

# Beyond the threshold

## Deathbed scenes

### *A HINT FOR THE READER*

While recording the “Deathbed Scenes” Lorber received an additional message, which was meant to facilitate the comprehension of that which is here being presented and because of its importance serves as an introduction. It is also intended to answer criticism declaring certain scenes and phrases incompatible with the divine inspiration of these dictations – without considering that the soul in the beyond, prior to uniting with its spirit, cannot think, talk and act otherwise. Here the statement: ... “Some scenes are here rendered pictorially and verbally as they really take place in the spirit world, so as to give clear proof to the reader of this revelation of the following fact: man, after the shedding of his body, remains exactly the same person as to his outward appearance, his language, his opinions, his habits, behavior, inclinations and passions. This applies also to his actions arising from the latter. All this is so until he has achieved the full spiritual rebirth. Therefore, this condition after transition is called the “natural (material) spirituality”, while a fully reborn spirit finds himself in the condition of the “pure spirituality”. However, the locality is always a reflection of the true inner nature of the spirits concerned”...

May this hint be of help to the new reader of the presented scenes in the beyond and of the great works on the beyond which because of their volume, appear as separate works.

# INTRODUCTION

(27 July 1847)

Brother A. wants to know how the transition from the material to the spiritual life or the so-called life in the beyond takes place, particularly with the worldly great.

This transition can be quite easily and naturally described. You see, what difference does it make to the water, as to whether an important man or a poor, insignificant one falls into it? Listen, both will drown in the same manner! Or what distinction does the fire make? Listen, it will consume the emperor as well as the beggar!

If a beggar and a minister or emperor were to fall from a tower at the same time, both the one and the other will come to his death through his sudden fall.

What distinction does the grave make between great and little, between rich and poor, beautiful and ugly or young and old? You see, none at all! Everything decays and becomes the *filth* of worms and, finally, insignificant dust.

As the body fares in the realm of the so-called natural forces, the soul fares in the realm of the spirit. Whether it was a beggar or an emperor on earth, in the realm of spirits this is completely irrelevant. No one is given special treatment. In this way no one's pride is nourished and the great man is no longer blinded by his greatness and the poor man – having suffered much hardship in the world – no longer by his claim on the Kingdom of Heaven, nor the pious by his expected reward of the Kingdom of Heaven. As often mentioned, in the beyond – mind you – in the beyond nothing but the purest love is of value.

Everything else is like rocks thrown into the ocean, where the diamond sinks down into the eternal, stinking slime, just like the most common sandstone. In themselves they remain what they are

and what they were outside of the ocean, but their fate is the same, only with the difference that the sandstone is dissolved sooner than the diamond.

This applies in the beyond also to the worldly nobility or to the worldly lowliness. In the ocean slime of the inexorable eternity they will continue for a long time, fancying to be what they once were in the world. There the emperor will fancy to be emperor and the beggar, with the claim for compensation, a beggar. In spite of that, in the great Reality both will share the same fate in the ocean slime of eternity. Only the poor man should go through fermentation sooner, where his nature will be filled sooner with the true, innermost little bubbles of humility, which will then pull him out of the mire, carving him up to eternal light and life, than the emperor or some other great man of the world.

You can precisely judge the transition of every human being according to this pattern or this cardinal rule. Therefore, adhere to love, lest you share the common fate one day.

Amen, Amen, Amen.

# Scene 1

## A famous man

*(28 July 1847)*

Let us go to the sickbed of a great, very famous man of the world – some hours prior to his transition to eternity and look at his behavior here and his entrance into the beyond and how the two worlds meet and merge with one glance, and you will immediately and clearly see that the aforementioned cardinal rule describes the full truth.

You see, this man's deeds and actions in the world were of such a kind and carried out on such a soil – the resounding echo of which traverses the whole earth like a hissing meteor, so that they drew the eyes of all people to them and, on account of the strong ground echo, were heard on all points of the earth and thoroughly described and discussed pro and contra on so much paper as to cover all Europe with it. Now this great man, this philanthropist, this ardent pseudo fighter for the political and religious interests of his nation, is lying stretched out full length on his bed, full of despair and fear because of the approaching last hour, which he can no longer hope to escape.

In a sort of numb, painful confusion he, an atheist in secret, alternately sees the eternal destruction of his existence and feels the presumed pains of decay, for which reason he stipulates for embalmmnt. Expecting not ever to wake up in the grave, his heart and bowels must be separated from the body and, to prevent these severed parts from boredom, they must be buried in such a spot which is not too infrequently visited by people.

In the midst of such devastating thoughts, Catholicism intrudes with its painful threats of hell, at which the man had laughed while expecting to live for a hundred years. But like quickly fleeing furies, they return and plague the heart of the dying man horribly, which is conscious of many a great sin. And so neither communion nor extreme unction, or the many

Masses and the loud ringing of the bells can set his heart at rest. In the sight of his soul the flames of hell burn all the more horribly and eternally.

Now all his former manly vigor and all his philosophy are at an end and his breaking heart is sinking already into the growing night of death. And the soul, threatened by the greatest fear from all sides, looks with the last gasps for a little spark in the already dying furrows of the heart, which once had so much worldly courage. But everywhere there is emptiness and, instead of consolation, it is faced with eternal destruction or with hell and all its pain.

Thus it looks on this side; now let us also take a glance into the beyond. Look, three veiled angels are standing by the identical bedside of our man gazing at him.

Now A says to B: “Brother, I think for this one it is over. On this thornbush no earthly grapes will appear. Look how his soul is twisting and wriggling without finding a way out and how stunted the poor spirit in it looks! So reach with your hand into the already rigid intestines and snatch this miserable soul from its night, and I shall breathe at it in the name of the Lord and awaken it for this world. And you, Brother C, lead it then on the Lord’s paths toward its destination according to the freedom of its love. So be it!”

Now the Angel B reaches into the bowels of our man and speaks: “In the name of the Lord, awake and become liberated, brother, according to your love. So be it!”

On this side, the mortal remains now sink into the dust, but in the beyond a blind soul is rising!

But the angel steps up to him and says: “Brother, why are you blind?” And the newly awakened one says: “I am blind. If you can, make me seeing, so that I may learn what has happened to me, for all of a sudden

all my pains have left me!”

Thereupon A breathes into the eyes of the awakened and he opens them and looks around in amazement. Seeing no one except angel C, he asks him: “Who are you? And where am I? And what has happened to me?”

Answers the angel: “I am a messenger of God, of the Lord Jesus Christ, destined to lead you on the Lord’s paths, if you desire it. You, however, are now bodily forever dead for the outer, material world and are now in the spirit world.

Two paths are open to you: the path to the Lord in the heavens or the path to the realm of hell. Now, it is completely up to you as to what you will do. For you see, you are here completely free and can do what you like. You will fare well if you let yourself be guided by me. However, if you prefer to be your own master, you are also free to do so. But this much know, namely, that here there is only *one* God, *one* Lord and *one* judge, Who is Jesus, the One Whom they crucified in the world! Adhere to Him alone, and you will attain to the true light and to life. Everything else will be deception and illusion of your own fantasy, in which you are now living hearing this from me.”

Thereupon says the awakened one: “This is a new doctrine and in contrast to the doctrine of Rome and therefore a heresy! And you, who are trying to impose it on me in this remote spot, seem to be rather an emissary of hell than of heaven; so leave me alone and do not tempt me any longer.”

And the angel C says: “Good, in the name of the Lord Jesus your freedom relieves me of my care for you. Therefore, the light be given to you; so be it!”

Then the angel C disappears and the newly awakened one enters his natural-material sphere and is among his acquaintances in the world and hardly remembers what has happened to him. And so he continues to live in the world like before, doing what he used to do

and caring little about heaven or hell and even less about Me, the Lord. For all these are for him three vague things held up to ridicule, like a dream, and whosoever should remind him of these things is told to leave him alone.

You see, from this first example you can already gather into what kind of “water” our great, famous man has fallen. The following examples will elucidate this matter even further.

## Scene 2

# A scholar

(2 August 1847)

Let us go to the sickbed of a scholar, for the preservation of whose life – as you like to say – there is no longer a herb growing. There we look at this second famous man and see how he spends the last hours of this life, how he awakens in the beyond and into what direction his love points him.

The man whom we shall put under scrutiny was in the world a philosopher as well as an astronomer “in optima forma”, as you say.

In his great zeal to investigate the stars, this man has reached an age of seventy-odd years. On a very cold winter’s night, while watching the stars, he caught a cold and was found almost frozen stiff at his telescope. Taken to his warm lodgings by his friends, he was provided with the best possible medical care, so that after a few hours he had rallied sufficiently to make known to his friends his so-called last will and testament, which was as follows:

“In the name of the inscrutable Deity! Not knowing how long the inscrutable Fate will allow a man to hang on to this miserable life and not knowing what will replace it, this is my will. First of all I want you, my dear friends, if I should die, to preserve my body through embalmment and take it in a well-made copper coffin to a vault containing several of my most esteemed colleagues, who as it were are waiting for me. But the entrails, which are first to decay, preserve in alcohol in a special urn and display them in my museum in a conspicuous spot. In this way I win live on at least in the memory of the people, since there is no hope of survival after physical death anyway.

As for my property, you, my friends, know anyway that in this world a scholar rarely ever has more than is absolutely necessary for his daily



spiritual and physical sustenance, and so it is now with me as it has always been. I have never had any money and can, therefore, leave none. Soon after my demise sell what I have to leave, so that you can do with the money what I first asked you to do.

When I am deceased, inform my three children, who are all well provided for; the eldest son, my favorite child, who follows in my footsteps, shall inherit my books and writings in their entirety and as soon as feasible arrange for the publication of my unedited writings.

This is my last will concerning this beautiful stellar world, which henceforth I shall no longer behold and consider.

Oh, what a miserable being man is! Full of noble ideas, full of hopes for a beyond while he is still treading the earth as a healthy man, but before the open grave all that evaporates like the dreams and imaginings of a child and their place is taken by the sad reality, namely death as the last moment of our existence and with it, annihilation which knows no limits!

Oh friends, it is a heavy, terrible thought to pass from “existence” to “non-existence” for the one who, like I, now stands at the open grave! My innermost is calling out to me: you die, you are dying! Only a few minutes, and the black night of eternal, limitless annihilation has seized your whole being!” Oh friends, this call is horrifying for the one standing on the brink of the grave, looking with one eye at the dear beautiful stars and with the other at the eternal, dead night, where no idea enlivens the decaying ashes, no consciousness, no memory!

Where will this dust have been blown to in a thousand years? Which gale will unravel it from its grave, which wave of the ocean or which other, new grave will swallow it?

Oh friends, give me a drink, for I am terribly thirsty. Give me a consolation to lessen my great fear! Give me of the best wine, so that I refresh myself once more and, intoxicated, find it easier to wait for the

terrible death!

Oh you horrible death, you greatest disgrace for the majestic human spirit, which has created such glorious things and made discoveries to its greatest honor! This spirit must now die, the greatest disgrace is its reward: death, eternal annihilation!

Oh Fatum, Oh Deity, having created eternal stars, why not create an immortal human being? Oh folly, how great you must be in the Deity to take a pleasure in creating what is most noble only to destroy it again forever or to form ignominious worms or infusorian out of human beings!

Must I die? Why must I die? What did I do, what did millions do to deserve death? Truly, a better creation could have been established in a madhouse than this mortal one by a supposedly wise Deity!"

Here the surrounding friends and doctors admonish our astronomer to calm down, if he wants to recover. For it was nowhere written that he had to die because of this certainly very heavy cold; on the other hand, such mighty emotional upsets could in all earnest cost him his life.

This admonition had little effect on our astronomer, for he flared up even more and said in great excitement: "Away, away with your help! Away with this miserable accursed life! If man cannot live forever, life is the greatest and most disgraceful deception, and death and non-existence only the truth. The wise man must be embarrassed about such a sham life lasting from today till tomorrow. Therefore, I will no longer live! This most miserable life now disgusts me a thousand times more than the most miserable death. Therefore, give me poison, give me the strongest poison, so that I can get rid of this sham life as soon as possible. A curse on such a life, such a gnat's life, and eternal shame to the primordial force or Deity or whatever sort of sewer spirit it may be, which could not or would not give a life to the noble man which would compare favorably with the stars in duration also.

So away with this life, away with this divine deception! If it cannot give a

better life to man, why should man care for it; let it keep such a life! Good-bye, my dear friends. I am dying, I want to die, yes I must die, for as a most noble human spirit I could now no longer bear the shame of this sham life!”

Here the doctors again admonish our astronomer to calm down. But he falls silent, not saying another word. The doctors give him musk, but he flings it away. They entreat him to take medicine, but he talks less and less and begins to gasp for air. He is given massage in an attempt to rouse him from his lethargy, but in vain. After some time the death rattle subsides, but it is replaced by a strong delirium – as it appears to the world, in which the astronomer says the following words with a hollow, shrieking voice:

“Where are you, which I loved so much, you beautiful stars? Are you ashamed of me, hiding your lovely countenance from me? Oh, do not be ashamed of me, for the same fate, which has now come upon me, is in store for you. Also you will die as I have now died. But for this do not be angry with the weak Creator, as I was angry with Him. You see, He surely had the best intention, but too little wisdom and power, wherefore all His works are so feeble and perishable. He would certainly have done better if He had never created anything, thereby making only a fool of Himself before us, His wise created beings; for an imperfect work cannot be traced back to a perfect Master. Therefore, no more recriminations for the poor fellow of a Creator, Who will in the end have to do to sustain Himself beyond the limitless transience of all His works.

Oh you poor Creator! Only now can I see that you are surely a thoroughly good being and would have the greatest joy Yourself, if Your creation had been a greater success, but “*ultra posse nemo tenetur*” (nobody can go beyond his capabilities). A scoundrel who tries to do more than he can. You, however, did not go beyond Your capabilities, and so you are no scoundrel!

Oh you good man Jesus, who has given to the world the wisest

moral teaching together with many a pseudo miracle! You too relied too much on your presumed God – Father, who then forsook you owing to his evident weakness exactly when it would have been time to support you with an omnipotence scattering your enemies like chaff! When you were hanging on the pillory, it was surely too late to exclaim: “My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken Me!” For you see, your God has had to forsake you long ago because he lost the power to support you, as well as now me. He did what he could, and would have liked to do more, but, you see, also here the “ultra posse nemo tenetur” still holds good.

Oh, but this is ridiculous. Now I have died, but I am still alive, like a deceived donkey. The funniest part is that I am under the impression that it is a sheer impossibility ever to die! But where did the earth glide to, and where are my good friends? I hear and see nothing except myself alone. At the same time I am fully conscious, my memory clearly reaching far back beyond my mother’s womb. It is truly strange! Should the Deity try to show me that It can achieve more than I have expected of It lately? Or is my body still alive at the last moment of its annihilation, my present life resembling the after-glow of those suns which became extinct trillions of years ago and live on only in the emanation of the light through the infinite space?

However, as for such a sham life, which, mathematically thinking, must last forever, because the emanating ray can never meet a finite border and can therefore never be completely extinguished, I am now only too clearly aware, indeed, a thousand times more clearly than of anything in my whole earthly life. Only, as mentioned before, that I hear nothing and see nothing but myself. Oh, oh, quiet now! It seems to me as if I heard a low murmur, a whisper! Also a light, very sweet sleep is trying to overwhelm me. Yet it is no sleep, no, no, it is only like awaking from a sleep?! But now quiet, quiet; I hear voices from afar, voices I know, well-known voices! Quiet, they are coming, they are coming closer!”

Here our astronomer fell completely silent, not even moving his lips. From this the friends and doctors surrounding him concluded that this meant his end was near; and anyway half the speech rendered here was heard by those present more like a gasping shrieking than an articulated

expression of a presumed inner fantasy of the dying organism.

The doctors went to any length to revive him – but in vain – and allowed the astronomer who, they thought, had sunk into the most profound lethargy, to rest, waiting to let nature take its course. However, they waited in vain, for nature affected nothing but the soon occurring real death.

Where for the doctors the “ultima linea rerum” (the ultimate goal of things) is reached, they take their leave. And we too take our leave, but not like the doctors but like spirits, who can follow the just deceased man also into the beyond and observe what he will do there and where he will turn.

Look, he is still, just as in the world, on his bed and apart from the three angels mentioned no one is present. And over there, behind the three messengers there is Somebody Else!

Listen, he is still talking, saying: “You see, now I hear nothing again. What sort of acoustic deceptions had there been? Hm, hm, now everything is as quiet as a mouse. Do I still exist or am I dead? Oh, I am under no circumstances dead, for I have sensations, have the clearest awareness, thinking, remembering everything I have ever done in every detail, only the night, the night, the accursed night, which will not go! I must try to call out aloud for fun’s sake, perhaps somebody will hear me for fun’s sake?! Hallo! No one near who could help me out of this night? Help me, if someone happens to be in my vicinity!”

Now messenger A speaks up saying to B: “Brother, lift him out of his grave!” And messenger B bends over the astronomer and speaks: “Let there be what the Lord of all life and existence wants in all eternity: rise from your earthly grave, you earthly brother!”

You see, in an instant the astronomer rises and his body falls back like a dissolving mist! But the astronomer calls out: “Brother, since you have pulled me out of the grave, pull me also out of my

night!” And the messenger C speaks: “Thus it is from eternity the Lord’s will that all His created beings, and particularly His children, shall have light and walk in clear vision in the light. So open your immortal eyes and look and see what you will like. So be it.”

Now for the first time in the spiritual world the astronomer opens his eyes and sees his surroundings clearly. And he is very happy to see, according to his idea, people again and the ground on which he stands. But now he asks: “Dear friends, where are you? And where am I? For on the one hand this looks very familiar and on the other hand very strange. Besides, I feel so light and unusually healthy and do not quite understand how I got here and how the power of your words made me seeing. For I was stone-blind in earnest.”

Angel A speaks: “You have died for the world according to the body and are now – forever alive according to your soul and your spirit – here in the actual true world of life of the spirits. We three are angels of the Lord, sent to you to awaken you and guide you on the right road to the Lord, your God and our God, to your Father full of love, patience and mercy, Who is our Father also, holy, exceedingly holy, Whom in your last hour on earth you called “a weak Deity”, since you were blind, and Who forgave you everything because you were blind and weak. Now you know everything, do accordingly, and you will be forever exceedingly blissful, like we are!”

The astronomer says: “Brothers, friends of God, lead me wherever you like and I will follow you! But if ever I should have the endless grace of beholding God, do strengthen me mightily. For I am feeling forever to miserable, despicable and worthless to bear this most holy sight. But there I see somebody else who regards us in a most friendly manner. Who is this Glorious One? Surely also a messenger of the heavens?”

Angel A says: “Yes, probably a messenger of all the heavens. Go

to Him, the road is short. He Himself will reveal it to you.”

The astronomer goes; and the certain Somebody goes to meet him and says: “Brother, do you not know Me?” And the astronomer replies: “How should I know you, since I see you for the first time? Who are you, dear, glorious brother?”

The Most Friendly One speaks: “Look at My stigmata. You see, I am your weak Jesus and come to meet you to help your weakness with My weakness, for if I were to meet you with My strengths, you would have no life. You see, every beginning life is a tender plant, which cannot live without air, but the gale kills the life of the plant. Thus I too am only a tender breeze which meets you to revive you fully, not a gale to destroy you. Love Me as I have loved you from eternity, and you will have the true eternal life.”

Speaks the astronomer: “O You my most beloved Jesus! So it is You, Who gave the most glorious teaching to the dwellers of the earth and was crucified for it?! Oh, teach me also the right path leading to God, which you taught. You shall not ever be crucified for it by me! However, if possible, let me at the same time contemplate in full clarity the great creation, which has been my main concern all my life.”

Speaks Jesus: “Your road to God will not be far if you will enter it at once. If, however, you at first want to travel through your stars, you will have a long road. Now choose what you prefer!”

Speaks the astronomer: “My most beloved Jesus, you see, I am far from being ready for God. So if you can, help me to mature in the stars.”

Speaks the Lord: “It will be done to you according to your love! Choose one out of these three angels, who will guide you and will show you at the end of your journey who your presumed Jesus is, Whom you know as a man who was crucified.”

Here you can again see how this astronomer is looking for his “water” in

which alone he wants to swim towards Me, not heeding the fact that I had already been with him and he with Me! Therefore, beware of the too learned water of the astronomers and geologists, for it does not draw to Me, but after the love of science!

This longer example for this purpose. Amen.



## Scene 3

# A rich man

*(3 August 1847)*

Here we are again, at the deathbed of a man, who was very rich, managed his wealth justly, brought up his children in the best possible manner and with all that always gave freely to the poor – of course also now and again for a so-called jolly hour to those poor but young harlots, who can be had for such jolly things for a ducat. Besides, he held the Holy Scriptures in great esteem, reading often and diligently in them and firmly believing that Jesus was actually Jehovah. All this he learnt from the works of Swedenborg, all of which, with the exception of a few minor books, he had read.

Such literacy made him also flare up whenever he heard someone talk indifferently or even in a belittling manner of Jesus; and if he met such an “Antichrist” among his company, this person did well to leave early or else had to expect evil consequences, even physical attacks. In short, our man was a perfect paragon of pure Christianity.

This man fell ill at a rather advanced age after a great banquet where he had too much to eat, but particularly because after the meal, his blood being stirred up owing to the many strong wines imbibed, he cohabited twice with a young, voluptuous harlot.

When our man came home after this expedition, he felt a slight dizziness, which he mistook for intoxication. And as soon as he tried to get into bed, his legs failed him. He collapsed and was instantly completely dead, as you say.

It goes without saying that his loved ones, in great alarm, at once tried everything to revive the householder. But it was a vain effort, for

whatsoever has once been picked up by angel spirits, will not wake up again for this world.

Therefore, not much more can be seen and heard in this world of this man, and so we will proceed at once to the spirit world and see how our man fits in, what he is going to do and where he turns to.

First of all you must know that people who have suffered a stroke do not know and are not in the least aware of the fact that, and how, they have died. They find no change, neither in their household, as it was on earth, nor in their physical well-being, except that they are quite healthy, which they have usually been in the world also. As well, they fail to see angels, although these are close by, and they see nothing at all of the spirit world in which they are certainly and completely. In short, in everything they are still, as it were, in the world. They eat and drink, living where they always lived, in their house and within the circle of their family, where they miss no member of their family.

Thus it was and is exactly the same case with our man – look, already in the spirit world. He gets into bed in good spirits in his well-known bedroom, which is in every detail identical with the one on earth. See how comfortably he stretches out on his bed seeking and expecting sleep! But this single detail makes our man somewhat puzzled, namely, that this time he cannot find any sleep, for sleep is unknown to spirits. Although they have a corresponding condition, which is there called rest, essentially it has not the slightest resemblance to the earthly sleep.

Now let us listen to our man personally and see how he is behaving in his new condition and what he thinks of it. Listen to what he is now saying while in his bed: “You, Lini, are you asleep?” Lini (his wife) sits up in bed and asks: “What do you want, dear Leopold, is anything the matter with you?” (Wife and children and others belonging to the household are represented as

it were undercover by specially commissioned angels). Says the man: “No, nothing is the matter, I am quite well, heaven be praised. Only sleep, not the slightest resemblance to sleep is there. Go and give me my sleeping pills; I shall swallow a few, perhaps it will be all right then.”

Lini gets up and fulfils her husband’s will. But although the pills have been swallowed, sleep will not come.

After a while the man says: “Lini, go, give me a few more, for you see, I still cannot find any sleep. Instead of more sleepy, I am becoming more and more lively.”

Lini says: “Go on, forget the pills; you could easily spoil your stomach with them. Instead, make love to me, and you will perhaps have a better chance to sleep, since you want to sleep at all costs.”

Says the man in some consternation: “Yes, dear Lini, concerning the act, it may have its difficulty with me. For you know from long experience that I am never disposed to it after a great feast. For in that case, nature refuses to cooperate. So give me a few more pills instead!”

Says the wife: “Strange, my dear husband! But rumor has it that the rich, pious Leopold after such feasts usually goes to one Cilli, making love to her so that a youth could take an example from him. But if later the faithful, somewhat more aged Lini points out to him that she is Leopold’s wife and sometimes for certain reasons cannot find any sleep either, Leopold has always a thousand theosophical, philosophical and God knows what reasons with which to appease the wife’s justified and anyway rarely made demands. Look, Leopold, you friend of truth, how do you feel in secret when you utter such despicable and truly hypocritical lies to me, your always most faithful wife? How often you painted to me the ignominy of adultery in the most glaring colors! What do you say for yourself, if I can prove to you beyond doubt that you

yourself are an adulterer?"

Says the husband, quite taken aback: "Lini, dear wife, how is it that you know such deeds of mine? Truly, this I could have done only heavily intoxicated, and if I did it, I count on your Christian patience with my human weakness, hoping you will not use it to dishonor our whole house! Be reasonable, dear wife, be reasonable and stop talking about it. You see, I still love you exceedingly. Just be good again, be good, my dear Lini wife, and I shall never again do this in all my life!"

Says Lini: "I believe that too. If someone has lived all his life like that, deceiving his faithful wife at least every two weeks and even contracting several times a nasty sickness, it will certainly be time to forget such actions, of which Scripture says: "Whoremongers and adulterers will not enter the Kingdom of Heaven!" Do tell me, my in all theosophy well-informed husband, what would you do if the Lord should suddenly call you away? How about your blissfulness in that case? Or do you have a written statement by the Lord, saying that He will let you love until your thorough betterment? I do not want to say anything on account of one Cilli, but what shall I say about the unmistakable amorous attachment to our own eldest daughter, which prior to her marriage you demonstrated in a manner as to imprint on your theosophical forehead an indelible blemish before God and all people, provided they knew about it? Or what will God say about it?"

Says the husband, even more startled: "O wife, you are beginning to torment me in earnest. Of course, it is, alas, justified, for it would be more than silly of me to deny it. But it is still hurtful and I fail to comprehend how you, who as far as I know in all our married years never made mention of it, suddenly open all locks trying to downright destroy me?"

"Consider that we human beings are all weak in our flesh, even though we have the willing spirit, and you will easily forgive me all my weaknesses! Remember that the Lord did not condemn the adulteress,

and so also a repentant adulterer will surely find mercy with Him. Therefore also you, dear wife, do not judge me, for I certainly confess and repent my great sin against you as well as the grievous sin against our married daughter. May the Lord Jesus forgive me, as you are forgiving me.”

The phantom wife says: "Well then, let all that has happened be forgiven you in full. But see that from now on you no longer abuse your pretended weakness, or you will derive little blessing from this fullest forgiveness on my part! Therefore, I shall bear with you for some time more – and see! But you will not ever sleep, for look and listen: you are no longer on the earth, but here in the world of spirits! And I, whom you mistook for your often mad wife, am not your wife, but – observe – I am your Lord and your God! Remain as you are, if you like; however, if you want to progress, follow Me out of this your old phantom room!”

The man recognizes Me and falls on his face before Me, speechless.

But I say to him: “Raise yourself up; for your love is greater than your sin, and thus everything is forgiven you! However, with Me you cannot as yet take your abode, as long as anything earthly is clinging to you. But look, angels are standing there in readiness, who will guide you on the right paths. And when your earthly house will be smitten with want and poverty by your guides, you will find a new abode with Me forever. Amen!”

You see, this is again another “water”. Some remain for a longer time in the natural state like the one of our man. The reason why it was so short was because he did many loving and good deeds while on the earth and because he immediately showed earnest remorse for his transgression.

## Scene 4

# A dandy

*(5 August 1847)*

This is the last hour and the early death of a dandy, who apart from tobacco smoking, gambling, gluttony, drink, paying court to all the better looking females and being an excellent dancer and player of waltzes for the sake of this beautiful world, did not know much, although he had spent almost all his time at colleges and universities. The dandy demonstrated here was the son of rather wealthy parents, who, of course, allowed their promising, enormously spoilt son to take up all sorts of studies as soon as he had mastered the ABC.

So that the tender boy during the difficult learning of the Latin language should not do too badly, he was given into a very good boarding-house, where he had plenty to eat and could grow; however, not in wisdom and in favor with God and men, but only in body. And so that he should not waste away with all this heavy learning, he was allowed to repeat each year in case he could not finish – naturally in the easiest manner – a grade in one year. For this purpose the professors, particularly in the lower grades, were heavily bribed and for every subject a goodhearted instructor was taken on.

In this way our student narrowly made it through the lower grades, only his head benefited little or nothing in this manner. As a consequence, he continually failed to pass in the higher grades. And since he had no great liking for learning, he applied himself mainly to the above mentioned free arts, namely smoking, gambling, gluttony, drinking etc.

Having gone through his studies and passed everywhere with just fair marks, he tried his hand in lawyer's offices, but the air reeking of paper and ink did not agree with him. He was always given so much money by

his mother, that he could live the life of a gentleman also without a lawyer's office. At the same time, he courted all the daughters of better houses and proposed to many, so that with all the prospects of matrimony held out to them, many a sweet girl ended up "expecting" without the marriage bond.

Apart from these beauties, whom he instilled with disagreeable, but living "hope", our "government official" also favored other females, whom he could have at any time for little money, without the promise of marriage and the fear of impregnating these beauties.

And so it sometimes happened that he was infected with Syphilis in all degrees, finally so much so that even the most experienced doctors in this field could no longer help him. The consequence of this disorderly conduct was a general drying up of the natural vital juices, for which evil I, the Lord, at the creation of the world, alas, had completely forgotten to create a "healing herb". And so our dandy nolens, volens had to prepare himself for death. Certainly a rather disagreeable procedure for a fashionable man, who loved the world and its sweet pleasures. But as it so happens, everyone must go the way of the flesh. And finally also this dandy, whose greatest earthly bliss was the flesh, was all the more forced to walk the true "way of the flesh".

Just look towards his smelly bed, where he twists and turns gasping for air and water. But he is no longer able to get any into his stomach, for all the ligaments of his gullet are dried out and unable to draw even a drop of water into the stomach. His breath is short and very painful, since the lungs are almost completely dry. His voice is also quite broken. He is only able to utter a few painful, half-expressed words, the sound of which is like that of a bassoon in the hands of a pupil. And although he tries to curse like a dandy and to stammer a few learned phrases from Voltaire or Sir Walter Scott, the general dryness of his system does not allow it and the strong pains in all his vital parts leave him not even the

time to concentrate his thoughts once more on one point. Therefore, he lies there gasping, only sometimes uttering a piercing, rasping bassoon sound from his completely dried out throat.

You see, this is how the end of such libertines often turns out in this world! However, since there is nothing more to be observed with this dandy in this world and, as you express it, death is about to claim him any moment, we will turn at once to the beyond and see how our man will arrive there.

Look, his bed is exactly like the one he had in the world. He still lies there like before, but at the same time you see by his bed only an angel with a flaming torch, destroying the dandy's last vital drops with its spiritual flame!

The reason why there is only one angel with such people is because their soul and spirit are completely dead. Only the angel of death, who governs the flesh and the nerve spirit, is here to torment and burn the flesh and the nerve spirit, thereby collecting the scattered remnants of the soul and the equally scattered spirit in the nerve spirit, in this way preventing the dying person from eternal death.

He (the angel) will not speak to this man, but will only burn him with his torch from the natural world into the spirit world. This usually happens, and must happen, with such people, for without this last act of grace they would lose their whole being.

This act is like the distorted pagan act in the fable of Prometheus. For the more spiritual original people observed such performances in the spirit world which, to be sure, were indescribably rarer than in this time, which is far more voluptuous than Sodom and Gomorrah. So a few of their fables survived, only distorted beyond measure after a few thousand years.

Here the same Prometheus appears – as he acted in reality. But look, now the solitary angel has brought his work to a good end.



The flesh of our dandy is burnt to ashes through and through, and observe, out of the ashes, quite slowly and idly – not a glorious, rejuvenated bird Phoenix, oh no, but look – only a silly monkey, looking like an old decrepit baboon, is rising! He is quite dumb, but he can see a little.

The animal form is due to the fact that such people during the course of their debauched life totally waste the finer human soul specific particles through their lust, retaining only the coarser animal ones. In this case at least the monkey soul remained. But there are others, who have spoilt themselves down to the ugliest of amphibians.

With this man the “water of his life” cannot be determined as yet, for he must now, as you say, “go into pasture”. There he will be handed over to spirits, who are placed in charge of such degenerated animal souls. Perhaps they will achieve that, with all diligence in a hundred years, this soul will again attain a human form. It is not possible to say more of this.

## Scene 5

# A young lady of fashion

*(6 August 1847)*

Here follows another early death, that of a young lady of fashion, who during a ball indulged too much in dancing with a view to securing a young and rich bridegroom. Instead, she only gained an early death.

A young, physically very attractive girl of nineteen years was invited to attend a grand society ball, which invitation she gladly accepted, with the permission of her parents. At once the fashion stores were gone through, which luckily amongst a thousand articles still had one which found the approval of our invited beauty. Now came a visit to a first-class dressmaker with the intention of making the gown not only according to the latest Paris or London fashion, but if possible after the latest fashion of Madrid or New York. In this way she would appear at this glittering ball in an outstanding outfit, thereby arousing the greatest attention and being regarded as of extraordinary appearance

The dressmaker, knowing his client and the dozens of capricious ideas cropping up on such occasions, was in quite a bit of trepidation on account of this order. Therefore, he did his utmost and actually made a masterpiece of a ball gown to the fullest satisfaction of his client; for the gown could be worn without a corset.

However, the many fine elastic bands could compress the body to such an extent that our heroine's waist became thinner than her round neck.

This gown according to the New York fashion was actually the cause of her early and very sudden demise. For, being the beauty queen of the ball, she danced with a young, rich dandy, who suited her fancy, so much so that a large blood vessel in her compressed lungs burst. Owing to the enormous loss of blood, she was dead in a few minutes.

When she broke down on the dance floor and a stream of blood gushed from her rosy mouth - to the horror of all girls and ladies, who were also tightly corseted -her parents, relatives and doctors came running, undressed her, poured icy cold water onto her and gave her medicine, which she, being totally dead, could no longer take.

Everybody wept and lamented loudly. The parents and the attentive dandy of a lover tore their hair in despair. Some cursed such a fate, others again pitied the unfortunate one. Many left the dance hall caring a reminder home, but of course not much better than the sparrows that are scattered by a shot from the roof.

In this case we shall not see much that is of interest in the spirit world. Notwithstanding all this, you shall see how such transitions proceed in the spirit world.

Look, there is our heroine still crouched down on the blood-spattered floor, and there at a little distance you see an angel spirit standing with crossed arms. His countenance shows dejection, meaning a kind of sadness, which such a guardian spirit feels in cases of extreme human folly, where he can no longer help the people with his loving care.

What will this mourning angel be doing here? You see, he approaches the girl, who is also in the spirit world recognizable as a corpse. Now he has reached her and says: "O you foolish being! What shall I now awaken in you, since everything is dead within,

wherever I turn my eyes? O Lord, look graciously down! Here the strength is not sufficient with which you have endowed me; therefore, do stretch out Your almighty hand and do to this foolish girl according to Your liking!”

Now look, there comes another, fiery-looking angel! Now he is there, and look, his fire seizes the dead girl and consumes her instantly to ashes. (In the natural/material world this cannot be observed, since this act concerns only the soul/body or: psychic body.) Now something in the ashes begins to stir. The angel is praying over these ashes. The last words of his prayer are: “Lord, Your will be done!”

Now the second angel leaves the ashes, which are more and more stirred up, but the first angel remains. This stirring is nothing else but a new gathering together of the totally destroyed, scattered and utterly deranged soul specifica and is directly effected through My power. Now we shall see at once what is left over from this girl’s soul!

Look, a dark-gray little cloud is rising! The little cloud takes on more and more form. And now look, there we have a form! You can compare it with nothing else on earth. The head looks like that of a bat, the body like that of a giant grasshopper, the hands are like the feet of a goose and the feet like those of a stork! How do you like this fashion, being the fruit of that worldly one? The fashion is not what is so extraordinary; but it is a different matter that this foolish girl, quasi a suicide, will hardly ever enter the luminous realms of heaven!

It may take hundreds of years till she will attain a human form, and then only in a most painful manner. Afterwards she will be in the spirit-realm, as what the albinos are on earth, namely, she will shun the light. With this one, nothing further can be seen and learnt, so another example next.

## Scene 6

# A general

*(10 April 1847)*

Look, we are at present in a princely, luxurious chamber. Here, everything is full of gold and silver and of the most precious gems and – for the world – of the most precious paintings. The floor of the chamber is laid with the finest rugs and the great plate glass windows are hung with curtains, the cost of which would feed a thousand poor for a whole month. Cupboards, tables, sofas, chairs and a great many more princely furnishings of great value adorn the chamber, which is permeated by all sorts of aromatic scents, and the most renowned physicians are surrounding the bed, richly embossed with gold, in which the worldly prominent patient is waiting in vain for his recovery.

One conference after another is held and the medication is changed hourly. In the adjoining room, two monks are praying continuously, taking turns from Latin books in red and black print, and wherever there is a prayer house or some chapel, a solemn mass is held for the recovery of our great general. But it is all in vain. For neither in the pharmacy, the breviary nor in the missal is there any help, and here it says for once: “Come and let us see of what kind your deeds are!”

Look at the sick man, how courageous he is! But this courage is only a sham, for inwardly our hero could expire for fear and despair, cursing the very painful illness like a hussar who curses his horse, which refuses to obey him. It all fits nicely together. There the monks are praying - of course with a reverence which cannot be rivaled and added to, which is joined to quite a different wish propter certum quoniam (because of a certain matter). But it is always strange if the one for whom prayers are outwardly said, curses abominably.

Now his pain increases, becoming almost unbearable, and our patient, inflamed with anger, raises himself up to the astonishment of those surrounding him and shouts full of rage: “O you accursed

life! Can you, Creator, if you exist, not take it from me in a more painless manner. On such a miserable life all the devils, if they exist, can defecate and I myself would, if I could! Hah, you silliest beasts of doctors, the whole lot of you are not worth a rap, give me a well-loaded pistol, so that I myself may write a medicine for this dog's and whore's life through the brain, with one report safely freeing the same of any further torment!"

A protomedicus approaches the sickbed, trying to feel the pulse and calm down the patient. But the noble patient raises himself up and says: "Just come here, you rascal, you miserable dog of a doctor, so that I can vent my justified anger on you! Go to the devil, you silly rascal! Would you not like to torment me again with Opium? Look how clever these rascals are; as soon as they are at their wits' end, they come with Opium. Then the sick man falls asleep and they do not have to fear the justified complaints lasting for hours. And they will laugh into their sleeve and calculate how much each of them will be able to charge according to the third table after my death! Ha ha ha, I certainly see through your plans! So away with you, you evil dogs, or I will rid you with my last strength of this miserable whores' life! Hah, who are the two black rascals I can see in the adjoining room? What are these fellows doing? I almost believe they are praying for my soul! Who has ordered them to do it? Out with them, or I get up and shoot them down like dogs!"

Look, following this explosion on the part of the supreme commander, the monks make off at once. The physicians keep shrugging their shoulders more and more, the patient falls silent and amid the most horrid distortions of the face the death-rattle sets in. However, being unable to observe more in the patient, we proceed at once to the spirit world and shall make our brief observations as to how our hero will enter into the spirit world.

You see, we are already there, and there on the same bed lies the patient in an identically looking room. He is still gasping, as you

can easily see, drawing air painfully and biting his tongue in the silent rage of his angry soul.

But there, you see, is already the sole death angel in readiness to liberate the enraged soul of our hero from its excessively proud and arrogant aristocratic flesh. The angel is armed with a flaming sword – as a sign of his great power lent him by Me and as a sign of his courage and his total lack of fear before such great heroes of the earth, as well as before the whole hell.

You see, now the last grain of sand in the urn of time has fallen for this hero, and the angel touches him with his flaming sword and speaks: “Rise, you feeble Soul, and you, proud dust, fall back into the ocean of your bottomless nothingness!”

Look, now the body disappears and the bed and the chamber full of earthly splendor are no longer visible. Instead, as you can easily see, a very dark ashen-gray, decrepit-looking soul rises, standing on loose sand, which threatens to swallow it. It looks around, angry, distraught and shy. However, it sees itself in a different way from how we see it – it sees itself still as a general decorated with all his medals and with a sword.

“Were am I?” the hero now says, “Which devil has taken me here? Nothing, and again nothing. Wherever I turn my eyes, there is nothing. Look down there, also below me there is nothing!”

Am I a sleepwalker – or dreaming – or should I actually have died? Oh, this is truly an accursed, silly state! To be sure, I am quite well now and feel no pain, remember every little detail in my life. I was extremely sick. I have scrutinized the silly doctors, have sent the two hypocrites to the devil and have also, of course, owing to the strong, unbearable pain, said some rude things to the Creator; all this I very well remember! I also know that I was very angry and ready to tear everything apart in my rage. But now all this is past. It would be all right, if only I knew where I really am and what has gone on with me?!”

There is a little light around me, but the farther out I direct my gaze, the darker it becomes, and I see nothing, nothing, nothing, and again nothing! This is really accursed! Truly, he who does not go to the devil under these circumstances, will not do so in eternity!

Strange, strange, I keep becoming more wide-awake, more alive, but at the same time it keeps getting emptier around me. I must surely be in a sort of lethargy? However, those who are afflicted with it, are said to hear and see everything happening around them – but I hear and see nothing except myself; so this can be no lethargy.

It is here neither cold nor warm, nor totally dark, although the light is truly not blinding. What I find incomprehensible is that I am in this solo state very merry and in high spirits, so that I could be a clown; and yet, I have as Figura shows, surely not been more solitary in the womb than here. Truly, if I had here such a little thing, eh, such a thing - well, such a thing – yes, yes, all right – if I had such a harlot with me, I could even forget myself, that I – confound it, the general together with his five dozen ancestors! Truly, I would give anything for the most common harlot!

If only I could find out where I really am? If this state of affairs should last much longer, this condition could become damned boring! Have once heard something of a God, want to earnestly turn to Him. Have earlier behaved somewhat rudely towards Him. But, if He exists, He will not hold it against me. Hallo, my God, my Lord! If you exist, help me out of this queer, unfortunate situation!”

You see, at once an angel comes along and speaks: “Friend, you will remain in this situation until the last drop of your pride has been drained out of you, whereby the last drop of blood will be



paid of the blood of many thousands of your brothers shed by you. Throw away all your insignia as a general, and you will find more ground and more light and also company – but beware of your own kind, or you will be lost! Above all, turn to the Lord, and your path will be short and easy. Amen.”

You see, at this stage our hero is not prepared to follow this advice. Therefore, the angel leaves him; he will be kept in suspension for several hundred years more.

From this you can draw your conclusions as to his “water”, and so nothing further of him.

## Scene 7

# A pope

*(11 August 1847)*

In this instance we will begin at once with the beyond. We will observe a man, who had been playing a very great role, being finally of the opinion that the world existed only for his sake and that he could do as he liked. For he arrogated the actual stewardship of God, and that more than many another of his like. Notwithstanding all this, he had to “bite the dust”, and neither his presumed great power nor the world or the stewardship of God protected him against it.

Look over there, straight towards midnight, a very lean male figure of a very dark color is walking along slowly, looking around searchingly in all directions.

In his company you see a little man, like a pitch-dark monkey, who busies himself around our man and is acting as if he had some very important business with this man. Let us step closer, so that you may hear the strange monologue of this man, who is oblivious of both his company or us.

We are already close to him. Now listen, he says: “Everything a lie, everything deceit, and the deceived is the most fortunate; but unfortunate the deceiver, if he is knowingly a deceiver! However, if he is unknowingly a deceiver, lying and deceiving without realizing it, he can be congratulated. For in that case one donkey pulls another, and both are contented with the worst fodder. But I, what am I? I was a supreme head, all had to believe and do what I ordered. However, I did what I wanted, for I had the keys to power in my hands, like one who takes it without asking whether he is entitled to take it. I knew everything; I knew that everything is only a lie and deceit, but despite this fact I imposed falsehood and

deceit under threat of punishment on everyone refusing to accept them and believing that everything issuing from me, written or not, has to be accepted as the full truth.

On the earth I thought: Physical death is the end of all existence. This was my secret, firm belief, and all the wisdom of the world could not have given me a different one! This alone I held to be the truth, and you see, also this is a falsehood; for I continue to live, although I have died in the body.

Heaven, purgatory and hell I had preached on many thousands of pulpits, issued letters of indulgence and canonized a great many deceased and ordered fasting, prayer, confession and Communion – and now I myself stand here, not knowing what is what! If there were a Judgment, I would be judged already. If there were a heaven, I should have the first right to it, for in the first place I had to become steward of Christ's Church through the will of God. And what I then did as such was certainly also only a supreme will, for according to Scripture no hair of the head will be bent and no sparrow fly from the roof.

Thus I confessed and attended Communion according to the old rules, although I could easily have exempted myself. For I had the power to abolish confession, including the strict Communion for everyone, for all times, which, however, I could not and would not do for political reasons. Should there be a hell, I would have reason enough to be in it, for in God's eyes every human being is a killer! At least I ought to be in purgatory, for this is said to be everybody's lot for at least three days! But neither the one nor the other is my lot, therefore God, Christ, Mary, heaven, purgatory and hell are nothing but falsehood and deceit! Man lives only from the forces of nature and thinks and feels only according to the concentration of his inherent natural forces, which probably combine there to an eternally indestructible One. Therefore, it will now be my task to investigate these forces more closely and then, owing to my precise acquaintance with them, to found a heaven.

However, I notice a continual certain tugging at my toga pontificalis! What could that be, should there still be an invisible spirit in my vicinity, or is it done by some wind? In earnest, it is queer in this infinite desert, for no matter where one goes, one still remains forever completely alone. One can call, cry, call abuse, scold and curse – or pray to whom one wants, and yet nothing stirs and one remains all alone as before! It may well be several years since I died on the earth, and this in a very painful, utterly disagreeable manner, and I am just as alone, nothing beneath my feet but whole barren desert! I certainly have room to move, this again is a truth, but where I am, what shall become of me in the future shall I continue to live forever or still be totally annihilated in the future this is an insolvable riddle.

So get on with the investigation of the natural forces inherent in me, and through their closer acquaintance it shall soon become evident what shall become of me!”

Have you heard him, how he reasons, he, the steward of God on earth? Oh, he will continue for a long time to reason thus solo, as his invisible companion inspires him. For the lot of such people, who were on earth in the highest positions, is always the same, namely, being alone, inasmuch as they have excessively isolated themselves on earth.

However, this isolation turns out to be a great grace for them; for only in that way is it possible to then turn back onto the right path. But this takes a long time. They have to go through all degrees of night and darkness within, of distress, also of pain, as it is peculiar to hell.

Once such a zealot has absolved this solo journey – perhaps in five hundred to a thousand, also ten thousand years, he comes only then into the company of strict spirits. If he fails to follow them, he is again left alone and to his own devices. But then all the abominable deeds, carried out either under him or under his predecessors, will be brought home to him, at which occasion,

however, he will have to taste all the pains, which all the persecuted had to taste under him or his predecessors. If this treatment fails to cure him, he is left as he is; as companions only hunger and thirst are given him, which two stewards with rare exceptions bring almost every one gradually onto the right road.

Here again you have a picture, from which you may learn more about the beyond – and the “water”, which such a leader has to swim through, until he reaches the shore of humility, truth and love. Therefore, nothing more of this man.

## Scene 8

# A minister

*(12 August 1847)*

Since also the great lords of the world have to die, against which utterly disagreeable peculiarity of their lives they have still not been able to establish an insurance company, having failed to achieve it despite all their politicking and diplomacy, also our minister had to finally make up his mind to exchange the temporal with the eternal.

For such people dying is the most unpleasant event in the world, but it is of little concern to the angel of death. With whomsoever he finds the well-calibrated measure full, him he takes without grace and pardon.

Our minister, a man revered by all the world on account of his worldly intellect, was in his later years thrown onto his sickbed by a catarrhal fever with gout, which tormented him for half a month, and that the more, the more medicines he took in order to remedy this evil. Towards the end he became angry and threatened the physicians with arrest, unless they would or could restore him to health soon.

However, instead of carrying out his threat, he sank on the sixteenth day of his illness into a coma from which he did not awaken in this world, except one hour shortly before his death. In this hour he made a brief last will as to what should be done with his considerable property, whereby the poor, as usual with such people, were only considered in a beggarly manner, for what are a few thousand guilders compared to several millions bequeathed?

Thus also the Church was favored pro forma with a bequest, however, not out of some blind faith – for such a person has seldom any faith or none at all and all he ever does is pure politics – but only, as aforementioned, because policy demands it.

Having made this last will, he sank back on his bed and was dead, without taking confession and Communion, of which act he anyway – as far as he was concerned – did not think much. This meant for him the end forever for this world; and so we will not stay any longer with his corpse, but will at once proceed to the “beyond” to find out how our very proud and aristocratic man behaves there.

You see, we are already there, and our man is standing in his complete official robe before us and four veiled angel spirits, where he only sees the latter. The locality is represented by his very state cabinet, where he had intended to attend to some important business.

Now he sees the four clearly in his secret cabinet and can hardly contain his anger over the extreme audacity of these four “rascals”, as he thinks. Jumping up and reaching for the bell he tries to ring it, but the bell gives no sound.

“Treason! High treason!” He shouts as loudly as he can. “How did you I miserable scoundrels manage to enter this cabinet, which is accessible only to me and where the most secret and holy mysteria of the state are worked at and kept? Do you know that such high treason is punishable by death? Which of you has tampered with this bell that now, in this decisive moment, it cannot utter a sound? Confess, you villains, which of you was the ringleader?”

The first angel speaks: “Listen patiently and attentively to what I shall now tell you! I am well acquainted with the wise rule according to which no man on earth, except the king, can enter this cabinet. If you were still on earth, you would not have beheld us in this spot. But you see, you have now died in your physical body and are now in the spirit world, where there is only one Lord, whereas all other spirits are brothers, good and bad ones, depending on how they have acted on the earth, in a good or evil manner. Thus we have been given the loving right and duty by the

Lord to visit everyone offering him our services, provided he is still, like you, accessible to us.

The commission to you through us of the one Lord is therefore, to inform and reveal to you that here in this eternal world all worldly honor and status, including all politics have ceased to exist; and this cabinet, your robe and all your presumed important state documents are only a deception and have sprung from your fantasy, which is still clinging excessively to the world and will disappear as soon as you will follow us. If you follow us, you will have an easy path to the true, eternal realm of life, where there is immeasurable, uncountable bliss; if, however, you refuse to follow us, you will find it extremely difficult to attain to the living Kingdom of God. For you see, with God's permission you were a great man in the world and had great power. However, through this power the lust for power has awakened mightily in you and this has led you into many a thing not grounded in the divine order. Besides, this worldly power, as lust for power, has also robbed you in many cases of the love for your neighbor and has rendered you totally unsuitable for the Kingdom of God.

But you see, the Lord knows what a heavy burden you had to carry and is feeling great pity for you. So He sent us to you, so that you might be saved and lifted up and not perish under your great worldly burden, which you brought along. Do not think here about a judgment; for in the realm of the freedom of spirit there is no judgment and no judge, except the innate free will of every human being! Do not think of hell either. It is nowhere, except in every person, if that person creates it within himself through his own evil. At the same time, do not think of a heaven as the promised reward for good works. Let the Word of the Lord Jesus be your will, seek Him alone through it! Once you have Him, you have all the heavens and a totally different might out of love than you used to have in the world on account of your worldly cleverness and high position. Now you know everything; do what your free will allows you in the name of the Lord Jesus. Amen.”



The minister says: “Truly, your speech is wise and is my token that everything is as you say. It is now also completely clear to me that I have died physically. But I cannot grasp that the certain Jew Jesus should be the sole God and Lord! What then is the “Father” and the “Holy Spirit”? You see, this is not in agreement with the teaching of Jesus, Who was the first to teach everywhere a divine trinity! Therefore, forgive me if I cannot follow you as fast as you desire, unless you quickly convince me of it!”

Says the angel: “Brother, this does not happen as fast as you think. First of all, discard your state robe and put on another one of humility and complete self-denial, and you will soon become fully convinced of that which until now appears inconceivable to you.”

The minister replies: “Well then, so take me and show me the right way and carefully scrape everything worldly off my soul, and we will see where you stand with your statement.”

Now the other three angels step up, divest the man of the state robe, replacing it with ashen-gray, dirty rags. And the second angel now speaks to him: “Now you are dressed in the dress of humility. But this alone is insufficient, for you must be humble in fact. And so follow us!”

The man follows and look, they arrive at a farm and tell him: “You see, here lives a harsh man who owns great herds of swine. You shall serve him and be contented with anything he will offer you; and if he is harsh and unjust towards you, you shall bear everything with patience and shall only get satisfaction in the Lord’s grace and mercy.”

“If he strikes you, do not strike back; offer him your back, like a slave, as you have often seen – for the sake of military subordination – a poor soldier lie down against his will on the bench and endure the harsh, often utterly unjust punishment. If you will bear all this with the right patience, a better lot will be your share.”

Thereupon says the man: “Many thanks for this guidance! Just give me back my state robe, you imposters, I shall certainly find my own way! Look at the rascals! Out of one like me, who counts at least twenty ancestors, they want to make a swineherd without ado! Oh, if only I were still in the world, I would pay you for this so that you would remember! These vagabonds even pose as God’s messengers! No, just wait, being messengers of God will cost you dearly!”

You see, the angels return his state robe to him and say: “As you like. There is your earthly garment! If you refuse to walk the roads of life, walk your own; our service with you is finished.”

You see into what sort of "water" our man is moving; there he will have to swim until he reaches the Father by turning back like the Prodigal Son.

Let everyone beware of the lust for power, for it always has the same consequences. Next time a different example!

## Scene 9

# Bishop Martin

*(13 August 1847)*

A bishop, who had always been very conspicuous for his dignity as well as his dogmas, fell ill for the last time.

He, who even still as an assistant priest, had been wont to paint the joys of heaven in the oddest colors and to describe the delights and bliss in the realm of the angels with great enthusiasm, not forgetting to mention hell and purgatory, did not yet desire, even as an old man of almost eighty, to take possession of his much praised heaven. He would have preferred another thousand years on this earth to a future heaven with all its delights and bliss.

Therefore, our sick bishop did everything in his power to restore his health. He had to be surrounded by the best physicians. Powerful masses had to be celebrated in all the churches of his diocese; all the sheep of his flock were asked to pray for his life. In his sick-room an altar had been erected at which mass had to be celebrated three times every morning to help restore his health, whereas, in the afternoon, three of the most pious monks had to keep praying the breviary in front of the consecrated host.

He himself kept uttering: “Oh Lord, have mercy upon me! Holy Mary, beloved mother, help me! Have mercy upon my dignity and grace as prince-bishop for your Son’s glory! Oh, do not forsake your most faithful servant, you helper in need, you sole support of the afflicted!” But all this did not help. Our man fell into a coma from which he did not awaken again in this world.

You know of the “highly important”, ceremonial for a deceased bishop, and we need not waste any time with its description. Instead, let us look around in the spirit world to see what our man will be doing there.

Look, here we are – and there our man can be seen still lying on his bed; while the heart is still warm the angel does not sever the soul from the body. This warmth constitutes the nerve spirit, which has to be wholly absorbed by the soul before complete severance can be undertaken.

At last this man's soul has completely absorbed the nerve spirit and the angel is severing it from his body with the words: "Ephetha – arise thou soul, but thou dust revert to thy decomposition through the kingdom of vermin and decay. Amen."

Already you see our bishop rising in his full bishop's robes, just as during his lifetime, and he opens his eyes. He looks around in astonishment, not seeing anybody, not even the angel who awakened him. The surroundings are visible only in a fading light, as of late dusk, and the ground seems to be covered with dry alpine moss.

Our man is not a little astonished at this unusual situation and says to himself: "What is this? Where am I? Am I still alive or have I died? I must have been seriously ill, and it is quite possible that I am already among the deceased! Oh, for God's sake, this must be so! Oh holy Mary, St. Joseph, St. Ann you, my three most powerful helpers, come and help me into the Kingdom of Heaven!"

He waits for a while, looking around carefully to see from which direction the three will be coming, but they do not come. Recalls once more, this time louder, and waits; but still nobody approaches.

For the third time he calls, louder still, but again in vain.

Now our man begins to feel very scared. He realizes his desperate situation and says: "Oh, for God's sake, Lord, help me! (This is

only his habitual phrase.) What does this mean? I have called three times and no response!”

“Am I damned? How can that be, for I do not see any fire nor any devil?”

“Oh, oh, oh (trembling). It is truly terrible! So alone! Oh God, if one of these devils turned up now while I’m without a consecrated font or crucifix what will I do?”

“And the devil is said to be particularly keen on bishops. Oh, what a desperate situation! I believe the howling and gnashing of teeth is already upon me!”

“I will discard my bishop’s robe, so the devil will not recognize me. But maybe that would give him even more power over me! Oh, what a terrible thing death is!”

“If at least I were quite dead, then I would not be afraid, but this being alive after death is so terrible!”

“I wonder what would happen if I walked on? No, no, I’d rather stay here. What consequences a step in the dark might have only God knows. Therefore, I would rather remain here until Doomsday, in the name of God and the Blessed Virgin!”

The further events and the guidance of this in his way quite pious man will be shown in the following.

The above death scene is the opening chapter of the work “Bishop Martin” (English title “Sunsets into Sunrises”), which describes the guidance of a bishop from his transition into the world beyond until his heavenly perfection.

What happened to the bishop after these first experiences made in the world beyond after his death? He began to be more and more

bored, a whole eternity seemed to have passed and he was glad when finally he had company in Peter, who was his spirit guide and whom he mistook for a colleague. Peter instructed Martin, gave him advice in accordance with the Gospel and encouraged him to perform services, each of which was of a nature as to aid Martin in overcoming his former weaknesses carried over from his earthly life. Then the guide left him, so as not to influence Martin when making his decisions.

Gradually, Martin comes to think that he was forsaken by his guide and becomes more and more enraged because of it. Instead of wanting in all humility the “path in the name of the Lord” pointed out to him by the guide, he turns to the “evening” and in the vicinity of the “midnight” region stumbles into an ever-growing night and darkness. In this soul condition he becomes lost in a marshy region. Finally, in utter despair, he arrives at the shore of a sea, where he can go neither forward nor backward. In this hopeless situation, the Lord Himself in the person of a friendly skipper comes to his aid and lets him enter his rescue boat.

A dialogue ensues which reveals the condition of Martin’s inner soul state and, finally, leads him to self-recognition, repentance and to turning back.

In the following an excerpt of the dialogue (Chapters 13-17):

(The Lord as the skipper replies to Martin, who complains bitterly of the injustice of his fate: “It may be disagreeable to be on your own for quite a long period; however, such a prolonged solitude is really most beneficial. It gives one plenty of time to reflect on one’s follies, to detect them and rid oneself of them altogether. (...) Therefore, your state of loneliness, though most unpleasant, was actually beneficial for your character. For the Lord of all beings looked after you and showed great patience with you.”

“I am quite aware of the fact that in the world you were a Roman bishop and that, although in your heart you did not care about them, you

attended to your heathenish, idolatrous duties with pedantic strictness. However, how could this be of any value since, as you know, God looks only at the heart? Besides, you were arrogant and tyrannical and, notwithstanding your vows of celibacy, you were too fond of the flesh of women. Can you imagine that God would look kindly on acts like those?" (...)

Did you ever say in your heart: "Let the little ones come to me? Oh, no! Only the great personages counted with you! Or did you ever take into your home a destitute child in the Lord's name, and clothed or fed it? How many naked did you clothe? How many hungry did you feed? How many prisoners did you free? ... I did not know of any! However, I do know of thousands whom you imprisoned spiritually; and you often deeply wounded the poor by your curses and damnation. At the same time, you gave dispense upon dispense to the great and rich – for money, of course! And only in exceptional cases was it free of charge – to the very important people, to impress them. Do you seriously believe that God could look with favor upon your acts and that, after your physical death, you would be admitted to heaven right away?"

"I am not telling you all this in order to judge you, but merely to convince you that the Lord did not wrong you, if He apparently withdrew from you here; and that only His mercy saved you from being thrust into hell immediately after your death, much as you deserved it."

Think this over and do not abuse your guide, but realize, in all humility, that you do not deserve the Lord's mercy at all. For, if even the most faithful servants are to consider themselves bad and useless, how much more does this apply to you, who has never done a thing in accordance with God's will!"

(The bishop:) "It is absolutely true, but what could I now do about it? I now feel the deepest contrition about all I did, but it can never be undone, and thus my guilt and sin remain as the seed and root

of death. How could I in my sin find mercy with the Lord?”

“I realize that I am ripe for hell, and there is nothing I can do about it, except that, perhaps, the Lord would grant me another life on earth where I could make up for my wrongdoings as much as possible. Or, since I am so terribly afraid of hell, maybe the Lord could place me as the very least being in some corner for all eternity where, as a farmer, I could make a meager living with my own two hands. I would not expect to attain to any higher degree of beatitude, being aware that I am much too unworthy for even the lowest sphere of heaven.”

“This is how I feel about it. In the world it might be rather hopeless, as the general trend is evil all through, making it almost impossible to do good, as you have to baffle against the current like a swimmer.”

“Not that I mean He (the Almighty) should consider my guilt less serious, but the fact that the world is what it is and that you cannot help it even if you would like to and, therefore, eventually cease trying, should carry some weight?”

“My dearest rescuer, do not be cross with me for what I have said, as this is the way I have seen things until now. Judging from your words, you are full of divine wisdom and will be able to tell me what I should do to at least save myself from hell.”

“I assure you that, as demanded by you, I forgive my former guide with all my heart! For I was only annoyed with him because I couldn’t understand what he actually planned to do with me. If he came along now, I would, for your sake, embrace him like a son would embrace his long-lost father.”

(The Lord as the skipper): “Listen carefully to what I shall tell you!”

“I know very well what the world is like, and if it had not always



been like that, the Lord would not have been crucified. Therefore, the Lord's words, as quoted in the Gospel, have once and for all to be applied where the world is concerned, namely:

In these days, that is, the time of this world – the kingdom of heaven needs force; only those who apply force will possess it. However, you my friend, have never applied this moral force where the kingdom of heaven is concerned. Therefore, do not accuse the world too much, for I know that you were at all times more concerned with the world than with the spirit. In this respect, you were one of the chief opponents of enlightenment, an enemy of the Protestants, whom you persecuted for alleged heresy with bitter hatred.” (...)

“I do hope you will understand that in this world nothing counts but pure truth combined with eternal love and all your excuses are futile except your *Mea quam maxima culpa* (my greatest possible guilt). You must admit that God alone knows the world in its minutest detail from eternity. Therefore, it is absurd of you to try and describe the world to the Lord, in defense of your attitude, for His consideration, without realizing that you were one of those mainly responsible for the world's deterioration.”

“To what extent you, as a prisoner of the world, deserve consideration, it will be afforded you. What the world owes you before God will be only a minor account. However, your debt will not be so negligible unless you repent and confess that you – who have always been bad – can do absolutely nothing, but the Lord alone can redeem and forgive you.”

“You have a great fear of hell because your conscience tells you that this is where you belong, and you think God will throw you into hell like a stone into a chasm. But you do not realize that you fear only your imagined hell, whilst you enjoy being inside the real one.”

“Behold, all your thoughts so far represented were more or less

hell literally. For wherever there is a spark of egoism, arrogance and blaming of others, there is hell; where carnal desire has not been dispelled voluntarily, there is still hell. As all this is still part of you, you are still very much in hell. Do you see how idle your fear is?”

“The Lord, who has mercy with all beings, wants to save you from this hell and not condemn you deeper into it – as per your Roman maxim. Therefore, don’t claim the Lord may say to those who want to go to hell: “If you insist on going to hell, let it be so!” This is a sacrilegious claim! Though you do not wish to renounce hell, when did you ever hear the Lord condemn you to it?”

“Ponder over these, my words, and change your attitude accordingly, and I will pilot this boat that it will take you away from your hell into the realm of life. So be it!”

(The bishop) “Oh, my dear friend, I must admit to my regret that you are right in every detail and I do see now that I have no excuse whatsoever and am alone responsible for everything that has happened. But I would like to learn from you where you are taking me and what my lot will be for eternity.”

(The skipper) “Ask your heart, your love! What does it say? What does it say? What does it desire? When your love will have given a definite answer to your query, your lot will have been decided within you. For everyone is judged by his own love or desire.”

(Bishop Martin:) “Oh friend, if I were judged by my love, only God knows where I would get to! For my mind is still like that of a fashion-crazy woman, who has a choice of hundreds of dress materials and is unable to make up her mind which to take. An innermost feeling draws me towards God, my Creator. But then my numerous great sins get in the way and make the realization of this wish seem impossible.”

“Then I remember those sheep and lambs of this world (the young women of his first test in the beyond) and that it wouldn’t be unpleasant at all to live with such sheep in eternity. But an inner voice warns me that it would never bring me nearer to God, it would rather take me further away. Thus, also this pet idea of mine sinks into this fathomless sea.”

“Once more the thought comes to my mind that I could live as a simple farmer in some corner of this eternal spirit world and maybe once be granted the favor of seeing Jesus, even if only for a moment. But then my conscience again reminds me that I am not worthy of such a great honor – and I sink back into my sinful insignificance before Him, the Most Holy!”

“Only one idea seems to me the least difficult to realize, and I must admit it has now turned out to be my pet idea – namely, to stay with you through all eternity, wherever you may go. Although in the world I could not stand those at all who dared face me with the truth, I have come to love you very much, as you have told the truth to my face like a wise but mild judge. To this pet idea of mine I would stick in eternity!”

(The skipper:) “All right, if that is your main love, of which you will still have to convince yourself, this can be realized immediately. We are not far off the shore now and quite near the hut where I live. You are aware of my trade by now – that I am a pilot in the truest sense of the word. You can take part in my business and in my little plot of land, which we shall work diligently in our free time to provide our livelihood. And if you now look, you will find somebody beside you, who will stick to us faithfully.”

For the first time on this voyage, the bishop turns around and immediately recognizes the angel Peter. He embraces him, asking his forgiveness for insulting him. Peter reciprocates with the same love and praises the choice the bishop’s heart has made.

The boat has meanwhile reached the shore, is tied to a post and the three enter the hut.

So far it has been rather dark. Inside the hut, the light seems to increase and a pleasant dawn gradually banishes the darkness of night. This, of course, takes place only before the eyes of the bishop, as it is always the brightest, everlasting and unchangeable day for the Lord, as well as for the angel Peter.

The reason why it begins to dawn also for the bishop, is that love began to emerge in his heart because, through My mercy, he had, of his own free will, thrown out a lot of worldly filth and was still continuing the process.

(The remainder can be read in the book “Sunsets into Sunrises, Bishop Martin – The Progress of a Soul in the Beyond” through Jakob Lorber.)

## Scene 10

# The poor man

*(16 October 1848)*

Here follows another brief scene from the spirit realm, namely, the death or really transition from this earthly probation life to the true eternal spirit-life of a poor laborer, which people are now called “scoundrel”, “wretch” and “rabble” by the notable of the world.

Follow Me into a poor little room, which resembles more the lair of a bear than a room suitable for human habitation. Inside, the room is barely two fathoms square. This hole is accessible through a rather dilapidated door, above which an opening two spans long and one span high admits a rather refracted and weak light from the dirty stable wall of a wealthy neighbor, lighting up this hole sufficiently for its seven inhabitants to recognize each other. This model of a living room has neither a heater nor a stove. The latter is represented by a dirty, raw, barely a foot high limestone in a corner. Here the poor inhabitants of this veritable bear pit cook their scanty meal, provided they are fortunate enough to obtain the necessary ingredients by work and begging.

Nota bene: For this marvelous dwelling these poor have to pay a monthly rent to their rich landlord of 1 Fl. 30 Kr., with which they are quite happy. For in this way the landlord does not put them under too much pressure when they cannot pay punctually on the first of the month, but often allows as much as a fortnight. Indeed, the landlord is “so good” as to let them have thirty pounds of moldy rye straw for twenty farthings on account of the illness of their poor seventy-year-old father and even wait also a full ten days for payment! Truly, such a “kind-hearted” and “patient” landlord will surely be able to one day lay claims to My, the Lord’s, mercy and patience!

Now look, in the darkest comer of this hole our poor laborer is lying on

the “fresh” 20 farthing straw. Some years ago during a heavy building job he fell off faulty scaffolding, breaking two ribs and an arm. He was taken to a hospital for the poor, where the doctors tyrannized him for half a year, after which time, poorly healed, he was dismissed as healed and given a certificate.

From then on he was ailing, weak and thus no longer able to do any heavy work. And so he managed with his also ill and weak wife and five children, all girls, the eldest of whom is fourteen years old, by doing all sorts of little jobs in keeping with his strength and at times through some donation his wife or children begged from a rare, more tender heart. Old age, weakness, cold and the poorest fare, as well as a festering wound around the ribs, forced him onto this miserable sickbed where we now see him on our visit.

Emaciated like an Egyptian mummy from the time of the Pharaohs, full of pain, the bones of the hips and the buttocks and the spine protruding at least by an inch and full of sores from the hard bed, added to this the very empty stomach burning with hunger, he speaks in a broken voice to his wife: have you nothing left? No piece of bread? No warm soup? No boiled potatoes? Oh God, Oh God! How awfully hungry I am! I cannot move with all the pain, and then all that hunger! Oh my God, my God! Do deliver me from this torture!”

Says the wife, who also for weakness and hunger is hardly able to stand: “Oh you my poor, dear husband! Already at six o’clock this morning the three eldest children have gone out to beg from good, compassionate people; it is now three in the afternoon, and none of them has come back! I am trembling all over with fear and trepidation that they may have met with misfortune. Oh Jesus and Mary! Should they have ended up in the water or in the cruel hands of the police? I am shaking all over! In the meantime may Jesus strengthen you; with God’s help I will gather all my strength together and go straight to the police to find out whether they know what became of our poor children!”

Says the ailing man: “Yes, yes, dear mother, go, go – I too am exceedingly worried! But do not stay away too long and bring something to eat, or I die with hunger! Remember, it is already two full days since we have eaten. If only the three poor girls did not collapse with hunger somewhere? Oh my God, my God, all the misery must come over me!”

The wife leaves, and no sooner is she in the lane than she sees a policeman, who has her three children by the scruff of their necks. The mother, seeing this, shrieks with horror and says, lifting her hands above her head: “Just God! Oh Jesus! These are my poor children!”

The children weep and gasp: “Oh mother, mother! This savage man caught us in a lane where we were begging alms for our dangerously ill father. Then he locked us up in a dark room. Having seen us go begging on several other occasions, he brought another still more abominable man, who looked like a gentleman. Although we begged him on our knees, he had us beaten up, so much so that our backsides were bleeding. Then he asked us harshly about our address. When we could hardly tell him for pain, he ordered this savage man, who also beat us up so terribly, to take us home. Oh mother, mother, this hurts terribly!”

The mother, hardly capable of speech, sighs deeply and says to Me: “Oh Lord, you most righteous God! Since You live, how can You look on such abomination without punishment? Oh my God, my God, how can You allow such misery to come over us?” Then she sobs bitterly. But the policeman forbids the mother to argue in the lane thus attracting attention and commands her to retreat at once to her dwelling.

The mother apologizes being a mother for her children and says, sobbing: “Oh Lord, how can I not weep? My seventy-year-old, dangerously ill husband is lying on pure straw, full of hunger; we all have not eaten for two days. This late autumn is wet and already very cold and we do not have the tiniest bit of wood with which to warm our moist and cold dwelling. I myself am weak and

ill. These three girls were our only support, and you have beaten them to cripples! Oh God! How could I look on silently? How could you forbid me to weep? Are you not a human being, a Christian?"

Here the policeman tries to push her back; but from behind a comer a courageous man jumps out and shouts at the policeman: "Stop, friend! This far and no further! Here are 30 fl. for you, poor mother; use them to care for yourself as well as you can. But off with you at once, you heartless tormentor, or I will shoot a few bullets through your tiger's skull!"

The policeman tries to arrest the benefactor because of this threat, but the stranger at once pulls a fully loaded pistol from the breast pocket of his coat and aims it at the myrmidon. The latter now takes the only sensible course, namely, to disappear rather than being shot by this serious looking man.

When the policeman is out of sight, this man continues on his way quite calmly and coolly. The mother and the three children blow him kisses of gratitude. And the mother, supported by her beaten daughters, who have completely forgotten their pain on account of their benefactor, at once hurries to the nearest inn, where she buys bread, some wine and meat. The waiter has misgivings on receiving from this poor rabble a 10 fl. banknote for change. But he thinks to himself: money is money, whether stolen or honestly acquired, and he changes the banknote for the woman and gives her what she desires.

Hurrying home with it, she finds the poor man crying from pain and hunger. The mother at once gives him some bread and wine, and the eldest daughter runs at once to the nearest shopkeeper to buy for a few pennies firewood, lighter and half a pound of candles.

On her return home she finds to her horror two policemen outside



the door of the poor man. They have rushed back to get hold of the charitable man. Failing this, the poor woman might be able to inform them as to the person and the whereabouts of this man. Should the woman not be prepared to speak up, she was to be arrested.

With this laudable intention, ordered by the police authority, they enter the dark room with the poor girl. At once demanding a light, they threaten the woman to give them every possible information on that man, or else she would have to accompany them to the police station. Hearing this the poor woman collapses with fear. The eldest daughter, also trembling with fear, makes light as demanded. The two myrmidons, seeing the poor man on the floor, almost naked, scantily covered in rags, shudder at first, then, tailing courage, they question the half-dead woman about the person and whereabouts of the man in question. The woman trembles all over and is unable to speak. The two policemen, believing the woman pretends, pull her roughly from the floor, trying to take her away. The sick man and the five children beg for grace and mercy, but the two go about their pleasant duty silently.

However, at the very same moment when the two myrmidons have pulled the woman as far as the threshold, our man arrives with three sturdy assistants. First freeing the woman, who is half dead with fear from the hands of the two myrmidons, they beat them up so that they can barely walk. Then threatening them and their office, they say: "In the name of God! If you miserable beasts dare once again to enter this sacred place where God's angels dwell, you have to expect the most horrible revenge from us! We are not men and beings of this world, but we are guardian spirits of these angels, who are here going through the probation of their flesh!"

Thereupon the four helpers disappear. And the two myrmidons, sobered down, take off not to return.

Now the woman rallies and, thanking Me for this deliverance, sees

to it that the man, who is sinking fast, gets a warm soup. Soon the soup is ready and is given to the old man amid a thousand blessings, and he eats it with great appetite, thanking Me and his loved ones.

Somewhat strengthened by this, he says to his wife and children: “You, my dear wife and you, my beloved children, have suffered much on my behalf. But you have also visibly convinced yourselves that the hand of the Lord did baffle for you and drove away your enemies like evil spirits. So from now on trust in the Lord; He will then be nearest to you whenever your need will be greatest! Forgive all those who were harsh towards us and particularly towards you. They are mechanical tools of a blind, tyrannical police system and act without investigating and knowing what they are doing. Let the Lord alone be their judge!

Bear your cross with patience and never seek the happiness of this world; for the fortunate children of this world are not God’s children. What is great in this world, is an abomination before God! Fear nothing as much as worldly success, for it is the greatest misfortune for the spirit.

You see, what would, or could, it have benefited me to be one of the richest people on earth? Now, at the end of my earthly career, I would see nothing but eternal death before me. But how different it now looks with me. Death has lost its terror; for me there is no longer any death! I am already redeemed of all my earthly sufferings, and the glorious portal to the kingdom of God is wide open before me!

You see, my body, this worn-out saddle of the soul for the carrying of the divine cross, is lying cold and dead on the hard bed of straw. But I, soul and spirit, who inhabited this now dead body for seventy years, am now free, live an eternal life and have neither seen nor felt physical death. For in a wonderful moment of which I was hardly conscious I was freed of my heavy burden. Feel the body and convince

yourselves that it is already quite dead.” (The wife and children feel the body and find it cold and rigid and dead.) “And you see, I am still alive and speaking to you with more perfection than ever!

The reason for this is that I have always believed in Jesus. Who was crucified, and have always acted according to His commandments as far as this was possible. As He taught in the temple, namely, that those who accept His word and live accordingly, will not see and taste death, has now been fully and eternally verified as eternal truth, for I have cast off the body without having felt how and when.

I left you no fortune, my great earthly poverty is your heritage! But be glad of it; if the blind rich of the earth knew what a wealth earthly poverty means for the spirit, they would flee their moneybags like the plague! But in their great blindness they consider that as gain, which brings them eternal death. Thus we let them walk the road of perdition. If you want to be as happy at the end of your earthly journey as I am now, flee the worldly happiness and do not ever look for it.

Believe me, who am now talking with you from the beyond: the greater someone’s cross and the heavier to carry, the easier and quicker the transition from this world of matter to that of the spirit. For all who follow Christ must walk the road of the flesh. Everything must be crucified in Christ and die in Him, or it cannot attain to any awakening and resurrection in eternity!

Through poverty, want and other tribulations of life the flesh is crucified and killed already in Christ. Therefore, every one who lives as we have lived, and you are still living, will be awakened when the rich actually die at the end of their earthly happiness and will already harvest the full resurrection to eternal life on his deathbed! For the poor man who is surrendered to the Lord’s will dies many deaths and when his goal is reached, he has conquered all death and can no longer die, but can only be resurrected in

Christ. However, it is quite different with that person who has always only lived for his desires. Such a person dies at the goal of his flesh truly and completely and it is sometimes even impossible in the beyond to awaken him.

All this keep in your hearts and be full of cheer, although the world despises you and calls you names and persecutes you with all sorts of armor of their evil, hard hearts. For the Lord watches the evil one at all times and knows her plans! I tell you: when you will be resurrected, she will perish. Therefore, seek above all the Kingdom of God and its righteousness, and everything else will be added unto you.”<sup>1</sup>

So do not ever envy the rich of this world, but rather feel sorry for them, for they are all exceedingly poor in spirit. All the more be happy for those who, like you, are living with every kind of cross and tribulation. For they die daily in Christ, in the end no longer to die, but to be resurrected to eternal life in Christ.

Let these my last words in this world be your great wealth, left by me; you will not have to pay taxes on this heritage! But take my body out of the room soon, for it is completely dead. On no account shall you have any ceremonies, for all ceremonies of this kind are an abomination before God. Thus you must not pay for a mass, for the Lord God loathes a paid prayer. However, let all that you do be a living praise to the Lord, Who wanted to show me such a great grace. To Him alone all our honor, all praise and all our love forever. *Amen.*”

With these words he becomes silent for this world, being already dead physically.

At once he sees three very friendly men in white pleated garments, who greet him very kindly and shake his hand as now their brother

---

<sup>1</sup> The evil one must be either the world or Satana – this is why it is “her”).

in eternity. Gladly and blissfully and forgetting all his earthly sufferings he offers them his hands still in a sitting position above his earthly body, and says: “Oh you dear, still totally unknown friends of the Lord Jesus Christ, who you surely are! For seven full decades, which I lived on the harsh earth, I have, in an earthly sense, seen few good days, but all the more sorrowful ones, and the last were surely the worst. For in those, my poor sinful body was literally drenched with pain and great distress. But let everything be a sacrifice to the Lord and all praise and all my love be to Him alone forever! For although I have truly suffered much, I have never lacked in occasional consolations, which have strengthened me in my heart and taught me to overlook all the physically horrible pains and wounds in the name of the Lord. And now I have overcome everything with the great grace, help and mercy of God, the Lord Jesus Christ, and am awaiting with the patience which so often mitigated all my suffering on earth, what the Lord’s most holy will is to ordain for me. To Him alone be all my love, all my praise and adoration – His alone holy will be done!”

Speaks one of the three men in white: “Dear friend, what would you do if the Lord, for the sake of His great holiness and your sins – and this according to your creed – sent you into purgatory, there to suffer exceedingly great pain? Could you also then under the greatest pain in the fire glorify and praise the Lord? And could you still love Him?”

Says the poor one: “Oh you dear friend! The Lord’s endless holiness surely requires the greatest purity of that soul meant to be worthy of beholding Him. But His equally great wisdom and goodness knows also how much pain a poor soul can bear, and will not expect too much of it! However, should His justice demand this from me on account of His endless holiness, let also His holy will be done! For I see also therein His great love, which only decrees such a purification of the soul so that the soul might become worthy of beholding God.

I say, the Lord is at all times the purest love, thus endlessly good, and everything He does is good. So only His most holy will be done! For if I were to entreat Him for consideration and mercy, it surely would never be as good for me as what the Lord in His great wisdom and love decrees and determines for me. Therefore, I say once and for all in eternity: Praise be to the Lord Jesus Christ, Who as the sole Lord and God rules and governs with the Father and the Holy Spirit from eternity to eternity! His most holy name be praised, and His alone holy will be done!”

Speaks the one in white: “You have spoken quite right and true. But remember that you died without confession and communion. Could it not easily happen that, standing before Christ’s tribunal, you would be found with a mortal sin and in the state of disgrace, according to the doctrine of your church – had to descend to hell forever? How would you then glorify and praise the Lord?”

Says the poor man: “Friends, whatever I could do, I have certainly done. It is not my fault that I could not confess in the end. And three weeks ago I have confessed anyway and the father confessor assured me that I was not in need of confession for a long time. Oh friends, if I should still be afflicted with some mortal sin unknown to me, pray that the Lord may be gracious and merciful towards me, a poor sinner! For it would surely be the most horrible thing to go to hell after an earthly life of suffering! Oh Lord, Your will be surely done, but do still be gracious and merciful towards my sinful soul!”

Says the man in white again: “Yes, dear friend, with our intercession, in case you had committed a mortal sin, it may still not be possible. For you know that according to your church’s doctrine God can have no mercy after death on account of His most perfect, severe and unchangeable justice. Moreover, you have in the world never liked the intercession of the saints, have thought little of the host and in the end as it were nothing at all, thereby acting in a passive way against your church as a heretic and

became in its eyes a great sinner. Although we now prayed to God for you, do you think that our intercession would be of avail? Why did you not honor the litanies of the church and its requiems – according to your own last confession – when you informed your dependants that paid prayers are an abomination before God and that they should not pay a mass for you: Since that is how matters stand with you, how can we intercede for you with God? What do you think about it? Will, or can, this be of benefit to you before God?”

Speaks the poor one, full of spirit and self-control: “Friends, whosoever you may be, I do not care; you are no more than God’s created beings, and that – eternal thanks and love to the Lord God! – I am too and believe I can speak with you as freely as you are speaking with me.

To be sure, I was very poor and miserable in the world; however, I could read, also write and was fairly good in arithmetic. I spent most Sundays and holidays with the careful reading and contemplation of Holy Scripture. The more I progressed, the clearer it became to me that the Roman-Catholic Church does and decrees the exact opposite of that which Christ and the apostles taught and did according to the four Gospels and the letters of the apostles. In a letter of the apostle Paul I even found the thunderous phrase: “But if anyone, if we ourselves or an angel from heaven, should preach a gospel at variance with the gospel we preached to you, he shall be held outcast.”

This sentence went like a thousand flashes of lightning through my whole soul, and I thought and asked myself: “According to these words by the apostle, how about the doctrine of Rome, which not only fails to teach the Word of God, even forbidding all lay people to read it, but teaching quite different things resembling the darkest paganism? Whom shall I now believe?”

An inner voice spoke to me quite clearly: “Do believe in the Word

of God!” And I did as the inner voice had spoken.

From day to day it became clearer to me that I was right. For I grasped it in my heart and was in spirit and in truth convinced of all I faithfully believed and did, namely, that the teaching of Christ is the pure and alone true Word of God, in which alone all salvation and eternal life can be sought and found.

God is unchangeable. As He was, He will remain the one endless, most perfect eternal Spirit of purest love. How could He have founded the Church in Rome, which preaches nothing but hatred and persecution, perdition, death and hell? “No, forever no!” a voice said in me, “whosoever judges and condemns his brothers, is himself judged and condemned! Also you, judge and condemn no one in your heart, and you will not be judged!” This is how I heard it, and I acted accordingly. Of course, I saw more and more clearly how Rome’s priesthood treated the Lord in spirit a thousand times worse than those who once actually crucified Him physically. However, I never judged them, but spoke at all times in my heart: “Lord, forgive them, for they are all stone-blind and know not what they are doing!”

I saw and comprehended the Lord’s endless love more and more. Thus my love for Him grew mightily in me, so much so that all my earthly sufferings could not diminish it in the least, but only increase it more and more! And so I tell you quite freely and bluntly: Christ is my love and my life – even in hell, if I should be condemned to it by you; even hell will not deprive me of Him!

I well know that I am a most unworthy sinner before God, not worthy to raise my eyes to where He, the Most Holy, dwells! But do tell me, where in the vast infinity of God is there an angel or a human being, who could say like the Lord: “Which of you can accuse Me of a sin. Truly it is more blissful for me to say: “Lord, I am the most unworthy one” than: “I am most worthy of Your grace!” I and surely you can only say, even if we had done



everything he commanded us to do: “Lord, we all have been Your most useless servants and have not deserved Your in the least. O Lord, O Father! Therefore, for the sake of Your sole endless goodness onwards us unworthy ones, have grave and mercy on us!”

This is the only right we have to say and to ask; anything beyond it is, in my opinion, a mortal sin, temporally and eternally! I hope you will now comprehend why I had such little regard for the litany and the paid prayers. But I have always stood for a true intercession in the truth and love of the heart of one brother for another and this is why I asked you for it. However, you can do what you like. But in everything the Lord’s most holy will be done forever!”

Says the one in white again, in his heart delighted about this new glorious brother: “Dear brother, we see your true earnestness, courage and zeal for the Lord, which is truly like a rock. But ask your heart, if you would also dare to speak like this before the Lord?”

Says the poor one. “Only my immense love for Him could loosen my tongue, but it could never deprive me of my courage. And it truly does not take much courage to confess before God Himself that one considers oneself as a truly useless servant, who is thus dependent on His grace and mercy. Oh, I have never feared Christ in the actual sense, for I loved Him too much to fear Him. Now tell me whether I shall remain here for long or not. I should like to know for certain where I shall have to go!”

Says the man in white: “Just a little more patience, for we have to wait for someone on your behalf. As soon as he arrives bringing you the Lord’s sentence, you will at once be dismissed and will go as told by the will of God. You see, he is already approaching from the direction of the morning; soon he will be here. Have you no fear of him, who is coming in the name of the Lord?”

Says the poor one: “Oh no! Since I love the Lord above all, how should I

fear the one He sends to me?”

Speaks the man in white: “You know, dear brother, that even the most righteous one sins seven times a day without knowing that he is sinning? Now, if you count all days beginning with the years when you became responsible and you multiply them by seven, a considerable number of mortal sins would result, particularly if – according to Ignatius of Loyola – four little ones amount to a big one! And if the messenger arrived with such an account, would you still be without fear of the Lord’s messenger?”

Speaks the poor one: “No, and I repeat, not at all! I must openly confess to you, my dear friends, that I should be downright happy to be considered a really great sinner! For sin does not elevate, but humbles me, and this is right and proper. On earth, I have often felt that, when always for a very short time I was not conscious of any sin, particularly after confession. In such a state I used to be quite proud of my presumed pure moral integrity and when I happened to meet such a rascal of a man said secretly to myself:

“Thank goodness that I am not like this fellow, who disregards God and every human right!”

When soon after I myself fell again into some sin, I thought in all the contrition of my heart, when seeing another sinner: “Look, this one, whom you consider a bad fellow, is perhaps by far purer before God than you. Therefore, You, O God, be gracious and merciful towards me, a poor sinner! For now I am not even feeling worthy of raising my eyes to your heavens! And this, friends, was surely a better way of thinking and more worthy of a habitual sinner than thinking and saying to myself: “Lord, I am pure, having observed all the laws from childhood on, and so I am now fully expecting the promised reward from You!”

However, I know, friends, that I am a sinful man before God. Therefore, I am only humble and hope for nothing on account of

some merit, but everything only of His grace and mercy.

I truly fail to see what sort of merit created beings could have before the almighty God, Who alone can do all things and has never needed our help. Did they perchance help the Lord God to create heaven and earth, or effect salvation? Or did somebody benefit God, the alone Holy One, by more or less observing the laws, given by the Lord for his own benefit? I hold God to be also without us as perfect a God as He is now, since we are only destined to absorb His endless grace, mercy and love and not, as it were, to render Him other totally unnecessary services.

You see, this is how I have always been thinking and shall forever be thinking, provided I shall be blessed with an eternal existence! Therefore I see no reason why I should now fear the Lord's messenger, having no reason to fear the Lord Himself. Surely I also fear the Lord, but not like a criminal, rather like a lover, who considers himself far too sinful and unworthy to love the Lord with his impure heart and all his vital strength. What do you, dear friends, now think; am I right or not?"

Says the one in white: "We see now quite clearly that you will never allow us to convert you. And so we do not cause you any further trouble and leave everything to the one now coming. Look, he is already here!"

At once the messenger steps up to the poor man in the most friendly manner, holds out his hand kindly and speaks: "Dear brother, rise above your mortal remains and be resurrected to eternal life in your God and Lord, Whom you have always loved from your heart in Jesus Christ!"

The poor man now instantly rises in complete freedom and, filled with great strength and forcefulness, speaks to the messenger, who looks simple and unpretentious: "Exalted envoy of the almighty great God! When you held out your hand, an indescribable feeling

of bliss went through my whole being. I take this as the surest proof that you are truly a messenger sent to me, a poor sinner, by the Most High. Since you are this not only because of these three brothers, who tried to instill a great fear of you in me, but truly in accordance with my present infallible feeling, do tell me graciously what I have to expect of the most strict tribunal of God? I have no merits and will not ever have any. However, since I feel that I am a gross and great sinner before God, do tell me whether I may hope for grace and mercy?"

Speaks the messenger: "Dear brother, how can you ask such a question? Your heart is full of love for the Lord – this is already the Lord Jesus, Who alone is God from eternity to eternity, in you! How should he, who has Jesus in his heart, ask whether he can hope for grace and mercy from Him? I tell you: you are already blissful and will not ever see anything of a judgment in you! Come now with me before your God, before your most loving Father, there to receive what has been prepared so amply for those who like you, love Him in all truth above all."

Speaks the poor one: "Oh exalted messenger of God! Forgive me, but I cannot follow you there! For I am forever unworthy of such grace. Instead, do take me to a quiet little spot inhabited by meritless, most inferior blissful beings of my kind, hoping to catch sight of the Lord Jesus once every hundred years from afar, and I shall be as blissful as the purest and most perfect angels! Besides, I could not bear it if the Lord Jesus came too close, for my immensely great and mighty love for Him would tear me apart, if I came to Him! So do to me that for which I asked you in the most justified contrition of my heart."

Says the messenger: My dearest brother, this cannot be; you see, the Lord wills it thus! If I can bear the Lord's closest proximity, you will too. So just come along and do not feel shy in the least! I tell you, we two are sure to get along before the Lord!"

Says the poor one: "Well yes, in God's name, if you really mean it,

I will dare it! But tell me, why are these three brothers in white staring at us, as it were, moved and enchanted to the core? Do they see the Lord somewhere already?"

Speaks the messenger: "That may well be; they are secretly overjoyed at you, as at every one who arrives here like you, with such love. Look there towards morning, where a low mountain rises, illumined by the most glorious dawn, over there winds our path, which we shall have covered easily and soon. From that summit yonder you will at once behold the new holy Jerusalem, the eternal city of God, where you will be dwelling forever!"

Says the poor one: "Oh brother, how glorious, how pure-divinely this glorious morning-light is shining, what glorious cloud formation! And only the most magnificent meadows and little trees! Oh, you incomprehensibly beautiful celestial world! What are all the glories of the earth compared to it? But I see also vast crowds which move towards us and hear heavenly beautiful hymns! Oh what harmony! who could fathom its boundlessly harmonious sound? How mightily those moving towards us glitter. How shall I look amongst them in this garb, which looks very earthly still?"

O God, O God! I can hardly bear it any longer! You see, they are already quite close, and now, now – what is that? They are falling on their knees and faces before us and seem to be full of contrition? Is maybe the Lord Himself approaching this crowd from some other direction? Oh, do tell me what this may mean!"

Speaks the messenger: "It may be something like that. We shall see at once what it is. Just a little more patience; with a few paces we have reached the top and will see what goes on there."

Says the poor one: "Oh you my most exalted friend, I am beginning to have the queerest sensations! Just imagine how one of our kind may be and fare – seeing for the first time the Lord of

heaven and earth, the Lord over all life and death! Oh friend, I am trembling with fear and longing and in joyously fearful expectation of the things to come. Truly, a few more steps and the summit is reached! Oh, oh, what shall I be seeing?

Oh friend, do you not fear God, if you occasionally meet Him on similar occasions? Has it become such a habit with you that you do not care much about it? And yet I can see with these crowds, as with the three brothers following us, they are no less moved than I. Only you are quite indifferent and carry an expression as if everything going on here were quite irrelevant. Oh, do tell me how this has to be understood? Shall I act like you, which would be quite impossible to me?"

Says the messenger: "My dearest brother, you will soon understand why I have no fear of God, and why I do not act like our three companions, nor like you or like these crowds. It is certainly better if you behave like I do; and you will soon convince yourself that your fear is an idle one. For I tell you, the Lord does not demand all that. However, if the children thus show their earnest love and humility, they do not exactly make a mistake.

But I know that earlier you were quite fearless towards the three who greeted you, and I liked it very much – although they tried everything to instill some fear in you. How is it that you are now so fearful?"

Says the poor one: "Well, then I had no idea of such endless majesty of God and His holy heavens, but now I have before my eyes what earlier I hardly dared to think. But also there it is quite different. What must God look like, that these show so much respect, surely for excessive holy respect before God, the Infinite One, before God the Almighty! Will my still dull and blind eyes be able to see God's countenance?"

Says the messenger: "Well, well, dearest brother, everything will

turn out all right. Since you have not turned blind until now, it will be all right. Be quite calm, we are already on the summit, and there, as it were on the horizon, above which you see that sun of God, whose light illumines all the heavens and the hearts of all human beings and angels, you already see the holy city of God, in which you will be dwelling forever with Me. Let us hurry up, and we shall soon be there?"

The poor man now makes astonished eyes and is almost beside himself with amazement. Only he cannot see any reason why the crowds rise in such contrition, now following together with the three and singing continuously the most glorious Psalms in the honor of God in the most harmonious manner.

When he has mutely and blissfully regarded this incomparable celestial region for a while he asks again, saying: "Oh, dearest friend and brother! Do tell me, where do those following us see the Lord God, for they are singing exactly as if He were in their midst. Looking right and left and forward and backward, I can still see nothing which would remind me of God. Are my eyes still too dull or too unworthy of seeing the most holy countenance of God? The latter will probably be the case forever? To be candid, I actually prefer it, for I feel, and God will know and see it best, that I could not bear His most holy countenance. Oh, I am already exceedingly happy to see all the Celestial now together with you, and that God sees me. Of course, you know, I should like to see Him just once, Him, whom I love so mightily, but mainly, to be truthful, in the person of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Oh, if I could but once see the dear, the beloved, the most beloved Lord Jesus, I should be the most blissful and happiest man of all the heavens!"

Says the messenger: "I tell you, set your mind at rest, and you will soon convince yourself that you will see Jesus sooner than you think. Yes, I tell you, you actually see Him already, only you fail to

recognize Him! Therefore, set your mind at rest!”

The poor man looks again in all directions to catch a glimpse of Jesus, but he still sees no one whom he could take for Jesus. Turning again to the messenger, he says: “It is truly strange! You said you see Him already, only I failed to recognize Him. I have certainly keenly scrutinized all those following us, but He cannot be among them, for they are all full of contrition and moved by profound reverence, and all glorify and praise in unison Jesus, the Lord of eternity. The three men in white are doing the same, and so it is in my opinion hardly likely that the Lord Jesus Jehovah should be visibly among them. And yet you said that I saw Him! Oh, I beg you, do tell me: how and where exactly do I see Him?”

Speaks the messenger: “Look at the city of God, in the vicinity of which we already are, there everything will become clear to you. We are already approaching the outer walls and shall thus soon be in the holy city proper, and only there will your eyes be fully opened to you – in a similar manner as with the two disciples walking towards Emmaus. So set your mind at rest, for this is how everything must be and happen, so that nobody may suffer damage in his salvation, life and freedom. By the way, how do you like this city which we are just entering?”

Speaks the poor one: “Oh, friend, from where should I take the words to describe the endless splendor and majesty of this city! What countless number of the most immense and magnificent palaces, and all seem to be fully inhabited! Oh God, this splendor, this magnificence. Oh, this boundless majesty! The beauty is indescribable; no human mind can grasp and comprehend this! But, since we are in the city, I ask: Where is Emmaus now, and where the Lord Jesus, still hiding before my eyes?”

Speaks the messenger: “See the great house here before which we are standing, from the shining windows and outer galleries of which innumerable brothers and sisters are greeting us, this is the



true eternal Emmaus! There you will from now on be dwelling forever! And since we are standing before Emmaus, which you see quite well, do turn to Me and look at Me, and you will recognize Him, for Whom you carry such a great longing and love in your heart!”

The poor man now looks sharply at the messenger, Who am I Myself, and instantly recognizes Me in the messenger. And he falls at once on his knees and speaks: “Oh, You my Lord and my God! So You Yourself were the messenger?”

Oh, You most endless Eternal Love! How, how, how – could You abase Yourself, so much so as to grant such grace to me, the poorest sinner?”

After these words he falls silent in the most blissful ecstasy and is thus being conducted into the mansion of My House.

You can easily imagine the further blissful state of this man, as well as his eternal calling to love activity. Let us therefore conclude this scene and proceed to another one. *Amen*”

# Scene 11

## Robert Blum

*(27 November 1848)*

The last chapter written in the series of “Spirit Scenes” (Scenes of Dying) deals with the development in the beyond of a prominent man of the contemporary political scene, as described in two large volumes (title: From Hell to Heaven) of Robert Blum, who was executed by firing squad in Vienna in 1848 by order of Prince Windischgraetz as a revolutionary. We witness his spiritual awakening in the beyond and also how in his spiritual fantasy world the Lord Himself approaches this really quite loving man in order to free him from his worldly errors, making in turn the purified the purifier of many other souls, who had touched his sphere of action already in the earthly life.

The narration given here presents a profusion of great impressions and suggestions, contemporary scenes, characterizations, profound insights into the soul-life and gives a comprehensive picture of the world in the beyond, particularly when considered from the standpoint of the soul awakening in solitude, and then widening to an expansive panorama, comprising all humanity and creation.

**Appendix**  
**Reunion in**  
**the Great Beyond**  
*(31 May 1852)*

Many people, who otherwise have their head and heart in the right place, are, if they are somewhat weak in faith, bothered by the fateful question as to whether there is another life after this short earthly one, what sort of life and whether man will recognize himself as that which he was here? Furthermore, whether he will be left with earthly consciousness and the full remembrance of all his earthly conditions or whether his awareness as well as his remembrance are not rather like that in a dream, where the dreaming person recognizes himself as exactly the same as he was when living his conscious earthly life, clearly aware of his own subjectivity, only under completely new conditions; where all aspects of his objective earthly life, apart from a few impressions which are deeply imprinted onto his consciousness – like the nearest relatives and often-seen, vividly discussed and loved localities, and even those almost always under other conditions and in other forms – lose almost all existence. And is there in the vast beyond among such spiritual conditions of life, which resemble a prophetic dream, a reunion among friends, who recognize each other?

And I, the Lord, say and reply to this comprehensive question: Yes, in such and such a way! Depending on whether man has lived through his earthly probation life more or less perfectly in accordance with My order, revealed to all mankind.

Whosoever has already here attained to the true and full rebirth of his spirit, which everyone can easily achieve, lives as one fully reborn in such a way that the spirit world with all its conditions

and also in its effect exerted on the material world is fully visible, like the material world. The shedding of his physical body, which is anyway incapable of a living awareness and memory, cannot possibly effect any change in his thinking, volition, memory and in his living subjective and objective awareness.

Since life and all its mutual effects have already here passed into the spirit, which is forever always in the highest and purest self-awareness and forever superior to all matter, which only manifests as a thought or an idea fixed for a certain time, I say: It should be quite obvious to anyone capable of clear thinking – particularly since he has access to a thousand proofs from the life of the somnambulists and of many seers and prophets – that the pure-spiritual life in the beyond must be a much clearer life in full awareness of itself and of all subjective and objective events, conditions and arrangements of life, in keeping with the superiority of spirit over all matter - which, as shown, is nothing but a fixed expression of its thoughts and ideas – and stands forever as itself light, life, energy and fullest awareness.

However, since not only one, but all human beings living according to My order pass into the same most perfect life, the question about the ultimate reunion is idle, for, since people have already in this imperfect life as pupa the capability of mutual recognition and natural reunion, which they cannot possibly deny or doubt, they will all the more possess this capability in the most perfect, pure-spiritual life, where their whole nature is the imperishable expression and the basic principle of all life and of all its conditions and events! To be sure, in this world the soul recognizes through the body by way of its spirit the familiar and related people, can befriend others and form intimate bonds and is thus able to recognize them at any time as to form and character. If the soul and the spirit can do this through the thousand prison walls of the as such dead body, how much more will it be able to achieve this in its completely unfettered condition, as has only too often been observed with many somnambulists, who often with firmly closed eyes quickly and precisely recognized not only those surrounding them to

the core, but also the people in distant lands about whom they were asked questions, and whom they quickly and reliably recognized! And yet the soul of an ever so advanced somnambulist is by far not in the free state of that of a still more imperfect soul after the shedding of its body!

It is due to their evil volition that unperfected souls after their liberation from the body only too soon become more and more dark. Of course, such souls no longer see anything of the world, which is quite essential, for in a seeing condition they could inflict considerable damage on the world, and particularly on those whom they consider their enemies. Such souls and respective spirits then see only what develops from their fantasy, like a lowest dream world. In such a fantasy world such souls often remain for hundreds of years, oblivious of the continually arriving souls, although they were their relatives who recognize them at once. They see only their long-lasting fantasy world and are therefore only accessible for instruction to angels by way of correspondences, which the angels are capable of introducing into the fantasy world of such blind souls.

If they accept instruction and thereby a betterment of their volition, their fantasy world disappears gradually, and they come more and more to the true light and are then able to see everything around them, as well as their relatives and friends. They soon recognize them as such and are very happy to be with them.

If there is no betterment, they remain in their continually worsening dream world for an immensely long time. There is then no question of a happy reunion and recognition. Just as a physical human being in a very realistic dream is unable to remember his life in every detail, seeing only that which his imagination leads him to believe is true, just as little, and even less so, a dark soul in the beyond can remember or recognize anything within the sphere of its dream. For then it is never in an active, but always only in a passive state, from which it can extricate itself spontaneously only

after an almost endless time, speaking in earthly terms.

Unless a person is here at least by half reborn, he reaches in the beyond more or less the above mentioned state, about which he can do nothing by himself, just like an embryo in the womb, whose movements depend on the necessary external condition of the mother. However, it is still a totally different matter with such souls, and unlike the condition of an embryo in the womb. Plainly speaking, it consists in that the embryo in the womb, as a nascent creature, is throughout passive, whereas the dark soul is quite active spontaneously and at the same time suffering, unable to become inactive because it refuses to do so thereby trying to spare itself suffering.

How is that? If a human being in this world has done very little or often nothing towards the reviving and development of that which is hidden in the heart of the soul; if it employs all its faculties for the external intellect, using it to acquire all sorts of worldly treasures and thereby offering the best luxuries and tastiest morsels and the most pleasurable sensations. When such a soul arrives in the beyond, its divine light chamber is tightly closed and inaccessible. But when the person dies the light of reason, which is really only a combination of the earthly material photographs, which are visible to the soul in the many millions of facets of the brain tablets and from which the soul always, in the way of the silly astrologers, makes its calculations and in its superstition feels coerced to act accordingly, stays in the world, like the picture gallery of an art lover. As a consequence, such a soul must arrive as totally dark in the spirit world, only with the awareness or the manifestation of life and only remembering its earthly conditions and circumstances inasmuch as they are recorded in the brain chambers of the soul (which correspond to the physical brain) in corresponding types, which the sensitive soul feels and becomes aware of, although it cannot clearly see them owing to its own darkness.

It is easy to understand and feel that such a condition only too soon becomes unbearable for a soul conditioned to all the pleasurable

sensations of life. Soon such a soul is assailed by great fear and anxiety and, finally, by a great anger and rage, whereby a kind of glow develops in it.

For, wherever one sees a great activity in the material world, which is under judgment – such as the heavy gale, a strong ocean surf, a strong friction between two objects of a similar and dissimilar kind, a mighty pressure exerted by two hard objects on each other and so forth, he will, particularly at night, observe also the development of a fire or light, or at least of a glow. This is denoted by the scientists with the general, but not always appropriate, term electricity. It is actually and in full truth nothing but an incitement of the nature spirits more or less firmly imprisoned in all matter. These can be all the more easily incited, the harder their imprisonment. If they are imprisoned less severely, as for instance in the air, in the water, in clay and in other liquid and soft bodies, it requires a relatively more vigorous movement, so that the nature spirits, which cannot dodge it so quickly, can be incited and through their fast movement within their light and very transparent envelopment become visible as a light or a glow.

Any keen observer can easily deduce and recognize from a thousand manifestations in nature that the incitement of the nature spirits consists in vibration. Whenever some human being or an animal is very upset in his nature, a trembling is noticeable in him which stems only from the incitement of the nature spirits imprisoned in the flesh and blood. A chord on a musical instrument vibrates when it is moved or struck because the spirits imprisoned in the matter of the chord are incited by the blow. The flame of every light is nothing but an act of liberation of the nature spirits imprisoned in matter and consists in increasingly more visible vibration, brought about by the activity of the nature spirits liberating themselves. There are thousands and thousands of manifestations where the same process can be observed.

It has been said that the soul by losing its worldly light and all pleasures stemming from it passes first into a great fear and

anxiety and, finally, into a great anger and rage, whereby a kind of glow is engendered in it. This glow develops in the nature of the soul in the same manner as in the world of nature.

The first incitement of the innumerable spiritual soul specifics present in every soul is fear. As all specifics pass into an ever-increasing vibration, the space allotted to them in their form soon becomes inadequate. Since the outer form within which all the innumerable specifics are united to one life soon becomes too tight, for it cannot and must not be so readily enlarged, the natural consequence is an ever increasing pressure in all directions, engendering in the concrete or rather individual life a feeling of fear.

If the urging and pushing increases and lasts for some time, a spiritual fermentation called anger develops. As already in nature the result of an increasing fermentation is a full inflammation, the end result of the great fermentation of the soul specifics is a full inflammation, and this is called rage. Such rage is then the cause of the glow which, if it increases, finally turns into a full conflagration, which as the worst manifestation of life is called rage and is actually called, and is, hell.

Now if a departed soul thus begins to glow, it begins to dimly recognize the spiritual stigmata (imprints) present in its brain and soon realizes that there is much evil and little that is good in its nature. In this dusk it often confuses the gnat with an elephant and conversely the elephant with a gnat. Such contemplations then give rise to all sorts of airy and transparent, one might say formless, forms, like the castles in the air of a young man in love in the world, which with a vivid imagination not seldom suddenly materialize, only to again disappear into nothing with the next excitement.

Since the soul is unable in this way to achieve anything of a lasting reality, being more incited and angered by the momentary fleeting



pictures, which are more caricatures than well-ordered pictures, so that even its innermost begins to be affected, this inner nature develops an activity which is, however, of quite a different nature.

Through this activity (of its primordial spirit out of God) the erratic activity of the soul is calmed down, so that in the end the soul enters as it were into a sleep state, thus reposing, and in this repose, more united with its primordial spirit out of Me, it enters into a dreamlike state where it remains, feeling quite comfortable in it, a condition which the ancient soul-and-life philosophers used to call the soul sleep. The primordial spirit, which is now active contrary to the soul's desires, then creates more and more of such pictures, which on the one hand always contain what the selfish tyrannical and pleasure-seeking soul enjoys. But as soon as it tries to avidly grasp it in its dream, which it takes for reality of course, it either dissolves or flees. On the other hand, the soul is also given what is good for it, and if it seizes it and uses it for its true best, it lasts, and thus out of the dream a firm and permanent world (for the soul) begins to develop.

The more the soul grasps what it is offered by its primordial spirit, the more it unites with the same and thus passes suddenly into its primordial spirit and together with the same merges with the primordial light and all truth out of it. And it soon fully recognizes itself and all its acquaintances and relatives and is then usually turned by them to Me personally, where then according to the degree of the perfection and unification with its spirit it is given more and more light and wisdom and the full capability to see into the natural worlds and be active beneficially. It requires no further proof that, in this case, a general reunion is quite a natural consequence of its spiritual perfection.

But what happens later to those souls, whose selfish, pleasure-seeking mind cannot be rid of the illusory pictures and manifestations of their dream life in the beyond by the good apparitions? I ask, what happens to such a soul, who flies more and more into a rage, because it cannot

reach and hold on to the objects conjured up? Is there in this case also a reunion? No, say I, there is no reunion!

Such a soul's own spirit will then become its most implacable judge. In the end it allows the soul to reach the pretended things and objects and find its own evil pleasure in them, but such pleasure always results in the greater and most burning pain to the soul and again turns it for a long time quite dark.

The spirit then allows a thus darkened soul, who is in the greatest rage which glows through it, giving it an evil light by which to become aware of its own kind, really to meet such souls.

This results at once in unions and banding together of those who talk about their anger to each other. In their dream life, which such souls mistake for reality, they fortify themselves against the enemies, with whom they have been confronted against their will and, glowing with revenge, they vow to kill themselves rather than putting up with the slightest divine order.

In such a fortification, the material for which they take from their imagination – provided they are capable of any imagination in their glowing rage – they often remain for a very long time, thereby becoming again only angrier and more raging, break through their own fortification and begin to search for the enemy in hordes, because none of them tried to penetrate their fortification so that they might quench their revenge on him. But their search is in vain. They only come upon other hordes looking for the enemy and, ganging up with them soon, they go with all haste to look for the enemy without, of course, finding him.

Once there are several thousand such miserable souls together which are seen in the spirit world by the pure spirits similarly to the glow in the air caused by the conflagration of some house burning on the earth – they choose as their leader the one who gives most, considering him to be the most courageous and wisest.

He then leads them over a terrain which usually corresponds to the imagination of such souls – either in the form of a dark sandy grassland or an immense plain where nothing is seen but dry moss. After wandering for a long time on such a terrain, suffering great hunger and thirst, they usually find nothing but another similar horde under a leader glowing with rage. And it then happens that in their great thirst for revenge, they either attack, mutilate or tear each other to pieces, or they unite under two leaders. This leads at once to friction, since each of the two leaders wants to be the first, resulting after a short while in a war between the two hordes.

When in such wars, such most unhappy souls have torn one another almost into small pieces – of course only in their imagination – they again, as it were, calm down; and their spirit shows them, as in a clear dream, the futility of their foolish, blind endeavor and points out to them the better road, namely a change of heart.

Occasionally, some follow this direction and convert. But in most cases they rave even more and fall back into their spiritless pure soul condition, which is then by far worse than the former. And such conditions are then already hell, from which it is difficult to escape. Whosoever does not take the narrow path through his own heart will not ever succeed and may remain for trillions of earth years in such a hell.

Thus it has been shown how the life of the soul in the beyond develops in two main directions diametrically opposed to each other: either upward or downward. All this is not meant to comprise all the manifestations in the spirit world, but, as mentioned, only the two general main trends, thus the crassest for and against.

Hallway between these two main conditions there are still an immense number of manifestations, which do not have to be discussed here, since they have been sufficiently demonstrated in the works “The Spiritual Sun”, “Earth and Moon” and in “Scenes of the Spirit World”, as well as scattered among other writings and

revelations about nature. However, all the manifestations described there have as their basis the main rule shown here, and the main roads either upward or down are as such the same.

The actual true reunion occurs only in the divine realm that is in heaven, which fills the space of the whole of infinity and is thus omnipresent, but which can be reached by every human being only through his heart.

However, since there are many people in the world, who are so materially inclined as to know nothing at all of the spiritual arrangement of things, and who are here reading of “nature spirits” without understanding anything about them, a brief supplementary explanation is given as follows.

The entire material as well as the purely spiritual creation is nothing but an idea fixated by the almighty will of the Deity and, coming from the heart or the life of the Deity Itself and - because out of God – in actual fact spiritual. Now, if the entire so-called material creation were no longer fixated, which would be easily possible to God, it would again take root spiritually in the heart of God, as a great idea only visible to the Deity, and the independence of countless beings would come to an end!

But God wants forever His great thoughts and ideas to be realized in the freest independence everlastingly. And this is why God has taken this alone effective way, thereby ensuring the immutable fixation of all the divine thoughts and ideas.

The countless thoughts and ideas must be rendered successively freer and freer as it were in the minutest spiritual particles, at the same time being attracted and fixated for a long time by some principal idea of God, floating as a visible world globe in the endless space of thoughts and ideas. The homogeneous particles then unite more and more and pass into an ever-greater being up to man.

Such particles more and more released from the total principal idea (the world globe), as well as the not yet released particles, which are still fixated in the principal idea, up to man are called “nature spirits”. These freer nature spirits – or natural forces as the worldly scientists call them – are present in an actively independent form either in the air, in the water or in the more pliable soil. There they coax the still firmly imprisoned spirits into freedom, uniting with them. Clothing themselves with the more unfree spirits, they create all sorts of life forms; at first plants, from these animalcules and animals of a larger and largest kind. This continues up to man, where they, as soul and also, according to the more unfree, still coarse part, as his body, sufficiently mature for a fully free independence, are then seized by God’s primordial Being itself and are literally – initially still as from without – educated and trained for the subsequent pure-spiritual, everlasting condition.

Those who submit to such an education and voluntarily accept the order in which alone their forever independent, freest life is possible, achieve the great reunion with Him, from Whom they have gone forth. They will realize how and from where and through Whose might and wisdom and immutable determination they have passed from actual non-existence to the fullest, freest and independent existence and cognition.

At the same time, being of one and the same nature as their first Cause, they will spontaneously, out of their now inherent wisdom, which is equal to the divine wisdom, effect new creations and thus, fully within My order, be the creators of their own heavens, whereby they will achieve the actual reunion with all their thoughts and ideas.

All this will then be a great, everlasting, actual reunion in the endless fullness of all that a divine spirit contains in its eternal abundance. And only this is then the perfect, great reunion!

I reckon, whosoever has eyes to see and ears to hear, will derive

indescribably much from it to his own eternal advantage for the full recognition of the spiritual life.

But he who will only read it out of a kind of curiosity, applying the file of his worldly intellect to it, will fare as it can be read in this description. For My mercy can and must never reach beyond the boundaries of My immutable order shown from its foundation. And this order as such is already My eternal mercy.

Whosoever transgresses the boundaries of this order will only have himself to blame for an extremely long, distressful condition in the beyond. For every one must do his part, if he wants to be what he is meant to be. Whosoever does not want to go to this trouble, must remain in the eternally necessary judgment until such time when he will begin to change himself, and this will be a hard battle for the soul!

Therefore, let every one of you beware of (selfish striving for) worldly possessions, wealth, splendor and status, but be with all his might charitable towards his poorer brothers and sisters, and his battle with the darkness will be an easy one. *Amen.*

This, the Lord of all life is telling you. *Amen. Amen. Amen.*

# A message from the Beyond

*(18 February 1861)*

A man in the beyond, who during his lifetime knew Lorber, was allowed to turn directly to Jakob Lorber and report to him of his transition to the world beyond and his first sojourn in the sphere of the spiritual earth, which surrounds our natural earth, for the first time on February 18, 1861.

B: “Greetings, dear friend! In my somewhat unpleasant loneliness I have been thinking of you and of all the other friends and often remembered those hours when we discussed spiritual matters for our consolation. However, the Lord’s almighty will called me away from the world – and I arrived here under rather unpleasant circumstances, which were only due to my own fault. I wanted to make amends for all the errors committed in my earthly life and tried hard – but in vain. And this is why – to speak in an earthly way – I could not take the time to appear to one of you, although I knew that I could have appeared to you or to someone else, had I wanted to do so.

But now I am freer, thanks to the Lord, and finally I have begun to realize that all my efforts and work attempted according to the earthly rule was nothing else but a veritable effort and work in a dream, and so I desisted from it. You see, for me, the dying of the body was only a sweet going to sleep of a laborer tired from work, and I found myself at once as in a lucid dream in a pleasant region and at once met several good old friends, mostly from Trieste, who met me in a very friendly and decent manner and talked to me, but mostly on unimportant topics. I had no idea that this was a dream; during my time on earth I often perceived it in a dream as a kind of foreknowledge.

My attention was attracted only by one of my friends from Trieste; I realized at once that he had died on the same day as my wife of the cholera. I had often discussed spiritual matters with him while we drank a glass of Triestine on his lovely country property, and I asked him how he had come here? I said: "Friend, I know only too well that you died on the same day of the evil epidemic as my D. and were buried watched by my weeping eyes – and now you are alive just as I am – and I hope it is not a dream?"

And the good old friend gave me a very serious but friendly look and said: "Friend – let us be glad from the bottom of the heart that we have overcome and left the world with all its evils behind. You see, you have departed this miserable life for all eternities and your decrepit mortal shell will return to the soil tomorrow, for which I am truly not sorry." When I heard this, I became a little scared and I said: "Well then, in the name of God, if it should really be so! But my children, and my possessions – I have still not arranged all my matters satisfactorily!" Said the friend: "ever mind about that, those left behind for a short while will attend to it."

To this I agreed at once, and as by some magic I suddenly found myself in my friend's inn looking in delight at the sea with all its wonders, so that I said: "Friend, surely all this is pure nature, and we are supposed to be mere spirits?" And then he said to me: "Friend, when we still dwelt in our bad flesh, we also perceived as living souls the actual nature, not our dead body. If that was the case when the body's burden and dark denseness was a great obstacle, why not now, in the most unfettered state of life?"

I agreed to this and began to feel that I had shed my body, however, not how and in what manner. But I began to worry about how to find my wife and reestablish my bookshop – and this caused me much pain and sorrow. But thank God also this is now behind me and I have begun to occupy myself exclusively with higher things; I will now visit you a few more times and will tell you many a thing of my present adventures and experiences for the



benefit of the faithful on your earth. For the moment, farewell in the Lord God.”

*(25 February 1861)*

B: “Good morning, good morning – dear friends! My most sincere greetings also to all the other friends! There is no need for me to ask how they are, for here one knows quite well how one or the other of our dear friends is faring on the old earth since we can perceive this in every detail from the outer life-sphere of the person concerned, if we want to. Still, it gives me great pleasure to become aware on the spiritual and thus better earth that every one – with the exception of a few – makes progress in the light of the Lord from the heavens. For those whom the Lord loves, He always visits with all sorts of little crosses. With the aid of these crosses the Spirit of the Lord unites with the, as such, always miserable soul. For without a prop it is a very miserable being. And this is why most souls rely on their decayed and decrepit flesh, having to accept all the sufferings, because they have no inkling of nor do they recognize the most firm and eternal prop of the Spirit out of God! And for this very reason these particular little medal crosses from the Lord’s hand are so good and beneficial for the true and eternal welfare of the soul, for thereby it is coerced to let go of its fleshly desires and with its faith turn to the spirit.

Once a soul has begun to turn around, it is provided with all sorts of little crosses by the Lord until such time when it has begun to completely unite with its spirit. When this is the case and there is no longer any danger of a soul’s returning comfortably to its flesh, there is an end to all the little crosses and the whole human being can pass into a true bliss already on this earth.

I myself did not realize it by far in my earthly life, as I now realize it in my totally pain free and really true life. And this is the reason why I was always wavering between the brittle and transient prop of the soul-life and that of the eternally permanent, true and

immensely strong one of the spirit, where I was constantly given some suffering to bear. However, the Lord decreed it so in His love, and only now do I more and more feel the great benefit of all the tribulations borne by me, which often tasted rather bitter. For, where and what were I now without them?

Oh, dear friend, I, who now have the opportunity to observe and recognize the misery and great distress of certain worldly souls, cannot ever thank the Lord enough for sending me always such guardians and watchdogs, who prevented me from turning into a complete worldly person. Therefore, bear everything in gratitude and patience out of love for the Lord, for the true California of life you will only find here forever. For every faithful laborer in the Lord's great vineyard of life will here find his most splendid reward for eternity!

We know from the Lord's own mouth that His true followers on earth are crucified in Him, i.e., as it were together with Him, thus to be resurrected with Him to eternal life.

My very dear friend, I well know that you are aware of this, but I mention it to you and the other dear friends for the simple reason that the word of one who speaks from experience surely carries more weight than the word of a prophet, who is still a dweller in the flesh.

You probably want to learn from me many a thing concerning the conditions of life in the spirit world, and I am glad to tell you as far as it is possible for me in my present state. You see, I am still on this earth, i.e., mostly in the coastal area around Trieste. I have also been several times here in Graz and I can see the earth much better than a human being who still walks in his flesh. I also see the people still living here and am able to make contact with them. For my words become in them like unexpected and suddenly arising thoughts; and their own thoughts arising are my concrete answer. However, the earth, which I here see clearly, is not the material

earth proper, but only as it were the spiritual one, without which the material one cannot exist. For everything material is actually nothing but the Spiritual under judgment or imprisoned.

But it is rather strange that in our case the “spiritual earth” as it were arises out of the soul through the all-enlivening and all-creating might of its spirit out of God, like a completely mature tree which arises from the spirit of the seed and vessel in the unpretentious grain of seed, only it is more ready-made than with the development of the tree out of the grain of seed. Of course, you would now think and say: Well, if so, there are in the spirit realm as many spiritual earths as there are spirits. But this is by no means the case; miraculously, every spirit brings “his” spiritual earth along into the beyond. However, as soon as it arises out of him, it unites with the spiritual earth of all spirits, and so there is only one spiritual earth, in everything completely identical to the material one; but it is far more sublime, distinct and perfect for the physical eye, which is unable to perceive the great wonders in the structure of the atoms. For this reason the “spiritual earth” presents to us a totally different aspect than the material world does to you.

Our roaming about is, of course, also different from yours, for we have nothing to do with the material time and its dimensions. Row it is achieved with us, I shall show you in detail in an easily comprehensible manner next time. And so farewell in the lord.”

***(4 March 1861)***

B: “Good morning, and greetings in the name of the Lord! Spring is beginning again on this earth and it will be a rather good one. We can notice it from the special activity of the nature spirits, who are beginning to wheel about in colorful profusion. It is truly strange in how many forms of the greatest diversity they suddenly develop, as if by magic, in the air of our ether, organize themselves and at once become active. The mixed forms and groupings in their greatest diversity present a new form, as a new whole. One can now see the new form, but at

the same time also its structure with its wondrous connections, which by far surpasses anything that can be seen and discovered on earth, even through the most perfect microscopes. For, what can be seen with the physical eyes are already well-defined forms, at least in the tenth potency on the gamut of the progressive combining of forms and beings. It is already as it were an enveloped Spiritual, a pupa which then manifests correspondingly in the material world. But what an immense number of the strangest preliminary forms and groupings precede such a pupation in the spiritual-natural world!

This activity on the part of the special nature spirits prior to their pupation is actually the most extraordinary thing we spirits can observe here, provided we have our hearts in the matter. But things happen here mostly as among the people on the material earth: unless the one passing over brings along aspirations for higher things, he still has the same inclinations as he used to have on earth. The man of gold and money remains also here an agent and speculator, and so the merchant, the tradesman, the farmer and so forth – every one in his own peculiar way, and the saying holds good: Many are called, but few are chosen.

As for me, I remember how in the first time after my arrival here I began to be again concerned with worldly things. It is only due to the influence of good friends, who have much experience here, that I abandoned these ideas and early enough recognized the actual, true purpose of my being here and that I now find myself on a higher level of purer cognition and vision. Oh, here it is even more difficult to extricate oneself from the spurious matter than on the real material world, and atheism is here a thousand times more prevalent than in the material world – and according to my experience so far, he who is stuck in it, can, in my opinion, be hardly or not at all freed. Having tried to discuss, as one would say, transcendental matters, the immediate answer was: “Shall we also perhaps here make the fools for the priests and rulers? Let us be glad that we are at last in a world where every one is a free master of his space!” Only recently I asked one of them whether

the thought did not sometimes cross his mind that the great teacher of Nazareth might after all be the Lord and Creator of the entire visible and invisible world. Well, I was soon quiet; he started to become coarse and violent and passed remarks concerning the Lord which I dare not repeat here. Nothing can be done with such spirits, and the best thing is to go out of their way as far as possible.

I have seen the Lord several times, but only from a certain distance, and felt a great longing to speak to Him, but it did not come to pass as yet. My friend told me that soon He will come again; perhaps it will happen then?!"

# '' Eternal punishment'' and ``Eternal damnation'' Do they exist?

In the work on the beyond “From Hell to Heaven” (Guidance in the beyond of Robert Blum), Vol.2, Chap. 226/227, an advanced spirit asks the Lord to reveal to him the true meaning of the concepts of "eternal punishment" and “eternal damnation”, which crop up in all Christian churches and communities. He himself considers an eternal punishment logical, provided there is an eternal reward as well. The Lord replies:

“With all I have created, I could not possibly have more than one purpose in mind. Since I Myself am Eternal Life, I cannot ever have created beings destined for eternal death. Therefore, wherever it may occur, a so-called punishment can only be a means to a fundamental and principal end, not to an as it were diametrically opposed end. Therefore there can never be mention of an “eternal damnation”! (...)

True, an “eternal death” is mentioned, which is an eternal, firm judgment, and this judgment arises from My eternal, immutable order. It is the so-called “fire of My wrath” or rather the “fire of the zeal of My will”, which naturally must remain forever thus immutable, or else everything created would suddenly be annihilated.

Whosoever lets himself be carried away by the world and its matter (which must of necessity be and remain under judgment, otherwise it were no “world”), is of course to be considered “lost” and “dead”, as long as he refuses to part with the matter under judgment. There must thus be an eternal judgment, and eternal fire and a so-called eternal death. However, from this it does not follow that an imprisoned spirit under judgment must remain imprisoned for the whole duration of this judgment, just as little as on earth, in a secure prison built by you, the prisoners should be sentenced for the whole duration of the prison.

Are not, visible to everyone, prison and imprisonment two different things? The prison is and remains forever and the fire of My zeal must never go out, but the prisoners remain only in the prison until their conversion and betterment!

By the way, in the whole Scripture there is not one syllable of an eternal repudiation or condemnation of a spirit to be found, but only of an eternal condemnation of the counter-order as compared to My eternal order, which latter is essential because nothing could exist without it. Vice, as dis-order or counter-order, is truly condemned forever, but the one indulging in it only for as long as he is doing so. Thus there is in truth also an eternal hell, but no spirit who because of his vice would be condemned forever to hell, but only until his betterment!

To be sure, I did say to the Pharisees: “Therefore, you will be condemned all the more! – but never: Therefore, you will be condemned forever!” Do you now understand your so dangerous-looking scriptural texts? Or is there still something you fail to understand?”

Says the spirit: “O Lord, I have again understood quite well what you said. But there is a single point in Scriptures which I fail to completely comprehend. It is the “chasm” in the parable of the poor Lazarus and the rich man...”

The Lord: ... “Volenti non fit iniuria; he who wills it thus, suffers no injustice! – As for the chasm, it means again the unbridgeable gulf between My freest order in the heavens and its diametrically opposed counter-order in hell, thus the incompatibility of order and disorder, not a forever locked gate for the one who is in it. *Amen.*



# Concerning a question in the distant future

*(12 January 1842)*

What will happen in the future to the “condemned” after the “restitution of all things”, no one is allowed to know. An angel does not know it either – not even the highest spirit created for the light. Only the Deity of the Eternal Father in its holiness foresees the fate of all created beings throughout all eternities of eternities and, only in future times, those who will be illumined in this immensely mysterious matter according to the holy will of God.

---