

# Living Waters

by

**HELEN GREAVES**

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## Introduction:

I have known Helen Greaves for many years, and I regard it as a privilege to have been invited to write an Introduction to this very remarkable book. For remarkable it is.

Today few doubt that the Western World is experiencing a malaise, and is suffering from being in a state of chronic crisis. Of suggested solutions based on economic and political change there are no lack, but few, if any, carry conviction. For many people the result is a loss of faith (in the future) and, because of that, an undermining of hope and the growth of cynicism. But for some, including a growing number of young people, the attitude is different. They feel that the current malaise is due to lack of vision, spiritual vision, and that that is where a solution to our present difficulties must be sought. Hence the importance of this timely, fascinating, and compelling book. For *Living Waters* provides vision - vision based on personal experience - on which can be founded both faith and hope.

Those who have read *Testimony of Light* and Helen Greaves' other books will expect a lot. They will not be disappointed. In *Living Waters* she develops a number of themes on which, in her earlier books she has only touched; one such theme being reincarnation. By the end of the book the reader has been presented with a constructive and practical philosophy of life which has been built on the rock of much unusual first-hand experience.

With complete confidence and without any kind of reserve I most warmly recommend this book, *Living Waters*, and trust that it will have the wide circulation which it undoubtedly merits.

D. M. A. Leggett.

March 1977

## Foreword:

This book has taken a long time to write, and has been difficult, for during its inscription, I, the scribe, have learned many painful lessons, and have experienced immediate tests upon my gropings after truth. There have been shatterings in a personal way, which have daunted the faith in the work I have to do. Bodily pain has taken its toll of attempted concentration on the inward spiritual life; doubts have insinuated themselves into my thoughts; fears of the public reaction by critics of the contents of the book have often tortured me. But the soul has persisted in strength above the frail personality, and the work has progressed. I know definitely, as the task of creation in me nears completion, that I am hearing with the soul. Such truths as have been written are far beyond any personal imaginings. They have been communicated only by listening to the 'inward speech' of Great Souls who have truly experienced them.

The words written by my pen come from the inner living Word, and as such are imbued with spiritual life and power. Much that has been inscribed in this book is more than mere words. They are living powers. They originate in profound inner experience, and as such are living potencies. They will work in the soul of the reader, for they possess the power of the spiritual world, to strengthen and uplift aspirations so often frustrated by the illusions and negative emotions of the personality.

It does not concern us to fix recognition on such advanced intellects, and beings, who have 'leaned down' as it were, to breathe inner truths into the soul and mind of the writer. They inhabit the spiritual planes, into which perhaps, after aeons of trials and triumphs my readers and I may attain. They have no need of names. Far be it from us to affix personalities to them, for they are beyond such trivia.

In a few special cases, such as those of the writings of Frances Banks, Louis Pasteur and Emile Coué, the names were clearly imparted to the scribe. Of those maybe, of higher spiritual attainment, no information was given - or expected.

Let their thoughts of truth identify them. Let their power and love flow through their words, for these are indeed living powers illuminating some of the meanings of the great symbol of 'Living Water' with which this book is concerned.

H.G

Sussex 1977

## Prologue:

It is now over a year since the operation for arthritis on my right hip, yet the recollection of the disappointment, even chagrin, with which I returned to consciousness after the anaesthetic, is still poignant enough sometimes to overwhelm me. For I had hoped quite sincerely before the operation to be finished with my work on earth. I had even envisaged a quiet slipping out from this earthly sheath into the new experiences of the next life; and with this hope in view I had obeyed all the attendant nurse's instructions and had dutifully swallowed the tablets she had handed to me in preparation for the anaesthetization of my senses. After that I knew no more; there were no mystical experiences, no watching (from some outside vantage point) of the surgery on my body, no 'meeting' with spirit friends, as some people have claimed during such experiences; there was just a blank interval - and that was all, until I awoke after some hours of unconsciousness, and the same nurse was standing beside me. Even then I can recall little or no sensation, for all my senses seemed dulled until the next morning, when, thankfully, I drank an early cup of tea. At the same time as I registered the savour of the tea, a thought hit me with startling reality. 'I have come back! I am still on earth! I am in the Nursing Home! I am still here! Why? Why? Oh, why?'

Human personality is a strange conglomeration of habits, desires, hopes, fears, and a casual acceptance of events as they happen. At least that is how I sum up my own 'mask' with which I face the world and its demands. After the first shock of continuing earthly awareness, I settled down to think myself into some conclusions; there was no question of acceptance of course. I had inevitably come back to living, to eating, to talking, to thinking, reading, sleeping and waking as before. As I lay in the high orthopaedic bed in my pleasant room, I began to experience returning bodily strength; I was thankful for the absence of the pain which had plagued me for so long, and gradually the disappointment of returning to human existence became dimmed. The whole fact of return was an enigma, for had I not dreamed so vividly and so repeatedly, of my husband, deciding within myself that he must be waiting for me to join him? There were no answers to my searching queries; I felt, as it were, thrown back on myself, and, as we so often do when faced with a blank wall of reality, I shied away from the hard inevitability of the fact; and dulled thought and resentment by losing myself in the very entertaining books I had been lent - one of the most amusing being the new *It Shouldn't Happen to a Vet*, which I can recommend to swerve a patient's thoughts from himself, his experiences, hopes and fears.

By the fourth day after the operation I was feeling very well indeed; it wasn't until the seventh day that I had a slight setback which I was told later, was caused by an anaemic condition, and was remedied by some 'iron railings' as my surgeon referred to a large bottle of iron pills, which he prescribed.

But between those days, something had happened; and it is that happening which

has changed my life pattern, opened in me a new state of consciousness bringing a vivid and reverent awareness of a purpose and a plan; revealing not only that the Spirit bloweth where it listeth, even into an ordinary person like myself, but that the Spirit must be listened to, and its message accepted and obeyed. Into my rebellious consciousness came the conviction of the Divine Will for me, and however I struggled against it, the Plan would be carried through to the last point, the work would be done, and my small self-will would accept what dear Frances Banks used to term 'being about my Father's business'.

For on that fifth night I had a dream; such a dream as I shall never in this life forget; a dream from which this book starts and finishes; a prophetic, philosophic dream out of which I awoke speaking aloud, 'This is the new book I have to write; and its title is *Living Waters*.'

## Chapter I - The Dream

I had been watching television on a screen which stood against the window wall of my Nursing Home bedroom. The televised story had been stupid, futile and boring, and when the nurse brought me my night-time drink of warm milk, I asked her to switch off reception.

'Why, it's quite early,' she said. 'If you sleep now you'll probably wake up at dawn.'

'Yes, I may,' I agreed, though I had scarcely understood her remark. I was so tired, even though I was not taking any drugs or tranquilizers; and it seemed to me afterwards that I was asleep almost before she had finished her duties, turned out the light, and left the room. I seemed to lie, perfectly relaxed, for a short space of conscious time, without thought of prayer or meditative silence, and then sleep must have overcome me. For how long I slept I am not aware; only was I myself again when the dream became pictured in my consciousness, and I found myself taking part in an impressive tableau.

I was sitting in an old-fashioned open barouche, which was being drawn in leisurely fashion along a country road. If I relax and close my eyes I can see again the coachman in his driver's seat, his drab brown suit, and brown hat with the small feathered cockade, his long thin whip beside him, and I can hear the horse plodding solemnly along a dusty road bordered by overhanging trees. Sometimes our equipage passed an ancient spired church, sometimes a quaint village, where children played on the green before the public house; at times a turreted house would come into view, surrounded by its weed-filled moat; and I can even recall with what wave of excitement I leaned forward to take longer optical enjoyment of garden beds of flowers, hedgerows white with hawthorn, and some brilliant burst of purple where a lilac bush had topped an old stone wall.

Suddenly, as one becomes aware in dreams, I realized that, as I sat in the slow moving carriage, my hands were occupied in weaving a kind of tapestry picture of the scenes through which we were passing. The canvas (or I concluded it was a canvas), formed a long roll which rested on the carriage floor at my feet, and the pictures that were appearing on this scroll seemed to evolve out from my fingers with a promptness that had little connection with any activity of mine. I remember vividly as my consciousness became aware of what was happening, that I began to regard the different scenes before me on the tapestry with a feeling not only of realised failure but also of deep sadness. For now I saw that the record made of these pleasant places although exact in its representation, lacked the brilliance of the flowers, the warmth of mellowed stone walls, the colour and beauty of blossom-starred hedgerows, the golden sheen of buttercup fields, and the gay pinafores of the children at play.

As my attention concentrated, a feeling of despair filled me. I stared down at what purported to be my work, a facsimile of the green and pleasant country through

which we must have ridden - for days, for years, for centuries? - I could not know. But what I did know, immediately, and with the sharp pain of a sword - thrust on my consciousness, was that I had missed the true beauty of life; I had failed dismally. The pictures had no life, no glow, no glory. They were careful recordings, flat and dull; indeed they were dead!

This thought, sinking deeper and deeper into my consciousness held me in a grip of such grief that I felt within me a sorrow, not only for myself and my dismal failure, but for the whole world. Even now I can recall the slow clip-clop of the horse's feet, and the sway of the barouche as a backdrop to the terrible realization about these records made of 'dead-life', which still moved before me in their automatic sweep of drab existence.

'The whole world,' I told myself, 'is only half-seeing; only half-living. Like me, they miss the Reality, the glory and the perfect Light.'

And in my dream I wept.

I wept now not only for my own paltry failure, but for the continued lack of all people of all races, of all places. They too, were missing what I now know to be 'the many-splendoured thing'. Their awareness, their records, their lives were but shadows of possibilities; dead existences in a world of glowing beauty, of rich splendour of attainment, of untapped joy and fulfilment. Humanity now living on this earth were enacting, as recorded on the tapestries, the drab letters of life without the Spirit. What was the use of it all, I asked myself? What have we missed, I demanded of the coachman? But he only shook his head, not understanding; the dreadful journey continued, and the tapestries wove their dark colourless web.

For how long I wept for very pity of our ignorance, I do not know. How many scenes we passed, and which were duly recorded, I cannot tell. For it seemed that I no longer wished to look or to record. I covered my eyes; I felt myself asking what we could do to remedy such tragedy. I had the terrible feeling that I, and all others, were going on - on, plodding with dull lifeless records into eternity. And nothing could stop it.

The realization appalled me. Was life always to be a period of sadness, drabness, lost opportunities, fears and worries that robbed it of its true meaning? Would humanity ever by-pass the glory of true living? Would mankind ever war against each other; ever seek the temporal and ephemeral prizes of earth; never realize and make real the fact that the life of the Spirit was eternally seeking to bring beauty, harmony, peace, health and prosperity to the dwellers on the earth-plane?

In our Bible, the shortest paragraph often quoted consists of two words pregnant with deep meaning: '*Jesus wept*'. At that moment of consciousness in a dream which had shocked my very soul (or so it seemed) with a truth which man tries studiously to avoid hearing, those two poignant words became alive to me, taking on not only a meaning of spiritual compassion, but a knowledge of their prophetic reality.



For how long I sat, swaying in gentle rhythm with the slow forward drive of the barouche, I have no clear recollection. I only recall that if a soul can weep, mine shed true tears then.

But, again, as ever in dreams, came that sudden change for which our limited minds have no answers. I grew aware of a domestic vessel standing on the carriage floor at my feet. There was something different and compelling about it. I leaned forward to look more closely, for even if it had been there all the time, its presence had passed my notice.

The object was a grey earthenware vase, in quite common usage; and it was filled with water.

A Pitcher of Water!

As though I was being instructed (and probably my consciousness was!), I reached down my hand and dabbled it in the water. Immediately the depression left me. I felt *alive*, confident, even excited. 'Water,' I recall, and I seemed at last to hear my Inner Self speak. 'Why, this is what is needed.' And without further ado, I lifted the pitcher and sprinkled the water on to the tapestried web of dull pictures.

The effect was startling! The scenes were transformed immediately. *They came to life!* The pictures sparkled, colours glowed with rich brilliance, greens were lush, and gleams of golden Light changed drabness to beauty, deadness to life, emptiness to the wonder of fulfilled glory.

'Water!' I recall murmuring, as if I was being instructed by an unseen Being, 'The Water of Life! Waters of the Spirit!'

As the scene snapped suddenly and inexplicably, I found the consciousness of earthly life returning to me. My eyes blinked open, my body stirred against the pillows; and I was awakening to another day.

And as I awakened, I heard myself speaking.

'Living Waters!' I was saying in true exultation. 'Living Waters in the New Age! Living Water!'

Then I knew that this was to be the title of the new book, which the Spirit would inspire me to write.

*Living Waters.*

The Explanation

Excitement filled me. I felt more alive than I had felt for months, perhaps years; but now with a deeper emotion, an inner joy, the first tender sprigs of fulfilment.

'The Water of Life! Living Waters.' I told myself, 'My title has been given me. Now to think about the resulting book!' And I even asked the nurse to purchase a note book

(like this one) and bring it to me that very day, so that without waste of time I could get down on to paper, the dream and any impressions for its contents.

But did I? No. I received the note book; I duly wrote the title; and then was thrown back on myself by the fact that I had no ideas at all about the exposition in it, the story (if there was to be a story); and indeed even at that moment, of the interpretation of the dream! It took some time for any explanation of this compelling visionary experience to percolate through my usual everyday consciousness. And when interpretation did come, it would flash into my mind in (as it were) jagged wisps of meaning; most often at odd minutes when there was no time or opportunity of noting it down. Once a most apt suggestion came from an open-minded clergyman, a friend with whom I was having lunch whilst on holiday and to whom, because of the deep spiritual understanding between us, I had been able to relate this dream with its philosophic content.

‘The Pitcher of Water,’ I began, ‘is the symbol of the New Age now coming into manifestation, the Age of Aquarius, the Water Bearer!’

‘That is so,’ he acquiesced without flinching as do so many priests at astrological terms. ‘But hasn’t it occurred to you that what you were doing in the dream, your slow horse-carriage method of travel, the Victorian barouche, the cockade-hatted coachman were all symbolic of the era that has just passed?’

‘The Piscean Age!’ Suddenly excitement returned. Here was meaning indeed!

‘So you are implying,’ I was feeling my way into the idea, ‘that the dream had a prophetic interpretation?’

‘Certainly,’ he answered. ‘The last two thousand years of Christianity is well known as the Piscean era - the Age of the Fishes. Jesus, its Founder, called His first Disciples from ordinary fishermen. The ancient emblem of Christianity was a fish.’

Light was dawning.

‘And now the Age of Aquarius is here? The pouring out of the water - as in the symbol?’

‘The pouring out of God’s Spirit,’ he intervened quietly.

‘I will pour out My Spirit upon all men,’ I quoted, knowing the sweep of eagerness through me again.

We looked at each other. It was as if a small but essential piece of a jigsaw puzzle had been dropped into place. I felt then that the Spirit was indeed between the two of us, as if we were lifted into another consciousness. ‘Thank you,’ I said. ‘You have helped me to see. Now I realize the implications. From the Piscean Age of Christianity, which became bogged down by dogma and theology - the slow-moving Age, the Age of half-living - into the exciting, Age of Man the Thinker, of the Brotherhood of Man.

‘And the Fatherhood of God,’ he interjected. ‘Of course!’ I nodded. ‘A seeking for the

Things of the Spirit . . . Now it is all coming clear. You have indeed given me the key to this enigma. Now I begin to see the meaning of the dream; and more than ever you have shown me that there is a book to be written on this subject. And its title is indeed, *Living Waters*. Thank you,' I added, as I now became self-consciously aware of the others of the party. 'This conversation has meant a great deal to me. I'm glad I was able to talk to you.'

'No meeting is fortuitous when you are truly doing God's work,' he said, smiling at me.

I agreed; the luncheon party resumed its normal level; and there the matter dropped.

But not for me. The 'picture' grew clear; its implications extended beyond any concepts that could have been imagination. There was a book indeed, and ideas, recollections, conclusions crowded into my mind, as the weeks of convalescence from the recent surgery on my hip slipped by. Yet I did not write. I prayed about the book, its contents, its meaning, its message; and for the first time in my writing career, I felt the urgent need to write; and yet I could not. No *theme* for the book presented itself in concrete terms, no structure, no division of chapters, no working hypothesis. It was going to be so difficult, I told myself, putting off the start, and yet Something in me knew that it would be done, and that the inspiration would be drawn through the channel of the Service it was mine to carry out. For, I recollected, had not the books *Testimony of Light* and *Wheel of Eternity* been brought into my consciousness through the Spirit of Good (God); and would not this follow the same Plan and Purpose?

So I left it at that, until winter came, and once more I sat by my ingle-nook fire, and then most startling 'writings' began to pour from my pen in the simplest, most unobtrusive, and utterly normal way. The book began to write itself on little bits of paper, hastily sought at the moments of inspiration, on odd pages of the notebook still pristine from its purchase by the kindly nurse at the Convent Home, on the backs of envelopes, until a pile of unconnected 'writings' spilled out from the covers of the notebook. And yet there was no hint of sequence, no 'skeleton' of chapters, no logical carry-through of ideas.

It was only after my return from a happy and healthful holiday in the Channel Islands the following summer that the real urge to write obsessed me. The Power that filled me was so strong that my small earthly mind became unable to resist; and I knew it was Good - and of God. I prepared my little attic room as a study, and made a promise to myself (and to the Spirit) to sit down at my desk every morning at eleven o'clock, when the daily house-chores were done.

The result was astonishing. Each morning I drank my cup of coffee, I prayed silently, and asked for help, *knowing that it was already there*, opened the notebook, and wrote as I am writing now, with no previous decision of structure or matter. The

writing 'flowed'; if ever I was held up for a word, I sat and waited, sending forth a silent prayer for such that would be effective and correct; and always the right adjective or synonym 'arrived', so that the 'flow' was never hindered. And when the necessary word slipped into mind, a swift 'Thank you' was breathed forth, and the narrative continued. I was (and still am!) perfectly positive that this was 'working with the Spirit'; no automatic taking over of my mind, but a conscious, normal 'give and take'; mind and Mind working together in utter harmony; a revelation of the true Oneness of the Spirit, the Oneness which the Lord Jesus Christ demonstrated at its very peak; a consciousness ascending above the limited earthly sense; the 'Living Water', which Christ not only spoke about, but lived.

Such 'living above the planetary earth-world' could not be sustained for long by an ordinary earthling like myself I found, so that after writing fast for some hour or two, the command to 'stop' came simply from a drying-up of the flow, and a 'feeling' that the Power had been withdrawn. Usually this occurred between 12.30 p.m. and 1 p.m., when I would quietly get up, and go downstairs to prepare my lunch.

So far this procedure has gone on day after day, and I marvel at the words I have written, and the drawing forth from the Unconscious of the Inner Self, the ideas communicated, the book-plan unfolded, the theme unrolled.

There is no other explanation, but that; indeed, the 'Living Water', which, except for rare cases of saints and sages, and servers, had been by-passed by humanity for two thousand years, is now beginning to pour forth on to all people who accept it, from the Aquarian pitcher in full flow, oblivious of favour, or of advanced intellect, or of sex or age or race. This Water of Life is the Spirit, of which Jesus spoke, and the awareness of its emergence on to the level of consciousness in humanity, is a fulfilment of Bible prophecies.

'I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophecy and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams . .

Joel 2. v.28

'And he said unto me, It is done, I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely.'

Revelation 21. v.6

### The Interpretation

The pattern of thought which was set in motion by the inspiring connection between the era now dying, and the age now being made manifest on this planet, and the interested comments of this spiritually-advanced clergyman concerning such application to my dream, made a deep impression on me. The dream was prophetic! Action in the wider consciousness (beyond time or space) *clearly* showed the failure

of mankind (and I personified the culprit with my dull representation of life!), to understand the true teaching of the Founder Leader of that Age which took its name from Him.

The more I pondered, the more I saw the implications clearly. The Age through which the World (and here I must confine much of these ideas to the Western World) has just passed has had its failures and its progresses. The Sign of the Age now ending is symbolised by the fishes swimming in diverse directions; the purport of the twelfth sign of the Zodiac - (Pisces) - is emotion, deep and silent, and often inexpressible emotion, yet channelled into universal love and sympathy by those who can respond to its higher aspects. As it is a sign concerned with hospitals and philanthropic institutions, wherein sympathy and benevolence are expressed, we can now look back on the slow improvement in aid to the sick and dying; we can be thankful for the devotion of a woman such as Florence Nightingale, the first female nurse in hospitals; of Elizabeth Fry, the champion and reformer of prisons and the help of prisoners; of Wilberforce, the man who abolished slavery; of Louis Pasteur, and his lifework with bacilli which contaminated food, and spread dread diseases and plagues over the world. These and such as these, carried the deep sympathies of the Piscean Age into universal philanthropy.

But, also, this last era was a time of expansion and affluence; this Jupiterian sign brings financial success through the social life. As we sum up, even partially, this Age, are we not conscious of the great advancement in exploration, the vast fortunes accumulated by individuals, families, nations, dynasties; the powerful empires and kingdoms established, and the terrible wars resulting from clashes of power between them? The Age was one of great wealth and dire poverty. Peoples' interests were more occupied with the good things of this life, and the greed to gather and hoard than with the teachings of its humble Example whom they professed to follow.

Towards the end of the Age, Neptune, the planet of the Piscean Age increased its significance, and this can be seen in the climate of opinion amongst many of the leading intellectuals towards the end of last century. Neptune is connected with Pisces by many who study this ancient astrological science; and it is deemed that its influence is strange, other-worldly, and appears to attract both the undeveloped psychic who is unable to control his mediumistic tendencies, and thus is easily obsessed, or of a very weak will, as well as those who are very highly advanced both physically and mystically. Thus it is not surprising, on looking back, to see the rise of spiritualism and psychic practices towards the end of the 1800s nor is it any wonder that new trains of thought, termed occult, hidden and mysterious grew to prominence during those years, e.g. Rosicrucianism, Theosophy, and numerous cults and sects, sometimes of rather dubious origin. But the influence of Neptune is slow, and its depravity and immorality have only become apparent late in this twentieth century.

In the dream, the Age now passing was reproduced in a measure by the equipage in

which I travelled, with its open carriage, its horse and its liveried coachman, as well as the rows of workmen's houses in the villages, the cottage gardens and the village children at play on the green - the two divisions then accepted by Society. It was also represented in the handwork, (the scroll of tapestry), a definite feature of upper class women's lives; and in the dullness of the scenes depicted, wherein the illusive spell of Neptune dispirited the recordings into dingy and unexciting pictures.

But, as we progress into the New Age, known as the Aquarian Age, our planet will respond to different influences; to that of Aquarius, the Man, the eleventh sign of the Zodiac. It is symbolised by 'The Man' who is pictorially represented as pouring water from a vase onto the earth. Its nature is shown by the Symbol 'Man' - from the Sanskrit, *man* - *to think*, and it represents human man, having attained some control of his lower nature, now ready for higher self-conscious aspiration towards the Spiritual Man. One of its characteristic features is its love of *human nature*. Aquarius is also symbolized by two serpents, the one being the serpent of wisdom, and the other, the old Adam or serpent of the earth. Herein lies the mystery of human destiny. The ruler of Aquarius is Uranus, now coming into more influence than Neptune, for it is the planet of the coming race, different from any other planet, as it seems to encourage all things and forms that are original, eccentric, and free to act apart from any conventional groove or accepted custom. And is not this characteristic becoming obvious in the world today?

Custom and convention are being swept aside, old laws, both of conduct and morality, authority, monarchy, even religion, no longer hold sway over the masses, as in the last Age. The sanctity and lasting nature of marriage is openly flouted; I lie so-called 'ruling classes', with their ancient rights, privileges, liberties, and their powers of control, (even tyranny), are being rapidly superseded by the banding together into Unions of the old-type 'working man' (the artisan), and these are inching into power, abolishing outworn institutions in favour of the modern creed of equality for all.

But Uranian influences are sudden and unexpected, and no definite or precise rules can be laid down with regard to them; the most elaborate plans and calculations may be unexpectedly upset; events will occur, and resulting actions be mysterious, clandestine, and often bewildering in their effects.

Yet at the same time, in the outer world of human activities, Uranus has brought many so-called amenities into everyday living; these being electrical and mechanical enterprises, inventions of all kinds including mastery in the smashing of the atom, and the resultant atom bomb, and the use of atomic energy; space-exploration, educational short cuts and index systems, air-travel; in medicine and healing, and even the growing interest in the study of comparative religions. All these are under the direct ascendancy of Uranian influence, and illustrate his peculiar mission, which is to cause man to seek by the destruction of the lower forms of material life, that life and intelligence that dwells beyond matter yet which forms

an integral though separated part with it — the Spirit of Life itself. This coming two thousand years of the New Age will see the return of the Prodigal Son — man, who has become absorbed with the material and the temporal, into re-union with his Father, the true Spirit and Creator.

Surely this is the meaning of the Water of Life so clearly advocated in the Holy Scriptures; surely Jesus knew prophetically of this Age to supersede His own Christian era, for he spoke of the 'Living Water' which is manifest for all. We can hardly doubt that His knowledge penetrated far beyond the institutional Church Establishment to the true Marriage of Spirit and Matter.

'I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh - and your young men shall see visions and your old men shall dream dreams' (Joel 2. v.28) was a prophecy. Now with the cataclysmic events of the modern day, the slow disappearance of old fanaticisms, and the inauguration of the ideas of the Brotherhood of Man, the spirit of regeneration is coming to life. Man will be discovering his Oneness with the Spirit, with God, with his human brothers, even with his animal brothers; and in so realizing that 'all things are One', his thoughts, and actions will be slowly cleared from the passions, fears, hates of the Serpent of the old Adam, to learn (even painfully) the wisdom represented by the second serpent.

For this is the Age of the Spirit, and the Spirit bloweth where it listeth, is not confined to institutional forms of religion. Thus, the age will intensify Group-Work, Group-Meditation, and the formation of Groups of the Spirit, rather than the set forms of worship hitherto followed. Can we not already envisage this change in the searching 'Talk-ins', of the young generation? These are seeking to 'live in and with the Spirit'; to separate the Real from the pseudo; to discover a different level of prayer, meditation, thought and action. Is it not a pointer to this coming age that the beautiful new Cathedral at Guildford is dedicated as 'The Cathedral of the Holy Spirit', and the activities there are most out-going, modern and helpful both to those advanced in spiritual matters, as well as being of real guidance to the new generations now seeking for Light upon their Way?

Is not this the application of the Water of Life, the Living Water of Christ to the everyday normal stresses of living? And will not these very applications as they spread to other fields change (in time) the inference of 'Being' on earth; opening up new channels of Light, responding to the truth of 'Love thy neighbour as thyself, manifesting in the healing of the nations, and in the promise of a 'New Jerusalem'?

So in my dream, and its interpretation, I saw the hidden meaning, of the change, at once apparent in the tapestried pictures on the scroll before me, when the Living Water was sprinkled. Drabness disappeared, scenes sparkled, colours were alive, the Spirit was in evidence; limitations of the old Age passed away. This was truly the 'Return of Christ' so often heralded. Yet not the Christ as a single man, the Messiah, the long-awaited Teacher, but the uplifting of the Christ Spirit in all men and women, and the following of His Teachings, the seed given out to the world 2,000

years ago; and for which the world is only now beginning to be ready for or even aware of the blossoming.

Today is the time of tribulation, the 'brother against brother, nation against nation'; the closing years of this century are witnessing those birth-pangs, and trauma of the coming of new life. We suffer, but we hope.

Tomorrow - and tomorrow - and tomorrow?

As these new conditions slowly work upon the earth, as the Spirit of Man responds in oneness to the Spirit of God, so will this new Star shine in the heavens, and the New Age, and a New Jerusalem be established - the Age of Aquarius, whose symbol is the Pitcher of Water (the Living Water) poured forth upon all mankind, all races, all colours, until that time when man will cease to fight, hate and destroy his neighbour, and when truly the 'lion shall lie down with the lamb'.

## Chapter II

### Living in the Spirit

One morning, during the writing of these earlier chapters, as I sat at the desk in my tiny attic study, I looked out from my window and was sure that some sort of edifice in grey and brown stone had been constructed at the point where the little graveyard bordered the Glebe Fields. Not having noted this before, I was bothered, and from time to time I returned to this enigma. The structure looked like an arch. How could I have missed it before? And what was its use in this peculiar place?

At the end of my morning 'session', I automatically exchanged my reading glasses for those with long-distance lens, which I usually wear. Then I looked out again, and this time I saw clearly. There was no structure, no arch. But the headstone marking old graves; darkened by years of weathering, and hazed by the shadows of a great tree sheltering them like a guardian had conspired to create the illusion, the chimera of an arch.

Was this not an example, a pointer for the theme I would be essaying to advance in this book? My mind grasped the lesson. Clear-seeing! The long distance lenses revealed the truth; then use the far sight.

Far-sight? That was true, real. Had we not been given this true sight — not through the use of our physical eyes, but through the Inner Eye the Eye of Vision, the Eye of the Spirit? Probably the Egyptians and Greeks in ancient times were more conscious of spiritual values than is our present civilization. They even accepted a synonym for far-sight or spiritual sight in the Third Eye, a Centre of inner 'seeing' situated in the forehead above the bridge of the nose. Today, such an idea is scorned, often derided as 'occult', and therefore meretricious. But can we lightly dismiss the possibility of an organ of Inner Sight which could have been part of the make-up of man when he lived closer to the Spirit, and before he developed that intellect of the personality



which has generated the barrier of separation between humanity and its Creator?

Whether, therefore, a Third Eye in the physical body has been lost to modern man, we cannot, and dare not deny that an Inner Sight still operates as part of the total constitution of *Homo sapiens*. Man, on this planet in the Genesis of the Bible, lived in the simple state of 'walking with God' until his senses became alive to the hitherto unrealized possibilities of earthly life, and both man and woman were cast out of the Garden of Eden. A myth? Not altogether. To become the Perfect Man in some forward shrouded aeons of time, intelligence, intellect, reasoning power had to be developed; in other words Man had to grow up.

Have we achieved that adulthood today?

In some respects, yes, indeed! Man has conquered his environment, has made material life interesting, exciting, widening the circle of knowledge in art and poetry, music, beauty, horticulture, health, travel, invention, exploration, craftsmanship, building and manufacture. This is progress in the art of civilisation. But what effect has this had upon the 'walking with God'? On the life of the Spirit?

In all ages there have been men and women, saints and Names, philosophers, seers, medical researchers etc., who have risen to great heights of achievement because they have 'walked with God'. We revere them often after their deaths and not in their lifetimes, but their examples have mostly been the exception to this exodus from the Spirit as being the mainstay of homogeneous man. Sadly, it appears, we have developed the mind at the expense of the Mind which is of God. Yet is it a retrogression? Surely not, for there is, (there can be no thesis otherwise) a Divine plan and purpose. God is not mocked, we are told in the Bible; 'I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end' is written; therefore the Divine Spirit must know the end from the beginning - the conclusion of this experiment from its incubation. God's Creation, (humanity) has advanced, and will advance perhaps through aeons of time, stress, trauma and apparent failure, to the final Perfect Man, epitomized so gloriously in the Christ of the western world.

But, and this I believe is the purport of my strange dream, with all the advancement into a civilised state of existence, humanity has missed the 'living core' of life. We have moved so far from the central Point of our being - that Oneness with Spirit with which, (as in the Book of Genesis,) humanity began, that we have shorn our lives of the very essence of life itself. The glamour of materialism has deprived us of the full life of a conjoined personality and Spirit. Indeed, as the poet, Francis Thompson has so beautifully stated, 'We miss the many splendoured thing'; and as in my prophetic dream, we experience dullness, drabness, sorrow, and the measure of a half-life, because we fail to see the Divine Spirit in all things.

The angels keep their ancient places  
Turn but a stone and start a wing.  
'Tis ye, 'tis your estranged faces,

That miss the many-splendoured thing.

(Thompson)

For, and here is the whole crux of the matter, we continue to live on the periphery of life itself, and not on the centre, because we do not know how to deflect our thinking from separation to Oneness, from the small self to unity with the inner self, and thus to harmony with the Divine purpose. We ignore or deprecate that which we do not understand, we shy away from death because it is an unknown adventure, we are too sophisticated to believe in the presence of angels, or in the 'host of witnesses' mentioned in our Bible, we feel ourselves alone in the midst of temptations, terrors, trials, and we appeal to an image of a kind of super-man-god to succour us in wars which have been started by our own mistakes, at the same time as our enemies are appealing to their super-man-god to give them the victory over us. We seem to be far from logical in our behaviour; and yet, as Jesus emphasized, if we but asked for and *accepted* the Water of Life we would thirst no more.

The founders of our religion in their translation of the meaning of 'Living Water' narrowed conception down to the precept of Love and Compassion. Excellent so long as we practise the true meaning of Agapé or Spiritual Love - but alas, few of us can or do. Truly, Divine love embraces all else, but for most of us, it is a concept so high above our materialistic thinking or even contemplation, that we are baulked at the beginning of our search, because we try to make the jump from emotions, sensual feelings, and earth glamour, to the pinnacle of utter devotion to an ideal, an image, a Saviour, or a God who judges us, ignoring the very Spirit (and Comforter) which is with us always. We want to avoid the toilsome climb up the ladder of aspiration and wisdom, although to leap to its summit we need wings - or at least we are constrained to use the wings that we have - and of which most of us are totally unaware.

In other words, there is so much more to explore, to analyse, to test and to discover about truly gracious living; and above all there is the willingness to learn the infinite meanings, the significant emphasis of 'Living Water' in its application to life; and to discover for ourselves some theory of the great Purposes of life as they apply individually and collectively, and of which 'Living Water' is the dynamic impellent.

In these latter years of the twentieth century, the art and practice of Meditation has become so 'popular' that it is almost assuming the form of a byword in the modern idiom. 'Teachers' of Meditation have arisen, and (still working in the lower structures of profit and loss) offer to 'sell' their secret to aspirants or to teach the art for a prescribed sum of money; books are written on Meditation, groups formed for its practice; glowing advertisements praise the glorious results to be accrued from continued following out of prescribed methods; and so on ad infinitum. No doubt there is much good in some of this, if only in the practice of stilling the chattering ape of the lower mind for set periods of time, and thus giving aid to a growing concentration and control of thought. Nobody should decry any system which has as

its aim to bring the lower mind of the personality into union with the Mind of the Spirit; and the very growth of the subject and the developments of its systems reveals the inner desire of man's spirit for something beyond material, limited, understanding.

The new climate of this Age is already emphasizing the hopeless emptiness that is awakening in the minds of millions of men and women who know no God, have few ideals and no aspirations beyond the conventional day-by-day existence. The germ of truth is stirring, the seed is awakening and gathering strength and vigour to burst from its covering sheath to initiate the new life-form it contains. The soul of man is already awakening into the thirst for Living Water which (except in a few cases) has been superseded by the impellent and illusive desire of the senses for those fluids of the earth which have crystallized into gold, silver and precious stones; or the wealth, power and ease that such acquisitions can yield.

Uranus the Awakener is at hand.

Destruction, violence, hatred, war, physical disasters of earthquakes, floods, plagues, famines are all factors in this awakening. Earthly possessions are being wrenched from people's grasps by unforeseen so-called natural, disasters. Millions are refugees upon the face of the planet; thousands exist in fear of a coming holocaust. The world that seemed so solid, its gifts we considered so abundant, is, it appears, now adopting a new and frightening rhythm. Vaguely, rebelliously, mankind is seeking for 'something beyond'; some dispeller of his thirst which belongs not to the ephemeral, changing earth pattern, but to durability, to perpetuity, to (if he dares to express it) the eternal spirit which he has long ignored or derided.

And the words of Jesus are so simple, and yet so profound in meaning.

(1) 'The water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.' - ref St. John 4 v.14

(2) 'Ask and it shall be given you.' - ref St. Luke 2 v.9.

And from the Old Testament,

(3) 'Be still and know that I am God' - ref Psalm 46 v.10

There is an old proverb, which states, 'We never know the worth of water till the well is dry.' What an apt lesson for the people of the West today! As I write these words, a bill for measures to be taken for the conservation of water in our country, is before Parliament, for the summer drought (so unusual in the 'temperate' British Isles), has left our land dried, our crops parched, and future prospects for this green island unpredictable; indeed a lamentable state of affairs.

Yet the Water of Life, the Spirit, is inexhaustible in supply. How sad that man has become so sophisticated that he is unable to believe this truth that was taught by his Lord, although many thousands preach it or write about it. But to be cosmically aware of it, to know that in the Light of the Spirit, all the hidden secrets of the

universe are known; to be centred in God, the Divine Creator, and to know that source - surely that is a deep and profound interpretation of Christ's 'Living Water'. This is the universal centre within everyone, that beauty, peace and power which underlies our shallow personalities; and which, if we practice Oneness with it automatically draws forth the trust of others.

For when you live in the Spirit, the conviction assures - that *you cannot fail*. That serenity, that deeply held sense of security (even when the world about you is crashing); and that silent ecstasy which is the joy of the Spirit, protect, bless and inspire you. An old quotation reminds us,

What though the branch beneath thee break?  
Remember thou hast wings.

There is no surer recipe for health, contentment, upliftment and fulfilment of human life than that of 'Living in the Spirit'.

Here again is the parable of the mustard seed. Faith can remove mountains — of doubt, of fear, of distrust. Knowledge and belief in one's unity with the Great Spirit of Good enables one to supersede difficulties, obstructions, weaknesses, and to live a fulfilled life. In this unity, this deep communion between man's inner self and the Universal Spirit lies, possibly, the secret of the Water of Life. For this Oneness with the cause behind all things, all experiences,, this awareness that there is only one Mind, and that all living creatures are part of that Supreme Mind, can change the climate of man's thought and centre it not on the superficial trivialities of personality living, but on the Divine reality behind all apparent separateness, on the whole, instead of on the part.

But how to make this transformation? How to change our outlook from the shallow waters of the personality mind to the Water of Life of the inner mind?

It seems that the essence of the initiatory step is for each one to have a purpose, a deep genuine purpose to fulfil the design and purport of his life's pattern. For surely, each man and woman has a course to follow, a scheme planned by the Great Architect who knows all, to carry through to the best of his ability? So many thousands of people wander through life, purposeless, excusing their indolent approach to the gift of consciousness with the old excuse, 'Oh, what's the use?' There is a use; there is a design to be followed, whether the life picture, when finished, is to be a Rembrandt, a Constable, or a crude pavement sketch. Would an infinite Creator and Designer diffuse his thought with useless waste of that with which he has endowed his creation? If we believe that there is a Law of Good, of progress, of evolution, then dare we question the part which each separate soul must play? Again, we reverence those great ones who aspired and fulfilled; we worship the Man who, knowing the tragedy of his death that he may show us life, fulfilled with the utmost calmness his way until the end. Plodding and dull, or unparalleled in achievement, superior in progress, whatever is the destiny that is ours to follow, let

us at least accept the challenge, and ask for light upon our way that the soul may control the ephemerality of personality, and we may employ the energy of the Spirit towards its fulfilment. And how can we use that energy? By thought. By our thinking; that gift which sets mankind above the animal kingdom, and bestows free will on each of us to use or misuse. That thought-pattern, which, knowing its Oneness with the Eternal Spirit (God), lives in that climate of faith and belief, so that the inner self grows into a deep silent ecstasy, as the self learns the joyousness attained by the discovery of the self. These are the fires of illumination, the joys of an inspired spirit, the Living Water that transforms all duties, all events, all adventure into the pattern of a triumphant life.

In the New Age, slowly but surely as the trauma evoked by past mistakes takes its toll on mankind, and *Homo sapiens* looks for release and a new start, the impregnation of this thinking will inaugurate a new race of men. The Aquarian Man begins the next stage of his journey onward and upward towards the Light of the Spirit; greed and selfishness, ignorance and prejudice will have no place, wars will be obsolete because fear will have become dissolved in true reverence for life and man will begin his slow climb back to his original 'walking with God', but now with conscious reasoning and intellectual maturity.

There have been pioneers in past ages, great souls whose spirits now influence by love and wisdom the 'rest of us' who 'walk to and fro upon the misty flats'. Now they have triumphed; and the race, following their example, are to learn the meaning and application of the Water of Life.

Uranus, the Awakener, is at hand to draw the Aquarian Man from the separateness of the personal self to the Oneness of the universal self which is the Spirit.

### Chapter III The Will

As readers of my other books will already know, I have often stated the truth that, as we are all one in the spirit, so can the spirits of those who have laboured on earth, and are now living in 'other realms' contact us to render help and upliftment. Every one of us is capable of such contacts, the greatest reservations coming from our right approach to the proximity of spirit. There is no need to sit in at séances which, at their best levels, often touch but the fringe of the Higher Worlds of the Spirit. It seems that the safest method to invite these 'approaches' is to be still, and listen to the voice of the soul. The psyche is the soul, and true psychism relates to the extending powers of the soul, although nowadays much that passes as such is of a lower order, still reminiscent of the personality.

The soul can be likened to a bell flower. When it is touched with the joy of the spirit, it peals forth beauty and truth, as the blossom opens to the sun. When it is chilled by the winds of error, anger or selfishness, it shrivels.

So, at times, after quietness, persistence and meditation, the soul absorbs the restless personality into its silence, and we become aware of Presences. Our own Holy Bible emphasizes such Visitations, in the Old Testament, and many in the New, including the angelic appearances to both Elizabeth, the mother-to-be of John, and Mary, wife of Joseph, and chosen earthly vehicle for the birth of our Lord Jesus. Are we then to negate the possibility of such aid and comfort from the spirit in our own 'civilized' eras? Why should the Angelic Forces, the great Ones, even aspiring spirits, be withdrawn from our contact? And at a time of great tribulation, through which we are now passing.

Perhaps the answer is that 'the angels keep their ancient places', and we are at fault in the deafness and blindness of the so-called logical mind. Perchance we are too timid to accept or believe, fearing the ridicule of our neighbours. Maybe our unconscious minds have been too overlaid for centuries with theological argument to become still in the silence and to know inwardly the voice of the Spirit. In the coming New Age, untried and powerful cosmic vibrations will play (indeed, are already playing) upon the souls of mankind, the souls of nations, the very world soul. The Spirit is vibrant. God is not mocked. The Christ of the Heart comes to fulfil the task he began two thousand years ago; the establishment of that Holy Spirit which he promised his disciples; the Kingdom of Heaven on earth; although the accomplishment of this Divine Plan may extend through the entire gamut of the Aquarian influence - even longer - more than the next two thousand years!

But at least this present time with all its tragedies, its millions of homeless refugees, with its killing impulsion towards greed, selfishness, and envy; this present trauma is the beginning, the breaking-up of old shibboleths, old criterions, old errors, in preparation for the new start. The Age of the Spirit.

Thus in moments of peaceful contemplation, I was astonished to hear repeated in my mind, the names of 'Louis' and 'Emile'. They were obviously French and they meant nothing to me. Until somehow afterward the full names were given. They were Louis Pasteur and Emile Coue.

I did not need to consult my encyclopaedia to refresh my mind with the knowledge that Louis Pasteur was a French chemist and bacteriologist in France of the nineteenth Century; that he worked in chemical research, and was one of the greatest pioneers in the prevention of disease in persons who had been subjected to infection by organisms causing anthrax, diphtheria, rabies and chicken cholera. Louis Pasteur was a master of his subject, a great man of service to his fellows and a pioneer in investigation, analysis, and consequent discovery of harmful effects of bacteria on human health and life.

Slowly, I became 'aware' of him. His mind stretched out to touch mine. He had something to communicate. I reached for pen and notebook and wrote, and set down all that was imparted, never stopping to reason out, or to wonder, or to search for words. I was overshadowed.

Louis communicated several times, as I sat alone beside the ingle-nook fire in my cottage. He was direct, very much to the point, and if he thought in French, his former language, then I 'received' in perfect English, and the flow was never interrupted.

Louis Pasteur remains a pioneer, and it was soon obvious that he still desired to function as such to pour through into the thought base of this material world the results of some of his further researches, and conclusions.

Here is the communication which purported to come from the mind of Louis Pasteur. Perhaps the reader will recognise the mark of a great soul, as I did.

I have been drawn into the thought of the work you are doing on the plane of earth by my contact here with the soul that functioned as Emile Coué when in bodily incarnation. He and I are both members, (and honoured to be so) in association with a group of medical men, great souls, fine souls with whom we learn to synthesize our struggles, our work, our small triumphs, even our failures on earth with the plan in which we were, and still are, atoms of consciousness. Slowly it is becoming apparent to both of us that here in the Thought- Mind of Infinity, we are being initiated into a wider consciousness. After much debate, contemplation, and applied synthesis, we realize that when we functioned on earth we had touched, if only the fringe, the wonder, power and beauty of truth itself. Yet how small a speck of truth was! Indeed, cognizant only in microscopic examination. This tiny grain of truth appears to my extended thinking now as no larger than a germ, a microbe. Yet like a germ it held for me, then as now, the Alpha and Omega of beginning and end.

'Study of micro-organisms and bacteria was my dedication and my joy during that sojourn; and with no conceit (for here one understands the uselessness of such glammers) I accept that I achieved a certain measure of success; at least the rampant nature of disease-spreading bacteria was arrested; and that was good.

'But of this I do not wish to consider now.

'I venture to claim the advantage of an active penetrating mind, and thank God, it was then employed to the fullest. But of far greater importance, I realize that I was aware of and worked through the glimmer of the eternal Truth of all creative activity. I knew then, and often stated to friends, that such accomplishments as followed my researches were due to the Will - that inner Will which instinctively I obeyed.

"You need the Will", I would inform them, "then work, and finally success will come." This was my Law of Life.

'But when my work in the material world ceased, and I found myself on a new Plane of being, required to judge and assess that which I had achieved or failed to achieve, I was thrilled by the awe-inspiring realization that the underlying power of the Spirit within had led my mind into the right paths and had guided my very researches by intuition and inspiration. The self in Louis Pasteur the chemist, *had known* that which to the personality was partly veiled. Thus, such research and discovery being

its accepted task, it *could not fail* as long as it obeyed the Will - that Will of the Creative Force which had united with it in incarnation into dense matter.

‘I could recall moments, during my lifetime, when without any shadow of doubt, I was aware that a mysterious and all-embracing power urged my will on to ever deeper probing into the secrets of life, even the life of germs and microbes. That power of the Infinite determined my will to work, my patience to check and re-check until such theories as I had formed had proved their plausibility. Was it coincidental that always my mind held to the obeying of that Will as my Law of Life?’

‘Yet it was only after I was enabled to review together my life and my work in this thought-world that consciously I correlated that power of good which had urged me on to fulfilment, with the *purpose* with which I ventured into incarnation.

‘With many fine souls in the fields of medicine and research, whose earthly names are still honoured, I have conversed and meditated. Here are those who formed the vanguard for the next century break-through in hygiene, medicine and surgery. Owing to such discussions with these advanced souls a veil was lifted, and much revealed to me concerning destiny, and the trial of the soul in fulfilling (or disregarding) its infinitesimal part in the Creative Purpose. Here began a new apprehension of the meaning of the phrase, “Not my will but God’s Will be done.” Here were fresh insights into truth. Here one realized that the creative Will of the Spirit of Truth (God), and the obedient will of mankind in conscious Oneness and unison was infinitely simpler yet vastly superior to anything man’s distorted image had ever realized.

‘You are essaying I believe to try and find a “modern” interpretation of the symbol “Water of Life”, and I, as a scientist would wish to add my contribution to your endeavour.

‘It is a fact that man on earth cannot live without water. The chemistry of his body needs liquid. Deprived of adequate liquid his organs become blocked, his blood congeals, disease and wastage of the cell structure of his body will ensue, and he will die.

‘But what of his spiritual life? The great Master of the Age spoke clearly of this to the woman of Samaria at the well. He appears almost to reprimand her. “Thou should have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water” . . . and he adds, “the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.’

‘Naturally the woman did not comprehend! Perhaps I may venture to add that only such mystics and saints who have lived in the Spirit whilst still entombed in the body have with deliberate intent probed into its connotations.

‘For “Living Water” is to the spirit of man in the same relationship as earthly water is to the body of man. Without it, deprived of its everflowing eternal properties, the soul dwindles, and becomes debilitated because of the distractions of terrestrial



interests.

‘Could it not have been possible, (I have now been asking myself) that my insistence on the Will to work towards fulfilment in my life as Louis Pasteur lay deep within memories in my soul? That the mandate to obey the Will was the soul’s approach to the “Living Water” of the Spirit which enabled the personality to fulfil its promise and God’s Purpose? Is it not conceivable that the very connotations of this phrase, its essence, and the variety of its scope and purpose are variable in accordance with the diversification of stimuli from separate souls? Are there not innumerable meanings to illustrate the symbolism of “Living Water”? As mine was the urgent union of will and Will, may not there be other interpretations to fit other circumstances?’

‘My contribution therefore to some of the effects of the application of the Water of Life, can be summed up as follows:

- (1) In primary acceptance of the Divine Plan and Pattern.
- (2) In the desire to fulfil that Pattern.
- (3) In complete obedience to the Divine Will, and joyous compliance with those intuitions which point the Way.
- (4) In sacrifice of such earthly pursuits as would interfere with

‘For complete growth is stultified without Living Water - the growth and progress of the soul.

“Living Water”, therefore, to me is a symbol of truth in all its facets, of inspiration from the great Source of All Knowledge, and of the Divine Will and Purpose for every created thing and all conscious creatures. Lacking its regenerating properties, the separate personality becomes too weak to resist the glammers of the world, the flesh and the devil. For me, during my sojourn on the earth, illumination came through that phrase which states, “Not my will but Thine be done”. To me the Divine Will was life; and only by obedience to its dictates and guidance was I able to arrive at the Omega which in cosmic reality was ordained from the beginning.’

These words have poured through my pen, and as I wrote I was aware of a strong spirit, a powerful, penetrating mind. I respect the intellect of Louis Pasteur even though I felt overwhelmed by it; and later, between ‘sessions’, my personality shrank from this reporting. Yet this is my work, the destiny I came to fulfil, even though it has taken all my life before my true acceptance of the Plan. I, too, learn as I carry out my duties as scribe. As I look back and recall my dream, it is very apparent that only when I obeyed an inner Will to lift the pitcher of Water and work with it on my dark canvas of life was there the sparkling change from drabness to beauty. How blessed was Monsieur Pasteur to know that Will and obey it, during the most fruitful years of his earthly life! How many of us must look back and mourn our wasted years, yet maybe, they were necessary to clear defects in the personality. But the Spirit has

infinite mercy in that it is never too late to change ourselves and to follow the Will. The call will come when it is least expected, sometimes through an inner experience, most often after sorrow, tragedy, disaster. Then we are given the opportunity not only to widen our limited outlook, but to discover the deep inner self, and to follow our way. As with the soul that was Louis Pasteur, the chemist and pioneer researcher into bacteriology, we too need not only the Will, but the strength and faith to work. The Living Water is freely given. Let us help to inaugurate a New Age by making the Will, as he did, our Law of Life.

Knowledge we ask not - knowledge Thou hast lent,  
But, Lord, the Will, there lies our bitter need,  
Give us to build above the deep intent  
The deed, the deed.

(A Prayer)

## Chapter IV

### The Word

The name of Emile Coué, a French psychotherapist who lived on earth from 1857 to 1926, was 'dropped' into the content of my mind, as I have already stated, causing some astonishment and puzzlement. When, however, I realized after some time that Louis Pasteur, with whom he appeared to be 'conversing' in the next plane of being, was a French chemist, the identification of Coué was immediate.

Of course, as a teenager I had heard of the famous, 'get-better' phrase of Emile Coué. Being young and eager for life, but being very much concerned with its everyday living, learning, and loving, the formula held little fascination for me. Man and ideas passed into the limbo of disinterest. Only later in life, when, alas, the starry eyes of youth were dimmed by bitter tears, did I read Dr. Carl Jung, the Swiss psychologist, and a pupil of Professor Sigmund Freud, who evolved a technique in connection with the exploration of human mental phenomena. This process, known widely today as psycho-analysis is concerned with abnormal behaviour in man or woman which is due to the results of conflict between the conscious mind and repressed ideas (the unconscious). This theory of the probable depths of mental life has now become stream-lined into a technique known as 'depth psychology', and Carl Jung's books are widely acclaimed. Thus, I knew a little of Coué's ideas.

Emile Coue was suddenly thrown into the limelight, when he demonstrated to passengers on a liner struggling through a storm at sea, that by using their collective inner unconsciousness to 'command' the waves to be still through deep concentration and purpose, a miracle did indeed happen! By his famous formula 'Every day in every way I am getting better and better', even organic diseases were supposed to improve. He believed that auto-suggestion was able to effect cures in all cases. He opened a clinic, delivering lectures in both England and the United States,

until the lower unevolved mind of mankind brought tragedies, and semi-comic events in the fulfilment of some most unethical desires! Ridicule followed, and Emile Coué disappeared from the world scene. But he studied hypnotism, and possibly opened the way towards our twentieth century research into the hypnotic state and its uses in the therapy of psycho-analysis; even into the retarding of the consciousness back to birth and pre-birth thus evoking the little-known faculty of total recall.

As my interest in such subjects grew, it was natural that Emile Coué should be linked in my thought; and, although his formula did not actually become part of my philosophy I did learn the unexplored power, even danger, of 'a little knowledge' of the unconscious mind.

One evening last year, as I watched, somewhat dreamily, a programme on television, the recognised intuition introducing communication from super-physical sources grew in my mind. I provided myself, as was my custom, with pen and notebook; and here is the contribution by the psychologist Emile Coué. On reading it, and other passages purporting to be from him later, I was impressed with the conviction that here was matter of importance for the proposed book, although at the time I was scarcely able to fit it in to my subject.

But I believe now that it is applicable for this very chapter in illustrating the deepening of understanding, and the aspiration towards the spiritual basis of all life, which Coué is attaining. My readers, too, must become aware, as they digest his ideas, of the immensity of these subjects and the deep truths underlying our own immature researches.

Here is the script, as it purported to come from the mind of Emile Coué:

'In my time on the plane of earth I was considered something of a fool, or at least a mental oddity. For I had the *insouciance* to recommend that man's healing was linked with man's thought.

"Every day I am getting better and better", was my man-tram for the sick.

'Now, however, as I re-view this clumsy expression of truth, I marvel that I dared to voice that which in the light of further experience of the Spirit, appears trivial and superficial.

'From my ignorant and imperfect knowledge, I was instructing my patients to call in a shallow way upon the God within them, to contact that Power which is the indwelling Spirit, and concerning which I knew little. Yet, should we be surprised that in cases where the desire was sufficiently strong, and the concentrated thought of good was held as an accomplished fact, that a demonstration occurred, so that the well-being of health superseded physical ailments?

'I was not mad, as some thought me. Maybe I deserved to be classed as a clown, for from the lower rungs of the ladder of Truth, I was expanding the doctrine of desire

and fulfilment; the oft-times dire reality of *selfish* desire.

“Ask and ye shall receive”, holds good from the lowest, most materialistic hankerings, upwards to the longing of the soul for union with God. This, my Scribe, as experience has shown, is as much a snare for the worldly, as a crown for the aspirer.

Tor all - *all* is Spirit. There is nought else! We live and move and have our being in the Spirit whether the personality accepts this truth or not. The very air breathed, the food eaten, the animals, flowers and trees loved . . . all, all are Spirit. Money, that lust of mankind, is but metal, formed through the agency of the Spirit; its value is completely man-made and thus ephemeral - as your nations are discovering today!

‘Alas, for me too, only through my sojourn in this Plane of Thought, away from the cynicism of material belief and spiritual lethargy (where one is able to shed false concepts) am I learning to accept wisdom and truth as the powers of the Spirit which they truly are. Not alone among my honoured companions do I now regret the dark shrouds of earth which rendered truth as a whipping post for the knocks of knaves. My scribe, write this. *The soul knows!*

‘One’s spiritual eyes are open . . .

‘Progress may still be slow here also, as the clutter impeding the true voice of the soul has still to be discarded. For, Madame Scribe, now we no longer see darkly but face to face. Such glimpses of truth, of reality vouchsafed us in rare moments of inspiration on earth are now revealed as nuggets which became too shrouded in the dust of materialism to emit the light of their pure spiritual gold.

‘Yet, if nothing else I have learned that even veiled truth has its purpose. Naked truth is too heady for flesh-buried egos. Truth, therefore, oft-times makes its appearance, as scientists and intellectuals term it in “odd” concepts. True, I had an odd concept, yet, though badly digested and materialistically devised, it was a *facet* of truth itself. Truth, Madame, it was - and is - truth.

‘Here then lies the great conundrum.

‘I do not completely regret my worldly exposition of truth to my patients, for there was some good even in that cheap application to thought. Only is there regret for the “little more and how much it is” that should have become interwoven within me, if I had sought the real beauty of truth itself, and not contented my mind with the glamour of the veils which hid her face.

‘Here then is the kernel of truth.

‘As a man thinketh in his *heart*, so is he.

‘He is either healthy, well, active, joyful and hopeful in his thought; or he is melancholy, depressed, hopeless, suspicious, cynical, ill and in pain, and lost to the Kingdom.

‘In my communications here with the soul of Louis Pasteur, it has become clear to us both, that, as he laid emphasis on the Will; the direction of *my* inner self was to wholeness. I tried to arouse in my fellows the oneness of the mind of man with the harmony which is Good, or God’s Purpose for his creation. And this I essayed to accomplish by *man’s word*. My teachings were not on the Spirit which uniteth; but on the mind which divides. So I was damned by a half-truth. The desires aroused were sometimes even carnal; the search after health flattered the selfish mind; the Word was denigrated to amass wealth and power. Because of my failure to realize the aggregate of Spirit, and the transience of matter, the experiment lacked life, and after failures, faded into obscurity. I would have fared better, had I possessed the knowledge and courage to teach the Spirit in man *first*, and the Word of Life; so that health, harmony and wholeness would be the result ... ‘

Is it not enlightening yet moving to listen to a soul in all humility and honesty summarizing and synthesizing his experiences? Together with a compassion and reverence for such confessions, surely in our minds must arise at least a glimmer of light and hope for our own unfinished possibilities; as well as a profound devotion to the Creative Mind (God) which ‘knows all things’, and guides his creation onwards to greater understanding.

I was musing on these lines, when I remembered that some weeks previously, Louis Pasteur had expostulated upon this theme, and my recording of his talk was amongst my pile of notes. I searched and found. Here it is:

‘In the beginning was the Word.  
And the Word was with God,  
And the Word was God.

(St. John 1. v.1.)

‘Surely in these few succinct sentences lies the whole mystery; and in another quote from the Bible, “He made man in his image”, is the deep explanation of the relationship between God and man. These two quotations are related.

‘For if it is a scientific fact that the human creature has developed through the ages from the first primitive animals, then a further quotation from Genesis: “God breathed a soul into man”, must have its place in this mystery.

Tor God, the Spirit - (or the Father) having the Word gave these creatures his gift above all other creatures – the Word - and therefore breathed into them the embryonic soul. Humanity alone can speak, and communicate by word. Man can think and express his thoughts in words. And man alone of all the living creatures on the earth planet, can create by the Word, and through the Word in his own limited environment.

‘The Word is in man as an attribute and a part of the living creating Spirit - God.

‘In a slow and humble way the realization of this progression from creature

consciousness to Mind consciousness, from human life to spiritual living, has grown and exulted in me. With clearer sight I can (with my honoured fellows) begin to reconstruct the way in which the race of man has evolved through milleniums to its present intellectual, reasoning, and creative level. Yet the Word within *Homo sapiens* has become debased due to lack of realization of its superb meaning and power.

‘The Word has become devalued into *words*; and such words seem to be employed in subverting truth.

‘That mind in man which is of the true self appears to be deteriorating into mind, which swallows facts, which projects its human selfhood for advancement, which permits itself to become saturated with temporal pleasures, appetites and powers; and has separated its gift from its Father. The Spiritual Word has dwindled in man beneath the taint of selfish, even animal emotions. Words are used to hurt, to wound, to plan mischief, to cheat, to terrify . . .

‘The Word in man lies dormant, because his Creator crowned him with the final potency of free will. The illusions of the flesh have superseded the loving obedience to the Will of the Creator.

‘Man’s creativity raises him above the dumb creatures, and sets him little lower than the angels. This order of spiritual Beings, we are told, carries out the Will of God; man appears to force the will of man; therein lies his tragedy. Immersion in dense matter has tested this free will to the limit. Mankind was balanced between the two factors of dualism, positive and negative, good and evil, as in either of these paths he had the power to create. His constitution was both human and divine. His downfall has been caused because he discovered his own propensity to create in matter, which was temporarily more rewarding. Figuratively he fell from Eden. From then onwards he has been permitted to bring upon himself his own tragedies, dramas of lives sunk in evil, the corrosive effects of hatred, fear, envy, sadness of wasted talent, and the pity of the Light that failed.

‘But as I believed, and still do, that there is a Divine Plan and Purpose for the life of each soul, so I submit it follows that there is a Perfect Plan for the whole of creation - and we are moving towards that far off perfect conception crawling like ants, yet evolving wings to lift ourselves into the freedom of light, to search for that Living Water which was offered by the greatest Teacher of all.

‘To those of us here, who delight in delving into the mysteries of this eternal Force which we designate Spirit, the clearing of the veils of human illusion is our greatest joy. Such as the world terms Living Water is to us the *complete cumulation* of Will, Word, Love, Beauty, Power, Wisdom evolving from Oneness between Spirit, the Creator, and soul and body the created.

‘Here there is no separation as it is accepted when in a body of matter. Here one *knows* (the knowledge filters into consciousness like earth water sinking through

sand), until comprehension becomes coherent, wisdom a growing fact. There is no water; there is no sand. We have not changed. We are as we were eternally and ever will be. Only we have emerged into a released consciousness, and this new freedom creates the world for each of us. Yet we have not left our friends, our associates. We only view them differently - as they must perceive us in a clearer light. There is the responsibility of the conviction that we affect one another, and that these centres of light would be dimmed by lesser understanding. The Word here truly lives; it passes from soul to soul; *it creates*; there can be no limitations. Our minds observe forwards, backwards, outwards, even upwards towards that complete Centre to which we all rhythmically move, and all thought becomes an immediate *intensity*. We are present in no world and in every world. There is no form, yet we create our own beauty. A golden light shines; we exist within it, and from it we draw all we need, yet with thoughts of separation or of self we dwindle from its dimensions, and there create a desert, where no water percolates through sand.

‘The Master of Masters expounded on the Water of Life. The components of Living Water still comprise the pure gold of the eternal Creative Spirit, and of these the *Word* of creation ever issues forth from the Centre and is echoed and reechoed through every unit of being.

‘There have been sages, and saints, philosophers and teachers throughout known history who have expounded this Truth. Jesus, the Supreme Example, *lived* this Truth; yet men rejected him. Why, oh why, must so many souls disclaim the reality of such lives, and limit their own? Why must death intervene before man begins to see clearly? Why must regret and remorse for past errors hold back so many entities even in this glorious Thought World?

‘The application of that energy of Living Water would resuscitate inert matter and promote an enlightened Age upon the earth planet.’

Here is a scientist, a chemist whose name is honoured on earth urging us to correlate the Energy that is all around us, (undiscovered, except by the few) with that mind which constitutes vital force - the mind of God the Creator. We pray for the ‘mind that was in Christ Jesus’, yet did he not insist that humanity *already possesses* the rudiments of such knowledge and purpose? We do not understand this Law of Creative Mind.

Spinoza said, ‘The Universe is one. There is no supernatural. All is related *cause and sequence*. Nothing exists but substance and its modes of motion.’

It appears that we, incarnated on this planet, still possess the power of the Creative Word but our standards are wrong, our patterns at fault. In this Law of Cause and Effect, mankind tries to avoid that which he only partially apprehends. The Word is a *living thing*; and man has the power to use that gift of word which was given him by his Creator; to employ it in thought as well as in speech.

Man has ignored his own salvation through the Word that was in Christ Jesus, and is

implicit in the Spirit, and which is his own divine birthright. For thoughts are living things, and they are the causes which so often, wrongly used, result in disastrous effects. Concentrated loving thought can attract all that is beautiful, all that is fulfilling and uplifting, but evil thought, hateful thought, fearful thought, malice, doubtful thought, draw to man sickness, tragedy, failure and despair.

Shakespeare said, 'There is nothing either good or bad, but *thinking* makes it so.'

And this is the Law of the Word.

The reality of this Law is still almost undiscovered, even unclaimed.

The Word is Wholeness.

The Word (and the thought) can be complete harmony and wholeness when it is concordant with the creative eternal revelation of the Spirit. It is the greatest healing power; it dissolves fear, repressions, worries, doubts.

For God is not *outside* us. God is within, in our thoughts, our desires, our hopes, our wills. God is creating our lives right through us, when we accept his Living Water. This is the healing and wholeness which is part of the doctrine of continued creation. It banishes infantile dependence on priest, or religion. It brings our own creative inspiration into Oneness with the divine creative Energy. It is Oneness. It is Unity through stillness, through faith in the Word of Life which is entirely good - and therefore of God. With reverence for this creative Word within, man achieves renewal daily in health, in achievement, in contentment. He becomes that which he really is, and he fulfils that purpose for which he incarnated.

What is prayer and meditation but an acceptance and reliance on that Word of the Spirit? What is renewal of heart and mind and thought into one with the Christ mind, but the Kingdom of Heaven in incarnated man?

Living Water - the Water of *Life* - is *positive* in manifestation.

As in the dream revealing the canvas representation of existence, such application of the Living Water transformed cartoons into illuminations, dingy facsimile into radiance. As mankind comes of age, and learns to live with the Spirit, thus opening itself and its life to the Plan of the Creator, so will man become whole in every sense; alive without fear; content beyond those disastrous assertions of lower passions, which tear him apart; loving, giving, fulfilling. Humanity will return, after aeons of wandering, to the Garden Beautiful, to the Valley of Peace on earth.

## Chapter V Plan and Purpose

Is there a pattern and plan for every life? And does the following of that plan constitute the life destiny? Are we only truly content when we fulfil that scheme as it is meant to be fulfilled? Is this due to the deep satisfaction with which the soul is



uplifted because it has triumphed over the inertia of the personality? Do we, in the trivialities of the persona, put our lives in jeopardy, our souls in darkness and despair, when, either by deliberate evil thinking or doing, or through weakness and sloth, or the glamour of materialism, we stray from our life's pathway. Can the shallow thinking of the earth mind cause us to wander from that way of which the soul and the spirit have cognisance? Does our gift of free will often allow us to waste an experience, to scorn chances for progress?

Truly this might be so, for 'to run the straight race' of God's Purpose, the soul and not the personality must be in command. All the Biblical teaching points unerringly to listening to that inner Self, to finding the Kingdom within. Drifting through this earthly existence is one of the greatest dangers to the soul, and - it appears - the most common affliction of mankind; and many are its causes. Ignorance, prejudice, selfishness, greediness for pleasures of the world; these bring their own boredom and discontent. Intellectuality often appears to breed arrogance, a closed mind to other opinions, a cold determination to hold to set ideas; and the strength of the soul in such separation is nullified.

In my own life I have been a consistent rebel, fighting against this very fulfilling of the plan with which my soul came into incarnation. I have, as thousands of others, kicked against the pricks - and suffered thereby.

As a young woman just out of College, I taught in a school for a short while in the country. One afternoon I clearly recollect walking alone in the lanes, listening half-sceptically, half-flattered to that inner Voice, to which I now afford great reverence, but which then I did not understand. It assured me that one day I would write books that would be sent all over the world! The small self rose up in anticipation. I would be a novelist! My stories would make me rich, famous! The intoxication of such possibilities held me entranced, as the personality asserted its power and influence.

Yet, years later, when (under a pseudonym), my short stories and articles had been published in magazines, but two full-length novels had not been accepted by publishers, I was no nearer the glittering goal.

Only when trouble and sadness had purged some of the flippancy from my mind and my soul had indicated clearly that writing was to be on such subjects as the psychic and the spiritual, did this early fantasy resolve itself into rebellion. I did not wish to write in such a vein; I had a horror of being considered 'odd'. I rebelled. I fought. But the soul now had, it seemed, a purchase of the inner ear. Inevitably my way led along this path to do the will of Him that sent me. Then, fate, or what you will, brought about my meeting with Frances Banks, an advanced soul, an intellectual, a teacher with deep wisdom who had lived for twenty-five years as a nun in an Anglican convent, and, as we both realized, a great influence on me in a former life. (Indeed, in that life, I had been weak, and a failure!) Through Frances' efforts and the interest of the Churches' Fellowship for Psychical and Spiritual Studies, my first book, *The Dissolving Veil*, was published. This was a book already written out of the bitterness

and sadness of my heart, after the accidental death of my husband. It had been consigned to paper as an act of catharsis. It was too intimate for publication, I protested. But Frances persisted. The book duly appeared; it seemed to be successful. I swallowed my pride.

In 1961, together with Frances, we initiated a group of people for the purpose of spiritual study and meditation. The group still persists. When Frances died in 1965, her place was filled by a well-known and advanced speaker and writer and other fine souls came to us, some of whom have now passed to the next life. Yet today, fifteen years after its commencement, that group still meets privately for discourse and meditation, and there are still four of the original members, and five of those who carried on after Frances' death amongst the number. Through the years, and because of faithful devotion to the work to be done, each one of us has changed and grown (I venture to write) nearer to the Spirit. We are a close-knit, devoted band of pilgrims finding our way as all other pilgrims. It is a joy to watch the fulfilment of the plan and purpose for each life and the blossoming of each soul. This group, like others, is working together to learn to 'become', to follow the way of the Spirit, and to work as a Group Soul for the purpose for which it was initiated. I truly believe this is being achieved, for although we meet every month as a Group, the differing paths of each member are fully and freely followed. We are varied in our interests, our lives, our ways, yet the underlying purpose is one.

Here, may I mention Dr. Arthur Guirdham's book, *We Are One Another*. He writes of the probability of group reincarnation at the same time, for some specific good purpose.

'Paul Beard, the Head of the College of Psychic Studies,' he writes, 'told me from the evidence he had acquired from mediums, that in the last ten years, people were reincarnating in groups to achieve some common constructive aim . . .'

I believe this is a fact, although also it seems this group reincarnation has been occurring for some considerable time. Only today (again under the growing impulse and influence of a New Age) are such groupings assuming form and shape and purpose in far wider spheres, as the purport of Aquarius is developing.

The plan of the group has matured; the purpose for each member shines forth and is *being accomplished*. For myself, the rebellious undertone that hindered much of the work I could do, has at length, after many trials and mistakes, been relegated to the personality to which it belonged. At last the stubborn persona is receding into the light of the Spirit, having become one with it by acceptance. Hence the writing of this book, after, no doubt, the cathartic effect of my dream of the Water of Life. Acceptance has brought peace to my soul.

The tide of living flows in sweeping tranquillity. I am aware of the presence and help of wise souls. Each morning as I enter my attic study, the power and the presence awaits, serene, oft-times unidentified; and for the work there is no longer division

between the everyday mind and intuition. Could this also be an example of obedience to Creative Will, the initial murmurings of which roused such mistaken ambition so many years ago? What a long trek of rebellion, masked by flippancy and broken finally by adversity, physical pain and disillusion! Truly as in Rossetti's poem, 'the Road does wind uphill all the Way', even to the very end. Surely this is what life is all about, a slow, often painful progress towards that Centre, 'where the Will of God is known'.

But the call of the Spirit comes to all - and in varying ways.

We have only to read our Bible to learn of this summons to humble and proud alike to fulfil a plan that originates from a higher source of wisdom. There are instances of such calls in all great literature, and even in the shrouded and often wrongly interpreted folk-lore and legends of all races. Even the nursery story of the Sleeping Beauty is a parable of the awakening of the soul of the princess by the kiss of the prince representing the Spirit. Thus she arises from the inactivity of the personality half-life to the full beauty of conscious spiritual Oneness. It is a truth hidden in a fairy story to be passed down through the ages, even though its real meaning is usually bypassed.

This call of the Spirit towards that path which is to be followed comes to everyone, at various stages in the life span, sometimes through a mystical experience (as with Saul in the Bible), often by trauma and tragedy, through disaster and loss; though whether the awakening is accepted and acted upon remains the individual's choice. Free will is an operative force, and ever will be.

When such calamities overwhelm the man or woman who has, with complacency, meandered through life, there arise rebellion, anger, depression stirring up the emotions; often a resultant hopelessness. For the majority of mankind seems to skim through existence in a materialistic dream, only partly satisfied with worldly possessions and never awakened to much beyond material pleasure. The soul of such folk is rarely stirred, or if it is they shy away from its call. Wordsworth expressed this in concise words:

*The world is too much with us; late and soon,  
Getting and spending we lay waste our powers.*

For such unadjusted people, 'This is the end', wails the everyday self. But 'This is the beginning', prompts the soul . . .

Surely the Water of Life is the greatest need at such a period. The soul needs nourishment in faith, in trust in the abiding love of the Creator for his created; it also cannot dispense with that Living Water which is available to all as the inner conviction of spirit which illuminates matter.

Many stories have been brought to me of the calls of the Spirit, and I have watched numerous amazing transformations of lives. Such examples are moving, and afford hope to others who still are prisoners of the ignorance of the small self.

A story which is pathetic yet beautiful was told to me by a stranger, after I had been speaking at a Churches' Fellowship meeting in the south of England. After the Conference, a woman came from the audience towards me. She said, a little shyly, 'May I tell you a story?'

Here is a moving account of renewed faith and hope.

My informant told me that a dear friend of hers who was a teacher, left England some years previously to teach in South Africa. They kept in touch, and when it was time for retirement, the headmistress, (for such she had become,) returned to her native land. This was a happy reunion for them both.

Sadly, however, the reunion became marred by the illness of the newly-returned teacher; and later this was diagnosed as cancer. The disease spread rapidly; surgery would be of little avail, and the poor woman was confined to hospital. She knew that she was dying, and she admitted that she was afraid of death. She felt that she had lost all faith and hope; confronted by the inevitable her religion appeared to fail her. As she grew worse, her mental state deteriorated. There was no comfort, even though friends tried to revive the piety that had always manifested in her life.

Then, into the mind of my informant filtered an idea that *Testimony of Light* (my book written through communion with Frances Banks after her awakening in the Spirit) might help the sufferer. She will not read it, she thought, knowing her friend's orthodoxy; nevertheless as a last resort she took the book to the hospital and recommended its consideration.

The sick woman flipped idly through the pages.

'I cannot read a book like that!' she announced, and she dropped the volume on to the coverlet of the bed. It fell open at the frontispiece, a photograph of Frances Banks taken in her habit as a nun in the religious Order in South Africa where she had become Principal of a Training College for teachers during many years.

The patient stared down at the photograph.

'That is my dear Sister Frances Mary,' she whispered, suddenly awed. 'I was very fond of her. We worked closely together, as she always sent her pupil teachers to my school for teaching experience.'

My informant was silent, waiting.

Presently her friend spoke.

'I believe Sister has sent this book to me,' she asserted. 'I shall read it! She must want me to read it!'

She did indeed read Frances' testimony from the next world. I understand she read it constantly.

It changed her whole nature. Calmness overcame terror. Peace filled her mind. The spectre of approaching death no longer terrified her.

‘I shall meet again my dear Sister Frances Mary,’ she told her friends. A hand had stretched out from Eternity to lead her back to the faith which suffering had obliterated. Her last days were serene. She died peacefully and with hope in the world to come and the love of the Spirit of Christ which was guiding her.

Surely this is an example of a good life of fulfilled purpose almost marred at the finish by fear. A soul thirsted for that Water of Life which would restore Oneness with the Spirit. Is it difficult to believe that a former friend and associate, herself advanced into spiritual life, leaned out, as it were, from her heaven of light to succour a pilgrim on her way?

*Know after night comes always day,  
The wound heals, and grief has an end.*

is a quotation from the Swedish.

Is this not applicable both in the lower mind and in that aspiring mind of the Spirit in everyman? For life is eternal, love is immortal . . .

*From Emile Coué.*

‘I was criticised for studying hypnotism in my earthly service. But was that not making some application to the spirit? For what is hypnotism but a closing down of man’s lower earth-limited mind that the superconscious mind within may be trapped?’

‘And what is the unconscious mind but the stored-up, submerged memories and recollections of experiences, past and present? And does not that impounded knowledge form a part, Madame Scribe, of the soul in its slow progress into light?’

‘And what is light but the realization of the Eternal Spirit in man? And is not that Eternal Spirit but a human interpretation of the all-fulfilling Creative Force that man has crystallized into the appellation of God? All . . . all . . . evolves from this Source; all is Spirit even *now* on your plane where this consciousness is dulled by the evils of materialistic appetite.’

‘As the plane of matter termed earth and its inhabitants evolve into a new Age, this Truth will become evident and accepted as the Unconscious and higher Consciousness gradually assume the rightful influence, and the hard lower mind-shell dissolves.’

‘There will be no need of hypnotic suggestion for release. For mind ever aspires towards Mind; and Mind expands into unity with the Divine Mind. The many will be transmuted into the Creative *One* ... The plan and the purpose for each atom, each cell, each creature, each soul will evolve into conscious knowledge by the fresh application and wider appreciation of truth and will. Then will man learn the science of the human mind. “Know Thyself” results in the art of living. For that which each creature came to do is already part of it, a purpose of the Creative Light.’

‘As the soul of man becomes awakened to its purpose, and aware of the Divine Plan

with which it came into earthly life, so will the true self grow into peace, harmony and beauty of unity with the *persona*. Fewer failures will arrive here saddened by their lives of omission; whilst in the world of matter greater accomplishments will be linked with deeper understanding, tolerance and harmony.

‘This is the awakening that is the plan and purpose for all created souls ... And those illnesses and troubles which arise from *repression* in the personality, those neurotic guilts which sully men’s lives will become disentangled and dissolved by *acceptance*. To ride in beauty along the river path like a Sir Lancelot or a Sir Galahad in your ancient British legends, the track needs to be cleared of weeds, and brambles and trailing undergrowth. The dichotomy between soul, and spirit, and the evolving human self should grow from that self’s acceptance of its repressions, its rebellions. The modern earth-world, I believe, Madame Scribe, lays emphasis on so-termed psychiatrists, psycho-analysts to disentangle these psychic knots. May I, from this possible vantage point, venture to apprise, (maybe with a chuckle!) that my formula of self-suggestion — (only now with greater application to the Indwelling Spirit) may not be so amiss in many cases? “Man, heal thyself”, accept yourself and your failures first. Recovery comes from within. Become what you really *are* - the best and highest can be reached by *thought* and *faith* and positive prayer. Even those bogies of fear of ridicule, distrust of change, apprehension of inner timidity can be routed by the right application of mind and Mind . . .’

## Chapter VI The Psychic Sense

‘There is no *supernatural*’ is a precept of the thinker Spinoza. What then do we mean when we use the word? Or our more modern phraseology of the paranormal, and parapsychology? The prefix ‘*para*’ from the Greek, means ‘*beside*’ or ‘*beyond*’. Thus we are inferring some knowledge beyond the everyday, natural thought of our brains which are geared to length, breadth and height or to time, space and energy. In the simplest language we must be referring to some happening, some knowledge, some awareness ‘beside’ the three-dimensional limitations; and ‘beyond’ the realm of the five human senses. Even the application of such a word as ‘paranormal’ is a tacit acceptance of a fourth dimension or state of consciousness, and a ‘sixth sense’ remote from the usual five of taste, smell, sight, touch, and hearing.

Unfortunately, those who are opposed to or fearful of, a wider state of consciousness lay strong emphasis on the darker side of such extended knowledge and its inherent dangers.

I was once asked what was the subject of my books, and, after hesitating as to the right definition, (realizing that the term ‘psychic’ would bring misunderstanding), I answered, ‘The paranormal.’

Immediately a veil appeared to be drawn over my questioner’s face.

'Ah! So you will be interested in witches,' was the comment.

I need hardly add that I hastened to discount this. I am sure that any reader of my books would hesitate to apply the label of the dark side of the paranormal to the work I try to do.

But this is an illustration of the ignorance and bigotry in which this extended consciousness is regarded by those who live in the trivial code of materialism. All that is unknown is evil to them. They are dazed by revelations, now widely fashionable, of witchcraft, demonology, possession, exorcisms and other horrifying states of the lower astral world. Yet such folk accept the 'miracles' in their Bible, the psychic interventions in the Old Testament, even the account of Jesus' meeting with the Woman of Samaria at the well, to whom he retailed the events of her past life, much to her astonishment. Surely their rational minds should be able to grade these evidences of another state of consciousness, to collate that which is good and helpful with practises that aim to injure so as to recognize that, as in material life, there must be a gradation of effect dependent upon the principle involved. Here again, thought is the primal causation, the intention being either for good or evil.

Because this discussion is of a wider consciousness, a 'seeing' and 'hearing' beyond bodily senses, a state of 'being' that is superior to physical normality, nobody should limit its extensions into all-good or all-evil. The psychic world, (and here I make a distinction from the spiritual world) repeats on a different level the scope of good and evil paramount in our world of matter. We have the free will to make our choice between the two. There is no hard and fast distinction. Definite evil often derives from ignorance and superstition. Human curiosity often commences its research at a point between these absolutes on the spiral of consciousness and progresses upwards in knowledge, and awareness, sometimes reaching illumination. The psychic sense blends into mystical cognition, and the soul, released from self-imposed limitations, blossoms into beauty.

For this psychic sense is a real faculty in the whole man. Through the ages the potentiality of 'clear-seeing' and 'clear-hearing' has been gradually submerged by the necessary development of the reasoning mind. This lower or human mind, as distinct from instinct, was essential for man, in order to accommodate himself and his existence to a world of matter. From the beginning of time, as a babe grows and becomes adult, so humanity needed to develop from the infancy of helplessness to maturity. Strength, reasoning power, logic, brain fertility, intellect, skill; all were necessary in the conquest of the surrounding forces of the earthplane. If we can look back with humility, what excitement must have been evident in such human explorations into the use of fire, growth of food from the soil, rearing of domestic animals, conquest of the sea, exploration of far lands, conquest of the air, development of art and culture, the glorious adventure into sound by music, and speech; and in the latter part of this century, the splitting of the atom with all its resulting diversions into energy, power, and, sadly, the armaments of war. Still the

mind evolves towards eventual complete conquest of the environment, even into experimental investigation of other planets in the universe.

Yet, this miraculous progress which has been accomplished, carried with it the very seeds of destruction, calamitous catastrophes affecting the earth, and the men and women of the earth. This glorious progress of the intellect has grown into one-sidedness. It is too closed in upon itself. Intellect has become omnipresent in the human being. The doctrine of supremacy of the mind has superseded energies of the Spirit, which are as essential in the Law of Living, as food and water are to the health of the human body. We are like a blind man lost in strange territory. We cannot see where we are going. We need a guide; and that pilot must be our own inner self, the omnipotent Godhead present in each soul from the beginning; the ever-dwelling Spirit; and our realization that we are but microscopic atoms of consciousness in a vast universal plan. Our blindness needs to be healed into 'sight'; our closed minds to be opened to the acceptance of (to us) unmanifest worlds; our bias, our bigotry, our insulation must be transformed by realization and acceptance of different levels of consciousness. Before humanity can reach true maturity, it will need to correct its imbalance of power. Intellect must blend with a wider psychic and spiritual awareness; faith with knowledge of the subliminal levels and the phenomena of such levels; acceptance of an eternal progress onwards 'towards the stars'. This deliberate limiting of the human consciousness due to fear, retards the progress towards man's maturity. To be truly adult, a person should be able to face life and all its quirks, its seeming unfairness, its tragedies, with an inner realization of the omnipotence of the Divine Law of Good. But man rears a wall of doubt and fear between his intellect and the untried powers and extensions of his psychic faculties.

Telepathy between person and person is beginning to be accepted. If this is a possibility of communication by *mind*, not needing body, and beyond space or time, why then frown upon telepathic contact between mind here, and mind in a new order of living, divorced from body restriction?

If we truly believe that Christ rose from the dead, and met and spoke with his disciples, and that he is ever with us, then is it not feasible that he came to show us that this is the Law of Life? He made no claims for his own exclusiveness, for he said, 'Greater works than these shall ye do.' (St John 14 v.12). The after-death state is a normal procedure of the Law. Love continues. Compassion is still a component of soul. By disjunction between ourselves and our psychic faculties, we are closing away much help and comfort from the astral world, and much intuition and inspiration which issues from advance sages, saints and prophets in the spiritual worlds. There is no supernatural. All these faculties of telepathy, clairvoyance, clairaudience, precognition, prophesy are the natural auxiliaries to the developed reasoning mind of man. Until such extrasensory faculties are accepted within their rightful context; until such paranormal phenomena are established as adjuncts to living and endorsed by honesty and honour, mankind delays his coming of age.



Man is a many-sided being. His body could not function on food alone or water alone: both must be assimilated for health and vigour.

Man's personality needs communication with his fellows. He hungers after love, kindness, a sense of being wanted, and the satisfaction of completing a good job of work . . . his mental food and water.

Man's *soul* and inner Self shrivels when segregated from its spiritual faculties. The psyche has its own potentials, its intuitions. How much beauty in composition of musical sound, or of art, or of invention would be lost without this reaching out of the inner mind to receive inspiration? It too had need of spiritual food manifest in prayer and meditation with its Creator, plus faith in the Eternal Goodness of the Holy Spirit. Yet it is often left to thirst for this 'Water' by the non-acceptance of paranormal energies in their true contexts.

'Faith,' the Bible adjures us, 'is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.' (ref. Epis. to the Hebrews 2 v.1).

Should we be wrong if we extend that faith towards aid from the 'host of unseen witnesses' about us? Or to the ministrations of the angels who 'do the will of God'?

As I was resting last evening after my 'daily stint' of working at my desk, I suddenly became aware of the presence of Frances Banks. She wished to contact my mind; she had, as usual with her, a paragraph to relay, which would fit into this theme of the book. Here it is as I received her message.

'I was ever a searcher after truth. My whole material life was spent in serving the Holy Spirit, and (as it appeared to my limited vision) being about my Father's business. I entered Community life to dedicate myself to that Service, and for twenty-five years I believe that within my power I fulfilled the religious vows, loved my fellows, and taught the faith to those who came to learn.

'I left the Community because I believed sincerely that the whole truth had not been assimilated into their religion. It seemed to my understanding that there existed here an ignorance of awareness of other states of consciousness, which the higher mind of man could reach. "Grace" was all I needed, I was informed, for my work and my communal life; and up to a point this was true. But, after a while, the idea came to be represented to me as of one looking over a fence at a glorious garden of flower, shrub and tree, so that one longed to go amongst such beauty, and pluck the flowers. True, the Grace came, as it were, by the inhalation of the scent of this spiritual vision, distilled from the presence of the Holy Spirit. But my soul longed for greater participation in the sowing, tending and gathering of the beauty of such elevated extension of consciousness which, I felt, the higher mind of man could attain.

'So began my interest in the "supernatural" as it was then termed. I was firm in the realization that life persisted in another form after death of the physical soul-sheath, the body. I also acquiesced in the doctrine, held from ancient days, concerning the progression of the soul through varying experiences and lessons learned during

repeated incarnations or incursions into matter. Such tenets of belief did not shock my professed orthodoxy; neither were they strange or new to my mind when I began to study and read deeply on the subject. They returned as *known facts* to bring greater enlightenment. I discovered in meditation and silence a deeper strength, a more *reasoning* faith than ever was afforded my soul in the uttering of set prayers however beautifully worded.

‘I was making my own “journey into the interior” such as Saint Theresa of Avila had advocated centuries before. I was eager for communication with friends who had passed on to a greater life, though my own faculties were not developed as the Saint’s were. When my dear Mother Florence communicated with me, exactly as the dear self that I had known and revered in the Community, I was overjoyed and thankful. Light had dawned for me.

‘From then on, I lectured and wrote about the psychic, the mystical and the spiritual, discerning in these wider faculties of man, the reality of the Churches’ doctrine of body, soul and spirit. In my almost breathless joy at this widening consciousness, I longed, even planned, to form a Community where such faculties might be examined and experienced, where the command of Christ to “heal the sick” might be fulfilled, and where a modern experiment of true living in the Spirit might be conducted.

‘With my eager temperament I even aspired to a University of the Spirit, whereat these advanced levels of consciousness may be experienced, practiced - even attained - by right thought, right aspiration and true spiritual living. To my sorrow, that promised land was never revealed to me, for disease and death importunately halted my life on earth.

‘Is it any wonder then that when I woke up in this light world, (a spiritual haven free from bodily sickness, released from partially restricted mind patterns), that my first desire should be to send back *proof* of all that had spurred me on in my search for truth?

‘For now I knew!

‘I longed to proclaim it from the housetops, in the streets, and from the pulpits of orthodox churches. I yearned to help the ignorant, the lost, the fearful, to guide the seekers, to unlock the barred doors of prejudice. Hence my communications through the mind of my friend, the author of this treatise; hence the resultant book known as *Testimony of Light*.

‘But I was ever too impatient, too far-looking. I ever envisaged blossoms before the seeds had even burst their sheaths. Now, with greater understanding, deeper humility, and perhaps with true realization of the limitation of material minds, and with knowledge of the ages of ignorance on the planet of earth, and the failure of mankind to comprehend the meaning of that which the greatest Teacher of all taught, I pause in eternity, and I learn the lesson of patience.

‘The human mind will not change overnight. Dogmatic belief does not yield its

bigotry even in the face of truth. The Man who lived that truth, and expounded the faith was crucified; those who followed him were tortured and killed. In the modern age the faithful, the aspiring, the searchers, are damned by faint praise, or castigated as fools or fakes; the old order of a blind faith persists, and the ignorant and gullible follow sensational self-proclaimed saviours . . .

‘Yet the seed is sown. In the fullness of earthtime, it will germinate, and that resplendent garden of the Spirit, for which I once sought, shall become the Eden of progressing humanity.’

Believe me, this is not my mind uttering such long-term forecasts. These words come from the overshadowing of a soul eager to aid her fellows on this planet to awaken to humanity’s eternal progress towards ultimate perfection.

At this moment in time we are experiencing a breaking down of established laws, customs and religions with the consequent violence, irresponsibility, terrorism, that is spreading as a scum over the planet. We are at the turn of the tide, in a revolutionary change. Will world life collapse? Will earth become another dead planet? It is for us to decide. For those who have the eyes to see, there are many rays of light to substantiate our faith in the New Age. There is *Homo sapiens*’ awakening desire for quietness and silence in periods of retreat from the rat-race of living; there is an increasing interest in psychic powers; large numbers of people openly support the idea of reincarnation of souls, and books are issued even by intellectuals recording favourable research into past and present-day cases; meditation and group work is increasing more especially amongst the young; there is a compelling urge to ‘know oneself; and, most evidential of all, the young people of today are born with a compelling urge to know, to experience the totality of the psyche and the spirit inherent in the constitution of man. Perhaps an outstanding pointer is the significant ‘difference’ in these children of the Aquarian Age in that so many possess psychic gifts - or, as St. Paul terms such ‘gifts of the Spirit’.

The Age of the Water Pot has arrived. The pouring out of the Spirit on all men will inaugurate development of the soul- life as a concomitant of mind supremacy, after the troublous days of the transition. It has been prophesied even in the sacred scriptures that all men will expand psychically and spiritually to ‘see visions and dream dreams’; and that the lion will lie peacefully down with the lamb. Thus, it is foreshadowed that during the two thousand years of this Aquarian- influenced era, man will come of age; mind, psyche and inner Spirit joining in partnership to bring in the realm of peace.

With Shakespeare, do we not realize that *now* is the moment.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,

*Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.*

*On such a full sea are we now afloat,  
And we must take the current when it serves,  
Or lose our ventures.*

(Julius Caesar)

*'We must take the current when it serves.'*

This is the clarion call *now*. Let us essay to live closer to the Life Triumphant, following Divine Laws; giving to the world in love, harmony, creativity, and spiritual awareness more than we take from it. Surely we partake of Living Water when we open ourselves, our minds, our aspirations, to participation in those higher faculties, 'the gifts of the Spirit', which are the birthright of the sons of God, the Spirit.

## Chapter VII

### Examples of the Psychic Sense

I began the earlier chapter on the Psychic Sense by reminding my readers that such faculties of extra-sensory perception extend through the whole ascent from the malefic through to the benefic to the transcendent. This is part of the law which governs creation. Man is given free will to choose on which rungs of this 'ladder to stars' he decides to linger. The lower stages can be as dangerous as entering a den of lions; other footings can bring mischief. On the middle rungs there is often material help and loving guidance. Onwards and upwards the spiritual world can be contacted, loosing the soul into wonder, beauty and reverence for its Divine Father Creator. And through all 'layers' of this unseen realm, from the lowlands to the heights, the protection is always prayer, faith, selflessness, and realization of man's unity with his divine Source.

Therefore in the following experiences of this unseen world, I start from that which might rank with mischief.

#### *Lady Bantry's Lookout*

After the 1939-45 war, my husband and I took a long leisurely holiday in Ireland, travelling from Dublin southwards to Cork, thence to the Kerry hills and Bantry Bay, a delightful (and in those days) unspoilt coast with tiny villages. There we stayed for two weeks in Glengariff, revelling in the early autumn sunshine, the berry-clad richness of the hedgerows, and various excursions to rocky cliffs and pleasant bays of the coastline.

One morning, our hotel hostess suggested that we take the walk to Lady Bantry's Lookout.

It is a beautiful walk,' she insisted. 'You mount easily through a tree-lined path - then along the top, and follow another track down. You mustn't miss that view.'

We decided to follow her advice, and after lunch set off as she directed. It was indeed

a delightful walk, and all as she had described. We reached the summit and proceeded along on fairly level ground high up over the surrounding countryside. We walked on and on, but saw no path leading downwards.

As the afternoon light was closing in, and we were still evidently advancing into rougher and wilder country, I became apprehensive.

‘We must have missed the turning,’ I protested.

But my husband refuted this. ‘We couldn’t have done,’ he answered cheerfully. ‘This must be the way. Look! See those children ahead of us. They must be going home the right way to the village.’

I looked. Sure enough a little boy and a small girl were walking some little distance ahead of us. They were swinging school books.

‘Perhaps you’re right,’ I asserted rather dolefully. ‘But I’m sure I have a blister on my heel; I can’t walk much farther.’

‘Oh, it won’t be any distance,’ was his confident reply. ‘Those kids couldn’t walk too far.’

So we continued on.

The October day began to draw towards evening. Shadows lengthened - the terrain became wilder, more open; great boulders of rock now usurped the friendly trees. Apprehension, soreness of my heel, misgiving about the correctness of our direction now flooded through me as panic.

‘Do let us go back and find the path,’ I urged.

My husband pointed ahead. ‘The children are going on,’ he insisted. ‘This must be right.’

‘It isn’t,’ I heard my voice trembling. ‘We shall be lost up here; and it’s getting dark. I’m frightened.’

‘All right,’ he answered taking my arm. ‘We’ll go back – but I feel sure if we followed those kids we’d come out safely . . .’

We turned back on our tracks, leaving the youngsters to go their way. Eventually after some distance we discovered the track which we must have passed without noticing. It led downwards. We took it, and before real darkness obliterated our path, we were on our way back to the village.

Our hostess greeted us, slightly alarmed at the lateness of our return. She brought salve for my very sore heel, and listened to our description of our frightening adventure.

‘You were lucky,’ she observed, ‘that you turned back. Its wild country up there. Cattle graze on the grass, and the path peters out. You would have been utterly lost an’ with night comin’ on. ‘Sides there are precipices and cliffs. You could have fallen

over.’

We looked at each other in horror.

‘But there were children,’ protested my husband, ‘going home from school. We followed them . . .’

‘There ain’t no houses up in that part,’ our hostess insisted. Then she shook her head. ‘They were the Little People.’

‘They were children,’ we argued.

She sniffed, as she crossed herself.

‘Maybe! They be the mischievous ones . . . an’ you not belonging to these parts . . . They were the Little People. You got to be wary of them . . .’

It took my husband, who at that time had no belief in the paranormal, or in the possibility of other levels of consciousness, some while to accept this. Yet, he insisted that he could not doubt his own eyes; and neither could I.

We had been unconsciously aware of a mischievous intent, hence my fear. We had been protected from harm, and a disastrous end to our holiday. For a long time afterwards, my husband revelled in telling this story, even though he was a very down-to-earth, disbelieving Thomas usually.

‘We saw the Little People,’ he would say. ‘Both of us. Can you beat that?’

‘Of course,’ I pointed out to him once, ‘both of us have Irish ancestors, though yours are from the south, and mine from the north. Irish blood flows in our veins. I even had an Irish surname before our marriage. Perhaps that is why we were able to see the Little People; we both have a psychic faculty.’

I remember his reply. ‘Psychism or not, or Irish blood, those “other folk” were not kindly towards us. They meant mischief.’

This was very true, and a portentous warning.

It was the one and only time that I have ever experienced contact with the lower astral.

### *The Shell on the Farmhouse*

Here is a happier instance of succour through the extra-sensory sense of telepathy.

My son was a very young and very newly-created subaltern in the Second Landing of the last war in 1944. He fought through from Caen to Eindhoven, and always the postcards and letters received from him were of cheerful trivial occurrences quite unconnected with fighting.

Later, when he had been demobbed in 1947, we were watching a cinema show, when a film which included some war- shots was being shown. One sequence contained a scene of a half-derelict farmhouse in ‘No man’s land’ being neatly and disastrously divided upper from lower level by an enemy cannonball.

My son appeared excited. Afterwards his laconic explanation was ‘Your boy nearly “copped one” there, Mother!’ He went on to relate how he and his two assistants, a radio man, and an observer who had been marking the fall of their battery’s shots between enemy lines, had been caught by gunfire, and forced to take shelter in the deserted farmhouse. They had been there for about two days, unable to move because of intermittent cross-fire, and were camped out on the ground floor.

On the third day, as they were planning how to get back to their own lines, my son said that he heard himself shout. ‘Down! Down, both of you to the cellars.’ The three soldiers dashed below, only a moment before a shell sliced through the farmhouse, demolishing most of it. The enemy guns had found their range.

To that day, my son could not explain how he had suddenly scented danger, and how they had all been protected.

Was it the warning from the Unseen Host that were about them?

Was it telepathy from the inborn structure of the self, to ensure that life went on for all three fighting men that they may fulfil the plan and purpose they, separately, had come to fulfil?

Whatever explanation we try to affix to this occurrence, we cannot separate its portent from some extra-sensory faculty. There must have been hundreds of such inexplicable happenings during those terrible years of the Second World War; and here the intention was for good.

*From my Grandmother*

In my autobiography *The Dissolving Veil* I have described how my life changed, how I came to England with my son, from Canada, to be caught up in the war, but also to be introduced to these very paranormal faculties about which I now write; and how the ‘promise’ from my ‘dead’ Grandmother that we should all be protected from harm was aptly manifested.

There is also an account in that book, of the reappearance of my Grandmother Sarah-Ann (an old martinet if ever there was one) before I came back to England, given through a medium in Canada whom I had never before seen.

Much of the ‘conversation’ with my relative was relayed in exactly her own style, and in correct accordance with the character I dimly remembered; and most of it I recorded in my account in *The Dissolving Veil*. But here I would like to emphasize that among her statements was an example of precognition or prophecy which at the time seemed quite impossible of manifestation. And yet it has happened exactly as foretold! This could not have been telepathy, or a dredging down into my subconscious for the answers, as so many sceptics insist.

The experience of my early twenties, when the ‘prediction’ was made to me that I would one day write a book ‘which would go all over the world’, has already been written into this work. My superficial reaction to this augury has also been stated,

and the fact that I was, at the time of my Grandmother's return, endeavouring to get ideas for a novel and working hard to achieve a fluent style of writing; this is relevant. The sensitive, who had never met me before, knew nothing of these 'secret' ambitions of mine. To her, I was a married woman, a mother and a housewife.

I think I shall always remember the voice of Sarah-Ann, the scorn in it so obvious, when, from the lips of the sensitive came the words, 'So you are writing a novel? And the title - *A Sailor's Wife*.'

One could almost feel the contempt!

I did not speak. One didn't interrupt when Grannie held the stage!

'*A Sailor's Wife*! Trivial nonsense!'

This was rather much to take, even from an entity that had been released from limitations of thought, and time.

'You will write,' she went on quite smoothly, 'the things of the Spirit!'

As I shrank into myself, I felt as if a volley of gun shot had blown body and soul asunder. Purpose and ambition were irretrievably wrecked. How could I expound on a subject of which I had practically no knowledge? Rebellion arose in me, as Sarah-Ann carried on her exposition of my future work.

So far she had been so exact, so correct in summing up my life and my difficulties. That I could accept, I felt, even to agreeing the remedies she outlined. But to forgo my precious 'prediction' of (as I thought) the novel that was to make my name. This was quite bizarre.

But, as time has shown, this was a prophecy beyond telepathy; it was a true foreseeing of the future, even of the destiny against which, afterwards, I struggled so foolishly. For the force of destiny overpowered my will; and as it was slowly borne in upon me by subsequent events, this was what my soul came to do; this, as Frances Banks always insisted, was 'my Father's business', and I must be about it. To other people, it seemed to me, it was as simple as that, yet not to me until only these latter years; and acceptance of the Will has indeed acted as Living Water to release my soul, and bring the deepest peace, contentment and joy into both work and life.

Yet this was not accomplished easily; the fixation on the novel has never been quite expunged from my consciousness.

Indeed, after a visit to a twelfth-century farmhouse in Wiltshire soon after the end of the Second World War in 1947 such a dream 'story' was enacted before my mind during sleep, and such characters were so real that here, I decided, was my proposed novel. Yet, after thirty years of trying to write it, first as a radio play, then as a straight novel, I have not succeeded, although, three years ago, it was finished, and sent to a publisher who refused it. So, eighty thousand words were torn up, the next book, '*Wheel of Eternity*' was 'projected' into my consciousness and written as foretold the things of the Spirit!



### *Forecast from the Pulpit*

Another fascinating and astounding prediction, concerning this psychic and spiritual work, was made to me, (which seems hardly conceivable now!) from the pulpit of an Anglican Church in Canada, at a crowded Service in that holy place!

As I had mentioned in *Dissolving Veil*, the late Dr. Cliffe, a lay reader, a wonderful preacher, an evangelist, a writer much sought after in Canada for his sermons, was a friend of mine. I knew that he was an outstanding sensitive, though this was not popularly recognised at the time.

In 1952, after I had been widowed for two years, and had been living in England, I returned to Canada to attend the graduation exercise at McGill University in Montreal at which my son was to receive his degree.

Directly after the ceremonies I journeyed by train to Vancouver, British Columbia, whilst my son and his wife drove the three thousand miles there. In Vancouver I stayed for a short while with a friend. One day she said, 'Your Dr. Cliffe is speaking here, (naming the Church) next Sunday afternoon. Would you like to go to the Service?'

I was delighted, of course, to attend, and we both went.

As we crossed the forecourt towards the Church door, I met Dr. Cliffe, already robed in cassock and surplice. We shook hands warmly.

'What are you doing in Canada?' he enquired.

I told him, and that I would be returning to Britain soon. There was no time for more talk and my friend and I went into the Church.

During the Service Dr. Cliffe mounted into the pulpit and the congregation listened, as always, uplifted by the spiritual power, the utter goodness, and the 'good news' of the Gospel as expounded by this soul-infused personality.

Presently, to my embarrassment, I heard him say, 'In this congregation today is a little woman from England who has experienced great trouble, which is releasing her soul from the limiting selfish aspects of the persona. She will write of the "things of the Spirit". From her little cottage in England, her books, eagerly awaited, will go out all over the world, bringing the Light of the Spirit to the troubled planet.'

I crouched down into the pew. What could he mean? I had never so far, written a book, let alone one concerned with the 'things of the Spirit'. I did not live in a little cottage either. I was returning to stay at first with friends near London, while looking for a flat. Self-consciousness filled me, even though I was quite unknown to that congregation . . .

As we all filed out into the Pacific sunshine, Dr. Cliffe was hurrying across the grass, carrying his surplice.

'Hello, Helen,' he began, grasping my hand for a moment. 'How did you like my

psychic message?’

‘Oh, Dr. Cliffe,’ I remember protesting, ‘it isn’t really true, you know.’

He laughed. ‘It is,’ he asserted, ‘or I wouldn’t have been told to say it.’ With that he rushed off to a waiting car, leaving me bewildered but very moved.

I never saw him again; he died not very long after from, I believe, overwork.

It was nearly fifteen years later before the book *Dissolving Veil* was published, a book I had written at first as a cathartic exercise to melt the bitterness in me, and to show how my life had become angled towards the ‘gifts of the Spirit’ which enveloped the soul-nature of man; and this manuscript was published through the efforts of my friend, Frances Banks, whom I had only met in 1955. Her book, *Testimony of Light* was projected into my mind after her passing in 1965. This has gone all over the world! For the last point of confirmation of my psychic message from the pulpit, I lived in flats, and then a villa, until 1971 when the Spirit led me to the sixteenth-century cottage in which I now live and write.

Can we doubt the ‘unmanifest world’? Can we question the plan and purpose for the life of each one of us? Should we, in our ignorance, scoff at those advanced guardian souls who do the will of the Great Spirit, and guide us into right paths?

‘Here we see through a glass darkly, but there face to face.’

### *The Explosion*

A poignant example of this faculty of ‘inner knowing’ came to me in the autumn of 1950 so suddenly and so inexplicably that it was not until some months after it, that I began to understand the prescience and purport of the incident.

At that time, I had returned from Canada, and, as my husband’s ship was now sailing between London and the east coast of Canada, we were perfectly agreed that I should take up residence again in the pleasant little flat in my friend’s house in Kensington. My husband could thus have a home whenever he arrived in the port of London. We had just spent a very happy time there, and at this particular moment, he was on his way the New Brunswick.

I was shopping in Gloucester Road, and any idea of psychic revelation was far from my mind.

Yet, as I walked, an ‘explosion’ appeared to happen about me, the noise being so real and so thunderous that I halted and leaned against a railing. The familiar street had disappeared. Instead, I was beside a wide frozen river of ice. I was aware that what appeared to have been an earthquake in the river bed had split the ice, so that a huge hole gaped in its frozen surface. Immediately the water of the river flowed freely, swirling out from the newly formed hole, and surged through the channel. The picture was completely realistic. I stood motionless watching as the ‘river’, which had been inert and imprisoned under the ice-cap gradually regained a normal flow, and all was peace.

I was back again from the extended consciousness. This time of being, so to speak, beyond the body limitations, was infinitesimal. It was even less than five minutes. I proceeded on my way, disturbed and curious as to the meaning of such a revelation.

‘Something has been released,’ I decided. But what? I had no comprehension.

It was a few months later when the shock of my husband’s tragic death in an accident on his ship was broken to me over the telephone from Canada by my son.

Yet, months more elapsed before any lucid significance of the ‘explosion’ percolated into my logical mind.

For the ‘earthquake’ that smashed the ice-covered river was my husband’s death. The water that was released to flow in smooth movement was the psychic faculty which was liberated in me by this shock. The normal motion which the stream resumed represented my own resumption of living, only now, (as it later dawned upon me,) in the embryonic pattern of fuller immersion in the psyche.

This experience as I view it now, was an ‘out of the body’ venture beyond either our three-dimensional world, or the reach of our five senses. It held precognitive though veiled information, whilst it also can be included within the sphere of extrasensory perception by its clairvoyant (clear-seeing) propensity beyond human sight.

To me it became later on, an explanation of the abruptness of cessation in a pattern of life that for some years had seemed normal. Yet that life was missing the essential Living Water; the life-stream was frozen, benumbed, its purpose slowly being quenched. I was living casually on the surface of existence as most of us do. There were no tauntings of the plan lying undischarged; and it was certain that the uprush of psychic or super-sensory faculties into my consciousness which past trouble had released, were not being utilized as they should to aid my fellows. The tragedy of my husband’s death lifted the level of perception towards aspiration. Slowly new awareness flowed into my mind like the liberated river water after the explosion. The Path and the Plan opened before my sight, and in ways that were marvellous, even awesome, the new pattern of my existence unrolled before me into a usefulness such as I had never anticipated.

Can we not agree that in such guidance and control, some power beyond comprehension steers our wavering barques to harbour? The Creative Spirit creates eternally. It’s purpose is performed through all created beings, from a hierarchy of saints, angels, and spiritual beings beyond our imagination, to stumbling mankind itself. Did not Saint Theresa of Avila’s famous words highlight such a motivation, when she asserted ‘Christ has no hands, no feet but mine’?

### *The Story of my Parents*

It has become the fashion in some intellectual circles to ridicule those truths which the logical mind cannot accept. Often it takes a very simple man to understand that ‘There are more things in heaven and earth’, than can comply with the limits of the

five senses. One of these is prophecy.

Yet, foreseeing of the future is not so difficult when we accept the fact that actually time, as such, does not exist in the real worlds. Past, present and future are all one. The *Now* is the operative factor.

All is happening now. All is around us now. All *is*.

Is it so bizarre then that some 'extra' sense in man can, as it were, record future events that are in line with destiny? Or that this 'sense' can correctly foretell happiness, sadness, changes and even tragedies that seem to the closed mind impossible of occurrence?

I have lately been reading a new edition of the prophecies of Nostradamus\*, a mediaeval philosopher, whose predictions of historical events, even up to the twentieth century have been proved startlingly correct.

\*The Phophecies of Nostradamus by Erika Cheetham (Neville Spearman).

May I then recount the odd prophecy in the lives of my parents, and the way in which it was worked out, beyond their conscious contrivance?

The story was told me by my mother many years ago.

When mother was a young woman, in the nineteenth century, she lived with her large family, of which she was the youngest, in London. A dearly loved brother had, some years before the commencement of this story, emigrated to Australia. He had prospered exceedingly, and was, I understand, running a straw-hat factory of his own. He had written to his parents suggesting his young sister, then about nineteen years of age, should go out to Australia to be his companion and housekeeper. Naturally, this caused excitement in the family. The idea of a fresh beginning to her life in a new country was intriguing, and Mother told me that she had practically made up her mind to accept the offer.

However, about that time, she met a young naval man. The family had accepted him as a 'suitor'. Nothing so far, had been suggested between them, but in the language of the time he was 'paying her much attention'!

It was at this period in the second half of the nineteenth century that there was a resurgence of interest in the psychic or the supersensory faculties, although this so-named 'Spiritualism' differed much from the scope of the paranormal faculties exercised in that sect today.

The Society of Psychical Research carries in its archives some of the records of intellectual men of that day, and their research into the paranormal. Meetings in those days and 'testings of the spirits' though often ridiculed by ordinary people became of absorbing interest to men of science such as Oliver Lodge, and Sir William Crookes, as well as intellectuals of the class of Arthur Balfour. My mother told me that at this stage of investigation meetings were conducted 'on the most respectable lines'! They were termed *Conversazione*, and were afternoon tea parties

in the drawing rooms of aristocratic houses.

It appears (as my Mother related) that the young naval man was genuinely interested in the subject of the supernatural. One day he invited my Mother to accompany him to such a gathering. Mother was a sensitive, rather retiring girl, but she agreed to go. When Mother told her story, (I was then in my early twenties) she remarked, I recall with naive gentleness, that she found the folk at the gathering 'quite charming', and really 'most intelligent', but rather frightening! And her apprehensions were certainly raised when, during the taking of tea, a gentleman with a beard and 'quite elderly' sat down beside her and her escort.

Without preliminary chat, he smiled at her, and remarked, 'So you are thinking of going to the Antipodes?' Surprised, Mother acknowledged that such was the case.

'Ah! the stranger continued smiling. 'But you will not go when you expect to,' was the next observation, and this caused Mother to tremble.

She said nothing.

'You will, however, go to the Antipodes later in life,' the man continued. 'I can see you as an old lady with grey hair. You are walking in a country of the Antipodes with a young gentleman who is not this gentleman (turning to her escort) yet who looks like him.'

Imagine the annoyance in this young woman's mind at such 'interference', as she expressed it in her life. The upshot was that she refused ever to have anything to do with 'such nonsense' again. Such was the story of the prophecy, which she rather hesitatingly confided to me some twenty-seven years later.

We do not need imagination to realize that the young man and my Mother became very friendly; he was accepted by the family, and proposed marriage which was accepted. But by her family's insistence they agreed to wait for two years while he served his commission with his ship in India.

Our family, at first, consisted of two sons and myself. Then there was a long lull, and a tremendous surprise when a little brother was born nearly eleven years later. The boy became a great joy to my parents. But at fifteen years of age he was sent home from his school with a nervous breakdown, and after some weeks of recovery, astounded my parents by asking earnestly to be allowed to become a farmer! Here was a throwback to a Great-Grandfather who had been a yeoman farmer.

To my Mother's unfeigned astonishment, the old half-forgotten prophecy was beginning to materialize. For my brother had no wish to farm in England. He wanted the 'extensive' sheep and cattle rearing in New Zealand! Heartbroken at losing the boy, they arranged for him to study in a college of agriculture in New Zealand, and offered to aid him financially when it was time to invest in a farm and to go out to him if they were needed.

Need I write more? My parents, missing their son, sold up their home when my

father retired from the navy; they emigrated to New Zealand. There they lived on my brother's farm, and during the last war my father died there. But for the remainder of her earthly life, my mother was cared for until her passing by 'the young man who was not this young man, but looked like him!'

Deduction? Inference? Imagination?

Or true prophecy, correct precognition beyond time?

Or, as we have stated earlier in this book, was it a preview by the stranger's deeper consciousness, of the fulfilment of that plan and purpose which was the destiny for these three people? The Life Path stretches ahead. For those with the gift of 'seeing true', time and circumstance have no existence. All is *now*.

Perhaps this does raise again the question of free-will. If the 'Path' was already planned for my mother's life, where was her personal choice?

There are so many arguments on this subject, and I would not wish to join issue for or against. Without being too didactic, may I suggest that from many experiences of 'prophecies' being made manifest in my life and in the lives of others, this matter of free-will appears limited? My mother could have decided to join her brother in Australia as she had expected. Instead, she fell in love with my father, and married him, thus paving the way unknowingly for the working out of her life-plan.

Or may I suggest that we only 'see darkly'; yet with the true vision which everyone has, but to which so few have responded, we are able to see clearly a little farther into what we call the 'future', but which in reality, is the 'now - the present'.

Some prophecies - or 'clear-seeings' take decades to work out. Some are manifested in short periods of time. Some are tragic, even shocking; some have most happy endings. Here are examples of both.

### *Hat like a Bird*

In the Second World War, I was in England, as I described in my autobiography *The Dissolving Veil*. During the early years of the war I lived in Guildford, and there I met a second daughter of my Grannie Brent, about whom I wrote in that book.

This daughter came to Guildford when the London raids had begun to be heavy and nightly. I met her at Grannie Brent's. She was a spinster of between thirty and forty, who had been employed as housekeeper in a large London hotel, a pleasant, jolly type of person to whom I took an instant liking.

We met several times, and one day, we were both at a tea party at Grannie Brent's home. There were five of us, all women, and the party was a merry one. To my surprise I found myself saying, 'So you're going to get married, Mary?'

There was instant laughter, joined in by Mary herself.

'Rather late for that, Helen,' she retorted.

'Not a bit of it!' I insisted, and the words seemed to be 'pushed' out of me. 'And it will

be in a hurry too!’

Naturally there was more jollity and teasing, although Mary insisted that she had no boy-friend, and never had been in love!

I recall that I was silent a minute, listening to ‘someone’ who appeared to be introducing the words into my mind.

‘Very well!’ I heard myself saying. ‘You will be married in a “hat like a bird”. You will wear a ring that is an “old” ring, a wedding ring with an inscription on it. You will return from a short honeymoon holiday, and you will drive down an avenue lined each side with rhododendrons.’

Everybody roared with delight.

‘How’s that for a prophecy?’ asked someone, and the embarrassed spinster blushed hotly.

I must admit that I felt foolish after such utterings, though I seemed to have had no choice but to repeat what had been dropped into my mind.

It was not so very long after that before I myself left for London and a position in the Government Censorship Department. I became out of touch with Grannie Brent, and with her daughters.

One day, about two years later, when I was on holiday in Kent, I received a letter which seemed to have followed me around at different addresses and had at last caught up with me. It was from Mary. In it she told me that she was indeed married, and living in Tunbridge Wells. If I could possibly go and see her, she wrote that she would be overjoyed. There was much to talk about.

I was delighted, and by letter, we made arrangements for me to take a bus from where I was staying into Tunbridge Wells. She would meet me and we would spend the day together.

Our chatter and excitement can be imagined. Mary told me that all had happened exactly as forecast. I met her husband. They were running a hotel for elderly people - a beautiful place that had once in happier times, been the home of Royalty; he was manager, she was matron. They gave me lunch in their charming private flat.

This is the explanation as related by Mary.

‘One day I had a telephone call at Guildford from an old friend and boss of mine, with whom I had worked in London some years previously. He told me that his wife had died two years before, and he was very lonely. He often now thought of me, and of our old companionship. He had a proposition, he said, to put to me, and he apologised that all must be done in a very short time. Would I consider marrying him? This was a shock,’ Mary laughed happily across at her husband, ‘but the follow-up was even greater! He explained that he had the possibility of managing a super hotel-home at Tunbridge Wells. But the position called for a married couple - a

manager and a matron. Would I feel justified in becoming both wife and matron?' Mary put out her hand and touched his. 'Oh, he put it better than that,' she amended shyly. 'Anyway he persuaded me. Then the next shock. We only had a fortnight before taking up our duties! Well, you can imagine the rush! I hadn't time to buy new clothes, and anyway had no coupons. But I had bought a hat to go on holiday a few weeks before. It was your "hat like a bird"! A feather toque! I wore it to the quiet marriage ceremony. We met previously to buy the ring, but were so disappointed with only war-time 18 carat wedding rings, that we decided to try a second-hand one. I took a fancy to a most attractive ring with tiny ivy leaves about it and we bought that. Later, inside we saw the inscription two sets of initials! After a weekend's honeymoon, we came to Tunbridge Wells, and as you did today in the taxi, we drove up that lovely avenue and it was glorious with rhododendrons.'

So 'clear-seeing' had shown just a glimpse of the working out of a plan, a happy ending indeed!

Now for the second prophecy . . .

### *Gracie*

In 1948 my son was demobbed from the army, and my husband's ship having resumed its usual voyages between Canada and Britain, we returned to Montreal, and moved into an apartment there. As my son was to study at McGill University, it seemed a good idea to have a home in the city so that he could live with us.

But I missed England. I missed the many friends made during the war years. My mind was blank without the interest of meetings, groups, lectures on the subject which had become of such absorbing interest to me - the possibility of life after death, and the extension of the Christian faith into inclusion of the psychic sense, of healing by the Spirit, of meditation and mysticism, and the deeper force and meaning of the Spiritual life. I belonged to the Canadian Society of Authors, but their meetings did not satisfy me, although I made some good friends among their members. By 1949, however, I had met a few people who were interested in the subject, but I was frankly homesick for London, and its wider opportunities. When my son married in the Spring of 1950, I persuaded my husband to let me return to England. As his ship usually docked in London, the suggestion suited him, and we sold up the flat, and returned to a friend's house, where we rented a furnished flat.

However, in the autumn of 1949, I heard of Gracie, and was intrigued to learn that she was a little clairvoyant working in a restaurant in Montreal. It was reported that she was an excellent psychic; so much so, indeed, that most of the young girls of the French population (all good Catholics) went to consult her, and were most enthusiastic about her gift. She 'read' the teacup, but I surmised that this was merely a popular cover-up for her psychic sensitivity. I decided to see her for myself, and duly made my way down Saint Catherine Street to the cafe, ate a sparse tea, and waited with my cup. I had a long wait, for Gracie, a little hunchback woman with a



gentle pale face, already had a queue of customers.

At last came my turn, and I sat down at her table; I duly passed her my teacup. For some moments she stared into it, and I knew that she was not 'reading' tea-leaves. Once or twice she gazed at me, picking up, as I presumed, my vibrations.

But I was wrong. Any thought or vibration in me could never have suggested her first words.

'Is your husband ill?' she asked.

I shook my head. He was in excellent health.

'I think,' said Gracie, slowly, 'that you know a lot about . . .' she hesitated, 'about the psychic. I believe you would not be afraid at what I could tell you . . .'

'No,' I agreed, wondering whether I had been mistaken, and that she was going to relate some fantastic impossibility. 'You would not upset or frighten me.'

She gazed at me over the cup.

'Then I must tell you what I see . . . I see your husband lying in his coffin . . . I see you looking at him . . . And this will be before Christmas.'

I must have turned very pale.

'But he isn't ill,' I stammered. 'This can't be.'

'I don't know more,' she said. 'I only see this . . . and it is true . . . I can tell *you*, because you have an inward faith, and you have much courage . . . Afterwards . . . you will understand . . . You will start the work you came to do . . .'

I do not know how I walked out of that tea house and returned to the flat. The shock had been terrific. The message could never be right. I comforted myself that this would be a lesson to me, not to go to unknown psychics again.

Later, I confided the message to my son. Of course he criticised the whole prognostication.

But some weeks later, he arrived home early from the University. He looked white and strained.

'I went to see your Gracie,' he began immediately even before he shed his coat. Then he broke down. 'She told me exactly the same as she had told you. Even described you to me, and knew I was your son . . . How could she, Mother? She saw . . . Dad . . . laid out. It's horrible . . .'

Indeed it was. We talked earnestly about it. Such a prophecy was shocking. But it could be an error. We decided to think no more of even such a fearful possibility.

'We must not think again of such an appalling happening,' my son decided. 'You know Gracie could have picked all this out of my mind, because you had already told me . . .'

I admitted this. 'Yes, but she could never have extracted such a clear picture as that from mine,' I pointed out.

Which was true.

Later the next year, 1950 my son was married, and my husband and I were at the ceremony. We returned together on his ship to England, and to my old friend's flat. In the autumn, my husband had a six weeks' leave, which had accumulated for him. It was a pleasant contented period, and we spent it exploring the sights of London. Gracie's frightening prognostication had faded from my mind.

About the middle of December my husband rejoined his ship, and took up his usual duties. We booked reservations for New Year at a hotel, as he would be away for Christmas. He went off happily, and I settled down to Christmas shopping.

On 18th December whilst his ship was at berth in St. John, New Brunswick, Canada, he was seriously injured in an accident on board; and on 20th December, he died without having recovered consciousness. I flew out from England. The first sight I had of my husband was of his body lying in its coffin in a Funeral Parlour in St. John. The burial was on Christmas Eve.

So the little hunchback clairvoyant had 'seen' into the future without any mistake.

The first book which I wrote, *The Dissolving Veil* was published in the sixties, and was the beginning of the work I truly now believe that I came to do.

This story of 'seeing the future' may seem to the reader cruel and heartless. Yet looking back, I can discern the pattern and purpose behind this tragic foreshadowing of my husband's death. The clairvoyance of Gracie was honest, she told that which she saw. Gracie was, I am sure, a good and modest woman, and a practising Catholic. To her, this gift of clear-seeing was her means of livelihood (poor enough in all faith). As a hunchback there could be few opportunities of work open to her. She therefore did her best and spoke as her limited extension into the psychic sense informed her. I was a stranger to her, yet she certainly appeared to discern more than I realized at the time. She 'saw' exactly the tragedy that came to pass. I recall that she said, half apologetically, 'I think you know a great deal. I think you will be strong enough to take what I must tell you. I believe you will understand. Later on,' she added, 'You will see what I mean. You will understand more - much more. You will see a Pattern.'

Was she right? I believe that she was. For it was the shocking experience of my husband's death by accident which subsequently decided my writing of *The Dissolving Veil*. It was my own story. In that book was the seed that germinated into the work I am now doing of writing and speaking on the subject of life after death. If I have been given a talent for writing, and a gift of the psychic sense, then indeed I have been blessed that such a combination has enabled me to serve that purpose with which my soul came into incarnation.

## *Kay*

Let us finish these examples of the psychic sense on a happier note with a story which was only enacted in my own cottage, during the time I was engaged in the writing of this book.

It was on the occasion of a tea party for five of my friends in my cottage in the winter of 1976. We had spent a pleasant and I trust, inspiring afternoon, being a group for meditation and discussion; and this being the last of the meetings for the year, and the anniversaries of deaths of some husbands, a son, and a father, it was not surprising that we were aware of 'visitors' from another world.

Indeed, I felt sure of a close communion with my own husband whose exit from this earth plane many years before would be remembered by me in prayer and blessing on the following day. Thus it was no surprise to me that, as I prepared in the morning for the coming gathering in the afternoon, my mind turned in to his welcoming 'call'. He had come to the party too! This made me happy.

However, a few moments later my 'inner antennae' as it were trembled with a new impact.

'Kay is coming,' rang distinctly in my mind. 'Kay is coming.'

Who is Kay, I asked myself, and when I received no answering assurance of a friend, I forgot the name. Until my guests arrived. Then, one of them had brought a tiny little dog, a Jack Russell.

'This is Kay,' she introduced it.

I laughed. 'I heard she was coming,' I said.

'Ah! As her master and mistress are now over in the next world,' she answered, 'you probably would;' and we left it at that.

The group meeting was just finishing, and we were about to adjourn for tea, when suddenly, I spoke words aloud with an involuntary haste.

'It's Doctor Kaye . . .' I marvelled. 'Doctor Kaye. He died some weeks ago. He is making contact for me to relay his love to his wife. He sends kind regards to his friends John and Jenny.'

Then the contact ceased, extinguished like a light switched off. For the space of a minute he had been alive in my mind, strong and whole and conscious; then with his message communicated, the convergence of thought was over. Like a meteor his awakened mind had flashed its message into mine, and was gone.

It was not until I was alone again later in the evening, that I thought back over the one time I had met Dr. Kaye. This had been in the previous spring, when I was paying a visit to John and Jenny, who are dear friends of mind. During the visit they had taken me to lunch at Dr. Kaye's house. I had known his wife for some while but it was my first meeting with the doctor, a dear man, as I recalled, but not in good

health. How strange, I considered, that he had come to me! Why? I had been told of his death, but beyond sending remembrances to his wife, there had been no other thought in my busy life, about her late husband.

That night, as I was preparing for bed, the same urgency filled me. I had to ring John and Jenny! They must pass on the loving message, so I found myself going downstairs for the telephone number. My friends' house and the doctor's house were nearly a hundred miles from me. I remember thinking how surprised they would be to receive a call from me.

But I was, really, the one to be astonished!

For Jenny, much touched by the message said, 'This is marvellous! You didn't know, (how could you?) that this very afternoon, John and Mary (his wife) and I, all three of us, were together at the Memorial Service for the doctor in our parish church.'

'So it was your prayers and thoughts that gave him the power to get in touch?' I answered.

Later, in another telephone conversation Jenny reported how moved Mary had been at my news. But what is interesting, and compels one to think on these things deeply, Jenny told me that only the week before, Mary had expressed a feeling of anxiety that her husband might not be 'awakened' in time for his Memorial Service.

'I would be so sad if he was asleep and missed that,' she had said, 'and so would he!'

But the doctor was very much awake. He sent his love to his wife. He remembered his good friends. Is it not feasible and natural that he should want his wife to know that he was there in that Church beside her, when he was being remembered in their prayers? We do not change when we slip from this limited life into a wider consciousness. And love and gratitude can still bind the sheaves of our life's harvest which we take with us, thank God!

I have given examples of this 'paranormal sense' because it appears that there is a slow yielding of the climate of the world of thought for such ideas. The majority of intellectuals still view these opinions with suspicion, and the Churches seems to fear such acceptance by their members. Yet it is inevitable that the next step in the ascent of evolution in man must be into a greater and more accepted consciousness of all the parts of man, body mind and spirit - and the gifts of the spirit.

We should not denigrate the psychic sense, which is a natural extension of our nature and our consciousness because there have been instances of a low form of psychism. There are dangers here as in the perversion of every faculty, and they are definitely to be avoided.

'As above, so below' is true. Evils flourish on this planet in the climates of greed, hate, power, sensuality. Do we choose to consort with thieves, muggers, murderers here? No, we gravitate to our own, like to like. One is in touch with evil when the motive is evil. If these departures from good exist here, then these spirits are evil,

and surely there are places of sojourn for such misguided souls in the next life. Ours is the choice of communication. We should examine our motives before adventuring into the world of the psychic; for a person, unprepared and ignorant, curious or sensation-seeking, the world of the astral has many snares; and to open himself to such is to venture unarmed into dire dangers which he often cannot fight. Beware indeed of such astral excitement, for one attracts the counterpart of one's demands. Aspire only to psychic communication with reverence, with a pure search for knowledge, with love and prayerful thoughts to the Creator and with a realization of the functions of these extensions of consciousness. Only thus will we be protected and blessed by communication with unseen loved ones. The development of psychic and astral gifts are merely the first steps to true spiritual awareness. They are not the end-all, the summit of spiritual experience. They merely initiate the search into truth. On the path to deeper understanding of our spiritual heritage, they form but one of the paths. They are doors to deeper awareness of the unseen worlds about us.

There is no doubt that the gaining of such psychic gifts is exciting. I admit that, in the 1940s when this awareness of messengers around us became apparent to me, I was exhilarated, and, like others who have suddenly uncovered a psychic gift, I was naive enough to believe that I had made an upward step towards truth and revelation. It was only later that I realized this too was glamour.

I recall now, a wise friend of mine with deep perceptive qualities, gave me such a warning at that time, which I never forgot. She saw that I was being sought after more and more for psychic messages, and that the flattery of such, was sweeping my thoughts from deeper spiritual aspiration. 'You are in great danger, my dear,' she warned. 'If you persist in this way, you will lose your soul . . .'

And she was right. It was only when, later, I met and worked with Frances Banks, that I realized that wisdom was an even deeper activity of the spiritual life than psychism. I could help people, maybe, but I had to learn that such activities were by the minor aspects of truth, only the beginning of a discipline of life that would lead to higher spiritual awareness.

The 'Living Waters' of the Spirit surely are concordant with the widening of consciousness, itself; the heightening of the conscious mind to a perfection that accepts and works *in conjunction* with those forces of the spirit which still guard us, guide us, inspire us, as of old they inspired seers and prophets in our Bible's Old Testament, before man's splitting of the atom, and 'the bomb' which brought fear as a named threat upon the world.

Beyond this startling age of the computer, the atom, the elevated power of the machine, the dangerous effects of radiation, the probabilities of genetic damage, the increase of life-shortening cancers, there is still the evolution of man towards a higher consciousness. We have to learn this next step in the ascent of man, and that consists of developing a more complete awareness of the whole parts of man greater and more powerful than any machine - body, Mind and Spirit, together with all

those gifts and extensions of Mind and Spirit. If we are to overcome this battle with materialism which could destroy the very planet, we should accept and realize with reverence the spiritual advantages of 'extra-sensory perception', telepathy, mind control, the break-through to communication with higher forces, inspiration and intuition, awareness of the help and loving aid of 'the host of witnesses' about us; and listen reverently to gentle nudgings of us back to our prospective paths by the Spirit when we stray into world glammers. Indeed, it is only by the marriage of the mind (reason), and the soul (the psyche) that man's consciousness will progress towards control, not only of his own evolution but of the dangerous forces now invading the world. We should avoid ridiculing those 'hidden powers of the Mind' which we do not understand; and, study and listen and be still to hear the true voice of the Spirit, to discover for ourselves that wider consciousness which our Lord demonstrated, and which to us would prove the flow of the 'Living Water' of truth.

## Chapter VIII Sensitivity and Consciousness

Pierre Teilhard de Chardin in his book, *The Future of Man*, asks the question whether there is anything within the world to enable us to judge whether we humans who live in it are moving in the right direction.

I believe that there is a clear indication if we would but realize it; that is, the growth within and around us of a greater awareness.

For sensitivity stems from this wider consciousness, this indescribable 'knowing'; this is a matter of the mind, the emotions and the soul. (I do not write here of that physical sensitivity which is often used as an excuse for the weakness of the body or the personality) I emphasize sensitivity which is *insight*, that is, penetration into character or circumstance *with understanding*. (This is the dictionary meaning.) Insight and intuition are the immediate apprehension of the mind without reasoning; in other words psychological sensitivity has connotations with the science of nature, and the phenomenon of the human soul.

This is a tremendous subject. I can only hope to touch lightly upon its various levels. Dr. Carl Jung observed that perception is through the unconscious. But this unconscious is not a mere absence of consciousness. It is the seat of insight and intuition; it is an immediate knowing without deduction or reasoning. It is a transition in awareness, a grasping of wholeness beyond duality of thought or language.

In every human being, there slumber such faculties by which he can acquire for himself this wider and deeper awareness, but, alas, they are so often permitted to sleep.

Yet it must be emphasized that there are many people who are, quite unconsciously, gifted with this ability and faculty of direct inspiration and intuition; these are

favoured by God, it would seem, though I would prefer to stress that they had earned this favour, possibly in some former existence whether on this planet or on another. These are the artists, the sculptors, musicians, poets, seers, sages and saints, and they are to be revered.

### *Sensitivity of the Artist*

This faculty comes under the realm of the senses, that is, intuitive sensitivity. For the artist 'sees' the vision of the whole, the musician 'hears' the divine melody, the poet does not think so much as thoughts 'come to him'.

Sensitivity then, can be likened to seeing the whole in the part, and striving to express it; this is an expression of the creative intuition. This is sensitivity towards the eternal verities; it necessitates the gift of an extended consciousness.

'Great art carries psychological overtones of a deeper level than mere aesthetic delight, and it lifts the obscured soul up to the throne of God.'

*Precarious Living - The Path of Life* by Dr. Martin Israel

May I illustrate with just three examples?

(1) Sir Edward Elgar said that he 'heard' his music as he walked through the woods near his home. The difficulty came when he struggled to record it in notes.

(2) Turner 'saw' in consciousness the magnificent colours which he painted into his pictures, and for which he became famous. There is a story told that a woman once asked him about his glorious sunsets. She remarked that she had never seen any sunsets look like his. Turner is reported to have answered, 'No, Madam, but don't you wish you could?'

(3) Rodin, the sculptor of the famous statues of 'The Thinker' and 'The Kiss', was asked by a popular actress if she could ever learn to sculpt. 'Yes Madam,' Rodin replied. 'It is very simple. You just take a block of marble and knock off what you don't want.'

Also from *Precarious Living* is the following quotation:

'Great art, again sensual and physical in its outer manifestation, is man's finest spiritual creation, for it leads the weary soul to its Creator who is the end of all beauty. Likewise the scientist dedicated to the pursuit of truth is God-centred, and spiritually based, for in God is all truth. Those whose lives are devoted to service and care for others are equally spiritual in orientation, for they tread the path of self-giving service in love and God is above all else love. From this we can deduce that physical communication has strong spiritual overtones when it is inspired by the highest values we know beauty, truth, and goodness (or love).'

Has it not often been remarked that truly great composers and painters, sculptors and writers, also inventors, compose, paint, sculpt, write and invent whilst they appear to be in an ecstatic condition? During their hours of intensive creativity they

are 'away' in consciousness from this mundane world. Within them an absolute energy wells up into an ecstasy, the rapture of creation. It is a deep inner joyousness, a oneness with the task in hand, a joy that proceeds from the inspired spirit of great thinkers. There is nothing dramatic about this, no 'showing off', for indeed a really great artist has true humility. But often there is a subtle emanation, a light in the eye, a virile voice which reveals one who has, through reverence for the Creative Spirit grown into sensitivity and an extended consciousness. The artist may not be (often is not) 'religious' in the accepted meaning of the word; maybe 'religion' as practised on earth is too restricting for a consciousness that 'knows' its Oneness with the Source. But he has found reality because he does not waste energy worrying about his finished product but opens his dynamic thinking to conceive those forms, images, sounds which generate the original concepts for his work. He has discovered that 'stairway to the stars', which is the juncture of this universe and the world of spirit. His is the advanced consciousness, the sensitivity of illumination, and there is joy in his work, and renewed joy in each achievement.

### *Sensitivity of the Writer*

The inspired writer and poet become 'one' with their theme. We who read realize that it is only those words which initiate from the Soul and are spoken or written with power that touch us and rouse an answering note in our hearts, for they awaken us to the eternal verities. The true artist concentrates on the cause, the lesser thinks of the effect that he is trying to achieve. Great authors, composers, artists live in their work. That which caused them to write, compose, or paint, is stronger than any possible effect such as success or failure. Such men and women are uplifting the whole of civilization to higher standards of culture; and thus by their inspired thinking influencing the consciousness of those who read.

There is the constant demand from people how to contact this inner fire of inspiration; how to grow more sensitive to that silent voice within which speaks to everyone who will listen. Jesus himself gave the answer. 'Ask, and it shall be given you; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.' (St. Matthew. Ch.7, v.7). But each must do the asking for himself. 'Ask, believe and receive.' Keep that constant wordless realization of unity with the source of all-good (God), the Infinite Spirit. Think with reverence, of the oneness of man with the all-glorious Divine Spirit, so that one is insulated from those distractions of the world which close away the hidden voice. Be alone; be silent. Walk with nature in the fields, the parks, the woods for when we are alone the Spirit communicates its flashes of inspiration.

Inspiration and intuition are the language of God and come only to those who seek it with humility and reverence.

We recognise 'genius' as we call it immediately. We accept the man or woman whose work, in whatever chosen sphere, reveals the light of inspiration. We read and re-



read the book where words seem to leap out from the page to arouse our own perhaps stagnant inspirations; we repeat stanzas of poems that 'live' in our minds, because they reveal intuition of the great matters from which they sprang; we return again and again to sculptures and pictures where faultless beauty is heightened by that 'little more', and how much it is; we sit entranced under the music of great masters. Even the dullest of us in intellect or inspiration are moved, uplifted, excited by that 'little bit more' which reveals some facet of the soul within, some performance that rings with a clarion note and touches a hidden aspiration in us. Artists are many; only great artists give us truly of their selves for in their art and dedication the limitations of the personality are superseded by the wider sensitivity and consciousness of the self, the Spirit, within.

Never shall I forget the performance of Dame Sybil Thorn-dyke as Saint Theresa of Avila in the play of that name which Frances Banks and I together saw many years ago. Dame Sybil *was* Saint Theresa! One *felt* the nun's utter trust in her 'helpers' one revered the strength of her faith . . . because her part was portrayed by an actress whose sensitivity had reached out into the very centre of her subject. Today we have much acting that is good, but lacks the extra consciousness of the true artist. Yet, our spirits still lift when we witness inspired performances, whether of serious matter or of light comedy. A few nights ago, the television showed a comedy called *'Love Among the Ruins'*, with those superb actors Katherine Hepburn and Sir Laurence Olivier in the chief parts. Not for a long time have I experienced such exhilaration as their performances ignited in me. They *were* the elderly couple, yet the viewer became aware of the subtle cleverness of their characters as the light plot unfolded. Surely, inspiration, intuition, and complete sensitivity changed acting into 'becoming' in those most demanding roles.

There is a story told of Charles Dickens, the great writer and reformer. He indeed was a 'channel' by which the hearts and minds of the men and women of nineteenth-century England were alerted to the unfairness and tragedies of the poor. His books achieved more reform than any ranting preacher or learned philosopher. They touched the compassion and spoke to the souls of their readers, because, unwittingly, the note of compassion from the soul of the author which was 'at one' with his purpose and his work, sounded the call of truth in his readers' minds.

Legend has it that Dickens was invited by a 'lion-seeking' hostess to be the guest of honour at her weekend house party. When asked, Dickens insisted that he had to work. But she overcame his excuse by assuring him that he could work at her house perfectly.

Dickens came. He spent the weekend. He left. But his hostess was disappointed and dismayed.

'He said he had to work,' she protested to her other guests. 'But all he did was to walk and walk and walk up and down in the garden - alone!'

## *Sensitivity in Living*

So far we have concentrated upon a special phase of sensitivity which opens up, so to speak, the development of a unique gift or talent. This is the field of great men and women who have left their mark upon the world because they have given to it more in creative expression than they have taken from it in the creations of others.

But they are only a section of humanity. What about the others, those who take their humble way through life; those who are 'born to blush unseen, and waste their sweetness on the desert air'?

Teilhard de Chardin, taking a wider philosophic view of creation writes of the growth of human knowledge and understanding; and explores man's progress of consciousness. He propounds the idea that only man upon this earth, as he completes the circle of knowledge in the very centre of himself *knows that he knows*, apart from the animals whose consciousness is limited and simple. He considers that this is the progress of consciousness.

Sensitivity and consciousness are allied, for the wider, more open, more penetrating and inner consciousness, the greater the sensitivity.

The trouble with our Western world, which is deepening into tragedy in this modern age seems to stem to quite a degree, from the fact that, for the last two thousand years at least, the masculine faculty of reason has been the dominating feature, while feminine intuition and sensitivity has been (and still is) suspected.

But in the make-up of a human being both faculties, reason and intuition are a necessary part, for every man and woman has both masculine and feminine sides to his or her nature.

Science, and technology, endeavour to explain the world, and intuitive knowledge and power have been suppressed. Yet intuition is a fact. Too many people are aware of other dimensions of life. Deeply philosophical thinkers such as Teilhard de Chardin write clearly of the 'within of things'. Dr. Carl Jung emphasizes the 'collective unconscious'.

Dr. Jung evolved the conviction that the unconscious mind is the creative part of man.

Man (and woman) have forgotten that they are spiritual beings, and that the bodies they have, the personalities, the riches, possessions, successes are immaterial and transient, and will pass away when the period of living on earth is over. We are spirit here and now as much as we shall ever be. *This is part* of our spiritual life, which will continue when the body dies. But in so many cases, the spirit consciousness within us is dominated by the consciousness of the sense mind, or is at war with it. This blocks the realization of higher states of awareness; this state of belief throws us back on our limited senses, and again, we 'miss the many-splendoured thing'.

What is created in man's unconscious mind are the thought- forms which inevitably

build his world, his surroundings, as reflections of his own inner conditions. Man's conscious mind has maintained a concept of a material world. It has forged its own limitations. Only through an extended consciousness and an awareness of the truth of wholeness or oneness; only in realization of a transcendent scale of consciousness towards the height of its powers can the higher mind of man burst the shackles man has forged about himself and become fully aware of a world of real and true values.

In the next world, or the next state of consciousness, we are told that thought creation is immediate. Frances Banks stressed that in her *Testimony of Light*. It is a consciousness that she had to accept. Louis Pasteur also emphasizes this facet of his life in the hereafter.

But it is for us to realize that, in a gentler, more diffused way, this Law of Creativity applies to us in this state of living, for we are still spiritual beings although clothed in flesh. The thought life here, as there, is the creative life; therefore we should take care what we think, for there are no secret dreams, no inner desires, no secret thoughts. All are known. All our demands are met, all our silent thoughts attract their like, good or bad.

If, therefore, we realize that the unconscious mind is the base of consciousness, and therefore the birthplace of all our thought forms thus creating conditions for us, it behoves us to control our thoughts, for energy follows thought - whether for good or evil.

Sensitivity in so many thousands of men and women is overlaid, crushed down by the apparent reality of this world and its problems. In man's pilgrimage to self-awareness he has drawn away from the great Spirit of Life; he has lost touch with the forces of the Spirit, the 'host of witnesses'. By his own thought he has divorced his self from his Self, the conscious from the unconscious, and has sunk to a depth of materialism from which he groans in trauma. But mankind cannot go on without God or without the Oneness of the great Spirit of Life. He cannot for ever suppress his inner self or limit his awareness - that divine intuition and inspiration which is part of him. Logic and reasoning must in the end be joined in harmony with the inner sensitivities of compassion, understanding, insight and apprehension of truth. Man needs to look at his world as he has made it today, and then look inward with prayerful aspiration to contact again that inner sensitivity and peace which Jesus termed The Kingdom of Heaven within each man. In this way only will harmony be restored. This is the next step towards the Brotherhood of Man which is to come in the Aquarian Age.

But to hear and to receive, one must *listen*.

Most of us are too busy 'getting and spending' in our everyday affairs to stay the busy pace, and for a space to 'dwell apart' from the illusory existence in matter. Yet we have been instructed by the greatest Master of all time, to 'go into your closet and close the door'. The meaning should be plain. Retire into the inmost self. Find the

real You. Dismiss the world and its obsessions, and BE STILL.

Only when the conscious, busy, reasoning mind is calm, and unruffled; only when it leaves the working-out of its problems to a higher source of understanding, can the soul whisper its messages. Flashes of inspiration come in the silence to a tranquil mind. *Be still and know.*

By the practice of daily quietness and controlled meditation on the Spirit within, sensitivity will grow, and consciousness expand. Awareness of other dimensions of life beyond the limitations of this material existence is already a fact with many people. If we would bring a richness of living into our lives, calmness in the face of difficulty, inspiration and intuition for our aspiration; if we would strive to make the world a happier place to live in, then let us find peace within ourselves; then revelation, which is a manifestation of the Oneness of all life will disclose to the finite mind, that of which the infinite mind is cognisant.

Every human being bears within himself, besides what we may call a work-a-day man, a higher man. Yet as long as this higher man is not awakened, true sensitivity will be dulled, and those aspiring faculties slumbering in every human being will remain untapped. But each one alone must give birth to the spiritual man, and this transformation must take place in his own thought-life. There is need to learn not to seek distraction in the outer world, but to develop a sensitivity to beauty, a reverence for truth, and a compassion for our fellows which will develop a rich inner life.

How many people cannot bear to be alone, for they have no resources within themselves upon which to build? I had a relation once who dreaded to spend an evening by herself in her own home. This of course, was before the doubtful modern entertainment of television. Today, such a dweller in the shallows of life can numb his or her mind with the antics of the screen, the terrors and comedies of televised adventures.

True sensitivity in living reveals to us the needs of others, for by taking time and thought to develop the sensitive approach to our fellows, inspiration and intuition arise in us concerning them; intuition with regard to the nature of their needs; inspiration of the way in which to help them, and both with love and compassion.

## Chapter IX Gifts of the Spirit

The following quote is a very well-known portion of our Holy Scriptures. I learned it by heart at school, without the slightest idea of its interpretation. Neither did my teachers offer any lucid explanation. It is of course from the first Epistle of Paul the Apostle to the Corinthians Chapter 12, Verses 1 - 11 (taken from the St. James translation of the Bible).

Now concerning spiritual gifts, brethren, I would not have you ignorant . . .

Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit. And there are differences of administrations, but the same Lord.

And there are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh in all.

But the manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal.

For to one is given by the Spirit the word of wisdom; to another the word of knowledge by the same Spirit.

To another faith by the same Spirit; to another the gifts of healing by the same Spirit.

To another the working of miracles; to another prophecy; to another discerning of spirits; to another divers kinds of tongues; to another the interpretation of tongues.

But all these worketh that one and the selfsame Spirit, dividing to every man severally as he will.

These are indeed the very words of Saint Paul.

In the next chapter he emphasizes that faith, hope and charity (love) are greater than these, and this will become the subject of a later chapter in this book.

But it is important to remember that the acceptance of and participation in these gifts is a distinct teaching in the New Testament, however, much orthodoxy has tried to smother it. The Saints whom we reverence, knew and accepted miracles.

The Bible words are definite - ('Concerning *spiritual gifts* . . .') and despite our different styles of designation, the intrinsic meanings remain the same, whether we are referring to healing by the Spirit, or discerning (recognising) Spirits, or prophesying by the Spirit, or working miracles. Today, they are often frowned upon as dangerous and unhealthy, which of course they can be if approached and worked with wrong motives. Again the Bible seems to anticipate such departure from the good, for it asserts positively that in these gifts 'there are diversities of operation, but it is the same God which worketh all.'

What have we lost in our modern age by the suppression of these Spiritual gifts?

It seems that we have forgone much of the early joy of the Christian faith. Division has been established between man on earth, and his counterpart who has advanced via death of the body to a wider less limited state. If we are all of one substance, all of one God, why make division?

Again, intellectual thought and reason has created almost a nonsense out of the reality of other worlds, other states of consciousness and the possibility of advanced souls acting as elder brothers of the race. Through the progress of the lower mind or intellect, humanity has become *more* immersed in matter and less open to the Spirit. As in the dream, the illustrations of our earthly living lack the touch of the Living

Water of the Spirit; thus *lifeless* and *spiritless*.

Let us look at examples of spiritual gifts accepted and practised by the Saints.

It is well known that Theresa of Avila conversed with Spirits. She was a mystic whose faith was enhanced by her open spiritual gift of 'discernment of spirits'. She accepted the advice of her 'unseen' Directors, yet, at the same time, penetrated deeply into herself in her interior journeys to discover the inner Spirit - the Christ Within. She was both psychic and spiritual.

The tremendous power of the healing Ministry at Lourdes is based on the extra-sensory perceptions (or psychic and spiritual gifts) of little Bernedette who 'saw' her 'lady', and was 'told' of the healing spring of water to be found at Lourdes.

History tells of Joan of Arc, the maid of Orleans who heard 'voices', who was directed to leave her humble home to fight for France against the British enemies, and finally bring about the crowning of the Dauphin as king. Later, British orthodoxy denied her gifts as 'witchcraft' and burnt her at the stake. But her voices had proved true - the promises made to her were fulfilled. Her life exhibits that very 'manifestation of the Spirit' of which Paul the Apostle wrote to the *Corinthians*.

In this passage of the text in the New Testament, reference is made to prophecy. This gift today is derided. Yet if we aver that there is Divine Intelligence guiding the progress of this planet, and its several races; if we believe that plan and purpose exist not in some indefinite future but *now* in the *mind* of the Creator, we cannot dismiss such glimpses of the plan which are afforded to those whose super-consciousness stretches out beyond the limitations of our three-dimensional world. The prophecies of the French astrologer and mystic Nostradamus are well known, and have indeed been proved true by history. He was actually able to foretell the catastrophes of the Second World War - giving the name 'Hister' for 'Hitler' hundreds of years before his birth.

Jesus, himself, foretold the circumstances and event of his own death, even the unimaginable betrayal by his disciples. He prophesied that the temple would be rent asunder; that those who followed him would be hated of all nations. He spoke to the Woman of Samaria at the well, recounting to her the facts of her own past life, and of her five husbands, so that she retorted 'Sir, I perceive that thou art a prophet.' (John 4. v.19).

In the passage quoted from *St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians* at the beginning of this chapter, are the words 'to another (person) the gifts of healing by the same Spirit', and the four Gospels, recounting the events of the Life of Jesus, make it clear that our Lord did not reserve this gift for himself, but commanded his disciples to go forth and preach the gospel and heal the sick.

Healing is a gift of the Spirit, and, we are told that 'the Spirit bloweth where it listeth'. Therefore this gift occurs in highly unexpected people, sometimes lowly workers, men and women of little learning, but much love; people, who, through a

revelation, or because of some miraculous power of healing which helped them to become whole, have themselves been able to demonstrate this gift. Yet many such have been derided, burnt or tortured in the past as witches because the world has not understood these super-conscious powers of the Spirit.

Today, the established Churches of Christendom are realizing a previous sad deficiency in their work - this very laying-on of hands to heal, which Christ demonstrated and told his disciples to continue. In the modern Church, such Services of Healing are now well-attended, and clergymen who possess this gift are encouraged to use it in the Church to the glory of God. But this was not always so, and there are still orthodox clerics who are not in agreement with these practices.

Ten years ago or more, when I was visiting abroad, I was introduced to a young clergyman at a tea party held by members of the Churches' Fellowship for Spiritual and Psychical Studies to which I belong. As he shook my hand, the realization of his innate gift of healing communicated itself to me. Involuntarily the words came from me, 'You are a healer!' He gave me a long penetrating look. 'Of what use to me is that,' he asked, 'If I am not allowed to fulfil such a gift?'

There was no answer possible then. But the next day he telephoned to ask if I would see him. We talked for some time, as he related his background, his 'call' to the Ministry, and his deep desire to carry out his Lord's command to his followers to 'heal the sick'. His ordination had been a true sacrament to him, his work as a curate a fulfilment, until the narrow orthodoxy of his superior had dashed all his longing to serve, and his dedication of his gift of healing to his fellows. As a result he was frustrated, unhappy, and in danger of losing his faith. We talked for a long while, we were silent and prayed together, and the intuition came to me that he would meet another cleric, a Rector belonging to his own denomination who did practise the rite of Laying-on of Hands. With this man's understanding and encouragement he would overcome his frustrations. He did indeed meet such a healer at a meeting where I spoke, and later he telephoned me to say that they had talked until three o'clock in the morning. From that time the way opened for him; he assisted at his new friend's Church Services. The Rector taught him much and encouraged him. He took part with the Rector in the Healing Services, and found himself again in the work he felt he had been ordained to carry out. Peace returned to him and joy; he was fulfilling his duty, his Lord's command, and his gift was being fulfilled. I heard later, when I had returned to England, that he had received his own appointment to a new living, and his church was filled every week at the Healing Service..., through his gift 'by the same Spirit'.

But there are many men (and women) outside the ranks of the Clergy who possess the healing gift, and have indeed given great service to its practise. The name of Dorothy Kerrin is well known for her devotion to the work of Laying-on of Hands after her own divine healing; and the beautiful Chapel at Burrswood, where she founded her Home of Healing holds regular Services where Clergy and laymen

together follow Miss Kerrin's example. The climate of orthodoxy is moderating towards laymen with the healing gift. After all, the first healers whom Christ instructed to heal the sick were not priests, nor were they all educated men. Jesus' disciples were simple men, and today the man or woman with the simple faith is often chosen as a channel for this gift. Yet strange as it appears, many gifted healers have to hear an affliction themselves. St. Paul speaks of his affliction of the flesh. I know a retired clergyman, a dear man, completely blind, who yet is a devoted and splendid server of his Lord in the sacrament of healing. Another, Geoffrey Mowat, the blind healer who lived some years ago was well known and much loved for his activities. The Spirit bloweth where it listeth, and this gift of the Spirit should be revered and observed where it is to be found, within Holy Orders, or in homespun countrymen, or women, as long as it is practised with sincerity of purpose, reverence for the All-Good Creator, and true belief in the Brotherhood of Man. For the gift of healing, whether it be of the body, the mind or the emotions flows through those Living Waters of the Spirit, by which humanity will ever find relief from its ills, and its transgressions from the Divine Law of Life.

Today, we have the great pilgrimages to Lourdes, the Healing Services, and the many private Chapels of Healing, bringing men and women together regardless of creed or race to meditate on the Light of Truth, to pray for each other and for the world. How heartening this is in a planet beset by trials, difficulties, troubles! It is indeed an augury for the New Age that is just beginning, removing, as it is already doing, the narrowness of past orthodoxy, breaking down the barriers of creed and class. I know personally of the regular meetings in the beautiful Lady Chapel of one of our great Cathedrals, where together at the altar, laying their hands on sick and ailing people, priests of the Anglican Church, the Roman Catholic Church and the Wesleyan Chapel together minister to the glory of God. Is not this a fore-runner of the understanding of the true Brotherhood of Man and the Fatherhood of God?

When my husband was killed in a ship's accident in 1950, I flew out from England to Canada for his funeral, and the reader can realize the aftermath of shock that followed. I stayed for a time with dear friends in Montreal, but so sick and shattered was I that I was scarcely able to eat at all. On the first Sunday morning following my arrival in Montreal after the funeral, I attended early Holy Communion at the Church where Dr. Cliffe was a Lay-Reader.

After the Service he came across to me.

'Helen! I hardly knew you! What has happened?' I told him of the tragedy of my husband's death. Immediately he realized my state of health.

'Come into the Lady Chapel,' he invited.

Together we sat before the altar. I told him everything.

He said, with great compassion, 'We will ask for healing for your soul, your mind, your emotions and your body. I will lay hands on you in the name of Christ.'



I knelt before the altar. I cannot remember the words he spoke, or his prayers, even the touch of his hands on my head and shoulders. I only know that the blessed relief of tears came to me, and I was conscious of a new peace. I returned to my friend's house; and I ate my first breakfast since the news of my husband's death had been broken to me in London over the telephone by my son. The healing gift had released the tension, and brought new hope, new life where there had been emptiness. One can only say "Thanks be to God."

The gift of healing should be encouraged, for to take part sincerely in the healing of one another, is the antidote for a palsied world.

As I wrote these last ideas, I was 'aware' of the presence of such peace and beauty that I put down my pen to allow my soul to relax into this. Tired as I had been with the household chores, and the shopping trips of a busy day, followed by the concentration required to write, I became conscious of a peace that truly passed understanding. Over me seemed to wash a quietude of mind and soul with the realization that there was no hurry, even though I had a deadline to meet; there existed no doubts even though my future chapters contained but hazy thoughts uncoordinated and verbose. This was a repose, a quiescence of all thought that is impossible to describe. I can only say that it was a 'resting in the soul', the very essence of healing, a stillness in the Centre of silence, a oneness with a Presence of ineffable harmony. I did not write again, after such a session, but went to bed, and slept deeply. The next morning, as soon as I awoke, words, phrases echoed in my mind, and I knew that I was hearing with the soul, that some truth was being communicated from a higher soul which must be incorporated into this chapter. Downstairs in my sitting room I took pen and paper and the words poured through me on to the page.

I dare to write them here, though from whom or from whence they came has not been revealed, and will not be. It is not our part to enquire, only to listen, and if the message contains wisdom and truth, then let us heed.

"The gift of healing of which you have written comprises far more, involves a deeper exposition than the rite of Laying-on of Hands. That example revealed to humanity two thousand of your earth years ago, when the power of the Spirit was demonstrated by touch, and divers cases of sickness were healed even to the raising again of the dead, has a connotation more profound than is understood or universally acknowledged.

This was illustrated in the case of the woman who touched the hem of the garment of the Christ. He was immediately conscious that "good" had gone out of him. The woman was healed. Christ the Healer, said, "Thy faith hath made thee whole."

'Here, therefore, is the deeper implication. True thought, that is, belief in the power of the Spirit is a demonstration of the gift of healing. For take note, the *climate of thought* in the Healing Service or Group is *anticipation* of renewed health, or

improved circumstances, faith that a “miracle” could happen. “According to your faith, be it so”, is often repeated yet the true implications of such words are rarely grasped or acted upon.

‘My friends, you still inhabit a *Thought World*, even though it seems to be a world of matter, in which such an illusion thwarts the power of the Spirit. Yet spirit is the essence of life; without it there is no living. It is and must be the mainspring of every soul incarnated on to your planet. The apparatus (or may we term it the medium?) through which the Spirit works is the mind, the thought force is man. To “have the mind that was in Christ Jesus” would be to have that extended consciousness of the Spirit which is infinitely beyond the limited mind; and such, in this stage of humanity’s evolution is not possible. The everyday mind of man has to be trained, by trial and error, to co-operate with that higher Inner Mind in him which is the expression of the Spirit, and this is All-Good or God. The greater the co-operation and faith between mind and Mind, and the oneness of acceptance of the Creative Will, the less will the glammers of so-termed matter separate man from the Law of Life which is the Law of God. The Christ called this faith or belief, and so it is for “it is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.”

‘Healing therefore, is a participation of the mind with the Creative Mind in every department of living, in the belief in wholeness, harmony and peace; it is the positive radiation of the Spirit upon material existence; it is the faith that can remove mountains of those fears, corruptions and diseases that are the result of departure from Divine Law. Employ the essence of the mind in healing thought daily, and so help to conquer the sensation-rousing emotions of the world. The gift of healing is transmitted by touch, by thought, and by faith. Let therefore these essentials create a climate of goodwill towards all men which was the Message of Christ the Healer in his Ministry.’

## Chapter X

### Reincarnation - Rebirth

Reincarnation, a doctrine of rebirth of the soul, was taught in ancient Egypt, and in early Greece. It is not a new belief, and indeed was held by the Christians and the early Christian Churches, until at the Council of Constantinople 553 A.D. the doctrine was banned. Since that time, orthodoxy, both in Catholic and Protestant denominations has frowned upon any idea of the soul of man being reborn into a new personality, despite the fact that this ancient belief is still a tenet in Eastern religions.

Today, our modern approach is one of interest and experiment. It has been found that under hypnotic influence, a person’s mind can be regressed back in life even to birth, and beyond this birth and life, to other experiences in earlier times. These experiments are recorded, and words spoken are taped, and have been widely

reported by the media. Books have been written with sufficient evidence to prove that, without any prompting or collusion, the entranced subjects are able to bring back into the conscious mind, memories of past lives, other environments, ancient civilisations, far-flung places on this planet, and descriptions of former lives. The Bridey Murphy book took the west by storm some few years ago; today, the latest, and most convincing book is *The Bloxham Tapes*.

Much research has been done on this subject by Dr. Ian Stevenson, Carlson Professor of Psychiatry, Director of Division of Parapsychology at the University of Virginia USA, who is the author of many pamphlets and books describing his work, his investigations and the inferences drawn from such material. Among his books are:

1. *The Evidence for Survival from Claimed Memories of Former Incarnations.*
2. *Some New Cases Suggestive of Reincarnation.*
3. *A Review and Report of a Case.*
4. *Twenty Cases Suggestive of Reincarnation.*

Dr. Stevenson has also written an introduction to an interesting and astonishing account of 'far memory', which is the story of John Fletcher, a yeoman farmer born in 1654, his life, friends and relatives, and his death in the Battle of Sedge-moor. The Author of this book, *Second Time Round\**, E. W. Ryall, was John Fletcher in a previous life.

\*Published by Neville Spearman, 1976.

This book which is powerful evidence for the recurrence of incarnation has been thoroughly examined by Dr. Stevenson, from which the excellent review was written after hours of investigation and analysis. Many individual details of historical facts, which have been disputed by readers, have been verified by Dr. Stevenson. Both the book and the Introduction are very worth while reading.

But what really do we mean by reincarnation?

The Encyclopedia tables this doctrine as 'the successive habitation of many different bodies by the same soul'. This belief that after death the souls of human beings pass, (not always immediately) into other bodies is a feature in many ancient religions especially in the East, and it still held by Buddhists, and many Hindus, and modern Theosophists. But it is now becoming a subject of much interest due to the experimentation of regression.

The purpose of reincarnation is expiation and progressive advancement or progress of the soul. The logic of rebirth is based on the justice of God, giving those souls which have failed, a further chance.

People, however, still make the mistake of believing that the soul might be reborn into an animal. This is entirely negated by those who have studied and researched

into the subject. For when the human stage in evolution was reached, and man thought and spoke his thoughts, there was no return to an animal body.

Yet the time between births seems to vary from one day to thousands of years. This is entirely a question of free will. There is no compulsion to return, and indeed, many now living express a reluctance to come back into incarnation; indeed sometimes there is a real rebellion concerning such a possibility. In such cases they might wait during centuries of our time before there is any desire to evolve further, and to reincarnate. Between lives on this planet, however, it seems that the spirit, after death of the body, is released to visit higher spheres temporarily. This was described by the spirit of Frances Banks in *Testimony of Light* when she had visited realms of Light, and was permitted entrance to the Halls of Learning, but until she had earned this by her progress in her new life, she had to return to her former state. The beauty and wonder of these higher realms produces a desire in the evolving spirit to progress, and for this experience to reincarnate and face earth trials. In his general destiny, he, himself, guided by higher souls will choose the trials he will have to undergo.

‘Our life on earth is one of fashioning the body and mind that our parents have bequeathed us into a unified organism under control of the soul or spiritual self, which in all probability is not inherited but has had experience of a previous existence.’

*Precarious Living: The Path of Life* by Rev. Dr. Martin Israel

The average intermission between lives today varies, but so far the study of the subject seems to suggest a period of a hundred years or less.

The Tibetans believe that there is not a living person, that has not returned from death. In fact that we have all died many deaths, before we came into this incarnation. What we call birth, they see merely as the reverse side of death, like one of the two sides of a coin. But we do not remember these previous deaths, and so most persons do not believe there was such an experience. This is because our active conscious memory is only a small part of our total consciousness. The subconscious memory, however, registers and preserves every experience, every impression, which the present mind cannot recall. In fact, soul-memory is complete, and although the individual, temporary, personality assumed during any particular incarnation cannot survive, the real self in man retains correctly the knowledge gained during all incarnations.

‘It is evident that no man, other than the Incarnate Christ can achieve this degree of spiritual integration in the course of one life-time on earth. As the psyche progresses in the life beyond death its composite elements of memory, selfish drives, and inner thoughts are incorporated into the soul, (in its exalted context of the spiritual Self) which grows in fullness through the experience of life on earth, and the period of meditation upon this experience that it

undergoes after death. In due course further experience in the plane of physical limitation becomes necessary for the further growth of the soul into full knowledge of God . . .’

*Precarious Living: The Path of Life* by Rev. Dr. Martin Israel

There is, there must be, a Divine Law of order in evolution; and the Law of Karma, which is the law of cause and effect rules all our terrestrial existence. It is only by learning from our mistakes that we gain wisdom and experience. That in which we have failed in one life can be rectified in another. ‘As ye sow, so shall ye reap’, and nobody else can reverse this Law. We should value the chance to make right those errors that were committed in a former life. We all have unpaid debts and old injuries and injustices that must be resolved in some way. Acceptance of this fact brings a new assessment of the present existence, and a wiser approach to so-called injustice and the unfairness of life. We are where we are, because of what we were during a series of lives.

Many people have told me that, although they can accept the doctrine of rebirth, they cannot believe that there would be any compulsion to return to this planet. That may be so; our knowledge is too limited to argue this point. But, one can only point out that we are a human ‘experiment’, inhabiting a world of matter geared to those trials and tests over which we must have complete mastery before we could journey on into more enlightened planes. It is our destiny to control our physical bodies and the emotions that are part of them. How many of us can claim to have mastered our difficult personal selves. In our evolution towards perfection, we need to control our thoughts, and to learn to *work with* the Creative Spirit, which is the Divine Law. Are there those amongst us who can claim perfection on this level? To proceed into a new level of consciousness on some other planet or spiritual sphere, as some folk believe, would, I suggest, call for much greater adaptation than the ordinary man or woman at this stage of evolution could produce. Even the passing after the death of the body into a Thought World where matter, (if such there is,) is so much finer and more tenuous, needs an utterly absorbing adjustment, which is so often recounted by those who are now in this next world. What therefore would be served by an incarnation into some like sphere? And would we need an incarnation? Surely, the plan of the All-Creator is perfect, and a return to the same kind of condition seems the wiser possibility? But once again, there is no compulsion; the soul chooses its place, its future tests, its own time.

Another objection which is often put to argument, is that this doctrine of rebirth is only for some souls, not all. We do not know, of course, but is favouritism or unfairness a component of the All-Wise, All-Loving Father?

Whomsoever has been drawn into incarnation in this material universe must follow its Law of Cause and Effect. In other words, ‘Man, Know Thyself . What you have done wrongly or with compassion to others, you will meet again to work through as a retribution or as recompense.

At this stage I shall include a passage of thought from my friend, Frances Banks. It was distilled into my mind one evening some time in the spring of last year, when I was already perplexing myself about the difficult task of writing this book, and fulfilling its theme of 'Living Waters'. I wrote as the words flowed into my brain; moving descriptions of the wider knowledge and the greater Light to which Frances has attained. I hope the reader will see, as I did, this gentle transformation of an erudite mind inwards towards a Spiritual Mind. It does reveal the same intelligent observance with which Frances studied subjects on earth, yet with a compassion and a concordance that rings as Truth.

'Plurality of life, repetition of experience, advancement of knowledge in the human soul through trial and error, is shown on this plane, where truth is no longer concealed or distorted, to those sufficiently progressed to accept it, as a fact of evolution, an integral basis of the development of mind into union with Mind, even as a school for the temporary personality. The plan of the Creative Spirit works according to the eternal Law of seeding, blossoming, fruiting. The young soul has the seed of immortality already embedded in it. Through successive existences in the planes of matter, it learns slowly and painfully, to climb back (as it were) to its original pristine truth, but now with added knowledge, experience, and understanding, strengthened by adversities, mellowed by compassion, and freed from the illusions of glamorous self-life, and at last arrives at the budding and blossoming stage.

'One of the great deceits and delusions of terrestrial life has been, and still is for the majority of mankind, a firm belief that their particular planet is the only home for human existence. Belief has been emphasized on the earth world in a soul's one experience there, which, it was mistakenly asserted was sufficient to earn either a paradisaical Eternity, or hell for so-called sinners, even possibly a purgatorial journey for the not-so-fallen malefactor.

'Many of the souls arriving on these astral planes, after physical death, still cling to this tenet, and go on believing in it, until by Love, by example, by soul growth, they begin to realize something of the superb Law of Life. Yet there is no urgency, no pressure brought to bear on their theologies. These change slowly, imperceptibly, sometimes resulting in desire for more experience, another chance. Thus with a small measure of wider truth, many such souls do rush back into incarnation, poorly prepared, perchance to work maybe something of their former pattern over again. Yet when they pass through the waters of Lethe, their new consciousness is wiped almost blank, and in their next earth lives they scarcely recall anything of former trials. But from time to time the soul, with its shrouded memories, prods them to right decisions on their eternal way to truth.

'For others, with more advancement into the reality of spirit and matter, is the progress on to Higher Spheres. Here they join with like souls; here they learn (as I trust I am learning) some of the immutable Laws of the great experiment of human evolution. Here savants, saints and sages discourse on reality, on the interminable

voyage towards perfection, on the transcendent continuing purpose for all life, all consciousness, whether it be in stone, or plant or animal or man. As I have emphasized previously, time is unknown here, and great Intelligences can look back into records of past civilisations; of ancient failures or successes and point out the steps upward taken by them - and their ultimate transference into succeeding mortality. For nothing ends - nothing created truly dies. All experience 'the sea - change' of the Shakespearian players.

'As we are taught to understand here, (and as Jesus emphasized) there are many mansions in the House of the Father (the Creative Spirit). Accommodation is for all, and the aspiration and will alone of each soul determines its sojourn or its departure for further material experience. There are great souls here who were experienced inhabitants of the earth plane long before the dawn of history! They have no need of earth experience for they have passed the tests required of them yet they offer their knowledge, their gnosis, to those who yearn for greater spiritual erudition; and they hold a contact with those of the newer order if they should elect to enter human life again. Wisdom can be relayed through these Great Ones for the benefit of those younger souls still struggling through the veils of earth-glamour.

'Yet even they in their advancement are not yet the Perfect Man of the Divine Plan! No more of course will there be the need to incarnate into matter, yet they will progress on to a further Plane or Mansion, of which we of course, can have no possible impressions. Towards God, towards this great immutable, eternal Centre we are all moving at our own pace; and it is as unknowable to the souls of this Plane, as our Thought Plane here is to those on earth before their death and transfer.

'Death, as I have before stated, is a matter of processing from one level of consciousness to another. Thus, the Second Death which has to be experienced by these great Intelligences, great Souls will transfer them on to the next phase of God's superb and perfect plan. What this experience is and how it is accomplished, I and my fellow travellers cannot possibly know. But what I have learned is that 'as above so below', rebirth into higher, more ethereal, more mystical states is the Law here, as on earth. For all is progress. All is advancement towards the culmination of Mind; towards that state which poets dimly sense; and which the folk of the earth vainly strive to visualize as 'casting their golden crowns before the Throne of God'. This, believe me, is not entirely a fallacy - the glory of that Centre of Life is a reality, to which all is proceeding, all are journeying, and for which all souls are being refined, cleansed, uplifted and prepared.'

There have been some interesting experiments for research into the possibility of 'far-memory' of former lives; some of these involve hypnotism, and we have yet to research into the intricacies of this temporary awakening of the subconscious mind before accepting their evidence. What seems to me more important and evidential are the accounts given by the retired psychiatrist, Dr. Guirdham M.D., in the books he has written;

1. *The Cathars and Reincarnation.*

2. *A Foot in Both Worlds.*

3. *We Are One Another.*

These are records of fantastic proofs of the lives of the doctor, and a number of his friends in their former incarnations as Cathars, a so-called heretical sect of Christians living in the Languedoc area of southern France in the thirteenth century. Names, places, events are all recorded as being given by clairaudience, and have afterwards been verified. Indeed, such names have been written down whilst the sensitive slept, and afterwards found, (by historical research) to be connected with prominent families of the period. Indeed, Dr. Guirdham himself has been identified as a priest of Parfait of the Cathars, and this he accepts completely. The whole saga of the recovery of this Cathar incarnation is fascinating reading, as well as (to me) revealed truth.

I say this because for years I have had recurring nightmares of being closed-in or walled up in some place - possibly a cave - and have often wakened from a nightmare in a panic trying to breathe, and knowing that there was no air. Indeed, I have sometimes heard myself gasping, 'I can't breathe! There's no air!' as I awoke. But about four or five years ago I was fortunate enough to be present at a Conference, and heard Dr. Guirham lecture on the Cathars. Now, as I had never connected the Cathars with the sect called Albigenses (in which I had an instinctive feeling that I have lived). I was amazed at his talk. I had never researched the history of the Albigensians. I discovered that the two sects were of the same persuasion from Dr. Guirdham's talk. To say that I was fascinated by his subject matter is to put it mildly. I felt that a piece of a crossword puzzle had dropped into place. And from that time, the uncomfortable recurring nightmares have utterly ceased! Is there a connection? I believe there is, although I have not met Dr. Guirdham or pursued the possibility of this being the case. For I do not agree with the idea of trying to discover the facts of past lives. They are over, and I trust, their lessons have been learned. If the knowledge is brought to the conscious mind through clairaudience (clear-hearing), or if on meeting a person or seeing a place that indefinable feeling of 'knowing' asserts itself, then the inspiration possibly has a soul-memory basis. But to seek by probing is not only dangerous, in that it might lead into uncharted realms, but also that any information so acquired may be strongly influenced by wishful thinking. Therefore, my theory is that if, for any reason, this Albigensian (Cathar) life is to be revealed, the way will be opened by perfectly natural, unstrained revelation at some future time which is propitious.

In the next chapter, I shall be relating some cases, which are certainly suggestive of the doctrine of reincarnation - though we cannot prove them logically.

There is one last point. Is it useful or helpful for us to know of other times when we inhabited a body of flesh on earth? The answer, I suggest, depends on the



advancement of the ego (the self). For those who can accept it, whether good or ill, and benefit by the lessons learned, or still to be learned, the knowledge can stimulate spiritual progress. But for those who use such cognition to flatter their vanity, to preen under the illusion of grandeur, to bask in the thrill of past fame, they are on a pathway 'which leads no-whither'.

The knowledge and acceptance of the doctrine of rebirth can be (and will be in the far future when mankind has evolved further into Light), as a draught of that 'Living Water' which will enhance the Life-force, explain some of the so-called unfair riddles of earth existence and bring greater Light to struggling humanity.

May I finish this chapter with a script that poured through my mind and pen, from an unknown Great Soul in the Spiritual Spheres?

*From an Elder Brother*

'Humanity's acceptance and understanding of the truth of rebirth, will be one of the memorable changes in the spiritual climate (especially in the West) of the New Age of Aquarius, now dawning on the world. Many errors have been promulgated in this doctrine causing adverse criticism concerning it, both in the hierarchies of the established religions, as well as in the loosely formulated ideas of the ordinary man.

'The Eastern world has long accepted the tenet of rebirth of the soul, but often with misconceptions. The Christianity practised in the west has for years fulminated against the possibility of a serial life, preaching that a further survival in a Paradise (strictly for "believers"), and that, only, after a long sleep of preparation for a Judgement Day, is the lot of all men.

'This is, as maybe, to young souls now struggling through material incarnations, a dismal prospect indeed, for it pays no heed to progress by the soul's own efforts. Evolution on all planes is the effort of advancement from low to high, from darkness to light. To confine such growth of the soul to a measured earth existence, followed by the spectacle of mass resurrection and judgement, and a passage onwards to some vague Eternal Life, is, to Our View, as childish as the out-dated mediaeval concept of the Godhead as a Super man-judge is becoming to your modern civilization.

'We, who have lived, died, relived, and faced death many hundreds of times in a civilization which has now passed completely from your planet, have, as you, followed many avenues in pursuit of truth, suffered for our beliefs, and often discovered that many discarded doctrines were but veils hiding the true face of reality. For us, slowly, and with infinite pains, release from material desires lifted us from the necessity of return to a cosmos of dense substance. Ever and ever, our species probed deeper and deeper into the Centre "where truth is hid". Such experiences accounted for cosmic aeons, until purged of the fascination for adventure, healed of the errors of duality, freed from the glammers of illusion, and lifted into a lasting at-oneness with the Creative Spirit, we were released from the necessity of rebirth, ever

to journey inwards and onwards to the Divine Centre.

‘Yet, even as indeed we may be the Elder Brethren of the human race, and able to view the present trauma of your planet with detachment, still our duty and our joy is to release to your worlds some rays of that Divine Purpose by which all creation moves to its ascendancy.

‘Such a moment in the plan for your cosmos is now immanent. These powerful vibrations of truth will make ingress into man’s mind and heart as the Living Water of the Aquarian Age is poured out upon all mankind, in the centuries, when, following these tribulations of retribution for past cruelties, remorse for lost opportunities, and the dismal errors of the substitution of temporal power and affluence for Spiritual Grace, have been purged from all nations.

‘Nothing that was earned and accepted by the soul during the process of incarnation can ever be lost, even though in a further period of earth life, the personality (or earth consciousness) used by that soul is unaware of this advancement. For the soul memory remains stable; and a gift or an aptitude earned or a grace received becomes an integral part of the soul. Thus no criticism of another by the conscious reasoning mind is ever entirely correct, however depraved the other personality appears. Only after souls have separated from their earthly bodies, and have stood at the bar of their own judgement can those entities begin to realize truth, and thus to view each other with “opened sight”.

‘Hence, the Christ’s injunction to “Love thy neighbour as thyself”. He knew, in his Divine Consciousness that, only by looking for the best and highest in his neighbour can a man avoid this error of passing judgement based on the ignorance of the Law. He was also reminding humanity of the pitfall of pride, for criticism of another, even erroneously, bolsters conceit and self congratulatory arrogance.

‘In the case of deliberate wasting of gifts in opportunity for Service, or of refusal to allow control by the soul of the ego’s deliberate sinking into materialism, the soul is held back from worthwhile experience. Only when the soul forces circumstances so that the self is brought into conflict, is the ego forced to face itself. This is oft-times a terrible experience, but salutary for the soul. There are instances where the soul brings an erring personality to enact some fine and selfless sacrifice of redemption.

‘Look around you, my friends. Have you not witnessed such obvious working out of the Law of Good, for the evolution of the soul?

‘Nothing created is ever wasted. Nothing dies, even in dense matter, without some recreation into another state. Is it not consistent, therefore, that accomplished service of good should persist in the soul? Oh, Closed Minds, open to the revelation of the Divine Law! Fulfil the teachings of the Great Ones; accept the Living Water of Truth into your minds in preparation for the New Age of revelation of the Spirit!’

## Chapter XI

### Examples Suggestive of Reincarnation

There have been numerous examples of individuals 'remembering' places and faces, and many books have been published giving instances of far memory. One book that made a tremendous impact when it was first published, some years ago, was *Winged Pharaoh* by Joan Grant, a book that held me spellbound when I first read it. For it gave such concise and definite accounts of Egyptian life, the Pharaohs, the priesthood, the religious beliefs and rites, and these all rang true. Joan Grant had 'lived' that life in Egypt so many hundreds of year ago and her 'far memory' had resurrected all the events connected with it and written them into this compelling book. There followed other books by this author on alleged memories of former lives, but they did not seem to me to be so obviously and fascinatingly correct as her first.

I was once told a story also concerning Egyptian life, which was certainly startling, and had a distinct connection with the possibility of rebirth. It concerned an old lady, who related to a friend the story of her husband who had recently died. She said that, as a boy, he would draw odd Egyptian symbols, and even write down queer hieroglyphics, although he had no notion of their meaning. When a master at the school which he attended saw them, he was astonished at the child's erudition (as he considered) and offered to teach the boy about the Egypt of the Dynasties. His pupil was delighted, and, so intrigued by the subject, studied hard. Indeed, later, he became an expert on Egyptology, and in time held a very important position at the British Museum. He never went to Egypt, I understand, in this life, yet was sought out by people who required knowledge of places, routes, ancient buildings etc. which he could give unerringly. When he died, after a most distinguished life, his widow told of their doctor who came to pay his respects to the dead man. Looking down upon that silent face, an exclamation burst from the medical man.

'A dead Pharaoh!' he whispered, awe-struck.

And indeed, his wife had agreed. Was this a suggestive case of reincarnation?

An instance also suggestive of former knowledge was revealed to me by a boy of ten years at a dinner party. Because it was Christmas, the boy, who was on holiday from the Preparatory School where he was a boarder, was allowed to sit up and join the guests. He sat beside me, and regaled me with talk of Soccer and Rugby, special iced cakes for the winning team, and all the schoolboy excitements of the term.

Presently I asked him. 'What subject do you like best?' To my amazement the boy answered readily, 'Oh, Latin! We started it last term. I like it!'

'That's a difficult subject, isn't it?' I enquired.

Steady blue eyes looked straight into mine.

'Oh, no!' he replied. 'It's easy. I've done it before! You see, I know it.'

One cannot question the assertion. Neither did I remark on the surprising answer. Was this an (unrealized) 'far-memory' of a Roman life? A boy of that age would scarcely opt for such a subject as Latin, with all its laborious declensions, and conjugations, unless it really attracted something in him, of which of course he was completely unaware. The child, I grant, is intellectually above average, yet it seems feasible that here, as with the expert in Egyptology, there is an unrecognised far-memory.

On this subject of far-memory, I believe that far more of us possess glimpses of past lives than are realized. We probably would feel an embarrassment if suddenly confronted with some queer 'moment of truth'. I had this experience some years ago, with a friend, a woman doctor who herself was a well-known psychic. There were three of us, including her secretary, and after tea the conversation centred on China, and old Chinese customs. Suddenly the doctor remarked 'I had an incarnation in China. So did you!' My immediate reaction was negative. But the doctor insisted that she felt it was a real probability. We began to laugh about it, and suddenly I asked for a sheet of paper. Taking out my pen, I began to draw hieroglyphics on it. The first one, I was able to finish; the second I could only half complete.

'Is that Chinese writing?' I asked, as we all examined the paper.

My friends admitted that they did not know, and as it had all been done in a spirit of merriment, we left it at that. But before I left, the doctor said that she knew an expert of ancient languages, and she would show him the writing and ask his advice.

Can you imagine my utter astonishment when I received a letter with the reaction from the expert.

It was not Chinese chirography at all. The expert seemed, I believe, quite excited at his discovery as he was then studying that particular age and asserted that the writing was ancient Greek, five hundred years B.C.!

And I, in my ignorance had thought it Chinese! Of course I was embarrassed. I decided not to try to repeat that which had flashed into consciousness during a frivolous demonstration. The 'far memory', if such it was, was beyond my present awareness, and as such would not have responded to any probing curiosity.

If we remember in Frances Bank's book *Testimony of Light*, there is the example of her recognition of an old karmic friend, a personality differing indeed from the Father Joseph, who had been her Spiritual Confessor and her much respected associate during her convent life. When Frances 'awoke' after her transition to a world beyond death, she was perfectly 'aware' of the presence of two beloved figures - Mother Florence, the Mother Superior whom she had loved, and Father Joseph. They became her beloved directors and teachers. But later, when she had progressed on to the wider consciousness, and was ready to advance further towards those Halls of Learning where she now dwells, she states that of a sudden, she 'recognised' Father Joseph for the 'other' personality in a former state. And he accepted her new

perception. It was so.

Here was no 'far memory' with possibilities of distortion but a fact that was recognition to both. Now she had become a truly spiritually awakened soul; her true Self knew the reality and the exultation of the Divine Law of Life. She was prepared for greater consciousness because the faith to which she had held in the earth existence had been shown as fact, and as that truth which is Light Eternal. She had made that step onward to the Great Halls and the Great Ones where her spirit could expand into light, as in the fullness of time, our time and our recurring lives, we all shall do.

Reincarnation, as we have found, is based on the Law of Cause and Effect, and the real self of man retains not generally the remembrance of what he was in any individual personality because that passes away, but the sum of the knowledge and experience gained in all incarnations. Thus the true Mind in man judges for itself, and bases the conditions and trials of the next birth in matter on the 'plus or minus' of the former ones. He himself, we discover has to undo his mistakes, make retribution for errors, for cruelties, for lack of love in incarnate life. It is only by learning from these errors that man rises to wisdom. Yet we, in our blind ignorance rant about the injustice of life.

There is no injustice in the Divine Law. An agonizing life of suffering may be the retribution for past unfeeling acts of cruelty. The personality that is suffering here may have chosen that distress and agony as repayment. He laid the path, and no one can treat it but he himself.

A sad case with which I was familiar in the early fifties seems to fit this diagnosis of Nemesis almost destroying a life.

This particular man was a permanent patient in one of our famous institutions for wounded soldiers from the first World War. He had been terribly wounded in that war, and had now no power in his legs; he could only shuffle awkwardly a short distance, so was always in an invalid chair which he was able to propel along by his arms. During the hostilities when he had been wounded in the field, his body had also been caught on barbed wire; thus his nerve endings had been terribly torn, and his speech was incoherent and rambling. I used to visit him, and sometimes take him out to tea in a high street cafe which he enjoyed. This was a difficult procedure because, although he could propel and steer his chair along the street, he needed my help to mount the one step into the tea room. For this he would hold on to me, and as he was nearly six feet tall, and I a mere five foot three, that was quite a manoeuvre. It tore at one's heart to see the wreck that was all that was left of a fine young man.

One afternoon in the tea shop, he fell to reminiscing in his garbled way about his past and then about his future. He had, it appeared, pushed on his age from seventeen to eighteen so as to be accepted into the army, so keen was he to 'do his

hit'. He was wounded towards the end of the war, and from then on was in and out of hospitals. At last came the day when his bodily condition had so worsened that he was unable to do anything for himself; he had become utterly incapacitated to live a normal life. He was accepted into the Home, and there he had been for years when I was recommended as a visitor.

All this he recounted in his incoherent, sometimes inaudible speech over the tea and cakes.

I recall vividly the way he gazed at me through his one good eye as he finished with a pitiful acceptance of the facts of his future.

'I know what will happen to me. I shall go on day by day, just sitting, staring at others, and gradually I shall go like the others have gone. I shall get more and more stupid, until I am mad. And then I shall die, slowly like the others have . . .'

It was not possible to look at that tortured face and deny his words. I knew, as he did, that they were a true assessment of his life. I could not speak. I turned away so that he should not see how moved I was.

When I had recovered myself, I held out the plate of cakes to him, (he loved sweet pastries) and began to speak. But his face had changed. Over it was a dark shadow. To me, the face that I looked upon was cold, fanatical, fiendish. This was not the poor wreck of a brave and broken soldier that I knew, but some other; Was it some past personality? I knew I was 'seeing' psychically, and for a moment was shocked, almost revolted.

Then I knew.

This was another personality or 'mask', but I became aware that it had once been the earthly self of this wretched creature. The features of the second face were like a dark mask upon the face I knew, yet in a way, transparent, so that the piteous countenance behind was also recognisable. There had been one or two other occasions when 'inner sight' had revealed a former existence, but never with such a diabolic expression that revealed a personality of merciless fanaticism.

Then the words flowed into my mind - *The Spanish Inquisition*. It was enough; it was the answer. This poor creature had, by his willing sacrifice paid for ever that which he owed to life; he was redeeming his soul from the blot of fanatical cruelty with which he had stained it so long ago.

The wheels of God grind slowly,  
But they grind exceeding fine.

He has passed from this earth some time since, and there is no doubt in my mind that his patience, long-sufferance, and gentleness have now liberated his soul, and washed the stain from his soul-memory for ever. For his was a brave soul. Possibly this was his first incarnation since the thirteenth century of horror in France. Perchance it had taken all those earth-years after his death to find peace of soul in

the next world. Maybe, like the Jew-baiting Nazi in Frances Banks' account of life after death, this man's soul had to be nursed back through terrible remorse to view his own misdeeds. Love and light would awaken slowly in such an entity; and when at last he was strong enough to face that which would bring redemption, in a further life on this planet, his must have been the choice to serve his country, to fight bravely, and to be almost destroyed by his wounds. Almost - not quite! The soul worked upon the distressed personality to maintain an acceptance of his fate, and to face it with understanding, submission, and meekness. A salutary lesson indeed!

Since the lecture by Dr. Guirdham and my reading of his books on the Cathars, together with the belief that I too lived in the Languedoc, and was maltreated by the Inquisitors for my faith - (and all this new knowledge originated for me some ten years after the events in this chapter), I have mused on the possibility that this very soldier, so broken in health, may have been connected with the burnings and captivities of the Cathars in our previous life. This may sound far-fetched - but 'there are more things in heaven and earth' one knows, than the obvious. Why did that earlier face 'reveal' itself to me?

I ask myself, unless there had been some shared malevolence heretofore, some earthly 'contact' between us?

Strange indeed, and beyond human comprehension are the workings of the Law.

### *The Clergyman's Story*

I make no apology for inflicting a report of this story upon my reader, for it seems to be relevant with the total theme of this work. It will strike a chord in the hearts of many, for it is but one more instance of the living wonder of our lives - far more glorious in its suggestion of the deep strata of our natures, and of our real selves than we allow our limited minds to imagine.

The story was told to me nearly twenty years ago by a clergyman of the Church of England; a man in his middle forties, intellectual, not given to flights of imagination, sober, married with a family of two children, and with a wide interest in the deep meaning and applications of the spiritual life; in general a good type of British priest. It was all the more astonishing then that he should confide in me such a revelation that he had held deeply and secretly treasured in his inner self.

I had met the clergyman at a Conference, and we had talked about possibilities and probabilities of the next world after the death of the physical body. Later I was again in his company after a meeting, and rather to my surprise he asked if he could come and see me. I consented, and he fixed a date, and agreed to come to tea at five o'clock. He duly came to my small London flat, and after tea, there began such a revelation of the ideal of his inner self, his soul, that time slipped by without our perception. We talked on, I listening, then both of us discussing, with his asking questions which at that time were too searching, too deep, and which I was not fitted or experienced enough to answer.

At length, nearing eight o'clock, he consulted his watch, and announced that he had barely left time to catch his train to the north, explaining that he had a commitment to preach at a Church in a northern town the next day. I let him go, feeling remiss in my hostess duties, for he left unfed except by the light tea of the early evening.

Not many weeks later, I heard that he had cancer and was desperately ill. He died without my seeing him again. The last phases of his secret inner life had been confided to me. At the time I wondered why, for I did not feel I had been able to add much to his story, though I believed in its simple implicit truth; and then, as the years passed, and I began to fulfil the writing that I had to do, the memory faded; the story and the man were obliterated in my mind by the present work.

I began to write this book, after, as I have explained, the vivid dream following my hip operation. I was more than half way through the book, working as usual by inspiration, so that the pages seemed to be filling up with writing on unconnected subjects. It was after I had been 'instructed' to make a preliminary draft of the chapter headings and to fit some of the writings into their appropriate chapters that there came a lull in intuitive working. I put the work aside with the usual intention of lying fallow for the spring and summer, after which I felt I would be more ready to resume contact with those higher Intelligencies which seemed to take possession of my mind and my pen for the writing.

I did not work on the book for some three to four weeks. Then one afternoon, out of the blue (for I had not thought of this man for some eighteen years), his name seemed to be uttered like a clear voice in my brain.

'Tell my story,' it seemed to implore me, 'that which I told you. It is relevant to our Lord's words of "Living Water". For it is indeed the "Living Water" of life, material, astral, and eternal . . . For life is deeper, wider, greater, more wonderful, and more beautiful than we can conceive; and as we comprehend, even slowly, so its beauty shines, and we realize that the plan of the Creator is good beyond all telling. My story has a meaning now, far beyond any of the glamour that wrapped around the occurrence, when I was in incarnation. But it has taken a deeper understanding, a greater awareness of the depths and heights of the Spirit to probe as far as I have been able in this new existence in a Spiritual world to bring my soul *en rapport* with That which *Is* - even an infinitesimal grain of truth . . . '

The story from the lips of this earnest priest has a mystical element, surprising in a man so 'ordinary' in his life and work. Although this story has had to be translated into my words, it is exactly as I remember when he told it. Such a remarkable narrative is unforgettable.

'It began,' he told me that evening in my London flat, 'in vivid dreams some months ago. Always I would dream of a beautiful figure, a woman so angelic, so innocent, lovely, and of such spiritual quality that at first I was wont to wake believing I had really contacted an angel. The dream repeated. Always the face was the same perfect



expression, of beauty, always I felt uplifted to the point of ecstasy, always I awoke with the assurance that I had “met the Spirit”. Though which Spirit, there seemed to be no possible way of discovering. Who or what was this phantom or Soul of Light, I asked myself, but I found no answer.

‘There came a day in the course of my usual offices for the Ministry, when I had to journey north from London to the industrial Midlands. I was due to preach at Matins in a Parish Church. The Service was duly performed, although I felt that I had not followed the sermon so carefully prepared, yet could not recall the theme I appeared to have promulgated. Lunch with the Rector and his wife was pleasant and of the usual type. After the meal my host and I walked along the paths of his ultra neat, rather dull type of garden, though what subjects we discussed I cannot remember. They could not have been very interesting. Suddenly, I recall consulting my watch, and was surprised to find that I had scarcely time to catch my early evening train to London. After hurried goodbyes, I caught a bus to the town station, only to find, when I arrived, that the train had just left. I admit I was rather put out, as I would perforce have to wait for at least two hours for another connection.

‘The evening was drawing in (it was November) and a drizzle of rain had commenced, making the industrial town all the more dreary. The prospect of two hours’ wait was distinctly depressing. I turned up my coat collar, grasped the case containing my priestly robes firmly in my hand, and set off to find a cafe where I could get some tea. I recall I walked about in the rain, and it was all very dull and dreary.

‘Suddenly I felt a lift of my spirits; an ecstasy apart from anything I had known, filled me. I was in a timeless world. Nothing mattered; the dismal street, the rows of dark houses, the clanging trams, the cars, the noisy buses made no impact on my consciousness. I walked in a peace of the spirit that was beyond interpretation.

‘I do not know when I became aware of her - the angel of my dreams. But there she was, walking beside me, exactly as I had walked with her when my soul had opened to the heavenly world in the sleep state. I cannot tell how she looked, how she was dressed, whether her hair was dark or fair - but the face was the face in my dreams! We talked - yet I do not recall the gist of our conversation. I felt as if we two were away in a separate world - far from the dingy streets - a world of beauty, of light and a peace that was a radiance in my soul. I still do not know,’ (here he asked my opinion), ‘whether I was out of my body - what I suppose would be astral travelling. Or was this a mystical experience? Honestly, I do not know! But I remember entering a tea-shop, seating myself at a little table, and ordering food. And was acutely aware that she was with me . . .’

At this my cleric broke off and looked straight at me.

‘Helen,’ he said, ‘Please believe me! I had not “picked up” any girl. I am not a womanizer, I’m happily married. I have children . . .’

'I believe you,' I answered him. 'Tell me what happened then. . .'

'I - can't really recall,' he said, 'only at some period of that meal, I looked at my watch, and knowledge flooded into me that it was nearly time for my train. When I looked across the table she was gone! There was no one there. I had returned in some strange manner to this earth consciousness - and the beauty of that other awareness had given place to the ordinariness of that little cafe. I suppose I didn't know what to do. I was so distraught. I walked back to the station, caught my train, and returned to London.'

We discussed all the possible answers to his questions.

'What had happened to me? Could I have been in another sphere? Who was she? a figment of my imagination? No, because I recognised the face! Was she an angel of light? Or perhaps someone I had loved very dearly in some former life, and from whom I was now separated?'

To my mind now, after more study, and understanding of the doctrine of reincarnation, I am inclined to believe that this could have been near the truth.

Then he suggested a different interpretation.

'Was I seeking for my other self, my alter ego? the "anima" to my "animus"? Is that a possibility?'

As I have already said, we talked until eight o'clock, going over the incidents related, putting possible theories to the test.

He told me that he could not get this vision, (or whatever it was) out of his mind. He was almost obsessed by the sorrow that she was lost to him. He even admitted that he returned one day to that Midland town, and walked that same route to the tea-shop, even went inside and drank tea. But there was no repetition, no uplifting joy, no 'sight' of the angel that he felt she was. He confessed the whole experience had lifted his soul into a heaven-world, only to drop it back into personality again.

'Why?' he demanded. 'Why has this happened to me?'

At the time I had little to offer for his consolation. But before he left he said it had been a tremendous relief to share his story.

I remember his words clearly, 'I feel more at peace. Now I can wait until the wonder of it is revealed to me. As I know it will be one day . . .'

We said goodbye. He went away. I did not see him again. A few weeks later I heard that he had a cancer, and later that he had died.

Was the wonder revealed to him earlier than he expected? Had his vision been a preview of the joy to come? And was his 'angel' a loved and recognised figure from another incarnation?

Since I have been writing this book and the story has returned to me so vividly, my inclination is to accept that this is possibly so. At that time he was (unknowingly of

course) nearing the point of death. Was she a close link from a former earth life awaiting his release from the bonds of the flesh? Was she the loving spirit 'leaning out from the gold bar of heaven' to welcome him into the life where all would be made intelligible to the returning spirit?

We shall not know until we too are released, what wondrous joys await us; nor can we be certain of any interpretation of such visionary experiences until we also meet old friends, and long-lost loved ones in that new world to which we all are moving.

But surely, the 'rightness' of the principle of rebirth of the soul of man into personalities which are ephemeral, and last a mere three score years and ten in most cases, to afford the purpose of 'another chance' to make good, or a further opportunity for progress, does appeal to logic and a sense of justice. If as science affirms, this planet is millions of years old, and life developed on it has advanced to our modern technological and scientific standard, how can less than a hundred years (often much less) advance a man or woman to that perfection towards which target evolution is proceeding?

Reincarnation, a doctrine in which at least half of this civilization (the Eastern half) believe, surely has credence for our Western minds. Fairly researched, accepted, and united in our thinking with the precept 'Do, as you would be done by', humanity could take a step forward in its evolution towards harmony in relationships, honesty in commerce and greater responsibility in its actions. For would we persevere in our blindness, if we realized the sure repercussions of our deeds? 'As ye sow, so shall ye reap' could become a Living Water to change our lives, to pour the waters of knowledge on the fires of our passions, and so eliminate the necessity for karmic recoils of suffering and sadness, when thoughtlessness and cruelty have vitiated our lives. This changed perception could also be the spur of fairness and kindness in all our human contacts, which in some future time might be returned a hundredfold in blessing.

## Chapter XII

### Creative Thought

Dr. Carl Jung has pointed out in his books, and surely, it is impossible not to accept the researched facts on varying 'layers' of mind-force, that, what we term, the unconscious mind is truly the surviving base of all consciousness. Awareness cannot be limited except by the self; it must surely advance on an ever more transcendent scale towards reality. Our evolution is in the ascent of this consciousness. The mental concepts which we make when held continually in the lower mind become *facts*. They materialize because being held in the conscious mind, they then transfer to the subconscious or unconscious mind, and this, being the birth place of all thought-forms, is creative. So whether we are aware of this or not, daily we are forging our own shackles, or effecting future joys, whether it be in health, in failure

or success, in misery or contentment. For what we *think*, we *are* is a truism. Our inner creative mind is the cause of those events which we will attract into our lives under the Law of Cause and Effect.

Therefore it behoves us to watch our daily thoughts, for thoughts are things. Energy follows thought in the creative ethers, and we must accept whatever transpires.

For centuries mankind has made his mental ideas of the world he inhabits until it has become to him a solid sphere. Gautama, the Buddha, saw clearly that mind was the only reality, and that this very mind had by its mental conception woven around it the belief in a dense material region which it inhabited. Man has forged his own shackles on to an illusory world. He has cast his thought forms in solidity; and now is misled by the erroneous ideas of materialism. Indeed he has become the prisoner of his false beliefs; thus, until he breaks through this veil of glamour and illusion, to his true origin and the glorious spiral of his destiny, he will return again and again to the so-called earth to suffer and die.

Man needs to realize that, because this is a thought world, governed by spiritual laws, thought itself is the creative force. Humanity has been processed to believe in the limitations of this earthly plane, and has thus separated itself from angelic sources, and from the power of the Spirit. Until we awake to the realization that we are only half-alive, we are still suppressing our innate creative forces, and living as the Prodigal Son of the parable, 'on the husks'. Thought power has been given to us - 'Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find' - yet we continue to live the drab existences pictured in the dull tapestry of my dream. The Living Water of the Creative Force is within us. Discover it within, give thanks for it, and learn through it to change the whole tenor of one's life. And this means that the thought life is the creative life. When we are utterly certain that thoughts really are things, we shall take more care in the way in which we think - for the very pattern of our lives is being stitched (as it were) into its tapestry by our thoughts. That which we demand in our thought life, whether good or evil, health or sickness, fulfilment or failure, happiness or misery, is received in the fulness of time.

For the thing which I greatly feared is come upon me, and that which I was afraid of is come unto me. (Job 3. v.25)

Fearful thoughts bring fearful events.

May I, here, relate briefly the case of dear friends of mine in Canada many years ago? John and Mary were a married couple, happy and contented with each other, but Mary was a nervous type of woman given to unnecessary worries. John was a very fast driver, but to my mind (and I had driven with them) a good one and always in complete control of his vehicle even when speeding. But Mary, bless her, never stopped nagging at him. 'One day we'll both be killed,' she would say. But John, a good natured, easy-going husband merely laughed. I think I heard that sentence from Mary practically every time they were together in their car. It was part of her

strongest thought-form, her creative force. Do I surprise my reader when I report that they were both killed in a motor accident? I should not, for poor Mary had drawn that very tragedy to her; and the saddest part of the story was that they were riding in somebody else's car, as theirs had broken down - and thus John was not even at the wheel!

How careful must we be of our persistent thoughts! For many of our troubles, our tragedies, our failures originate in our own thought pattern. We get that which we have built into our mind pictures.

There is, of course, the greatest danger in the ignorant employment of this power of the mind. For, if the motives are evil, or selfish, or cruel, or greedy, we invoke those very qualities into the answering events. How often have we seen millionaires, whose one aim all through their lives had been to succeed, to amass wealth, who thought money and profit, become unhappy, disillusioned people at the end of their lives? How often has a big 'pools' win brought the break up of a formerly happy family, sadness, loneliness sometimes illness - even though the winner may have fixed his thoughts on getting this easy money during most of his adult life?

We create, and live, in the thought-forms which we make. That is a strong statement! An even stronger one is that, as we are at the moment of death, so shall we be in the immediate passage *after* death. We do not change - we take our thought forms with us in the mind.

This was brought home to me not so very long ago in a poignant example of an entity in the next world seeking help by prayers and healing thoughts from this.

The 'call' came after a small private meditation group in my cottage, when the room was charged with love and peace and healing power, for we were in harmony and all of the one intention of love and peace. As we were enjoying our tea and cakes, I was very conscious of an inner voice above the chatter in the room

'James, James, James,' (I have substituted this for the correct name).

'James,' the voice was more than insistent; it seemed to be pleading for attention.

At last I asked if anyone knew a person called James who wanted help, whether in this world or the next.

Nobody did. But now the vibration of this appeal had become even more urgent. The entity said he was alone - he could not find anybody whom he knew, and the deep sadness of his appeal grew impressive. I found myself describing the man (as he was on earth), insisting, *as he did*, over and over again, that he was alone - there was nobody he knew . . .'

Suddenly, two of the members present said that they had known such a man as described some years before, and they gave his correct name.

'But,' they protested, 'he was a charming man, very clever, and a great sportsman. Also,' they added, 'he was kind and good. This cannot be he. His wife died only a

year or so ago. Why has he not met her?’

There was no answer, only that he begged us to help. Then, the two friends looked at each other, and I knew that a memory had been invoked.

‘Perhaps James didn’t believe in the after life?’ I queried.

‘He used to say that he wasn’t sure about *that*,’ they recalled. ‘But he always insisted that if there was, he would *never find anyone he knew! He would be so lonely!*’

Poor lonesome James - still separated in his own thought form; the very creative force which he had innocently used to imprison himself!

How had he come to us? That I do not know, except that there was the old link of friendship with the two members, and perhaps, now that he was ‘awakened’ to his pitiable state, he sought help wherever he had found it before; even though he must have been surrounded by his own loved ones who were trying to reach his consciousness!

But James had to break his own created thought form, in the same way that the old servant in my cottage, (as related in my book *Wheel of Eternity*), had to break hers of the cottage which she thought she still inhabited.

Let us beware then of our constant powerful thoughts, keeping them positive and radiant with the joy of the inner Spirit for they clothe us now, and in the future, even after the death of the body.

We did pray for James, and sat together in silence to meditate on the reality of life and its creative sources, sending forth healing thoughts to this prisoner of his own creation. Let us trust that light was afforded him and that at last, as the old servant earthbound in my cottage, found her relatives, James knew the joy of reunion with his wife, and was able to go forward with her into the new life which his mind had so distrusted.

Oddly enough, even whilst writing this very chapter, I have received a letter from a woman, who also lives in an old fifteenth century cottage in England, telling me that she too has an old woman entity, earthbound, who sits in the owner’s bedroom sewing. The writer says she is quite conscious of her presence, and appears to have been accepted by her. Yet the entity was unfriendly, even malevolent, towards a guest. Another case of imprisonment in the ‘thought-form’ of a material home?

*From an Elder Brother*

For many centuries mankind has been creating a thought world. This material planet is to them the only life, and so far have they receded from the realization of the God-power within them that they have closed the way of the Spirit, and have become more and more immured into material existence, with its troubles, its inequalities, resulting in the trauma of your world today. Man must break these chains he has bound about him. He must step out from these beliefs that he has forged out of the power of his lower forces. Man will need to learn that this is still a thought world; it

has no permanency. This planet can disintegrate, disappear in the fleeting of a second, due to the devolution of creative thought into modern technologies for war and aggression and greed.

'Mind has forged the shackles for itself. That same mind will, in this future Age, learn to cast them off and rise to its own high powers. But only by the light of the Spirit in man, and by his willingness to work with his soul. The soul is the instrument and purpose. It has within it the knowledge and memory of all the lives through which the personality has struggled, failed or triumphed. It knows the total record of all past lives. In it's realization is the pathway to be trod, the work to be done, the progress that it is possible to fulfil, and where difficulties or opportunities lie. Jesus said, "Take no thought for your life" (St. Matthew 6. v.25) and if you listen to the inner voice which is the prompting of the soul, you need have no fear for the material morrow, for that morrow will be brought perfectly into the pattern and the purpose for which the soul descended into incarnation. By living in the personality in the shallow materiality of the world, and with no inner guidance by prayer or meditation of the reality of the Spirit within, the way will be lost. Like the pilgrim in your Pilgrim's Progress parable, the trials will appear unending. Valleys of depression will dispirit confidence and progress on the true path may be forfeited, thus wasting that opportunity for advancement which is the purpose of rebirth.

'Seek for the peace of the Spirit, believe the truth which the Christ taught, and ask for help *knowing* that it will be given you. Then will your inner self use its creative thought power for upliftment, intuition, and contact with the great Forces of Life that there may be light upon the path and a safe way.'

There is, without doubt, such a condition which the mystics, sages and some apparently simple people have, of being 'in tune with themselves'. Their consciousness is unsophisticated by worldly standards with a homespun harmonious relationship with all things, and a silent acceptance of extended powers of the inner Spirit as being the norm of living. These are indeed happy souls; their awareness has probably been earned by the endeavours of past lives; they have generated lasting unity between the surviving soul and each temporary personality that soul has assumed, and are content with their lot, loving, serving, and abiding in peace, undisturbed by the fears, restlessness and dismay of more mundane folk. They may never make a great mark (in a material sense) on the world, yet this planet is enriched by their lives. Like the Saints and the Great Ones, they are the spiritual forerunners of the race, while most people still exist in a jungle of fear behind a wall of conventions, habits, routines which they have built around them, ignorant of, or prejudiced against, the obvious plan behind all evolution.

Deity is represented as a Trinity, the Triune God; God the Father, the Maker or Creator; God the Son, the Anointed One, the Saviour; and God the Holy Spirit, the Spirit of Truth, the Comforter.

If then, searching back into history we study the two thousand years of the age before the Birth in Bethlehem, which was the period of the Jewish Race, God was worshipped as the Father, the Creator, the Maker of all things. This could then be termed the *Age of God the Father*.

The following two thousand years of the Piscean Age which is now ending, has accepted the Messiah as the Atonement and Mediator for mankind. This age could be described as the *Age of God the Son*.

The coming two thousand years of the Aquarian Age, in which it has been forecast that the Spirit will descend on all men, could therefore be termed the Age of God the Holy Spirit. The symbol for Aquarius is the waterpot, pouring forth- the Water of Life on to all people - This Water of Life is the Living Water of the Spirit shared by all in the true Communion of the Living Christ. The keynote of this new Age will be found in the words of the Christ, the Risen Christ, and the way of life which he taught, and this was the way of complete Oneness with the Spirit. The functions of the Holy Spirit are Inspiration, Regeneration and Consolation.

But what of the present age of materialism?

Modern progress in the sciences, in technology, in exploration seem to have resulted in a greater acceptance of materialism. Never have the words power and money been so forceful; never has the greed for wealth or the desire for power or possession resounded so strongly in contacts between nation and nation, worker and worker. The mind boggles at the quotations of millions of pounds or dollars or francs in profit or loss. The energy power of crude oil is manipulated as a weapon of force. The empire of Mammon has sway over the whole world and its nations. Indeed this is the contest prophesied for the end of the Age between spiritual and temporal power, the death-struggle of Armageddon. It is the great fight between the Spirit and the flesh. Yet after the trauma, the tragedy, the black night of the world soul, the New Age will dawn. Humanity, the Prodigal Son, will return to its Father, the Supreme Creative Spirit, to usher in that prophesied and longed-for Age of the Spirit. For the soul of man longs for God; and when the soul is in despair comes the moment of release. Even in these dark hours, there is a glimpse of light, but each soul must make its own discovery, and determine for itself its own response to the whole evolution into a higher consciousness.

People will ask how to kindle this spark of inner fire, how to contact that light which illumines the way to the real Self within. But no one can tell another this. It must be found by every individual; one way to find it is to be alone and to listen for the silent voice within. As the Master said. 'When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret . . .' (St, Matthew 6. v.6) that is, retreat into yourself, your soul, and be still. Listen. Go out into the woods or fields, alone. Meditate on the truth, the one Spirit in which all knowledge exists. Meditate, be in communion with God, actually believing that every man, no matter how humble, unlettered, or poor he is, is manifesting the Spirit and is God's



messenger. Remember the words of Theresa of Avila - 'Christ has no hands but mine, no feet but mine.' One needs to persevere with a constant wordless realization of the unity of God the man, the oneness with the true Source, to protect one from the temptations of the world, its distractions and superficialities.

Inspiration will come in flashes, and slowly a new world of confidence and revelation will open. And as energy follows thought, so will creation make real those ideas that will slip into understanding. But there must be true humility, for this is the Spirit working through in all its profundity. The human ego must be stifled, the 'I' of ambition needs to give way to the universal desire to fulfil that plan and purpose which is God's will; and without striving, and in the stillness of mind, will gently dawn that very purpose to transform life into a worthwhileness, the real joy of service.

For this is the working out of the cosmic Law of Cause and Effect. Train the thought power to hold fast to cause and ignore the effect, for that will take care in a natural way, of itself. The cause may be recognised in the desire for true service, in whichever way it may be achieved, humbly in small loving ways, or with the will to accomplish some great task; but beware the small self-pride and vanity of the ego towards possible results for it can inveigle into stony paths, flouting the true way.

Some years ago I met a woman in her late twenties, comfortably married but without a family. She was the possessor of a fine voice, and all her exertions and her desires were focused upon becoming an opera singer. She went to singing classes, she practised continually, yet when I heard her performance, I confess a doubt rose as to whether she possessed the strength and range of vocal sound to qualify for such a demanding role. But that was her great desire, and it was not hard to perceive that her ego had concentrated upon the effects of such a cause, for already she was enjoying the possibility of fame and success.

I noticed that her face looked worn on our next meeting, but she told me that she had a chance of an audition, and so I accepted her explanation of anxiety.

Later on, she telephoned and asked me to meet her. She looked different, radiant and calm. I enquired about the audition surely it had been profitable?

'I have given up singing as a study for opera,' she announced, to my surprise. 'In the future I shall sing just to enjoy it.'

'What happened?' I asked.

'Well, I became very worked up about that audition,' was her reply 'I must have led my poor husband a terrible life! Then one morning I sat down, (I was alone in the house) and I thought about it all. I really meditated, and prayed for help in doing the right thing . . . After some time I took the dog for a walk in the woods. How he loved it, and so did I! I threw sticks to his utter delight until I was tired. Then I sat down on a tree trunk to rest.' She paused, smiling. 'And suddenly I knew! I was getting on in age, and my voice was not good enough. I had been a fool, chasing a rainbow!

Now I knew what I must do. I must find the right pathway of my life, for I had been charging off on to the wrong one! I cancelled that audition. Now I feel freer than I have ever felt!

She had been concentrating her creative thought on future effects of grandeur. She did not love her studies; singing had become almost too great a strain, and her soul was trying to warn that she was pushing against the tide, opposing God's true plan and purpose for her life and service to humanity.

I am sure she did find that true plan and by living with this new power of the Spirit found her right vocation in time. Later, I left the country thus losing touch with her.

But I do know that her husband looked ten years younger on my last encounter with them, and that there was a light of happiness in her eyes that had been dimmed before.

There is a pattern and a plan for the evolution of this human race, of which we are all members. The purpose is beyond our highest imaginations, for our minds are too limited by the illusion of materiality in which we have imprisoned ourselves ever to grasp a fraction of the grandeur of that Divine creative purpose. It forms a tapestry of design and a glory of beauty that is of the Creator alone.

Yet each one of us, famous or unknown, elevated or humble, hero or fugitive, has a part ordained, an individual service to give, a square of the tapestry to weave in this evolution forward and upward. Whether the mosaic of our lives will be drab, dismal, unresolved, a poor facsimile of being; or rich with colour, purpose and achievement, and a-sparkle with the Living Waters of the Spirit is our individual choice. For each section of the pattern is woven into the kaleidoscope of the whole glorious conception, and each human being fulfils his role, consciously or unconsciously, with triumph or with shortcomings in this continued act of creation. The responsibility is an individual one. Will we enhance this new great step upwards in evolution, presented to us by the Living Waters of the Aquarian Age - or will we delay it?

### Chapter XIII Love - Wisdom

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity (love), I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity (love), I am nothing.

1 Corinthians. 13. v. 1&2. (James Translation of the Bible)

Before the commencement of the writing of this book, even prior to the whole theme of the book taking shape in my mind, it was borne in upon me that I, the scribe, the 'channel' for Voices of the Spirit, the 'vehicle' for the earthly manifestation of the

sublime utterances of these Elder Brothers - I, in my inner self had to experience the reality of that about which I was writing. This is *not* automatic writing; this is writing from telepathic communication of Mind and mind. It was not sufficient, I realized, to pen the thoughts that flowed into my listening mind from greater sources of knowledge. The work was of so sensitive a nature that even to express it without becoming at one with it, would betray its truth.

Silently, as the first shoots appear on the trees after the dark winter, the plan and purpose of the book grew and formed in me. It was coming alive; it was taking shape.

An outline of the project was emerging from the disconnected, odd, scripts already written; and one evening (now over a year ago), as I sat by cottage hearth, a skeleton framework of the book flowed through my consciousness.

I grasped my pen, and wrote down, as directed, the chapters and their headings. They followed one after the other in order and precision, and only two of them needed to be reversed in position since. My soul rejoiced, for in the deepest part of my consciousness, I knew that intuition and inspiration were drawing life and form from the Mind-Energy of the Spirit.

Yet with the ecstasy and blessing came a profound sense of humiliation. For plainly written before me on the page was Chapter XIII - 'Love - Wisdom'. I was stricken. For what did I know of love, that essence of compassion, understanding, tenderness, self-forgetfulness in the complete oneness with my brother, my neighbour, and even with God the Divine Spirit? What of my thoughts, often critical of others? What of the utterances of a sharp tongue that could wound, instead of soothe? What of my wish to be uninvolved, seeking exception in the half-truth that I was a writer, my task to write truth to go forth? Was that the reality of love in my life? I knew it was not. My failures rose to taunt me; my weaknesses whispered of unworthiness. With sorrow it was revealed to me that never had I truly lost myself in the reality of love.

Then how could I write that which was to fulfil the chapter of Love-Wisdom, the most important part, indeed the very essence of the entire theme?

Sadly, I closed away my notebooks. I did not write again for months.

But during that space of time, some power not of my volition, changed me. I began to examine myself. Imperceptibly, as scenes flashed into memory of past angry reactions to hurts, of unforgiveness and hardness of heart, of resentment, of bitterness, a gentler soul seemed to comfort, to advise, to help . . . I found myself becoming still; letting go of those mortifications which I hugged to myself. The hardness melted, bitterness dissolved into compassion; the significance and interpretation of events were presented to my mind in a true light with the acceptance of them. Peace slowly settled in me. One evening I realized, with a deep thankfulness, that something far beyond my mortal self had led me, had protected me even from my lower nature, had guided and controlled the apparent happenings

in my life, the strange events, 'coincidences', meetings, partings, weaving a prescribed pattern and a purpose with a loving hand.

That night I *knew!*

'Underneath are the Everlasting Arms' became truth, with deeper connotations and consolations .

This is *love*. This is the meaning of 'Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end.' This is the Water of Life - that Living Water, after drinking of which, there will be no more thirst. A mystery still, but now the closest, most wonderful mystery of all mysteries - life itself.

After that in times of relaxation, of meditation and quietness love poured into and about me as a flood of light. I felt this love in the depths of my being. It came as an uprush of a warm glow within me, and I responded to it. I became aware of a presence, an aura of peace, yet of a sublime ecstasy. Joy bubbled within me. I began to experience a freedom of the spirit, as if, in these moments of exaltation, my soul had pierced the flesh which veiled it, and there was a oneness with all life, all creation. At such periods, meditation became contemplation, and my soul was 'aware' in life-giving love. Gently, comprehension and perception were allied in love with the soul which had come into incarnation via a difficult personality. As these onrushes of a loving presence persisted, so compassion became substituted for criticism; forgiveness banished the clamour of anger and hurts - soul, personality and body were healed by love .

So this chapter could be written with understanding, as those who have inspired it have desired in their love for mankind, that it shall be written. Thanks be to God.

For love is not liking, nor is it sentimental, weakness; nor is it possessive, as in earthly emotion. In its true meaning it is a one-ing, a deep conviction of the totality of all life in one Spirit. There can be no separation of man or woman, race or colour, worldly rich or poor, angel or spirit or lowly creature, powerful or humble, even of God and man. For love is oneness, unity. Through the true realization of this one spirit in and above all creatures, all things animate or (so-called) inanimate, there is the eternal interchange of the Life Force; and this interchange, ever unconsciously proceeding, flashes into light when the personality responds to the spirit. As St. Paul points out, we have these gifts of the spirit to heal, to prophesy, to see spirits, and to create by our thoughts and words. But these powers are only truly *of the WORD*, when they are suffused with *selfless* love, that dedicates to service. For this love is the essence that flames into beauty in the creative WORD - God's WORD, God's LAW. Such love is beyond words; indeed it has no words - *only the WORD* - which is purpose, plan, creation and evolution.

For love heals, love endures, love brings light even in darkness - but love only from the union of heart and soul and not of the isolation of the flesh.

Love is the Law, however abstruse that statement may seem to our intellectual

values; and that which man has betrayed of the Law, whether by envy, hatred, anger, hurt, fear, to do evil to others, must be redeemed by man himself through his own exertions and the transforming quality of tolerance, forgiveness, love and wisdom. Though this may take a century or ten centuries of earth life, the Law is ever fulfilled. As this century ends, and the next dawns, this divine Law of Good, Law of Love, will become more comprehensive as wisdom is generated in humanity by truths revealed in proofs of rebirth.

‘An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth,’ which was the law of the ephemeral personality has no part in the New Age. For the Living Water which will be poured out upon all men (after the trials and tragedies which our negative emotions have inflicted upon us, have been endured,) is love in its widest spiritual application — and *love with wisdom*. For to our limited comprehension, love needs wisdom in its service; and wisdom without love can become too remote and cold. When man finally accepts this Law of Love and applies it, not only to his own personal pattern but to everything and everybody, (his neighbour, his work, the fairness of his dealings in commerce, his home, his family, his advocates, his critics, his own country, and other nationalities) then, and then only, will he raise himself from the limitation of matter; then will wars and violence become outmoded, then no longer will man fear man or animals fear man or other beast, and the lion will indeed lie down with the lamb. Preceding progress must come humility, and before good flows in, the desire for that good must be sought.

‘Ask and it shall be given you; seek and ye shall find’ (St. Luke 11. v.9) are precepts of the Law throughout all planes of living; and ‘Love God (the Creative Divine Spirit) and love thy neighbour’, are the eternal verities, not only of this material life, but of all future existences beyond matter, in the eternal progress back to the centre.

Thus the Plan for the next two thousand years of the Age of the Holy Spirit with mankind ascending to maturity out of the dim aeons of childhood, ignorance, superstition and fear; thus, the purpose of love shining through brotherhood, not only the Good Samaritan tending the fallen one, but spiritual comprehension also of each other’s needs and hopes, with honesty and goodwill in agreement on action and the hand of succour extended between men and women everywhere. The Age of the Spirit is coming to birth with all the associated trauma of birth-pangs, and with all the violence of evil that men have implanted into their thoughts, lives, and actions boomeranging over the entire planet until the darkness is suffused at last by the light of love. The process is slow, and no sane person would dare to prophesy the end, but the Divine Law will be fulfilled, and the water pot of Aquarius will pour forth those Living Waters promised - and the greatest of all its constituents is love.

There are innumerable gleams of light already penetrating the blackness. People all over the world (and possibly in greater strength in the West), are responding to these new vibrations reaching the planet. Young people now growing into maturity are awake and searching for reality. Numerous groups are being formed with souls

responding to service, or seeking in discussion the meaning of life not as a transient three score years and ten of earth existence but as a meaningful progress into those 'things which are eternal'. There are reports of the people's response to quiet retreats, where away from the clamour of the world, this love and wisdom can, in the silence, touch and heal souls; there are open answers to desire for the new Age knowledge in the numbers of books now written and published and the television programmes on such subjects as reincarnation and its meanings, the psychic sense, and on mysticism in the Christian way of life; and perhaps the most significant pointer marking this long-protracted dawn is the eagerness of churchman and layman alike to follow in the footsteps of the Christ, and by love, and through love, offer themselves and their lives in the healing of the sick in mind or body.

For by the application of this Living Water of love, as by its fusion with the tapestry in my dream, a new radiance is illuminating the mosaics, recording the lives of the few, and spreading its lustre towards those reproductions of drab existence by the prisoners of self.

Love is eternal, for it is the hub at the centre of all life; not the spurious emotion so often mistaken for it, which often is desire for possession, or the appetite of the lower senses. Again in Corinthians I Chapter 13, verse 8, St. Paul writes: 'Charity (love) *never faileth*; but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.'

And love is that perfection which dissolves all that is not complete - the Living Water, the Water of Life which Christ in the fullness of his love for mankind (even unto death on the Cross) gave, and continues to give as the Comforter.

Love never passes away, even beyond that which men call death. Indeed, when the soul is released from the body, and takes up its progress in the new life, the love of husband and wife, mother and child, brother and brother, friend and friend, expands and persists in the new understanding, the wider freedom, the thought climate of good, and the excursion into wisdom which is the soul's liberation from matter.

Many letters have been written to me by bereaved persons asking if, indeed, it is *true* that lost loved ones will remember them; or have they departed so far into a heaven-land, or even some dark hell, where this life and all its contacts, meanings, responsibilities are forgotten. Such forebodings must be terrifying to those who have truly loved and shared a life with another. Their religion, in many cases, has given no consolation; the possibility of enduring love has, in some instances, even been negated. That veil between the worlds is too thick for those prejudiced by the mind of the intellect, or fearful of the 'dangers' of the astral world. But pitfalls of course there are, for those who approach these mysteries in the wrong spirit, or who seek to gain power for themselves by the practise of so-called 'magical arts', and 'raising of

the dead'. Again, love is the key - and love makes all things new - even the love between souls after death.

Truth can often be made more explicit through experience; and to end this chapter, may I recount two stories, for which I can vouch, which, to me, and I trust to my reader, are sufficient proof that human love (only a modicum of that Divine Love over all creation) does survive.

The first concerned a friend of mine, a dear soul full of fun and kindness and much loved. She was to lunch with us at the house of a friend where I was staying, and I looked forward to her visit. That morning, as I was dressing, words seemed to rise on their own accord into my consciousness. At first I took little notice - then when they were repeated, and had, as it were, caught my attention, I was a trifle startled.

'The baby,' they repeated. 'I am so happy about the baby.' 'What baby?' I thought, puzzled.

Then came the name of the son, very beloved, whom our coming visitor (we will call her Katie) had lost tragically in an accident many years before.

'Tell her that "John" is so glad about it,' was the message.

I am sure this is not an unusual occurrence. Many people 'receive' such communications, I have no doubt, but do nothing about them.

However I did. When Katie arrived, full of fun and chat, I told her that which John had expressed about the baby and enquired what it meant. Her eyes filled with happy tears.

'I have just heard that I am a great-grandmother,' she said. 'It will be John's granddaughter. How wonderful that he should know about it - and that he should come to tell me . . .' and she wept.

Later, after I had returned home, a letter from Katie, full of joy at the 'continuing love and interest' of her dear John was most moving. She apologized for being emotional, but, she said, 'It was pure happiness - so unexpected - almost as if John was there beside me!'

As indeed he was! For Katie died suddenly after a stroke not many days after our lunch; and John had come to meet her! For love persists beyond all time and space . . .

The other little 'occurrence' is my own, and in its poignancy, may give authenticity to the contingency that love survives death.

The experience happened on 15th January this very year - a Saturday just two weeks ago.

I had been working very hard to finish this book, as my publishers, Neville Spearman, had asked for a delivery date in March. There was not a lot of time, and this meant that I must discipline myself to many hours work a day. I had decided

that the evening was the best time in winter for me to work and was usually ready, pen in hand, after the BBC 1 television news. Often I worked straight through until nearly ten o'clock.

On this particular day, life had been hectic, with shopping, cooking and the many chores of a housewife. In the evening, the writing 'took over' as usual; and at nine thirty, very tired, I packed away my notebooks, and went into the kitchen to prepare some food. I was almost too tired to think, if that is possible!

But as I cut bread and butter, I started to sing. And I went on almost unconsciously humming, and singing, and dancing about the kitchen to the tune of a song that had been very popular in the thirties.

*Lady of Spain, I adore you,  
Right from the first time I saw you.  
Lady of Spain, I love you.*

Suddenly I stopped singing. And the words came clearly into my consciousness, as clearly as if the speaker was beside me - as, in the spirit, he was!

'*So you had forgotten our wedding day,*' came the words of my husband.

Of course! It was 15th January. Work had pushed the memory from my awareness. I felt that I had failed.

But he had remembered!

And it was *his* song I was singing - the very melody to which we used to sing and dance together, so many years ago! Love had remembered!

Love survives, even the pale shadow that we know. How great and wonderful must be that true Divine Love - Wisdom in which the very creation, existence, and purpose of evolution for all things has its origin, and its continuation.

Let all men love!

## Chapter XIV

### Living Waters

In these preceding chapters which have endeavoured to relate man's exploration, colonization, organization, invention, with the maturing of his consciousness, stress has been laid on the significance of growth of inner awareness.

During the months that this book was being written, there was a programme on the television, which I believed would have significance, and to which I listened. The title of the programme was 'Is there a God?' Erudite professors tried to fit intellectual answers to a spiritual question. They searched science for answers, and most of them rejected the idea of a purpose in life. Not one appeared to take cognisance of a belief that has been held for thousands of years, and a doctrine



adhered to by more than half the population of the world - that of the working-out by individuals through recurring lives of the whole purpose of God. There was no acceptance of a pattern or plan for *humanity*, yet there was acceptance for the ordered pattern of a universe - even for a planet. Then why not for mankind?

This materialism seems to be the basis of the decadence of much of the Western world and the trouble in the East, and could be accountable for the hollow mockery of modern living.

God is love, and the working out of his Divine Law through rebirth with fresh chances of good surely is the way of love - and the slow (infinitely slow) fulfilment of the spiritual element in man. If all matter is really energy at differing rates of activity as the scientists aver, then the speeding up of that energy in mankind from the density of matter through the ages of experience, trial, and growth from physical, (material) to mental, (reasoning) to spiritual (immortal) cognisance is surely a pattern of good worthy of a Supreme Power of Good - whether man applies this to God the Creator and Preserver, or not.

It appears that, looking back into historical events, any acceptance of this pattern or man's desire to fulfil the pattern in conjunction with his fellows, widens his own contact with the Creative Source, enriching experience, qualifying error, thus working consciously at a higher level. Perhaps this is the approach to the mystery of the Water of Life; for the Living Waters represent reality - the reality of becoming absorbed totally and consciously in the living, fulfilling creating force of the God Power. For without this Living Water, growth is stultified.

That Living Waters have no need of the emotion of the personal ego, was illustrated in my dream by the involvement of a higher comprehension in judging the tapestry representing earthly existence; for this, uncoloured by egocentric thought was restored to beauty by application of the water content of the earthenware vessel.

If we consider that Living Water is an infusion of all those eternal verities which man has known but ignored or pushed aside, then truth indeed must have its place amongst the more obvious love, will, purpose, expanded consciousness and controlled thought. The search for truth has been pursued throughout the ages; it has been sought in history and in ancient buildings, tombs, relics; holy scriptures of all nations have been scrutinized, and their truth accepted or rejected; and it has been waited upon in prayer, meditation for inspiration from the soul by spiritual seekers. Yet in this modern world it appears that humanity has become satisfied with half-truths. Nations and powers accept and apply half-truths, which are almost more damning than lies, because more plausible. Double-talk violates verity, deluding by sophisticated but meretricious precepts. Mankind seems to have lost its way within all the synthetics of the modern age - man-made synthetic textiles, fertilizers, drugs, medicines, foods; and is now resorting to an amalgam of ambiguity and sophism in the use of his God-given gift of speech in 'double-talk'.

Living Water is truth. Jesus died for it. Great souls endured torture and death for it; men and women have spent their entire lives in service to it; world-wide religions have been founded on it. After such examples, dare we prostitute truth with half-truths, whether induced by fear of criticism or condemnation, or by sensitivity to ridicule or a loss of prestige? Truth being eternal will still be an element of Living Water long after the shallow minds which sullied it have passed from this earthplane. Truth applied to ourselves, to what we are, what we want to achieve, to the realization and acceptance of the purpose and plan for our lives, is like the water from the pitcher in the carriage of my dream sprinkled on to the dull tapestry. It brings light and true colour and meaning.

Can we not then realize the life-giving components of the Living Waters, by which and through which the spirit of man can rise into oneness with the Divine Spirit of Creation? Will, word, plan and purpose, supersensual knowledge, wholeness, love, compassion, forgiveness, wisdom, faith and knowledge, courage and strength, truth, vision and aspiration, harmony and peace . . . each by its nature can help to turn dreariness and drabness, despair and boredom of the unenlightened existence towards that divine intention of evolution ultimate perfection.

Humanity, scarcely beyond its teenage in spiritual understanding despite the aeons of evolution, stands today at the inception of new ideas, new strengths, deeper awareness. For in these coming centuries, a great revolution of truth is to come to humanity. This will not be an entirely new revelation, for there have ever been the few to whom a part of these deeper mysteries has already been imparted and lived. But it may well be an opening of a higher consciousness, a fresh application of truth, a new meaning and appreciation of those things which have been hidden from us; and this will change for mankind the distorted image of the real and the true which has developed from our follies, our mistakes, and our illusions.

But what of today? How can these Waters of Life be applied by a civilization deeply sunk in materialism?

No single person lives in a super-consciousness applying all the imperishable properties of Living Waters to his life; such accomplishment in divine living is beyond anyone's grasp at this *present stage*.

But there can be hope even in this stumbling progression that such components of these Waters as are expedient for the soul's purpose could be apprehended, studied, and tried - to pave the way toward upliftment.

Deep down, in every person obliterated by the glammers of the fleshy existence, lies the total knowledge of the Self, with its failures, its successes, even those dim recollections of trials lost or won. The soul remembers all - it is the storehouse of knowledge, past, present and future. It is cognisant of those lessons it has come to learn; that purpose it is endeavouring to fulfil. It acquires this wisdom, slowly, sometimes painfully in sorrow or in failure; yet with peace in the silence and

stillness of meditation on the highest truths, or examination of the personality, or in contemplation, prayer and oneness with the Eternal Spirit. For in quietness will come those flashes of inspiration that point the special path which the soul seeks to follow; and the purpose it needs to achieve. Whether the ego, the small personality, is strong enough to follow such intuitions is part of its test. But by faithful application of that *component* in the *Living Waters* which seems to be indicated, a subtle change occurs in the mind and consequently in the life. It may be that the will (Divine Will) is to take the place of selfish egoistic desires; or there must be a humble acceptance of love, compassion and forgiveness of wrongs; or complete self-forgetfulness in service to one's fellow men; or even menial tasks completed with harmony and true humility. Not all men or women are called to greatness or high standing, but all can know beauty of living, and the fulfilment of the individual destiny. The successful man or woman is not the one who has made most money, or gained most fame and accumulated high honours. It is the one who has, in his own way, whether lowly or exalted, given more to life than he has taken from it, and has essayed to be at one with the Spirit of all Creation.

For the inner consciousness of man is heightening, and this will have a great effect, not only individually, but in the mass.

As Pierre Teilhard de Chardin points out in his book, *The Future of Man*, it appears that humanity is moving towards a 'super-state' of psychic tension, even an explosion of thought into a 'blaze of brilliance'!

This might be explained as a tremendous increase in the field or aura of *influence* radiating out from every living thing and person. This radiation can already be discerned emanating from many fine souls whose selfless devotion to service and the fulfilment of the will and purpose of God had become the centre-point in their lives. The undefined lustre of the advancing soul automatically draws truth from those it contacts; for having discovered the Living Waters of will, purpose, sensitivity, love and an expanded consciousness, the life is transformed (as the tapestry in the dream) from drabness to radiance. As the New Age develops, and numbers of individuals become assimilated into groups in the search for a true meaning to life, so will this aura of harmony and goodwill spread and influence not only the climate of thought in the world but a more compassionate reaction of men to each others' problems extending the reality of reconciliation between warring factors; together with a stronger growth of Agape (true Spiritual love). This group work which has already become a marked feature in the world as the century nears its close, is initiating a noticeable change in its members. For each one benefits according to his inward stature as he links in union with his group and the group of minds working, thinking, discussing and willing together; and, through these associations greater results are achieved than by a single lonely soul. The inward awareness is enlarged, thought fabric purified, and extended, whilst new avenues of concentration open the way to discovery of the eternal verities. There is indeed, it appears realization of a

‘continuing heightening of the soul of the Universe’.

Frances Banks, in her more illumined consciousness from the new life beyond physical death speaks of the advancement and growth of the group soul in *Testimony of Light*.

‘Thus, as I begin to comprehend now,’ she wrote, ‘the purer and stronger the light from each unit soul of the Group, the greater the advancement of the Group Soul itself towards ultimate bliss of Union, towards that ineffable light which will ever be the mystery and wonder of Divinity.’

‘Yet each “unit” must be proved, i.e. its light must be subjected to the test of veils of density in other spheres of action. So many units return again and again to the nothingness of dense matter, bravely asserting the lasting reality of their illumination. So often such units, clothed in their passing personalities, fall into ignorance, becoming subject to materialistic concepts. Some are blessed on their journeys by flashes into light, and in rare cases, the light gained in these spiritual worlds holds steady, shining through the fleshly masks to bless and encourage their fellow travellers in the darkness of supposed separateness. Light shines from the eyes of these advanced egos, and is reflected in the magnetic fields which surround their dense bodies.’

There is an occult belief that ‘as above, so below’. In simple language that all earth life behaviour, and progress are based (though on a lower scale of perception) on the Law pertaining in all the planes of the physical, astral, mental even to the highest spiritual worlds. We, then, living in the densest veils of matter are progressing, even as those described by Frances Banks; we too are fulfilling the Law as, by our thoughts and actions, the very cells of our bodies change and we become less gross, and of finer substance.

Frances Banks wrote this of those of her fellow pilgrims in the next world:

‘Light here is literally the substance and matter of our thought life. Thus, as our thoughts become attuned to the vibration of Creative Divinity, so the substance of our bodies changes, becoming less dense and reflecting more Light . . .

‘We carry our own light. The greater therefore the selflessness and illumination of our minds and the more positive our response to the higher frequency of vibration, the purer and brighter is the light transmitted by us.’

But can this not be true of pilgrims still inhabiting this earth plane?

‘As above, so below’ - we too can progress into greater understanding, deeper truth, more selfless love and thus ourselves, ‘suffer a sea-change’. As Frances views with finer clarity of comprehension the ascendancy of the Spirit in her fellow travellers in the new world of thought which they inhabit, she expresses it as - actually light flows from their thoughts, and they ‘carry their own light’.

Yet can that not also be applied to spiritually advanced men and women in this

world also?

This brings to mind a story I once heard.

A great sage was asked if he had ever seen God.

‘Yes’, he replied, ‘I have seen God.’

When asked how he had seen God, and where, he answered, ‘sometimes in the faces of my fellow men.’

I can recall with deep joy, the countenance of a young Brother in a monastic order, a man with a sadly crippled body, yet with the face of a god - serene, gentle, beautiful of expression, and alight with a spiritual joy in his realization of his oneness with the Spirit. To talk with him, as I had the honour of doing, was indeed, to feel ‘Light flowing from his thoughts’, as Frances expressed it.

Slowly, through the aeons of civilization, mankind has advanced from coarse flesh-bodies into more refined ‘temples of the Spirit’. The degree of refinement must of course vary, yet as life becomes more civilized, beauty in art, music, speech more accentuated, so will the cells of the human body respond in finer structure as the thought-life becomes elevated to a more ethereal plane, and the substance of the body is purified and refined.

It has been discovered that the body structure changes completely during each successive seven years. If we reconstruct the thoughts, actions, beliefs of those seven years, and are able to review what the inner centralized point of living has been during that period, should we be surprised or astonished that its effects are mapped and marked upon the very lineaments of the countenance? For this is the mask with which we face the world; this is our outer layer which is visible to others. Should it not affect our future behaviour to learn that our ‘field of influence’ or, as Frances terms it, the ‘magnetic fields which surround our dense bodies’, reflects the manner of our lives, our thoughts, our behaviour?

Or are we of such dense material that we need more drastic examples of the records of our lives, and the marks left upon the soul, and thus of the personality? Looking back on photographs taken in childhood, early manhood or womanhood, and then comparing them later with the person that he or she has become in middle life - or even in age, we often find a startling change, an alteration not for the better in the later features; indeed in some instances not only has the sweetness and innocence and light disappeared but the present countenance seems almost a caricature of the original features. For the very lines of the face, the expression of the eyes can be marked by ill-temper, ravaged by dissolute living, wrinkled with worry, and fear, and care, sharpened to foxy cunning by deceit, or emaciated and without hope after many illnesses.

These are those who have been conditioned by materialistic concepts, and have fallen ‘into ignorance’ as Frances suggests. At some time in our lives this sad estate

must have befallen all of us. It is for us to recognize such change, and to do our best to remedy the fall.

May I illustrate by a story of my own?

During the last war when I was living in London and working in the Censorship, I met (at a small hotel where I then lived) the artist wife of a well known and much admired artist. She was, I found, a most forthright woman, who spoke not always wisely but exactly as she felt.

My son, arriving one day unexpectedly from his Cadet Training Camp impressed the artist. She turned to me as he left.

‘I would like to paint your son,’ she said. ‘He is beautiful!’ I had to explain that his time would not permit of sitting. She seemed disappointed.

‘I would rather like to paint his mother,’ she continued, examining me with the artist’s eye, ‘only she has such a hard mouth!’

This was a shock at the time; yet later I realized that the bitterness of my hurt when I left my husband, and the lack of love with which I refused to forgive had made their mark upon my features. I only trust that the hardness has long since disappeared from my heart, as well as from my features.

Yet, compare the faces of the men and women who have found some facet of the Living Waters of Life love, selfless service - oneness with the Infinite Spirit, faith, fulfilment, harmony in living. There is the mark of God truly upon such countenances, and an aura of goodness and beauty about them.

Age - physical deterioration - need not become the demolisher of beauty and grace. I have often seen men and women improve with age (as indeed we should!); I have watched them grow more beautiful, more benign and lovely with the ageing changes when the Spirit was in conscious contact with the personality. This is the result of ‘progressing into light’; of attuning thought to the Creative Divinity within us; of accepting Living Waters to transform our lives, ourselves, and to illumine circumstances that have grown drab and stale with the passage of the years.

May I offer one other story to illustrate how our thoughts, feelings, aspirations outline the pattern, not only of our lives, but of our very looks?

My husband told me, after we had been reconciled, and were again happy together, of an incident in his life during our separation. Whether he understood its deep implications or not, I do not know. He related the incident simply and (healed of the emotion it once engendered) he made it’s inference sound almost amusing.

He said, ‘It was during the period when you had left me. One day, out at sea, I felt I had got to the very lowest ebb. You would not answer my letters. I decided this was the end.

‘So low was I, that one afternoon, in my cabin alone, I went down on my knees. I

prayed for help; I prayed for forgiveness (if not from you, at least from God). And I prayed also for reconciliation. In fact my prayers (and I was not used to prayer!) persisted nearly all that day. And when I went on watch in the evening, my fellow officer of the watch looked at me, and almost involuntarily announced, “Here comes *the parson!*”

If anyone was *not* like a priest, it certainly was my husband! Yet the deep purpose of the hours of his communion with the Spirit had not only uplifted his soul, it had changed his appearance, so that for that moment, he resembled a true ‘man of God’.

As man is in an ever-changing state in his evolution, we are all, at the present time, being affected by this world trauma whether we are aware of this or not, whether we oppose it, or try to dismiss it as ephemeral and impracticable; yet the evolutionary progress goes on - from early animal man, to human man, to spiritual man.

Was this the true meaning of the strangely prophetic and spiritual dream which initiated the writing of this book?

Was it a preview of the ‘illuminated consciousness’ that is scheduled by the evolutionary pattern to transform, (albeit slowly and painfully), man’s psychic and spiritual awareness in the coming Age, as well as his progress into light, thus bringing into manifestation mankind as brothers?

What are the Living Waters but those essential elements of the Spirit, that, by their acceptance will transmute our half- lives into a ‘blaze of brilliance’. Will not their application to the most mundane lives fulfil the Bible prophecies of the ‘Pouring out of the Spirit?’ In these last centuries, the Living Water of which the Christ spoke has been limited by man’s partial understanding. Love *is* the very basis of all creation, all life, all progress. The Christ’s insistence on this is the highest possible ideal of living. Yet has not man’s unenlightened mind, perhaps, restricted some other of these eternal elements of Living Waters? Could it not be more feasible to realize that the Waters of the Spirit *are* the Spirit, and include all those potencies of the Spirit included in love, wider consciousness, more open awareness of sensitivity, of the psychic, and of the mystical, of truth, will, purpose and vision, which will unite men in greater harmony?

If the contents of this book and the prophetic applications of the dream have, even infinitesimally, opened a reader’s mind to the vast subject of those Living Waters which are freely available to each one *now*, then its purpose has been fulfilled. Thanks be to God!

Before this book was ended, there was sent to me a poem attributed to a Maori (a splendid race), and I would like to quote part of it here. For it is full of positive spirituality, and deep meaning to be meditated upon which should open new doors of perception in the reader.

*My Law - Tierne Ranapiri*

The sun may be clouded, yet ever the sun  
Will sweep on its course till the Cycle is run.  
And when into chaos the system is hurled  
Again shall the Builder re-shape a new world.

Your path may be clouded, uncertain your goal;  
Move on for your orbit is fixed to your soul.  
And though it may lead into darkness of night  
The torch of the Builder shall give it new light.

You were. You will be! Know this while you are:  
Your spirit has travelled both long and afar.  
It came from the Source, to the Source it returns –  
The Spark which was lighted eternally burns.

From body to body your spirit speeds on  
It seeks a new form when the old one has gone.  
And the form that it finds is the fabric you wrought  
On the loom of the Mind from the fibre of Thought.

As dew is drawn upwards, in rain to descend  
Your thoughts drift away and in Destiny blend.  
You cannot escape them, for petty or great  
Or evil or noble, they fashion your Fate . . .

Once list to that Voice and all tumult is done –  
Your life is the Life of the Infinite One.  
In the hurrying race you are conscious of pause  
With love for the purpose, and love for the Cause.



## *References and Recommended Reading*

*The Cathars and Reincarnation*

*A Foot in Both Worlds*

*We Are One Another*

by Dr. Arthur Guirdham, published by Neville Spearman.

*Second Time Round*

by Edward Ryall, with introduction by Ian Stevenson M.D.,  
published by Neville Spearman.

*Heirs of Eternity*

by Clarice Toyne, published by Neville Spearman.

*Twenty Cases Suggestive of Reincarnation*

by Ian Stevenson M.D., published by University Press of  
Virginia, USA.

*Precarious Living - The Path of Life*

by Dr. Martin Israel, published by Hodder & Stoughton.

*The Phenomenon of Man*

*The Future of Man*

by Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, published by Wm. Collins.

*Man in Search of a Soul*

by Dr. Carl Jung, published by Routledge & Kegan Paul.

*Memories, Dreams and Reflections*

by Dr. Carl Jung, published by Wm. Collins and Routledge &  
Kegan Paul.

*White Magic*

by Alice Bailey, published by Lucis Press.