

# The Great Reality

J. H. Remmers

*Dedicated to my beloved grandparents  
Christian and Bertha Leser*

Spiritualist Press  
23 Great Queen Street  
London, W.C.2  
1947

## **Foreword**

At the age of thirty seven I had acquired sufficient material means to ensure financial independence. Even so, I suddenly discovered I was but a child. Whatever vanities I had regarding my importance began to vanish. In short, I was reborn.

I cannot chronicle these psychic experiences unless I speak much of myself. For this reason I have hesitated (since the publication of my earlier work *Is Death the End?*) to publish them. They are my rarest possessions; of greater value to me than anything this earth has to offer. In fact, they are so precious that it is with reluctance I lay them bare for public view. I do so now only because of the chaotic conditions of our time.

Once again the human family, in its disobedience of divine law, is approaching a crisis of such magnitude that unless man chooses the spiritual way of life another attempt at civilisation may crumble into dust.

There is as yet no broad and easy road which leads into regions of psychic realities. At best we have only the trails pioneers have hewn through the wilderness of mental limitations and bogs of intolerance. If, however, one possesses the courage to venture away from the bounds of creedalism and to follow these rough but carefully marked trails, one comes finally out upon a vista so magnificent as to stand spellbound at the frontiers of heaven.

Step by step I groped my way towards the Great Reality.

Such has been my experience. This chronicle is a true record of first-hand evidence. I have seen and heard with my own eyes and ears what is related here. This is the account of an explorer who has had experiences so thrilling they must seem incredible to those who have not ventured away from the beaten path. Nevertheless, I bear witness. But I do not bear witness alone. All that I report here is corroborated not only by holy Scripture but also by the testimony of eminent men of science.

In this brief foreword I wish to convey that I write not to sponsor any cult, creed or dogma. I write only as one more witness, adding my testimony to that already given down through the ages from time immemorial, of man's survival after the physical body's death.

The earth is the fool's paradise - the wise man's temple of learning.

J. H. REMMERS

San Diego, California.

Some of the moral and mental obstacles which have to be overcome in the march of progress are indicated in this little story reprinted in a house organ, Tracks:

“When a debating society in Lancaster, Ohio, in 1828 requested the use of the schoolhouse to debate the subject of railway transportation, the school board dismissed the request thus:

“ ‘You are welcome to use the school to debate all proper questions in, but such things as railroads and telegraphs are impossibilities and rank infidelities. There is nothing in the Word of God about them. If God had designed that His intelligent creatures should travel at the frightful rate of fifteen miles an hour, by steam, He would have clearly foretold it through His holy prophets. It is a device of Satan to lead immortal souls down to hell.’ ”

Even in this supersonic, atomic age, we still find ourselves occasionally fighting this type of mind.

## CHAPTER 1

*Alexander Dumas, the celebrated French novelist, affirmed that his father came just after quitting his body to say farewell to him. He felt warm breath on his face and heard a voice say: "Alexander, I have come to bid you adieu. Be a good boy and love your mother."*

### **'There! Don't You See Him?'**

John, my son, was a fine, healthy, intelligent lad of eleven. He died in the early hours of September 1, 1924. Broken by intense grief and worn by sleepless nights of anxiety, I dropped wearily to a couch in a room near the silent form I loved so deeply. Sleep was impossible. I lay very quiet, trying to comprehend the grim tragedy which had come so swiftly over my happy household.

I was lying with the right side of my face on the pillow. By degrees, I became aware of rhythmic breathing directly in my face as though someone were resting close by my side and facing me. This seemed most strange. I lay very still and held my breath to make sure I was not deceiving myself in some manner. The breathing continued. Then a mysterious, definite, soothing awareness of John's presence overcame my weary consciousness and I fell into a sound slumber which lasted several hours.\*

\* I had not read, or heard of Dumas' similar experience until years later.

This was my first psychic experience after John's transition. It had the effect of bringing about a burning desire to investigate thoroughly the great question of Survival. From then on nothing else interested me; nothing else mattered. Life, as I once knew it, seemed to recede and vanish into a dim, foggy background. I remained silent regarding this experience and waited to see if other manifestations would follow. I was not disappointed.

John and Bert, his younger brother, had occupied twin beds in a large, sunny room. Directly after John's passing a nurse was engaged. She was temporarily occupying the same room with Bert. John's transition did not occur in this room, but he was very fond of it. During the last hours of his illness he asked to be returned to it, but the doctor would not permit us to move him.

After her first night with us, I casually asked her how she had slept. I was surprised at the story she related. She told me, in a most serious manner, that time after time she was awakened by the sensation of being pushed out of bed. She got no rest until the early hours, after she had moved to the very edge of the bed farthest from Bert's. There was a similar happening on the following night, but it was not repeated thereafter. John, not fully aware of his new condition, still desired to occupy his own bed by the side of his brother.

Students of psychic phenomena know that for some time after transition the discarnate personality remains very close to those things near and dear. Some haunt old environments for long periods after passing. All investigators who have witnessed telekinesis (the moving of heavy objects without physical contact) can understand that the pushing sensation which this nurse experienced could have

been caused by the use of psychic force emanating from both Bert and the nurse.

As we entered our driveway about a week later, Bert, who was then seven-and-a-half years old, suddenly exclaimed: "There's Johnnie! There's Johnnie!"

My wife, Emily, and I were amazed. Simultaneously we asked, "Where?"

Bert pointed to the front door and excitedly answered: "There! There! Don't you see him?" Then after a brief pause, "He went into the house; right through the door!"

We looked at each other speechless. This sudden and unexpected manifestation, experienced through the unaffected simplicity of a young boy, was startling in its reality. It was a case of spontaneous clairvoyance. Psychic literature records many similar cases. The critic may smile here and attribute this experience to the mere imaginings of a child. But if he desires to be fair I suggest he reads on and withhold judgment.

For several weeks following this experience no psychic manifestations occurred. Bert, however, repeatedly insisted John was present and that they played together as usual. It appeared to Bert as though nothing had happened and he suddenly developed a fondness for a procedure which he termed "the new game". He would induce one of us to hide an object anywhere, inside or outside the house. Then, with great delight, he would march directly to where it was hidden and bring it forth. He never failed! It was uncanny. If asked how he did it, he always gave the same frank answer. John, his brother, showed him just where the object was hidden!

Regarding this experience, the critic, unfamiliar with clairvoyance, usually suggests telepathy. We do not deny that thought-transference is a fact, but it is also authoritatively known that this sensitiveness is very rare among human beings. Why did this power of reading our thoughts (as the critic will affirm) develop so suddenly with Bert? Why was it that nothing of a similar nature had occurred in our family circle before? If the boy had this power of picking up our thoughts to such a marked degree, there certainly should have been some evidence of it before John's passing.

In looking over the daily papers, Emily came upon a clairvoyant's advertisement which, for some reason, appealed to her. She decided to visit this woman. I was not at all inclined, as it was my desire to witness only phenomena which might occur in our own home. But to be agreeable I went along. We found the clairvoyant a pleasant little person living in a modest house in a nice neighbourhood. Emily told her we had come for a séance, no more. No names or information were given. She invited us into her small living room where a cheerful lamp burned brightly. I glanced about carefully but could find nothing suspicious.

"So far so good, what next?" thought I, totally inexperienced regarding the matter. We were comfortably seated. After a few preliminary remarks the medium said she would try to establish clairvoyant or clairaudient contact. She leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes. As we sat in silence, I mentally surveyed the whole procedure in a critical frame of mind. "Why," I asked myself, "should we pay this total stranger a fee to contact our boy?" In spite of the pleasant surroundings the whole affair took on a disturbing aspect for me. After several minutes the medium

opened her eyes and addressed me in a pleasant manner.

“You are too sceptical,” she said, “and unless you change your mental attitude I’m afraid I cannot help you.”

I made no response. After resting in silence for a brief period she arose and chose a volume from among her books. She asked if I would be kind enough to go into an adjoining room and try to concentrate upon its contents. By so doing, she explained, my thoughts would cease to interfere and possibly she could then establish contact for my wife, who was more tolerant.

Unimpressed, I accepted the book and went into the adjoining room. I did not look at the title of the volume, but opened it at random. The medium began speaking in a low tone. I heard her tell Emily that she sensed the presence of a boy who had recently passed into the new life. She gave a good description of John but missed his age by several years.

She said that his transition had occurred rather suddenly (true) and that he had suffered an illness of the throat (true). She said that he mentioned Bert (excellent), his brother, and said he had been in contact with him (most evidential). Then there followed a rather detailed description of various members of both Emily’s and my family who had passed on, each designating his or her relationship. In viewing this evidence from where I stand today it was remarkably accurate.

At the time I was not convinced but deeply puzzled. I’m afraid I was not a pleasant client, but despite my mulishness the medium kept her poise and displayed fine patience. She must have sensed a deep sincerity underlying my critical crust of ignorance regarding psychic matters, for she seemed most desirous of helping us. She offered to take us to the home of a friend who, since his wife’s passing, had developed the power of materialisation.

“Materialisation?” I asked. “What is this?”

She explained that through this friend’s mediumship (he made no charge to help people in sorrow) those who had passed on could manifest in a spirit form to such an extent they were clearly recognisable.

“Does this take place in the dark?” I asked rather pointedly. “Not entirely,” answered the clairvoyant. “There is a red light bright enough to read the time on the face of a watch.”

I then displayed an ignorant rudeness for which I shall ever be sorry. “I’ll have no part in anything of this nature which occurs in darkness,” I said rather gruffly.

The medium smiled and answered quietly: “I am sorry, sir, but you are standing in your own light. Nature will not alter its laws to suit you or any other person.” It was not long after that I fully awakened to the truth of her words.

All the experiences I have thus far related were mere clues. They did not bring conviction. In the weeks that followed, I was still living in a bleak, dark world. My life was filled with doubt and confusion. I had but one desire: to follow these meagre clues to a definite conclusion, one which would lead either to the conviction of

Survival or vice versa. I was gripped by a grim determination to prove to my own satisfaction the truth or the fallacy of the age-old belief that man's personality survived physical dissolution. I hungered for knowledge of this mighty question. Fortunately my wife's interest was as deep as my own.

We proceeded on our quest by first absorbing what capable investigators of the subject had to say through their books. We did not realise it at the time, but this first step was the wisest one we could have taken. I suggest to all those about to begin a similar investigation to proceed likewise.

To start out by frequenting séances, or to attempt communication before acquiring a fundamental knowledge, is harmful rather than helpful. We read all the obtainable literature, for and against Survival. It was during November, 1924, that we came upon Crawford's invaluable books. (Dr. W. J. Crawford, Lecturer in Mechanical Engineering, Belfast University). Then, about December 1, we began experiments in a systematic manner, in accordance with Crawford's instructions.

At seven p.m. daily, including Sundays, Bert, Helen (an orphan girl who had come to live with us), my wife and I would seat ourselves around an unpainted wooden table and place our hands lightly upon it. All light, with the exception of that from a photographer's red lamp, was excluded from the room. After experimenting for several evenings, the table began to move and tilt, but as no other form of phenomena occurred throughout December, we grew rather discouraged. Even though we experimented in good red light, by which all the actions of every sitter could easily be observed, and the table's movements were strong and positive, we were not fully convinced what we were witnessing was caused by discarnate personalities.

During January, 1925, our discouragement was so deep that we no longer asked Helen and Bert to join us in our experiments. I am certain that had it not been for the books by such eminent men as Sir William Crookes, W. J. Crawford, Sir Oliver Lodge, Baron Schrenck-Notzing, F. W. H. Myers, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and others, we would have given up the quest. I shall always be deeply grateful for the encouragement these books brought us in those dark hours.

For several weeks, we persisted in our search, but nothing occurred. Finally, one evening near the end of January, as we sat discussing our failure to establish intelligent communication, we were suddenly startled by three distinct raps on the table. As neither of us had any physical contact with the table at the time we were thrilled by the genuineness of the manifestation. Emily burst into tears of joy. I knew, with a conviction hard to convey, that what we had just witnessed was an actual physical phenomenon.

What we had failed to grasp, during the course of our reading, was that a period of preparation and organisation is necessary before intelligent, objective communication is possible. There are, however, exceptional cases on record where such a phenomenon has occurred almost immediately upon experimenting. The best physical mediums with whom it has been my privilege to experiment were developed over long periods of time.

Following those first rappings, phenomena of an objective nature began to happen with a swiftness that was remarkable. On the evening we had received those first raps, another series fell upon the headboard of both my wife's and my own bed after we had retired. We asked if it was John. The response was instantaneous and of such nature that it conveyed a sensation of great joy on the part of the one producing it. These manifestations were spontaneous and lasted about five minutes.

Nothing of a similar nature (rapping on the headboards of our beds) had ever occurred before during the twelve years of our married life.

## **CHAPTER 2**

*I experimented and tested this class of phenomena in every possible way, and came to the conclusion that the tests would satisfy any scientific man if applied to any other branch of science. - Rev. Prof. Henslow, M.A., F.L.S., F.G.S., F.R.H.S.*

### **The Table That Walked**

Bert and Helen's room contained the same twin beds and other things which formerly made up the furnishings of John and Bert's room. The twin beds, of early American design, had tall posts at the foot and head. One morning the children affirmed their beds had been swaying the night before. Emily and I attributed this to their imagination. However, several mornings later, both stoutly asserted this had happened the previous night and with greater force than on the first occasion.

I still questioned the possibility of such an occurrence and asked them to call us at once should it happen again. The same night, shortly after they retired, an excited call came from their room. We entered quickly. The door between their room and the one in which we had been sitting and reading was left wide open. In the light from the two lamps in the adjoining room we could easily distinguish the beds and their occupants.

We stood spellbound as we distinctly observed the tall posts of each bed swaying from side to side. I could not believe my eyes. However, taking hold of one of the posts, to my utter amazement, my arm swung back and forth with the bed's movement. My wife did likewise with the same result. Bert and Helen seemed greatly amused by the peculiar sensation they were experiencing, but neither moved during the entire manifestation. As far as I could observe, the beds did not leave the floor but seemed rather to bend from side to side. The deflection was at least twelve inches (six inches each way) and no noise of any sort accompanied the phenomenon. It was a strange sight.

Here you have a case where four people of various ages simultaneously witnessed the same occurrence through the faculties of sight and sensation. The only objection our critics can offer in a case such as this is that we were all deluded. But the objection will not apply for the reason that psychic literature records many well-attested occurrences of a similar nature under the strictest test conditions.



After witnessing this objective phenomenon, matters took a decided course. During February Helen and Bert again joined our experiments.

By the middle of March we had reached a point in our psychic unfoldment where it was no longer necessary to place our hands upon the table. It moved about on its own power and the rappings fell upon any part of the table designated. We had established a code and carried on conversations for an hour or more at a time. These physical manifestations grew in strength to such extent that semi-darkness was no longer required. The table would move, tilt and be rapped upon in full light! On several occasions I saw its drop leaves move up and down without human contact of any sort! If a chair were placed under one end of the table, it would come bounding out at my request. All of this occurred in the full impact of daylight.

During this period, while these powerful physical manifestations were taking place, I, on many occasions, distinctly felt the psychic energy leaving my body at the extremities, at fingertips and toes. I can find no earthly sensation to compare with this strange psychic experience. I have no words with which to describe it. I can only say it is a very definite sensation that something of a most vital nature is leaving the physical body.

In bright daylight I could place my fingers near a small object, such as a china coffee cup, and ask that it be moved away from my hand. The object would be moved away without contact with my hand. If I placed my fingers on a closed lock, it would spring open. The forces that produced this phenomenon, after demonstrating what was possible, wisely brought it to an end.

Every end is but a fresh beginning.

One evening, we were all seated in our living room variously occupied. Bert suddenly looked up from his toys and told Emily he had just been talking with John, who told him if a pencil and paper were laid under the cloth of the living room table that evening he would try to write upon it during the night. She agreed to do so. After Bert and Helen had gone to bed Emily found a pencil and blank sheet of paper, but instead of placing it under the tablecloth she put it on the shelf of a small table which stood behind a divan. Early the following morning, she went directly to where she had hidden the pencil and paper. To her great surprise and delight she found the word "Mama" written on the centre of the sheet.

We compared the writing with John's and were astonished by the similarity. Although there was a marked difference in the two boys' handwriting I was not quite satisfied. To eliminate the possibility of Bert or Helen having anything, consciously or somnambulistically, to do with the matter, on the following evening, and unknown to either, I placed a pencil and clean sheet of paper on top of a china case six feet from the floor. To write upon this sheet it would have been necessary to move a chair into place. As a precaution I had moved all chairs as far as possible away from the case.

Bert was about eight years old, a robust lad but short of stature. He could not have reached the paper unless he stood on top of the back of one of the chairs. Helen,

about fifteen, was short in stature but could have reached it by standing on the seat of any chair. However, neither knew that I had placed the paper and pencil where they lay. The following morning I arose quite early, went directly to the china case, and found the same word written on the centre of the sheet. But in this case it was more legible and so characteristic of John's handwriting that Bert and Helen were completely ruled out of the occurrence.

Where there is sufficient psychic energy, independent writing by discarnate personalities is not uncommon. Sir William Crookes, the eminent chemist, records several remarkable occurrences of this nature.

One evening while a friend and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. John Trendier, were visiting us, we asked our discarnate friends to give them a demonstration of psychic force. On this occasion we used a small, walnut table weighing approximately fifty pounds. Emily placed her fingers lightly upon it and our guests were mystified by what they saw. It was their first experience. The husband could not believe his eyes as he beheld the table moving about the room as though it were alive. He asked if we would object if he tried to hold it and stop its movement. He was a strong man.

I was delighted with his request because I was sure of the result. I had tried to hold it myself on several occasions. Our friend of the big muscles gripped a leg firmly with each hand, but despite his exertion it rocked and moved about at will. Baffled, but determined to stop its movements, he removed his coat, and applied all his strength. I laughed heartily (the first time since John's transition) at the utter futility of his efforts. All this took place in the full light of three forty-watt electric globes.

One evening a rather humorous incident occurred. We were entertaining a man and his wife who were most devout church members. We knew of their great fear and antagonism to the subject nearest our hearts. So during the evening we made no mention of what we were experiencing daily in the very atmosphere now surrounding our orthodox friends. These good people firmly believed that all psychic manifestations were of a diabolical nature. How they reconciled such a conviction with the New Testament has always baffled me. Nevertheless, there was much about them we liked and I was hoping no phenomena would occur in their presence.

All went well until we sat around our large dining table for a light lunch. As we were seated I had a premonition that this was a mistake. During the past months I had seen this table, under similar conditions, in full light; move about without human contact many times. I was hoping John would not indulge in one of his boyish pranks. He was still just a boy, human in all his attributes.

For thirty minutes all went well and I began to feel confident. Then suddenly and without warning things began to happen. The table slowly proceeded to move toward my orthodox friend who was seated at the far end directly opposite me. I saw the bewildered expression on his face and quickly grasped a brace underneath the table with the hope of stopping its movements, but to no avail. It continued moving until it had my friend pinned tightly between itself and the back of his chair!

Embarrassed, I released my hold. As I did so, it moved rapidly toward me and pinned itself against my body with considerable pressure. Then it moved to its original position, took a course to the left, then to the right, and finally complacently slid back to its usual place.

All this happened so suddenly and with such positive ease that not a word was uttered during the entire manifestation. Our religious friends gazed upon us wide-eyed and bewildered. I felt the best thing to do would be to treat the incident with the utmost frankness. I explained we were in contact with our boy. What they had just experienced was one of many daily happenings in our home. I asked them to look upon the occurrence as a friendly greeting from John. But these good people seemed terribly frightened. They made no comment, but I sensed what they were thinking - that we were surely in league with the devil. They could not conceal their agitation and soon left. My wife and I saw the humorous side of the whole incident, but our misguided friends never returned.

I realise some of these happenings may seem incredible to those who have had no psychic experiences. Unless they believe in my sincerity and my sanity they will profit little from reading this book.

I now relate what I consider one of the most unusual and remarkable psychic experiences ever recorded. It was most unusual because those involved spoke audibly at considerable length, in a semi-lighted room. It was remarkable because the material body of one of the manifesting personalities was asleep almost two thousand miles away. This experience was wholly spontaneous and so clear-cut in its nature that it should leave no doubt in any unbiased mind that man is more than flesh and bone.

One night, after we had retired and lay in the semi-darkness discussing this subject, there came a sudden pounding on the mattress of my bed. Startled, I sat upright and looked about. Our beds were several feet apart. I saw that Emily was lying quite still. Before I could question her, I heard to my utter amazement my name called from just above my head.

“John, John!” said a soft, distinct feminine voice.

“Yes?” I managed with some difficulty.

“This is your Aunt T,” the voice clearly responded.

For a brief while I could make no response. I was speechless with astonishment. However, I answered, bewildered, “So far as I know, Aunt T is still living on earth.”

Then I distinctly heard a deep sob. Directly following this, another feminine voice spoke.

“John, this is your Aunt E - (she was deceased). I brought Aunt T while her body sleeps in California (pause). She is deeply sorry for what happened and desires that you forget (pause). This will bring her peace!”

“I certainly shall,” I answered, too amazed for further speech. “Thank you, John,” the voice of Aunt E softly responded.

I now turned toward my wife. I had been gazing up in the direction from where these voices had come. "Did you hear?" I asked.

"Every word," she answered.

I then asked her to repeat what she had heard, for I could not believe my own ears. She repeated it word for word. (The conversation pertained to a family misunderstanding.)

All that had happened up to this time was but a means to an end. It served its purpose in bringing to each of us a gripping conviction of the vital fact that we are surrounded by a host of unseen personalities who once dwelt on earth. It seems it is through the awareness of these fourth-dimensional beings that our own spiritual powers unfold. Electricity, one of our greatest blessings, is in itself invisible; we are only aware of it through its various objective manifestations (heat, power and light). It is also so with the spirit world. If it were not for such physical manifestations as I have just related, people on earth would still be totally ignorant of a fourth-dimensional state. Once we gain the conviction of Survival through objective phenomena, wise and intelligent guides bring it to a conclusion with the hope of developing the growth of our dormant spiritual powers. This, it appears, is in accordance with the eternal laws of progress. Thus it is that we acquire spiritual consciousness and move forward with the process of evolution.

All those who have been convinced of Survival know that once we gain this conviction our entire outlook on life changes. For me, it was like witnessing the break of a glorious dawn at the end of a black, starless night. Love is life's grandest mystery.

My bed stood facing a large plate-glass window located in the south wall of the room. Before retiring at night I would raise the shade to the very top of this window. As a consequence I was always awakened early by the first full light of dawn. Early rising was an old habit and I always enjoyed a period of quiet contemplation before arising. During these periods I would gaze at the sky through one of the windows of the room where I slept.

One morning, while looking at the sky through this large plate-glass window, I observed an outline of heads and shoulders of three human forms. I studied what I saw carefully. Their outline was most distinct, as though drawn on the window by a well-defined line of black ink. I could clearly discern that the head and shoulders of one was not as large as those on either side.

After several minutes the line gradually grew weaker until the manifestation was entirely gone.

There was no picture which resembled this outline of human forms in the room where I slept. This fact eliminates the possibility of such an impression having registered itself on the retina of my eyes and thence creating the illusion on the glass. The outline of the forms was not of the usual photographic size. It was life-size. On the first morning of this experience, I tried my best to recapture what I had seen but could not do so.

The following morning a similar phenomenon occurred, but this time there were only two heads and two pair of shoulders; one the replica of a fully matured man, the other that of a boy. On the third morning, the outline of only one form appeared. It was such a perfect reproduction of John's profile that it left no doubt in my mind as to his identity.

Each morning, for about ten days, there was a similar happening, but with each occurrence a different profile appeared. Each time features were added, eyes, nose and mouth, by which I could easily identify the personality manifesting. It was a most fascinating experience and developed to such extent that I could often observe as many as three full forms, clearly outlined against a blue sky, at various times of the day. This was the beginning of my clairvoyant sight.

It was, however, purely a case of objective clairvoyance and this continued for several months. I was actually seeing fourth-dimensional people with my physical eyes in broad daylight. I had not yet learned to use my spiritual sight. This development came later.

To produce objective clairvoyance, the manifesting personality must obtain a certain amount of tenuous matter from those on earth by which it can clothe its ethereal form and make itself visible to physical eyes. As this tenuous substance is rarely available, those in control of our unfoldment endeavour to bring about the development of our dormant spiritual sight. I am certain the many clairvoyant experiences related in this volume will convince the student and those who are honest critics that clairvoyance is a definite fact.

### **CHAPTER 3**

*I tell you with all the strength of the conviction which I can muster that we do persist, that people still continue to take an interest in what is going on, that they know far more about things on this earth than we do, and are able from time to time to communicate with us. Why do I say that? I say it on distinct scientific grounds. I say it because I know that certain friends of mine who have died still exist, because I have talked with them. - Sir Oliver Lodge, F.R.S., D.Sc., LL.B.*

#### **A Voice No Man Forgets**

While discussing this subject with a man who had been excommunicated from his Church because of his atheistic theories, a mutual friend was drawn into our talks. It was then I learned for the first time that he was a Spiritualist. He had also been asked to leave his Church because of his outspoken Spiritualistic theories.

The discussion between atheist and Spiritualist waxed hot. It was rather abruptly terminated when the Spiritualist proposed that the atheist accompany him to a séance. The atheist flatly refused to do so, pleaded an appointment and left us.

I asked what type of phenomena occurred at these séances. He explained it was direct voice, amplified by the use of a megaphone. I asked if he would take me and he gladly agreed.

On the following evening, Emily and I accompanied my Spiritualist friend to the studio of this direct-voice medium, a Mrs. W. Presnall, who has now passed on.

There was no introduction, and had there been one, it could not have accounted for the extraordinary experiences which followed. About thirty people participated. They seated themselves on chairs placed in the shape of a horseshoe; the medium sat in a rocker at the open end. The room was approximately fifteen feet wide by twenty feet long. An aluminium megaphone, with a luminous band on its large end, was placed on the floor in the centre of the room and the lights were switched off. After waiting possibly twenty minutes, the megaphone suddenly rose from the floor and slowly floated about the circle. Then a powerful masculine voice issued from it. The voice (it was explained to me) was that of a deceased medical doctor who was in control of the séance. I marvelled at its volume and was wondering if it would be possible for the medium so to disguise her voice. Suddenly the megaphone hovered and stopped directly in front of me.

“John!” called a feminine voice, ringing with eagerness.

“Yes?” I responded.

“Your mother,” replied the voice, vibrant with emotion.

All the years since my mother’s passing seemed suddenly to fade away. This was the one voice I could never forget - a voice I am certain no man ever forgets! MOTHER!

“Yes,” I said. Then that cherished voice tried to speak again but broke into deep sobs instead. “Mother,” I asked, “aren’t you happy?”

“My boy! My boy!” came the thrilling reply. “I am overcome with joy! After all the years God has made it possible for me to talk with you again!”

It was now I who was speechless. Then to prove her identity definitely she spoke of something long locked in my heart - something of which I had never spoken to any soul upon this earth. Suddenly the megaphone dropped to the floor.

My mother, while on earth, was of a most spiritual nature, but also very practical. Therefore this manifestation was extraordinarily characteristic. It is difficult to convey, through the written word, the dramatic reality of this experience. To me it is of such a sacred nature I hesitate to record it for publication. Were it not for its importance in the advancement of truth I would most certainly refrain from doing so.

For a time I sat spellbound, only half aware of spirit voices speaking to others present. The megaphone again stopped before me and a familiar voice addressed me in German. I at once recognised my grandmother’s voice.

My grandmother cared for me after my mother’s passing, and a strong bond of love existed between us. On earth she was a loving but positive character. She immediately launched into a discussion of intimate personal affairs of my life. She seemed thrilled to be able to prove her identity and that we all survive death.

I asked her if she remembered the song she used to sing to me when I was a boy, as

we sat in our garden on summer evenings. Without the least hesitation and in a clear, strong and most characteristic voice, she sang in German two verses of that song. I did not mention its name or give any clue. Twenty-five years had elapsed since last I heard it - for my grandmother never sang again after my mother's transition.

As she finished singing the megaphone swung to Emily. My grandmother had her own way of pronouncing my wife's name. No other person pronounced it just as she did. It was in this convincing manner that she addressed Emily. She spoke most endearingly of our boy, John, explaining that his over-anxiety to talk interfered with his doing so at this time. She revealed an intimate knowledge of our household affairs.

My sister Bertha and my wife's sister May also spoke at some length. They, too, were familiar with all that was occurring in our home. Both identified themselves without the least prompting on our part.

This was my first experience of a voice séance. Even though convinced of Survival, I was at first suspicious because the conditions were out of my control, and the medium was a stranger to me who earned her living in this manner. It seems we all overlook the fact that a medium, too, must eat, pay rent or taxes and meet all those obligations which we must discharge to live on earth.

We think it perfectly normal to pay the doctor, dentist, baker, barber, hairdresser and even the preacher. But that a medium should dare charge for his or her services is beyond our pious understanding. By degrees we learn that mediums are human, but of more importance than any of us. Just as there are swindlers in every field of human activity, including religion, you will also find swindlers who profess to be mediums. But such frauds fool only the gullible and this matters little as the credulous, en masse, are constantly bamboozled anyway.

This séance lasted two-and-a-half hours. Approximately sixty ethereal beings voiced their thoughts to earth. The medium's powers measured up to all my Spiritualist friend had claimed. Collusion on his part was out of the question - he is an individual of good character, a reputable business man. However, had it not been for the right mental attitude we had acquired through months of study, we would not have obtained such splendid results at a first sitting with a medium who was a total stranger. The evidence which came was of such a personal nature it excluded all possibility of fraud. The characteristic naturalness of both my mother and my grandmother left no doubt as to identity.

We were privileged to attend another voice séance. Mrs. Susan Bartlett, the medium, was recommended to us. Seven personalities, all relatives, manifested and established their identities by voluntarily giving names and other crucial information. We were always careful not to mention names. A number of these people had left the earth forty and fifty years previously. Some of the manifestations were truly amazing, but we were eagerly awaiting to hear from John - he had not spoken as yet.

The spirit control, no doubt sensing our intense eagerness to hear from our boy,

explained that both his anxiety and our own were making it difficult for him to adjust himself to the sensitive voice mechanism by which the etheric voice is materialised. He said, however, that a special effort would be made to accomplish this that evening. For a period of possibly twenty minutes various spirit personalities spoke to others present. Among these was an Irish communicator. His humour was so refreshing that everyone laughed heartily. This seemed to bring about the desired result; it relaxed our nervous tension.

As we quietened down, the megaphone moved towards us. Then John, in an excited tone, began calling. He assured us he was very much alive and that he participated in all those psychic occurrences which we were experiencing in our home. The entire manifestation was most characteristic of John, but he definitely established his identity by successfully meeting a test put to him by his mother. Today, knowing what I do about the supersensitiveness of this whole procedure, I marvel at the unusual degree of success with which John met this test question. Under less favourable conditions he would have failed.

“John,” my wife calmly asked, “can you tell me something about a certain thing Papa is wearing?” Note the broadness of this question. A brief tense silence followed. “Do you mean that pin?” he asked.

“Yes,” answered his mother.

“Well,” he continued, “it is made from a piece of wood I picked up in the Petrified Forest while on our trip to Florida.” “Florida?” questioned his mother.

“I meant to say California (slight pause). I gave it to Aunt Bibee at the time. She had a pin made of it for Papa (slight pause); she sent it yesterday and he just got it today.”

As he finished speaking, the megaphone dropped to the floor. The control now spoke, explaining that the power was about exhausted. He was delighted our boy had so favourably met a direct test question which in most cases fails when a personality is manifesting through direct voice for the first time. He advised us not to ask abrupt questions when personalities are endeavouring to speak the first time, as all must learn the technique.

It was better to permit those communicating to bring tests of their own accord. He said further that if we followed this advice we would obtain all the evidence our hearts desired. Through the years we have found this to be true. It is astonishing the evidence they do bring, once they have learned the technique of speaking.

This was a wonderful séance in every way. All that John had said regarding the pin was amazingly accurate. It consisted of wood picked up by him in the Petrified Forest a year before. Emily’s sister had the pin made by a jeweller in a city some fifty miles away. She sent it to me the previous day and I received it on the afternoon of the séance. I was wearing it for the first time that night.

No one in Cincinnati, where we were living at the time, except ourselves, had any knowledge whatever regarding it. My wife’s sister and the medium had never met. John never addressed this aunt by any other name than Bibee. Neither Emily nor I



knew John had given this odd-shaped piece of petrified wood to his aunt. He made one slight mistake when he said "Florida", but quickly corrected it.

My Spiritualist friend told me of a materialising medium whose phenomena were as high in quality as those gifted with direct voice. She lived in another State. I felt she had no knowledge of my personal affairs, yet I wanted to be sure.

We drove to Kentucky and parked our car several blocks from the medium's home. I asked Emily to permit Helen to attend the séance in her place; to this she agreed. We did not present ourselves for admission until the séance was about to begin. All present were strangers to us.

The room was large and the chairs were placed in a half-circle facing a cabinet, which I was permitted to examine, and where the medium, a Mrs. Langley, finally took her place behind curtains. All lights were extinguished with the exception of one which was enclosed by a yellow glass. After a while, one's eyes became accustomed to this subdued light and in it visibility was surprisingly good. Despite this I was nevertheless cautious, determined to observe everything. For a time the group sang various songs.

Suddenly the curtains of the cabinet parted and a little girl of about ten, clothed in white, appeared. She was at once recognised by most of those present. She walked, or rather glided, about the circle and chatted gaily with various people. She finally stopped before me and said, "How do you do, Mr. Remmers," but failed to recognise Helen.

Presently she moved to the centre of the circle and asked the group to watch her dematerialise. Gradually she vanished from our sight. For a half-hour or more others manifested, but none seemed able to get farther away from the cabinet than about two or three feet. Those for whom they had come went up to the cabinet.

Finally a feminine voice called for Helen. As there was no other with that name present I told our Helen to go up to the cabinet and I followed. I could discern the form of a woman but could not distinguish facial features. I distinctly heard her speak in endearing terms to the girl.

Then finally she turned to me and said: "John, I am Katie, Helen's mother. I am grateful to you for your kindness to my child and for this wonderful knowledge which she has acquired through you and Mrs. Remmers." Then she laughed softly and said: "Thought you could fool us, didn't you? You brought Helen in Emily's place."

Suddenly a man's form appeared by Katie's side. A masculine voice, in a rather mischievous tone, said: "Hello, Helen! I am your father. You didn't expect me, did you?"

This was excellent. The orphan girl, Helen, told me afterwards that she did not expect her father; she desired only to see her mother. The father had not lived as he should have on earth and was estranged from his family. After a brief talk by the mother, instructing her girl to be good and always love God, the two forms withdrew into the cabinet and we returned to our chairs.

Numerous other forms appeared and spoke. Then I was called to the cabinet. As I stood there the curtains parted and a female form appeared. I could not distinguish facial features, but the voice was unmistakably that of my mother. She immediately spoke upon matters of a most personal nature of which the medium could not possibly have had any knowledge.

Suddenly another form appeared by her side. For a few moments I listened to the musical voice of my sister. But I could not distinguish her features. I mentioned this and was answered by the control who said it was because the psychic power was almost exhausted. He said it is possible to take only so much of this "tenuous matter" from the medium and those present. To draw beyond this certain limited amount would be injurious. With this he brought the séance to a close.

Taking into consideration the incident of Helen and the personal matters touched upon by my mother, I felt satisfied the manifestations were genuine. This, my first experience of materialisation, was almost unbelievable. To observe life-sized human forms, fully clothed, appear and vanish before one's eyes is an experience which upsets so completely our orthodox equilibrium that it leaves the novice dazed.

Several weeks later Emily and I attended another séance with the same medium. The power was unusually strong. Our Spiritualist friend also attended and his son materialised. This fourth-dimensional youth was fully attired in characteristic clothes. For at least five minutes he chatted and laughed with friends present. Next, as a final demonstration of his vitality, he asked his father to stand up and gave him his arm. Together they circled the room, the spirit son greeting all by name and shaking hands with many of those present. Then, with his arm still about his father, he slowly vanished from our sight. I was amazed and perplexed by what I had observed.

Immediately afterwards my wife and I were called to the cabinet. The curtains parted and John appeared. His form and features were clearly recognisable. His voice was jovial and his rapidity of speech was most characteristic. John always spoke that way when excited. His features were very distinct. He slowly, purposefully moved about so that we could observe him from all angles; his broad brow and the general contour of his well-rounded head left no doubt. There was about his profile a radiance, not of this earth, by which even the colour of his blond hair was clearly discernible.

After he had satisfied himself that our recognition of him was unmistakable, he told us he would not return to the cabinet and asked us to observe carefully his dematerialisation where he stood. Then just as our friend's son had done, John gradually disappeared before our eyes. His voice persisted even after the form had vanished. It was vibrant with happiness over his success in manifesting. We returned to our chairs.

At this séance the light was about the same as at the previous one, but John manifested early while the power was at its height. Emily and I affirm that we unmistakably recognised our boy. My wife's eyesight at the time was very good, mine could hardly have been better.

I know it is difficult for those unfamiliar with materialisation to grasp the amazing fact of its reality. But it is true nevertheless. For the enlightenment of those of our religious opponents who deny the possibility of such spiritual manifestations I shall quote from the great book, *Man's Survival After Death*, by the Rev. Charles L. Tweedale, Vicar of Weston, Otley, Yorks. He was unquestionably the most enlightened clergyman of our day and age:

“Ten of these appearances are seen by several persons at one and the same time, and satisfy the evidence of the senses of touch, sight and hearing, and two of these occasions —John xxi, 12, 13, 15, Luke xxiv, 43 - Jesus did eat food in the sight of them all giving the most convincing manifestation of his reality, and yet his body was not the *physical and material body*, though exactly of the same form. It could appear and vanish, pass into a room the doors being shut and ascend into the air before their eyes.

“Now what impresses a student of these matters most forcibly in a careful reading of the account of these appearances of the risen Jesus is - and I say it with all reverence as a *Christian minister* - that there is a remarkable resemblance to these apparitions of the departed which have been experienced by men all down the ages, and continue to be so experienced at the present day, and that the whole of the phenomena recorded of the Christ during the great forty days, the handling, eating of food, appearance and vanishing, conversing, exerting force, rising into the air, etc., have been observed on many occasions by competent witnesses of the phenomena of materialisation during the last *fifty years*.”

Charles L. Tweedale

## CHAPTER 4

*Everything is organised, from the humblest leaf to the world system. An invisible, immaterial element of a spiritual nature, as yet imperfectly revealed by our means of investigation, manifests itself within us and around us. This spiritual principle should be revered as enveloping the world and enfolding us.* - Camille Flammarion, the great French astronomer.

### **No Earthly Person Knew**

In our new home, which was nearing completion, we set aside one room to be used for no other purpose than spirit communion. It was a bright, sunny room on the second floor. The north wall contained a cabinet three feet wide by three feet deep and approximately six feet high. It was to be used for materialisation. On the evening before we moved into our new house, we were standing before this cabinet and discussing the type of curtains best fitted for the purpose.

I suggested as light a material as possible so that the manifesting personalities would have no difficulty in pushing the curtains aside when leaving the cabinet. Emily agreed, and the matter, so far as we were concerned, was settled. This conversation occurred about 7.40 p.m. There was no other individual present. Almost directly afterwards we left to attend a voice séance. The home of Mrs. Bartlett, the medium, was located about eight miles from where the discussion

regarding these curtains occurred. We arrived a few minutes before 8 p.m., just as the séance was about to begin. The lights had hardly been switched off when the megaphone rose from the floor and moved directly in front of Emily.

“Emily,” greeted the voice of my wife’s sister, May. “Hello, May,” she responded.

“Listen, Emily, do not buy light weight material for those curtains as John suggested - buy heavy material, something like counter cloth, so that the power can be retained in the cabinet.”

“For goodness’ sake, May,” I laughed, “how do you know about this?”

“How do I know?” she asked somewhat perplexed. “Why, I was standing right by your side, less than a half-hour ago, while you and Emily were discussing those cabinet curtains.”

“Well, well!” I exclaimed in amazement.

“John,” continued May, “nothing man does or says goes unseen or unheard, and that is why some people oppose this truth so bitterly. Many desire to dismiss it as sheer nonsense, while others prefer that we remain asleep in the grave, until the resurrection on the last day. Such beliefs are more convenient and much easier on the conscience.”

“How do these people reconcile themselves to this fact when they pass into your dimension?” I asked.

“Many,” answered May, “do not realise they have made the change and haunt the earth in a confused state of mind. Their condition is pitiful but not hopeless. Some have become so imbued with the orthodox theory of sleeping until the resurrection, they remain in a ‘coma’ for periods varying from months to years. Others quickly appreciate what has happened, set out to right their mistakes, and in this way progress into a condition of enlightenment.

“All is governed by thought, your world as well as ours. If there were less selfishness in men’s hearts and more love, your world could be just as ideal as is ours. The universe is made up of innumerable planes of thought expression. You see, my brother, the universe is basically a mental mechanism, functioning in its various parts according to the thought energy predominant in that particular sphere. The purer the thought the more ideal and wholesome the sphere; and none but the pure of thought are capable of inhabiting the more refined spiritual spheres.”

With this, May gave us her blessing in words so eloquent I made no attempt to record them. She is a highly evolved personality, having left earth more than seventy years ago.

The cheerful voice of my own dear sister, Bertha, greeted us next. She, too, has been in the spirit world a long time. Without a word from either of us she began discussing with Emily the type and nature of different furnishings we had purchased for the new house. She revealed such accurate knowledge of all these things that I sat back and laughed in delighted amazement.

“Well, brother,” she declared humorously, “does this convince you that we are alive and know what is going on?”

“It certainly does!” I exclaimed.

Growing more serious, she spoke of something which was marvellously evidential for me because it concerned myself alone. I regret that this wonderful evidence, because of its deep personal nature, cannot be revealed.

I asked her to tell me something of the world in which she lived. “It is exceedingly beautiful and more real than earth life because that is but a temporary phase of expression,” she answered.

She said all things had their origin in the ethereal. The spiritual realms were spheroidal in structure - everything made by God was round or inclined to roundness. As examples she mentioned the earth and planets, trees, fruits, vegetables, flowers, the human body, head, arms and fingers.

I had never thought of natural things in just this way. I asked her how the moon appeared to her.

“Moon?” she questioned. “We have no moon or sun as you do - our light is a golden hue. We know no darkness. However, there is a dark realm just outside your world where those who will not give up their earthly lusts linger.”

I asked if those on her plane of existence were in contact with Jesus. “Not what you would term personal contact, but we are definitely aware of his influence.”

“Bertha,” I asked, “most religionists affirm that Jesus, after the crucifixion, arose in his *physical* body. Is this true?”

“No, brother,” she answered decidedly, “that is not true! Jesus’ resurrection was purely of a *spiritual* nature.”

“What,” I asked, “became of his physical body?”

“We are taught,” she explained, “that the physical body of Jesus was burned by the soldiers at the command of the high priest. The priesthood of that time hated and feared Jesus because of his wondrous work and also because he was a social reformer. Jesus said he would arise on the third day. They had little knowledge of spiritual facts and were intensely afraid that he might be resurrected in his physical body.

“To defeat this, they plotted with the drunken soldiers to burn his body. The very nature of his appearance after the crucifixion proves that it was not a material body but rather a materialised spiritual body through which he manifested. The procedure was the same as that now used by those of us who manifest to you on earth. God’s laws are eternal, the same yesterday, today and tomorrow.”

Following this rather lengthy talk with my sister, Emily’s brother, Charles, who had satisfactorily identified himself at a previous séance, manifested. He asked us to eliminate the table in our experiments. He said he had been chosen to act as the future control of our experiments and that a number of former medical doctors and

chemists had volunteered their co-operation for the unfoldment of more advanced phenomena. He was chosen as control mainly because he could work best on his sister's vibration, through whom he intended speaking in the future. Up to this time we had had no trance manifestations. He explained that a technique would be developed to make it impossible for any undesirables to manifest.

"John," he said, "it will be like the combination of a safe. None but those in control of your séances will have the power to open the psychic door. In this way we will hold complete control and only those of our choosing will be permitted to manifest."

In all the years since this has proven true.

As Charles finished, John, our son, took up the conversation. I asked him what I had in my pocket that belonged to him. Chuckling he answered, "You have a piece of wire and a chestnut." (We were in complete darkness).

This was correct. I had taken both from his coat pocket the previous day. Not even Emily knew I had these articles on my person.

Emily asked if he were happy in his new life. "I was not happy at first," he answered. "Your deep grief made me very sad, but as soon as you and Pop became aware of my continued presence I felt better and you both began to feel better. Now you are convinced I am not dead I am very happy and would not return to earth if I could!"

"John," I asked, "are the affairs of your world similar to ours?"

"Yes, Pop," he answered, "but our world is far more wonderful."

"What interests you most?"

"Chemistry," he answered unhesitatingly. "Of course I am interested in other subjects, but chemistry interests me most."

This was an excellent answer because John was deeply interested in chemistry on earth.

Following this conversation with John we were greeted by a North American Indian who told us his name was Gold Sun and that he would be happy to help us. Then Emily's mother spoke. Her discourse, regarding other members of the family still on earth, proved conclusively that she knew just what was going on in the various family circles. Finally my grandfather, Christian Leser, communicated. I was deeply pleased to hear from him. Between us there had always existed a bond of affection of such rare quality that in all the years since his transition I have failed to establish anything like it with any other man. While on earth his was truly a splendid character, noble and strong of purpose but peaceful in all of his ways.

As he manifested, all of these characteristics were evident. In his calm, reserved manner, so familiar to me, he spoke of things past and present. Then he addressed my wife in a manner unmistakably his own, gratefully thanking her for the many kindnesses shown him. He was ninety-three when he passed, and the last six years of his earth life were spent with us. Thus this remarkable séance ended.

For me the information regarding the disappearance of Jesus' physical body was a

most enlightening revelation. It was the first logical explanation I had ever received. And in view of that dastardly crime, the crucifixion, brought about through the priesthood's hatred of Jesus, it is not unreasonable to believe that these villains would have gone all the way in their cunning malice and burnt the body of one they feared so greatly.

If there is the least doubt in your mind regarding the burning of Jesus' body by the hierarchy, let me remind you of what the priestcraft did to Joan of Arc (now St. Joan), and the burning at the stake of those gifted sensitives, by religious fanatics, during the Salem witch hunt in America. This satanic crusade almost destroyed all mediumship!

Frederick W. Farrar paints a vivid picture of the type of priestcraft and the rabble which brought to such an early end the earthly mission of that great medium - Jesus of Nazareth:

“And the chief priests and scribes and elders, less awe-struck, less compassionate than the mass of the people, were not ashamed to disgrace their grey-haired dignity and lofty reputation by adding their heartless reproaches to those of the evil few. Unrestrained by the noble patience of the sufferer, unsatiated by the accomplishment of their wicked vengeance, unmoved by the sight of helpless anguish and the look of eyes that began to glaze in death, they congratulated one another under his cross with scornful insolence - no wonder then that the ignorant soldiers took their share of mockery with these shameless and unvenerable hierarchs; no wonder that at their midday meal they pledged in mock hilarity the dying man, cruelly holding up toward his burning lips their cups of sour wine, and echoing the taunts against the weakness of the king whose throne was a cross, whose crown was thorns.

“So all the voices about him rang with blasphemy and spite, and in that long slow agony, his dying ear caught no accent of gratitude, of pity or of love. Baseness, falsehood, stupidity - such were the characteristics of the world which thrust itself into hideous prominence before Jesus' last earthly consciousness — such was the muddy and miserable stream of humanity that rolled under the cross before his dying eyes.”

The picture of an Indian in an art shop window so attracted me that I bought it immediately. After dinner, on the same day, I went to my study, printed the name Gold Sun on a small piece of paper, and pasted it on the bottom. I then placed the picture face downward on my drawing board and covered it with a mass of papers. No earthly person saw what I had done.

The next evening, at a voice séance with Mrs. Bartlett (I have mentioned she lived some eight miles distant) my Indian friend, who had spoken at a previous séance, was the first to greet us.

“You put my name on pitch,” he volunteered.

“That is excellent evidence, Gold Sun,” I observed.

“I help you. I give you strength. I protect you from harm.”

Through all the years since, this North American Indian has proven a loyal friend. On various occasions, when I have thanked him for help in some vital matter, he has

always insisted that the benefit was of a mutual nature - that he profited as much through my friendship as I did through his. When first he manifested years ago, his English was just a jargon. Today he has a fine command over the language.

At this sitting an Indian girl, Silver Bell, who had manifested strongly at several previous séances, greeted us. She at once launched into a recitation of personal evidence which was distinctly unique and highly amusing. I had been reading about apports and asked if she could produce this phenomenon. She apparently did not understand what I meant by an apport. I explained that it was any material object which had been passed through solid matter. If she could bring into the locked séance room some article from another part of the house that would be an apport. For a brief period she made no reply. A short, barely audible conversation between her and the control followed. Then she said: "I will try. What would you like for me to bring into this room?"

"Two pieces of candy from the dining-room table upstairs." "All right," she answered, "I'll do my best."

Just before the sitting I had noticed this candy on a plate on the dining-room table, on the floor above. It was hard candy of the sticky kind made from molasses. While waiting for the Indian girl to return, another personality conversed with someone else. During this talk I arose from my chair, which was located about four feet from a corner of the room, and quietly stepped into the corner. This occurred in total darkness. No one was aware of what I had done. After waiting for about three minutes, the luminous megaphone suddenly swung down in my direction and stopped directly above me. Then, with definite precision, tapped three times directly on top of my head.

"Hold out your hand," commanded Silver Bell's voice.

I did so. With perfect accuracy, in the total darkness, two small objects were dropped into my palm.

"There's your candy!" Chuckling, she told the group, "John thought I could not find him - he's hiding in the corner behind his chair!"

There was general laughter.

Finally, my grandfather Christian Leser spoke. After discussing a number of matters with Emily and me, he laughingly said: "I saw my cane in your bedroom, it is near a window. I used to say to you that no one had ever come back from the dead. Well, John - I'm back!"

On the evening before the séance I had taken his cane from a closet and used it to hold a window sash in place. Next morning I removed the cane and stood it against the wall near this same window. We had had no contact with the medium since our last séance.

Such occurrences as that of the Indian referring to his name on the picture, or my grandfather's reference to his cane, are often ridiculed as trivialities. But these critics remain strangely silent regarding the direct voices of the personalities



expressing these trivialities.

During the years since my North American Indian friend first manifested, he has enlisted the help of other Indians in protecting my family and me, not only against sickness, but against attack from those forces which attempt, by any means, to prevent the truth of Survival and communication from becoming general knowledge. All those actively engaged in disseminating this truth must be constantly protected. The opposition from those of low degree on earth, and those in the etheric region nearest our world, is and always has been of a most vicious nature. Jesus of Nazareth and Joan of Arc are only two of the many whose physical bodies were destroyed and their beneficent missions cut short by the ignorance of these undeveloped entities.

There are still many of these unenlightened souls dwelling in the lowest etheric realm and they often find affinity with those in places of power on earth. In this manner they perpetrate their persecutions. But the danger from this source of attack is not as vicious as it once was. Wise and benevolent personalities are gradually gaining control over this condition and it is in this accomplishment that the North American Indian excels and has played a most important part.

Regarding the apport, nothing was left undone to seal its genuineness. The sceptic no doubt has already assumed that the medium had the candy on her person. This assumption would be difficult to set aside if those who produced this manifestation had not foreseen it and acted accordingly.

Bert and Helen, having come with us, had been doing their school work at the table where the candy was. Neither had any knowledge of my intention nor what was occurring during the séance. The dining room, where they sat, was located on another floor of the house. It was not directly above the séance room but some distance away. Yet, as soon as we entered the dining room after the séance (the medium was still in the room below) Bert and Helen affirmed that, in the midst of their studies, their attention was suddenly attracted by a noisy disturbance in the dish of candy.

Accepting the statements of Bert and Helen as truth and the fact that I was easily located in total darkness and that the apport was dropped directly into my palm make it reasonable to assume the entire manifestation was genuine. What I have related here is indeed mild in comparison with what was occurring at about the same time, in the old castle of Marquis Carlo Centurion Scotto, and described in a book entitled *Modern Psychic Mysteries* by Gwendolyn Kelly Hack. Regarding some of these marvellous apports, I quote from Professor Bozzano's records in the journal, *Psychic Science*, Vol. VII, No. 4:

"I begged the communicating spirit to bring me a small block of pyrites which was lying on my writing table about two kilometres (over a mile) away. The spirit replied (by the mouth of the entranced medium) that the power was almost exhausted, but that all the same he would make the attempt. Soon after the medium sustained the usual spasmodic twitchings which signified the arrival of an apport, but without our hearing the fall of any object on the table or the floor. We asked for an explanation from the spirit operator, who informed us that

although he had managed to disintegrate a portion of the object desired, and had brought it into the room, there was not enough power to enable him to re-integrate. He added, 'Light the light.'

"We did so and found to our great surprise that the table, the clothes and hair of the sitters, as well as the furniture and carpet of the room, were covered with the thinnest layer of brilliant impalpable pyrites. When I returned home after the sitting I found the little block of pyrites lying on my writing table from which a large fragment, about one-third of the whole piece, was missing, this having been scooped out of the block.

"Such was the magnificent incident which occurred at our sitting which conclusively proves that this is the usual manner in which apports are carried out, namely, by exceedingly rapid molecular disintegration and re-integration of the article which is projected into the séance room by that means. This is not always the case, however, for sometimes the apport is transported in its normal state to the séance room by disintegrating a portion of the wood of the door in order to facilitate its entrance."

But more amazing still, because it happened in full light, was the apport received by the Rev. Tweedale. In his book *Man's Survival After Death*, he relates the following:

"Mother had sustained cuts on the head, and she, my wife and I were all in the dining room at 9.20 p.m. We were all close together, mother seated in a chair, self and wife standing. No one else was in the room. My wife was in the act of parting mother's hair with her fingers to examine the cuts and I was looking on. At this instant I happened to raise my eyes and I saw something issue from a point close to the ceiling in the corner of the room over the window and distant from my wife (who had her back to it) three and a quarter yards, and four and a quarter yards from myself, facing it.

"It shot across the room close to the ceiling and struck the wall over the piano, upon which it then fell, making the strings vibrate, and so on to the floor on which it rolled. I ran and picked it up, and found, to my astonishment, that it was a jar of ointment which mother used specially for cuts and bruises, and which she kept locked up in her wardrobe. The intention was evident, the ointment was for the wound! I saw it apparently come through the wall, near the ceiling, and this with no one within three and a quarter yards of the place. The room is over nine feet high and was brilliantly lighted by a hundred candle-power lamp, and the door and the window were shut, the latter fastened, and incapable of being opened from the outside."

Emily's uncle, who lived about a hundred miles from Cincinnati, was visiting us. We told him of our psychic experiences. He was deeply impressed and informed us he had given the question of Survival much thought. He had had psychic experiences and therefore could accept as truth what we related. Through the years I had learned to love this wholesome, congenial man and always looked forward with much pleasure to his visits.

It occurred to me it would be interesting to observe what evidence this open-minded man would obtain by attending a direct-voice séance with us. One evening I telephoned Mrs. Bartlett and arranged a private séance for the next morning. I told her a friend would accompany Emily and me. Nothing more was said.

When we arrived at the medium's home I introduced him simply as Emily's uncle. We did not reveal his name or give any other clue to his identity. The medium and our uncle met for the first time five minutes before the séance. Yet hardly had the lights in the séance room been switched off than the luminous megaphone rose from the floor and the masculine voice of the spirit control, Dr. Underwood, greeted our uncle by name. Then a woman's voice, vibrant with affection, called: "Charley! It is I, Annie! Your sister."

A great love had always existed between this brother and sister, my wife's mother.

"Dear brother, God is good," she said. "There is no death!"

"Annie, Annie!" exclaimed the brother, overcome by the intense joy of reunion.

"We are all here, brother," continued the sister, "Mother, Father, brother George - "

"And I, Carrie, am here too!" interrupted a happy feminine voice. "Dear brother, so many years have passed since last I spoke to you."

"Carrie! Sister Carrie!"

"Yes, brother, I am with you often and you sense my presence. I was with you that day last week when you fell and hurt your hip."

"Well! Well!" exclaimed our uncle.

The manifesting personality laughed softly. "You were bringing in Bessie; you slipped on the bank of the creek and fell."

Our uncle lived on a farm. Bessie is a cow. In bringing her in for milking, about a week earlier, he had slipped on the bank of a creek which runs through his farm, fell and injured his hip.

The next voice which greeted our uncle was his brother George's. Their conversation consisted mainly of reminiscences - old memories of a time long past, the days of their youth. This brother had passed on while quite a young man. As he finished speaking, our boy John greeted his great-uncle and said he visited him often.

Suddenly the Indian girl, Silver Bell, mischievously interrupted. She affirmed that she, too, knew our uncle and often visited his farm with John. To prove this statement she offered evidence which was most amazing and I regret it is of such an intimate nature I cannot make it public. However, close on the heels of this followed a remarkably evidential incident that I can include.

A sweet feminine voice addressed our uncle. "Mr. Frie," she began, "this is Hazel. I want to thank you for your prayers. They have been a wonderful help to Henry and me. It was through your prayers we became conscious of our new state. We are now happily united here and we are very, very grateful to you."

A masculine voice, resonant with gratitude, concluded: "Thank you! Thank you, Mr. Frie!"

This evidence in its beautiful simplicity is devastating for sceptics. Even our uncle was greatly astonished by it. After the séance he told me the story.

One evening, some months earlier, as he stepped out of his house, he heard the grinding of the brakes of the fast passenger train which passes his farm at this time daily. He knew that something had happened where the highway crosses the railroad track not far distant.

Quickly taking up his lantern, he hurried to the spot. The train had come to a stop. The trainmen were observing the tragedy. Nearby lay a wrecked vehicle and the badly crushed bodies of a young man and woman. Our uncle knew both quite well. He returned to his home and notified their parents by telephone.

He was deeply grieved over this accident, for he knew these young people were to be married a few days later. He at once went to his shop, where he prayed each evening at dusk. Dropping to his knees, he asked that these two young people be reunited and find happiness in the new life. This he had done, alone, each evening since the accident. No one on earth knew of it. Yet at this séance, a hundred miles from the spot where he had said these prayers, those for whom they had been offered voluntarily manifested and gratefully thanked him for the strength they had derived from them.

## CHAPTER 5

*Stanton A. Coblentz, in his The Answer of the Ages, in referring to Sir William Crookes' precautions to guard against any deception in connection with the appearances of "Katie King," the materialised personality, says, "As if this were not sufficient, various scientific tests were applied; once for example, the hand of Katie King was plunged into aniline dye, with which Crookes' fingers were stained for a long time afterward; but the hand of the medium showed no discoloration."*

### More Alive Than The Living

The Experience I am about to relate brought such proof of the next dimension's reality and the survival of personality that no contrary argument of any nature could ever alter my convictions. It took place in my home and under conditions where fraud of any nature was impossible.

I had heard that Mrs. Bartlett was also a very fine materialisation medium. I asked if she would favour me with such a séance. She refused, adding that the after-effect upon her physical body was unpleasant, and she had entirely given up séances of this nature. Several months passed, and an occasion arose where I could help the medium. In appreciation she expressed a desire to repay the kindness and I suggested a materialisation séance.

Now she agreed, and voluntarily offered to hold the séance in my home under any conditions I desired. A date was set for a future evening. On the afternoon of the same day I made arrangements that would eliminate every possibility of fraud without hindering genuine results. I had read a number of scientific books regarding materialisation, thereby gaining some knowledge of the rules governing the

procedure. I had no intention of tricking the medium. My whole attitude was one of fairness, inspired by a desire to gain further knowledge, if possible, in this field.

The séance room is located on the second floor of our house, which was built under my personal supervision. This fact at once eliminates foolish assertions of secret trap-doors, etc. The room is eleven by twelve feet in area. It is plastered and papered throughout. The ceiling is no more than eight feet high. In the centre of it is an electric light fixture.

At each end of the room there is a plastered closet. The north wall closet is three feet square. The ceiling is of such nature (due to a slope in the roof) that a person of ordinary height can just stand erect in it. After a fair-sized armchair is placed in the closet, very little room is left for body movements. This closet has one opening into the séance room, which measures two feet four inches by six feet. It is finished with a regular door frame, but had at the time no door. The entire closet is plastered throughout. No one could enter it otherwise than through the doorway. I used this closet as the cabinet. Two curtains, the length of the opening, were fastened to the top of the door frame and arranged so as to part in the centre.

On the west wall of the room there is a large window consisting of two stationary sashes with a moveable one between them. Its distance from the ground is about twenty-five feet. This window I locked and covered with a frame upon which was tacked black oilcloth. This arrangement not only served to keep out all light but also prevented anyone from entering through the window.

Five plain wooden chairs were placed before the cabinet, within which I put a willow (reed) armchair. This was chosen purposely for the medium because it was extremely noisy when anyone sitting in it moved. It was impossible to shift in this chair and avoid the squeaks which came from it.

The cabinet floor was of wood, having no covering of any sort. The photographer's lamp containing a twenty-five watt electric globe was inserted in the fixture in the centre of the ceiling and its distance from the cabinet was six feet. The light from this lamp was directed squarely upon the cabinet.

About 7.30 p.m. the medium and her husband arrived. After a half-hour's conversation she accompanied Emily to our bedroom. There, in my wife's presence, she changed into only an ordinary house-coat. When the two joined us we went directly up to the séance room. There the medium, who is almost six feet tall and weighs nearly two hundred pounds (just over fourteen stone), crowded into the small cabinet and seated herself in the squeaky, willow chair.

The little group which formed the half-circle before the cabinet consisted of Emily, the medium's husband, Helen, Bert and me. After carefully locking the door leading into the hallway and placing the key in my pocket, it was impossible for any individual to enter the room unobserved. Emily occupied chair No. 1, the medium's husband No. 2, Bert No. 3, Helen No. 4, and I No. 5. In the red light one could distinguish without difficulty features, limbs and clothing and observe easily every sitter's movements. Emily and I purposely sat opposite each other, directly next to

the curtains. Our positions gave us the advantage of having between us every manifestation and also afforded excellent opportunity of hearing every sound caused by any movements the medium might make. Our chairs were within a foot of the curtains and not more than four feet apart.

Our physical senses were keenly alert. Imposture under these conditions could not have been attempted without detection. The medium's husband is a tall man weighing more than two hundred pounds and, by the way, an industrious hard-working man of good character. I placed him almost directly opposite me by my wife's side so that no move on his part could escape my attention.

For a few minutes the medium moved about in her chair, coughed violently for a time, and then came silence. Soon I noticed slight movements at the bottom of the curtains. These movements continued and finally grew to such extent it appeared as though both curtains were being blown out into the room by a strong draught. They actually stiffened out at an angle greater than forty-five degrees. Gradually they dropped back into place and then proceeded to bulge in the centre as though being held at either end.

Shortly after this interesting occurrence the curtains parted and the slender form of a woman appeared. She was dressed in a white robe of the most exquisite lace. Emanating from her whole being came a radiance the like of which I had never seen. She told us she was one of the medium's spirit guides and then gave a short talk on the wondrous beauties of the after-life.

I arose and studied her carefully. In no manner did she resemble the medium. Two people could not have been more opposite in features and physique. After a brief interval she bade us adieu, and while the curtains remained closed, vanished before our eyes.

In less than ten seconds a boy's head and shoulders appeared between the curtains. Laughing, he invited his mother and me to come close and study his countenance from all sides, so that every particle of doubt regarding his survival would be eliminated. John submitted to every test requested, asking me repeatedly if I could see the cap he wore.

This incident should be of profound interest to the psychic students because that very day, as a test, I had mentally, without the knowledge of anyone on earth, expressed a desire that if John materialised he would do so with a cap similar to the one he wore last when on earth. The cap, which I treasured, was locked in a cedar chest in another room of the house. The medium had never seen it. Yet, at this séance, John wore a cap similar in every detail to the one locked away in the chest, and he was especially eager that I observe this fact closely.

The first wife of the medium's husband was the next to materialise. She stepped away from the cabinet and stood directly before him. Their conversation was of a most endearing nature. In the nobler life beyond, petty grievances do not exist. There, love is the governing factor. Jealousy is only of earth; the nearer we approach God the less of it we know.

The manifesting personality I have just mentioned had hardly re-entered the cabinet when a slim, masculine form appeared. The rapid appearance of each personality is worthy of attention. The most clever actor, with all sorts of assistance and trappings, could not have accomplished these lightning-like transformations. The visitor now before us conversed happily with Emily, his sister. He was fully attired in evening clothes! I carefully studied the entire manifestation, from the wavy hair down to the patent leather shoes.

Unbelievable, isn't it? Well, I can only tell you what I have seen.

Almost instantaneously after this manifestation an Indian girl appeared. It was Silver Bell. She was no more than four feet six inches tall and generally small of physique. She walked amongst us for approximately ten minutes, chatting happily with all present, especially Bert, for whose pleasure she danced gracefully about the half-circle.

Could the heavily-built medium, who stood almost six feet tall have accomplished this? How? As the girl stood between Emily and me I asked for permission to take hold of her garment, which was granted. My wife did likewise. We examined the substance, which appeared radiant in colour and felt soft, warm and life-like. I then took a firm grip upon it and suggested that Emily also did so and not let go under any condition. Now came the supreme test.

We held on firmly and only by means of force and considerable disturbance could a trickster have dislodged herself. But the girl before us only chuckled, then vanished, leaving our clenched hands empty! The mysterious radiant matter had vanished with the manifestation! Such an experience is worth a lifetime of effort here. Having once had it we laugh at what men call "death." Asleep in the grave? The so-called dead are more alive than we!

Thus far, and throughout all that occurred, not a sound came from within the cabinet. The medium made not the slightest move. She was, as I know today, in deep trance. All of the talking, with the exception of a few words by the control, was done by the manifesting personalities outside of the cabinet.

I relaxed, sat back in my chair convinced that the medium had absolutely nothing to do with the manifestation, but was serving only as an instrument for the use of intelligences whose knowledge is far superior to our own.

Seven other personalities manifested, among them my wife's mother, Helen's mother, my sister and my maternal grandmother. I had lived with my grandparents from the time I was twelve, for thirteen years, and remained in close contact with them up to their transitions. No one knew the voice or the face of my good grandmother better than I. Several others materialised but were strangers to me, so I cannot vouch for them. But the recognition of those I did know was unmistakable. Make this test yourself in a room lit with a twenty-five watt red lamp.

The séance lasted almost two hours. There had been considerable conversation of a most intimate nature. As the control brought the séance to a close he instructed us to open wide the curtains, observe the medium in trance, and inspect the cabinet.

My wife and Helen held the curtains wide apart while I examined the cabinet.

The medium was in deep trance. The independent voice of the control instructed me to feel the medium's hands and face. Both were extremely cold and clammy. Throughout the entire séance her husband had not left his chair. After a while the medium emerged from trance. I unlocked the séance room door and switched on the hall light. When the medium left the cabinet she was exceedingly pale and rather weak. Noting this, we insisted she and her husband remain as our guests for the night.

I shall only mention that my own dear mother materialised at this séance and spoke to me. The manifestation was perfect, resembling in every detail the cherished memories of her loving countenance and delicate form.

Those who have never experienced such manifestations as I have here related may involuntarily question their reality. My own meagre understanding regarding the production of materialisations is as follows:

A portion of the vital energy used is drawn partly from the sitters but mainly from the medium. This is vitalised with other energies and elements as yet unknown to us and the combination is concentrated within the cabinet. The discarnate entity moves into this combination of energies and elements. His ethereal body absorbs them, thereby temporarily taking on a nature similar to our own.

The ethereal or spiritual body is an exact counterpart of the material one. Through the process of full materialisation it absorbs elements and energies concentrated in the cabinet and for a time takes on a nature very similar to that of our own physical body. Where there is not enough psychic matter present for manifestations of this nature, artists and sculptors of the next dimension create, out of that which is at their command, replicas of the living ethereal entities.

These replicas do not, of course, speak. They are usually half-size and very often, although clearly recognisable, somewhat distorted. Further than this I cannot at present comprehend the process. At most, I can only repeat that materialisation is an absolute fact and when the conditions are good, personalities of the higher realms stand before us radiant and alive. Death of the physical is but rebirth of the spiritual.

One "All Saints' Night" we enjoyed a most unique Hallowe'en party by the actual visitation of those who are merely supposed to be present at gatherings on this hallowed evening, and what a horrible distorted version the traditional one is!

Our party, in the séance room of our new house, consisted of Emily, Mrs. Bartlett, the medium, her husband, Helen, Bert and myself.

A number of fourth-dimensional friends joined in our singing and many came to greet us. Some had passed into "the great reality" so long back that I had almost forgotten they once lived on earth and were old friends of our family.

The evening was packed with happiness and surprises. It appeared as though a special effort had been put forth by the controls to make this séance a genuine



Hallowe'en party. No test requests were made. All the manifestations were free of this restraint. As a result there was much laughter and rejoicing; but during the séance an incident occurred which supplied ample evidence as a climax to make the party a complete success.

Bert had brought a paper cracker into the séance room. When his brother John came, he asked if he could take hold of "the pull" at the free end so that both might tug and thus explode the powder in the cracker. John asked him to hold it out. A little later we heard Bert laugh. He told us John had taken hold of the cracker and was tugging at one end. Suddenly there was a wild explosion accompanied by a faint flash. John happily exclaimed "How was that, Bert?"

"Fine, Johnnie!" responded Bert.

John then told his brother what was in the cracker. He described in detail a certain style of paper hat, a trinket in the shape of a heart and gave him the exact words of a two-line verse. On opening the cracker later, in the light, we found the hat, the trinket and the verse just as described by John. This experience shatters completely the hypothesis, so often advanced by critics, that the medium simply reflects what is in the mind of the investigator.

This does occur occasionally with clairvoyants whose medium-ship is of a low degree. But in this case we were experiencing mediumship of a high order, direct voice, the materialised hand and the indisputable fact that no incarnate personality in the room could possibly have known what was in that cracker. It had been chosen at random from a box of one dozen (none had been opened until after the séance). It would be absurd to assume anyone could have so accurately guessed its contents. And when we consider the whole incident occurred in complete darkness, is it not sensible to accept the reality of Survival rather than some other vague hypothesis?

Discarnate personalities seem to have little difficulty with darkness or in seeing through matter as we know it. On many occasions, in total darkness, some manifesting personality has accurately described objects in my pockets.

I have often been asked if in my opinion animals survive. I can truthfully answer that I know they do. Their ethereal bodies are not of an eternal nature, but they endure for long periods of time. In psychic literature there are many authentic cases of dogs returning to those they had learned to love while on earth. I had one such experience. It was so evidential that I accept it as genuine proof that animals, like humans, survive physical dissolution.

At a direct-voice séance, while John was speaking to me, he suddenly changed the subject, asking, "Pop, can you realise that your old dog is sitting directly in front of you?"

Surprised by the abruptness of the question I asked in return, "Which dog are you referring to, John?"

"The one who was your boyhood pal."

"Is it Dick?" I asked.

“Yes, Pop, it is Dick.”

“Can you describe him?”

“Certainly,” replied John. “He is a short-haired dog of medium size, with black body, four brown paws and a brown spot over each eye.”

“A perfect description, John!” I exclaimed. Then something happened which is difficult to believe. “Now listen carefully, Pop,” John instructed.

The megaphone slowly descended to within a foot of the floor. For a brief period there was silence. Then all present distinctly heard the barking of a dog.

This dog, Dick, had been my loyal friend for more than ten years. His transition occurred five years prior to John’s birth and sixteen years before my acquaintance with the medium, Mrs. Bartlett, through whose psychic powers he had just manifested. The experience was of such unique nature it would be stupid to assume fraud on the medium’s part.

I am convinced all life, from the smallest living thing to the highest form of consciousness, survives earth experience, and each soul germ follows the law of evolution, through one incarnation after another, until it finally acquires spiritual consciousness. Once having attained this state reincarnation is no longer necessary. The soul at last, understanding its mission, proceeds to evolve away from the earth following its urge Godward. And so it will be with my faithful friend Dick.

There are many reliable testimonies to animal Survival recorded throughout psychic literature. To reinforce the veracity of my one experience I quote first from that remarkable book, *The Voices*, by Vice-Admiral Usborne Moore. The following (page 282) is given by Col. E. R. Johnson:

“During May and June, I attended twelve sittings with Mrs. Wriedt (a voice medium) at Wimbledon. English was generally used. I also heard French, Italian, Dutch, German, Serian and Croation. Three of these languages I recognised myself. Three dogs of mine, which died some thirty years ago, came on three or four occasions. They all barked, and one was placed for a short time on my knees. Its cold nose also touched my cheek. The colour, sizes and other characteristics of these dogs were described so instantaneously that there was not the least doubt as to their identity.”

And again on page 266, Charles W. B. Hamilton, Deputy Inspector General R.N., gives his evidence:

“Next came my brother Rev. William Hamilton. He said he was very happy and told us that he had a small dog with him. My wife exclaimed, ‘Is that Bone?’ Hardly had she said so before she felt as if the dog were jumping on her dress.

“I said, ‘Is that Bone?’ and we heard three loud barks such as he used to give in life. I then said, ‘Kiss me, Bone,’ which I often said to him when he was alive, and felt a cold nose pressed to my forehead; my wife experienced the same touch. Bone was a little Yorkshire terrier who died on nineteenth March last, and was much beloved by my wife and myself.”

In the same book a Mr. Coates adds:

“Mrs. Wriedt now said she saw a dog. Presently we all heard a terrier yelp. The voice told Mr. Berry that this was one of the dogs that had been put to death in the discharge of his duties. Mr. Berry admitted that this was correct. No one present knew that Mr. Berry was a chemist until the dog yelped and Mr. Berry gave his explanation.”

Emily Grant Hutchings in her excellent work *Where Do We Go From Here?* records the following (page 281):

“In the circle, she (Mrs. A. L. Fletcher, wife of a former U.S. Senator) sat between Mrs. Thurman and Mrs. Hempstead. In one of the pauses I heard her say to my husband’s cousin, ‘Did you touch my knee?’ To which Grace replied, ‘No, did you touch mine?’ And then: ‘Why, it’s a little dog. I feel its little cold nose all up and down my shin. And now it’s jumping up with one paw on my knee.’

“‘And the other paw is on my knee again,’ Grace cried, puzzled but thrilled by the novel sensation. At the same moment we heard a preemptory whine, as if the invisible canine were demanding attention.

“‘I’ve had so many pets,’ Mrs. Fletcher offered. ‘I wonder if this is the cocker spaniel that died last winter in Washington?’

“‘Squaw Fletcher,’ Sunflower interrupted, ‘did you ever have a dog named Bobbie?’

“‘Why, yes, a good many years ago. That one was a fox terrier - this is more evidential than any of you suspect. When she got old, Bobbie was on a strict diet and the only part of it she liked was her hard boiled egg once a day. When she decided she wanted it, she would come to me and run her nose up and down my shin, and whine in a scolding tone of voice.’ ”

The Rev. Tweedale records a number of experiences of dogs manifesting in his own home. All these cases are so evidential that no other hypothesis, but the spirit one, is logical. And finally Von Passen, in *Years of Our Days*, relates an experience with a spirit dog of such a remarkable nature that it places the opponents of Survival in a most awkward position.

## CHAPTER 6

*"And ever near us, though unseen  
The dear immortal loved ones tread  
For all the boundless Universe  
Is Life - there are no dead!"*

Lord Lytton.

### **Christmas In The Spirit World**

All that had transpired since John's transition left us in an exalted frame of mind, but we began to note a marked physical weakness for which we could not account. Upon making inquiry of our ethereal friends we were told we had given much of our vital energy to experience so many psychic demonstrations of a physical nature. We

were advised to take a rest and not attend any séances during this period.

We were told further that all physical manifestations would be stopped for an indefinite time. It was also necessary at this point of progress, where these energies had been released, for wise personalities to build a spiritual wall of protection about us to prevent earthbound entities from gaining control and discrediting genuine manifestations by impersonations.

For example, where high voltage electricity is generated in a powerhouse and released there must be a guard against ignorant intruders who could cause great disruption in an otherwise normal procedure of distribution of energy. Mediums lacking in spiritual qualities are without this protection and so become the instruments for low forces who by their deceptive influences discredit the great truth of Survival and spirit communication. "Try the spirits to see if they are of God."

I feel it is beneficial at this time to explain to the inexperienced investigator that forms of energy known as ectoplasm or teleplasm must be taken from the physical body to produce all psychic manifestations of a material nature. There is no longer any question that these energies exist and actually leave the body during séances. They have been photographed many times by reputable scientists.\* I am referring to such manifestations as direct voice telekenesis, materialisation, apports and all other phenomena recognised by our physical senses.

To produce these the controls must extract this vital energy from the bodies of the medium and those who sit with her. If we experiment too often we become depleted. The controls try to restore all that is taken, but their first concern is their instrument, the medium. To protect her from depletion it is often necessary to retain a portion of that which has been taken from the others present, but this loss of energy is not felt unless one attends too many séances.

We should not condemn the controls for such action. As a rule, many years are required to build up an instrument through whose physical organism the mighty truth of Survival can be demonstrated. The fault lies rather with those of us who sit too often. In our own case our great anxiety had actually taken the form of over-indulgence and only through the experience of depletion would we learn this lesson. Today, after more than forty years' experience, I feel it safe to assume it is not physically injurious to experiment once a week in a home circle and once a month with a professional, physical medium.

\* The "Margery" Mediumship, Proceedings of the American Society for Psychical Research, edited by J. Malcom Bird, vols. xx, xxi. ("Margery" the wife of Dr. L. R. G. Crandon, Prof. of Surgery, Harvard.)

After several years of psychic experimentation, the body becomes accustomed to releasing vital energy without ill effects. It adjusts itself to the condition just as it does to all other reasonable changes. Certain children seem not to be affected by the withdrawing of this energy.

On many occasions Bert affirmed he not only saw his brother but also various other personalities about our home. My wife and I also had glimpses of fourth-

dimensional beings. At this time a most interesting development occurred.

Occasionally, when the family was in the living room reading or doing other things, I would unexpectedly become conscious of a spirit personality. These manifestations seldom lasted more than twenty to thirty seconds. There was always sufficient time, however, to note characteristics, facial appearance and manner of dress. But what was most interesting was the fact that Bert would see the same personalities at the same time. To clinch the matter he would describe the manifesting personality identically as I saw it, without a word of prompting from me and with no hesitation. This experience of dual clairvoyance was most gratifying and shatters completely the hypothesis of those critics who place these powers in the hallucination category.

We were actually seeing with our spiritual sight. We all have spiritual eyes as well as physical eyes. "Ye have eyes that see not and ears that hear not." Every part of the physical body (with exception of a few organs) has its ethereal counterpart. All these etheric counterparts constitute the spiritual body through which we (the personality) function, in ethereal realms, after dissolution from the physical body.

There is nothing mysterious about death; it is merely a process in Nature; the mystery lies only in man's ignorance. Some day, when we live in a more enlightened age, all the ridiculous pagan ceremony which now prevails at the burial of our earthly garment will be abolished.

Graveyards will cease to exist. Through a process of rapid disintegration, the material body will be returned to the element upon its dissolution. Such a statement as this may shock our orthodox friends, who firmly believe in the resurrection of the physical body. But they were also, at one time, shocked in like manner by Copernicus, who told them the earth was round and not flat as they contended.

It is with deep compassion that I look upon the masses and realise how meagre is their understanding of life and how great their fear of death. But mankind generally is not at fault. The fault and the sin lie squarely with those who wilfully and deliberately keep mankind in ignorance.

I am acquainted with little children whose enlightened parents have taught them the truth about death. I do not hesitate to say that these children possess more wisdom than ninety per cent of all the clergy combined. This is not a pleasant statement, and I dislike making it, but forty years of experience in this field has taught me it is nevertheless a pitiful fact.

I shudder when I think of the despair which might have enveloped us on the approach of the first Christmas after John's transition had it not been for those blessed, convincing books on this subject. My heart aches for all parents who have stood at the grave of a beloved child and from whom this vital knowledge has been withheld.

To some it may seem strange when I say that we approach Christmas with joy in our hearts. Those who have journeyed through the "valley of the shadow" and have found the Promised Land will understand. We rejoice and are exceedingly glad because we at last fully comprehend the meaning of Christmas. For us, Jesus' mission

to earth truly means more than the mere singing of hymns, eating, drinking and exchanging of gifts.

Through our own psychic experiences, we fully understand his mission. It consisted mainly in demonstrating that through death man gains life eternal. Did not Jesus come to earth as mortal man? Did he not pass through infancy and childhood? Did he not hunger and thirst and weep and suffer as all men do? Did he not pass through the process of death? Did he not appear many times in his spirit body and speak aloud to convince man that death is not the end of life? Is not the whole of Christian religion built upon Jesus' survival and return?

Christmas for us means something more than just a repetition of ceremony. Our son John, and all those we love so deeply, have returned to us many times, just as Jesus returned to those he loved. We now have absolute proof that his teachings are the most profound of all truths. Our hearts are filled with gratitude, with understanding.

It was on Christmas Eve (the second since John's passing) that I was blessed with one of my most thrilling clairvoyant experiences. The snow was in high drifts and great icicles hung from our windows. As I looked out into the bleak wintry night I thanked my Creator, with all my soul, for my knowledge of Survival. I knew, with a conviction which nothing could shake, that those I loved were not asleep beneath that frozen sod. It suddenly came upon me, with a conviction just as strong, that those who wilfully withhold this knowledge from mankind are the hypocrites and the vipers the good Jesus so unhesitatingly denounced.

The family was gathered about the Christmas tree. The room was illumined by the soft mellow glow from its lights and the friendly fire on the hearth. As I turned from the window and beheld this pleasant picture, the light singularly changed to a brilliant golden hue. By degrees I became aware of many children, of all ages, crowded about the tree. In their midst I saw the bright smiling face of John, our own beloved boy. In the background I discerned numerous adult faces, those of my mother, my wife's mother, my grandparents and other members of our family. All were radiantly alive and exceedingly happy.

I was so thrilled by what I saw that it left me speechless. It was one of the most glorious sights I had ever beheld. Words are not adequate to describe such an experience. I laugh aloud at our mentally limited critics who cry, "Hallucination!"

Soon afterwards a friend, an excellent clairaudient and clairvoyant, called to see us. She had no knowledge whatever of my Christmas Eve experience. While chatting with our guest, she quickly informed us she heard John speaking. He wanted us to know that all of the children who were present, on Christmas Eve, were from among those who had recently passed on, and whose parents were ignorant of Survival and mourned them as dead. He had invited them to his earthly home for a Christmas party, his main object being to brighten the sad, little hearts of these children who found only darkness, sorrow, despair and tears in their own earthly homes.

This message was a remarkable verification of my clairvoyant experience. We then distinctly understood why these children had been brought to our home. In the past

we had been told that children, for quite some time after transition, are made very unhappy by their parents' terrible grief. For us it was not difficult to see the logic of John's party. It was a wonderful experience and one for which I shall always be deeply grateful.

And so the Christmas holidays passed and we entered the new year with a song in our hearts.\*

- \* I have just observed the antics of man through another Christmas season and never in all of my life have I witnessed a more shameful degradation of the sacred. War, liquor, debauchery!

In recent years the American people have been made so liquor conscious that the whisky bottle now plays the most important part in the nation's affairs - it even adorns the Christmas trees!

A few days after Thanksgiving the process of mass-hypnosis begins. The Christmas barking comes with every radio and television programme. Newspapers and magazines all announce the startling fact that only so many shopping days remain until Christmas! By degrees the pressure is put on until its hypnotic influence grips humanity and transforms it into a seething swarm of mad fools! The liquor merchant decorates his window with holly and tinsel and puts "Merry Christmas" labels on his bottles of poison. Hordes of men and women crowd the seductive cocktail lounges and debauchery becomes the order of the day. What mockery for the Man from Galilee! Was it for this that he gave his life on the cross? A sordid picture indeed! Is it hopeless? I think not. When things become so bad we call the condition a crisis. Men and women will either sicken of their infamy and change their conduct, or another attempt at civilisation will fail and man will try again amid the ruins of his folly.

Enlightened souls of earth can no longer take part in the degrading pretence of celebrating the birth of Jesus. Such souls see clearly how the whole affair has been taken over by the money-mongers and has become nothing more than a colossal scheme of exploitation, climaxed by days of gluttoning, drinking and carousing. In view of this whole sordid picture the most deplorable fact of all is that the majority of our preachers and priests sanction this mockery by their silence.

While spending a winter in San Diego, California, I was confronted by conditions of a material nature which were exceedingly disturbing. This led to an experience with that great medium, John Slater, so evidential and encouraging I feel it should be included in this record. It was an experiment to obtain an answer from a source other than our own mediumship.

I saw in a daily paper that John Slater was scheduled to appear for a number of lectures and psychic demonstrations at one of the Spiritualist churches. I had heard much of Slater's excellent work and decided to witness a demonstration of his clairvoyant and clairaudient powers. It was announced that those attending and desiring a message were to put their questions in a sealed envelope. This I did, addressing my question to my grandfather, Christian Leser, asking him if in his opinion I should go on with the task of completing a manuscript or postponing it to

a future time.

I entered the auditorium rather early and placed my sealed envelope on a table provided for this purpose. The table was of wood, bare, the four-legged, conventional type; it stood forward on the rostrum in full view of the audience. I took a seat well up in front, not more than eight or ten feet from the table. Gradually the auditorium filled and I noted with some amusement that the envelopes of those of us who had come early were soon completely buried under the mass of those who arrived later.

“Well, that settles my question,” I thought, and gave up hope of having it answered. Nevertheless, I enjoyed John Slater’s lecture immensely. When he finished and began giving messages I was amazed by the accuracy of his work. After taking, at random, about a dozen of the sealed envelopes and answering the questions enclosed, without opening the envelopes, he suddenly hesitated, stepped to the very edge of the rostrum, and said: “There is a splendid elderly gentleman here whose name is Christian Leser. He wishes to contact his grandson, John.” Slater looked about, then asked, “Where are you, John?”

“Here,” I responded, rather surprised as I held up my hand.

“John,” continued Slater, “your grandfather tells me you had given up hope of having your question answered because your envelope is at the very bottom of this pile.”

“That is right,” I laughingly agreed.

“He tells me further,” continued Slater, “that your question is addressed to him and that you wish to know if you should go on with the work you have started.”

“That is correct,” I answered.

“Now listen, John, your grandfather is very emphatic in what he wishes to convey. He wants me to tell you to finish that book, regardless of any and all opposition.” (The book, *Is Death the End?* was completed and published a year later.)

For various reasons I feel this was a most evidential psychic experience. First, we had come to San Diego only a short time previous, knowing no one in this city. We were not acquainted with anyone connected with this church or any other Spiritualistic organisation. I had never seen John Slater before and am certain he did not know, up to the time of this message, that such an individual as I existed.

Even if all these facts were reversed, this would not explain how Slater could have known the nature of my question and that it was addressed to my grandfather, Christian Leser. Nothing more than my own initials were on the face of the sealed envelope. After the meeting I went to the platform, sought out my envelope and found it, unopened, in the identical condition as when placed on the table.

This experience leaves but one opposing hypothesis our critics can advance: telepathy. In other words, they must affirm that John Slater scored one hundred per cent success in reading my thoughts. If all conditions are carefully considered, an unprejudiced mind will, I am certain, accept the spirit hypothesis. I base this



conclusion mainly upon the premise that the message was imperative because it was delivered in spite of the fact that my question lay at the very bottom of the pile of envelopes on the table. If it had not been for this message, *Is Death the End?* which has brought consolation to thousands in many countries, might never have been published.

If logic is the basis upon which our critics do their thinking, and if they are honest thinkers, they cannot help but admit that in this case the spirit hypothesis is the most logical.

I have learned through the years that some of the very best evidence for Survival occurs spontaneously. Occasionally, manifestations of a high order take place when one is least expecting them, when one's thoughts are not at all upon this subject, but engaged with matters of an entirely different nature. This proves that genuine psychic phenomena are not dependent upon the will of man, but can happen in spite of it. In fact, it is through some personal experience of this nature that the interest of many individuals is first aroused. I have on various occasions had such experiences. This was the most unique.

Shortly after my experience with John Slater, I was sitting alone in our living room one evening reading a daily San Diego newspaper. I was very much at ease; my thoughts were on matters purely of a mundane nature. In fact, I was engrossed in reading about a new dam to be built in the mountain region of San Diego County. I had read nothing to suggest the spontaneous manifestation which took place. Other names must be used in place of the correct ones, but everything else will be recorded just as it occurred. In the midst of my reading I suddenly heard a feminine voice address me: "John! John!"

I immediately became aware of a woman's personality. The voice continued: "I am Hattie, Emily's Aunt Julia's sister. I have been in the spirit world quite a long time. Will you do something for me?"

Surprised, I answered: "Certainly, if it is possible. What is it you would have me do?"

"Purchase some little gift for my sister Julia, but please do so tomorrow. And will you kindly send it at once?"

Amazed, I replied: "I will be happy to do as you ask. But why the rush?"

There was no further reply. I laid my newspaper aside and pondered for a time over this strange request. I knew very little about my wife's relatives. I had met the Aunt Julia referred to only twice in the fourteen years of our married life. She and her family lived in another city. I was positive she had never spoken to me of this sister Hattie, nor had my wife, nor had I ever seen a photograph of her. I sought out my wife, who was busy in another part of the house, and asked, "Emily, did your Aunt Julia have a sister - Hattie?"

"Yes," she answered.

"Was she tall, well-developed, and did she have dark eyes and black hair?"

For a few moments Emily contemplated, then said: "That description seems to fit,

but as I saw Hattie only once and that was so long ago, I am not certain. Why do you ask?"

I laughed. "Well, she just appeared to me and made a very strange request. She asked if I would buy some little gift and send it to your Aunt Julia. But what amuses me is that she wants me to do this tomorrow!"

We were puzzled over this odd request. To see what would come of it, we went to town the following morning and, after looking at various articles in a gift shop, we finally bought a sewing basket. We chose this because it was both artistic and useful. We sent it away immediately.

Ten days later we received a letter from this Aunt Julia in which she stated that our lovely gift had arrived on her birthday! She was very much pleased, explaining it had come at a time when for various reasons she felt exceedingly lonely. The arrival of a present from California was such a delightful surprise it changed the entire trend of the day. What surprised her most was that we knew the date of her birth! Over this we were as astonished as was she, because neither Emily nor I knew her birthday. In all our married life we had never spoken of it.

This may seem strange, but it is nevertheless true. The two women were not related to my wife by blood ties. A brother of Emily's mother had married Julia and thus this relationship was established. My wife seldom saw Julia. Their interests were wide apart. They had very little in common and my wife will testify any time under oath that she did not know Julia's date of birth.

After we returned to Cincinnati, several months later, we drove to the city where Julia lived. She again expressed her keen appreciation for the gift and was most desirous of learning what had prompted us to send it. I told Julia of her sister Hattie's manifestation and her strange request. Julia, a former teacher, is a confirmed atheist, and it was interesting to observe her reaction.

After considering the matter briefly, she said: "John, I know you never met Hattie. I am positive you have never seen a photograph of her. If you saw her, as you say, then you should be able to describe her."

"Certainly," I answered, "right now I again see her standing by your side. She is taller than you, and heavier. She has dark eyes and very dark hair. But what impresses me most is the nature of her complexion - I can best describe it as of an olive hue."

"Well - !" exclaimed Julia. "I don't know where you get it, but that is a perfect description of Hattie!"

In spite of this and the sister's strange request that I send a gift, accurately timed to arrive on a birthday when the recipient was extremely lonely, Julia was not impressed sufficiently to accept the spirit hypothesis. I feel that the entire manifestation was brought about by Hattie and others to kindle a light in Julia's atheistic consciousness. But here again the old adage proved true, "You can lead a mare to water but you can't make her drink."

## CHAPTER 7

*I have myself so often witnessed spiritual manifestations that I could not, if I were inclined, put aside the evidences that have come before me.* - Dr. Ashburner, one of Queen Victoria's physicians.

### A Cabinet Minister Returns

Emily's trumpet mediumship was unusually good while we were living in Dayton, Ohio. One evening while we were having a séance, and after a number of personalities had spoken, a voice suddenly addressed me. The conversation between the voice and myself was as follows:

"Good evening, sir."

"Good evening," I replied.

"This is Robert Fausing speaking."

"Mr. Fausing, the former U.S. Cabinet member?"

"Yes."

"Well, I am honoured. What brings you into our modest home?"

"Gratitude."

"Gratitude?" I questioned in surprise.

"Yes. In a few days you shall learn my reason for coming."

"Why not tell me now?"

"No. I'd rather you wait. Good night."

I was much puzzled over this brief and strange manifestation.

The following day I received a letter from my friend Roy Holmyard. He had just returned from a trip abroad. Several days later I drove to Cincinnati and called on him. We went to his study, where he related many of his psychic experiences abroad. Suddenly he opened a travelling bag and took out a woman's photograph.

"Do you know her?" he asked.

I studied the picture. "No," I answered, "quite a striking personality. Who is she?"

"Mrs. Robert Fausing," he said, then added, "She is the wife of the late Robert Fausing, former U.S. Cabinet member."

"Well!" I said, "now this is interesting! Tell me more!"

He laughed. "I believe I made a convert of Mrs. Fausing. She came over on the same boat. We got acquainted and I gave her a copy of your book, *Is Death the End?* She read it and was so delighted she presented me with this photograph of herself in appreciation."

"Wonderful!" I exclaimed, now fully comprehending why Robert Fausing desired to let my friend explain the reason for his expression of gratitude to us. Holmyard was

as surprised and delighted as I was when he heard what had occurred at our séance only a few nights earlier.

In this case telepathy is entirely ruled out. The spirit hypothesis is the only logical one of acceptance.

The spirit forms of two women appeared to me while attending a dinner given by David Peterson, of Dayton, Ohio, to a group of his friends interested in this subject. Clairvoyantly I saw them standing at the side of our host, who was sitting at the head of the table directly opposite me. While observing these forms, I received the odd impression that each one claimed to be his mother. I described them to our host and told him of my strange and rather humorous impression regarding their relationship. He laughed and said he understood and could recognise both, explaining that one was his mother, while the other had been his stepmother. He loved his stepmother very much also, because she had been most kind to him.

Then he asked if I could tell him which of the two women was his real mother. All present eagerly anticipated the outcome of this test. I looked upon the two spirit forms and awaited their response. I had not the slightest idea as to how the identification would be made.

Suddenly the woman on the left of our host turned slightly so that the right side of her body was more visible. Then the figure on the right of our host lifted her arm and with her index finger pointed directly at a mole on the right side of the neck of the other woman. I told the man what I was observing, and with keen delight he exclaimed:

“That is wonderfully evidential! I had almost forgotten. My mother *did* have a mole on the right side of her neck!”

It should be understood that I had met this man for the first time only a few weeks before this experience. I had never seen a picture of either of the women. In short, up to the moment the manifestation occurred I had no knowledge whatever regarding this entire matter.

Here our critics will once again bring forward the theory of thought-transference between this man and myself. This hypothesis might be acceptable had our host been concentrating on the mole, the mark of identification. But his immediate declaration that he had almost forgotten it reasonably sets aside thought-transference between us. Our critics will now go farther and assert that I picked this out of the man's subconscious mind. But who is the better judge? The clairvoyant, who through extra-sensory perception proves by evidence that he perceives another dimension of life, or the critic who, unable to see likewise, assumes an hypothesis which he cannot prove? In a case such as this, is not the evidence of the clairvoyant of a far more scientific nature than the mere assertion of the critic? *Think this over carefully.*

Communication between the two worlds involves a very delicate procedure. A great amount of patience and perseverance is required to obtain the higher phases such as the direct voice phenomenon (I use the word phenomenon for the reason that as yet

we know so little about the *modus operandi*). And an ultra-critical mind, even though it be thoroughly honest, can arrest manifestations of a psychic nature.

I can illustrate these points with an experience which involved the wife of a friend who was a Cincinnati Society for Psychical Research member. At the time of her transition I was this society's secretary. On various occasions the husband had asked me to grant him the privilege of attending one of our séances. I respected this man because of his fine character, but I was also aware of his ultra-critical attitude regarding mediumship. Previous to his wife's passing I had heard him affirm that he could duplicate the tricks of all mediums. His hobby was magic and ventriloquism. He was an exceedingly clever, non-professional conjurer, and more than a match for any pretender who practised trickery in his presence.

Unfortunately this ability had produced a somewhat disagreeable complex in a nature that was otherwise most admirable. I was not inclined to subject a delicate instrument - my wife - to such a mental attitude, for I was not only aware of how devastating such an attitude could be to the manifestation, but likewise to the sensitive medium. I therefore refused this request.

Shortly after his wife's passing, he made a trip to New York and attended a séance conducted by one of the most powerful voice mediums in this country, George Valiantine. He obtained no results, and returned to Cincinnati in a more critical frame of mind. I was exceedingly sorry for this good fellow and hoped that time would mellow his attitude. I have learned that if we are patient time has a way of adjusting all matters. So it did with my friend.

Several months later, at a meeting of our society, he again, in a rather contrite manner, asked me for permission to join our home circle. I consented and arranged a date, but told him frankly I felt it would only be a waste of time. Nevertheless, on the appointed evening he arrived at our home. After a brief conversation, we entered the séance room. The illuminated megaphone rested on the table between us. After waiting for half an hour with no results, I suggested we abandon the attempt.

A few moments later, however, Emily's brother, the spirit control, spoke and asked us to continue. At the end of another negative half-hour, I expressed my chagrin of the whole affair and proposed that we discontinue at once. Hardly had I finished speaking when the familiar voice of my grandfather, Christian Leser, responded, saying: "John! We are going to bring this man's wife through to him if it's the last thing we do. Hold on!" And to my great surprise, they did!

Directly following my grandfather's voice, a feminine one, unfamiliar to us, filled the silent room with vibrant deep emotion. Strange as it may seem, our friend at once responded and for approximately three minutes carried on an animated conversation with his wife. He asked her various test questions. To my great surprise, without hesitation, she answered them. Finally, overcome by her emotion, she could hold on no longer. The megaphone dropped to the table, and thus this trying but gratifying séance came to an end.

As we left the séance room, tears fell from the cheeks of the man who at one time

offered to duplicate all of the “tricks” of mediums. Hardly a word was spoken between us. Our friend stepped to the piano, sat down and playing, gave vent to all his pent-up emotions. I looked at Emily, who appeared rather pale and tired. I listened to the music and silently sat pondering over the marvels of this wondrous mystery we call life. My friend’s conviction of Survival, like my own, is today unshakable.

We were vacationing at a pleasant spot on the Potomac called Fishing Point. The hostelry was clean and the food excellent. Here we spent seven enjoyable days. We were all in the best of mood. Nothing of any nature had occurred which could have caused the distressing dream, regarding friends, which Emily experienced and related to me as we leisurely packed our things on the morning of the eighth day.

In spite of my wife’s remarkable mediumship, I laughed at what she related, observing that these friends of whom she spoke were happy and in the best of health when we left Cincinnati only a short time before. We had had no mail during the entire period of our absence. Yet my wife - we learned later - related occurrences all of which actually took place just as she had experienced them in her dream.

I had designed and supervised the construction of a beautiful home for these friends. When we left Cincinnati the house, with the exception of a few minor details, was ready for occupancy. I was, therefore, under the impression that our friends had actually moved into the house shortly after our departure. The mother, father, daughter and son were all in the best of health on the day we left and they were happily anticipating moving into their new home. Of all the people I knew, these were the last I would have expected to find broken by grief on our return.

However, my wife dreamed that a few days prior to moving into the house the mother was suddenly taken seriously ill and died. She dreamed also she was being embraced by the daughter in our living room. The girl was bitterly sobbing and exclaiming in desperation: “Oh, Emily, what shall I do? What shall I do?”

As we started on our return trip, I put the matter out of mind. I simply would not entertain the thought that such sorrow could come to our friends at the height of their greatest happiness. I told Emily this and asked her to forget the dream.

Several days later, as we drove through Cincinnati, I stopped at one of the sub-contractors’ homes to inquire if he had taken care of those details necessary to complete our friends’ house. The man’s wife answered the door and told me that her husband had not yet returned from work. I asked if she could tell me if the work at the Nailor home had been done and if the family had moved in. For a few moments she gazed at me in surprise, then asked, “Haven’t you heard?”

“Heard - what?” I questioned with sinking heart.

“Have you been away?” she asked further.

“Yes,” I said. “Is anything wrong?”

“Oh, yes!” she answered. “Mrs. Nailor became suddenly ill, was rushed to a hospital and died shortly after. She was buried just a few days ago.”

Stunned, I returned to the car and told Emily that what she dreamed had actually occurred. Only a few hours later I saw enacted in our living room the identical scene, between my wife and the daughter that she had dreamed. I saw the young woman enter our house, throw her arms about Emily and heard her, sobbing, exclaim in desperation: "Oh, Emily, what shall I do? What shall I do?"

On a number of occasions my wife has experienced remarkable, prophetic dreams. One morning she told me she had dreamed my father would arrive that morning, that he would be wearing a grey suit and would be carrying a tan topcoat and a tan travelling bag. I laughed. I had only just heard from my father in Hawaii and in his letter he made no mention of visiting Cincinnati.

I did not doubt the possibility of a visit from him, as he had never met my wife. Neither of us knew what sort of clothes he owned, because I had not seen him for more than five years. That he would arrive unexpectedly that morning I did not believe.

It was a lovely Sunday morning. On finishing breakfast I went out into the garden. After looking over our flowers, I glanced up the street and to my utter amazement beheld my father coming toward me, dressed exactly as described by my wife several hours before. He was wearing a light grey suit, carrying a tan topcoat and a tan travelling bag. How did she obtain such exact information?

As we greeted each other, my father, in his congenial manner, said: "You did not expect me, did you? I decided rather suddenly to visit you. I wanted to meet Emily - and here I am! Aren't you surprised?"

"No," I answered laughing. "I am not surprised - I am amazed!"

I then told him of Emily's dream, the accuracy of which was truly astonishing to both of us.

I shall relate other experiences of a like nature, regarding my wife's prophetic dreams. But are they dreams? I think not. I am certain such experiences prove that we can obtain knowledge from sources other than those of this mundane plane.

On many occasions it has been stated by etheric beings that most of us leave our physical bodies during sleep, but the memory of such astral excursions does not, as a rule, filter through from the superconscious to the conscious mind. And for various good reasons this seems to be a wise provision of nature. Only at times does she give us glimpses. Only by degrees, and as we are ready to receive, are the wonders of God's universe revealed.

The family of whom Emily had dreamed while we were vacationing at Fishing Point were the first from among our friends to participate directly in our experiments. Several months before we had spoken to them of our psychic experiences, but as they evidenced scant interest we made no further mention of the matter. The daughter, however, after her mother's transition, asked if we would permit her to join our séances. We agreed. She was thrilled by the evidence obtained during her first two experiences through Emily's trance mediumship. She tried very hard to interest her father and brother. Both refused to accept as fact what she told them,

and asked her to refrain from speaking of the matter. They were dreadfully afraid she was losing her mental equilibrium. But the evidence of her mother's survival continued to pile up to such extent that she finally succeeded, without the knowledge of her brother, whose opposition was most bitter, in inducing the father secretly to attend one of our séances.

He later told me that he had had no faith whatsoever in the matter, but came merely to humour his daughter. I shall never forget his bored attitude as we seated ourselves in the séance room on the first night he joined us. But you can imagine his surprise when friends and relatives, who (to his mind) were supposed to have been annihilated some thirty or forty years before, cheerfully greeted him, gave their names and brought through evidential tests that left no doubt as to their identity. The obstinate father became thoroughly convinced. Before a month had passed he had persuaded his son sufficiently of the possibility of Survival that finally he asked permission to experience a séance.

I was enjoying all of this immensely! In fact, I have never found anything so intensely interesting and highly amusing as to observe man's mental actions and reactions when he comes face to face with the mighty truth of the great reality. The son, who once thought us all insane, after several experiences, became such an enthusiastic propagandist for Survival that we had to restrain him in his desire to preach his conviction from the rooftops!

For us this experience was most gratifying. It was good to know that we, as instruments (crude at best), had served to restore happiness where only a few months previous heartaches and the deepest gloom prevailed. Our friends, having gained the conviction that the personality they so dearly loved had not perished, now actually enjoyed their new home to the fullest. And let me ask here: Would such be the work of demons - as so many of our orthodox critics affirm? In view of the foregoing, is not such an affirmation absolutely absurd?

One evening, at the home of these friends, we met three pleasant, cultured sisters, Mrs. Carrie Moore, Miss Nettie and Miss Louise Hollaender. They were interested in Survival and we invited them to join our séances. They proved to be ideal investigators, open-minded, rational and honest. Our group, including Emily and I, now consisted of eight intelligent, sympathetic personalities. The conditions were most wholesome and many interesting manifestations occurred. Emily was the medium. When for some reason the controls could not use her, they would reach me and bring through matter of an evidential nature.

On one occasion I saw the sisters' father standing before me. He held up a watch chain from which hung a locket. On observing it carefully, I saw that the chain was made of hair and that the gold locket consisted of a horse's head surrounded by a horseshoe. I told them what I saw and they recognised it at once.

Their father had been a lover of horses. After his wife's transition, many years before this séance, he had had a chain made from strands of her hair, adding the locket, but he had never worn it. Both the chain and the locket had been carefully wrapped in a silk kerchief which had not been opened for a number of years. Several evenings



later, when we visited the sisters' home, they brought out the kerchief, unwrapped it, and there reposed the chain and locket just as it had been shown to me, and I had described it.

Call this a triviality if you will, but I am certain you must admit it was an unusual triviality. The sisters, for whom the evidence was meant, accepted it as a genuine spiritual manifestation from their father.

For almost two years this group met with us consistently, each Saturday evening. We have in our possession a testimonial signed by each of them, acknowledging absolute conviction of Survival through the evidence presented in our séances.

I became a member of the Cincinnati Society for Psychical Research several years after having my first psychic experience. This society was made up of men of fine intellectual calibre, engineers, chemists, doctors, business men, lawyers and judges. It was in their company that I spent some of the happiest hours of my life.

The membership was not large; certain qualifications were necessary for eligibility. The cultist was ineligible, but the man with an unbiased open mind was welcome. Judge Martin Durrett was president at the time I became a member; Roy Holmyard, vice-president; and H. D. Hutchinson, secretary. I can still see Judge Durrett, tall, handsome, smiling as he presided over those meetings in our headquarters at the Hotel Sinton. With a pleasant dignity and excellent command of English, he gave the society a status of high quality. Newspapermen, who usually treat this subject with contempt, never failed to attend our open meetings, and always reported these proceedings with a marked respect.

A number of members were not convinced that the spirit hypothesis was the only possible explanation of psychic phenomena, and this group was the very life of the society. They advanced every conceivable hypothesis to nullify Survival. But those who had gained conviction fought just as stubbornly. These conflicts were so keen in their nature the very atmosphere crackled with mental energy, but over and above all this, a fine spirit of camaraderie and a goodly share of jovial bantering always prevailed.

All this I enjoyed immensely. As a new member and also the youngest, I, for a time, kept my silence, but eventually I was drawn into the fray. As I write this I am deeply amused at my own attitude at the time. With the fire of youth and a conviction nothing could shatter, I went after the opponents of Survival with such force of energy that it often almost swept them off their feet. All these men were older than I. Today I am somewhat abashed, as I look back upon those meetings, that my ruthless, youthful vigour and earnest enthusiasm did not incur their animosity. But such was not the case!

Instead, they seemed to enjoy my ability to demolish their objections; they all remained most loyal friends throughout the years. I am now inclined to believe that they secretly rejoiced in the fact I possessed the conviction and the energy to batter down every objection they could conceive, and in so doing brought them by degrees to the same conviction as my own. At any rate, through the years since, I have finally

had the pleasure of seeing them all convinced, by research and discussion, of man's survival after death.

My enthusiasm, in those days, swept everything before it. Objectors either acquiesced or ran away, fearful of the cyclonic energy generated by a conviction nothing could resist. I knew, without the slightest shadow of a doubt, through what I had experienced and the unfoldment of my own dormant powers, that we do survive the shock of physical death. For me this was, and still is, the most glorious and important revelation which could come to a bewildered humanity.

Through this unshakable conviction I somehow became attuned to higher forms of consciousness from which I seemed to absorb knowledge regarding this matter, as does a sponge when immersed in water. This was a subconscious action, and became evident to me only as the need arose to use it in defence of what I knew to be the truth. Men who had been interested in this subject all their lives were astonished at the knowledge regarding it which I had gained in so short a time. It is not vanity which brings me to mention this. It is but another psychic experience which I feel all may enjoy if their interest is as intense as mine.

Thomas Paine once said: "There is no one, who being preoccupied with the progress of the human mind has not observed that there are two distinct classes of ideas; those produced in ourselves by reflection, and those which are precipitated into our minds. I make a rule of welcoming, with politeness, these unexpected visitors. I declare that it is to these strange guests I owe all the knowledge I possess."

Emerson expresses it almost identically: "Thoughts penetrate themselves into my intellect like a ray of light shining into darkness. The truth comes to me, not only by reason, but also by intuition." Every great writer, poet, musician and inventor makes a similar affirmation.

One experience, while I was the society's secretary, stands out clearly in my mind. It is unique and has a humorous slant. From time to time the society engaged the best psychics obtainable for research work. Occasionally invitations were sent to a select group of people to witness such demonstrations as clairvoyance and clairaudience. This type of meeting was always well attended by professional people. It was at one such meeting, with Arthur Ford as the demonstrator, that I was both pleased and embarrassed by what occurred.

About two weeks previous, our friends, the Hollaenders, were visiting at our home. At one time during the evening I became aware of a discarnate personality. To my friends I said: "There is a tall, stout man here who wishes to be recognised. He has a jovial countenance and wears a full, black moustache. He says he is your Uncle Jacob, but does not explain why he flourishes a huge pair of scissors."

My friends laughed. Then one of them explained: "This is a very good description of our Uncle Jacob. He displays the scissors to convince us. He was a tailor. When we, as children, visited him, he always warned us not to play with his scissors, which were large and sharp."

Several weeks passed and this incident was almost forgotten. In the meantime,

however, I mailed my friends, the Hollaenders, invitations to the Ford meeting. I was most desirous they witness Ford's unusual work and urged them to attend. They came and sat beside Emily and me. After Ford's talk, which usually precedes his demonstrations, he described numerous discarnate people, conveying what they had to say, all of which was recognised by someone or another of the audience. Then finally he spoke the full name of our friends' father, gave them a message from him, then hesitating briefly, continued:

"And with your father comes an Uncle Jacob, a tall, stout man, with a full, dark moustache. He is a jovial fellow, flourishes a huge scissors and tells me he was a tailor on earth."

This message was so identical, almost word for word, with the one I had given these friends, that it had the earmarks of collusion between myself and Ford. It was embarrassing. I mentioned this to my friends later, but they laughingly assured me of their profound implicit faith in my integrity.

This chronicle of psychic experiences would hardly be satisfactory to me unless it bore mention of my association with this fine body of men, the Cincinnati Society for Psychological Research, whose sincere interest in the whole subject raised it to a high plane of respect.

About the time I moved my family to California, a society for psychical research was being organised in Los Angeles. Hamlin Garland was elected its first president and I its vice-president. This I considered quite an honour. Unfortunately, however, San Diego, where we were located, is one hundred and thirty miles distant and this prevented me from attending meetings regularly.

An amusing incident, with an interesting sequel, occurred at one of these meetings. Garland and I were sitting talking, exchanging psychic experiences. I related to him how on several occasions our son John had whistled and other discarnate personalities had spoken to us while in our motor car as we travelled along quiet country roads. Garland looked at me with a credulous expression in his keen, but kindly eyes. This, no doubt, was too much for even a psychical researcher of forty years.

Nevertheless, I know now that he did not discredit my statement entirely. In his book, *The Mystery of the Buried Crosses*, written several years later, he tells of having heard about spirit voices in a motor car and how, in his search for the buried crosses, he mentioned what I had told him of these voices to his discarnate guides and asked them if they could not do likewise. Then jubilantly he relates how they responded in like manner, adding emphatically that without their guidance in his own car, in the open country, he could never have found those ancient crosses, buried on mountain sides and in ravines many miles from his home. *The Mystery of the Buried Crosses* is a remarkable revelation.

## CHAPTER 8

*There is a large amount of information available to anyone who wants it regarding psychic research. If it is read with an open mind, one cannot fail to be impressed with the integrity of the people who wrote all this material and with the length that some of them went to assure its reliability.* - Julius Weinberger, Radar engineer and recipient of U.S. Modern Pioneer's Award.

### **He Died Only This Morning!**

I have an architect friend in Cincinnati, James Allen, with whom I have sat in the mellow light of our fireplace through many winter evenings and discussed Survival. I was not acquainted with any member of his family, but learned to know, through clairvoyance, many of his relatives who at one time or another lived on earth. We were often amused as I relayed to him the odd names and quaint expressions of his Scots and Irish ancestors. He had no knowledge regarding some of these folks and later had to trace their relationship by searching family records. He obtained evidence in abundance, some of which was most unique.

Jim Allen is one of the rare type of humans from whom there literally emanates a warmth and wholesomeness which seems to open wide the door between this and the next world. One evening as Emily, Jim and I sat before the fire discussing our favourite subject, I had a most vivid clairvoyant and clairaudient experience. What I saw and what I heard were so clear cut that had these personalities been inhabiting bodies of flesh they could hardly have been more distinct.

Suddenly, between Jim and me, three ethereal beings appeared. Two I recognised at once; one was a relative of mine, the other a relative of Jim's. Between these two, however, was a third, a stranger to me. He was a young man with sandy hair and blue eyes. He was frail; in fact, he was so weak in spirit that it was necessary for the older men to support him. And unbelievable as it may seem, I saw tears gliding over his cheeks and heard his voice shake with emotion as he spoke. All this may seem like fiction, but truth often is stranger than fiction.

"Tell Jimmie it is I – Harold - Dusty, and tell him it is true! It is true! It is true!"

I told Jim all that I saw and what I heard.

"John!" exclaimed my friend, "this is remarkable! This man, Dusty, only died early this morning; his Christian name is Harold but we called him Dusty. He was in an accident more than a year ago and was injured so severely he was completely bedridden. We were friends. I called on him just last evening and among other things we discussed Survival. I told him of my experiences and he said, 'Jimmie, I do not know if it is true or not, but I hope it is.'"

"Wait," I said, "he seems most anxious to convey something more. He is attired in a light brown suit. And he holds out the bottom part of his coat to me and says, 'Tell Jimmie, my light, brown suit - my light, brown suit!'"

Jim could not comprehend what Dusty meant by this, nor could he recall ever having seen his friend in a light, brown suit.

Then just as suddenly as it had come, the entire manifestation vanished. Jim tried very hard to recall some clue which might clarify the matter as to what Dusty had intended to convey. I tried to obtain further information, but could not re-establish the contact. It seems we have no control over the matter and that those of the fourth dimension, likewise, are unable to manifest unless all the conditions are of such a nature where rapport becomes possible. However, later in the evening, contact was again established for a few moments. I was told what Dusty meant to convey and that which followed brought evidence of a most convincing nature.

Jim was about to leave. Emily and I were standing at the door bidding him goodnight when suddenly I heard John's voice saying: "Tell Jim that tomorrow night when he looks upon his friend's physical body for the last time, he will observe that it is attired in a light, brown suit. Dusty knew of this and wanted to mention it to Jim as a test to prove that he has survived death and is aware of what is going on."

I told Jim what I had heard. He replied that it would be an excellent test for the reason that he could not recall ever having seen his friend in a light, brown suit, and was not aware of the fact that he had such a suit.

On the following evening at a meeting of our Society for Psychical Research, of which Jim was a member, he came to me, took my hand in his and said: "John, I have just come from the funeral parlour, having taken the last look at my friend Dusty. His material body is attired in a light, brown suit. This is wonderful, truly wonderful!"

For me, likewise, it was a most gratifying experience. To enhance further the value of this occurrence I wish to emphasise the following facts: My friend Jim had spoken to me but once of his friend, Dusty. I had never seen the man, or had any other knowledge regarding him. I never addressed my friend as "Jimmie," but Dusty always did.

Wealth or position of an earthly nature are of little importance to those advanced souls who co-operate in bridging the gap between the two worlds. On various occasions while endeavouring to obtain contact for people of great wealth and earthly power, I have failed utterly. On the other hand, remarkable evidence of a most gratifying nature has come unsought to humble and unknown individuals. Such was the case of David Armstrong.

David is a coloured man whom I have never met. In fact, at the time this experience occurred I did not know that such an individual existed. The occurrence took place at the home of our friends the Hollaenders of Cincinnati, Ohio. We were having an impromptu séance when suddenly I became aware of a most pleasant, little, coloured woman. A few moments later I saw that she was accompanied by a tall, rather dignified man.

I heard the woman say: "I am Martha, and Anderson (pointing to the man) is my husband. We wish to send our love to Sonnie, our boy." With this they slowly faded from my vision. I told the others what I had seen and heard, but none could recognise these spirit people.

Suddenly one of the women present said: "I wonder if this message could be for David, our porter. He is a young, very high type of coloured man. Somehow, recently, I was talking to him of this subject. He was deeply interested and is now reading your book, *Is Death the End?* which I loaned him. I shall find out tomorrow if the description and names of these people are those of his parents who have passed on."

Next evening I saw this woman again. With great pleasure she told me that on relating to him what had transpired he was so affected that he took out his handkerchief and wiped tears from his eyes. He informed her that the description of his parents was accurate and the names correct, adding that they had always called him "Sonnie" instead of by his given name, David.

Here you have a case where telepathy of a mundane nature is entirely ruled out, leaving no other logical hypothesis but the spirit one. And it also forcefully illustrates that the most humble of humans, if right at heart, is held in higher esteem by those of "the great reality" than men and women rich in material wealth but poor in spiritual values. I do not wish to imply that poverty is a sign of virtue and wealth is a sign of vice. Angelic souls can be found among both the rich and the poor alike. What I am endeavouring to convey is the invaluable knowledge that it is what we are and not what we have that actually counts when we stand defenceless on the threshold of that Greater World.

Shortly after our return to San Diego I leased a little bungalow in the Mission Hills district. My nearest neighbour was a rather congenial fellow. One day he called, inviting me to join him for lunch. I accepted and he led the way to the breakfast room. His wife brought in sandwiches and coffee, then sat down at the table with us. I knew nothing whatever about the lives of these people. We had been neighbours little more than a month. Our meetings in the past had been casual. This was the first time any attempt at a better acquaintance was made. At no time had the subject of Survival ever been mentioned between us.

Strange as it may seem, it is nevertheless a fact that some people are bitterly opposed to a discussion of death. Such people display a dreadful fear at the mere mention of the subject, while others reveal marked antagonism toward those who have the courage to investigate. As I joined my neighbour that morning I had not the slightest intention of introducing this subject.

We were enjoying our lunch and discussing various things such as flowers, trees, soil, etc. Suddenly I became aware of two spirit people, one, an elderly man, the other quite young. I noted the marked resemblance between the older man and my neighbour and I heard the elderly spirit figure say, "I am John, his father," pointing to my neighbour. Then turning to the younger man he said: "This is Frank, their son. Please tell them."

I sent back the thought I had no inclination to do as requested for the reason that I desired to retain their friendship. I did not know how they would react. But the older man was most persistent. "This is very important," he insisted. "Please do not fail us."

And so I reluctantly acquiesced, hardly knowing how to begin. I said, "Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson, I have something, which seems of importance, to tell you." Both looked at me in a rather puzzled manner.

"Standing there between you," I continued, "are two spirit men. One appears much older than the other. There is a remarkable resemblance between the older man and you, Mr. Stevenson. This man says that he is John your father. Is this true?"

My neighbour stared at me in icy silence. Finally his wife spoke up, addressing her husband, "Why don't you answer?" Then, turning to me, she said, "Yes, this is true."

I then described the younger man, and asked if he was their son. Both now looked upon me in utter astonishment. Then Mrs. Stevenson answered: "Yes, this is a perfect description of our boy, Frank. He *has been missing for thirteen years.*"

"Well," I said, "now I understand why the older man insisted it was important that I tell you. Your son is no longer on earth. He is now in the spirit world."

The mother was deeply affected, but the father refused to make any comment. His silence was most trying. I felt it would be wise if I left. So pleading "much work" to be attended, I withdrew as gracefully as possible.

That evening Mrs. Stevenson called at our home and apologised for her husband's actions, expressing her own deep gratitude. She then told me of an odd occurrence which strengthens the genuineness of the manifestation just related.

One of the larger theatres in San Diego had been advertising the appearance of a young woman, an extraordinary clairvoyant, Gene Dennis. Our neighbour, Mrs. Stevenson, while reading the advertisement, had decided to go to the theatre and ask this psychic if she could give her any information regarding her missing son, when she seemed to hear a voice which said, "There is a better way."

On the following day, her husband, an atheist, by inviting me to share his lunch, had opened the door to that better way - probably more preferable.

As further proof that it actually was their missing boy who had manifested to me, the same two etheric beings again appeared, as we sat in our living room, talking. The older man, who seemed to be managing things, pointed to a scar on the lower part of the younger man's left jaw and asked me to tell the mother. This clinched the matter of identity. The mother then explained how the boy, while very young, after watching his father shave, had one day secretly got hold of the razor. In imitating his father, he had cut a gash in his jaw, leaving a scar which grew larger as the boy grew older.

Believe it or not, my otherwise congenial neighbour (father of this spirit youth), refused with stubborn tenacity, to accept any part of what occurred as proof of Survival. He stoutly affirmed that when a man is dead he is dead and that is all there is to it - proof, or no proof!

I received a letter from a Madame Pauline Serdoe in which she said she had read some of my previous writings in France, which had been translated, that she was now visiting America, and would spend some time in San Diego. She expressed a

keen desire to meet us and asked if we would be kind enough to call at her hotel.

Through the years we have received many such letters and requests of a similar nature. If convenient we always tried to oblige. In this case we decided to have dinner at the hotel where she was staying, and call on her later.

While eating, in the well-filled dining room, Emily turned to me and said, "Do you see that woman at the table with the man, there at the entrance to the lobby?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Well," said my wife, "she is Madame Pauline Serdoe, our friend from France."

I studied her a moment, then laughingly answered: "She doesn't appear French to me. She looks more like an English woman."

"Would you like to make a small wager that it is not Madame Serdoe?"

"Yes," I replied, "for the dinner, but this time you will lose."

Shortly after, the pair arose from their table and went into the lobby. Upon finishing our dinner we did likewise. I had Madam Serdoe paged. Sure enough, she was the same person Emily had pointed out to me. As we talked, I noted that she in no way, voice or manner, resembled a French woman. My wife, therefore, could not have selected her out of a room full of people because of distinguishing French characteristics. I could have picked a half-dozen people more likely to fit the nationality. (In fact, Madame Serdoe was an American married to an Arabian who had become a French citizen.)

This little psychic experience was only the beginning of an astonishing series of happenings regarding this visitor, an individual of whom we knew nothing. After a friendly chat, Madame Serdoe asked Emily if she would sit for her so that she might witness some phase of the physical phenomena. To my surprise she agreed, something she seldom does with total strangers.

Our visitor proved to be a natural psychic, her presence greatly stimulating all the conditions. I had hardly snapped off the lights when things began to happen. The first to speak was Sea Gull, an Indian girl who usually opens the way for others to follow. Our guest was pleasantly surprised when Sea Gull greeted her as "Princess."

"What does she mean by that?" I asked.

Much amused, the visitor answered. "I will tell you later; it is an excellent test!"

Then a man's voice, full of emotion, addressed our guest as, "*Mary! Mary!*" She had not used this name in correspondence with us. We did not know of it, but the spirit who addressed her thus was her former husband. She explained that he had always called her by her middle name of Mary. A most pleasant conversation followed. The man seemed overjoyed by the fact that he could again converse with one who was once his companion on earth. Then a brother-in-law gave his name and likewise happily spoke with our guest.

A feminine voice followed, identifying itself as that of a former friend, resulting in a conversation vibrant with reminiscences. Then came the father of the first husband.



He addressed his former daughter-in-law by a pet name and, eager to prove survival of personality, he mentioned name after name of relatives, discussing with our guest their activities and whereabouts.

Then finally he mentioned his wife, who was still on earth, living in a city of the Middle West, U.S.A. He spoke of what she was doing at that particular time and asked our visitor to write her and verify what he had said. This she did the same evening. A week later she received an answer which stated that, making allowance for the difference in time, all that had been said by the spirit communicator regarding his wife and other activities mentioned was true.

A brief silence followed. Then a remarkable thing happened. A resonant, masculine voice addressed our guest in a language foreign to Emily and me, but comprehended by Madame Serdoe. For possibly a minute she conversed with this spirit entity in the same language. Then my wife's brother, the control, spoke briefly, and brought the séance to an end.

Madame Serdoe explained that the language we did not understand was Arabic and the speaker, father of her present husband, was an Arabian prince from whom she had learned the language. Her husband, however, had dropped his title years before when entering business in Paris. Our guests actually was an American woman married to an Arabian prince, which explains Sea Gull's salutation of "Princess."

Of all this we knew absolutely nothing. But not so with the spirit people; they knew! When the power is available and the conditions are right they never fail to prove they still live, retain memory and all those characteristics by which we knew them on earth.

We shall always look back upon the visit of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. S. Hayward, now deceased, as one of our most pleasant experiences. The husband had retired from the British Admiralty. He was a most lovable man and one who seemed to carry with him a calm atmosphere in which one felt perfectly at ease. His good wife personified all that is fine in womanhood. They were both strong, admirable characters. These sincere people travelled over the earth lecturing on the great subject of Survival. They were true missionaries working for a noble cause - a cause as yet little understood and often attacked by certain selfish and ignorant groups of people on earth. The Haywards made no charge for their lectures and paid all expenses connected with them. I deeply admired their courage and sincerity. They were a great combination and had an excellent method of presenting the subject.

He usually spoke first and treated the matter from a purely scientific point of view. Then Mrs. Hayward related their personal experiences. Both had perfect poise, spoke well and knew their subject thoroughly. They were excellent exponents of a sublime truth and philosophy. Hayward was the author of a splendid book entitled, *Psychic Experiences Throughout the World*. If we had a dozen such missionaries in America the truth of Survival would soon gain the strength and respect it has won in Britain.

The Haywards first became interested in this subject through the transition of their

children, a son and a daughter. It was through the wonderful voice and materialising mediumship of Etta Wriedt, the famous American, that they gained absolute conviction of their children's survival. Consequently these good people had but one desire, to bring this same conviction to other sorrowing hearts.

While lecturing on this continent they came to see us and naturally we had a séance. The following is a quotation from Hayward's book, *Psychic Experiences Throughout the World* (page 204):

“During our visit in San Diego we had the great pleasure of meeting Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Remmers. Both are strong psychics. We attended their home circle and the result was excellent! We received very evidential communications from our children and others.”

## CHAPTER 9

“Asleep, awake, by night or day  
The friends I seek are seeking me,  
No wind can drive my bark astray,  
Nor change the tide of destiny.”

Walt Whitman.

### A Unique Survival Test

Amid a thousand rolling acres, on the wooded crest of the picturesque Santa Maria Valley, San Diego County, my friend Larry lived in a rambling, charming home.

For almost a year we had been just neighbours; his ranch and our country house were several miles apart. Occasionally we passed each other on the highway, but we never became intimate other than the usual friendly greeting between neighbours. We knew nothing about him other than he had come from the Middle West and had settled in the valley. This is all that had reached our ears. We had often admired his beautiful home, which nestles like a jewel amid great pines, graceful eucalypti and colourful acacias; otherwise, we were not at all interested.

One morning, however, as we were having breakfast in our country house, Emily told me she had dreamed the night before of a boy, about fourteen years old, who came to her, saying he was this rancher's son and expressing a wish that we would visit his father. Impressed with this odd dream, I decided to call on Larry. This I did, and found him to be a friendly, hospitable man.

After some general conversation I told him of Emily's dream. A joyous smile spread over his ruddy countenance. He informed me he not only had a son who passed on but had he continued to live on earth he would have been fourteen years old on that very day!

To my surprise and pleasure he further told me that he had had a conviction of Survival since childhood. He had sat in séances on many occasions with his parents, who were confirmed Spiritualists. Then he added that lately a deep longing had

come over him to meet someone in the valley who was familiar with this subject. This at once established a bond of harmony and was the beginning of a friendship which has afforded both of us many happy hours.

From that first meeting, many of this friend's relatives, within his memory, manifested. From both sides of his family they came, not only giving their names, but also numerous tests to prove their identity. The following example is chosen at random.

We were sitting in his living room, talking of things in general. I suddenly became aware of a discarnate presence. "Larry," I said, "there is a man here who gives me the name of Henry and he claims to be your uncle."

Larry smiled, "John, I have two uncles both named Henry. Which one is it?"

I could tell by the twinkle in his eye that he thought he had me stymied. I waited for the uncle to give me his family name, but instead he held up before me a big red apple. I told Larry of this, and he laughingly replied: "That is my uncle, Henry Apple! And how like him! Always doing things differently in his own original way."

Many incidents have been awakened in Larry's mind by these discarnate entities that have taken him back in memory across the span of the years to his youth and old home in Ohio. There seems to be no end to relatives and friends he has in that land just over the horizon. He seems to radiate that mysterious vital something so *essential* for discarnate personalities to make themselves evident to the sensitive or psychic.

To offset the trite theory that it is all mental telepathy from this plane of existence, a personality from a higher plane now and then manifests who is unknown to all present. Then a day or two, or possibly a week or month later, some disinterested individual on this plane unwittingly identifies such a personality. This is how it happened on just one occasion.

Larry, Bessie (his secretary), Emily and I sat before the huge fireplace in our neighbour's home one evening. Suddenly I became aware of an Indian woman leaning upon a tall ollah (Indian water crock) near the hearth. I heard her say that her name was Maria, and even though she lingered for some time I could learn no more about her. As others who manifested later (wisely) gave no clue, we were all totally in the dark regarding her identity or reason for communicating.

Several days later, however, a woman, the ranch's former owner, visited Larry. While they were sitting before the same fireplace, she began to tell him about some of the curios she had left in the house. Pointing to the Indian water crock, she said, "That ollah was made by an Indian woman who lived here with me years ago."

Surprised, Larry asked, "What was her name?"

"Maria," she answered. "She was a Mission Indian."

By this unique method the truth of Survival was once again demonstrated. I am ready (if such will help matters) to take oath at any time in the presence of any judge, priest, preacher, or rabbi that I had no knowledge whatever regarding this

Indian woman or the ollah and those who participated will likewise do so. But I fear that even this would not allay the mistrust of critics. Some day, however, their eyes will be opened to the truth of this assertion.

Recently my rancher friend employed a new foreman, a man whom I had never met, and whom neither I nor Emily had any knowledge at all. Larry told us that Mr. B. \* and he had discussed psychic phenomena and Mr. B. was very interested. Larry wanted us to meet the new foreman and invited us to dinner. I found him, at this first meeting, to be a most pleasant and intelligent individual. During the meal we discussed this subject pro and con. Later, after dinner, he and I decided to go for a walk. Larry joined the women in the living room.

\* Where permission has been granted, full names are used.

It was a most beautiful, moonlit, winter evening. The very atmosphere seemed vibrant with mystery. We had strolled quite some distance from the house. As we stood talking and admiring the mystic beauty of the night, I suddenly became aware of an angelic presence whose robe seemed to gleam in the moonlight. I told Mr. B of this personality, and that she gave me the name of Mary.

“Possibly it is my mother,” he answered. “Her name was Mary.”

“Yes,” I said. “She tells me that she left earth when you were just a little boy.”

“That is true,” he replied. “But I remember her very well.” “Yes, she knows you do. Through the years you have often felt her presence.”

“Yes, many times.”

For a brief interval we walked on in silence. Then I suddenly saw by the side of Mr. B. another discarnate personality. This was a man who gave me the name of George. I told him of this. He gazed upon me for a moment, then laughingly exclaimed: “Well, well, my old friend George! We lived in Glendale together (one hundred miles distant). I was a pallbearer at his funeral!” This last statement seemed greatly to amuse our discarnate friend, then I lost contact with him.

Re-entering the house, Mr. B. perplexed and somewhat amazed, told the others what had transpired. Larry laughed delightedly, as did Bessie. She too had been convinced of Survival. Emily always rejoices when fresh evidence is added. But this was not all. Suddenly by the side of Mr. B. I saw another man so clearly that I described him in detail, even to a scar on the top of his right hand. Mr. B affirmed that if his father had stood before him in a body of flesh I could not have given a better description of him. Then a woman appeared. She gave me the name of Hannah, and I received the impression she spoke with a decided accent.

“Why, that is dear old Hannah!” exclaimed Mr. B.

“She was our housekeeper for many years after my mother died. She was very kind to me. She came from Holland and spoke with a decided Dutch accent.”

Others came also, but here my record of this experience ends.

In what I have just related it should be remembered that neither my wife nor I knew

anything about Mr. B; and that it was through a dream we were led to our neighbour's home, where he was actually awaiting the coming of friends who understood.

## CHAPTER 10

*No candid student of the evidence, so carefully sifted in recent years, can (in my opinion) resist the conclusion that there exists an unseen world of intelligent beings, some of whom have striven to prove, with more or less success, that they once lived on earth. - Sir William Barrett.*

### **Suicide Averted By His 'Dead' Wife**

To write of my psychic experiences I have had to refer so I much to myself and therefore I hesitated to publish this book. However, is it not the experiences that happen to us directly which leave the deepest impressions and actually make us what we are? So, after all, what better evidence can I offer for Survival than that which I myself have experienced without the aid of a medium? Nevertheless, I shall ever be grateful to those direct-voice mediums, Mrs. Presnall and Mrs. Bartlett, through whose wonderful powers I gained unshakable conviction in the early days of my investigation. I could write a volume on the excellent mediumship of these God-gifted women.

I was brought in contact with Mrs. Presnall by a friend, John Lipps, to whom I owe a debt of everlasting gratitude. I heard of Mrs. Bartlett through a teacher of New Thought philosophy. This woman spoke so highly of Mrs. Bartlett that Emily and I decided to attend one of her séances. However, we had difficulty in locating her from the address which was given us. We were about to give up our attempt when we suddenly came upon a short lane, more like a small alley. At the very end we finally found the address we were seeking.

Here was a modest little house, rather shabby in appearance, the home of a widow, Mrs. Susan Bartlett. It was springtime and the front door of the house was wide open. Looking in, we saw ten or twelve plain wooden chairs placed in a sort of half-circle with a rocker at the open end. Otherwise the room was almost bare of furniture. Frankly, it was not too inviting, but if you were dying of thirst would you refuse a drink from a shabby cup? God, so it seems, has a wondrous way of teaching us humility before He bestows His most precious gifts.

We entered the room and became seated. Presently a robust, cheerful woman, seemingly of Irish descent, entered from another part of the house and greeted us pleasantly. "Have you folks come for a sitting?" she questioned.

"Yes," I answered, "may we remain?"

"Certainly," she replied, "just be comfortable; the others will be here in a little while."

And with this she left the room. No other conversation passed between us. No

names or any information of any sort were given. Soon others came, strangers to us. When all chairs were filled the medium locked the door through which she came in, and also the front door where we entered, then switched off the lights. All present said the Lord's Prayer aloud. Several songs were sung. Then a resonant voice, that of the spirit control, Dr. Highlander, greeted the group and all responded with a joyous welcome. For a time we listened to natural conversations between incarnate and discarnate personalities. Then to my utter amazement one after another of our own relatives spoke to us, giving their names without hesitation, revealing mannerisms of character and speech, all offering indisputable proof of their identity.

Many sittings with Mrs. Bartlett followed. Through the powerful mediumship of this kindly woman I had the great privilege of witnessing manifestations of a most marvellous nature, miracles to the uninitiated. I know, however, those who have had like experiences will understand. Here, in the midst of humble surroundings, I found the most brilliant gems of truth.

During 1925 Emily and I began experimenting in our own home. After three months, mediumship began to unfold with the result that for almost fifteen years after, hardly a week elapsed when I did not speak to our son, John, my mother or other members of our family through the remarkable mediumship of my wife. I acknowledge this blessing with the deepest gratitude and humility. But we made many sacrifices, both socially and materially. It was not an easy way to live in a world of rank materialism. However, it is the price one must be willing to pay for a treasure money cannot buy.

Recalling my own critical attitude to all mediumship, in the early days of my investigations, and keeping in mind that such is the attitude of most careful investigators of physical mediumship, I choose in this treatise (with the purpose of bringing conviction) to speak much of my own clairvoyant and clairaudient experiences. And I hope I have brought true consolation to those in sorrow. It is mainly for this reason that I record these experiences.

Research in this field is of more importance than any other facet of human endeavour. Medical science strives to prolong man's span and to save children's lives. While on the other hand automotive engineers design speedier and speedier cars for more and more carnage, causing the murder of old people and little children on our streets and highways. Man has learned how to split the atom and detonate hydrogen bombs to destroy at one blow millions of innocent humans. But man knows less about his spiritual self today than he did twenty centuries ago.

For the past forty years I have devoted most of my spare time to reading, to thought and experimentation of this subject. It is a field of research so vast that I now feel like a child in the "kindergarten" of life. However, I have, through the development of my own mediumship, contacted many personalities of the fourth dimension - people of recent passing and others who left the earth centuries ago. I shall relate two experiences as examples.

On one occasion, some years ago, I was waiting in a garage for repairs to my car. We were returning to Cincinnati early the following morning after vacationing in

California. I suddenly became aware of the spirit figure of a woman standing before a man who, in a dejected manner, was sitting on the rear bumper of a nearby car. The woman looked appealingly into my eyes. The thought I received from her: "I am his wife Margaret. Please tell him not to do what he is contemplating."

I hesitated, the man was a perfect stranger. Then an influence stronger than I could resist seemed to overcome my hesitancy and reluctantly I sat down by his side. Hardly knowing how to begin, I finally said: "Sir, I do not know how you are going to take this, but standing here before us is the spirit form of a woman (describing her) who tells me she is Margaret, your wife."

For a brief space the man continued to gaze upon the ground as though he had not heard. Then suddenly he raised his face, and with an expression of complete bewilderment exclaimed, "What did you say?"

I repeated what I had said, then asked: "Does the description fit your wife, and is Margaret her name?"

"Yes," he answered hesitatingly. Then he asked, "Did you know her?"

"No, I did not, and to the best of my knowledge I have never seen you before. It seems she is most anxious that I tell you not to do what you are contemplating."

He gazed upon me with an expression of utter astonishment. "But my wife - she is dead. We just buried her a few days ago."

"That is what you think," I answered, "but it is not so! All you buried was her material body. No one ever actually dies. Your wife is standing here very much alive in her ethereal body. She pleads with me to tell you not to do the terrible thing you are contemplating. Is it suicide?"

"Yes. I was planning to do so tonight. I feel I cannot live without her."

"You must not do that," I told him in a most emphatic manner. "If you do you will only be destroying your physical body; your personality cannot be destroyed. You will go on in a fourth dimension, earthbound, confused, bewildered, not realising your condition and unable to see the wife you love so dearly. You must not go through with it! If you do it will keep you and your wife separated for a long time."

After a lengthy discussion, there followed a tender story of love and devotion over many years. He told me he had just recently retired, and that they had planned to spend many happy days together travelling in the very car on which we were sitting. I gave him a list of books to read and warned him that he might encounter much *fraud* before finding a genuine medium through whose power his wife could speak with him.

This experience with a personality who had just passed into the new life was as gratifying to me as it was to the recipient.

In contrast let me relate an experience with a personality who had passed on hundreds of years ago. One evening, while in a most peaceful and relaxed mood, I distinctly heard a voice, "Christo Colombo." (It did not say Christopher Columbus.)

Surprised, I questioned: “Christo Columbo! What brings you into my humble presence?”

Without hesitation, the answer came in rather an amused tone: “I tried to tell men of another continent and the wise ones laughed me to scorn. You have been trying to convince them of another world, a spiritual world. Do not be discouraged. Time will prove you right, just as it did in my case.”

At that moment the person of Christopher Columbus was farthest from my mind. Many personalities have come to me out of the long ago past, many of whom I have never read about nor heard of, but at all times the names and other information they gave, upon investigation, proved correct. These have been experiences of a most fascinating nature.

Hamlin Garland, in his remarkable book, *The Mystery of the Buried Crosses*, tells of his experiences talking voice to voice, through the mediumship of Sophia Williams, with padres and early explorers of New Mexico, Arizona and California. To mention just a few: Padre Prospero 1525, Coronado 1540, Espejo 1583, Onate 1604 and Garces 1771. The evidence for Survival presented in this book is of such startling nature that no reasonable mind can reject it.

Our critics would like to set all this aside under the heading of “Hallucination.” But the fact that I have often seen and heard, with strangers, their relatives and friends who had passed into the next dimension and they are recognised, leaves our critic with but one alternative, “mind-reading.” But this also fails him in cases like the Indian woman and the ollah, or our coloured friends, the spirit parents of David Armstrong. Both these cases definitely set aside the argument that I read the minds of those present when the manifestations occurred. Neither of the recipients had any knowledge of the facts presented.

I am certain the unbiased, unprejudiced mind will accept this indisputable proof of spirit manifestation. After all, do we not base all of our knowledge on personal or recorded experiences, biblical or otherwise? Experiences are continually changing, widening our knowledge as we progress mentally. Do we still believe the earth is the centre of the universe?

## **CHAPTER II**

*Death is a natural transition to a higher plane of being. It is a victory - not defeat. It is gain and not loss. Death means a body better suited to the soul's needs and aspirations; a home more beautiful and spiritual; better teachers, wider opportunities of learning and enjoying; and finer facilities for progress and improvement. - Rev. B. F. Austin, M.A., B.D.*

### **What Greater Blessing . . . ?**

I have reached the end of this chronicle of psychic experiences which lasted about fifteen years. Since then our son Bert, due to his work, has established residence in Northern California. Helen is married and lives in the American Middle West. Emily



and I have now passed our seventieth milestone. Gradually all physical manifestations receded; they seem to have been withdrawn during the war periods. The low thought vibrations of war and immorality are not conducive to spiritual manifestations. On rare occasions spontaneous clairvoyance, clairaudience and trance speaking still occur.

Bert was a remarkable psychic as a boy. Our home, at the time, was located adjacent to a large, well-kept farm where he would daily play with the farmer's boy. He would tell us he often saw the colt that had died, romping about its earthly mother, the mare. He could not understand why the farmer's boy could not see it. Near this farm was a beautiful wood of various species of trees and wild plants. There, he would spend time alone. On returning home with specimens of plants he had gathered, he would proceed to explain to me the kind and various parasites attacking them. I was astonished and asked one day how he had acquired this knowledge. His simple answer was, "Well, it just comes into my head."

Shortly after, however, there was an occurrence revealing the source of his knowledge. One day he was sitting at a desk, drawing as we supposed, but instead he handed his mother a sheet of paper, requesting she read to him what he had written. He was not quite seven-and-a-half at the time, shortly after John's transition, and just learning to read and write. The following is what she read aloud as I listened in astonishment:

#### OBSERVER

"I come to your home often. I lived in a cabin in the wood. I have changed my mind about some things. I am interested in this boy. In his later years he will be recognised as an authority in agriculture."

Thoreau

Every word was properly spelled including the signature. We had never discussed Thoreau nor had any literature regarding this famed naturalist.

More remarkable was Bert's psychic power a few years later. Sitting before a fire we watched in amazement as he took red-hot coals from the fire with bare hands, carried them about before our astonished eyes, then tossed them back without the slightest sign of a burn. This amazing feat he could only accomplish when he felt certain of the presence of his brother, John.

Bert's psychic experiences in the days of his youth in no way hindered his development into a fine specimen of manhood, physically and mentally. There was never a separation between the two brothers. Bert has a keen sense of humour. He is married to a very lovely girl who grew up on a ranch and delights in camping and all outdoor life as keenly as does he. He lives normally and enjoys life to the full, much more so than many who have never acquired any knowledge of our subject. This completely contradicts the assertion that contact with the fourth dimension of life is harmful.

And Thoreau's prediction was fulfilled. Today Bert holds a very responsible position

as a consultant in all branches of agriculture in California.

These experiences are the most precious blessings a benevolent heaven could have bestowed upon so humble and imperfect a soul as myself. I would like to say again, as I have often said throughout this chronicle, that they are of greater value to me than all the material wealth a misguided and confused mundane state of existence could offer.

I seek no monetary return, neither do I desire popularity through the publication of this record. As already stated in my foreword, I have no intent to establish another cult. Heaven knows there are enough of them now to confuse the poor mortals on earth. My sole intent is to spread the knowledge I have gained. Psychic truths are mightier than all man-made religions combined, and will sustain humanity when all such religions have vanished from the earth.

By living normally we have lived well, never striving for luxury or position. What treasures could we have acquired to give us greater satisfaction and peace of mind than the absolute conviction of Survival? To know that all of our loved ones and friends have never died and when our earth's mission is finished they will be waiting for us at the gates of the morning.

Through all the years our love has been equally divided between our two sons, keeping our lives interesting, wholesome and progressive. We face the Great Adventure with a song in our hearts and sincerely hope that this humble effort will bring light, consolation and joy to those in sorrow and that it will in a small measure compensate for the indescribable blessing which is ours.

In concluding this record I would like to explain the nature of the ethereal world as told to me directly, voice to voice, by those dwelling there.

The ethereans feel solid and substantial in their own environment. Our surroundings, to those of the ethereal world, are quite insubstantial. Dense matter as we experience it does not exist for them. Their rate of vibration is so very much greater than ours that nothing of a dense material affects them in any manner. They pass through the walls of our home with ease. Objects of any nature offer no resistance, nor do they disturb them in their dimension. They, the ethereans, pass through dense matter as easily as we pass through our atmosphere.

The Great Reality is the ethereal or eternal world. Here on the material plane we establish our status and gravitate, after physical dissolution, to the realm befitting our conduct while on earth.

All things in this marvellous universe are governed by natural, immutable laws; no earthly power can change these laws. And the proof of man's survival, through communication after death, is the most wonderful law of all.