The beauty of a sunup seen from the top of a Swiss mountain, the blue grotto of Capri, the shrines in India have not been impressed upon my memory to a higher degree than the world of spirit I knew that I found myself in.

Something however surprised me: Some of the people I had expected to be there were not here. I made inquiries about them, but a thin, transparent film seemed to cover my eyes at that very moment. The light intensity decreased and the colours lost their luminosity. I could no longer recognise the ones that had just talked to me, but akin to looking through a fog, I saw those that I had enquired about. They were also real, but as I looked at them I felt my body getting heavier and mundane thoughts went through my mind. It became clear to me that I was looking at a lower sphere. I called my friends by their names, they seemed to hear me, but I couldn’t understand their replies. Everything then came to an end. A gentle being, one that looked like the symbol of eternal youth, but emanated energy and intelligence, stood next to me. ‘*Do not worry about them.*’ she said, ‘*they can come here whenever they want to, in as far as they want to do this more than anything else.*’ Besides, there was great hustle and bustle around me. Everyone was incessantly running around with mysterious errands and they seemed very happy. Some of those that I had entertained close contact with did not seem to be overly interested in me, whilst others that I had only known fleetingly were now my companions. I found out that this was natural and proper here. The *law of affinity* determines our relationships here.

Sometime after – I no longer had a feeling for time – I found myself standing in front of a blindingly white building. After entering it, I was motioned to wait in a huge vestibule until my case had been decided upon. I could see two long tables through the door and people were sitting around it and talking – they were talking about me. Feeling guilty, I began with the inventory of my life. It was not a pretty picture. The people around the table were dealing with the same balance sheet, but the things that worried me seemed to be less serious to them. The conventional sins I had been warned about as a child were hardly taken into consideration. But there were serious concerns about ‘offences’ like *selfishness*, *egotism* and *dullness*. The word ‘*wastefulness*’ was repeated often – not in the sense of debaucheries and licentiousness, but in regards to wasting energy, talents and opportunities. But on the other hand, minor things were lauded, things we do from time to time without giving them any importance. The ‘judges’ tried to find the basic tenets of my life. They mentioned that I had failed to fulfil the things that ‘He knew he had to accomplish’. It seemed that an assignment had been intended for me and I had failed to fulfil it. There had obviously been a plan in place for my life and I had failed to comprehend it. Filled with regrets I thought ‘They are going to send me back’. I have never been able to find out who these people were.

When I was told that I had to return to my body, back to this martyred, ailing shell I had left behind in the hospital in *Florida*, I vehemently objected. I stood in front of a door. I knew that if I walked through it, I would be back to where I had come from. I decided to not move an inch. I stemmed my feet against the door frame like a stubborn child and thrashed wildly about myself. I suddenly felt myself plummeting as if I was falling through empty space. I opened my eyes and looked straight at the face of a nurse. I had been in a coma for over two weeks.”

With this kind of report one can naturally argue about whether one is dealing with feverish fantasies or with an experience based on real events. Even if one assumes the latter, and a lot speaks for it, namely that it wasn't a feverish dream (because they usually run in a confused and disharmonious fashion) and if one continues with bringing the statements made by *Mrs. Kübler-Ross* and other authors that aim in the same direction into the equation, one must not generalise such reports. Death can be a peaceful and pleasant experience, but it must not necessarily be so. I know from lots of conversations with the deceased and from reports of other authors, that those that crossed over often had *completely different experiences*. They sometimes do not even notice that they have died, particularly if they had *not* believed in their survival after their demise. As they are still in possession of their personality, their sensory perceptions and even the ability to think (even if often only to a limited degree) they believe that they must still be living on Earth. They are however surprised and annoyed that none of the relatives they left behind take any notice of them. They find it *strange* that they can suddenly *walk through closed doors*, but due to their diminished cognitive ability it never enters their mind that they had died in the meantime. We will deal with these kinds of cases later. Some of these types of deceased human beings are at times still so involved with the Earth that they produce *hauntings or cases of possessions*. I already talked about such a case in the book “Der Tod, die Brücke zu neuem Leben” (17) in regards to the deceased judge and former Brigadier General *McGowen* (examined by *Professor Hans Holzer*, USA)

The next, following reports is about the death experience of a British soldier by the name of *Dowling*, who died during the First World War. He gave his narration via the medium *Mr. Tudor-Pole* and he reported (15, P. 414):

“...as you can see, I report this ‘important’ event in a hurry; it was important to me at one time, but it is of no real importance now. We do indeed overestimate the importance of earthly things! I was afraid that I could be killed and I was sure that it would mean the extinction of my life. There are lots of people that still believe that this is so. But as the extinction of my life did *not* eventuate I would like to talk to you.

Physical death means *nothing*. There really is no reason for fear. Some of my comrades were sad about my death. When I died they thought I was dead forever. But what really happened is as follows (I do remember exactly what happened): I waited at the corner of a crossroad ready to stand guard. It was a beautiful evening. I had no special sense of approaching danger until I heard the whiz of a grenade. This was followed by an explosion somewhere behind me. I spontaneously cowered close to the ground, but it was too late. Something hit my neck very hard. Will I ever be able to forget this blow? This was the only uncomfortable thing about the whole incident that I can remember. I fell to the ground and found myself – obviously without an interval of unconsciousness – *outside* of my body! As you can see, I am telling my story in a simple form so that you can easier understand it. You can see from that what an unimportant event death really is.

Now imagine this! One moment I was alive in a terrestrial sense and looking over the parapet of a trench, at ease and natural. Five seconds later I am outside of my body and helped my comrades to carry my body through the maze of trenches to a dressing station... I seemed to dream. I dreamt that somebody or something had thrown me to the ground. And I now dreamt that I was outside of my body. ‘Soon’ I thought, I will wake up and find myself back in the cross passage, ready to keep guard.”

Soldier Dowling said later:

“When I was still living in my physical body I never gave it much thought. I knew very little about physiology. Now, that I live under different conditions I do not really want to accurately know how I can make myself understood. What I mean is that I am obviously in some kind of body, but I can

tell you very little about it. Its shape seemed to be similar to my old body. There is a fine difference, but I cannot attempt to describe it in detail. Each one of us creates *their own* purgatory-like conditions. How different I would organise my life if I had another chance at life! I neither lived intimately enough with my fellow men nor did I sufficiently participate in their affairs.”

The next report stems once again from a man who lost his life under violent circumstances. We are dealing with the British journalist *William T. Stead* (1849 – 1912) who was a correspondent for various English newspapers and besides, was also interested in parapsychology. He wrote a number of books about it (for instance “From the Old into the New World”) and he was also psychically gifted. In my book “Der Tod, die Brücke zu neuem Leben” (17) I presented one of his reports wherein he describes how he got hold of a paranormally produce photo in 1902 of *Petrus Johannes Botha*, a Boer officer who was killed in the Boer War in 1899. In 1912, *Stead* was a reporter on the British passenger steamer “*Titanic*” on her maiden voyage as she was trying to win the “Blue Ribbon” on her trip to America. Due to careless navigation, the liner hit an iceberg during the night between the 14th and 12th of April in the North Atlantic. This ship, thought to be unsinkable, was slit open at the side and sank within a few hours whereby 1517 people lost their life. *William Stead* was also amongst them. Two days after the disaster he was already able to give accurate details about the sinking of the ship via the medium *Mrs. Wriedt* from *Detroit*. He announced himself even more comprehensively via his paranormally gifted daughter *Estelle Stead*. She psychically wrote down the reports from her father and the following statements are taken from them (22, P. 15f):

“To begin with, I want to tell you where people find themselves in the world of the hereafter after their terrestrial demise. But I want to state a priory once again that: This book will interest a relatively small number of people and it will help even fewer. But our endeavour is dedicated to them and our highest remuneration will be the satisfaction to have helped them progress just a little further.

There is something that I want to emphatically bring to the attention of all those that read this booklet – the interested parties as well as the disinterested ones, the believers as well as the sceptics: ‘Never forget that you are still here on Earth and that above everything, you have to give all of your attention to your terrestrial duties first. Your terrestrial life is over in no time at all. Every endeavour that you ever started should be completed – and completed as best as you can. One should never neglect the present in favour of a future that promises to fulfil all of our wishes. Engage all your heart in whatever you have started. Only think about a more auspicious tomorrow within a still corner of your heart.’”

And one more word for the “believers”, the Spiritists and Spiritualists amongst you. Remember that Spiritism *is not necessarily good for everyone*. Many can simply not process the greatness and force of spiritistic phenomena and their associated enormous mental impressions and therefore prefer to continue to live their life along familiar tracks by actually *encapsulating themselves against everything occult to an ever higher degree*. These people find that the phenomena of Spiritism are simply not suitable to open their spiritual development for them. They are well advised to pursue the path of collecting terrestrial knowledge from books and from the hands of other people.

Many years ago, I was fascinated by a book that contained a description of the hereafter. After I had read this book a number of times with great interest, I was forced against my own will to accept that it was absolutely clear and sensible and to the highest degree meaningful. The simple and practical ideas of the writer captivated me. This book turned into the originator of my constantly growing interest in a great and astonishing movement. From time to time, I did everything within my power to collect evidence in order to promote this movement.

A lot of people are informed these days. Those that are looking for *higher insights* can familiarise themselves with the details of the doctrine of this movement at any time, if they wish to do so. This is why I will go from my first encounters with the occult here on Earth straight to my first *own* experiences during my transition to the other world.

My surprise was just as great as it was with my first encounter with that book about the hereafter, when I ascertained – now that I arrived here myself – that the knowledge I had gathered on Earth about life in the hereafter was utterly correct in almost all details. This naturally gave me great satisfaction. I was happy about the fact that there was so much truth in everything that I had heard

and read. Because, even though I was by and large convinced of the correctness of this notion whilst on Earth, I did retain a certain amount of healthy distrust in regards to all of these assertions. It was therefore a great satisfaction to find everything in the same form as it had been described on Earth, something I probably had not foreseen.

This may seem to be a contradiction to some. I would therefore like to clarify that: My concerns were based on that I assumed the otherworldly life would move in forms and shapes that would be incomprehensible to our terrestrial mentality. I therefore assumed that a lot of the things that were communicated to us were transmitted in forms and expressions that terrestrial human beings could understand, but that a precise description of the actual conditions were practically hardly possible due to the restricting limitations of the terrestrial vocabulary and terminologies.

I will only write a few lines about the period of my direct transition to the world of the hereafter. I have talked about it on numerous occasions elsewhere. The first part of this affair ran extremely tragic and disharmonious. However, from the point in time when my physical life ended, the battle against the overwhelming power of my mental and physical stress suddenly came to an end. I am not willing to say more about it.

The first great surprise for me was – I would like you to understand that I was “dead” according to terrestrial opinion – that I was in a position to lend other people a hand and to help them. To be able to help others in spite of my own terrible stress made my transition a lot easier. I must admit that I was simply astonished that I was suddenly able to help others, so astonished in fact that I never investigate why this was so. I had not time to mentally dissect it. This came much later.

A new surprise awaited me next and it consisted in that I found a number of former friends assembled around me, friends that had crossed over to the hereafter years ago. This was the impetus that made me really become aware of the sudden changes that had taken place with me. I finally reflected on my own situation and I was a little distraught. A few moments of unrest – only for a short time – and it became clear to me that my momentary experience meant the realisation of the things I already knew on Earth. My terrestrial conviction turned out to be the utter truth.

The wish to use a telephone suddenly grabbed me. What an excellent article for the title page of my newspaper raced through my head. This was my first, instinctive reaction. This was followed by a feeling of helplessness. Thoughts about my dear ones at home grabbed me. They would certainly not know anything about this. What kind of worries would they feel about me? I felt as if I was sitting in front of a telephone that was out of order.

I was still so close to the terrestrial location of my demise that I was able to observe everything that was happening there very keenly. I saw the wreck of the ocean liner and the people who despairingly fought for their lives before me. This gave me a new impetus. I could help! And within a few seconds – less time than it takes you to read these lines – my state of deep helplessness turned into a state of purposeful activity. To help, and not to be helpless, was my only wish and thought. I hope that I have been helpful.

I will skip a few things... The end came. I felt as if one was waiting for the departure of a ship, waiting until everybody was on board. This means in this case that we all waited for the disaster to pass, or rather to come to a complete end. The rescued saved, the dead alive!

The scene suddenly changed. A strange journey now began for us. We were a very strange crew on the way to an unknown destination. This whole experience was so indescribably fantastic that I find it difficult to say much about it. Many amongst us who realised what had happened found themselves in a terrible state of uncertainty and great concern about their relatives that they had left behind and in regards to their own future. What had the following hours in store for us? Would we have to confront the Master? What would His judgment over us be?

The others were completely devastated and apathetic in regards to everything happening around us. They seemed to be incapable of understanding and perceiving things. They were mental and spiritual wrecks. A strange and almost macabre company – truly. Human souls in search of a new land, a new home.

Within minutes, the dead bodies of hundreds floated in the ice cold water after the catastrophe. Hundreds of souls were virtually, simultaneously 'promoted alive through the air'. Some of them comprehended that fact that their death was near and they were appalled that they were unable to have the power to save their worldly goods. They desperately tried to salvage the things that were so precious to them on Earth. The scenes that played out at the start of the catastrophe were, as everybody will believe me, certainly everything else than pleasant. But it was nothing compared to what happened then. The sight of the poor souls, so suddenly wrenched from their terrestrial life, was simply dreadful. It was equally heart rendering, repulsive and nauseating.

And thus, we waited until all of us were assembled and ready to undertake the great journey to the unknown land of the hereafter. It turned into a unique experience, far stranger and odder than I could ever have imagined it. We seemed to be lifted vertically into the air at an incredible speed. All of us moved at the same time, as if we were on a large platform that was flung perpendicularly into space with gigantic force and speed by an invisible hand. But not for one moment did I have a feeling of insecurity. We apparently moved completely systematically and purposefully.

I am neither able to tell you for how long we thus moved along nor how far we moved away from Earth. But our arrival was fabulously beautiful. It was as if one had suddenly moved us from a gloomy, foggy English countryside to the glorious skies of India. Everything was beauty and brilliance. We already sighted the land from a distance. Those amongst us that had collected the corresponding knowledge knew that we were approaching the location where all souls that were unpreparedly wrenched from their life would find their first home.

We felt that the whole atmosphere had a healing affect. It permeated through all the newcomers with it invigorating energy and effected that everyone recuperated quickly thereby finding their lost equilibrium once again.

We arrived and – this may sound strange – all of us felt kind of proud of ourselves. Everything around us was so bright and alive, everything so real, well actually almost physical and, in regards to the latter, everything was as real like the world we had just left behind.

Each one of the new arrivals was instantly most cordially welcomed by a group of old friends and relatives, people they had been close to on Earth. We, who had experienced the fateful journey on that unfortunate ocean liner together then separated. Each one of us was once again master of our own self, surrounded by a small group of dear friends that had gone before us.

I have told you only a little bit about our strange journey and our arrival in the land of the hereafter. Next, I will tell you about my first impressions and experiences. In advance I like to mention that I cannot tell you exactly how long after the ship catastrophe I had these initial experiences. The whole experience seemed like an unbroken series of events to me, I am however not too sure about it.

At that time, I found myself in the company of two dear friends, one of them had been my father on Earth. He came and he remained with me in order to help me and to familiarise me with my new environment. This didn't differ from any journey to a strange country on Earth where one is welcomed by trusted friends who helps one to take the first steps in a strange region. This was an almost sensational conclusion for me.

The terrible scenes from the sinking ship were already a part of the past. Due to the plethora of overwhelming impressions experienced during the short time my otherworldly journey took, the horrific experiences of the past terrestrial night during the catastrophe seemed to already have happened 50 years ago. This is the reason why no distress about the so suddenly lost terrestrial relatives marred our first joy of seeing the beauty of the land of the hereafter.

What I am saying is that nobody was unhappy. Some of them were, but only because they *did not recognise* the coherences between the terrestrial and otherworldly life and therefore confronted the whole situation *uncomprehending*. This naturally didn't apply to us, who *knew* the deeper coherences and our opportunities. Our emotional state at that time can roughly be described with the words: Let us enjoy our new life and our stay here for a little while before we tell the people at home our news. We therefore did not have any grief and sorrow during the initial time after our arrival.

In order to come back to my first experiences, I must delve a little into its details to help my account of it. I am happy to be able to say that my old sense of humour has not left me. I know that my following account will particularly amuse all sceptics and deriders, because they will reject the things that I describe here as humbug. Well, this doesn't bother me. I am actually pleased about the fact that my booklets will at least impress them in this way. And finally, when their own time for the great transition has come, they will find themselves in the same situation that I am going to tell you about. This is why I say to them with humour: 'Stick to your opinion, it doesn't worry me one bit.'

My father, my friend and me went on our way. A very peculiar conclusion puzzled me very much: I was dressed in the same manner I always dressed on Earth and it was impossible for me to comprehend why I had brought my suits with me. This is number one, Mr. Sceptic.

My father was also dressed the way he had always dressed in the past. Everything and everyone seemed quite 'normal', like on Earth. We went about as per usual and soon had some refreshments. This was followed by the usual, long conversations about shared friends on both sides. I was able to tell them a lot of interesting things about them and they in turn told me lots about old friends and the peculiarities of their life in the hereafter.

Something else that caught my eyes was the special colouration of the landscape around us. Just what general impression the specific hues of the English landscape leaves on visitors is difficult to say. One would probably generally describe it as being blue-green. But there were no uncertainties here in regards to this question: The colour of the landscape was undoubtedly a light blue in all its various shades. I am not saying that all the houses, trees, people etc. were blue, but the general impression was without doubt: a blue landscape.

I made a remark about this to my father, who actually looked more vital and younger than during his last days on Earth before he died. We almost looked like brothers. I talked about the conspicuously blue colouration of the landscape and he explained to me that my perception was by all means correct. The light here contained a particularly strong blue radiation and this made this place particularly suitable for the stay of souls in need of recuperation, because these blue light vibrations were wonderfully curative.

Some of the readers will probably say that this is utter nonsense. I would say this to them: Do you not have specific health resorts on Earth that are exceedingly suitable for healing certain illnesses due to their location? Use your healthy human mind and finally comprehend that the step from the terrestrial to the otherworld world is only a small one. This is why the living conditions of these two regions must be very similar. How could an indifferent human being suddenly achieve perfect divinity through dying. Something like this does not exist! Everything is *development*, advancement and progress. This applies to human beings and also to worlds. The 'next' world is only a supplement of your present world.

This land was inhabited by a strangely mixed population. There were people from all social classes, races, colours and sizes here. One lived indeed with one another, but everyone kept their own council. Everyone was sufficiently occupied with themselves and absorbed in their own concerns. A doubtful situation on Earth, but a necessity here for the wellbeing of the general public and for each individual. Progress and recuperation would not eventuate without this condition.

The result of this general internalisation was undisturbed peace and this was particularly notable because of the complexity of the local population described above. Such a condition would probably be unattainable without this self-contemplation. Everybody was sufficiently occupied with their own situation and therefore hardly aware of the others.

I therefore didn't get to meet all that many. Apart from my father and the one friend, those that had welcomed me had disappeared again. I wasn't all that sorry about it. This gave me the opportunity to enjoy the beautiful landscape undisturbed.

We often met and when we did, we went on extended promenades along the shore. Nothing here reminded us of the spas on Earth with their jazz bands and promenades. Everything was quiet,

peaceful and lovely. Large buildings bordered our path to the right and the calm ocean to our left. Everything breathed brightness and light and reflected the wonderful, deep blue of the atmosphere.

I don't remember for how long we walked like this. We constantly talked to one another about all the things that were new to me, about life and the people at this place, about relatives back home and the possibility to get in contact with them to let them know what had happened in the meantime. I do believe that we went a considerable distance in the process.

If you imagine a world about the size of England wherein all kinds of different people, animals, houses and landscapes are huddled together, you might have a rough idea what the country, wherein I found myself at that time, looked like. This may sound unreal and fantastic, but believe you me: It was like a visit to a completely foreign country on Earth, nothing else, the difference being that it was extremely interesting for me.

William Stead describes the new environment and his experiences there very extensively in further chapters. For those that are interested in details, it is worthwhile to read the whole works (22). But one may *not believe* that *all* the deceased end up in such an environment. But if it should be the case, it doesn't mean that they can or must remain in this region for all eternity. Opportunities for *further development* also exist after one's physical death. *Stead* makes the following expositions (22, P. 64):

"I would like to move on to the description of the next stage of development. I might tell you more about the *Blue Island* later on. But we will leave it to continue its own development for the time being and turn our concerted attention to one more point of my otherworldly evolution.

This next stage is a condition wherein one *is freed* from most of the terrestrial instincts and urges that are still adhering. Once released from them, we can relatively quickly move further forward and almost willingly pass from one sphere to the *next higher* one. But we can still maintain close contact with the earth-sphere and our connection with our relatives from this and any other sphere, but only with those that *desire* it. We continue to help them by influencing them in their daily lives to act like this or like that. We are able to do this without endangering our own development and the forming of our character in the slightest. Because all our endeavours are directed at the forming of character.

Like all the others here on the *Blue Island*, I intensely dealt with studying the mysteries of life and my own self. This in fact made me aware of the enormous size of creation. Our interest in the circumstances of life and our aspirations for true knowledge overwhelms us in equal measure with our spiritual progress and our discard of terrestrial habits and limitations. Like others before me, I also adapted myself to the conditions and learned. The degree of my hard-won knowledge and wisdom simultaneously increased my receptivity for more and more knowledge.

I heard about the existence of other otherworldly spheres beyond the region of this island and their existence originally seemed to be as impossible to me as the real existence of the world that I am in might seem to you. But the time soon came when I was taken to these other spheres myself. I cannot accurately determine their location, but it was akin to travelling towards the stars of the universe. Like in the past, it was the same sensation when we left the Earth to glide through the aether until we eventually reach another star, another world.

A great number of various lands or spheres exist in the hereafter. Some of them are inhabited by past terrestrial human beings who have progressed far enough in their development. A *higher form* of life reigns there everywhere, an existence filled with divine happiness and one feels greater and more august in these spheres. But there are also one or two regions of a *lower* order than our *Blue Island* and very little or no trace of happiness and joy can be found there. The soul's apportionment to one the various spheres in the hereafter depends entirely on the *quality* of their terrestrial lifestyle. Entities that reside in the lower, unhappy spheres can blame their inability *to raise* their spirit and their desire for inner ascension, to better themselves and to learn self-control, in spite of the fact that the energy and help is constantly offered, well, even imposed upon them.

The last day on our *Blue Island* has arrived. We will soon cross over to the next sphere and it becomes the permanent abode for souls in most cases. The *Blue Island* is a place of adaptation for the completely new conditions, a so-called *house of purification* or *cleansing*, ergo clearing house.

The concept of a *clearing house* seems to be the most appropriate and it describes a sphere that is introduced as an *intermediate station* between the Earth and the world of the hereafter. The moment a new arrival has adapted to the new living conditions and regained his inner health, he will proceed to a world that can be called the *real home* for souls. Their stay there is most of the time of incomparably longer duration than life on Earth.

We can however return to the *Blue Island* at any time and we do indeed do so when the time comes to welcome arriving friends and former partners in order to help them deal with their new situation. These are however always only short visits and we will never return to live there permanently.

Completely different methods of transport are used in the hereafter than the ones you are familiar with on Earth. A whole series of beings are constantly on their way between the *Blue Island* and other spheres. As the maturing process is of different duration for each individual, I found that completely different beings from the ones I had arrived with here, were now endeavouring to leave the Island with me.

The journey itself was in the same sensational fashion as my first one: A lightning-fast flying or gliding through the aether. After the wonderful blue colouration of the landscape of the *Blue Island*, the new region we 'landed in' seemed rather less colourful. Besides, the people here seemed to be fully occupied with their respective tasks. It felt as if we had returned to the region of Earth. After our arrival, I was particularly attracted to some of the regions of this land because they had a very striking resemblance to the landscape that I had lived in on Earth. Others confirmed this observation for me. They also felt that they had returned to their terrestrial homeland.

In line with our terrestrial standard of living, we are automatically assigned to a group of people that we *harmonise* with and that we *fit* to in every way. Therein lies a considerable difference to the conditions on Earth which represents a constant battlefield of one being against another, designed to consolidate our characters.

The sphere of existence I now find myself in is the one that *most* people will enter after their demise. Within the group of soul-mates we now belong to, we pursue common interests, we devote our time to personal affairs and we gradually free ourselves from the residue of terrestrial habits that still cling to us, because they stand in the way of our further progress. We foster lively personal contacts, dispose over a comfortable home and attentively share the interests of our fellow human beings. According to our wishes, we live together in groups or families in houses whilst others live in villa-style buildings on the edge of an open rolling countryside.

To see how people now live in palaces after they had lived a very hard life in poverty is an almost odd experience. It conforms with their idea of a paradisaical life in heaven and it is allocated to them as a reward for all the hardship and suffering they endured on Earth. The *silent enduring* of terrestrial injustices is actually acknowledged as *special inner progress*, because rage and exasperation are *Satan's* special glossy methods for capturing souls.

The aforementioned can devote their life to further progress here in this happy environment and in the meanwhile enjoy the things that were denied them on Earth. But if they remain standing still spiritually because of their perfect contentment and no longer endeavour to progress further, they must once again leave their castles and be integrated into a different environment. Everyone must constantly qualify and endeavour to *spiritually develop*, and they must *help* the less developed. Before our final arrival in this sphere, we will have already discarded all hankering for food and drink. We are pure spirit, even though we still require a certain finishing touch or a refinement during this lengthy phase in our life.

Buildings for wisdom, music, rest and scientific research, to put it briefly, for all kinds of indoctrinations and acquiring knowledge, exist here also. The 'admission fee' to all of these institutions is nothing but a deep desire to learn more. But we do not lead a life of constant cramming in of knowledge in spite of this. We live in a constant state of glowing interest in anything new that helps us to progress spiritually. Besides, we live under a very pronounced social order, one that is bereft of all terrestrial class distinctions. Absolute freedom of thought and freed to exchange thoughts reigns here.

Once freed from our terrestrial limitations and our adherence to terrestrial ideas, we can move around our world at our discretion or glide over the Earth. Our method of locomotion is so bodacious and of such an enormous velocity that we almost succeed with being in two places at the same time. We also become clearly conscious of the *level of Love* that we feel for one another here. It is more clearly felt here than on Earth, well, actually almost visible and this glorious feeling is the actual cause for the brightness and clarity, the beauty and the brilliance of this world. I don't mean that love radiates rays of light here, but the atmosphere is *infused* with it, so bright, invigorating and live-giving.

Life here is really a very grandiose, keen and happy state for all of those that bestirred themselves to live a decent and progressive life on Earth. The unreasonable, underdeveloped or malicious however only find distress, affliction and worries. There is indeed a deeper wisdom in the Bible's saying: 'As you sow, you shall reap.'"

With his last words, *William Stead* already indicates that there are *other regions* in the world of the hereafter wherein the life of its inhabitants *is far from being as pleasant* as it was the case with him. Due to my participation at psychic experiments, I can tell you the following about this: In a *circle of eight to ten people*, it meets on a regular basis every seven days or at the latest every 14 days, there are always two psychically gifted people present. There were initially three. The psychic ability is expressed in the flow of psychic speaking in a *semi-trance* state. The mediums' consciousness is pushed aside, but they can still grasp the essential content of what they are saying. Once the state of semi-trance has begun, they are no longer able to willingly control their voice. They are also not able to shake off the spirit entity by themselves, after it has taken possession of their body. They are sometimes *seized* by an uninvited spirit being *against* their will. Their intonation and idiom in this semi-trance, as is generally the case, is usually their normal speech.

The aim of the circle *was not* to make contact with specific people or deceased relatives, ergo not quote the deceased. The aim was and is generally *to find out things about the conditions in another world* and *to enlighten* the deceased about their condition, because most of them roam ignorantly around in an intermediate region. They should be religiously advised and encouraged *to join* God's realm and to endeavour to gain an inner and external advancement for themselves.

I would like to tell you here about four incidents amongst the plethora of similar "cases", specifically because the experience of death and the first after-death experiences play a role in them. Some of the conversations that took place stretched over more than one hour. They were recorded on tape, but I abridged them here for this purpose.

Incident 1, 5th of April 1976.

Present: 10 people, amongst them the psychically gifted Mrs. A. (born 1948, Teacher) and Mr. B. (born 1938, Engineer).

A spirit entered Mrs. A. and when questioned, answered that he has come here today to once again hear music. He had heard music by Mozart when he was here the last time and he expressed his great disappointment to find that no record player and no records could be seen. He wants to immediately leave again and emphasised that he does not want anything to do with anyone and that he had always been left in peace up to now. We engaged him in conversation in spite of this and he told us that he had died in 1915 in *Magdeburg* aged 15. He had always loved music very much and had played the violin, the piano and the clarinet. It had been his wish to go to college and to become a musician. But his parents had kept that fact that he was very ill and that he had anaemia from him. He was a protestant and had already been confirmed. His parents had sat at his bedside when he died and the doctor had also turned up one more time. He reports:

"Other beings were also present, but I couldn't understand them. I understood nothing at all. The room was full and I was filled with fear and anxiety. I didn't know any of the others that were present. It was so strange. They were at times above me and at times at my side. I had no explanation

for this and I sensed that things must be pretty bad for me. I understood my parents less and less and I ended up hearing just a babble of voices.

I suddenly saw myself lying there. My mother cried and shook me one more time. But the doctor only shook his head. I could see all of this clearly. What happened after escapes me. I have been thinking about it ever since. What I remembered next was standing at the graveside during my funeral. My parents were crying and my little sister had not yet grasped what was going on. They constantly thought of retrieving me from my coffin and they had to be forcibly stopped from doing so. The musicians at the graveside played pitifully and I didn't like the words of the minister at all. But I couldn't perceive anyone from the hereafter. The cemetery emptied after the funeral. They all left and I stood there all alone. I never made contact with anyone after that. I did indeed see beings once in a while and I assumed that they had also died. But we didn't talk to one another. I didn't dare to approach them, because they didn't take any notice of me."

The deceased furthermore reported that he had always gone to places (he means here on our Earth, from whence he has been unable to extricate himself so far) where he could hear music. This hadn't been possible all that often, because beautiful music is hardly ever played anymore. We now asked the deceased whether he had not taken refuge in prayers due to his difficult situation. He answered:

"Beg and pray? – Does one continue to pray after one has died? I thought that one only prayed on Earth. I prayed there so much, always asking if I may devote my life and myself completely to music. One also always prays on Earth: Lord, give us eternal peace!"

We then asked him whether he had already found eternal peace and whether he had already arrived in heaven. He opined:

"Oh, no, probably not. I don't really know, because I don't know much about it."

We furthermore asked him whether he would like to find a new homeland, where he could once again hear music? The deceased answered:

"Can I actually do so again? I am dead! I can no longer touch musical instruments. I have often tried this (he means terrestrial instruments when he visited our Earth).

We now drew his attention to the fact that he could enter another, more beautiful world if he was prepared to join God. He would have to ask him to send him a helper, an angel who could explain the new world to him and to take him there. God has his messengers and they convey the prayers of the deceased when they come from the heart. He began to pray:

"God, please help me! Send me someone to help me so that I will end up where I belong. I already noticed that I no longer belong where I am. But I don't know anything. God, please help me! Help me so that I can also see more."

We made it clear to him that there would certainly also be other otherworldly entities around him, only that he could not see them the way we could also not see him. His eyes would virtually have to be "opened" first. And this is why he had to ask God with all his heart. After he had done so and after he had prayed the Lord's Prayer with our help, he reported:

"I do believe that I can now see a being behind each of you. They stand very close around you, like blurry figures. But I can presently not see their faces."

After praying again, the deceased said:

"I can now see the outlines of their heads. Should I really see more than this? Yes, it is strange, I now see bright spots where their heads are supposed to be. But I still do not see any eyes. They are indeed the most important things. I can tell by them whether they mean me well.

God, Father, listen to my pleas, help me and open my eyes so that I can see their eyes and their mouth and so that they can talk to me when I hear things."

He can then see the spirit beings clearly and he asks them whether they can help him. They answer him that they cannot do so as they must remain here, because they are here for us human beings. But another spirit being would come for him, a woman. The deceased prayed once more:

“God, I plead with you, do not make me wait any longer. I would dearly like to go with them and I no longer want to remain here. It is always so lonely here for me. Can this change now?”

A being does indeed come after some time, but the deceased protests saying that this wasn't a woman at all and that it doesn't have kind eyes. We advised him to ask the spirit to swear that he belonged to God's positive world of spirit and that Jesus Christ was its Lord. He then talked to the spirit:

“Tell me in the name of God that you are here for me. Is Jesus Christ your Lord? He said *no*. But he could guide me to a place where I could finally have everything that I wanted to. I could play musical instruments there and a lot of people would listen to my music there.”

We admonished him to remember that he prayed the Lord's Prayer a few moments ago with the line “and lead me not into temptation”. This was the tempter and he should not listen to him and not go with him to God's antagonist. The deceased replied:

“But he says that I can play, that things would be good for me. What should I do now?”

We advised him: “Send him away! Can't you see that he grabs you at your weakest point?” The deceased then said:

“God, help me to remain strong. Now go, go away!”

The uninvited spirit does indeed disappear. After more prayers, another spirit appears and it is the woman that was announced. Encouraged by us, the deceased talks to her:

“I am told to ask you whether you belong with me, whether God sent you and whether Christ is your Lord? Will you take me to a place where I can live a better life?”

The spirit being furnished the demanded oath and the deceased reports:

“She tells me that she has always been with me, but that I could never see her. She had also been there when I died and she had constantly called out to me, but I just couldn't hear her. She looks beautiful. She tells me to come quickly, because we must get away from here. Everything that had to be done here had been done. Things are good. I am asked to thank you. Can this be the reality? – Yes! I may really trust her, she said. God, I thank you! And I would like to go with her.”

Incident 2, 10th of September 1976

We are dealing with the same, previously mentioned circle.

There were 10 people there including myself and the psychically gifted Mrs. A. and Mr. B amongst them.

A spirit entity entered Mrs. A. and when asked, tells us that his name had been *Jürgen Rombart*, he had been a stone mason, was born in 1873 and had died in 1935 in *Southern Germany*. I asked him about the course his death had taken and whether he had actually noticed that he had died. He answered:

“I was ill for a long time and I had lung cancer. I was lying there in a delirium and I was not really there anymore, I was hovering between the Earth and the hereafter. I am not consciously aware of the moment when I actually died. Something that startled me was the fact that my body no longer ached. I could suddenly no longer see my terrestrial body lying on my bed. It had gone, probably already buried. I completely missed the funeral. It tried to talk to my children, I had been living with them during my illness, but it no longer worked and this made me realise that I had probably

died. My bed was also empty and all my things had been removed. I did however have a new body and I felt a lot healthier. I walked back and forth in my room and I could also walk through the walls.

After I found that I could no longer talk to my relatives I looked elsewhere and I thought that I could possibly talk to somebody else. If I was still able to move and was therefore 'still alive', there must be others that were also alive, I thought for myself. I wanted to go and look for them. I therefore left my terrestrial house, but I didn't know which way I should turn. To begin with, I stood completely perplexed somewhere outside. I didn't feel comfortable anywhere and I had a strange feeling, because I no longer felt attracted to the Earth. The Earth's gravity, that usually has an effect on people, was no longer there. People must naturally walk on the ground, but the deceased do not feel the compulsion to do so. One can simply hover and, if one is so inclined, force oneself to come down to the ground.

There were suddenly people there that moved in a similar fashion to the way I did. I thought to myself that they must be like me. I wanted to go to them. I approached them and greeted them. I asked them if they had, like me, also died. They answered, yes, yes, they had come to fetch me. They were a mixture of men and women. But I didn't know any of them. They then asked me to go with them. However, I was not prepared to go with them just like that and I told them that they would have to give me more precise information about where they came from and how we were going to proceed from here. Their curt reply was that I shouldn't be so inquisitive. I believed that I spotted another group some distance away and I therefore replied to the first group that I wanted to talk to the others first, because they were not prepared to tell me where they intended to take me. They initially didn't want to let go of me. But as I have always wanted to know everything exactly, I simply left them and went to the others. I now asked them where they would take me if I went with them and whatever else they would do. The other group had told me nothing about it. They said that things didn't move that fast. They couldn't tell me details right now, but if I followed them I would certainly be taken care of.

I now knew just as much as before and I thought: I will leave both groups standing there, because one never knows how one would fare with either of them. I then left and I have been searching and searching in order to find someone that can tell me more accurately how things should progress from here. But nobody enlightened me about it. All of them said: 'Come with us. We will show you later!' What is one to do now?"

In order to enlighten this wandering spirit about how he could find his journey through life in a correct fashion, he had been guided to our terrestrial circle by his otherworldly helpers. The deceased *Jürgen Rombart* was to begin with immensely amazed to hear that, according to the information he provided about the year of his death, he had been aimlessly roaming about for 41 years. He told us during further conversations and questioning, that he was a baptised Christian, but *that he was not all that religious*. He wasn't an out and out atheist either, but *he never prayed*, not even during his terrible captivity in Russia during the Great War. He had never believed in the power of prayers.

We drew his attention to the fact that all the deceased had a guide, a so-called *Guardian Angel*. One could ask God to guide this *guardian angel* towards one and to visibly appear. This angel would then, after having been asked to swear that he serves God and that Jesus Christ was his Lord, guide a wandering soul to other otherworldly regions that belonged to God where he could perform some meaningful activities. After a lengthy conversation, wherein he explained that he was closer to Christ than to God, with whom he had no real contact with, *Jürgen Rombart* prayed:

"Dear Christ, please send me the one that is called *Guardian Angel* so that can help me and really show me the correct path. Please send him to me so that I can finally find my way. I beg of you."

After another spirit being appeared after further prayers that was *not* prepared to render the asked for oath on behalf of God and Christ, a female entity eventually turned up and she swore that her allegiance was to God and to Jesus Christ. She explained that she was going to be *Jürgen Rombart's Guardian Angel* for a while and she wanted to lead him towards his new assignments. Consoled and grateful, he moved off with this *Guardian Angel*.

Incident 3, 26th of November 1976.

Including myself, there were 9 people present, amongst them the psychically gifted Mrs. A. and Mr. B.

A spirit entity entered Mr. B. and when asked, told us that his name had been *Franz Muckler*. He had been a brick layer and had lived near *Salzburg*, he had reached the age of 37 and had died in 1931. He further told us that a heavy stone had fallen on his head during a construction project. He had been lying ill in bed for nearly a whole year. *Franz Muckler* reports:

“I was not disappointed when I died. It was a relief for me. I had suffered from terrible headaches and had been unconscious at times. When I ‘died’ I exited my body. It was however very strange. I was still attached via a *cord*. It suddenly *snapped* and I have been in *this* world ever since. This *cord* went from my present head to the navel of the terrestrial body. It was about as thick as a climbing rope in a gymnasium, and it seemed to be of a yellowish colour. I did not consciously become aware of the moment it snapped. I must have been unconscious for a moment. Nobody was in the room when I died. I immediately left it. This is when I met others that had also died. They wanted me to stay for a while where they had lived, but there was nothing there to keep me. But I now do not know why I am here. I know that one continues to live, but I haven’t seen a lot in the meantime. Once I listened in on a conversation where it was mentioned that it could also be beautiful here. But I see *everything only in a grey colour*. One of the conversation partners, whose conversation I had listen in on, was dressed differently from the way I and the others that I saw were dressed. He talked to the first one and then suddenly disappeared. I now live by myself in a kind of cave. There are more of these kinds of dwellings in my environment. It is a kind of village of caves.”

To my question about whether he had to dig his “cave” himself, the deceased answered:

“These caves are not underground. They are something between a cave and a hut. I dug a little and then made a cover over it, a kind of a hood from dark material that is something like wood. But I didn’t dig the pit with my hands. There was no physical work involved. I didn’t have to bend a finger. I only *imagined* that I performed physical work and the hole in the ground was suddenly there.”

To my question of why he, a former bricklayer had not immediately “build” a real house, *Franz Muckler* answered:

“I arrived at this ‘village’ much later than the other inhabitants. The other ‘houses’ were like that so I also built myself one like it. I adapted myself to this place. A better house would have attracted attention. This is why I never entertained the thought of building a better house. There is *nothing to do* here. I sit around all day. It is rather bleak here, actually *always grey*. There is no change between day and night and it never ever rained here. I would not like to live here forever, if something better exists. I would also like to work. During my life on Earth, *I did believe in God*. I also went to Church once in a while, as one does, maybe at Christmas or maybe sometimes at Easter. *I also believed that the soul survives* and I really do still live. As one does, I now also pray sometimes. But I have not prayed for anything specific up to now. Two days ago, according to your concept of time, I asked for the first time to be allowed to work. But I don’t know how I got here to be with you. I didn’t feel anything and I was suddenly here.”

We suggested to the deceased to try to go to a better environment where he could get work and where he could be incorporated into God’s realm. But he would have to find a guide, *his guardian angel*, to guide him there. *Franz* replied:

“I don’t want anything handed to me on a platter. I would like to earn it through work. But I have no idea how this could happen. But I do like to go to where I can take on an assignment.”

The deceased is now asking God in a silent prayer to accept him into his realm and to send him a guide. He could then see a whole group of spirit beings that filled the room and that gathered around us here. One more spirit being arrived a few minutes later and standing in front of him, answered the deceased’s

question by saying that he was his *guardian angel*. Prompted by us, *Franz Muckler* wants to ask this spirit being to swear an oath, but he can't enunciate anything, because a spiritual influence stops him. He then manages to say: "Do you swear in God's name that Christ is your Lord?" The spirit being tries to answer, but is also hindered from formulating his words. Besides, it is also pushed back by other spirit entities. The deceased then prays again:

"Dear God, I beg you, please hear my prayer. I know that I have very seldom talked to you in prayer. Please help this man that stands in front of me just now to get closer so that I can ask him about what has been put upon me here. I promise to serve you the way you like me to serve you. I promise you that I will at least try it."

He then prayed the complete Lord's prayer. The spirit being that had been pushed to the back is able to approach him and is asked to swear an oath. *Franz Muckler* tells us the reply:

"He says that he swears in God's name that Jesus Christ is his Lord, that he is my guardian angel and that I may go with him. Furthermore, he says that I should say good-bye to you now, because you here still had, he literally said, enough to do (Another deceased entity was waiting for encouragement inside of Mrs. A.).

It is now *a lot brighter* around me. I hope that I will be able to work and to help in the new environment. I thank you for allowing me be here so often, because I was a stranger to you. I hope that I can come back to you one day so I can tell you about my new job and my new world. – Good-bye!"

The spirit entities that were led to us in the three above mentioned depictions had been aware that they had left the Earth behind. The deceased in the following example still suffers from the illusion that he is still in his sickbed on Earth and that he is still in pain. He has not yet grasped the fact that he is dead.

Incident 4, 8th of October 1987, at the above mentioned psychic circle
Present: 7 people, amongst them the psychically gifted Mrs. A. and Mr. B.

A spirit entered Mrs. A., he sat up quite rigidly to begin with and began to moan. He then grasped his neck with his hand as if he had a pain there and pulled a painfilled grimace. He severely, fitfully flinched twice. All of this took about ten minutes. We spoke to the deceased a number of times, asking who he was and whether he could hear us etc. He finally answered our question "do you have a headache?" with a soft "yes". He continued with moving his mouth and trying to speak, but only managed gurgling sounds. He made several attempts to speak: "I... I... I...", but couldn't get further. He then moaned with pain. After a pause he continued with "I have cancer, I am in pain, everything is in vain. Everything is in vain for me. I have cancer and such pain."

We asked him whether he knew that he had died. There was no answer. I explained to him that he still felt the pain that he had during his life as a cancer sufferer. He must recognise that he had died, that his present body was no longer ill and that there was no longer a reason to feel pain. He should ask God to send him a helper, a guide, a *guardian angel* to take care of him. He should take a look around to see whether he could see him already. The deceased hardly reacted to these words and told us that he could see nothing and continued with emphasising the fact that he was in pain. After an interval he said: "I need painkillers. All I see are nurses. The nurses and my wife were always with me."

The medium, Mrs. A, reported later that she saw the patient lying in his terrestrial bed during her trance, whereby his wife had sat next to him holding his hand. She thought that he hadn't been very old, probably around the mid 40's. After more positive persuasion, the spirit finally said: "The pain is easing.

This is strange!" He was finally overcome with emotion and started to cry. The tears naturally poured out of the medium's eyes.

The seven of us then formed a closed chain (we held hands) and prayed for this pitiable spirit being asking for him to be freed from his pain and that he may recognise his present life's situation. After the Lord's Prayer, the deceased asked: "What should I do now? – I see a light, a beam of light that is enveloping me. It is like a breath of fresh air." He took a number of deep breaths and said: "I feel quite light!" After a pause he asked: "Who are you?" We explained what we were doing here and that we try to help needy spirit beings by explaining their new situation in the hereafter to them and to pray for them and with them. The deceased finally said: "I am being carried away. I believe that I must thank you."

The medium Mrs. A. later told us that she had felt the pain of the spirit being quite intensively in her head, neck and her chest. It only gradually eased off after the end of the trance state.

After having listened to them, I selected and narrated four fates of deceased people from a plethora of similarly progressed events that have eventuated completely different from the one's *Dr. Kübler-Ross* and *Willian Stead* reported about. They list examples where the dying are joyfully welcomed by relatives and friends that have died before them. In the cases I describe, they roam about by themselves.

We don't know why the transition to the world of the hereafter can run this way or that way along completely different lines. We can only make our assumptions, namely that the inner attitude and the behaviour of the deceased during their terrestrial life might possibly have an influence on their after-death existence.

A spirit entity that had died in *Scotland* in 1925 according to its information, stated that he had been trained as a *teacher* for us here on this Earth and he presented his versatile narrations about the hereafter through the *medium Beatrice Brunner from Zurich* (1910 – 1983). This entity told his listeners that his name was *Josef*. In answer to a question asked on the 4th of April 1970, he stated during one of the weekly public meetings (25, P. 142):

"When a deceased crosses over to the world of the hereafter, he or she will still have the same thoughts and the same abilities as before. These can at times, depending on their spiritual level and their spiritual merits, remain with them. Well, they can - where people have made an effort and deserve it – even be trained and developed further in the world of spirit. On the other hand, the abilities brought with them can also be scotched, because these abilities might have been abused by damaging other human beings, thereby burdening oneself in the process. If one has burdened oneself through one's abilities, one can be sure that they will be prohibited for quite some time.

I would really like to talk about this spiritual world and particularly about its various spiritual levels where deceased human beings are welcomed, where they have to endure their refinement on the one hand, where they have to work and to learn, and where they find their new home on the other hand.

Our friends, those that are not familiar with the doctrine of the spirit, find the fact that one still has to work in the world of spirit, simply incredible. That is to say: It is very unwise to think like that. How could one imagine a harmonic, peaceful co-existence if one couldn't perform a satisfying activity, if one was condemned to idleness, if one could not contribute to the configuration and the beautification of heaven. If the spirit siblings had not participated in the configuration and beautification of the spheres of the spirit since time immemorial, many would only find a wasteland after their terrestrial demise, a world without joy. The deceased should however learn to feel happy in their new spiritual world. But learning this often consumes a long period of time.

When I said that one arrives in the world of spirit with all of one's human traits, it means that the same thoughts and wants, the same human knowledge that one possessed, including one's obstinacy, one's idiosyncrasy, one's dishonesty, one's imperiousness and all other characteristics that are a human hallmark, once again form the personality in the world of spirit. Because all of this

is contained and remains contained within the soul. Even with the new circumstances and impressions the deceased is confronted with, their lifelong peculiarities, experiences and drilled in information are not that quickly forgotten. One must find the time to surmount all of this.

Specifically, those that *never* dealt with the doctrines of the hereafter during their terrestrial existence require some time to overcome this. Because the new world will be something *completely alien* to them and they must initially take their time to familiarise themselves with the minutest details of the world of spirit. And this isn't always easy. They find it a *lot harder* to discard the old, the mundane and to adapt to the new world. Because images of their terrestrial life are vividly conjured up and fill their senses over again. Their terrestrial life left so many impressions behind that they are not easily gotten rid of. You can make the same observation with yourselves: Something that cuts deep into your soul hurts you and painful memories remain with you for a long time. Things that hurt you deep inside are not easily forgotten. This memory remains for some time, if not one's whole life.

And now, when you arrive in this other world, you'll find that all of these memories are *still there*. They are quite alive and they are, where it seems necessary, plastically presented to one or the other. Past experiences remain for a long time within the memory of these home comers in this way.

But when people *know* this doctrine of the spirit and already dealt and familiarised themselves with the world of spirit during their lifetime, when they endeavoured to put the things of the flesh aside to some degree, when they decided to not tie themselves to material thing too much, when they look at unpleasant events and memories with other people with a *forgiving* heart, these memories will *not* adhere to the soul all that long, they will be overcome and forgotten through forgiveness, through understanding and through love. Once one is no longer tied to painful memories, one is able to move a *lot freer* in the new world and also adapt to its order and its laws a *lot faster*. Because one has familiarised oneself during one's lifetime and to know all of this is a great advantage."

Experiences in the world of the hereafter

Many of the deceased that do not bring the requirements with them to immediately lead a fulfilled and ordered life in contentment, after their terrestrial death, might helplessly roam about or find themselves otherwise in need instead. They are visited by somewhat more advanced entities in the world of the hereafter and these will helpfully take care of the destitute. They work, as far as it is possible in rare cases, with human communities on this Earth. The examples of support and pastoral care for needy deceased reported in the above article, personally witnessed by myself, developed from such a co-operation.

The American psychiatrist *Dr. med. Carl A. Wickland* (1862 – 1937) participated in a similar inter-worldly community activity 80 years before. He had a psychically gifted wife and with her help noticed that some of his psychiatric patients were not actually ill in a medical sense, but *possessed* instead. This meant that their mental confusion and their delusional ideas were the result of a *paranormal alien influence*, produced by otherworldly entities that had attached themselves to psychically gifted patients.

Dr. Wickland saw his assignment to not only help his terrestrial patients, but also help the otherworldly entities to extricate themselves from their ominous interrelationship. He wrote an extremely valuable book titled "Thirty Years amongst the Dead", Los Angeles 1924, about his activities that lasted over more than 30 years. It was also translated into German in 1952 (23) and because of the abundance of its subject matter, very readable indeed. *Wickland* reports in this book (23, P. 43):

"We found out that my wife was an excellent medium and that disembodied entities could easily take possession of her body. As an answer to her doubts about whether it was right for us to disturb the 'peace of the dead', otherworldly entities asserted that we still had *completely false ideas about the conditions after our demise*.

They assured us that death did in reality not exist, that it only constituted a completely natural transition from the visible to an invisible world and that *higher-developed spirits* were constantly looking for opportunities to communicate with us here in order *to teach* us about the unforeseen possibilities of upward development as spirits that awaited us there! – But that the dying, the separation of the spirit from the body, happened in such a simple and natural way that most people do not become aware of the shorter or longer period of transition. But as they were never instructed about the spiritual side of their existence, they think in their ignorance that even as deceased human beings, they still remain at the places of their terrestrial activities!

They furthermore asserted that many spirits are attracted by the ‘magnetic aura’ of people, that they enter them thereby besieging or *possessing* their victims; neither the spirit nor the affected person must necessarily be consciously aware of such an intrusiveness. In this way, spirits do however, without realising it – but certainly often with malicious intent – become the *instigators of unspeakable calamities and miseries* by causing physical decline, moral inferiority, crimes and apparent insaneness!

The spirits said that to get to the root of this evil is fraught with dangers for the novice in the field of psychic research, but that it was even more dangerous to remain in *ignorance* about these facts, particularly for the sensitive neurotic. These spirit entities also explained that through planned ‘transference’, that is to say, by diverting such *possession spirits* from their victims by enticing them to enter a medium, the correctness of the hypothesis and the facts of the truth can be *verified*. Such a transfer of the mental disorders to a medium could free the patients from their tormenting spirits and the latter be made accessible to the influences of *more advanced spirits* who can then take care of them and teach them the higher laws of life.

They asserted to have found an ideal instrument for such experiments in my wife and they suggested that they could *verify* the correctness of their assertions, if I was prepared to work with them. I should therefore take care of these *ignorant spirits* and teach them, whilst allowing them to take completely control of the body of my wife for a while, without causing any damage to her in the process.

Keenly concerned with ascertaining whether these extreme assertions really applied or not, we complied with their seemingly daring suggestion. If the suggestions made to us proved to be appropriate, they could be of enormous importance in regards to the *solving of many mysteries* the soul life and the crimes committed by other mentally ill people revealed so far.

The *leading spirits* often allowed unexpected declaration to slip through during the execution of their suggestions, some of them already took place whilst I was still at the beginning of my medical studies. I left my house one day without entertaining the thought of immediately proceeding with dissecting something at the lab. My wife’s subconscious could therefore not be involved in what happened later. The students were asked to dissect the whole lower limbs of a cadaver. The first cadaver destined to be dissected was that of a man of about 60 years old and I began with dissecting one of his legs that afternoon.

I returned home at around 5pm in the afternoon and I had hardly entered through the door when my wife was affected by a sudden feeling of being unwell. She complained that she felt ‘*strange*’ and she swayed back and forth as if she wanted to fall. When I placed my hand on her shoulder, she stood erect and an *alien entity* took possession of her which in turn said with a threatening gesture of the hand: ‘What is this idea of carving me up?’ I replied that I wasn’t aware that I had carved anyone up, but the spirit replied in anger: ‘You certainly did, you are carving up my leg!’

Now I comprehended: The soul of the person whose cadaver I had begun to dissect had followed me home and I now started to talk with the deceased, but immediately guided my wife to a chair. The deceased vehemently objected and told me that I had no right to touch him. To my reply that I had indeed the right to touch my wife, he replied: ‘Your wife? – What are you talking about? – I am not a woman, I am a man!’ I explained to him that he had discarded his mortal body and that he was now using my wife’s body. His ‘spirit’ was here and his body was at the university. Once he finally seemed to grasp this, I said: A case in point, if I were to dissect your body at the university right now, I couldn’t actually kill you, because you are here!’

The spirit admitted that this was a completely reasonable conclusion and said: 'This means that I am, as it were, 'dead' and will probably have no further use for my old body anymore. If you can learn something from dissecting it, then go ahead and carve away!' – He then suddenly added: 'Listen here doctor, give me a quid of tobacco!' When I answered that I did not have any tobacco, he asked for a pipe and said: 'I do like to smoke!' This request was naturally also denied. – As my wife has always had a great abhorrence in regards to shewing tobacco, it was completely impossible for her subconscious to have played a part in this event! After I had once again explained to him in detail that he had actually what one called 'died', he immediately comprehended his actual situation and left us. When I later examined the teeth of his cadaver I found that they clearly indicated that this person must have overdone the use of tobacco all his life."

Dr. Wickland reports about his further experiences and insights with the following words (23, P. 32):

"The change or transition, called death – this word is the *wrong denomination* – generally regarded with fear and horror, usually takes place in such a natural and simple way, that the majority of people are not consciously aware of their transition after leaving their body. And in as far as the deceased are *not informed* about a spiritual life after, they are completely ignorant about the fact that they have entered a different state of existence. Robbed of their physical sense organs, no terrestrial light shines for them, and due to a lack of understanding of a higher aim in life, these people are spiritually blind and find themselves in a twilight – the Bible calls this 'extreme darkness' – and roam around in a region that is known as the *earth's sphere*.

Death doesn't turn a sinner into a Saint and no wise man into a fool. The ethos remains as before and every human being takes his old passions, habits, opinions, false doctrines, indifference or doubts with them to their otherworldly life. 'People are the way they think in their heart!' By *adopting* spirit forms that are the result of their terrestrial imagination, millions of deceased human beings remain within the earth's sphere for a time and often even at the scene of their life on Earth, arrested there through habits and declinations. 'Because your heart is where your treasure is' (Matthew 6, 21).

On the other hand, those amongst the deceased that have *advanced* their development and ended up in a *higher* spiritual world, assiduously endeavour *to teach* these earthbound spirits. Due to their false concepts about the state of death, the latter are often stuck in the delusion that those that died before them are either 'dead' or 'ghosts'! This is why they often decline to recognise their friends and fail to gain clarity about their own condition.

A lot of them find themselves in a state of deep sleep, others believe that they have lost their way or are confused. The thus mentally confused are tormented with fears in the disconcerting *darkness* they find themselves. Others are tormented by their conscience and suffer from fear and remorse about the life they led on Earth. Others are driven by selfish and evil emotions to look for an opportunity to put their tendencies into action. They then remain in this state until the disintegrating effect of their wishes have been established and until the soul clamours for better insights and enlightenment and *advanced spirits* approach them in order to help them.

Without their own physical body through which they could effectuate their terrestrial-human passions, many disembodied spirits are attracted by the luminous emanations of people. They join these 'magnetic auras' and this gives them a way to express their wishes and wants on the physical plane, namely by influencing people, ergo making them *possessed* or taken possession of them! Such obtrusive spirits influence receptive psychic people with their thoughts, transfer their impulses to them, weaken their resolve, often control what they do or fail to do thereby causing great distress and cause mental confusion and other ailments!

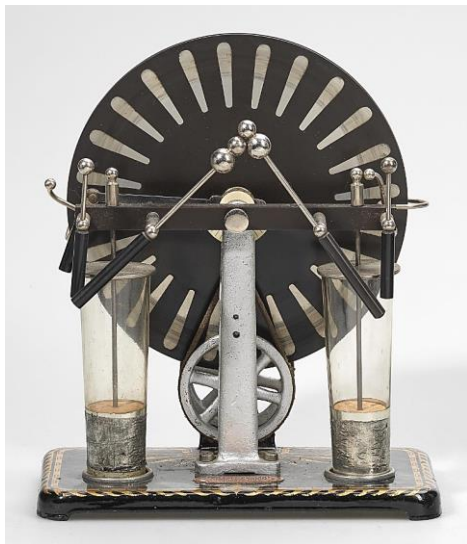
These earthbound spirits are the 'devils' one has always believed in; 'devils' of human origin, the products of human selfishness, false doctrines and ignorance, they arrive completely blind on the spiritual planes and they are retained there by the fetters of their ignorance. The influence of these disembodied entities is the cause of many unexplained and mysterious events here on Earth and it is responsible for a large part of the misery in this world. – Purity of moral conduct and principles or a high level of understanding are not necessarily a secure protection against possessions! – Only the general acknowledgment of the meaning of these questions and indoctrinations, as well as their elucidation, constitute a *means of protection* against this!

There are various physical conditions that promote the intrusion of spirits into human beings. Such impairments can often be ascribed to congenital psychic receptiveness or a fatigued nervous system or a sudden mental shock. Purely physical disorders can also promote possessions; the organism offers little resistance when the natural vitality is weakened and pushy spirits gain easy access even though neither the living nor the deceased are often not aware of the presence of the other!

This impairment through spirits *changes the character* of the afflicted and an obvious change within the personality takes place, whereby a number of alien personalities are at times depicted, respectively imitated simultaneously in clearly defined succession. Such spirit influences often cause extreme madness of the most varied grades, from simple mental confusion to all forms of madness, hysteria, epilepsy, melancholy, shell-shock, kleptomania, religious and suicidal delusion as well as memory loss, mentally induced physical frailty, inebriation to the point of uncontrollable addiction to immorality and cruelty, animalistic behaviour and other forms of criminality. Mankind is surrounded by millions of disembodied spirits that have *not yet grasped the higher meaning of life!* If one accepts this as fact, a plethora of phenomena like unwanted thoughts, unfounded emotions, strange premonitions, moods, irritability, excessive excitability, unreasonable outburst of passion, uncontrollable delusions and numerous other derailments within the emotional and sentient life are casually explained.”

Dr. Wickland then describes the way he managed to make contact with earthbound and possessive spirit entities via his psychically gifted wife and how he can cause the former to abandon their bond with the secular, the here and now (23, P. 47):

“The transfer of the pathological states of the soul of a patient to the medium (my wife) is assuaged when we excite the patient with the help of an *influence-machine*, something we do quite often in the presence of the medium. Even though this electrical charge is quite harmless for the patient, it has an extraordinary powerful effect, because the possessing spirit cannot bear this electrical treatment for too long and is therefore driven from the patient.



Influence-Machine

Two concentrically arranged revolving disks are set in opposite directions with a crank handle. Through influence, this produces a high electrical voltage that is very unpleasant to a person attached to it, but because of its low amperage isn't dangerous.

The spirit thus ousted can now find access to the medium with the support from our *invisible helpers*. This makes it possible to directly converse with the relevant spirit and one can now make an attempt to give it the cognizance about its true situation and to inform it that it could actually lead a much better existence. The *higher* developed spirit will then take it with them and look after it from then on, whilst my wife returns to her normal state of consciousness.

Completely within the narrated experiences, we held regular meetings with my wife as medium and in many instances received *highly remarkable evidence* that *disembodied entities* were the *initiators* of the pathological mental state. Even when the patient lived far away from us, we were often successful in banishing the possession spirits from their victims to then bring them to our circle through our invisible spiritual helpers, where they were allowed to take possession of the body of

our medium. Such spirits often complained that one had chased them away. They had no idea that they had died and that they had possessed and tormented people as spirits.

If one now experiences on the one hand that the possessing spirit, when it expresses itself through the medium, behaves exactly like it did when inside the patient and when on the other hand his expulsion from the patient gives the latter relief from his complaints, this would surely verify without doubt that this spirit was the *originator* of the pathological disturbance. We could also without doubt ascertain in many cases, the kind of human personality we had in the deceased inside the medium in front of us! With such a 'transference' into the medium and the permanent eviction of the spirit, the state of health of the patient improved. But it happens often enough that a whole number of spirits have to be evicted from the patient!

Some might now ask why the more *advanced* spirits do not take charge of these earthbound souls and guide them onto the correct path instead of bringing them to a medium first? Quite simply because many of these ignorant souls are *not reachable* for the more advanced spirits before they have once again been brought in intimate and fully conscious contact with the terrestrial-physical world of the body. Only once they have become aware *through the rough facts* that a great change must have taken place within them, will they come to their senses in regards to their situation and will allow themselves to be guided onto the path of higher development!

When an ignorant spirit gains the opportunity to express itself through our circle's medium, you'll find that this process serves a number of purposes. The spirit it usually brought to recognise its situation and the teaching researcher gains an enrichment of his experience with every new case. But whole hordes of other spirits, those that still live in the darkness of their lack of insight, are assembled around us at the same time and this in order to learn from the behaviour of their comrades that share their fate and the indoctrinations that they receive.

Many spirits however behave as if there are not quite right in the head and it is difficult to have a sensible conversation with them. This is due to their stubborn beliefs, preconceived ideas and irrational concepts that they have absorbed or formed during their life on Earth. They are often unruly and if one finds it necessary to hold the hands of the medium in order to keep them under control, they vehemently object to this. But once they have grasped their true situation, many of them are overcome with the feeling of dying and this makes them lose their control over the medium.

Other spirit on the other hand are dull and drowsy and express no other wish than to be left alone. They require some very severe talking-to to wake them up, something that will become apparent in the following accounts. They often mention the word 'dungeon' wherein unruly spirits can be accommodated; these spirits sometimes complain when they talk through the medium to us, that they have been in prison!

According to the laws of spirit, spirits actually gain the ability, with their accumulation of insights and knowledge, to create an environment for ignorant, reluctant souls that feels like a prison to them, ergo an impenetrable cell-like room from whence there is no escape. They must remain in there until they come to their senses and until they show to good will to take their changed life situation into account and submit to the laws of spiritual development! In the meantime, they will see nothing but the mistakes and shortcomings of their own personality that is presented to them in the form of thousands of mirror images as well as the things they did or omitted to do during the life on Earth that they left behind!

When my wife acts as a medium and when she allows disembodied spirit beings to use her body, it is always in a state of a so-called *deep trance*. During this process, her eyes are closed, her own consciousness completely switched off and she is in a deep sleep. She has no memory after of what has eventuated or what has been announced during that time. Outside of these trance states, ergo during the time between our meetings, she does not suffer from any impairments. She is always master of her consciousness, has a clear mind and her presence is determined and sure. After 30 years of our research her health had not been weakened or damaged in any way.

She is under constant *otherworldly protection* that a company of *powerful spirits* supervises. They call themselves the '*Covenant of Mercy*' and they are the ones that *guide* the work that we do,

endeavouring to make it comprehensible to mankind, that death is just a natural passing over into another world and that it is important to know what happens to the souls of the deceased! The purpose of our work is to furnish reliable and irrefutable *first hand* evidence of the reality of an otherworldly existence. This is why our comprehensive reports of hundreds of meetings have been written down in shorthand so that we can convey to our readers a faithful as possible description of the conditions the manifesting spirits find themselves in!

During *30 years* of indefatigable research and interactions with the deceased, we experienced such a lot of sensational things that it seems virtually incredible that sensible people could have heedlessly missed these simple facts only because their thought processes ran along completely different lines, facts that are so easily verifiable and confirmed! Deception or deceit are beyond all possibility in our meetings. *Foreign languages are spoken* that are completely unknown to my wife. Expressions and phrases are used that my wife has never heard of before. We could on the other hand over and over ascertain who the proclaiming spirit was that we had in front of us and we received innumerable confirmations in regards to these findings!

I once had the opportunity to talk to 21 different spirits and all of them conversed through my wife; the majority gave me satisfactory evidence that they were certain friends and relatives that I had known during their terrestrial life. They altogether spoke *six different languages* whilst my wife only speaks Swedish and English. 13 different spirits were expelled from a patient, a Mrs. A. that was brought to us from Chicago and they were allowed to proclaim themselves through my wife. Seven of them were recognised by the mother of the patient, a Mrs. H. W. as being relatives and friends she had known very well during their lifetime. One of them was a clergyman, a past pastor of the Methodist Church Mrs. H. W. was a member of. He had lost his life during a train accident nine years prior but he was *still not aware* of this fact. Another spirit was her sister in law. Three more elderly ladies, longstanding friends of the family, were amongst them and the son of a neighbour and the mother-in-law of the patient, all of them completely unknown to my wife.

Mrs. H. W. conversed long and elaborately with each one of them whilst they spoke through my wife. She could confirm the accuracy of a myriad of pieces of information and assertions by these spirits and she eagerly helped them to understand the changes that had happened to them and how they had possessed her daughter. This patient is now completely healthy. She plays music and she can once again deal with all the demands her family and society challenges her with.

Another case will clearly indicate that the psychosis can indeed be transferred from the patient to the medium and reveal the impossibility that the 'subconscious' or a 'split personality' of the medium can play a role. One summer evening, we were called to the flat of Mrs. M., a highly educated lady. She was a first class musician and she had suffered a nervous breakdown because the demands society placed on her had become too great. For six weeks she had constantly suffered from fits of rage so that nobody could deal with her and her doctor could also not describe anything to call her down. She required constant supervision and a nurse had to be with her day and night.

We found the patient sitting in her bed. She cried and wailed like a child for a while to then suddenly scream filled with fear: 'Matilda, Matilda!' She suddenly lashed out and behaved as if she was in a wrestling match. She wildly spoke a mixture of English and Spanish in the process. The latter was completely unknown to her in her normal state.

Due to her psychic perception, my wife immediately sussed out the situation. She was absolutely sure that we were dealing with a case of *possession* and this was unexpectedly and immediately confirmed. Because as my wife donned her coat ready to leave and whilst still standing at the foot of the bed, she suddenly fell asleep. We sat her on a sofa in the music room where she conversed for two hours with various spirits, one after the other, spirits she had directly attracted from the patient.

There were *three* spirits. A girl by the name of *Mary*, her admirer, an American and his Mexican rival *Matilla*. Both of these guys were passionately in love with this girl and they equally passionately hated one another. One of them had killed the girl in a rage of jealousy and the two rivals managed to kill one another in a desperate struggle. None of them had become aware that they were 'dead', because *Mary* said whilst weeping miserably: 'I thought that they would kill one another, but they are still alive and they are still fighting and can't stop fighting!'

This tragedy of love, hate and jealousy had apparently not found an end when they physically died. Not being conscious of their changed state, the three deceased got caught up in the mental atmosphere of the patient and continued their battle and fight there. As the power of resistance of the patient's nerves was extraordinarily low, the spirits had taken possession of her body one after the other. This is how these severe disturbances had come about, something her doctors and nurses could not explain."

Four of *Dr. Wickland's* cases will be rendered here word for word. He reports (23, P. 87):

"Ignorant spirits often wander aimlessly within the Earth's sphere. They know *nothing* about a higher world of spirit that can only be entered by those whose senses are open in regards to its existence. Their ignorance therefore keeps them in a state of confusion and dull monotony and makes them suffer. Many remain attached to the scene of their terrestrial life and continue with what they were doing, whilst others fall into a deep sleep from which they cannot be easily awakened from.

A spirit who had not been aware at all of his crossing over, and still pursued his past activities, took control of my wife during one of our meetings in *Chicago*.

He asked 'Why are you sitting in darkness?' (We experimented at that time with working in darkness). He said 'I am *Hesselroth* from the chemist shop'. *Mr. Hesselroth*, that Swedish proprietor of a chemist shop in Chicago had died in hospital the year before. But we knew nothing about this man, neither about his death nor anything about his other circumstances. One of his friends, a *Mr. Eckholm* was part of our circle on this particular evening. The spirit was *unaware* of his own demise and asserted that he still ran the chemist shop.

His friend in our circle told us that he had heard that the chemist shop had been sold to the manager of the shop. He also told the deceased the same story. But the deceased animatedly contradicted him and asserted that: '*Abrahamson* administers the shop for me'. The spirit told us about a break-in that had happened at his house and described the three burglars. He said that he was initially afraid when they broke in, but had then plucked up his courage and wanted to get his revolver, but had been unable to grasp it. He had then started to hit one of the intruders but his hand had 'gone right through the blighter' and it was incomprehensible to him that he could do nothing at all. After his situation had been explained to him, he saw many spirit friends who made him welcome in his new home in the world of spirit.

Later *inquiries* established the correctness of the statement made by this spirit, namely that the chemist shop had *not been sold* and that a *break-in* at the house had *actually* taken place. The assumption that the subconscious of the medium might have played a role in this case is no more valid than an explanation that is was auto-suggestion, because *Mr. Hesselroth* was, apart from his friend *Mr. Eckholm*, completely unknown to the others present there and this friend was falsely informed about the sale of the business. Many years later, when we lived in California, this spirit came to us and once again and talked through my wife.

Meeting: 29th of September 1920

Spirit: *Mr. Hesselroth*

Spirit : I have only come to say a few words, because I have been helped out of the darkness here in the past and I have become a helper within the *Covenant of Mercy*.

Doctor : Who are you my friend?

Spirit : I am one of your helpers. I sometimes come close to you, but I have come this evening to say a few words to you. I once found myself in a very confused state, but I am now a member of your covenant. I thought that it would please you to hear this. Without your help I would probably still be in darkness. Many years have passed in the meantime. I now have a complete understanding of the *true life* through you and this small circle of the *Covenant of Mercy*! I wasn't here, it was in Chicago where I received my help. It is

a great pleasure for me to be here with you this evening. I would dearly give you my name, but it seems that I have simply forgotten it, because I haven't heard it for such a long time. But I am sure that I will remember it and I will then tell you my name. Do you remember an old man that you knew very well? – *Mr. Eckholm*? He wasn't actually all that old. He was a dear friend to me and I came to you through him.

Doctor : During our meeting in *Chicago*?

Spirit : Yes, I had a chemist shop in Chicago. My name is *Hesselroth*. I could momentarily not remember it. I am one of your helpers here. *Mr. Eckholm* is also with me and he also does everything that he can. He is very happy to be able to help with the work that you do here. He was with you with his heart and his soul during his life on Earth. I also feel compelled to do what I can to help you, If you hadn't helped me I would probably still be in my chemist shop trying to sell medicines. After my demise, I looked after the shop for a whole year, like I used to do whilst I was alive; I no longer feel ill the way I did then. I suddenly became ill in the shop and was brought to the hospital from there, where I then died. They took my body to the morgue and not to my house. You know what it says in the Bible: 'Because your heart is where your treasure is'. – When I woke up from my death sleep I immediately thought about my shop and I instantly found myself there. I saw that everything ran along regular lines, but it did seem rather strange to me that I couldn't talk to any of my customers. I initially thought that I had lost my voice during my illness and therefore no longer wasted time thinking about it. I dedicated myself completely to running the shop and I chose my business manager to attend to everything according to my wishes. I managed the business and *Abrahamson* carried things out for me. I didn't know that I was dead, not until I came to this gentleman (*Wickland*) and his circle.

When a burglar entered my house one day, I remembered the revolver that I had in a drawer. I went to get it. I tried to grasp it over again, but my hand went through everything. This is when the thought arose that there must be something wrong with me. I now also saw apparitions for the first time. I saw my deceased parents and thought that I wasn't quite right in the head anymore. This is when I thought that it might be best to visit my friend *Eckholm*. Because he believed in Spiritism, I always thought that he wasn't quite normal. I wanted to visit *Eckholm* and ask him whether spirits actually came back and were able to show themselves – and I was a spirit myself!

This is when I came to this circle and when I could suddenly speak again; the portal to the glorious land of the hereafter opened after a while. I wish that you could see the reception I received there. My relatives and friends took me into their arms and said: 'Welcome to our spiritual homeland! Welcome to eternal life! Welcome to divine realisation!' Such a welcome cannot be described, not until you experience it yourselves once you are here with us! This is bliss, this is 'Heaven'. I do not want to take up too much of your time, but it has been a real pleasure for me to come here this evening and to be allowed to talk to you. It has been around 15 years since I came to you see you last. *Eckholm* asked me to tell you that he is proud of the work that you do here and he says hello to everyone here. – I bid you good-night!"

The following event 6th of June 1907. A spirit entity entered the body of *Mrs. Wickland* her husband reports (23, P. 151):

"The spirit seemed quite dazed, as if he was drunk, and when he eventually woke up, he was so belligerent that a number of people had to help to subdue him.

'I am *Carl the Swordsman* and will have all of you shot!' he screamed. He then turned to a number of other invisible entities, swearing at them because they had enticed him to come here and he demanded from them that they should help him instead of standing idly by. We finally managed to calm him down and then compelled him listen to an explanation of the true circumstances of his present situation. In my endeavour to convince him that he was not in his own, but in a stranger's body, I asked him to have a look at his hands.

As he now looked at a hand of the medium and recognised that it was a woman's hand, he recoiled most violently, was quite concerned and screamed: 'Take this hand away! Take it away! I no longer want to see it!' When we asked him what his concerns were with the hand, he explained: 'This is something I will never tell! – I rather die! Oh! There is also her face! And the hand I cut off in order to get the diamond ring! This has haunted me the whole time!'

Filled with terror he looked around and seemed to see an enormous assembly of spirits. 'Look at all these faces! Have I murdered all these people? Have they come to accuse me? There! There is also this boy amongst them! He was hanged at that time, but he also seems to be after me! I killed this woman and I encouraged him to take the blame in order to save my own skin. But just you wait you little devil! I will get my hands on you when I get out of here. I chop all of you to pieces!'

It eventually dawned on him that all further reluctance was in vain and that his days of robbing and murdering had come to an end. He narrated his gruesome life of crime to us and said that he killed out of revenge, that he stole to buy whisky and that he drank to benumb his conscience and to escape the ghosts that were constantly pursuing him. He had been very happy under the care of his own mother, but his stepmother had mistreated him so mercilessly after his mother's death that he often ran sobbing to his room to pray on his knees asking his dead mother to help him. This had really brought out the jealousy and rage in his stepmother and in spite of all the pleas of his weak fathers, she had savagely beaten him and forbidden him to ever mention the name of his mother again.

Her mistreatments degenerated into such a cruel tyranny that an uncontrollable hatred against her developed in the boy that filled with thirst for revenge, he swore that once he had grown up, he would kill as many women as he could. He then went ahead and actually put his terrible intent into planned action and devoted his whole life to conceive and commit misdeeds and crimes, crimes mainly women were victims of.

He lost his own life in 1870 during a violent fight with his associates, but he had not become aware of it. He boasted that he had committed new crimes over many years and that the police never caught him. 'I wanted to beat a policeman in Boston to death one day. I crept up behind him and hit him over the head with a club. But the club went right through him and didn't harm him, he didn't even turn around to look at me.'

The spirit thought that he was in the hands of the authorities and declared that he was ready to yield in order to escape the faces of his numerous victims that pursued him. 'To get rid of this torment, I would gladly go to hell.'

Whereupon I explained a number of things about the *Law of Cause and Effect* to him and how it also affected the circumstances and the conditions in the world of spirit. Whilst he was still listening to my explanations he saw his *real* mother stand before him. Her appearance made an overwhelming impression on him. The die-hard criminal collapsed on his chair and cried miserably whilst his mother persuaded him to come with her so she could show him how he could atone for his crimes. Most contrite and filled with a sense of guilt and remorse he parried her request: 'I cannot go with you! Dear mother, leave me, I cannot go with you! You go back to heaven and I must go to hell, where I belong. I deserve to be chopped into pieces and burned in the fires of hell!' But motherly love won the day and the spirit followed his mother, remorsefully and cap in hand."

The following case concerns a female spirit entity that was freed from her derangement. *Dr. Wickland* reports (23, P. 114):

Meeting: 23rd of January 1918
Spirit: *Emily Julia Steve*
Patient: Mrs. L. W.

Doctor : Tell us who you are. We are interested in all the spirits that are in darkness. Tell us how long you have been dead for.

Spirit : Something must have happened to me.

Doctor : Are you clear about the fact that you have lost your own body?

Spirit : Please let go of my hands. I am a distinguished lady (an expression that the patient often used) and I can surely expect to be treated with politeness and respect the way one treats a lady.

Doctor : Did you call yourself a Mrs. or a Miss?

Spirit : I am a distinguished lady and I am not used to being questioned like this. I just feel that I had to give you my opinion.

Doctor : What do you find so annoying?

Spirit : You seemed to have adopted a habit of sticking all kinds of strange things into my back (the electrical treatment of the patient) and I cannot fathom why you do this. You have also kept me imprisoned. – It must have been you who stuck me in goal. Who are you actually?

Doctor : I am a friend and I would like to talk to you for a while.

Spirit : In the first place, I don't know you and in the second place, I have nothing to discuss with you. Who are you? Tell me your name.

Doctor : I am *Dr. Wickland*.

Spirit : I didn't actually want to know your name. I don't care what it is.

Doctor : Do you not have the desire to enter into a spiritual life on the other side?

Spirit : I don't like to hear these things; I am not a spirit.

Doctor : Have a look at your hands. Are they yours?

Spirit : The fact that I had to sit in goal for such a long time is your fault and now you want to fool me with all kinds of things that are not really true. I will not listen to you any longer.

Doctor : Why have you actually come here?

Spirit : This I don't know. It is strange. One moment I am in goal and before I knew it, I was here. I cannot comprehend how I got here. We were quite a group there, but I was suddenly alone. I was in goal, but I don't know what I supposed to have done.

Doctor : Where were you when the others were with you? Where did you all congregate? (In regards to the other possession spirits in the aura of the patient)

Spirit : I was where I belonged. There were quite a lot there, all penned up together, men and women. We had a house, but we couldn't leave it. It was at times quite warm in the rooms. Before I ended up in goal we could talk, but always only one at a time (who then took complete possession of the patient), but I am now all alone. You do not have the right to bombard me with these burning questions.

Doctor : This type of electrical treatment is very good for earthbound spirits – for the unknowing!

Spirit : Unknowing? How dare you say something like that to me? How dare you!

Doctor : Are you not aware that you have left your mortal body? You have discarded your terrestrial body.

Spirit : How do you know this?

Doctor : Because the body through which you talk here now, does not belong to you! It is the body of my wife.

Spirit : I never saw her before you bombarded me with these keen words.

Doctor : You didn't use the body of my wife then.

Spirit : What does it all mean?

Doctor : It means that you are using the body of another person.

Spirit : Well, this certainly explains a lot. I sometimes felt that I didn't actually belong there, where I was, but then, after a while, I was completely myself again. There was a large old man there, a fool, but we had to do what he told us to do. (This was another *possession spirit*; one we had already ousted from the patient a few days prior) I didn't feel like following his orders. I had so much money that I could afford anything so why would I allow myself to be bullied by such a stupid fellow? I did notice that I had to do what he told me, but I couldn't comprehend why. I was not in my own home, but I had to remain there. I could never understand why I couldn't get away. He retained a number of us like this.

Doctor : Did the electricity not help you to get away?

Spirit : Yes, certainly, but it *hurt terribly*. It was as if the lifeblood had been ripped out of me.

Doctor : But the electricity set you free just the same.

Spirit : We couldn't get away from this man. We had to do as he told us. He ran and ran, constantly (the patient often ran away) and all of us had to follow, also a little girl, it was there and it constantly cried (a *possession spirit* that had already been extricated from the patient a few days before). From time to time I was free, whilst I felt dreadful at other times. Sometimes I was able to float from one place to another.

Doctor : You were then a free spirit.

Spirit : Don't use this expression! How I hate this word! I will have nothing to do with such things and I don't want to know about them either!

Doctor : You ignore the fact that people do not actually die when they leave their body behind, but that they survive as a spirit.

Spirit : You are well aware that I am *not* dead. Can't you hear me talking to you? And don't you see that I can move my hands and arms?

Doctor : Dear friend, we can indeed hear you talk, but we cannot see you. We only see my wife sitting here in front of us and we hear you talking through the body of my wife. This is *Mrs. Wickland* that sits here. What is your name?

Spirit : I am *Mrs. Emily Julia Steve*. I was married, but my husband died a few years ago.

Doctor : Do you know that you are in *California*?

Spirit : I have never been there. I first went to *Chicago* and from there to *St. Louis* (the patient had also lived in *St. Louis* and this is where here mental derangement started for the first time).

Doctor : Where did you live in *St. Louis*?

Spirit : I was only there on a trip and didn't usually live there. I once lived in the *La Salle Avenue* in *Chicago*, but only for a short time. It was near *La Salle* and *Division*. From there I went to *St. Louis* and onto – I really don't know where to. All I know is that my head bothered me with severe headaches (the patient also complained about this).

Doctor : Do you remember being ill?

Spirit : I cannot remember anything properly anymore. (Suddenly very agitated) No! No! I believe there is something wrong with me! Do you think that I am losing my mind? Look there! Look there! There is my husband! No! No! He is a spirit. Just have a look at him.

Doctor : We are also talking to a spirit when we talk to *you* and we are not afraid.

Spirit : There is also my child! There's my little child! I believe that I am losing my mind! My *Lily*, my little *Lily*! *Hugo*, my husband! I think I am going mad! There is also my *mother*! I believe my mind is diminishing! I am afraid – all of them come towards me! *Hugo*, my husband, is it really you? My little *Lily*, oh how I love you! I am so fearful!

Doctor : Do realise that you have lost your terrestrial body and that you are a spirit now? Just get this right in your head.

Spirit : Please tell me what *Hugo*, my *mother* and *Lily* want here with me? Are they not happy in heaven? Why don't they stay there?

Doctor : Would you not like to go with your husband, your mother and your little daughter, they would dearly like to take care of you, so that they can finally get some peace? Try to understand that you have discarded your terrestrial body.

Spirit : When is this supposed to have taken place?

Doctor : We are not able to tell you this.

Spirit : I sometimes felt like a big, strong woman, one that could easily deal with anyone. I then again felt a lot smaller. All of this confused me completely.

Doctor : This might have been the reason why you *possessed* a variety of people. You can however be freed from this condition.

Spirit : Will I then finally find peace? Will I no longer wake up and realise that I only dreamt and that this terrible man and the crying child are still around me? I don't want to see that man again. He constantly started to fight with the women, as if he was a pest. He was so angry and he didn't treat the little girl very well either so that she was in constant fear of him.

Doctor : Try now to forget what happened and think of the future. Go with your husband, he will show you the beauty of the world of spirit.

Spirit : My husband *Hugo*! I dearly love him and my life no longer seemed worth living after he died. My dear child followed him one month later. The child was three years *old* and *Hugo*, my husband meant everything to me. I never gave a thought about what was going to happen to me after he had left me. We travelled a lot whilst he was still alive. We have been everywhere. We had travelled to *Alaska*. This is where I caught a cold and ended up with pneumonia. My child also became very ill. To experience all of this again is difficult for me.

Doctor : Why do you have to go through these sad memories now when all your family is here and want to take you with them?

Spirit : I would like to go with them, but I am afraid, because they are *dead*. *Hugo* tells me that he has been looking for me for years and I cannot tell him where I have been. When *Hugo* and *Lily* died, I became very ill and the doctors told me that I was a nervous wreck. My health deteriorated and I remember being taken to a place called *Elgien* (probably a mental hospital). My memory is very faint about this. When I recuperated (probably died), I went to *St. Louis* because I had a sister there. Ever since I started to talk to you I started to feel different and I am now determined to go with my family. Can you see this

glorious bed? I can now have a rest; now that I am with *Hugo* I no longer have to be afraid. – May God bless all of you and help you. *Hugo* wants me to say to you that he is so happy to have finally found me; we are together again and will never separate again. – God bless all of you together.”

Amongst the many spirit entities that made an appearance at *Dr. Wickland's* we give one more spirit the opportunity to have a say, one that didn't end up in a dark sphere after its death and one that also didn't want to possess living human beings. We are dealing with a newlywed man W. Y., who was welcomed by his deceased grandfather B. and his Uncle C. when he died. On the 14th of April 1920, he talked to his father Y. who still lived on Earth, via the body of *Mrs. Wickland* and he reported (23, P. 105):

Spirit : Papa, I didn't know all that much about life after death, but at least something and that was very useful to me. I was immediately correctly informed, comprehended that I had died and recognised my relatives and friends.

Uncle F. asks me to tell you that I was in a much better position than himself when he crossed over into the hereafter and that his activities now consisted in helping others, the less fortunate that had not yet grasped the true meaning of life.

Papa, wasn't it strange that I awoke to a new life on my terrestrial birthday? I now have my spiritual and terrestrial birthday on the self-same day.

Papa, it is glorious! Tell E. and also B. and my mother, tell all of them that I am happy in the thought that I can come visiting them and that the door is not locked for me. Also tell my little son that I am not dead, that I am not lying in the grave, but that I am with him. I want to learn the prevailing laws so that I can be a guide to him through his life. Make him realise that I am with him and that I have more energy and power than before to help him.

Thank God that I knew enough and that I was prudent enough to be careful of entering into a *too close* a contact with my beloved wife, I would otherwise have been captured by her 'magnetic aura' and caused some unrest. – My dear little wife, I am glad that I didn't cause any mischief for either of us.

I can see that there is a lot of work to be done here amongst the deceased that are still unaware that they have died. They go home to their relatives and friends and prefer to be there instead of endeavouring to progress here. Papa, I am so glad that you managed to come again and I am so happy that there is no wall between us.

Mr. Y. : (Father of the deceased) I am also pleased that it was possible for me to come here again.

Spirit : I don't really feel that I am separated from you at the moment. I just went to another country, but I can still be here with you. I am with you when you are together and when you talk about me. I feel as if I had not actually gone away. Tell my mother and my dear little wife that they should not be *mourning me*. I am so happy to be able to be with them. To have to separate was certainly very hard, particularly as everything promised to be so wonderful in our little house; but my time was up and when the bell tolls we have to leave the terrestrial plane. We do not actually go away – as so many think – we remain here with our loved ones; they just cannot see our bodies.

I wish that you could see how *Uncle F.* works in the dark terrestrial sphere in order to give assistance to many unfortunate souls there and to refrain them from *possessing* others. He tries very hard to explain the things that are true and real here in the hereafter to each and every one, because the fact that many religious beliefs and denominations constitute a *hindrance* is a crying shame. During the short time since my crossing over I have learned a lot. I am grateful that you and mother did not force me into strict and ecclesiastical forms of belief and confession, thereby burdening my mind. I was therefore free and I thank you for this!

Mr. Y. : It is at times very difficult to do the right thing in regards to religious indoctrination when bringing up children.

Spirit : I wish that everyone would have been as free as I was, there would be a lot less misery and doubt. Papa, I am so happy that I may come to you once again.

Uncle F., Uncle C. and myself went down to the Earth's sphere the day after – not to our old home, but to where the conditions of the *lower planes* reigned. It is much closer to hell there than one can express in words. It is worse than in a mental asylum where everyone is insane in their own way! – You cannot possibly imagine the kind of hell it is. One believes this and the other believes that and all of them are in *darkness*. All of them are slaves of their own forms of beliefs and confessions and one cannot get them to see reason. One must put some concrete assignment in front of their eyes in order to catch their attention. Music does sometimes awaken their consciousness in regards to their situation. – When one succeeds with catching their attention, it becomes possible at times to really get to them, but *dogmas* and *fanatical religious beliefs* are usually so strongly rooted in them that they are not open for anything else.

If you want to glean a faint concept of the conditions within the Earth's sphere, you have to visit the section of a mental asylum where they keep the worst cases. You can then gain a rough idea of the conditions some people experience over here when they arrive without an inkling of the reality of life in the hereafter."

These types of reports give us insights into the sphere of existence of unfortunate deceased and the efforts made by other spirit entities to help them. Those that have a more detailed interest in this should by necessity read the whole book by *Dr. Wickland* (23), it is still available these days.

The statements spirits make in the circle that I participate in, are quite similar. First I give you the account of a spirit entity that calls herself "*Magdalena*" and indicates that she died an old peasant woman at around 1900 in *Southern Germany* aged about 80 years. She had undergone some training after a period of transition and recuperation, that is supposed to enable her to retrieve the deceased from the lower, darker regions. As she had only just started her activity, her successes were only modest to begin with. This often made her feel very disconsolate and she had to recuperate after her disappointments before continuing.

Meeting on the 11th of September 1986

Magdalena reports through the mouth of the medium Mrs. A.

Participants: Seven other people.

Magdalena : I am pleased that I am allowed to be here again. I even believe that I am not really amiss here, that I might even fit in with your circle. I must tell you that I had an indescribable, wonderful time of late and that I am once again filled with energy. I do believe that nothing can upset me for the time being. I did tell you that I was once again pretty downhearted because I remained so unsuccessful and couldn't see a prospect of helping others. This is probably the norm when we believe that we do not advance. But when our energy is depleted, we have the ability to renew it. This is what happened with me. Even you have to introduce rest periods and how you arrange them and how nice you make these for you is up to you. You can do things that refresh you or do what a lot of other people do, tire yourself out during your rest period and waste even more energy than during your working hours. I must honestly say that it is indeed somewhat easier for us here, because we are taken to a wonderful, beautiful region.

This is why the prerequisites were extremely good. But we must indeed also make our contribution in regards to using the things that are around us. I can for instance make some valuable friendships and have some good conversations with these friends. They have told me a lot. It was for me, I do believe so, the most important thing to hear about the others' experiences and how they fared.

All the others that dwelled there where there for the same reason as mine, namely to recuperate, to enjoy the other's company and to talk to one another. This was so beautiful and peaceful, something that I find hard to express in words. Part of this was also the beautiful surroundings with its plethora of flowers and their special scent that we could smell.

Schiebeler : Where there also animals, for instance birds?

Magdalena : I do have to think about this. – Yes, there were animals there too. There were lots of beautiful birds.

Schiebeler : Did they fly or did they only sit on the ground?

Magdalena : Strange, I have to admit to you that I really have to think hard about it. I didn't take all that much notice. There were some there, because I could hear them singing.

Schiebeler : It there actually something like chanting where you are?

Magdalena : Indeed, we can sing when we feel very happy. We can also express this through singing here. This actually happens quite often and it has a beneficial effect.

Schiebeler : And the conversation, does it take place in parlance?

Magdalena : Yes, but not only. It also happens through thoughts that jump back and forth but that are also linguistically shaped.

Schiebeler : What kind of language are we talking about?

Magdalena : I could only converse in my native language to begin with. But I can also communicate with others that do not speak my language. We are dealing more with feelings and thoughts. I then feel what the others feel. But I do not have to understand their language. We learn how to communicate without language. Everybody can initially only use the language they brought with them from Earth. This is a very complicated affair. I really have to think about how to explain this to you, because being at the initial stage, I am still learning myself.

Schiebeler : Where there also beings there who spoke a language that you didn't understand?

Magdalena : Yes, yes, naturally, lots of them. But that doesn't bother us, because like where you are, there are entities here that conciliate, that teach us to *communicate with the power of thoughts*. But this is still very complicated for me. We must actually learn to concentrate our thoughts, that is to say, to very intensively think about what we want to express. We can then also understand the others, even if they do not speak our language. You can now say that everyone thinks in their own native tongue. But wishes and imaginations are always connected with these thoughts, for instance, that one likes to be with someone, that one finds them congenial or that one finds the environment to one's liking. When I think this, indeed in my native tongue, I always connect certain ideas and feelings and they can be transferred. This is how the others can understand what one tries to convey to them. This is roughly the explanation of this. It is presently not possible for me to tell you more about. All I know is that it works and that I succeeded every now and then. I was then very pleased about it.

Besides, there were also children in the region that I am talking about. They astonishingly learn a lot faster to communicate with thoughts the way a lot of entities here do so perfectly. I believe that at some point, one no longer requires a language at all. But one doesn't forget it. I can indeed also talk to you. To do this I use the organs of thought and voice of this medium here. I have to formulate the thoughts that I want to express in the medium's brain first and only then can the organs of speech begin to work. – But I have digressed to something completely different.”

Before I continue with the elucidations by *Magdalena* I would like to touch upon the problem of language a little further. I asked the transmitting *medium Mrs. A.* two weeks after the previous report, what she felt during her psychic talking when in a *semi-trance*. She answered:

“When we are dealing with themes that is alien or abstract to me and that I am not familiar with, I feel that the spirit being cannot use my vocabulary and has to search within it for what can be used. The spirit must then construct something with it. Whole thought connections are often used instead of sentences constructed word for word. Difficulties arise when dealing with things that are completely alien to me. I have often noticed this, because I do not have the words in such cases. This then makes me feel discontent. I actually feel that what is being said does not hit the core of the matter. I often feel that there must be more. I feel it but I cannot express it. This always harbours the danger of unwanted misrepresentations, particularly with names and dates. When I’m familiar with the theme, I feel that words flow relatively fluidly from me, because my thoughts and my vocabulary can be used by the spirit entity.”

Different experiences made by *Professor Dr. Cyriax* had the already mentioned. His psychic ability was considerably more powerful than that of *Mrs. A.* *Completely materialised* spirit entities often appeared in his presence and even *outside* of meetings, as we can see in the example of his rescue from a life-threatening situation (P. 6). But he was also able to see spirit entities *clairvoyantly*. Whether they were materialised or ethereal, *Cyriax* could enter into lengthy conversations with entities that often visited. During such occasions, when only a few spirits were present, voices spoke in really audible tones (3, P. 128). But the moment the number of otherworldly visitors reached a greater number, *Cyriax* entered the *peculiar state of inner viewing*. He said (3, P. 129):

“Not one audible word was spoken then, the conversation took place through the falsely named, so-called reading of the mind. But it is *not* a reading of thoughts in letters and words, but a *viewing* of imaginations, concepts and images of thoughts that run across the foreheads of those present, akin to the images of a magic lantern⁷, or rather more like phantasmagorical images⁸, whereby one develops from the previous one. But this allegory should not be taken too materially; I can however not find a better one, because it is so incredibly difficult to adapt spiritual process to terrestrial concepts and to then express them in words.”

I suggest that you, the reader, should take note of the *similarities* between the depictions of *Cyriax* and the preceding report by the spirit entity *Magdalena*. In the following report by another spirit entity called “*Rexus*”, the problem of communication is once more dealt with, but in a modified form. But the narrations by *Magdalena* are a *priory* continued. She reports (still on the 11th of September 1986):

Magdalena : My greatest experience, one that impressed me the most during the recuperation period that has just ended, was the special emanation and the warmth and friendliness that came from many different entities. This gave me lots of courage and confidence.
Schiebeler : Who emanated this warmth and this friendliness?
Magdalena : The being that I became acquainted with.
Schiebeler : Were there others like you?
Magdalena : No, there were others present and I am pretty sure that they were there to help us at that time.
Schiebeler : This means that beings were there that had not recently died?
Magdalena : Yes, respectively such that were not there to recuperate, but to attend to us as *teachers*. I forgot to tell you this at the beginning. There were always many assembled around them. I believe that the more often we go there, the more of their indoctrination we absorb to then be able to repeat it to others because we ourselves learn to make the abilities that are inherent in all of us, vibrate in positive forms and then transfer them onto others. We do learn to always block anything negative so that we do not feel crestfallen and discouraged over again. I am naturally aware that things

⁷ We call them projectors or slide projectors these days.

⁸ Artificial illusions: One has to take into consideration here that when *Cyriax* wrote these lines, cinematographic movie pictures did not exist. He would probably choose the comparison with film and television images.

- will not be different for me compared to you, when I am once again engaged in this work with all its difficulties. I can then tell you how I fare. I know that my rest period has now ended and that I will once again begin to work. But I do like to do this.
- Schiebeler : Were you given an assignment or did you choose something yourself?
- Magdalena : Yes, yes, I would like to go back to where I stopped, to where I almost failed.
- Schiebeler : Where you stopped here on Earth?
- Magdalena : No, *here*. I already told you that I *no longer* dealt with children, but with the elderly and some of them are so obdurate that they refuse all help. They refuse to take one step forward and are either so *mindless* that nothing will shake them or so *maleficent* that they do not allow anyone near them. I can already mentally picture them before me. And when I think that I have finally found a point of reference with some of them so that I can talk to them, so that they finally wake up and participate, I have to discover the next time around, that everything starts all over again. We are therefore not dealing with patients that one can feel sorry for, but with entities that have caused their own problems; this might sound quite harsh! They find themselves in a state that only allows the behaviour that they put on display.
- Schiebeler : A state that was conditioned by their terrestrial life or also by their behaviour in the world of the hereafter?
- Magdalena : By their terrestrial life as well as their behaviour here. One doesn't change from one day to the next. A lot of them *simply refuse to accept* that there is a life after death, that one can develop further and that one can approach others. But I also encountered beings that were well aware that they had died. But they are still *earthbound* and they gain great, mischievous pleasure in influencing people on Earth, to disturb them and to inspire fears in them. You cannot image how angry I get at times. But that is exactly the wrong thing to do. I must hold back and make it clear to them that the things they do and the damage they cause is terrible.
- Schiebeler : Can one actually talk to such entities?
- Magdalena : Well yes, but I have not succeeded so far. But the *advising* spirit entities have given me courage of late and told me that one can attract somebody once in a while and that their number will increase over time. I would also realise this. But one had to equip oneself with *lots of patience*. I had to forget the idea that something like this could be achieved from one day to the next. If this was the case, we would only have vainglorious sunshine here and that this assertion was rather naïve.
- Schiebeler : Have you managed to find out how long ago you left this Earth, when you could have died?
- Magdalena : The memory about it fades more and more. I think that it must have been around 80 years ago that I died.

In order to lend support to the timespan involved, *Magdalena* answers to certain questions that she had never seen electric light during her lifetime, but that she had heard about it. *Kerosine lamps* had been in use in her village in those days. She had indeed seen a train, but she had never been on one, because everyone in her region was afraid of it. *Magdalena* then continues:

- Magdalena : I had eight children that I loved very much, like a mother loves her children. I died after my husband and I were fairly old, certainly around 80 years. The time had come for me to go. But I did unfortunately not see my husband after I died, even though I dearly wanted to. I haven't given up this wish and I am completely confident. I would dearly like to know how he is, because we understood one another very well. I have not yet heard about where he could be.
- Schiebeler : Did he not collect you after your death? Did somebody actually welcome you?
- Magdalena : Indeed, I was picked up. There was a friendly figure that picked me up. We called such a helper a *guardian angel* in those days. I died a peaceful death. I was ill at the time and I can see myself lying in my room again, even though I do not like to conjure up these images, because my whole family was crowding the room trying to hold me back. All of them sobbed and cried. This is *not a pleasant memory*, because I had already got to the point where I realised that my life was done. I was completely exhausted, because my life had been a strenuous life. And they still didn't want to let go of me. *This really kept hold of me*. I had been lying in my sickbed for a long time and had wanted to die some time ago. There comes a time when enough is enough. I was not afraid of death and I had already seen this *welcoming entity* before

in my sleep and this a number of times. I could indeed understand the members of my family, but their behaviour was not correct. When the time comes for us to go, and I was indeed old, we have the right to go. I understand that great anguish reigns when young people have to die, because we believe that their time on Earth has not expired. The situation was completely different in my case. But this entity eventually collected me. I was so exhausted by then that I didn't really perceive what was happening.

Schiebeler : Your parents were not there when you died?

Magdalena : I have not yet seen anyone that I knew from my life on Earth. I believe that this was *intentional*. But I can tell you about this some other time. I would like to bring this to a close for today. I wish you all the best and I ask you not to give up. Don't forget to pray, the plea to God. – Greetings in the name of God!

Whilst this spirit entity is still at the beginning of its mission and helping activity in the hereafter, the next entity that introduced itself had performed this assignment for some time and with great success. It called itself Rexus, ergo it was a male entity.

Meeting on the 18th of February 1986

Rexus reports through the mouth of the psychically gifted Mr. B. whilst Mrs. A. was also present.

Participants: Six other people.

Rexus : This is *Rexus* speaking. I am a spirit being from the world of the hereafter. I tried to find out where I lived on Earth and when I died. But I cannot give you any exact information. I died around 1800 and I was a *Protestant pastor*. I had a small Protestant community of about 100 members. 20 of those were children. I do believe that this community was in *Germany*, but I am not too sure about this. I might be more successful in finding this out later.

When I died from infirmity of old age, I was *87 years old* if my memory serves me correctly. During all of my life on Earth until my death, I had never been ill. I was a child of fortune or a Sunday child during a time when other people had to suffer a lot. I have always been grateful for my lucky disposition.

During my life as a Protestant priest, *I always believe in life after death*. It was quite an *act of bravery* for somebody to actually talk about this. A circle of five people (three women and two men) regularly met in my community on those days to talk about this. We already prepared ourselves for our death then: Our gatherings started with a prayer and we contemplated the things we could do after we have left this world. We promised ourselves to not be surprised if we happen to continue to live after our demise. We did not have any evidence for this, but we believed this just the same.

So, when I died, I was *not* surprised to be standing next to my body and that I felt as good as during my life on Earth. I then *immediately prayed to God to thank him* that I was *allowed to already recognise during my time on Earth* that life continued after death. When I died, *three spirit beings* stood next to my bed that were known to me as very trusted and dear people from my past and from their past life on Earth. *Five more* unknown beings joined us. In my long *prayer to God, I had asked for clarity* so that I could recognise whether the three 'dear' spirit beings were actually my past relatives that I had so dearly loved on Earth. During my prayer I was informed that the three 'dear ones' were *not my relatives at all*, but that they belonged to Lucifer's side. The other five were from God's side and they were destined to collect me.

After having had this experience, I would like *to warn all the deceased* to approach these instantly trustful beings with open eyes when they front these *allegedly* trustful and dear people from their life on Earth. One must pray for clarity in such a case. People that believe in the survival of the soul after death should *prepare* themselves for such eventualities. They should also not make the mistake of immediately accepting the *offers* that come from spirit beings after their demise, even though they might promise them all the things that they had ever wished for during their life on

Earth. *I urgently warn you about this*, because most of them (but not always) are offers from the negative side, because they can very easily adapt themselves to the soul that has just died. Spirit beings from the *other side*, something that I experienced later, can even pray with the deceased. These are things that have to be absolutely, clearly mentioned. Because as the deceased, you must *recognise* during your prayer to God, that *the others* from Lucifer's side do under certain circumstances pray with you, but that these beings are from the *wrong* side in spite of this.

In this state, wherein you are no longer people living on Earth, you have the *ability to recognise* who these entities around you are. All you have to do is to *open* up to God and to *trust* in your prayer. You must try to *think as they think* and to *interpolate* with their thoughts. You *can do this* in the world of the hereafter, because you shouldn't have any disadvantages just because you have just died. It will then be possible for you to recognise any false play there is. But not all of you know that they can do *this*. Some allow themselves to be blinded and they then quickly fall prey to the *other* side.

You can principally *not be fooled* if you *keep an open mind* and if you *read the minds* of the other spirit beings. But those that know *nothing* about life after death are *much too surprised* when they encounter this situation to be able to react accordingly. Besides, I did see my *real* parents again in the village where I arrived at later.

Schiebeler : What language did you use and how did you pray at that time and how did you converse with the other spirit beings?

Rexus : After my demise I still prayed in my own, terrestrial language, the way I had done on Earth when I wasn't loudly praying in front of my community. The other spirit beings did then indeed talk to me in the fashion that I now still use when I talk. We do *not* converse with our mouth here, but with 'waves' that we send to one another, it is *a lot faster* than the way you can converse with each other. Something that takes you a quarter of an hour to express, can be said here in one minute. It goes very fast, but it isn't strenuous. We no longer have terrestrial languages like Russian, German or English in our region here. Thoughts are exchanged here so that I can converse with a former Russian or Englishman and one can understand the other.

Schiebeler : There are however reports from the hereafter that assert that terrestrial languages are still used in certain regions and that one has to also learn other foreign languages there. Have you ever come across something like this?

Rexus : An Englishman once told me that he had been in a region where he couldn't converse with other spirit entities with a different mother-tongue. But I didn't believe this, because I have never come across it.

After I had recognised the *three false relatives* through my prayer, I told them that I wanted nothing to do with them and that I was only willing to serve one Lord in the hereafter, the one I had served during my life on Earth, namely my own Lord. But that I wanted nothing to do with Lucifer, because I already believed in his existence during my life on Earth. I demanded that the three spirit beings should return to where they came from. The fact that somebody had recognised who they were was a shock to them and this made them quickly retreat, particularly because the *five other spirit beings* pushed themselves forward. These five, whom I *hadn't known* during my terrestrial lifetime, told me that they belonged to the good side, to God's side. They told me that, if I had no objections, they would take me to a kind of village where we could have a chat and where we could discuss the experience that I just had in more detail. I declared that I was more than happy to do so.

My funeral was the last thing I attended and I subsequently distanced myself from the Earth very quickly and this because the five of us from our terrestrial group had promised ourselves whilst still alive, that we would not tie ourselves to people that we had loved on Earth, after our demise. We were indeed willing to still love them and to pray for them, but we would not encumber them through our connection to them. I don't know why we were so sure about our point of view on Earth. Looking

back these days, I would say that we *had been guided* in those days. We just *didn't recognise* at the time that we received certain things from the world of the hereafter during our terrestrial evenings.

Thus, I went with the *five spirit beings*, but I still harboured a certain amount of mistrust. I can only advise you that when such a case should befall you: *Have your solid faith, your trust in God*. It will take you far and do not allow yourselves to be duped. When I say solid faith. I do not mean some terrestrial church creed. *That doesn't play a role at all*. Only your faith and your trust in God is important. A specific terrestrial confession does *not* offer an advantage, only your relationship with God is of importance. Those that regularly go to Church, but do *not* have this solid trust in God, will *not* benefit from doing so. This is why I beg you *to tell* your relatives and your friends *about* it when they lie in their deathbed. Take their hand or place your hand on their head and tell them: 'Well, you know, we are bound to see one another again someday. What is important is that you trust in God'. This already constitutes a little help for the dying.

Together with the *five spirit beings*, I then arrived at the announced village. It had a wonderful atmosphere. I had the feeling of living in paradise right from the start. There were *plants, flowers* and *trees* in this village and everything was more colourful and beautiful than on Earth. I did not see any dogs, cats or birds there, only *butterflies*. They flew from plant to plant and alighted on the flowers. But their wings did not move as they flew. They remained stiff, in an extended position. I do not know how it was possible for them to move like that. As spirit beings, we still had our feet and hands and we moved about on the 'Earth' or better expressed, we floated about. Gravity no longer existed. I therefore did not require any energy to move. I could mentally *wish* or *imagine* to go to a certain place and I ended up being there. My clothes consisted, as it still does now, of a long, bright garment. This garment was however not required to protect me from the cold. One didn't freeze in this region. But there are also other, different regions, where spirit beings find themselves in a *grey fog* and '*freeze*'. This depends on their inner attitude. You also find spirit entities there that had lost an arm on Earth and in the hereafter still *believe* that it is missing, even though it is actually there again. I have never seen any cripples here. If they had been crippled on Earth they find that everything is back to normal here. But a lot of those that I am trying to help now, still believe that they are missing a limb or that they are disfigured.

I have come across a lot of people in our world that had a hard time. Things have always been good for me and I almost have a guilty conscience about this. But you should also see that 'paradise' *can exist* here. I feel that I am living in paradise, because I am doing really very well. I might have been led to the work that I do through the faith that I had, but I will tell you more about later. It requires a lot of empathy and the ability to listen to the spirit beings that are to be helped. One *cannot* help those that believe to be mutilated by simply telling them: 'You do have your arm back. Now start praying!'

I had a wonderful time in the village of about 200 inhabitants where I lived after my demise and where I also met my parents again. It was colourful and warm. To live there gave you a glorious feeling of freedom. My parents and myself were healthy and we looked *rejuvenated*, aged around *middle age*. There were also children in this village, according to terrestrial concepts from age six upwards, and they lived with their parents. They *never aged* during the time that I spent in this village. I had heard that children in our world here do continue their development, but I have not come across it myself.

There were 'houses' in the village that we lived in. They didn't have roofs, but were open to the sky, because it didn't rain. Windows and doors that could be closed also didn't exist. We also didn't have chairs and tables, only carpets we sat upon.

We had a kind of Church in our village and this is where we assembled on a regular basis to pray in order to give thanks to the fact that we were allowed to live there. We also sang together. I did however not perform the function of a pastor or a preacher, I was like all the others. We also didn't have a leader or mayor. *All were equal*. This is why it was like a little paradise, as I had imagined it. But I also do not know how paradise *actually is*.

We talked a lot in those days, particularly about our terrestrial life. Everybody told the story of their whole life. All of us together investigated the difficult situation encountered during our lives on Earth. Everything that had to be said was being said. We revealed all of our faults. This made us freer inside from day to day. There was *no judge present to hold us accountable*.

There were some amongst us that had burdened themselves with *greater guilt* during their life on Earth. But as they were in possession of a *solid faith in God after* their demise, they had come to us and not ended up on the 'other side'. They had to undertake assignment later in order to verify that they were *really* solidly behind God, assignment where they had to help others or go into battle against Lucifer's side. These are very hard battles and they expose you to powerful attacks and to powerful doubts so that one has to really *prove* one's endurance. Such situations have always cropped up over again during my development in the world that I now live in. I can only emphasise that *without* a solid belief in God, such things *cannot be endured*. It is *important to pray* and to be on guard when under attack by the *lower side*. Lucifer is very powerful and he has the ability to make entities appear as one of our own in our region, entities that actually belong to the *other side*.

Whilst I was in the village, I heard that there had always been spirit beings that were *duped by the other side* and then went across to Lucifer's realm and that there were other spirit beings that still felt as crippled as they were during their time on Earth. I absorbed these narrations within and they initiated a thought within me, namely to give assistance to such spirit beings as an assignment for me. I then made contact with *two spirit entities* and they told me that if I wanted to take on such an assistance assignment, they could lead me from my village to a region where such work was possible. It was then my wish to leave my previous village where I had lived for 25 to 30 years. I once again entered a beautiful region and I have performed this new activity from that day onward until the present day.

The spirit entity *Alberto Petranus* (a spirit being who guides healing energies through Mr. B. into our world, treats 'ill' spirit beings in the world of the hereafter and professes to have lived as a man in Italy) was introduced to me here with you and I now work with him. We had a lot more success since then. I often go to the *grey, nebulous zones* where spirit beings *roam about* and where they at times behave as *daft* as they did during their terrestrial lifetime. This is where these beings, and myself too, can downright freeze. It is an inner freezing. The *negative side* is very powerful in this region. To go to these zones requires a lot of energy. One requires a lot of help and I have always received it.

Spirit beings live in the *nebulous zones* that often *never prayed* during their lifetime, they must now traverse through various stadia and they sometimes do not progress at all for a long time. In this state they do not realise that they continue to live to the utmost degree and that they are basically healthy. They are *influenced* and led astray by the *negative side* and they are hindered from developing further. They do not pray and they have no knowledge whatsoever about the conditions in our world. I can interfere with the *negative side's* attempts to influence them. These roaming spirit beings must realise that there is only one Lord. Once they do so, they can get help. But they often reject me and others like me because they do not believe us.

We must also battle with spirit beings from the *negative side*, *not* physically, but with our thoughts between one spirit and another. With the help of God and positive spirits, I then manage to achieve that the *negative* spirit finally retreat. Only then can the

phase of healing begin for these roaming spirit beings and the work to open them and to make it clear to them that they are no longer ill, that they no longer suffer and that there is only one God. This requires quite some time and it can certainly not be achieved in one day. One must constantly deal with such spirit beings and one cannot leave them alone for one second. During this activity I am also in the 'grey zone' and I also 'freeze'. It is a kind of freezing that I could not protect myself from with warmer clothing, it can only be palliated through my prayers and the great help that I always receive.

There are some spirit beings that we can indeed not help at times, even when we try as hard as we can to tune into them and to understand them. They can only be shaken up and helped by bringing about a *confrontation* between them and people still living on Earth so that their situation can be explained to them by them. We have a lot of beings in this respect that should enter your mediums, something we encourage them to do with a lot of tutoring.

I have been carrying out this activity for a long time and *Alberto Petronius* has supported me in this for some time. We now receive a lot help from other quarters too. We are fine and we are grateful for this. We meet as a group once a week (mostly in the middle) and a second time when we meet up with you. This is when we tell one another about what we did and experienced in the meantime. We receive new energies during these togetherness's so that we can continue with our work.

A part of my assignment is to *track down spirit beings* that have *disappeared* or are *lost without a trace*, ergo spirit entities we had contact with before but that are suddenly no longer tangible to us. I have to find them again. I do however not know whether they are in the 'grey zone' or in the 'nebulous zone' or somewhere completely different. I concentrate in such cases on these missing spirit beings. But it can take days or weeks before I succeed in making mental contact with these spirit beings. When I have not personally known the missing spirit being a priori, it must be described to me in detail and they must tell me how it behaved and the characteristics it possessed. I can then spin a kind of *mental spider's thread* towards the missing being. I then follow this 'thread' and soon sense that I get closer to this spirit being until I eventually reach it. But it has happened on rare occasions that I erred and that I could not find the missing spirit being. The 'tread' must have been spun incorrectly in those cases. But once I have reached it, I try to *open it up spiritually*. I can then interfere with the annoyance from the 'other side' that encourage it to unwillingly interrupt its progress. These spirit beings can under certain circumstances roam around in the *mist* for *years* without encountering any other beings and with the constant feeling of being alone. But they are being invisibly influenced by 'others' around them in spite of this. Once I have found them, I can lead such beings from the *mist* with the help of *Alberto Petronius*.

I often returned to my first village. It remained unchanged externally, only its inhabitants have changed. But they live and behave in the same way they did during my time there. They internally free themselves of all the encumbrances they had during their lifetime on Earth. I myself no longer have a solid domicile. I sometimes stay here and sometimes there. I have no possessions as such. I only have my garment and I don't need to change it. It doesn't get soiled. I don't wear shoes.

I spent a lot of time on the preparations of my report and I can emphasise once more that *I have always been well*. But I do like to help others and I see this as a *very important* and beautiful assignment, one that gives a lot of pleasure. This is why I don't look at it as work, but rather as a hobby. I would like to say goodbye for today. May God protect and shepherd you! – Greetings in the name of God!

It becomes clear from *Rexus's* report that *not only* helping spirit beings from God's realm care for helpless deceased, but that adherers from the *negative side* also have their eyes on them and try to drag them into their sphere of influence. The following report shows how disastrous something like this can be for a deceased.

Meeting on the 21th of January 1988

Medium: Mrs. A.

Participants: Mr. B. and another six people.

An otherworldly helper, he told us his name was *Stanislaus*, has entered the medium and he welcomes the terrestrial participants. He announces the presence of a spirit being looking for help and withdraws from the medium. The medium takes a few deep breaths after a few minutes and move the head from side to side. We talk to the spirit being looking for help, we assume it has entered the medium, by asking who it is and whether it can hear us. The following dialogue ensued and pertaining to our questions, we render it here in an abridged form.

Spirit: Cunning pack!

Question: What is wrong? What do you mean with “cunning pack”?

Spirit: Just leave me alone!

Question: Do you mean those that brought you here?

Spirit: I don't understand this

Question: Do you know that you have died?

Spirit: Well... well...!

Question: What are you doing here?

Spirit: You can't do this with me! (He flinches) Take it easy. Will you please leave me alone! (He is apparently talking to a spirit entity that is invisible to us) You take me here and you take me there, I had enough of this. No difference. I am completely confused. (The spirit being points to three invisible otherworldly entities with the medium's hand)

Spirit: They constantly follow me. I am stuck here now.

Question: What do those that follow you want from you?

Spirit: They want me. Where am I here? I no longer live but I live just the same. Not a moment's peace. They drive you insane. They lurk about again over there. Can't you see them? I do not know them, but I would like to get rid of them. Who brought me here?

We explain to the deceased that every human being and also every deceased person has a helper, a companion, a so-called *guardian angel* and that there are other spirits in the world of the hereafter that look after the deceased that are unhappy. These had brought him to a circle of people that still live on Earth. He was supposed to be jolted and enlightened by us and we should draw his attention to *God's world*. He could call upon God in prayer and ask Him to “open” his eyes so that he can become capable of recognising his helpers and his *guardian angel*. We asked him whether he had ever prayed during his life on Earth and also in the hereafter. The spirit being answered with a simple “yes” without any further explanations.

Question: Did you believe in a *life after death*?

Spirit: I never *gave it a thought*. I also didn't see who brought me here. What was strange was that I was suddenly faster than the others. They could no longer follow me. I also felt a lot stronger. And then, I was suddenly here. But the others soon caught up and they wanted to beat me. But I do feel better now.

Question: Do you know that you have died and what is your name?

Spirit : I died during the winter and my name was *Johann*, I believe. I was about 70 years old when I died. I lived on the land, was a miller and I had a windmill.

We once again reminded the spirit to pray and we suggested to him that we could pray together so that he would be led to a *better* environment and so that he would be freed from the pests from the negative world of spirit. He encouraged him to add his thoughts to our prayer. The spirit then said: “*I can now see a beautiful blue light.*” The spirit being is already guided away whilst we pray, ergo it leaves the

medium. The helping spirit *Stanislaus* announced his presence through the medium soon after:

Stanislaus : I was able to help this man rather quickly. He was inherently not a bad character; he was just helpless. He hadn't been able to stand his ground whilst on Earth. But he had enough strength to fight back against the *negative* spirits. He must have been "dead" for more than 100 years. He must have been chased all this time. Through the fact that he was able to fend for himself, we were able to surround him with our energy and to draw him to us. This is how we managed to bring him here. We managed to influence him to day with the combined energies from your and from our side. This is why things progressed rather quickly with this spirit.

He no longer has to run away from them, he can now confront them with the clear knowledge that there is no longer a danger present. He will however require a period of rest so that he can regain his energy. The battle isn't over for him. He must first recognise with whom he was dealing with and he must learn to fight against his own weaknesses and not immediately run away from everything that might seem dangerous to him. He must learn to confront problems.

Question : Why are some beings persecuted like this? You told us that he was inherently not a bad person, that he was simply weak. Are all weak characters attacked like this? A lot of people are weak, but they are not bad.

Stanislaus : One cannot generalise here. But everyone attracts those entities that feel that they can succeed with them.⁹

Question : It is really quite disconcerting that a deceased human being, one that has done nothing evil, should be persecuted by negative spirit entities only because he was born weak and had remained weak.

Stanislaus : I am not informed about the details of what he really did or omitted to do during his life on Earth. In any case, he did not have the strength to escape his pursuers and neither possessed an inkling of their intentions nor the appreciation that our side could possibly provide assistance. This may sound a little cruel. But he didn't sense on the other side that all of this had been going on for such a long time. He did have rest periods in between. His helpers did indeed help him to the degree they managed to get to him and the degree they were able to. He therefore was not pursued all the time. Everything must have felt senseless and futile in the final analysis, because he had neither visible friends nor pleasant experiences.

Question : Do you believe that those that chased him were from the *negative* side, ergo not just ignorant spirits, but informed spirits from Lucifer's side?

Stanislaus : *That is certain.* And once the medium wakes up again, it will be able to confirm this¹⁰, because the negatives were actually here and tried with all their might to take *Johann* back with them. He has now been led away by his *helpers* who have tried to stand by him for a long time. These entities are similar to him, but they have already *advanced further* than he has.¹¹ We work with these *helpers via mediators*. There are a lot of hands and a lot of avenues involved in our work.

⁹ Crooks on Earth also like to select old people or the disabled as their victims.

¹⁰ At the start of the meeting and at the start of the transmission from Johann, the medium had a very oppressive feeling. Something that completely disappeared later.

¹¹ These efforts of help are somewhat comparable to the work done by the so-called "Alcoholics Anonymous" or former drug addicts who help their not yet reformed fellow sufferers on Earth.

Question : Does this mean that *aid organisations* for such beings exist in the world of the hereafter?

Stanislaus : Yes, according to terrestrial concepts, one might call it that. What is however always important is that the *helpers* always understand the one in need, ergo that they are somewhat similar, but still a level above him. The *helpers* in turn require help from the *next higher*. And this is why all of us must remain in contact with one another and help concertedly. It isn't just us that do something like this, there are many. They are indeed required, because the *other side* is at least as powerful and numerous, if not more powerful. You are familiar with this from your own life on Earth. Things are not different there. I would dearly like to tell you more, but the energy is gradually fading. I know that you cannot always understand my depictions correctly, because you *cannot see* what takes place here. But we would like to thank you, hoping that you will be once again prepared to help when we meet the next time. We wish you good health, energy and joy in your day-to-day life. May God be with you. – Greeting in the name of God!

The whole process, that can be read fluently within a few minutes, minus a few abridgments and the non-inclusion of periods of rest, stretched over 58 minutes. The spirit *Johann* in particular answered very hesitantly and haltingly.

The previous reports already touched upon a series of important religious questions. They concern God, Jesus Christ, the divine world and the opposing region of the lower world of spirit that is controlled by Lucifer, the Prince of Angels fallen from God's grace. These questions are dealt with in detail in the book "Der Mensch und seine Bindung an Gott". Reports from spirit entities that performed their service in the anti-god world are also given a voice there. They carried out the exact opposite of what the otherworldly *Rexus* saw as his assignment. He wants to lead them to God, whilst the others want to *lead them away from God*. The reports about the tactics of the opposing spirits were made possible by those that had changed sides and became convinced of the reprehensibility of their previous actions. This only touches upon the complimentary explanations that come later.

Life in the world of the hereafter

The previous narrations mainly dealt with deceased human beings that ended up in unpleasant circumstances after their demise or with beings that saw it as their assignment to help the former. There is however a third group of people that enter the world of the hereafter *unencumbered* and their experiences are comparable to those of the deceased British journalist *William Stead*. We will now talk about them and their experiences in the world of the hereafter. The first amongst these terrestrial reporters to speak is *Arthur J. Findlay*.¹² From 1919 onwards, he worked with the English medium *John C. Sloan* (1870 – 1951) in Glasgow. *Sloan* was a medium that specifically utilised the so-called "*direct voice*".¹³ It is a "human" voice of paranormal origin that develops freely in space and it can be understood to a higher or lesser degree. To create it, otherworldly entities construct a kind of larynx from materialised ectoplasm¹⁴ that detaches itself from the medium. Otherworldly entities that want to make contact with people on this Earth steer for this. *Findlay* writes about this (5, P. 40):

There is no more powerful and more convincing evidence for the survival of the human soul after death than that furnished through *direct* or *independent voice*. Both of these designations for this phenomenon are conventional and they refer to the appearance of voice patterns and speech from

¹² **Arthur J. Findlay:** 1883 – 1964, English author, justice of peace and parapsychological researcher who worked with the English medium John C. Sloan (1870 – 1951) through direct voice.

¹³ Besides, he was clairvoyant and clairaudient and he spoke when in a trance. (5, P. 85). He did no charge for his sessions.

¹⁴ The required ectoplasm was drawn paranormally from the medium and the others present. (5, P. 205)

entities that are *completely autonomous* from any human being made of flesh and blood.

The *direct voice* is the highest psychic phenomenon discovered up to now and at the same time the *most convincing*, not to mention that it deserves our highest astonishment. All other human discoveries pale into insignificance compared to this great discovery, the discovery of a direct method of contact between us and the departed, *not* by means of all kinds of rapping sounds, but through to most intimate form of making contact, namely the human voice.

Other forms of psychic phenomena can be falsified by fraudulent mediums, but the *direct voice* in its correct form, *cannot* be interfered with. Myself and others with me have often heard two and sometimes three *separate voices*, of *different sounds* and different personal structures to those present, simultaneously talk about various themes that were only known to the one they addressed, whilst the medium talked to the one nearest to it about another subject or whilst I had my ear close to its mouth, whilst no one single sound escaped from its lips.”

Findlay had this to say about the prerequisites for the creation of the “direct voice” (5, P. 13):

In regards to the *direct voice* that I now refer to, one receives the best results in *darkness*, because the light’s vibrations make the formation of solid enough ectoplasm required to cause vibration in the air more difficult. Even though I have heard *voices* by daylight, they are certainly stronger and better developed in *darkness* or in *red light* that doesn’t have the same destructing effect as *white light*. Quiet and *harmonious* prerequisites are also essential, the condition of the atmosphere also has an effect on the results at times. The results are *weak* if the air is for instance heavily laden with electricity, whereas the best proclamations happen under clear, sharp moonlight, when the atmosphere is not laden with too much moisture.

The prerequisites that make the voice phenomenon possible are very delicate and the best results can be achieved through experience. The proclamation are absolutely wonderful if these prerequisites are present. *Voices* from all levels of education and ways of speaking turn to the participants of the meetings and their personal way of expressing themselves can in turn can be allocated to an individuum that once lived on Earth.

About the experiences and results gained from the method of the *direct voice*, Findlay published his first book titled “On the Edge of the Etheric” in 1931, 49 further editions were published between 1931 and 1951 and it was translated into 18 different languages. A German translation was titled “Gespräche mit Toten” (5). The previous and the following citations were taken from this work. Findlay gained his insights with the help of the medium *Sloane*, sometimes in the presence of others (mostly 10 – 15), sometimes during private session with just one witness. These cases mainly dealt with receiving general information about life in the world of the hereafter.¹⁵ Findlay reports (5, P. 178):

These educational evenings were particularly valuable and impressive, because I was, apart from my stenographer, alone with the medium. I therefore had the opportunity to ask questions and receive answers without feeling that I somehow monopolised the ethereal world for myself, because they had come to meet and to talk to others as well. The more of us attended our usual meetings, the greater the expenditure on attestations, particularly when friends were present.

I directed my whole attention towards verifying their identity during these opportunities and to find out that those that talked to us were actually the one’s they professed to be. But during the times when I had *Sloane* all to myself, I was more inclined to ask for elucidations and general information. The situation then was so that my *friends* from the *etheral world* were indeed there, but they remained silent in order to allow others to talk, others that possessed *greater knowledge* than they had managed to gain up to then. I didn’t recognise some *voices* talk to me during these opportunities and they didn’t assert a claim on reciprocal acquaintanceship. They were very educated and their linguistic mastery was way beyond that of the medium.

In this and the two following chapters I will report about three meetings, the first took place in

¹⁵ Findlay calls it “etheral world” and he also doesn’t talk about an “astral body” but about an “etheral body”.

December 1923 and the other two in January 1924.¹⁶ They are exemplary in regards to a whole series of private meetings that stretched across a whole year.

During the December meeting, my rapporteur spoke in a slow, measured tone of voice that didn't have a trace of an accent. His lecture was impressive and even though I didn't see him, I had the impression that the man that spoke to me was cultured and educated and had a dignified manner. *Sloan* was, as always on these occasions, in a *deep trance*, I held his hands and his head had slumped onto his chest and, apart from the occasional twitches, he sat motionless. I sat opposite him, *Miss Miller*, my stenographer sat at the table to my right writing down notes. Apart from the three of us, nobody from this world was in the room or as it were in the whole house, because *Sloane* lived by himself in those days. As a precaution I had locked the door of the room and put the key in my pocket.

Besides, *Miss Miller* is psychically extremely gifted and this circumstance had quite a bearing on the success of this private sitting, because the amalgamation of *her* psychic abilities and those of *Sloane* made the prerequisites almost perfect.

The first session that I am now talking about took place on the 4th of December 1923 at 5pm. A few minutes after we had taken to our seats, this male voice said the following to me:

“Mr. Findlay, the last time you were with my medium you expressed the wish to gain information about our world. I am *one of those* that bears the responsibility for the processes here and I have been asked to come here this evening in order to help you in any way I can. If you want to ask me about what you want to know, I will do my best to answer you.”

This voice spoke from a location high above my head. I sat across from *Sloane*, my hands held his and my feet touched his. As the *voice* spoke, I leaned forward in order to ascertain that it didn't come from his lips, but no sound and no whisper was audible. Ventriloquism could not be an explanation, because every ventriloquist will confirm that this form of deception is impossible in darkness. I thanked the speaker for being kind enough to come here and the conversation continued in the form of questions and answers, whereby every answer followed the question instantly.

Question : Here on Earth, we can only appreciate what is physical, like the earth, the sun and the stars. What is the content of what we call space?

Answer : I can only answer to the degree my knowledge allows me to. Your world is *pervaded by another world* made of a substance with a *higher rate of vibration* than the one you perceive. The universe is a giant whole. But you only allow the things you see, hear and feel to have validity. Believe me when I say that there is another world made of a *more ethereal* substance than physical matter and the life that exists there is beyond your imagination. Connected to your world is the world that I entered after what you call death. Various densities surround your world and these turn with the rotation of the Earth.¹⁷

Question : Is your world therefore a real, tangible world?

Answer : Yes, it is very real to us, but the conditions we find ourselves in depend on the *state of our mind*. If it is our desire, we can be surrounded by a beautiful environment. Our spirit plays a major part in our life here. The way we live in our environment that is adapted to our spiritual development; we also attract spirits that are of the same type as ourselves. *Like attracts like* in regards to our world and your world. The evil ones here are attracted by the evil ones of your world and the good ones by the good ones with you. We can willingly adapt ourselves to your terrestrial circumstances by reducing our vibrations. Our body becomes heavier and it turns perceptible to the human eye and

¹⁶ Only the report of one meeting is actually presented here.

¹⁷ This rotation must not necessarily affect the whole *world of the hereafter*, it correlates to the region the otherworld speaker resides in, according to his opinion.

this explains why we are sometimes seen by those on Earth that have the ability to perceive our vibrations.

Question : Do all the inhabitants of your world get in contact with the Earth at some time?

Answer : The *higher* and *more develop* we become, the *less* contact we have with your world. The further our development strides forward, the less we think about the Earth. It is all a question of desire. We can get in contact with terrestrial conditions if we wanted to. But if the will is lacking, we no longer return to you.

Question : Do we always retain our individuality?

Answer : Think about a landscape with valleys and hills. Rain falls and gradually seeps into small creeks that run downhill, they gather volume until they merge with a river. The river in turn merges with a stream that then continues on into the sea. Every individual can be compared with an atom inside a drop of rain. The atom retains its shape and individuality during the whole process of running down the hill to the sea and it doesn't even lose its individuality in the sea. The same applies to us. We continuously move forward, *but always retain our individuality* until we dive into the sea of understanding and become a part of God's divinity.

Question : This is certainly a very clear illustration, but let us go back for a moment to the answer you gave me to my question of whether your world was real and tangible. You stated that your environment was dependent on the state of your mind. Is your life now purely spiritual or can you, like us, touch and feel your environment? In other words, is your world a material world like ours?

Answer : Our world is *not* physical, but it is real just the same, it is *tangible* and it consists of a material that has a much higher rate of vibration than the one that constructs your world.¹⁸ Our spirit can therefore effect the material of our world in a different way than your spirit can in your world. As our spirit is, so is our condition. The environment is beautiful for good souls and the opposite for evil souls.

Question : Do you think that it is possible that you live in a dream world, where everything seems real, but actually isn't?

Answer : No, we do *not* live in a dream world, as I said before, we live in a *real, tangible world* even though the atoms that construct it *differ* from the atoms that construct your world. Our spirit can have an effect on its tangible substance in a way that your spirit *cannot* have an effect on yours. You live in a world of slower vibrations.

Question : Does every one of you therefore live in their own world?

Answer : Everyone does that, you do this and I do this. But if you ask whether every one of us can see and feel the same things I answer with a *yes*. All on the same plane of existence can perceive the same things. We have the same world as yours, but it is of a *finer* texture.

Question : Can you touch what you see?

Answer : Yes, of course, we can touch and feel and enjoy all our sensory perceptions like you.

Question : Do you eat and do you enjoy your meals?

Answer : Yes, we eat and drink, but it is not eating and drinking as you understand it. It is a mental process for us. We enjoy it mentally and not physically like you.

¹⁸ One often talks about "ethereality"

Question : I cannot see you. But if I could, what would you look like?

Answer : I have a body that is a *copy of my terrestrial body*, the same hands, legs and feet, and they move like yours do. This *etheric body that I already possessed on Earth* permeated through the physical body. This etheric body is the *real* body and an exact duplicate of the terrestrial body. When we die, we rise from our carnal body and continue our life in the etheric world, we act with our etheric body the way we acted in our physical body on Earth. This etheric body now feels as material as the physical body before, when we still lived on Earth. We have the same sensations. When we touch an object, we can feel it, when we look at something, we can see it. Even though our body is not physical as you interpret the word, it has form, facial features and expression. We move from place to place the way you do, but a *lot faster* than you can.

Question : What is spirit? Is it something detached from the brain?

Answer : It certainly is. You bring your spirit here with you. You leave your physical brain back on Earth. Our spirit here has an effect on our *ethereal brain* and through it on our ethereal body, exactly the way your physical brain has an effect on your physical body.

Question : Can you tell me something about your world?

Answer : Everyone on the *same plane of existence* can see and touch the same things. When we look at a field, it is a field that is there to see for all those that look at it. Everything is the same for those that are on the same level of spiritual development. It is *not* a dream. We can sit together and enjoy our company like we did on Earth. We have *books* and we can read them. We have the same feelings that you have. We can go on a long *walk* and meet a friend that we haven't seen for a long time. We gather *flowers* like you. Everything is tangible, but everything is a shade *more beautiful* than anything on Earth. Flowers and meadows do *not decay* here. Plant life only stops after it has stopped growing to then disappear. It *dematerialises*. Only a similarity of what you call "death" exists here. We call it transition. After a time, once we have progressed sufficiently, we transit to *another plane of existence* and it is then not that easy to get back to Earth. We call this the *second death*. Those that have experienced the *second death* can come back to us and visit us on our plane, but we cannot go to them until we have also passed through it. This is what your Bible calls the "*second death*". Those that have passed through it do not return all that often and they do not talk to you directly through materialisation, the way I do at the moment: but they can convey their messages through me or somebody on my plane, and we pass them onto you.

A collection of very good narrations about the hereafter was published by a *Dr. Ing. Rudolf Schwarz* (1903 – 1963) (11). This work is particularly valuable and readable, because the depictions gained by the author are being compared to those of other rapporteurs and tested for accordance and differences. We are dealing with the first, rare "comparative of the hereafter". As a medium for *Dr. Schwarz* served a retired *Protestant Priest* that he introduces by the nickname of "*Ph. Landmann*" and whose real name was *Möller* (1871 – 1963). He lived near *Kassel* and he was a *writing medium* that provided otherworldly entities with the opportunity to paranormally control his hand. During his later years, *Landmann* also became *clairaudient*. Deceased relatives, friends and other personalities announced themselves through him. These could be questioned via the medium by *Dr. Schwarz* on various themes, like for instance the process of dying, experiences during the process, the nature of the hereafter and experiences therein, garments worn by spirit entities, the texture of their body etc.

The first example I give here is the proclamation of a deceased aunt of the medium who had died towards the end of the twenties. On the 7th of December 1947, she was presented with the question (11, P. 19):

Question : What did you experience during your transition?

Answer : Aunt N. looked after her dear Ph. I also cordially say hello to F. (Landmann's wife who is present). I am pleased that you called me. I heard that you, dear Ph. has found contact

with our world. This is very good, because now you know that you will *not die*, but *live*, and live a life that is, in the true sense of the word, the only real life. What you call “life” on Earth does not deserve this name. It is but a *preparation* for the true life that makes an appearance here when what you thought was life, has come to an end. I am therefore pleased that you are informed about this and that you no longer have to fear dying.

I unfortunately didn't know about this. This is why *I dreaded* dying and when it happened, I didn't have the consolation that you were given. I *doubted* whether something else would happen, because I had not *much* concerned myself with the heavenly world that priests had proclaimed. This is why I was *very unhappy* when death's hand reached out for me. These were really not the happiest hours and my fears that everything had come to an end forever, were great.

When I closed my eyes *I immediately discovered that life continued.* I recognised my husband who sat on my bed and who seemed very sad. I could clearly see my body lying immobile in bed. I also heard A. (her husband) helplessly crying, asking whether this was the end, because he always thought that I would get healthy again. I saw the whole room with its furnishings, everything exactly as I knew it.

But everything *disappeared* in an instant and I found myself in a *completely different environment.* Bright light shone around me and I saw a friendly figure in a luminous garment. It was my *guardian angel*, someone I had never had an inkling about, *because I never dealt with these sorts of things.* He told me that I was now in the *other world* and I soon recognised that this was true. I was alive and my body also shone like that of my *guardian angel*, not as bright but rather *very faint.* Dressed in a less luminous garment, I found myself in a wonderful, beautiful region. A radiant sky smiled above me, like on a beautiful, warm summer day on Earth, but more radiant and brighter.

I saw people like on Earth, but all of them wore luminous garments. It looked like a festive event. We walked past *blossoming gardens* that offered a beautiful view with all their colourful flowers. I then saw *houses* and they were also lucent. I was so confused that I thought I was dreaming and that everything would disappear at any moment.

My *guardian angel* then led me to a house. They greeted me with great friendliness and my *guardian angel* told me that this was now my home. A glorious period of rest awaited me here. It lasted quite some time and the refreshing thing about this time seemed very precious to me, something I had never experienced on Earth. It cannot be described. One has to experience it. I rested surrounded with love and ministration, something that I had never experienced on Earth. I still thought that everything could just be a dream and that I would wake up in my bed in S. street. It finally dawned on me that I was in a *new world* and my happiness knew no bounds. I cannot describe how I felt once I had *realised* this.

I rested in a room that was completely *festooned* with flowers. The window were wide open and I could see a *glorious landscape* with mountains and hills, fields and meadows and also lots of buildings therein, building one also sees on Earth, but everything was much more beautiful. I could also hear people talking and singing, as one hears on Earth when happy people are gathered together. They looked so happy and so heavenly beautiful, something I had never thought possible.

I remained in this house for a long time and I soon had my first visitor. It was my dear mother who greeted me first. My father and my siblings then also turned up. Others came later, when they had the permission to do so, because the resting should not receive too many visitors, because they are there to rest. It was a joyful reunion, something I cannot describe!

After some time had passed, I was led to a *new* house and told that this was my abode. I could furnish it according to my wishes, according to my taste. This I did and

everything is now filled with tasteful furnishings that seem correct to me. You would be astonished about how comfortable it is in my house. Everything is of the most glorious craftsmanship and artistically completed to a standard that is impossible on Earth. *Matter obeys our will here* and it constructs itself exactly the way that we want it. The nature of *our matter* here is rather completely different than the terrestrial.

I am enormously pleased about being allowed to make contact with you. You cannot imagine the pleasure we derive from telling you what you can expect. Do not worry about the mundane, even when times are ever so hard. It is not worth the trouble, because all of it will soon be behind you and eternal joy will follow. This is then the *true life* God has prepared for you. Just take care that the mundane *doesn't tie you down* and that you never lose your heart to it. *Love, trust in God* and *fulfilling one's duty* are the best preparation for your life *here*.

On the 20th of November 1947, *Landmann* presented another otherworldly rapporteur, S. G.¹⁹ with the question of whether there were also cities in the hereafter. The answer was (11, P. 41):

Your large cities are often mass quarters for misery and poverty and the miserable accommodation promote vices and baseness. The destruction of many cities through bombing raids should therefore be seen as a warning, something that should tell pious people quite a lot. How easy is it to walk past the huts of poverty where more people reside than in the houses of the more affluent?

We also have cities and villages here and there are also individual settlements. Our homes do always have a relationship to the people that live within them. Individuals live in some whilst a number of people live in others. They have different styles, but everything fits well together. The more love, the more glorious the house, that is the principle. A valuation based on external, random circumstances doesn't exist here. God only acknowledges what resides in the *heart*, namely *love and faith*, everything else is of *no value* to Him. This is why there are no poor or rich here like on Earth, because all here²⁰ have love and faith. What's inside determines the outside. Love and faith therefore also decorate our houses externally. They have a glorious effect on the design and the furnishing of our homes. It is up to each to arrange their house the way they want to have it. Some love simplicity, whilst others the splendid, everyone can have it the way they like it.

Our houses are a 'communal' affair, that is to say, it's as if they belonged to all of us. Everyone virtually has the home of the other in their house, that is to say, every house is the expression of the individual, but also expresses their solidarity. Everything in the house bears the stamp of their personal taste. There are no *factory products* here like on Earth. There is no *loveless envy* here and *no resistances* that often trigger denaturing bitterness and lessen the joy of possessing something. Everybody here is very pleased with their home or abode and with everything it contains. Nice people come and go and are happy for them.

Our cities have many houses, exactly like the cities on Earth. All of *these* houses, even when they differ in size, style and construction, *match* and offer a unified picture. There are cities amongst them that were given a specific purpose. We have cities that are dedicated to consecrated insights, that is to say, insights into the divine creative act transmitted from *higher* spheres. They are the equivalent of your *university cities*.

The character of other cities is determined by the *arts*. Music, it is particularly fostered here, has facilities to instruct those that are artistically gifted. They in turn educate those that show an interest. The same applies to the facilities for painters and sculptors. They have the same purpose as the academies for painters and sculptors on Earth. But they naturally produce a *much higher* artistry than on Earth. Art is aligned with God. This

¹⁹ He answered most the questions through the medium Landmann.

²⁰ This naturally also applies to the region or level the rapporteur presently find himself. The "Poor" or "lovelessness and faithlessness" can certainly be found elsewhere.

is why it only depicts the truly beautiful that we see in God's works. It *isn't* like on Earth, where ugliness is often depicted.

The cities, with their institutions that serve art, supply the artist that furnish our houses with works of paintings and plastics the way we want it. These cities have always a particularly beautiful style of construction. The buildings that serve the mentioned purposes already display this on their exterior. They display specific emblems. Other show inscriptions that are not chiselled into the masonry like on similar buildings on Earth, they constantly change, shine in varying colours and give the building a constantly changing character, according to God's *spiritual world*.

Other cities enrich life through works of poetry. A lot of poets live there (naturally not all of them), artists of the "*God's composing community*". "God's composing community" is the appellation for those that were given the gift of poetry. They compose our hymns and songs for our celebrations of God, but also for our everyday use. There are masters amongst them by God's grace. They also create larger works, exactly like on Earth. We have very many of them, but none that do not pay homage to God. Their works of poetry can be found in houses and in general libraries everywhere. Those that want to have them do not receive them through purchasing them in a bookstore, but through the means of applying their will in regards to making contact with the supplier of these books and they in turn will make them available in a spiritual, but to you inconceivable way.

The cities are constructed from mental, spiritual matter according to the type of their inhabitants. They are accordingly illuminated, exactly the way their bodies shine with love. One can recognise the state of the inhabitants on the way the houses shine. The various degrees of illumination should not be construed as if through some embarrassment induces the less illuminated to shine. Those that shine to a lesser degree will eventually increase their luminosity, everyone here knows this. Loveless judgments or envy of a higher love, by those that have not yet progressed to such a degree, never occurs. This is why everyone *helps* to promote the community, but don't even think about disturbing them.

Our cities are built like your cities, they have streets and *lots of empty spaces* that are adorned with *glorious trees* and *garden beds* filled with *flowers*. Every house has its own *garden* and water features are often seen. Fountains shoot up in the air with a melodic splash. The shining houses match the radiant faces of happy people in the streets and the public spaces. Happy lives everywhere. No city is without houses intended for religious worship and "exercises". They radiate particularly brightly when celebrations or exercises are in progress. The houses are finished off with gardens at the back. But beautiful garden beds are also found at the front of houses, often adorned with fountains and works of sculptures. The streets are paved with stones that shine in various colours. They run straight. One always gets a wide view.

Lights shine outside the cities. They indicate to visitors what they can expect. There are no entertainments here like they are common on Earth. God is the centre of attention there also. There is no joy without Him and this joy is genuine joy, one that doesn't leave a bitter taste behind. Joy must be like a religious ceremony; it is otherwise not the right kind of joy.

Now something about the towers that surround the city. Their main purpose is to greet approaching visitors from a great distance. The guards sound fanfares so the frequent visitors know that they are welcome. These fanfares always sound different because they indicate the status of those that approach. Eminent leaders often visit and the fanfares are always a message for the inhabitants of the city who are then pleased to go towards them. This is the only reason of these installations. It has naturally nothing to do with any preference of the more eminent.

There are also *smaller settlements*. The constantly changing view of these smaller cities always offer a glorious view adapted to the landscape. They lie between trees, near a

creek, a river or a lake, in lovely valleys between hills and mountains or alpine regions or near the ocean. Their locations differ, but the building style is always adapted to the region they are in. Furthermore, they are arranged like all the large cities and have everything they have, because spiritual life finds the same promotion in small and in large cities.

Every city has a name that describes its character. The names always have a meaning that reminds us of God. We have a home here that stills all the homesickness for Earth and this for ever. Every city has the leadership of an eminent leader. He arranges what has to be arranged. Corporations, town councils and the like do not exist.

All the reports *Dr. Schwarz* received via *Priest Landmann* have a lot of footnotes in the original and they point to parallel reports or divergent narrations by other authors. Those that are very interested in descriptions of the beyond should absolutely loan the book (11) from a public library.

About the above report I would like to emphasise that he only describes the conditions in a *particular* region of the hereafter. We have already seen that *completely different conditions* can be encountered in the hereafter, the way we also find very different living conditions on our Earth.

Even though *Dr. Rudolf Schwarz* was 33 years younger than *Ph. Landmann*, he died on the 25th of February 1963, 3½ weeks before his medium, who left our Earth on the 22nd of March 1963. This short interval was sufficient time for us to receive a report about his own death. He describes it (20, P. 123):

1.) Received on the 13th of March 1963, in the morning:

“Dear pastor, you are probably surprised that I am able to make contact with you so soon after my arrival. The reason for this is that my present experience is in most parts the fulfillment of my expectations. I can proclaim with a grateful heart that the information you gave me through your psychic gift is the best and the most analogical in regards to reality. After my own experience, I am now pleased to be able to verify the correctness of the writing your gift made possible in particular that our paths crossed in the terrestrial world and that they ran parallel to each other. It is my expressed wish that the booklets that I produced through your gift will *find quite a wide distribution*. I can unfortunately do nothing from this side and I do not see a way that this could happen through you. You know the attitude “metaphysics”²¹ adopted as well as I do. It strictly follows the scientific axiom, namely to print only verified facts, facts that can be exposed to scientific investigation methods. A series of reports by me, from my present situation and via your psychic conveyance, would hardly comply with the exactness of their scientific concepts.

And now a little about my present situation. Hearing the whistle of the conductor was a real surprise to me. To use a metaphor, I sat in the train but had believed that my stay at the physical station would last a little longer. I felt better again and we had, as I informed you in a letter, all kinds of plans for the near future. But things turned out differently and after having survived the initial shock, my family as myself can now live with the certainty of one’s personal immortality and accept and rejoice with me that I now have a healthy and happy existence on a *higher level*, one that constantly develops into what is called enjoyment of life, something that can only be achieved to an imperfect degree in one’s terrestrial garment, and in most cases not at all.

For the time being I will remain where I am for some time to come, namely in a wonderful rest house where all newcomers can expect to receive what they initially require. Rest in every respect, as well as light and warmth whose experience you cannot begin to imagine. I am not doing anything to begin with but to allow these glorious surroundings wash over me or close my eyes and stretch my limbs sitting on a soft chair. I have a glorious, extremely comfortable room with furnishings that are completely to my taste. When I stand at the open window – the windows are always open here and a balsamic scent comes wafting inside – I look across to a *superb park* with *well-maintained lawns, flower beds and clumps of bushes*. *Water features* are also present. Smiling and

²¹ This refers to the journal of the late “Gesellschaft für metaphysische Forschung” in Hannover, whose president he had been at times. Contrary to his fears, the reports were published just the same.

happy people wave to me. Someone looks in on us from time to time. It is – I would like to say a ‘nurse’, to use a terrestrial expression. She has been entrusted with caring for me for a while. I am pleased that I have the *terrestrial probation* behind me and I know now that I have passed it well with her help.

2.) Received on the 13th of March 1963, 2pm.

My condition is akin to somebody who awakes from a long and heavy dream. When one suddenly awakes from a heavy dream through a shock that comes from experiencing something life-threatening, at the precise moment of deciding between life and death in favour of staying alive, one feels on awaking: Thank God that this was just a dream! This is how I feel now after awakening from the physical region. I have an inexpressible, deep feeling of joy. I would like to dress it in words: Thank God that it was just a dream, namely my terrestrial life with its toils and torments, physical and mental afflictions, worries and disappointments, wickedness and everything one could call unpleasantness. If this state of existence was it, that is to say, if only nothingness would embrace people after a few terrestrial years, the whole idea of the human existence would be a madness without equal. Creations of a brainless coincidence – a thought that was brainless, that somehow developed from the collusion between mechanical forces, forces that managed against all logical thought to set in motion a train of development whose final result was the human brain, a brain that could reach way beyond itself and its components to entertain the thought that a spiritual entity was assumed. It is my desire to convincingly *expose the nonsense of the materialistic view of the world* to you my dear Pastor, not just from the perspective of my experience based point of view, but from its *irrationality*.

Well, I feel like a sleeper who awakes from a life-threatening dream the moment his existence is on the line. You cannot imagine the kind of sentience of life I now have. No worries, no physical handicaps and not to mention no feelings of illness or the slightest feelings of being unwell. And this in a world of attractions that *surpass* those on Earth *by far*.

I have to delve a little into details in order to make things clear to you. I have always been a man of absolute conscientiousness. In my essays and books, I only passed on the things that I recognised as the undoubted reality. I also applied this to the messages you granted me to my questions through your *locals* – I must now say – my *friends* here. I compared these messages with depictions of other sources known to me and ascertained an extensive accordance with them. This is why the first book ‘How the dead live’ should be of *impeccable scientific value*. Something that troubled my scientific mind above everything else were the concepts of space and time. How can, demonstrated by logic, one space be contained within another; how can terrestrial time, based on the movements of celestial bodies, be virtually wiped away; how can a timeless existence even exist? I could not get past these difficult concepts. This is the *main objection the sciences* have against spiritual insights. It states: There is only one creation, the one that came into being in space and time, and it is the sciences’ assignment to explore it and to explain it. I only now discovered where the mistake in this point of view is. One thinks in *terrestrial* concepts of space and time, nothing else is actually possible. But *here* is space, but it is *not* of a *terrestrial nature*, that is to say, it is not of a limited cubic nature. One does not hit one’s head on a wall that one cannot get through. But this world of wonderful beauty and delightful loveliness is spread out in front of us just the same. But we immediately recognise that this world is a *completely different world* and it can never collide with the terrestrial world. *We* are the *rulers* here, that is to say, it doesn’t put a bridle on our will. We are as free as birds in the sky within certain rules and *we can go wherever we want to go without the loss of time*. The same applies to time. We do have tomorrow and yesterday here, but the feeling of impermanence has completely disappeared. There is therefore no mourning over lost happiness, over never to repeated hours and experiences of happiness. Our whole existence is virtually a continuous, happy experience. *Timeless existence of God’s nature*. This is the greatest surprise he keeps in readiness for his children, a surprise they can expect.

And now a few details about my current experiences. My present body coincides *exactly with the terrestrial* that dissolved into its chemical components. This similarity is however only formal. It initially deals with appearance. When you come here, you will be able to instantly recognise me. *Nothing changes in regards to character*. Therefore, what constitutes the personality of a person *remains untouched* by death. The comparison of a terrestrial body and a garment that is removed is

good and proper. Here comes the new. The *spiritual body*, it bears a resemblance to the discarded physical body, has completely different necessities of existence. It is, if God's thoughts it is based upon find realisation, the most perfect and most beautiful thing one can imagine. God's thought is the thought of love and thereby the inner communion with God."

The transmission from *Dr. Schwarz* is abruptly interrupted here. He would surely have like to continue with it. But *Pastor Landmann's* time on Earth had also come to an end. On the eve of his death, one week after the above memorandum, *Schwarz* had tried to once again contact *Landmann*. But due to the already occurring weakness, the medium was no longer capable of writing the message down. Any further informative reports will unfortunately remain hidden from us.

Those that read this and other descriptions of the hereafter that are related in their depiction, can possibly reach the conclusion that merely human wishful thinking produced them. The sceptic will object by saying that the medium's subconscious has been allowed free reign. The wish to survive death has somewhat idealised the terrestrial conditions and simply transferred them into a hereafter.

But during the 19th century, and it still applies today, a large section of the populations was educated along religious lines and this means a Christian education within the European cultural arena. The Christian churches and sects in no way teach the image of the hereafter depicted here. Lots of evangelic theologians and a number of founders of religious sects even adhere to the so-called "completely dead theory". This is the concept of the complete annihilation of the human existence by God after physical death. A new creation is supposed to come into being on the "Day of Judgment" and this on this Earth in the form of physical matter. A section of the newly created, whose terrestrial predecessors had a bad past life, will then be cast into eternal hellfire. But those whose terrestrial predecessors were good will end up in heaven. Other theologians and churches on the other hand teach the eternal damnation into the fires of hell or a temporary refinement (in purgatory) immediately after death or the instant ascent into heaven to a life of eternal bliss in the presence of God.

If it was *really only* the subconscious of the medium at work, such imaginations would surely also see the light if day. But this is never the case. The eminent British zoologist *Professor Alfred Russel Wallace* (1823 – 1913) has this to say about this contradiction (cited from 13, Volume III, P. 347):

"Almost all mediums have been brought up according to orthodox religious credos. So why is it that the usual orthodox concepts of heaven are *never confirmed* by them? There is nothing more wonderful in the history of the human spirit than the fact that, whether in the backwoods in the Americas or in the cities in England, ignorant men and women that have mostly been brought up with the usual concepts of heaven and hell promoted by their sects, utter indoctrinations about these things the moment they are in the grip of this strange gift of psychic ability, indoctrinations that *differ completely* from the ones implanted so deeply into their minds and this without consideration to where the alleged origin of these spirits actually is, that is to say, whether it is of a Catholic, Protestant, Mohammedan or Indian origin."

One can recognise from such argumentations that there is good reason to grant these *objective* depictions of the hereafter great meaning and an *actual* basis. One should at least take the possibility that is it like this into serious consideration and prepare oneself for an eventual life after death, and this as best as one can.

The reader might also remember that the presented reports only describe the conditions after death in *regions* that are more or less "*near*" the Earth, regions were presumably most people will be guided to after their terrestrial demise. This in no way tells us anything about a region that one could denotes as "heaven" or "paradise" wherein one lives in immediate proximity of God. This region remains occlusive to human knowledge and human experience. But many of the deceased report about further development in the world of the hereafter, about an *ascent* into *higher* spheres wherein the return to God's Realm is found.

Those that would like to receive further elucidation about these questions should read the book by

Pastor Johannes Greber: "Der Verkehr mit der Geisterwelt Gottes, seine Gesetze und sein Zweck" (7). Messages from an entity from a *higher* region are presented there, from a spirit that *has never been a human being on Earth*. His report reveals deeper knowledge and more comprehensive information than that which is usually accessible to the deceased this book here talks about.

The influence of mourning on the deceased

Today's sciences, in particular the natural sciences, have furnished some very meaningful insights into our environment and our human body. But up to now, all conventional sciences ended with or at man's death. Birth and death are seen as the beginning and the end of the human existence. But people generally do not know *why* they traverse this route between the two *alleged endpoints*. Birth is usually seen as a joyful event whilst death on the other hand is seen as the merciless destroyer. Even theologians sometimes share this opinion these days. A *Protestant minister* of my former community told me one day during a discussion about this theme: "Death is a terrible affair to me. It is the complete annihilation of the human existence by God."

Adopting this attitude, even by theologians or people with the same or similar notions, maybe even atheists, they naturally see death as an elementary affair that they are afraid of when they feel its approach. Death does however also depress them when it concerns immediate family members and dear friends. A lot of people will then completely succumb to grief, that is to say, they feel sorry for the deceased and particularly for themselves. Some even doubt their own life, they feel that their life is *meaningless* and they try to *kill* themselves.

This makes a specific appearance when mothers lose their only child or when spouses lose their intimate partner. The grief over the loss and the yearning for the departed, loved individual can be boundless. The thoughts of such mourners, their unspeakable pain, can be directed at the deceased day and night and also their wish to have them back. They do however give no thoughts to the repercussions that might develop for the deceased. They hold the opinion that, as they are dead, they will not feel anything anyway.

But does the concept of "death" mean that the deceased no longer feels anything of what is happening on this Earth? – The following report is designed to show that it *mustn't* necessarily be so. Very strong thoughts from people on this Earth can certainly reach the deceased and these can either make them feel happy or deeply sad and also *retard their* further progress. The knowledge about this fact was also known to individual people in the past and it found its poetical expression in the fairy story "The Teardrop Jug" by Ludwig Bechstein. His way of expressing himself might seem very sentimental these days and the language he used no longer contemporary, but the facts described could have actually taken place in such or a similar way or even take place nowadays. The fairy story goes:

Once upon a time there was a mother and a child, and the mother had the child, her only one, dear with all her heart, and could neither live nor be without the child. But then the Lord sent a great disease, which raged among the children and also seized that child, that it sank on its bed and fell ill to the point of death. For three days and three nights the mother woke up, wept and prayed with her beloved child, but he died. Then the mother, who was now alone on the whole of God's earth, seized a tremendous and nameless pain, and she neither ate nor drank and wept and wept, wept again for three days and three nights without ceasing, and called for her child. As she sat so full of deep sorrow on the third night, at the place where her child had died, tired of tears and pained to the point of fainting, the door opened softly and the mother gave a start, for her dead child was standing before her. She had become a happy angel and smiled sweetly as innocence and beautiful as transfiguration. But it carried a jug in its little hands that was almost overfull. And the child said:

"O dear mother, don't weep for me anymore! See, in this jug are your tears, which you have shed for me; the angel of mourning has collected them in this vessel. If you

only have one more tear if I cry, the jug will overflow, and then I will have no rest in the grave and no bliss in heaven. Therefore, oh dear mothers, don't cry for your child anymore, because your child is well taken care of, is happy, and angels are his playmates."

With that, the dead child disappeared and the mother no longer wept tears. In order not to disturb the peace of the child's grave and heavenly peace, for the child's bliss she did not cry any more tears, she overcame her immensely deep pain of soul. Mother's love is so strong and powerful!

Ludwig Bechstein (1801-1860)

The assumption that the events described in the fairy story could have actually taken place in a similar fashion is based on messages of the deceased that have either been held back by the powerful mourning of those left behind or as spirit beings have made the corresponding observation in the world of the hereafter with other deceased people. The first report by the spirit *Josef* that I already mentioned on a previous page may serve the purpose, it transmitted to his listeners through the mouth of the medium *Beatrice Brunner*. It goes (14, P. 263):

"I will give you an insight into *my experiences* and *my assignment* in the world of spirit: I came across a soul that was very sad and about to return to the house where her loved ones lived on Earth. I accompanied her and when we arrived there I asked her: 'Why did you come here to this house?' She answered:

'Can't you see that one cries over me and talks about me every single day? I still have such a lot to attend to here and I talk a lot to my children and my husband, but they do not hear me. My only opportunity to talk to them is at night when they sleep, but they do not heed my advice during the day. They are always sad and they cry over me. This makes it impossible for me to completely leave this house, because with every tear they shed over me they pull me back to this house and tie me even closer to it. What am I to do?'

So, I advised her: 'Come accompany me, you should not enter this house anymore.' This soul did however not want to obey me and she showed me all the work that had to be done and all that misery in this house. But I said to her: 'You can be connected with your loved ones *in another way*. Just come with me!' She followed me and I could lead her through heavenly gardens whereby I tried to explain to her with great patience all the various flowers and the glory that can be experienced here. This made her *forget* her terrestrial home for a while, but she felt soon enough *attracted* again by her loved ones. So, I said to her: 'Do not return! Give all the love that you still feel for those you left behind to all your siblings here in the world of spirit. Look after them with the *same* love that you feel for your husband and your children.'

Saying this, I guided her to those souls that had *not yet* been entered into God's plan of salvation, souls that were either idle or sadly walked around. She obeyed me and she gave the love that was inside of her to many of these unhappy souls. After she had accomplished this function, I accompanied her back to her terrestrial house. She was now able to convey this *great* blessing and this *great* energy to them and this enabled her loved ones to find their way in their world.

Because once this motherly soul turned her love towards other souls, God's angels, who had observed her, also carried this love *to her house* and her loved ones. This was a great happiness for the soul when she saw this! She had now completely discarded the sorrow of separation and she now lived happily in the world of spirit and the assignments that were allocated to her."

Even the dying process can be influenced by an instantly occurring and *immoderate* grief. The following case happened in Graz, Austria with the medium *Maria Silbert*, who lived from 1866 to 1936. Under the guidance of an otherworldly entity, a so-called controlling spirit called *Nell*, numerous paranormal and very impressive events took place near her over more than 25 years. A multitude of deceased people announced themselves through her mouth.

In regards to the controlling spirit and the instigator of most apparitions, one could ascertain through *research* that one was dealing with a Franciscan monk and later the General of this religious order called *Vincentius Coronelli*, who lived during the 17th century. He explained the motivation for his lengthy and sensational activity thus:

“I asked the Almightyness, during a time when the world was in the grip of severe materialism, if I could come back here in order to furnish evidence of a hereafter. Days will come when you will need all of your strength. Work on my behalf. You can complete the things that I taught centuries ago, but was unable to complete.”

A circle of people assembled around Mrs. *Silbert* and they met on a regular basis. A rapporteur, the engineer *Rudolf Sekanek* writes (21, P. 76):

“Mr. W., a high railway official and an ardent follower, was an only child. His parent fulfilled his every wish. He was idolatrously loved, particularly by his elderly mother. They lived in beautiful harmony and there were no differences of opinion. But in regards to *Silbert*, she couldn’t understand her son. She thought that the devil had his hands with these apparitions and she couldn’t be persuaded by her son to at least attend one single meeting. Mr. W. asked *Nell* to persuade her just the once to attend. *Nell* assured Mr. W. that his mother would attend when the time was right and that she would then also believe.

W. now didn’t turn up at the meetings for quite some time and one assumed it was because of his mother. But he was actually severely ill and one heard shortly after through the papers that he had died. He soon after announced his presence at the meetings and all his pleas were solely *to help his mother*, because she had been absolutely inconsolable since his death, so that he feared the worst.

Mrs. *Silbert* didn’t know his mother at all and nobody from the circle either. A 60 years old lady always visited Mrs. *Silbert* after a visit to the grave of a friend at the *St. Peters Cemetery* in order to have a little rest and to chat for a while. When she turned up one day she asked whether she could bring a friend inside, a lady she had run into at the cemetery and who waited on the steps outside. – Mrs. *Silbert* agreed. The lady was asked to come inside and one could see that she was affected by deep sorrow. Greetings were exchanged but no names were mentioned and the conversation was about irrelevant things. Gentle knocks on the table could be heard after a while. But Mrs. *Silbert* behaved as if she had not heard anything and raised her voice to drown out the knocking. But this didn’t help because the knocking became louder. Mrs. *Silbert* looked at the stranger to see if she would say anything, but it seemed that she hadn’t noticed anything, because she sat there quietly and looked at the floor. Her face was covered with a black veil.

The knocking became louder and louder and the regularity indicated a dictation was about to happen. Mrs. *Silbert* could now no longer keep this from the stranger. The dictation came to an end and the knocking stopped. The words were separated from one another and the meaning was deciphered. Mrs. *Silbert* shook her head. The lady however seemed to understand their meaning and asked to read on:

‘... do not carry out the things that you plan to do today. You will not achieve your aim doing so and you will only distance yourself further away from me because your soul will take a different path.’

The lady quickly got up and ran to a corner of the room and began to bitterly cry. Mrs. *Silbert* couldn’t cope with this and she was utterly confused because she couldn’t find an explanation for the message and for the sadness of this lady. The lady then turned around, lifted the veil from her face and with a tearful voice said:

‘I understand this message very well, it only concerns me. I am the mother of W. who has died.’

Mrs. *Silbert* was speechless. Mrs. W. calmed down and sat down again, she sighted and explained: The death of her son had robbed her of her will to live. Her grief was too much to bear. Time couldn’t heal her wounds. Even after three months, she felt as devastated as she had felt on the day

he died. She visited the grave in the morning and in the afternoon and she prayed for her own death. In her terrible pain she had neglected her home and her husband. As her son took his last breath she fell down on her knees and frantically cried out:

‘Don’t forget me, come back, I cannot live without you.’

After this order had been expressed with trembling willpower, live returned to the body of her son and he told his mother:

‘Why do you call my soul back, why do you make my release so difficult, do not begrudge me the light.’

He then slumped back. She just couldn’t forget these words. Her grief became ever greater. She kept looking under the table whilst telling her story, because something touched her, but she wasn’t perturbed. She then continued:

‘I had put everything in order *today*, because I had decided *to end my life*. I once again went to the grave of my son in the morning. When I came home I had already put the bottle with the poison to my lips when I was prevented from drinking, because my husband opened the door. I hid the poison because I didn’t want him to become suspicious. I decided to carry out my plan in the evening. As I had nothing to do at home, I spent the afternoon at the graveside. I met my friend at the cemetery by chance and she decided to accompany me home. She had me wait outside your house and then led me inside.

I came here without knowing or guessing where I was. I could think of nothing else but the intended suicide. Only now did I become aware that I was at the house of Mrs. *Silbert*, a place my son had talked a lot about. I am forthright enough to say that I told my son that I thought you were a dark, mysterious woman, one that gained the trust of people with the help of evil powers.

Please forgive me for the injustice that I did to you and my son. A coincidence brought me to your house, a house I was never going to enter. You, my son and another power stopped me from doing myself harm. How could my son discover an intention that I never talked about and that I kept anxiously hidden in the depth of my soul? I once again ask you to forgive me.’

We were deeply affected and felt great compassion for this poor mother who wanted to reunite with her son through committing suicide. The knocking started again and Mrs. W. asked her son where he was and also where he was when he felt her sorrow and whether he knew what would have happened if she has carried out her plan? Mrs. *Silbert* entered a trance and the son simply said words to his mother that touched her wounded heart like balm. He told her that she would have committed *a serious crime by committing suicide* and that her soul would have ended up *in sinister regions*, ergo a *long way* away from *his soul*. She would have had to atone for this sin, because *nobody* has the right to shorten their life by even one hour and he literally told her:

‘Why do you cry over me? I am in bright spheres and I am so happy that I wish for nothing. Or do you want to bring me back to the valley of tears that you call Earth, a place that is a veritable hell? The power of your thoughts dragged me once again back to my physical form and it was doubly difficult for me to free myself from it again. You kept me bound for a long time. Fulfil your duty on Earth and I will expect you when your time has come.’

Mrs. *Silbert* woke up and saw a changed woman in front of her. Her eyes expressed a new vitality and she seemed to be filled with new energy. She departed with words of thanks. She later returned with her husband and he couldn’t thank Mrs. *Silbert* enough. They were both happy now and consoled with their fate that had seemed so hard and cruel to begin with. They turned into frequent visitors and they kept in contact with their son.”

In the following example, the American doctor *Dr. Moody* writes about in his book “Life after Death”, thoughts and *above all prayers* have an influence of the dying process. *Moody* writes (14, P. 88):

“In a few isolated cases, the affected presented the view that they had been brought back from death against their own wishes through the love and the prayers of others.”

For instance, in the following case:

“During her last illness, it dragged out for a very long time, I was with my elderly aunt and helped with looking after her. All in the family prayed for her so that she might regain her health. Her breathing stopped a number of times, but she was brought back again and again. One day she opened her eyes and said to me:

“Joan, I have been over there, over there in the hereafter. It is wonderful there. I would like to remain there, but for as long as you beg me to stay and live amongst you, I cannot do so. Your prayers keep me here. Please, do no longer pray for me.”

All of us refrained from praying and she died shortly after.”

The following example gives one the impression that children successfully brought their dying mother back from an almost sealed fate, her death. This report was published in 1911 by an author by the name of *Schrimpf*. It goes (19, P. 103):

“The year before – that is to say in 1910 – a 95 years old woman by the name of *André*, nee *Vallentin*, died in *Vorbruck*. She had gone about all her daily chores only two days prior, because she was very energetic and sprightly and possessed complete freshness of mind and body. But she looked forward to dying with longing and joy in spite of it, she had been talking about her frustrations of still having to remain here for many years. When asked about it, she gladly told you the reason.

She had been married twice. She was 28 years old when her first husband died and she had two children. She then married a second time. This marriage was blessed with four children. All six children were still relatively little when she lost her second husband. She managed to look after herself and her children by baking bread and all kinds of pastry. She had a small stall at a market and one could see her there knitting stockings. - A number of years passed.

One day in autumn it rained the whole day. She felt terribly cold at her stall and when she came home, she shivered with fever. She found the next day that she couldn't get up. A severe case of pneumonia had developed. Her two eldest had to man the stall on her behalf and the other four looked after their mother as best as they could. A neighbour looked in on the patient once in a while, brought her some soup etc, but nobody had time to sit and change her compressions, because all the neighbours were mostly also poor and had their hands full.

She suddenly became very ill on the third day. The children ran off to get help, but by the time the doctor arrived, he could only attest that poor Mrs. *André* had died. The viewers of the dead came the next day and then a woman who washed and dressed the deceased. After she left, the four little children climbed onto the bed of their mother. They shook and jolted the deceased back and forth whilst wailing and crying loudly and they threw themselves on top of her constantly calling out. After they had manipulated their mother for about ten minutes, a deep sigh escaped from the chest of the alleged departed, then one more and she arduously opened her eyelids. The moment the children noticed this, they threw themselves anew and jubilantly on top of her, pulling her upright and not five minutes had past, when they had their mother again, alive and fully conscious.

The whole little town came together over this miracle and the thus resurrected was heaped with groceries and money, she was once again at her stall two or three weeks after, alive and well.

She lived for another 58 years after this event and she was never ever afflicted by an illness ever again. All her children died before her and she was not able to even wrest one of them from death's

door, from whence there is allegedly no return, the way they had been able to. She had been deceased for more than 30 hours at that time. She told the following about it:

‘When I was suddenly overcome with a terrible malaise, I felt how my senses dwindled. I then felt a strong, swaying movement, as if the bed under me rose up and down. It felt as if I was tumbling down from some height, deeper and deeper. All I experienced was a terrible feeling of fear and terrible anxiety. It suddenly felt that I had gained ground under my feet and I stood in a heathland. An arid, steppe-like environment spread far and wide around me. I bumpy and well beaten track seemed to lead into this endlessness. A strange twilight complemented the desolation of this place. Everything appeared like a wet and cold autumn evening, grey and unfriendly.

For a moment, I stood there perplexed and irresolute. A small section of the firmament the track led to suddenly became brighter. The light became brighter and brighter, as if the sun was fighting its way through dust and clouds on a rather foggy morning. - I don’t remember whether I walked towards the light or whether it came to me. - Bright daylight suddenly surrounded me and to my surprise, I found myself amongst a *crowd of acquaintances* who welcomed me most heartily. They were my loved ones that had gone before me; my parents, siblings, both of my husbands – an infinite feeling of joy took hold of me, a peace and serenity never experienced before. They jubilantly surrounded me and in their midst I walked forward towards an invisible destination.

I was suddenly in the grip of a severe pounding, I swayed and they caught me under my arms and I regrettably heard some well-known voices say: “She only came to visit us today? – She is not going to remain here? – But when does she come to us permanently? – My senses left me again, I once again felt the swaying, falling movement; confused voices reached my ears. They were calling me – I arduously opened my eyes, I was lying on my bed and my children screeched out: ‘She’s alive! She’s alive again!’

I was indeed pleased to have been given back to my children. But when I was alone I was always overcome with an infinite yearning for that other place, as if my home was there. This was particularly pronounced years after when one child after another left me. I am waiting patiently for the day when I may follow them. But this day is unfortunately some distance away.”

One grieving mother has unfortunately not been preserved from committing suicide through a fortunate happenstance in the following case. She committed it immediately after the death of her son. This incident is narrated by Allan Kardec²² (1804 – 1869). From 1856 onwards, he worked with the French medium *Madame Japhet* (Pseudonym for *Céline Bequet*) and later with a Monsieur *Roze* as a medium. He had a meeting with the latter in 1865 where the deceased son and his mother announced themselves to questioner F. Kardec²² reports (4, P. 327):

“In the month of March in 1865, Mr. C. Kaufmann, who lived in a small town near Paris, had his 21 years old son who was very ill with him at home. When this young man felt that his time was nigh, he called for his mother and he had just enough energy to embrace her. Crying profusely, she said to her son: ‘You go ahead my son. I will not fail to follow you!’ She then left the room holding her head between her hands.

Those that were present at this heartbreaking time saw Mrs. C.s words as a simple outburst of her pain, something that time and reason must eventually alleviate. After the patient had passed away, one went looking for her throughout the house and she was finally found hanging in a store room. The funeral of mother and the son took place at the same day.”

A number of days after the death of mother and son, a meeting took place with the medium *Roze*, where the *son* (Benjamin C.) and his *mother* (Mrs. C) made psychic contact with *Kardec* (questioner) and they

²² Allan Kardec, pseudonym of the French doctor and pedagogue Hippolyte Leon Rival (1804 – 1869). He was a student of Pestalozzi, founder of the roman form of Spiritism and author of numerous books that have been published in large editions and translated into all the major world languages

had the following conversation:

Question : Are you aware of your mother's death who has taken her life because of the despair that she was overcome with after losing you?

Son : Yes, and I would be *perfectly happy* if it was not for the *anguish* her fateful decision to do what she did, causes me. Poor and excellent mother! She couldn't bear the test of the momentary separation and in order to be with her son whom she loves dearly, chose a path that will keep her from her son for quite some time. She thereby delayed their reunion to an undetermined degree, something that would have happened relative soon, if she had subjugated her soul to the Lord's will and if she had accepted the test with penitent humility, something she should have subjected herself to in order to expediate her atonement!

Pray, oh pray for her! And above everything else, do not copy her you mothers, who are touched by the sad report of her demise! Do not believe that she loved her son more than other mothers, the son that was her pride and joy! No, she didn't love him more, she simply lacked courage and divine submission. You mothers who are listening to me, remember that when you see the death throes of your children and see how their extinct eyes veil over, that you climb Mount Golgotha like Christ, from whence you are supposed to raise yourselves into eternal glory!

The mother (Mrs. C.) then entered the medium and the following conversation ensued:

Mother : 'I want to see my son! Do you have the power to restore him to me? These cruel ones! They have taken him away in order to guide him into the light and they left me here in darkness! I want to have him, he is mine! Does the love of a mother count for nothing? What! I carried him for nine months, fed him with my milk, flesh of my own flesh, blood of my own blood, guided his first steps, taught him to babble the holy name of God and the sweet name of his mother, made a man out of him filled with action, discernment, honour, uprightness, a child's love – to lose him at a time when all my hopes and his shining future were about to be realised! No, God is not just! He is not a God of mothers! He does not understand their desperation and their pain. And as I executed my death so as not to be separated from my child, I am robbed of him once again! My son, my son, where are you?'

Question : 'Poor mother, we have compassion for your pain. But you have chosen a sad means to be reunited with your son. Suicide is a crime in God's eyes and you should have remembered that God punishes all trespasses against his laws. To be robbed from seeing your son is your punishment.'

Mother : 'No, I thought that God was better than people. I didn't believe in his hell, but in the eternal reunion of souls that loved one another the way we loved one another. I deluded myself. He is not a just and kind God, because he didn't understand the intemperance of my suffering and my love. Oh, who is going to give me my son back? Have I lost him forever? Mercy, mercy my God!'

Question : 'Let's see what can be done, allay your desperation! Consider, if there is a means for you to see your child again, it is not through blasphemy, as you do. Instead of being gracious with God, you draw even more strictness from him.'

Mother : 'I have been told that I will never see him again. I understood this: His was led into paradise. And I, am I in hell? The hell for mothers? It is quite obvious to me that it exists.'

Question : 'Believe me, your son has not been irretrievably lost to you! You will certainly see him again. But you must first deserve it through subjugating yourself to God's will, because your indignation can delay the point in time for an indeterminable time. Listen to me! God is infinitely kind, but he is also *infinitely just*. He never punishes *without reason* and if he burdened you with great suffering on Earth, it happened because you deserved

it. The death of your son is a test of your surrender. You have unfortunately been subjected to this during your life, and see, you are subjected to this again after your death.

How should God recompense his rebelling children according to *your* wishes and wants? He is however *not* relentless. He *always* accepts the remorse of culprits. If you had rather accepted the test that the relatively short separation brought you without grumbling, but with humility, and if you had patiently waited until he saw fit to remove you from Earth, the entry into the world you now find yourself in would have been spared you and you would have *seen* your son *immediately*; he would have welcomed you with open arms. After this time of separation, you would have had the pleasure of seeing him as someone *radiating with joy*. What you have done and what you presently do places a *barrier* between you. Do not believe for a moment that he is lost in the depths of space! No, he is closer to you than you imagine. But an *impenetrable veil* hides him from you. He can see you and he loves you forever, he sighs about the sad situation your *lack of trust in God* has placed you in. He wishes with all his heart for the point in time when he will be granted his wish to *show himself* to you. But this point in time depends entirely on you, namely whether you want to accelerate it or retard it.

Pray to God and say with me: ‘Dear God, forgive me for having doubted your justice and your kindness! If you have punished me, I acknowledge that I have deserved it! Please accept my remorse and my subjugation under your will gracefully!’

Mother : You have managed to have a ray of hope light up in my soul! It is like a flash of lightning in the night that surrounds me. Accept my gratitude! I will pray. As God commands!

The following account stems from the English medium *Grace Cooke* (died 1979). Her psychic gifts emerged for the first time when she was twelve years old. Her ability as a clairvoyant, clairaudient and as a deep trance medium lasted for more than 60 years. She entertained contact with a multitude of otherworldly entities and they often asked for her help. She describes such an experience with the following words (16, P. 12):

“A married couple had lost their only son, a 14 years old boy, the brother of a 17 years old girl. They all loved one another and they were happy. The young people were promising students and they were amongst the best in their respective classes. The young boy became seriously ill one day. In spite of the fact that everything possible done for him, he went down-hill and eventually died.

The family was inconsolable. As religious as they were, they still believed in life after death. But when this tragedy happened, their faith underwent a bitter test. The father’s own words, when he wrote to me, were: ‘I searched and prayed and fervently called upon my creator, but heaven’s doors remained shut. My prayers were not heard, only the cries of my own heart returned to me.’

After months of the worst kind of mental and spiritual anguish, an inner feeling directed him to a church service. He sat on the hindmost pew in the church – a broken man. I was the speaker at this special event and I noticed a spiritual light around this man who was a stranger to me at that time. But my second sight²³ (clairvoyance) then showed me the spiritual figure of a youngster who stood close to his father. A telepathic connection ensued between the youngster and myself, but nothing happened at this first encounter. When the church service had come to an end, I made enquiries about the man in the hindmost pew and I made a point of remembering his name. On my journey home I mulled over some of the incidents, when I suddenly heard an unknown voice whisper to me: ‘Please write to my father.’ In my thoughts I answered: ‘To whom shall I write?’ The answer came immediately and I received the name of the man in the church. I had a long day that day and as I was tired, I brushed the affair aside. It completely slipped my mind by next morning.

To my slight annoyance, because I was snowed under with domestic chores, he appeared again and

²³ She means her clairvoyance.

once again said: 'Please write to my father. Tell him that I am alive and that I am often with him at home. Please write immediately, because it is urgent.' His supplication was so strong and touching that I saw myself forced to sit down, grab paper and pen and write.

His words flooded through me. This was the letter of a son who wrote to his beloved father, from whom he had been separated for a long time. The son now confirmed his identity clearly and explicitly. He wrote numerous details about his childhood, his possessions, his watch and also about his long-departed grandfather whom he had met on the other side of the veil and from whom he had received his watch as a present. He also mentioned his sister and his mother and he remembered domestic details that had changed since his death, things that he had actually seen when present in his spiritual body. It was in every respect a letter of reunification, used by the son to bridge the abyss between them after a long separation, during the time when 'heaven seemed closed' and the father cries of anguish did not receive an answer.

I could ascertain from the father's letter that their hearts were about to harden. In their distress, the parents had rebelled against their fate until the young man had succeeded in breaking through the barrier at the last moment. His message not only brought comfort, but also a revelation. His description of the land he had entered brought a *flood of spiritual insights* to them. He was no longer 'dead' to them since then, but like newly born, and a deep, blessed joy was theirs. It almost seemed as if he had been taken away from them in order to return to them as a comforter. His return meant a spiritual inauguration to them, a revelation of something that resides eternally within the human soul. Years of preaching and teaching could never bring this type of enlightenment. It comes as the result of a profound experience that shows the activity of an almighty and omniscient love, one that cares about every individual soul. Didn't Jesus say: 'Two sparrows are sold for a penny, but not one falls off the roof without your Father knowing about it. Even the hairs on your head have been counted.'

I remember a woman who came to me after she had lost her husband. Her pain and her grief were pathetic because she reproved herself for having neglected him during their life together. She constantly recalled various episodes during his latest illness and she could neither believe nor accept that the time for her husband had come to start and expand his activity within a happier sphere of existence. She was inconsolable during our first meeting and there was little that I could do because she was so tightly enveloped in her pain and self-pity. I told her that her mental state made any consolation coming from her husband impossible and that the subtle vibrations that form a part of the world of the spirit could not penetrate the darkness inside of her. Pain and self-pity, they usually get out of hand when somebody dies, do not just cast the mourning into desperation, but they also foil all attempts of approach from the otherworldly spheres, where their loved ones are happy and healthier than ever before.

When I explained these things to the unhappy widow she gradually became calmer and the fog around her began to dissolve. I then noticed the *spiritual form* of her husband near her. Slowly and gradually, I managed to convince her of his existence through my mediation, namely through the way he talked, his thoughts and his gestures and the numerous details of their life together that he remembered. This is how he managed to verify his identity to her and she gradually began to believe that he was actually still alive and this consoled her greatly. His evidence is too personal to be reproduced here, but she wrote to me: "I dreamt of my husband last night. He took my hand and he squeezed it. I felt it quite distinctly just before I woke up. This was an extraordinarily comforting dream; he pressed my hand so warmly and caringly. At another time I fell asleep whilst writing a letter and I dreamt of him. He told me that he had sent me six messages, but that I had only received two of them."

Later, she wrote to me: "I once again had the good fortune to dream about my husband a number of times and I could clearly see him every time. I now yearn more than ever before for a new opportunity to show him more sympathy and love."

It is my belief that the contact between the living and the 'dead' is initially *prepared on a higher level*. I am also convinced that an exact and accurate *organisation* exists in the world of spirit with whose help friends who are sympathetically connected to one another on both sides of the veil, can be helped to make contact with each other. This means that entities *are* present in the hereafter that are ready to perform this special service, namely to bring friends together that have been separated

by death, but only if the *willingness* for this exists and if they *acknowledge* the possibility of such communications. The connection can then be established through the knowledge of these helpers. We are dealing here with the *spiritual laws* of 'making things harmonise', something that is not fully comprehended and appreciated by the uninitiated. It is not a case of citations by spirits. They rather come looking for us, if it contributes to the *welfare of everybody*, and they make an infinite effort to bridge the gap between us.

Those that have gone before us return to us from the *realms of light* because they love us. But it must also be said that *other spirits* exist, spirits that have left this world in a *state of darkness*, of heaviness and without love, because their hearts were entangled in egotism, avarice and avidness. They could *not* enter a realm of harmony and beauty, But the moment they look for help, they will find understanding and friendliness in spite of this. Those on the other hand that lived a simple life on Earth, that loved their fellow human beings, will quickly find companions in a world of great beauty. They will be put in contact with entities of *greater spiritual power* and enlightenment and these entities will teach them the ways of their new existence.

I selected these examples from thousands of cases. All of them were about the mourning, the bereaved that were visited by the world of spirit in order for them to receive evidence that their loved ones *continued to live* after their demise. My own work has up to now lasted for more than 60 years, but I do not work alone. My dearly beloved *spiritual guide*, he is known under the pseudonym of "*White Eagle*", helps me and guides me. He not only brought practical evidence about life after death in lots of cases, but he also showed extraordinary knowledge in regards to how those in the world of spirit can be found that have been separated from their friends through death, and also how one can be reunited with them."

A deceased son makes *direct contact* with his inconsolable mother in the following example, and this without the direct mediation of a medium, he thereby manages to help his mother extricate herself from her great sorrow. The woman in question, Mrs. W. described her case in her own words in January 1987:

"My son Markus died on the 13th of July 1985 as a result of a traffic accident. I heard the news via the mother of his friend whose motorbike was involved in the accident. It was terrible! I was not allowed to see him, because his head injuries were too severe.

I wanted to go to the funeral parlour on the day of his funeral on my own. I wanted to say goodbye to him. Everybody was afraid that I would collapse and this is why my oldest daughter Christine came with me. A sudden peace came over me as I stood near the coffin. It was as if my son stood next to me to calm me down. He stroked me and repeated over again:

'Please be calm dear mother, do not excite yourself!'

He was very close to me. I *felt* his presence. I was as calm as I had not been for many days. My daughter was quite astonished about it and she told my relatives when we got home. I must say that I didn't hear the voice of Markus very loudly, I just sensed it and somehow felt that he was talking to me.

Terrible days and weeks followed. In spite of everything, I always had a feeling that my son was very close to me. I *simply* sensed his presence. I suffered complete despair a couple of times. It then happened that friends of his suddenly came visiting. We then talked about Markus; about the hoaxes they had carried out with him. This always calmed me down. It always seemed to me that Markus had sent his friends. Because I constantly suffered from feelings of guilt, I drove myself to rack and ruin. Every bad word and every difference of opinion that we had, something that probably happens with every adolescent young man, suddenly turned into a drama in my mind. I searched for the mistakes that I had made according to my opinion. I believed that I should have done a lot more for him. Everyone around me did indeed say that I was heading for a breakdown, and this without good reason, because we always had a very good relationship with one another.

An event happened then that I will never forget. It happened about nine months after his death. I

was once again completely deflated on that day. I ran around the flat crying and talking out loud to myself. I constantly chided myself about possibly not having done enough for him or that I should possibly have given him even more. In any case, I was once again completely despondent. I went to the bathroom and started to clean the washbasin. Whilst doing this, I cried and talked loudly to myself. Suddenly, it was as if he stood right next to me, he interrupted me with a loud and annoyed voice. He said:

‘Why don’t you stop with this! Don’t you think that I will have forgiven you by now after nine months? Everything will turn out fine,’

He then remained silent. I stood there as if paralysed and stared into the mirror. I accurately remember that the voice talked either in or next to my body on the left side. In any case, it was very close, so close in fact that it seemed that he talked within the left side of my body.

I had become very calm. I suddenly became aware that he was just as sad and angry when alive if I cried and blamed myself for things that were not justified at all. I only wanted the very best for him when he was alive. When I start to grieve, I always think about this and I hope that he is now happy with me. But I will never forget him in spite of this.”

On page 126 of this book, I already extensively reported about the British journalist *William T. Stead* who lost his life when the *Titanic went down*. After his death, he expressed himself through his psychically gifted daughter and he also talked about the difficulties he had with his first transmission. He felt the distress of his relatives, he also felt hindered by their grief and he was initially pleased to be able to make himself known through a stranger. He said (22, P. 48):

“As I said, I came quite often and I tried to send my messages to my home in various ways. I sometimes succeeded and sometimes I did not. One bears co-responsibility over here in regards to success or failure of communication. It depends a lot on the work of other otherworldly souls. Whenever I succeed, I help others. If things went awry I asked for help and I received it, particularly because I had sacrificed a lot of time studying the science of the hereafter whilst on Earth.

I would like to tell you now *how I managed to get my messages through* and how I was able to ascertain that I had succeeded. We had learned all that was necessary to make closer contact with Earth. I was naturally not in a position to do this by myself and this is why I had a *helper* whom I will call ‘*official*’ here. He accompanied me during my first attempt. We therefore returned to Earth. In the room we visited we found two or three people who excitedly discussed the terrible accident of the sinking of the ‘*Titanic*’ and the seemingly unlikely fact that a number of people had been rescued. They then held a spiritistic meeting and the *official* showed me how I could make myself noticeable. The required energy for this is *concentrated thought*. I therefore had to try to *put myself in their place*. I now imagined myself standing in the middle of the room in physical form, whilst a strong beam of light shines on me. This is the image that I had to *hold fast within me* and most intensively concentrate upon: I was here and the terrestrials present had to become aware of this!

Initially I did not succeed, but after a few vain attempts my eager endeavours were crowned with success. The sensitive member at the meeting *actually saw me!* Only my face to begin with, but that was due to me, because the image of myself that I had mentally imagined only included my face. I simply concentrated on something of myself that they would likely recognise. I then sent a mental message in the same way. I placed myself next to the medium and concentrated on a short sentence that a slowly and deliberately repeated out loud. I practised this under constant, intensive concentration until the medium started to voice parts of the sentence. This allowed me to recognise that I had finally succeeded and I must admit that I found this relatively easy. Well, I did know the peculiarities of the people attending this meeting and the conditions in the séance room. But many of those that did not bring such comprehensive ‘expert knowledge’ with them from their terrestrial life could not have made any impression on the séance participants during their first attempt.

None of the terrestrial members of my family were present during the above described meeting. They would probably have made any contact impossible at that time, because I would have felt their distress about my sudden death too powerfully and I would not have been able to objectively concentrate on making contact. It was possible here – because the whole atmosphere was

impersonal and nothing distracted me here. This turned out to be very advantageous for my further development, because this first attempt had only been a test in order to show whether I could succeed with getting through at my old house.”

Stead now delves further into the power of thoughts by reporting:

“In their endeavour to gain a conclusive form of contact between the Earth and the hereafter, people have always placed their main focus on the possibility of the return, respectively the re-materialisation of the deceased personality. They find it rather difficult to accept any other, compelling evidence-delivering method of manifestation of otherworldly intelligences. This *preconceived* opinion often makes them misjudge or even disregard the excellent value of direct thought contacts – that are more personal and less dependent on external circumstance than other forms. This specific form of contact with the hereafter excludes a whole series of considerable sources of mistakes right from the start, like for instance the discolouration of the messages through the consciousness of an unfamiliar medium or the other participants at the meeting with all their mental contrasts and personal *prejudices*.

The personal mediation of thoughts or thought transference is a *much more effective* and particularly instant and impressive form of contact than generally assumed by the majority of pious Spiritists. When you concentrate of the spirit of some departed person, you develop a living, active energy, one that penetrates through space like an electric vibration. *It will never miss its target*. When you direct a ray of thought at a specific being in the world of the hereafter, it will become instantly aware of this energy and it will pick up your thoughts. All those that live in the hereafter are incomparably *more sensitive* than the people on Earth. So, when a targeted thought is directed at us, it acts like a real telephone call and we are practically always able to make contact with the person sending the thought.

If we find ourselves in the vicinity of a terrestrial person, we are capable of adapting to that person’s state of mind to a large degree and we can then influence them with our feelings and our thoughts. But the person concerned will hardly ever recognise our influence for what it is, but rather regard the entering ideas and concepts as their *own* production or maybe even as hallucinations. Nonetheless, the *recogniser* will be surprised about the plethora of information and the spiritual help one can receive along this path.

This doesn’t just apply to those that believe in the reality of such influences from the hereafter. Everyone that sits quietly for a moment and allows their thoughts to wander towards a dear ‘deceased’ *can attract their spirit in this way*. Whether they will become aware of them or not, the fact that they are here remains.

If terrestrial people were more aware of the effect their thoughts have on specific otherworldly people, they would keep their thoughts under *far stricter control* than before. There are lot of possibilities of controlling one’s mindset and each thought, no matter what its tendency is, will be most accurately registered here. Many of these thoughts have an effective effect on the otherworldly being they concern, but apart from all of this, *the effect of every thought will eventually return to its originator*.

You might find it incomprehensible or even inconceivable when I assert here that *all thoughts* are registered. I would therefore like to define connotation of ‘all thoughts’ more precisely, because it isn’t entirely applicable. Instead of ‘all thoughts’ one would have to correct oneself by saying ‘all *conscious* thoughts’. This includes all active – positive or negative – thoughts, but *not* the trivial, habitual thoughts of one’s everyday life. The purely personal thoughts are a part of this whilst they are meaningless and if they do not expand into a hindering and thereby destructive form.

Because a lot of people find it simply impossible to believe that all their *conscious* or ‘*direct*’ thoughts are registered and that they can trigger concrete effects on the addressed person or affair, in order to eventually return to the initiator himself, I would like to state emphatically once again: Believe me, this is a fact!

You do indeed clearly feel the influence coming from the emanation of a person that is in an extremely unhappy or happy or content and serene frame of mind. This effect it caused through the corresponding mental frame of mind at a decelerated or enhanced level of vibration of the concerned personality. You therefore feel the particularly powerful streams of their dejectedness or their joy. The two mentioned extremes are within themselves of the same level of flow or radiance. But they individually affect the people that are exposed to its effect differently. Outsiders themselves are not aware of the retroactive effect of the power of their thoughts and their ego most of the time. But it is present to a lesser or higher degree just the same and it remains impressed within the mind of the person concerned long after.

Arrived here in the hereafter, all the '*mental records*' must be consciously apprehended by the bearer and individually worked through once again. No judge in a robe and a wig, initiates and monitors this process, only *one's own individual self*. We therefore bring a clear, perfect or absolute memory of our terrestrial life with us to the hereafter.²⁴ According to the nature of our individual thought recollections, we attain a state of sadness, happiness, unhappiness, desperation or inner contentment here in the hereafter. This is where an aspiration begins to awaken within us, namely to put right and to bring into balance *all the injustices and suffering we caused*, the things that we indebted ourselves with on Earth through our consciously or subconsciously false mindset. This is why I say this once again, It isn't just recommendable, but to the highest degree necessary, to have one's thoughts and oneself under strictest control whilst still on Earth. In regards to the future development of every single person, it is very advantageous to take this advice to heart and to act accordingly, even if one is not able to comprehend the significance of these things during one's life on Earth.

I wish that everyone would become clearly aware of the possible *results* of their mental and physical actions – the misfortune they cause others and above all the severe pressures of conscience their actions cause *within themselves* when they become clearly aware of all the coherences.

Never forget that your spirit is akin to a pantry that stores all the events for your otherworldly life. Everything that you experience in your *after-death* life is a *direct result* of the degree you learned to control your thoughts and your base physical urges. Your future happiness necessitates for you to *allow* your spirit to gain *mastery over* the body and physical matter. To decide whether this is possible is up to you.

When you are prepared to give account of your actions in the hereafter, you can continue in the usual way. But be assured that you will not receive further credit here. You will have to pay! But if you only think half as practical as each one of you *believe* they are, you will follow my advice and allow your spiritual-mental life to be master over the physical. It will securely and joyfully guide you, even if you hold the opinion that this would lead to religious asceticism. This concept is however *wrong*. The unfoldment of your mental and spiritual life already opens up a life of delicious joy on Earth, but it is capable of slowing you down when carnal impulses drive you to actions that demand a pricey and bitter price in the hereafter."

The Englishman *James Lees* (1849 – 1931), who acted as a *voice and materialisation medium* for decades, reports in his book: "Die Reise in die Unsterblichkeit", a *conversation between two deceased*. One of them narrates about the conditions after death (12, Volume I, P. 49):

"Many are for instance kept in mental fetters long after the influence of the body has been overcome, because their loved ones still mourn over them."

"How is this possible?"

"I have told you before, *Love* is the *greatest power* that we know. The soul is under its influence the moment it leaves the body. The distress felt by those left behind on Earth therefore has a *strong*

²⁴ This can only refer to people, respectively the deceased, that belong to a specific level of development, something *Stead* also belongs to and where his experiences come from, because we have numerous reports about the deceased that are mentally deranged for a short or lesser period of time after their demise and often do not even remember their terrestrial family's name or their date of birth.

influence on the disembodied soul, it is like an anchor that fetters the spirit to the Earth. It sometimes causes us great difficulties in regard to acting against these damaging influences. Those that are left behind would surely be less likely to surrender to their groundless pain, if they could see just once *the kind of effect* it has on the departed.”

It is sometimes the deepest distress of those left behind that makes a deceased return to Earth in order to psychically communicate and to ask for help for the relatives. Such an event took place in a circle around the already mentioned *Maria Silbert* from Graz. The engineer *Rudolf Sekanek* writes about it in his book (21, P. 84):

“*Dr. Gangl* and *Mrs. Felser-Schuller* reported the following case to us: During the meeting on the 15th of May 1917, the spirit of a fallen soldier communicated and asked for help. *Lieutenant Rittmann* (*Professor Dr. Rudolf Rittmann* who passed away in Innsbruck on the 12th of July 1950) questioned him and at the end of the interview had noted down the following: *Johann Haas aus Rottenmann* – soldier – fallen in Russia – is pleading for help for the wife and eight children he left behind – they were in dire stress and close to starvation.

Rittmann investigated and the municipal council in Rottenmann, in the district of Murau, confirmed the correctness of his statements.

He wrote the family a letter on the 19th of June and he received the following answer from the widow:

‘Hedwig Haas, Rottenmann

District Murau, Upper Styria
1917

Rottenmann, the 25th of June

Most honourable Mr. Rittmann, Rudolf, Graz

In answer to your kind letter from the 19th of this month I would like to tell the honourable Mr. Rittmann the following. The death of my beloved husband was a bitter blow for myself and my children. He died in Rabarnaska in Russia on the 8th of August 1916 from a grenade. I think of the poor man every day with tears in my eyes. He left a widow with 5 children behind. There were 8, but 3 have died. My husband received a small silver medal after he died and I would like to ask for advice about whether I am entitled to an allowance. I have a small farmhouse, grow vegetables but I had to sell everything in spite of this; to have lost the provider for the family is a bitter blow for me. But all mourning is in vain, all I want to do is to pull the children though as best as I can. Three of the children are not provided for, the two older ones are in service with my relatives. Would there be a possibility to received further assistance from some source through your endeavour and kindness. I would be eternally grateful to you. I am indeed a little too lowly to find the right way.

Repeating my request most submissively, I close most respectfully

Hedwig Haas.’

This was a registered letter with the number Murau 754. As *Lieutenant Rittmann* had to return to the front, he handed the case to *Professor Walter*. He in turn looked after the poor widow, he made the necessary petitions to the authorities and this succeeded. The widow thanked him in a letter on the 19th of August 1917:

‘Esquire!

I humbly inform you that your esteemed petition has been successful and I express my thousandfold gratitude to you and to Mr. Lieutenant Rittmann on behalf of myself and my children. The board of trustees of the Styrian Widow’s War Fund allocated me 50 Kronen. May I ask you for the address of Mr. Lt. Rittmann so that I can send him the thanks that I owe him.

Most sincerely.

Widow *Hedwig Hass.*”

Dr. Bernhard Cyriax, already mentioned on page 3, reports about the same kind of case with the following words (3, P. 24):

“Meetings are held in Boston, at the locality of the ‘Banner of Light’ (a spiritistic journal) three times a week in order to give any spirit that entertains the wish to communicate with those they left behind, the opportunity to vocally communicate their wishes through a ‘personified medium’. These are stenographically written down and then published in the ‘Banner’.

It was on a Friday afternoon in 1984, when the spirit of an Irishwoman who died of consumption, manifested herself through the medium (it was *Mrs. Conant* at the time) and communicated that she felt so terribly unhappy, because both of the children she left behind, eight respectively ten years old, were suffering terribly. She indicated that she had died in a miserable flat in a dead-end street in *Albany*, in the *State of New York* and that the authorities had given one of her children into care with a family in *Albany* and the other with a farmer near town. The one child was forced to beg in the street and was almost starving to death whilst the other was tyrannically treated and cruelly beaten at the slightest trifle. *This woman supplied accurate dates and habitations* and with heartrending lamentations entreated the chairman to write to a certain *Dr. Andrews* in *Albany*, he had treated her during her last few weeks and he seemed to be very philanthropic, in order to ask him to look after her children.

According to this wish, a letter was written that Saturday and sent to *Dr. Andrews* whose address the spirit had supplied, it contained all the details. The Irishwoman appeared again at the meeting on Tuesday afternoon, she was very happy and she informed them that she now felt happy and content, because the doctor had fulfilled her wish and *rescued her children from the hands of their tormentors*. She didn’t know how to express her gratitude for the willing help she had received and she asked the grace of heaven to bless the mediators. A letter from *Dr. Andrews* arrived on Thursday wherein he told them that he found the whole thing very strange (he was not a Spiritist at that time), but that he immediately began a search with the help of the police, because the facts had been correctly specified. He had also found the children and all the details from the deceased mother had been correct. He had now taken care of the children, but he asked for an explanation about how the editor of the ‘Banner’ got hold of all the details that eventually proved to be true.

The doctor received all the details and he was encouraged to look into *Spiritualism*, to examine the facts and to study the philosophy therein. These facts had naturally been published in the ‘Banner of Light’; *Dr. Andrews* accurately described all the processes involved in the ‘*Albany Argus*’ and concluded his dissertation by saying that he could no longer doubt the fact that the spirits of the dead could *really* announce their presence and proclaim their wishes. He was from then on a convinced spiritist.

And *Dr. Andrews* was right. Those that are not convinced of the reality of one’s personal survival after death and inter-communication between both levels of existence after receiving such facts, will never ever become spiritualists. One may consider the fact that a trip between *Boston* and *Albany* took 14 to 15 hours in those days and that therefore a letter posted in Boston on the Saturday, could only be in the hands of the doctor on Sunday. It took quite an effort to find the flat of the people who had taken the child in according to the doctor’s information and as they had not been at

home, he couldn't get hold of the child until Monday. He drove to the farm early on Tuesday to collect the other child and then wrote the letter that reached the hands of the editor *Luther Colby* on Thursday that afternoon. Now if the whole affair had not been arranged between *Mr. Colby* and *Dr. Andrews* in order to create a hoax (something that is refuted by the fact that the doctor was *not* a spiritualist), there is no other explanation left but the one that the spirit of the Irishwoman did *actually* manifest through the medium in *Boston*. If one was able to wipe all hitherto facts of Spiritualism from the memory of people, one could reconstruct the structure of Spiritualism almost solely from the above narrated manifestation."

What *conclusions* can be drawn from the recited reports if one regards them as facts and not as inventions? – The human personality obviously remains viable beyond death. A new stage of life begins after the end of the terrestrial life and this in a differently constructed world that is not yet accessible to us. A new stage of development, a new period of training begins. Those that crossed over do however not immediately discard all the sensations of their past life and their feelings for the relatives they left behind. They *sense* their thoughts to some extent, feels their sadness and if this sadness is excessive, they feel depressed and drawn back to Earth.

Now how should the bereaved behave when a close relative dies?

One can only advise them to suppress all thoughts of desperation and in turn think thoughts of love and affection for the deceased and to wish the departed all the best for their further path through life. They should specifically direct their pleas in prayers to God, namely asking God to take care of the deceased, to send them *companions* and *helpers* along their further path through life and to make it possible for them to reunite with the deceased after their own terrestrial demise. One can create the prerequisites for this through one's own appropriate way of life.

One is well advised from desisting from all practices where one deliberately wants to make immediate contact with the deceased again, through which one want to emphatically call them back. This deviates them from their tasks of their new life and it *hinders them* in their progress.

Here is an example: In July 1979, a married couple who had lost their 13 years old son in a tragic accident in May that year, got in contact with me. The mother was inconsolable about this and she hoped to make immediate contact with her child through me. The parents also participated numerous times at the meeting of the circle that I mentioned a number of times before. They could however not talk directly with their son, the *controlling spirits* advised them to pray for him. In regards to the reasons listed here; I urgently advised the mother against trying to make contact with her deceased child elsewhere. But I could not impress this upon her.

As she had not succeeded through me, she tried to get in contact with her son via a *tape recorder* with the help of the so-called *voice phenomenon*. In the meantime, she called out to her son in a loud voice in his former room several times a day to ask him how he was, what he was presently doing and whether he was still thinking of her. She then hoped to receive an answer from him on the running tape recorder. She played the recorded noises back to me after some time had passed, they were incomprehensible to me, but she seemed to be able to concretely interpret them.

I then seriously appealed to this mother's conscience, I beseeched her to desist from constantly calling her son, I put it to her that his unexpected death and coping with living in another world would have to be difficult enough for him to deal with. She shouldn't make his settling down even more difficult. I reproached her by asking her what the effects would be if a mother on Earth would constantly visit her child that had just started school, during its lessons only to ask how it fared or whether it needed anything. This would surely complicate the education of the child and interrupt the lessons. The situation was surely somewhat similar with her child. The mother listened to my admonitions silently and with a closed mind. She was certainly not impressed by what I had to say. She continued with her tape recording session for some time after.

If you ever find yourself in a similar situation, please act differently. Do not think about yourself and your own anguish so much, but think first and foremost about the future wellbeing of the deceased. Send them all your thoughts of love and affection, ask God to send them a *helper* and arrange your own life in Earth in such a fashion that you can harbour the thought of seeing them again after your own demise.

The reliability of psychic transmissions and the dangers of dealing with the hereafter

The preceding chapters looked at the reports by otherworldly beings that reached our Earth with the help of so-called mediums. We are dealing here with an exchange of news between two realms of existence in a language we are familiar with. It is also the means of communicating in our daily life. Through questions, we try to receive information from other people that we require for our day to day life or that we like to hear out of vanity or our need to be admired. This is why the language and writing derived from it is outstandingly ideal in regards to deceiving the questioner, namely when one hopes to gain advantages from false or semi-correct answers. This process is extensively used in politics and advertising. The representatives of these sectors try to use radio and television to guide their fellow citizens in the direction they want them to go with a good mixture of truth, semi-truths and untruths.

The great difficulty of separating the truth from deception already begins here on Earth. Individual people try, if they are interested and intelligent enough, to test the offered news for its truthfulness. They monitor whether promises come true. When these are not fulfilled, they can ascertain after, that they have fallen prey to misinformation and they will be more distrustful in the future. We on Earth can however not completely guard against being duped over again. We cannot reject all the news that comes our way as misinformation. If we want to survive, we have to trust a plethora of information. We can however, even if we are intelligent enough, not always recognise with impunity where clever deceptions are hidden. We are only wiser later, when it is too late.

As the *inhabitants* of the *world of the hereafter*, they are predominantly deceased human beings, have not become “Saints” after their demise and as they are still in possession of all their faults and shortcomings, one must always take the possibility of intentional deception into consideration when dealing with them. But many of these earthbound beings ask themselves how they can gain a devout and obedient audience on Earth. Experience shows that the means for this is the adoption of *well sounding titles* or *famous names* or to profess to be an *Archangel* (Michael is very popular), *Mother Mary*, *Christ* or even *God himself*. Many people will then wallow in reverence and no longer dare to ask critical questions or demand concrete evidence. This theme will be elaborately dealt with in the following volume “Der Mensch und seine Bindung an Gott”. I will however give you an example here, because the deception process can run along the same lines when dealing with the hereafter as it does on Earth. Now when *malicious* spirit entities tune into the communications with the hereafter, something that happens all too often, the deception is pursued with particular sophistication.

All of this must not inevitably happen, but one should be prepared for this eventuality and take the required precautions. One should especially never act upon nonsensical or over the top demands, like for instance sell all one’s belongings and possessions and emigrate or reserve a seat in a spaceship of visitors from the stars, because the Earth is about to be destroyed. As an example of deception, I will give you extracts from a bad experience by the *Dane Carolsfeld-Krausé* during the years before 1924, during his psychic dealings with the hereafter. These communications partly took place in a spiritistic group, partly though the development of his increasing psychic abilities that led to automatic writing and clairaudience. In spite of his best intentions, he was duped in manifold ways during his contact with otherworldly entities. He writes about it (2, P. 54):

A spirit drops its mask

The more the spirit *Andreas* gained a foothold in me, the stronger grew my resolve to work for Spiritism and this is why, after having been repeatedly requested by *Andreas* in secret discussions, I allowed myself to be elected to the position of chairman of the association. I worked on its behalf and introduced various reforms with the result that the association quickly grew and a whole band of people assembled around *Andreas* to hear his proclamations within this more intimate circle. Psychic phenomena, the like other spiritistic associations usually experienced, had not happened to this point, and when we asked at times whether we would see such things, it was indicated to us that we had to wait until the time was right, we would then be granted all the gift of the spirit, a promise that fulfilled itself in abundance later in as far as the gifts of the spirit consisted in phenomena.

I once again tried automatic writing in those days and a spirit announced his presence who openly confessed that he had defrauded me by writing with my hand in *Andreas's* name. He explained that he had acted with *Andreas's* permission and used his name, because I did not want to deal with other spirits, as I was sceptical about other spirits intentions and had set my mind on becoming a medium for *Andreas*. The well-meant intention had been to give me a serious warning about being too gullible in regards to spirits that might appear later to create situations that could indeed turn into a real danger for me. I would have to experience the good and the bad if I wanted to benefit from it and develop further etc.

This spirit appeared to be so kind hearted and benevolent that I let go of my bitterness and declared that I was willing to work with him. I felt a peculiar pressure whenever he appeared. He wrote with my hand and an intimate friendship gradually developed between us. He was gentleness personified and at the same time most relentless when it came to reproving something, this was something that, in my opinion, did not fit in with my resolution to not deviated from God's path one iota. He taught me to realise that a lot of things had to be eradicated from people's hearts and sacrifices had to be made before one could truly walk God's path. He appeared day and night to console me when I was depressed but also to share my joys. It was a friendship, so ideal that I had never thought that something like this was possible.

He told me on numerous occasions that he had received the command from higher spirits to develop me in such a way that I was able to carry out the work to promote God's realm from the specific position that I occupied at that time. He specifically used the words "promote God's realm" and I equated this at that time with the promotion of spiritistic principles. He wrote that I had been designated to write books about these things and that I would receive the necessary inspiration from higher spiritual spheres. My objection that I did not possess sufficient psychic ability was affectionately but peremptorily rejected; All I had to do was avail myself as a willing instrument and wait until the order to start my work was given. Other spirits arduously worked hand in hand with this godly influence, spirits I regarded as evil, and they tried to promote completely different notions within me, above all to *give up* communicating with spirits. This campaign was a *masterpiece of satanic maliciousness*, but I unfortunately realised this too late.

In the meanwhile, I found comfort with the spirit that befriended me, who wrote about the work and endeavours of the evil one who tried to squash the achieved successes etc. He was relentless in his endeavours and no angel could have been gentler with me. But then one day, without reason, like a lightning bolt from the sky, *he dropped his mask* (by twisting intimate family relationships) and this in a way and under circumstances that were so maliciously conceived that hardly another human being could have carried it out. *He then disappeared*.

I don't have to describe my mood after this had happened; it felt as if everything came crashing down to leave a yawning ruin behind. I could not understand why something like this was allowed to happen, that anyone was allowed to even act in God's name against someone whose intentions were as described above. My mind stood still after such a barefaced and atrocious *mockery of God* – because that is what the whole, monthlong contact with this spirit had been.

Eerie incidents. Feeling the onset of possession.

Sometime after that severe break of trust, I had an *extremely malicious experience*. I had decided for the second time to give up automatic writing; with whom could I write after these deceptions? *Andreas* didn't want to, at least not yet. I wanted to wait for the moment when he would give me the assignment through his medium himself – but when I felt an extremely strong urge to write automatically one morning, I nevertheless grabbed a pencil. The pencil began to write, but the first word had hardly been put down on paper – the name of the spirit that had duped me – when I had the terrible sensation of having *something alien irresistibly push itself into me* and take possession of my body; I literally felt that *I was pushed sideways out of my body*. Filled with dread I jumped up and I wanted to rush off without purpose or aim, but I managed to keep control to some degree. This *alien* – this is the only appellation that I can use – forced itself upon me more and more and it literally sucked its way inside. A chill went right through me and my legs felt like they were paralysed and became as heavy as lead. But the worst about this was the horror that I felt. I fought with this terrible condition all day by myself, but it then gradually eased off.

I kept this experience from my wife, because I didn't want to put her off Spiritism; but a few days after, when she was alone in the house and when she attempted to write automatically, *she also suffered such an attack*. When I returned home, she told me what had happened filled with dismay – the paralysed legs, the same dreadful feeling that something eerie suddenly pushed its way inside of her – a condition that only stopped after half a day had passed. She had not dared to deal with Spiritism ever since.

A similar attack happened to an experienced spiritist sometime after, also when attempting to write automatically. His experience seemed even worse than mine; he jumped up with a cry of fear, ran out into the garden and he was completely beside himself. He had also felt *that something invisible and malicious wanted to take control of his body and push him out*. I have never experienced a more eerie scene in my life.

In regards to the last-mentioned case I have to mention that this man knew nothing about the attacks that were made on myself and my wife; so that his experience seemed like a planned attack. The day before, I had been urgently encouraged through automatic writing (something I just couldn't leave alone) to induce this man to attempt to write when we met with him the next evening. He had not been able to do this and he was also not that keen, but he must have made an attempt after I encouraged him – with this terrible result!

It isn't just automatic writing that opens the door to such eerie attacks, but *even simply participating in discussions about Spiritism* seems to be dangerous, even for non-spiritists. A similarly dreadful case happened. An elderly man was the victim. He turned up after a meeting and he made an ironic remark about spirits and he immediately experienced the same as the others. I have often read about these eerie phenomena in spiritistic journals, particularly in the English journal "*Light*".

I asked the spirits and they clearly admitted that *they* carried out these attacks. But they said that we were at fault; because we couldn't stay away from them and we should interfere in their affairs.

In spite of all of this I continued with working on behalf of Spiritism, because I fully trusted *Andreas* who not only constantly reminded me of showing endurance, but on occasions wrote that we had nothing to fear from the attacks of evil spirits, because the darkness didn't only hide enemies. He indicated that we should refrain from attempting to engage in other methods from those that he declare to us and he promised to loyally stand guard over us if we remained assembled around his sacred mission. But in contrast to this he had written a number of times that it might be impossible for him to help us under certain circumstances, because the *power of darkness* might very likely be able to render him *unconscious* – it could tower over us and the danger could then be enormous."

These were not the only deceptions that *Carolsfeld-Krausé* experienced. He reports further (2, P. 84):

Mira also drops her mask

The female spirit, my "guardian angel" made short shrift of the situation one day and *revealed herself to be a beguiler in a most brutal fashion*. Strange as it may seem – I had not expected this –

in spite of all the deceptions I had fallen prey to. *Allan Kardec*, the world renowned French spiritist and author, writes in his great work about Spiritism:

“Spirits torment their mediums with cruel breaches of trust over again and they can also deceive the sharpest minds.”

As I said, I had not thought it possible that this spirit would deceive me, because she had always behaved in a very pious fashion and she was extremely gentle, friendly and caring when she turned up to converse with us. She had given me advice on numerous occasions and actually provided valuable services for me, something I still benefit from these days (for instance tips within the commercial arena), but she unfortunately only wanted to gain my trust so that she could carry out her main attack.

Immediately before her divulgement, she tried to draw me into a situation that would have caused irreversible consequences for myself and others. It concerned something that was completely pulled out of thin air, but she was able to put it in such a credible way that I had not the slightest doubt about its validity and felt, taking the wellbeing of all those concerned into consideration, that it was my duty to interfere in order to prevent an injustice happening to innocent people.

This ruthless attack was however so suddenly and so wonderfully parried at the last moment that I still believe that a *higher power* intervened. Letters that I had sent and that would have destroyed my future, were intercepted twice on their way to the receiver.

These bitter disappointments affected me deeply; I was extremely depressed and suffered a nervous breakdown. The objective that I could already see so clearly was now once again hopelessly far away. When something like this happens, one should give dealing with spirits away, but this is as if one gave up on high ideals and admitted that evil had the power to hinder one's higher aims. But another spirit arrives with comforting words in the midst of all this misery and in spite of all one's doubts, one once again slowly glides into a new alliance – and towards new disappointments.

Carolsfeld- Krause's inner desperation and misery strived towards a new apogee. He writes (2, P. 98):

Finally, deliverance after my prayers have been answered

In the state that I now found myself, I felt that I was exposed to all kinds of influences from the world of spirit and the communications became ever *more threatening* and eerier, because due to my gradually achieved receptiveness, they had an extremely easy game with me. I was exposed to torments and malicious attacks and what's more, spirits now engaged me in constant conversations and they threatened me in every possible way. I could not get them to remain silent and as I was unaware that there were limits to their power, I felt completely defenceless.

Andreas, who had consoled and encouraged me up to then, also left me decidedly and conclusively in the lurch and this on a particularly critical occasion. Ever since then I felt like a chased quarry, exposed to erratic coincidences and dangers at any time and at the same time incapable of freeing myself from Spiritism – I was and remained a medium, a victim of attacks from these entities!

Something happened in this extreme time of need that was going to have unforeseen consequences. In my helpless desperation *I asked God for help one day* and to my unutterable astonishment I received it immediately! All fears disappeared instantly, as if the sun was breaking through and everything went quiet. A *new power* had suddenly revealed itself to me and it let me know that it was on my side and that it was unconquerable. – I no longer stood alone. A number of words rang out at the same time:

“Be of good cheer! Nothing can happen to you! We are also here!”

This will remain my greatest experience.

All of a sudden, all spirits, phenomena and such like now only played a subordinate role due to the overwhelming impression of this memorable demonstration; I felt secure beyond imagination; the tormenting stopped and the spirits could not approach me without my permission. My depressed mind uplifted, the blind was pulled from my eyes and I realised that I had been exposed to a hollow and unworthy double play. I realised that it was impossible to receive reliable explanations from a world where maliciousness reigns in its crassest form and how impossible it is for our loved ones, once they are over there, to entertain an unhindered and constant contact with us. I saw how hopeless it was for good spirits to transmit advice and hints, if they were actually allowed to do so, through spirit messages under such insecure conditions and interference with the free will that is surely of primary concern – but last but not least it became clear to me how useless and damaging contact with spirits is and the wrong turn I had taken when I decided to reach my goal via Spiritism.”

One cannot blame *Carolsfeld- Krausé* for turning his back on the practical pursuit of psychic contact with the hereafter after these disappointing experiences and that the damaging aspect predominated the possible advantages in his mind, because he never got to experience them. It is rather tragic that it did not enter his mind *much earlier* to ask *God and His son Jesus Christ regularly for help and protection* and asked them to send him *messengers* from their realm. Because he was not aware that one had to ask spirits to swear in a solemn and strict form whether they served only God and Jesus Christ and not by chance the antagonist Lucifer, *deceptive spirits* could settle around him for such a long time. But he could indeed count himself lucky for not having suffered permanent physical or mental damage.

This wasn't so in the following case. It is reported by the American parapsychological researcher *Professor Hans Holzer* (born 1920). After narrating a couple of examples, he writes (8, P. 154):

“I heard about a considerably more serious case soon after wherein no positive result ensued. It deals with the wife of a well-known publishing director. She wrote, painted, was a beauty, very witty and well liked within society. She was not physically ill when these events took place. She drank a glass or two now and again, but she was no alcoholic and she didn't suffer from depression. She had no problems and also no interest in the occult, something she regarded a superstition.

This *Mrs. K.* was at the cottage of a relative whose hobby was ‘moving tables’. She was in good spirit and she allowed herself to be talked into participating, not out of curiosity, but to oblige her host. A friend of the host was also present and she carried out the function of convenor.

Mrs. K. had hardly placed her hands on the table when she found the whole thing too boring and she got up. One then produced a Ouija board and *Mrs. K.* joined the group again. The board seemed to completely concentrate on *Mrs. K.* and to such a degree that she became frightened and wanted to stop, but the host talked her into taking a piece of paper and a pen and to write if the spirit wanted her to do so.

Mrs. K. thought that this was unlikely and she was very surprised when the pen started to doodle something on the paper that seemed to be a distorted face, maybe the face of an insane young man. The writing was arranged around the drawing and it stated:

‘I have killed the ones that I love.’

The word ‘killed’ was written with such force that the paper underneath was torn. *Mrs. K.* jumped to her feet, screamed wildly, something that filled the others with fear, and went into such a deep trance that she didn't seem to be back to normal for a long time. Afterwards, she was deeply distressed about her first experience of being thus controlled.

She was now no longer as sceptical as before and she swore to never ever challenge the eerie ever again.

But the door that she had opened did not want to close again. She became the instrument of a whole series of disembodied personalities that used her as a medium in order to make themselves known after years of disappointed oblivion.

They were soldiers, the architect of the house, a gentleman from the 18th century and the violent murderer who had open the psychic door. He had been a painter and he began to control *Mrs. K.* to

such a degree that her own pleasant style was supplanted by the violent, forceful style of this young man. She couldn't pick up a brush without being under his influence. This was followed by a brutal old hag (an untidy, neglected old woman) and she caused *Mrs. K.* a lot of harm.

Her frightened husband had her examined in every respect, but one certified her as being physically and mentally extremely healthy. An explanation for what was happening to her could not be found. A series of psychiatrists, friendly towards parapsychology, tried to help her – but without success.

After I was introduced to her I tried to encourage *the personality that had entered her* to leave her mind. But one cannot talk to an insane person and the battle ended up being a very tough one. To have her gain some kind of control took months and required intensive and deep hypnosis.

She had a few personal disappointments, she wrote and painted very well, but nothing had been published or sold. These disappointments were soul destroying and they drove her toward alcohol. It now became even *more difficult* to keep alien personalities from entering her mind. The new opportunities gradually began to fascinate her and she spent a lot of time with developing her psychic talents. Instead of closing her mental door, she opened it wide for all the personalities that wished to write with her hand.

She started to ail and her state of health did not improve in spite of all the cures she took. Her body was already damaged. A lot of people tried to help her by expelling the alien spirits that controlled her. *Mrs. K.* is an invalid person now, someone who cannot hope for a noticeable improvement of her state of health. I had success with her for a while, but once she no longer expressed the desire to fight, all endeavours were in vain.

As a medium, *Mrs. K.* attracted all these alien personalities. She was a natural, but she didn't know and she never learned how she could control these invasions so that they couldn't harm her.

There are registered cases of seemingly healthy people that *suddenly run amok* or kill close relatives. They usually cannot give a reason for their actions. A lot of them no longer remember anything from a specific point onwards, they have what is called a 'mental block'. Did *another personality* take control of their body to commit the terrible crimes? – Did an evil disembodied entity discharge its malice and animosity through a man who came home after a day's hard work? No court of law will accept such an explanation – but it could be the truth just the same!

Such cases often happen under the influence of alcohol. The band between the conscious and unconscious mind loosens when in an alcoholic state and this makes it easy for another spirit personality to take possession of someone's spirit. This also applies to a weakened consciousness after using drugs, this includes medicinal and psychedelic drugs (in a euphoric, trance-like state of mind caused by drugs) like opiates and barbiturates.

However – without the ESP ability²⁵ (ergo psychic gift) of the 'victims', such terrible things would not have eventuated. ESP is in such cases rather more of a curse than a blessing, because the so affected do not know how they have to behave. The best defence against this is still the knowledge of human capabilities and a better understanding of the duality of our world – spirit and matter.

Thus far the explanations by *Professor Holzer*. I would like to add that to better defend oneself, knowledge about the religious background and one's *bond with God* are also required. *Holzer* does not mention *praying for divine protection* at all, but rather about hypnosis and good advice. And this was apparently not enough.

²⁵ **ESP:** Extra Sensory Perception, used here instead of psychic ability.

Final observations

After having read these narrations, the reader will understand that parapsychological experiments and contact with the hereafter should *not* be conducted as societal games or seen as child's play. But the phenomena of *moving tables* was engaged in by many people during the turn of the previous century and *writing with a planchette* is nowadays carried out by many students in many classes. Youth magazines provide the necessary explanations and they explain how one can make contact with the world of the hereafter through *pendulums*, *table rapping* and *psychic writing*. This may remain harmless and without damaging consequences in many cases, because it doesn't function due to a lack of psychic ability or because one soon gets bored with it and ceases to attempt it. It can however have terrible consequences through the onset of hearing voices that cannot be silenced in the form of obsession or possession. Those so affected can end up at a psychiatrist faster than they care to.

Here an example: I was visited by four ladies and a gentleman towards the end of October, who had read exact instructions for making contact with the hereafter in an old issue (September 1986) of the youth magazine "*Bravo*". They said to themselves: We can surely also do this if children can accomplish it. They did indeed manage to get a small table to levitate under the hands they placed upon it. Three of the four ladies displayed psychic abilities, particularly a *Mrs. D.* She heard voices and soon after began to write automatically. She was impelled to transmit the most diverse messages, particularly from a spirit entity that professed to be the deceased mother of one of the other ladies. The entity indicated that she had been poisoned and that the tankard used to give her the poison was still in the coffin. One should open the grave and remove the tankard with the poison and read a requiem. Her mother had however died of *natural* causes!

The conditions and the conspicuous behaviourism of *Mrs. D.* became so dire over time, that her husband and her mother instigated her committal into a *psychiatric institution*. *Mrs. D.* was treated with *psychotropic* drugs there, but they were very unpleasant because of their side effects. In order to be released from the institution, she asserted that she no longer heard voices. She did in fact continue to hear voices and she remained in contact with the otherworldly entities after her release from the psychiatric institution. In order to be able "to converse" with them, she was instructed to talk normally or to whisper when giving answers. Under instructions from the spirit entities, she had to learn to speak without moving her lips so that her relatives didn't notice anything. When *Mrs. D.* visited me, she declared that she talked to her spirit entities for about two hours every day. She thought that she no longer dealt with hoaxing spirits, but with spirits that wanted to help other spirits. But she had received instruction to *no longer read the Bible*. The spirits were going to tell her later about the things that were right in the Bible and that were wrong. *Mrs. D.* wasn't perturbed by this request and she behaved in a very trusting manner towards her spirits. The first *nonsensical requests* didn't make her suspicious at all. She didn't follow my advice to entirely *cease* her contact with her spirit entities and to balk at any further messages and requests. She abided by the forbiddance by her spirit entities to visit me again. I am afraid that *Mrs. D.* will in the long run encounter an unfavourable development of her situation.

But those that dare to make contact due to a *thirst for knowledge or search for religious truth* in spite of the possible dangers, should only do so if they are serious and have no material aims, if they have a solid religious foundation and *constantly ask God for his protection* through prayers. They should also be careful in regards to never becoming an uncritical servant of otherworldly entities. Only then can one hope to gain rich spiritual advantage from contact with the hereafter and gain an even more solid relationship and greater trust in God. One's life will then run along quiet tracks and not every calamity will drive one to distraction and doubt. It will become possible for them to also assist other people during their hardships and tribulations and to give them comfort and hope. Such seekers will *already endeavour* on Earth to arrange their life in such a way that it will not turn into a disadvantage after their demise.

Many readers that have patiently and arduously read through this text will surely have gained the opinion that all of these are just the fantasy products of mediums and therefore complete nonsense. They cannot and will not accept my cited reports and my conclusions, because they seem too improbable and go against anything they believe in. Paranormal phenomena do not fit in with their previous life

experiences. They should however consider that fact that people have always judged this the same way but were proven wrong just the same. As an example, I mention the Greek geographer, astronomer and mathematician *Pytheas* from the Greek colony of *Massilia* (today's Marseille). He undertook a sea voyage from *Cadiz* (Spain) in a northerly direction in 330 BC. Sailing between Ireland and England and past the Orkney Island, he reached Norway and then Thule (Iceland or Greenland). On his return *Pytheas* reported about frozen coastal waters during winter, the midnight sun and the people that lived in Thule at that time. But hardly anyone was prepared to believe him. Most of them thought that he was a braggart and a liar.

The same thing can happen to people that report about the world of the hereafter. But it isn't really necessary for everyone to believe such reports. What is important is that at least a few think that this is within the arena of possibility, that they deal with this during their time on Earth and that they pass this knowledge onto the next generation.

* * * * *

Bibliography

- (1) A. Borgia: "Das Leben in der Unsichtbaren Welt", Verlag die Silberschnur, Melsbach/Neuwied, 2. Aufl. 1986
- (2) A. Carolsfeld-Krausé: "Bekenntnisse eines Spiritisten", Agentur des Rauhen Hauses, Hamburg 1925
- (3) B. Cyriax: "Wie ich ein Spiritualist geworden bin", Verlag Oswald Mutze, Leipzig 1893
- (4) W. Eisenbeiss: "Die ungewöhnlichste Schachpartie", Die Schachwoche, Nr. 38 vom 24.9.1987, S. 21
- (5) A. Findlay: "Gespräche mit Toten", Verlag Hermann Bauer, Freiburg 1960
- (6) A. Ford: "Bericht vom Leben nach dem Tod", Scherz Verlag, München 1972
- (7) J. Greber "Der Verkehr mit der Geisterwelt Gottes, seine Gesetze und sein Zweck", Johannes Greber Memorial Foundation, 139 Hillside Avenue, Teaneck, N.J. 07666 U.S.A., 10. Aufl. 1987
- (8) H. Holzer: "Das Übersinnliche ist greifbar", Prisma Verlag, Gütersloh 1978
- (9) A. Kardec: "Der Himmel und die Hölle oder die göttliche Gerechtigkeit", Verlag Karl Siegismund, Berlin 1890
- (10) E. Kübler-Ross: "Über den Tod und das Leben danach", Verlag die Silberschnur, Melsbach/Neuwied, 4. Aufl. 1985
- (11) Ph. Landmann und R. Schwarz: "Wie die Toten leben", Lebensweiser-Verlag, Büdingen-Gettenbach 1954
- (12) R. Lees: "Reise in die Unsterblichkeit", 2 Bände, Drei Eichen-Verlag, München, 3. Aufl. 1964
- (13) E. Mattiesen: "Das persönliche Überleben des Todes", 3 Bände, Verlag Walter de Gruyter, Berlin 1936-39, Neuaufl. 1962 u. 1987
- (14) R. Moody: "Leben nach dem Tod", Rowohlt Verlag, Reinbeck 1937
- (15) S. Muldoon: "Die Aussendung des Astralkörpers", Verlag Hermann Bauer, Freiburg 1964
- (16) W. Ohr u. G. Cooke: "White Eagle", Parapsychika, H 2/3, 1982, S. 12
- (17) W. Schiebeler. "Der Tod, die Brücke zu neuem Leben", Verlag die Silberschnur, Melsbach/Neuwied 1988
- (18) W. Schiebeler. "Aus der jenseitigen Welt, Wirkungen und Erscheinungen", Verlag die Silberschnur, Melsbach/Neuwied 1989
- (19) M. Schrimpf: "Eppur si muove. Eine Sammlung neuester authentischer Beweise des Weiterlebens nach dem Tode", Verlag Oswald Mutze, Leipzig 1912
- (20) R. Schwarz: "Dr. Rudolf Schwarz meldet sich aus dem Jenseits durch das Medium Ph. Landmann", Metaphysik, Zeitschrift für Jenseitsforschung, H. 7/1963, S. 123
- (21) R. Sekanek: "Mutter Silbert", Otto Reichl Verlag, Remagen 1959
- (22) E. Stead: "Die blaue Insel. Mit der Titanik in die Ewigkeit", G. E. Schroeder-Verlag, Garmisch Partenkirchen 1961
- (23) C. Wickland: "Dreißig Jahre unter den Toten", Otto Reichl Verlag, Remagen 1952 u. weitere Aufl.
- (24) Geistige Welt, Nr. 33/34, 1965, S. 263, Arthur Brunner Verlag Zürich
- (25) Geistige Welt, Nr. 18/1970, S. 142, Arthur Brunner Verlag Zürich

Content

Introduction	1
The experience of death and of life after it. – Reports from the deceased.....	13
Experiences in the world of the hereafter	29
Life in the world of the hereafter	53
The influence of mourning on the deceased	64
The reliability of psychic transmissions and the dangers of dealing with the hereafter.....	80
Final observations.....	86
Bibliography	88