

A CRUSADER

HERE and THERE



By
FRIEDA
HOHENNER-PARKER

DEDICATED
To our Son in Spirit-life
without whose continued
activity this book could
~~not have been written~~

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A CRUSADER HERE AND THERE

A TRUE STORY

By
FRIEDA HOHENNER-PARKER

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This story is neither fiction nor fairy tale, however strange it may sound.

It commences in time and space, but the gates of death have failed to prove a barrier; for now it continues **HERE** and **THERE**, and the end is not in sight.

It is still a crusader's story of strange scenes, hard work, training and climbing, in order to reach greater heights and understanding through love and service; for these are the steps of the golden staircase to Immortality.

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PART ONE
UNFOLDMENT ON EARTH

PRELUDE

The beginning which shaped the earthly part of a new life has to be traced to sunny France, where in the summer of 1912 an English and a German student formed part of an international group desirous of perfecting their knowledge of French language and literature under the aegis of a French University.

The daily meetings gave opportunity for much contact eagerly enlarged upon by the Lancashire lad who often called at the house in which the German student and her elderly companion had found lodgings, in order to fetch them for walks or bathes.

Of the two it was the elderly lady who was particularly pleased about these outings, which gave a chance of talks in French, in which language both of my companions were already proficient, having been in France in previous years, whilst I had only started as a teacher in a German High School the year before, and, determined to take part in the examination at the end of the course, was studying very seriously.

The course of this, my first sojourn abroad, ended with a diploma, a medal and a marriage proposal.

The first two items were eagerly and gratefully accepted, the last one made me shake my head with the remark: "I must first talk it over with my parents."

"How old-fashioned!" people of this generation may think, for my hesitation was not due to the fact that it would mean a change of country. There was not much narrow-mindedness in young people who had not experienced war propaganda. Besides, from my history studies, I knew that there had never been a war between England and Germany.

However, apart from my conviction that such a step should not be undertaken without my parents' blessing, there was another aspect.

I was then already deeply conscious of life as a liability, and shrank from being responsible for bringing another life into existence.

I never *was* nor *am* afraid for myself. How often have I risked my life in gleeful adventures of open-air life, even during those weeks when my present husband and I were the only bathers during a storm which prevented the Channel boats from crossing, whilst the empty beach became filled with people expecting us to be drowned! And yet I still refuse to accept responsibility for others.

Therefore I had it definitely in mind to refuse this unexpected marriage proposal, which started in French and was continued in English. But just before uttering the fateful word, the expression in the eyes of my *vis-à-vis* made me feel as if a definite "no" would be a death blow, and I amended it to a temporary refusal.

Thus our intercourse was continued by way of correspondence in French or English, and the young teacher took private lessons in German and dancing, two accomplishments he felt it henceforth necessary to possess.

Following parental advice, I wrote my last letter shortly after Christmas 1912. The objection of my most unselfish parents was not the difference of nationality but the insecurity of married women in a country that did not yet, like other European countries, possess a system of pensions for widows and orphans in accordance with the husband's position.

That it did not after all prove the last letter was due to true English perseverance, for I received, as before, long fortnightly letters, but without answering them, until shortly before Easter 1913, when there came a day which is outstanding in my memory.

That day I was balancing my fate in my hands, actually and literally, for in those hands I held two letters which had arrived by the same post. The one was from the

headmaster of a large school, who had interviewed me, and who now asked me to apply officially for the post which I desired, with every prospect of obtaining it.

To the daughter of my landlord, who brought these letters into my room, I said, "Why did you not hand the letter from England straight back to the postman as 'not accepted' as I begged you to do?" "But, oh!" she said with such compassion in her voice that I looked at the letter and noticed that it was split open on account of its bulkiness and revealed a big bundle of sheets, bound with a blue ribbon. I thought perhaps my letters were being returned, and took it. But no, sixty pages, freshly written. My eyes fell on the last one. The words moved my heart. I opened the ribbon and read the lengthy appeal to cancel my verdict, or to give him at least a chance to come and talk personally to my parents.

Well, I let my heart conquer and wrote three short letters. One to the headmaster, thanking him for his confidence in me, but explaining that I could not give up my present position so shortly before Easter, one to my parents announcing that I was coming for the weekend, and one to my suitor to inform him that I was going to see my parents.

When at home I read, or rather translated, the letter to my parents, whose school English had become somewhat rusty. When I had finished I saw that both had tears in their eyes, and my mother said, "Well, Frieda, he is, no doubt, a good man, and if he is so bent on having you, we will not stand in the way. You may invite him to come for Easter."

We wrote also to my brother Paul, who held a position in the Reichsbank, Berlin, asking him to come for the Easter holiday, as he was well versed in English, having spent two years at the Dresdener Bank in London. I mention this brother as he is going to play an important role in this story.

The two of us met the traveller in Bremen and took him a few stations further to my native town. Happy, but somewhat excited, he told us, "I have prepared quite a number of German sentences to say to Frieda's parents, and now I have forgotten them all." But my brother, from whose beautiful brown eyes kindness itself was beaming, assured him that he had found a helpful comrade, and therefore, before this brother had to return to Berlin, our young English friend made his formal proposal of marriage, which my parents accepted, knowing that they had found in him a trustworthy husband for their daughter.

Who thought of war in those days? War was something to read about in history books; surely such barbarism could not happen in our refined age. More than forty years of peace in Germany had banished such thoughts from people's minds.

After Easter, two happy people returned to their respective schools to meet again in the summer holidays, when the engagement would be published. Engagements were, in those days, a great affair in our country. Official notices were sent to all relatives and friends, as well as being published in the newspapers. I still have a box containing about a hundred cards and letters of congratulations upon this event.

Until Easter 1914 I continued my "vocation." Yes, I may give it that name, for intercourse with young souls was to me a blissful mission, and I was severely reproached by the school authorities for contemplating marriage. My timid remark, "But why should I not marry?" was parried with the words, "You might leave that to others; *you* should remain a teacher." And, indeed, I am glad to have found, later in life, much opportunity to continue teaching my native language, although my students were grown up, mostly teachers themselves.

The marriage took place in my native town on July 19th, 1914, two weeks before the outbreak of the first World War, and we left for England the following day. I was perhaps the last to migrate thus before these two countries, which seemed to me so complementary and also with so much in common, were torn apart by war and its propaganda.

At first everyone thought that such mass murder could not last longer than half a year. However, it is easier to start a war than to stop it. And it seems that wars kill refined human sensibility, to judge by the present complacent announcements of the keen efforts of this or that country to invent and build still more effective weapons of slaughter.

War is the most frequent topic, and yet in the midst of all this we see uncontrolled breeding for its victims and most elaborate baby welfare. Is it all bluff and hypocrisy, thoughtlessness, or just natural instinct for existence and survival of the race?

What a time to live in! I could not bear it if I were not using all my energy and spare time for the enlightening of mankind with regard to its spiritual Oneness. But the fight against ignorance makes me often quote Schiller's words from "The Maid of Orleans"—"*Mit der Dummheit kämpfen Götter selbst vergebens*" (against stupidity even gods fight in vain).

Still, at the time, our hopes that the war of 1914 would soon end gave us the courage to bring another life into existence. And that was personally a blessing, for I don't think I would have survived the next years without the responsibility of my baby daughter, with whom I was living for the last two years of the war all alone in our little house on the grand income of twelve shillings and sixpence per week, with five shillings for the baby, augmented to seven shillings towards the end of the war. Nor were there any privileges for young mothers and children during this first war, when prices were rising unchecked.

And yet all was turned to blessing! The financial difficulties were a stimulus, the loneliness which I like to call "my desert years" a preparation for things to come, whilst my particular position, having loved ones on both sides, prevented me from sinking into narrow patriotism, which is only too often mere conceit.

There were even many moments of sweet joy in my life with my child, as she grew from one and a half to three and a half years of age. Although I was alone every evening after she had been put to bed at six o'clock, I never felt lonely, but was grateful when my duties as mother and housekeeper—for I could afford no help—left time for music, the reading of good literature, and correspondence not only with my husband on active service, but also with my people in Germany through friends in neutral countries and later through the firm of Cook & Son. But these letters, although longer than was permissible during the Second World War, were all censored, and often four to six weeks on their way.

At that time, unfortunately I did not yet know of information through spirit agency, although I often felt as if I were not on earth but on another plane, especially when I had not spoken to anyone for a week or so, and no radio had been invented to bring music and talks to us.

But even so, I know now that heavenly helpers were assisting me to bear the trials of my fate, of which the hardest blow was the announcement of my dear mother's death, two weeks after the Armistice in November 1918. The blow was all the harder as her last letter to me was written a few days after the cessation of hostilities, expressing the hope of at last having a chance to see me again, together with my husband and her only grandchild. But it contained also a note of grave concern about the fate of my brother George, on active service in France during the last days of fighting.

It was on December 26th, 1918, that I received the next letter, written by my sister. I was still alone. My husband had not yet returned from France. I opened the letter with apprehension as to my brother's fate, little prepared for the news of my mother's unexpected death, although I knew that she was suffering from thrombosis.

It shocked me so that I burst for a moment into uncontrollable weeping, but found that I had to pull myself together in order not to upset the tender nerves of our child, who, utterly bewildered asked "Mummy, what is the matter, what is it?" So I had to suppress even my tears until I had put her to bed at midday. Only then could I allow myself to weep, and I thought of the words of this most unselfish mother when embracing me for the last time on the evening of my wedding day, "Frieda, your father and I are no longer young: in case something should happen to us when you are in England and you cannot be here in time, do not take it too much to heart." And there I was with no one to share my grief.

My husband returned in January 1919, and we prepared to see my people again, in case my aged father might also be lost to us. It was a hard fight against Government regulations. But we were determined to go, especially when we found that new life was developing within me, and we succeeded at last in spending three weeks with my people in August 1919.

And now I must add one more item about myself, as I believe that a mother's disposition and spiritual activities when carrying a child have an influence on the spiritual make-up of that child.

Having always been particularly interested in religious philosophy, I eagerly investigated Christian Science when it was brought to my notice during the last months of the war, although I myself was in no need of healing. In particular,

after our return from Germany and before the birth of our son, I was studying the text book called "Science and Health" by Mrs. Baker Eddy.

My scientific education could not agree with some of the explanations as proffered by the author, but my spiritual senses found much nourishment and upliftment, and thus the book, although often put away with the thought, "That cannot be true," or "That is a wrong statement," was invariably picked up again, as much of its apparently queer doctrine proved to be right in the course of observation on those lines.

I bought more of her books by and by, and am deeply grateful to the brave woman who wrote them (although I could not agree regarding the nothingness of matter and therefore never became a member of the society), for she was right in rediscovering a healing principle as practised by Jesus of Nazareth, His disciples and the early Christians.

I myself have practised it many times with extraordinary results in our own family and in some other cases which came to my notice. But to come back to the budding life; I wonder whether my reaching out towards higher spiritual understanding created a channel for higher forces to minister to its development?

Anyhow, the outer effect was most satisfactory, as I kept so well in health that I preferred not to engage a doctor but only a midwife, because I feared a doctor might not have the patience to let things take their natural course.

On February 9th, 1920, at 6.30 p.m., a healthy boy was born, weighing eight pounds. He is, like his father, an Aquarian, whilst my birthday, on October 2nd, falls under the sign of Libra. I recovered remarkably quickly, ready for my additional duties.

CHAPTER I.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF OTHERS

The first impression I received was the momentary vigorous crying of a rather high-pitched voice, so that when the nurse remarked, "It is a boy," I put the stupid question "Are you quite sure, nurse?"

I did that in order not to rejoice too early, for although my husband and I had wisely refrained from making up our minds as to what sex the child ought to be, we naturally would have preferred to have one child of either sex. I could not help smiling to myself when the nurse, who was strangely humourless, remarked quite resentfully, "I think I ought to know."

When, a little later, I had a chance to look at the newly-born specimen of humanity I thought, "Oh what a huge nose!" like my mother-in-law who, born a Townsend, was of Lancashire stock. The blue eyes and longish face also recalled that line. But the ears were different, small, like mine, and the shape of the lower part of the skull rounded, like my father's or mine.

However, the nose lost its prominence and the face its longish shape when it filled out very quickly, as the child eagerly imbibed and enjoyed his natural food. Thus there was a second great change in his outer appearance during the years of adolescence, when the well-shaped nose became very prominent and the face with its high forehead rather long and pointed.

The main impression he made upon the nurse was formulated in the words, "How I love to handle this strong well-shaped child; but there is a strange look in his eyes, as if he had lived before."

An art master and friend of ours, who was particularly successful in modelling baby's faces, saw him when he was a few months old and expressed great astonishment that so young a baby could have such a knowing expression. It was not a mere remark but something that really puzzled her.

The same was said about him when he was nine months old by a friend of my husband, who was a great musician, the organist of an Anglican church, who became later on a priest.

I remember best one outstanding incident at this period. It happened in July 1920, when the child was five and a half months old. It was sports day at my husband's school and I was supposed to be present at the afternoon events.

It was the time which I generally spent taking the two children out, for although we had a very reliable maid, who was devoted to them, I preferred to leave the cleaning of the house to her and took charge of the personal care of the children myself.

So it was probably the first afternoon that Frederick was not with me, but was wheeled about on the sports field by our maid and her mother, to whom we had given tickets. It was a very windy day, and instead of falling asleep he was crying most of the time.

When the sports were over, I took him home, as our maid used to spend the evenings and nights with her mother. Just before we reached home he had at last fallen asleep. So I left the carriage in the garden and prepared tea for the guests whom we had invited. They left soon after the meal and I took the child, who had just awakened, into the house.

But, alas, he was very feverish, breathing with strange noises, like whistling and rattling, and refused to take the breast.

I quickly put the little girl to bed, thinking I would try to treat him as taught by Christian Science. So I did, first by casting any fear out of myself, however pitiful the little creature looked in his fight for breath, with swollen watery eyes and flushed cheeks.

I tried to realise that this was only in the physical make-up and could not affect the real ego of the child, which is one with Divine Mind and Harmony. So I thought and talked to him, smiling into his face. And behold, as I looked down on him there was a sudden change in his eyes, a spark of energy came back, he literally threw something off. The noises in his little chest stopped, the breathing became deeper and regular, the expression of his face peaceful, and so he dropped asleep before my eyes.

I took him upstairs to his cot and felt myself pervaded with ecstasy. I sat down and wrote a letter.

My husband came through the room from the garden, where he had been attending to his roses. "How is Frederick?" he asked, with bated breath. "Quite all right," I said, "and fast asleep now. If you go up into your study, just listen at his cot and see whether he is all right; if not, come down again and tell me." He did not come down.

The child slept right through the night and was in perfect health the next morning, as if nothing had happened. And I had discovered the working of a spiritual law which has since proved its efficacy even in most serious cases.

CHAPTER II.

EARLY CHILDHOOD.

As the child grew up, he quickly learned to dress and undress himself, for the nimbleness of his fingers and his gift of quick observation were rather remarkable. When he begged, "Let Fecky do it," we could be sure that he would succeed in his endeavour, however queer it seemed that so young a child could handle a complicated toy or whatever it was.

"Fecky" was the name he had given himself when he could not yet pronounce the word Frederick, and we all adopted it, as I preferred it to Fred or Freddy.

He had a happy childhood together with his sister who, although four and a half years older, was a good companion and playmate for him, as well as a few children in the neighbourhood. And he had also good playmates in his parents.

His father, who during the first World War was deprived of watching the development of his first child, was always ready for some fun in the little spare time at his disposal. And I made up for a rather too serious childhood of my own by thoroughly enjoying the intercourse with my children, laughing and playing with them, whilst greatly interested in all their strange ways and the difference in their characters.

They were for me not only the finest psychological study but also an outlet for my love of dramatic recitation, and often, when they were snugly tucked in bed and my evening was not booked up with private lessons, I would recite children's poems to them or tell them stories. I even invented one myself about their life in a gypsy caravan after having been stolen by vagrants. That was the most interesting one for them and served at the same time an educational purpose, namely, to make them value their porridge.

But perhaps the greatest blessing for all of us was that I never looked upon them as something belonging to me by any right, but rather as God's children, beings in their own right, entrusted to my guardianship whilst young until they could fend for themselves, and so I always kept an eye on their future.

However young they were, they had to obey certain rules without argument; rules that were necessary for the smooth running of home routine, for the preservation of good furniture, for their own health and safety.

But my chief concern was the development of their little souls and for that, the best was to leave them alone a good deal so that they might not lose too quickly that inborn contact with the invisible angel-world, their eyes being still clear windows through which we can look into heaven.

I remember many holy moments with my two children, especially when alone with each of them in turn. When they were peacefully stretched out in bed, after having prayed with me, there arose the eager question, "Can I see God?" Rather embarrassed, I thought at first I had to tell them: "No, God is invisible." But something told me that it would be too disappointing and not true. So I replied, "Yes, you can often see Him when your heart is full of love, in flowers, trees and all beautiful things." And then I felt in myself the courage to tell them, "Just now, He is looking at you through my eyes." And in greatest humility and love I made myself a clear channel for Him to bless those little children of His.

Neither of our children was baptised, as we thought it better to leave it to them to choose their own religious organisation, if any, later on in life. Religion cannot be taught through dogmas or learning the catechism by heart, but through intercourse with people to whom God is a

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Neither of our children was baptised, as we thought it better to leave it to them to choose their own religious organisation, if any, later on in life. Religion cannot be taught through dogmas or learning the catechism by heart, but through intercourse with people to whom God is a

living force, be they teachers, parents or friends. Many grown ups learn best through children or even through animals or nature as a whole.

I had my reward when Frederick remarked once in his talks from the spirit-life: "When I was in the body you made me think on many, many occasions, and the memory lingered and made me wonder. I want you to know that the memory of those hours which we experienced together has been of infinite help and upliftment and made me wish to return when I found myself in the spirit-land."

Love of nature, too, was developed early. Our own garden was very small. Therefore, unless the weather was too bad, we spent a few hours every afternoon in the nearby spacious Roath Park which was divided into playground, flower park, lake and wild garden. Better still were our weekend excursions to the nearby hills or the seashore. We seldom came home without having gathered something, flowers, berries, mushrooms, crab-apples or shells, and having made new observations.

About this time occurred Frederick's first travels abroad, twice to Germany and once to France. The last mentioned was for him the happiest, as he was then six years old and in company with sixty boys aged twelve to seventeen, under the leadership of my husband and some other members of the staff.

Now I cannot tell much about our children's impressions, as they were not of a communicative nature and generally lost in the crowd. But as we left St. Nazaire, where we had been accommodated in the "Aristide Briand College," whose pupils were then on vacation, my two companions, helpful wives of their husbands, like myself, and mothers of older children gave me their impression about our own family.

I feel sure it was not mere flattery when they said, "Mrs. Parker, we must tell you how we have all along admired the behaviour of your two children. We have never seen anything like it. Young as they are, they have never given the slightest trouble. They are never noisy and bothersome, but quietly observant and thoroughly happy. With regard to eating, well, it does not seem to matter what it is, they just take it without any comment."

They certainly never felt themselves important like so many children about whom parents or other relatives make too much fuss, constantly talking about them, even in their presence; my husband and I were not in the habit of talking about them at all. To give an instance: French friends here in Cardiff, whom we met regularly several times every year, and who told us a great deal about their only daughter, were utterly astonished when they heard we had lost a son in the war, because they had always thought we were a childless couple.

CHAPTER III.

FIRST SCHOOL YEARS

It was not until Frederick had completed his seventh year that school life started for him. Like his sister, he had been taught by myself up to that age, as I thought it better to teach them first to read and write German, as it is so much easier on account of its phonetic spelling, and because that language would otherwise become lost to them. Another advantage was that this private teaching, needing only an hour or so each day, still allowed them to have their open-air exercise in the afternoon.

The beginning of school life in a primary school, which necessitated their spending the best part of the day in overcrowded school rooms insufficiently aired, brought on the first serious illness in each of them. For the girl it was a case of meningitis and for the boy gland trouble. The first one was a severe test for the efficacy of Christian Science treatment. The delirious child was at death's door, and I feel sure that medical aid would have lost the case.

With regard to the boy, I tried medical help, as my own efforts did not have instantaneous results. But under the treatment of a lady doctor, to whom I had gone with the greatest confidence, and whom I appreciated as a fine and most conscientious character, the case became worse, especially after a mercury injection which inflamed the swollen gland and brought on a second swelling. Therefore she advised me to go to a specialist.

I asked her what the specialist would do. She said, "He will probably carry out an operation. I am afraid the boy will have a whole string of them." I saw fear in her eyes, but that did not affect me in the slightest, as I had read in my Christian Science books the night before and knew where the cure lay.

I never went to a specialist but threw away everything, such as iodine, with which I had daily painted the gland

inside and outside, according to the prescription. I told everyone in the house never to speak about the swelling nor even look at it. I knew that everything would be all right if the child could forget all about it.

Well, it did not happen in a day, but nothing got worse. I played with Frederick a lot in those days, and in doing so an accident happened. We were throwing pillows at each other, and just as he was trying to fling one at me, whilst standing up in bed, he fell backwards and received a nasty bump on the head, which apparently caused a slight concussion of the brain, for he was listless and unable to keep down any food.

This was in July 1927, a few days before we had booked for a holiday at St. Anne's in Lancashire. I did not know whether I could pack for the journey or not, as the child was absolutely prostrate. I did not consult a doctor but did my best myself, and my faith in Divine help was rewarded, for on the third day he was all right again. So we packed hurriedly and took him, still pale and thin, on the long train journey to St. Anne's. There he was put to bed straight away and I unpacked, deeply grateful for the Divine help but utterly exhausted physically.

Thinking back, I realise once more the truth of the proverb, "Man's extremity is God's opportunity," or, as it is so well expressed in German: "*Wenn die Not am grössten, ist God am naechsten.*" And the child was always most patient and touching in his reliance upon me. The bracing sea air and exercise in the open speeded up the recovery. When at last I dared to examine the lower jaw, seeing that the inflamed gland had shrunk, I found that the new swelling had quite disappeared.

So everything would have been glorious, especially as we had many of my husband's people visiting us whilst we stayed near them in Lancashire, but for the sad news of my sister's death.

As soon as we were back in Cardiff, where I had left my passport, I set out for my native town. But this time I took Frederick with me, as during my stay there in May for a special family celebration Frederick's gland trouble had started, due to fear, caused by the cruel behaviour of a bullying elder boy in the primary school to which we had sent our son a few months previously.

We had specially chosen not the nearest school, but one that would necessitate daily walks through the nearby park, but that meant that Frederick had no friend whatever either on his way or in school.

It must have been a hard experience for him, brought up in a refined home, to have to face alone the average crowd of other boys of his age in a primary school. But such things have to be overcome in life, as sooner or later we have to learn to rely utterly on our own inner resources. This development of individuality and character in whatever environment we find ourselves is the chief purpose of our life on earth, which is our infant school.

Our journey to Germany at the age of seven gave the boy a good opportunity of developing his own initiative and thoughtfulness for others; for it was not I but he who saw to it that we travelled the right way across London. I could have done it myself, but I prefer not to take much notice of my local whereabouts.

It was also good for him not to lose his knowledge of the German language; for the one thing in which he definitely apposed me was in not wanting to speak or even answer in German. The stay with my relatives also offered a chance for him to adapt himself to his younger cousins, two girls and a boy, who were all exceedingly fond of him on account of his chivalrous behaviour towards them. Their continuous clinging to him became somewhat of a bother, but even that would not have caused him to be rude either in action or word, and so only I knew about that. But he was greatly attached to all the older folks.

All his life Frederick had preferred the society of people older than himself, whether of his own or the opposite sex. Our neighbours in the house where we lived until he was nine years of age, as well as later, when we moved into our present house, were elderly spinsters. That they were very fond of Frederick was to be expected, but I found it rather uncommon in a young boy that he should be so fond of them. Anyhow, there were many instances which showed how he loved to be of service to them, as when he supplied the one whose eyesight was failing with a needle threader, an invention then quite unknown to me. He had discovered it and bought it out of his pocket-money, which he always spent most wisely, especially when it was used for Christmas presents for us.

However, there was once a rather funny incident which I enjoyed immensely. I had given the children a drawer in which to store their Christmas surprises. One day Frederick came in holding a parcel behind his back. As I opened the door, I said with a smile, "Is that for me, Frederick?" "No" he said, "it's for myself," and took it upstairs to his drawer.

As school was now claiming both our children I could turn to my own interests—music, the study of good books, philosophy and religion and science, especially the study of the human body, the master work of creation.

I also gave many private lessons at this time, partly because of the interest I took in doing so, but also to help out the family budget. Knowing that every new language opens another world I started to learn a new language myself. I chose Italian. Was it just a tempting experiment or was it destiny? For it brought great blessings into my life as well as into that of others. We were an eager class under the tuition of the Italian Vice-Consul and my studies ended with a diploma and even a gold medal.

But I was not the only one to enjoy an enlarged horizon.

CHAPTER IV.

THE HORIZON WIDENS

When Frederick was nine years old we had at last saved enough to be able to move into a bigger house of our own with a little more garden and—greatest blessing of all—a garage, which, I am pleased to say, never harboured a car, but served various purposes, especially that of a workshop for father and son. Here Frederick later stored all the chemical outfit used in his research work. Here he and his father did a lot of carpentry, for instance, making shelves and cupboards for their books, or letter boxes (even with locks) for Hilda and myself, which were most beautifully done by Frederick. But that was some years later.

How eagerly both children helped in the setting up of the new home, which had to be accomplished within the first week of the summer holidays of 1929, as we were due to spend the remainder in my parental home across the water!

Surely there is no greater pleasure for children than to feel themselves indispensable as helpers. They vied with each other in most astonishing feats. For me the greatest relief was that I could now more easily accommodate relatives of my husband and myself, who all loved to come to Cardiff, which is a grand centre for excursions, especially as the Channel boats could take us across to beautiful Somerset and Devon, with their rocky coasts and glorious inland scenery. Frederick and his sister were, like their parents, good sailors, and the rougher the Bristol Channel, the more we enjoyed these trips.

The two of them had a truly happy childhood and they were lovely companions, especially on the seashore, where the elder would, even at the age of sixteen and later, enjoy herself making castles and moats with her brother, or looking for crabs, fishes and maritime plants between the rocks,

a pleasure for which two holidays in Little Haven, on the Pembrokeshire coast, afforded ample opportunity.

Frederick was very surefooted and fond of climbing. I vividly remember the sudden pang I felt once in Porthcawl Rest Bay, when I spotted him standing on the top of a rock which reared up like a square tower from the sands. I dared not utter a sound of warning, for fear of startling him, until he had managed to come down again like a monkey, finding little holes for his feet and hands. A few minutes later the rock was surrounded by water. The quickness of the incoming tide on this rocky beach gave rise to many adventures whenever we were bathing there.

I cannot write anything about his life at the school, as he did not speak of his experiences. When at first he had tried to enlist our help in solving some mathematical problem, I made it clear to him that I was sure the task set for them had been explained by the teacher well enough for a boy like him to have grasped it, if he had paid proper attention. So it never happened again, and although he seemed to work very little at home, his reports were always satisfactory, and I made it my special concern to encourage in him love and reverence for his teachers.

The last two weeks of the summer holidays of 1930 brought Frederick and myself very close together. During July and part of August we had visitors from abroad to stay with us, after which I felt I could do with some recreation. Therefore it was decided that Frederick and I should spend a fortnight in Ilfracombe, a most interesting seaside resort on the rocky coast of north-east Devonshire.

We found a room in a tea-house half-way up Hillsboro', where we were the only guests. Here we both lived the healthy life of schoolboys on holiday. There was so much to explore in the woods as well as on the rocky shore! For bathing we went to the nearby Larkstone Bay, where again

we were the only human visitors. But there was plenty of crawling life all around us in puddles and pools, and I enlarged my vocabulary by gleeful exclamations like: "Gosh, what a whopper!" when Frederick had sighted a particularly huge crab.

There we found one day a fisherman ready to take us in his little boat around the rocky coast with its queer caves. But it was very windy and once, as the fisherman, in order to give us a treat, was trying to pull in a huge red jelly fish hanging heavily over his oar, the tiny boat nearly capsized.

Twice sister and father visited us on day excursions from Cardiff. They enjoyed their trips very much, especially the second one when the sea was very rough. The following day all boat trips were cancelled, as the wind was too high. But Frederick and I did not like to give up our plan to accomplish the famous "Tors' Walk," before we had to leave Ilfracombe. On our way round the Capstone, where the wind could catch us, we had to grasp the iron rail so as not to be blown into the sea beneath, and a little later, in an open field, we had to clutch each other, otherwise Frederick, who was fairly tall for his ten years but light in build, would have been caught up by these fearful gusts from the Atlantic. It was a severe test of our strength, and I was glad when we had safely reached the end of this long walk over and around the Tors, and we thought ourselves fortunate when we found in Lee Bay seats in a motorboat to bring us back to Ilfracombe.

But the luckiest incident, perhaps, was the unexpected sighting of the airship R.101 one morning at six o'clock, from our beds. It was truly fantastic to see through the open window the silvery aircraft, outlined against a blue sky, floating along majestically and apparently slowly on its return journey from America. We had seen Zeppelins before, but not in such a beautiful setting.

However, the time came when we had to say goodbye to our beloved haunts. But even from this excursion we

did not come home without hugging something in our arms, namely, a box with six lizards. We had often watched these at a certain sunny place where Hillsboro' slopes towards the sea, and on the last day we caught them in a well-prepared box to bring them home in order to catch slugs and flies in our garden, and it was always a great joy when we sighted them there, even in the following years; or when neighbours told us of their surprise at having seen a lizard in their garden.

After Frederick had passed his entrance examination we could send him to any one of the High Schools of this town. His father wisely disapproved of father and son being in the same school, and as we had moved in the meantime to the opposite end of the town, we sent Frederick to the nearby Canton High School for Boys, where he was very happy, especially as the headmaster, a great music lover, had formed a very fine school orchestra, and Frederick was very proud when he was lent a flute and one of the masters gave him the necessary lessons.

His love for music had already induced me to teach him myself to play the piano, and a special favour on my part was to play for the children after they had gone to bed. Each of them had their favourite pieces and Frederick soon asked for classical pieces, especially Beethoven's Sonatas.

Another school activity to claim his interest was photography, which gave him much scope for private research work. His room was full of catalogues and implements of all kinds, and his mind always busy with something.

In the summer of 1931, for the first time, each member of the family had a different itinerary. The father went to France, the daughter to Germany, the son with the parents of his best friend, who was an only child, to Llandrindod Wells, and I to Italy to try out my knowledge of the Italian language. But this time I stayed there with a friend only for a few days, as most of the seventeen days were spent in Switzerland.

Thenceforth, social life in our home became more international than ever; for besides the French and German language societies already existing in the town, our class had brought into being a new one, namely, a branch of the "*Amici d'Italia*" under the leadership of the Italian Consul, in which Italian art, music and literature were expounded.

I felt strangely attracted by everything appertaining to Italian life and culture. Was it because an ancestor of mine was Italian? In the meantime Hilda, who had chosen German as one of her special subjects, had become keen on German literature, like her father, who had introduced German in his school some years previously. This made it easy for me to hold the whole family a little longer round the tea table, whilst I read aloud German stories which would be of interest to all four of us.

CHAPTER V.

INVISIBLE HELPERS.

The next outstanding event in Frederick's life occurred in 1933. We all four had meant to spend our summer holidays together in Germany once more. But it was not to be, although we had already booked our tickets from Southampton to Bremen on a transatlantic steamer and also rooms for the night in a hotel at Southampton, as the tender, which brings the passengers to the steamer anchoring outside the Southampton waters, would leave very early in the morning.

Two days before our departure Frederick, who was then thirteen, suddenly fell violently ill with vomiting, sore throat and terrible shivering. I banished the fever quickly, but it was impossible to take him on a voyage. What should we do? It had been arranged that a friend, whose address we did not know at the time and who could not speak much German, should join us on the steamer and travel with us to stay for a week or so with my people before going farther into the country.

We decided that my husband and daughter should go, as arranged, and Frederick and I follow as soon as he was able to travel. The agents, Cook & Son, through whom we had booked, kindly offered to cancel our two tickets for the time being.

As soon as the others had left, a rash appeared on the boy's body, which revealed that the illness was scarlet fever, as I found by consulting a booklet called "*The Pocket Doctor*."

What should I do now?

We knew of a case in our neighbourhood, of a lad of fifteen, who had been sent to a fever-hospital because he was supposed to have scarlet fever. But after a fortnight he was

sent back, as nothing of that kind could be detected. Then a week or so after, he really had scarlet fever, and was taken again to the fever-hospital, where he stayed a long time. Three months after coming out of the hospital, he was still walking with the help of a stick on account of some after-effect.

So the result of medical treatment of that case was not encouraging, and I wondered whether I could avoid having the boy sent to a fever-hospital.

Surveying the situation, I found the conditions for keeping him at home ideal. He would be perfectly isolated, for our maid too had left to stay at her home in mid-Wales whilst we were abroad.

Besides, I was quite sure that the illness would be overcome best and quickest alone, with God's help. I need not leave the house, as milk, bread, grocery and meat were brought to the door. I kept the place disinfected with carbolic acid.

With regard to Frederick, all that was needed was to keep him warm, comfortable and happy. The only special attention necessary was to protect his eyes from too bright a light, therefore I kept the curtains drawn except when I opened the windows for a thorough change of air now and then, telling him each time to keep well covered and close his eyes. Once every day I sponged him all over with warm water, containing a little Sanitas, and after that I rubbed him lightly with a little olive oil. His diet consisted of light food. I felt sure that nurses and doctors could not have done better. We were very happy together. The boy recovered wonderfully quickly, and his skin peeled off sooner than intimated in the "Pocket Doctor".

Whilst I was strenuously busy with the unaccustomed hard work of boiling bedclothes and everything with which the boy had come into contact, he took his first walk and rest

in our sunny garden. I had one great fright that day, namely, when he fainted under my hands as I dried his hair with a towel after shampooing him. But he recovered quickly, smiling reassuringly at me.

If that had been the end of the story I would have thought I had come off lightly, but the worst was to follow, for now I fell ill in my turn.

It started as suddenly as Frederick's first attack. It was on a Thursday evening, August 3rd (as I found just now in my diary) that I was overcome with violent shivering and difficulty in breathing. My spine felt like a burning column. I was unable to undress, and lay down on the bed for quite a while, trying to treat myself. After that, I undressed and had a restful sleep.

The next morning I felt fairly normal apart from occasional sudden heat and breathing difficulties. But on the Sunday morning I saw that my arms were covered with a rash looking exactly like Frederick's did in the beginning. There was no doubt but that I was now in the clutches of scarlet fever.

What should I do?

I think that was the most helpless situation I had been in so far. Nobody but myself in the know. The boy still weak and in need of rest. Now help had to come from outside, and that quickly.

I surveyed the desperate situation prayerfully and was shown the way. Yes, a good friend of ours, called Elly, who was a trained hospital nurse, and who had stayed with us for a five weeks' holiday the year before, would be the ideal person for the job. But she was far away in Germany in my brother's household, caring for his three young children, for she was his wife's sister.

Elly was devoted to me, for I had saved her life when she had fallen a victim to tuberculosis of the lungs through her

work amongst consumptives in a hospital. The doctors had given her up when I started to correspond with her, telling her about spiritual healing, and sustaining her with my thoughts: and to the great surprise of all, she recovered.

After that happy idea I started to write a letter to my brother, but felt unable to collect my thoughts. Besides, the nearby letterbox would not be emptied before 7.45 p.m. My next thought was to send a telegram; but was the post-office open on a Sunday?

Through the bay-window I saw our neighbour just then in her front garden. I knew her only casually, as she and her family were new-comers. I opened the window and asked her whether one could send a telegram on a Sunday. She said: "The post-office is not open, but one can telephone a telegram. Can we help you?"

As they had a telephone, I handed her a message containing the following words: "Frederick very well, myself not quite. Can Elly come?" Three hours later a telegram was brought to the door containing three words: "*Elly ankommt Montag*" (Elly arriving Monday). What a relief! I had to hold out just one day longer, and all would be well.

But for the moment I felt incapable of anything. I had planned a special invalid's dinner for the boy, namely, a chicken. But whilst preparing it, I constantly made mistakes in using the switches of our electric cooker. Consequently I had to lie down after dinner, and now I was served by Frederick, who brought the tea to my bedside. I do not remember whether I ate much, but I remember that we had great fun together, and that he felt very happy to be able to help me. After tea I rested again, but woke up bathed in sweat. Therefore I asked Frederick to look after himself for supper, to spread newspapers on the carpet between my bed and the wash basin, and to bring up the electric kettle filled with boiling water and the Sanitas bottle. Soon

after, I had a refreshing wash, put on clean clothing, and ate with relish the light supper which he had brought for me, the warm August night allowing me to do so without harm.

Then I had a restful night and got up at six the next morning, aired the house, and set everything in order; hung out everywhere pieces of cloth, dipped in carbolic, so that Elly should not be infected, and brought the boy his breakfast. Then I rested again and had another sweating attack, after which I could peel off the skin from my arms and legs, whereupon I repeated the cleansing process of the evening before, after Frederick had once more brought hot water and paper. My skin fell on the paper with a noise like hail on glass. I rolled it up in the paper as proof for Elly. I mention such details in case medical men should contest the fact that it was real scarlet fever. It was, however, only a week later that the skin peeled off from my hands and feet. This second time I also changed my bed-clothes and rolled everything up in paper. Then I dressed and had a belated breakfast.

An hour later I heard the turning of a latchkey in our front door as Elly let herself in. She was hot and exhausted from travelling, and she had a great shock when I told her what was the matter with us. But after a bath and strong chicken broth she felt better, and went to the post office to dispatch the following telegram: "Frederick much better, Frieda weak, but no cause for worry."

Now everything went along smoothly, and the problem of disinfecting the house was solved unexpectedly by the arrival of a vacuum cleaner salesman, with "a special arrangement for disinfecting rooms." As he had time to spare, we let him do the greater part of the house. Now was that just lucky coincidence?

After a stay of eighteen days Elly returned to my brother's family, where she had been greatly missed, whilst Frederick and I spent the last three weeks of the holidays at the seaside.

I have recounted this episode in detail because it proves how complete can be the confidence which arises from Divine intuition. I could do what I did, without any human encouragement, as nobody but myself knew about the boy's illness. Yet I would not urge anyone to imitate me, for I feel that I can be responsible only for myself; only we ourselves can judge how great is our confidence in Divine help. Personally I have found by experience that I feel strongest alone with God, and that the more complete my trust, the greater is His help. To which I now feel inclined to add; the help of His Angelic Hosts.

To substantiate that remark I must report what happened when my telegram arrived, as I was told later by my husband.

"Elly must go at once," said my sister-in-law. "Surely there is not such a hurry," retorted my brother. But within an hour Elly had packed her case and was ready to leave. Obviously the two sisters were duly impressed by some spirit-agency and so was my husband, who accompanied Elly as far as Bremen, where a special permit for leaving the country had to be obtained. It was the year 1933, when the Nazi regime was already tightening control over the movements of German citizens.

As it was a Sunday, the Emigration Office was closed, but, taking a taxi, the two chased from one place to another, until they had the necessary papers, just in time for Elly to reach The Hook of Holland on the last direct boat-train. She crossed the North Sea overnight, landed at Harwich early the next morning, and reached Cardiff and our house at noon. Having stayed with us the year before, she knew her way.

So far I have not mentioned one peculiar incident which happened during Frederick's convalescence, and which did not make the impression upon me which it deserved to, as I was to discover eleven years later.

During the time when I was busy clearing up all infection after Frederick's skin had peeled off, I had to leave him much to himself, and once, when finally I could join him, a little anxious lest he might feel resentful for having been left alone for hours, I found him very happy and animated.

He told me that a very learned German Professor had been talking to him and entertaining him. I was glad to see him so happy, and smiled, thinking it childish fancy, though, as a matter of fact, he was not an imaginative child, the type who might develop into a poet or novelist.

I sat down beside him, myself utterly worn out, whilst he told me that his visitor had a funny name which he could not pronounce, but it sounded like Professor Hene . . . Hone . . . ? I told him laughingly that it must have been Honolulu.

He was so glad to hear me laugh that he brought out more and more complicated names. But when serious again, he assured me that their conversation had been about experiments which he intended to try directly he was about once more.

CHAPTER VI.

AN EAGER RESEARCH WORKER.

In September his father came back from Germany, where he had left our daughter in the care of my brother's family in order to attend for a term the top class of the High School in my native town, as had been arranged between the local German and British authorities.

We three were now alone, and Frederick plunged wholeheartedly into private research work. All his meagre pocket-money went that way.

Some weeks before Christmas he told me that he was in need of twenty shillings to continue his experiments; could I give him that much? I felt a strange urge to do so, although we had to be very economical. But then I thought of cases where boys had been spoilt for life because they got round mothers who were too weak and loving to resist when it would have been in the interest of the child to do so, and I refused.

However, Frederick was determined to make that money. "I must have it," he insisted, and he succeeded in getting it by making and selling Christmas calendars. By using his fretwork outfit and by painting and pasting he produced two different types of pretty calendars, one being "Felix the Cat." The material cost him sixpence, and he sold them for a shilling. I was able to help as an agent, as at that time two teachers from a public school not very far from Cardiff, came to me for private lessons. They took two of these calendars to show to their colleagues and Frederick received an order for fourteen more.

This and other successes produced the necessary sum. But it had meant hours of mechanical sawing for the boy, and I regretted my refusal. Looking back I know that I acted wrongly, for he never wasted his time or money in foolish ways or self-indulgence.

After his sister had come back in January 1934, we were once more a united family until the month of March, when I took the opportunity of engaging a specially reliable maid to take care of the household affairs while I left my husband and children alone for eight weeks and worked out problems of my own.

I can advise every mother of a family in similar circumstances to do the same, for I believe it was good for the three I left behind. It made them rely more on themselves and on each other, whilst for me it was definitely a refreshment and rejuvenescence.

I forgot all about being a mother of a family whilst I was inscribed as a "*Studentesca per i Studi Superiori*" in Florence, in order to enlarge my knowledge of Italian language, literature and art. And, surely, it was indirectly also an extension of knowledge for the rest of the family. Mothers who are completely absorbed in their little domestic affairs, who lose themselves in their children, become only too often an object of bother or pity when their maternal care is no longer needed.

However, this is not a story in which I want to generalise or speak about myself. But I would like to mention a rather strange coincidence which happened on my journey back, when I spent a couple of days with friends in Dusseldorf.

They took me to a variety show. One of the items was an athletic performance, where a young boy had to climb a ladder resting on the shoulders of his father. I assume that the two grown-ups in this act were the boy's parents, because whilst he performed his part with a careless smile, I could notice behind the forced smile of the man and the woman an acute anxiety, and I feared with them for the safety of their child. Something within me rebelled at the idea that people had to earn their living by risking their child's life for the amusement of onlookers, and I felt ashamed to be one of the audience.

When I arrived home a few days later, I was told that Frederick had had an accident by falling off his bicycle at exactly the same time when I feared for the life of another child. Although no limbs were broken, the accident was serious enough to cause a motorist to bring Frederick home in his car and Hilda put him to bed, as he was quite dazed.

But there were scarcely any traces left when I arrived, and Frederick did his best to hide the fact of his accident from me, which reminds me that as a baby he used to say: "I nearly fell," after he actually had fallen and quickly got up again. Instead of indulging in self-pity or seeking sympathy from others, he was always quick to help others and himself out of difficulties, and I have never seen him laugh or make fun of other peoples' bad luck or troubles.

A "Memo" book which, strangely enough, fell into my hands yesterday, throws light on Frederick's private life during his Easter holidays. The following are extracts:—

"Diary of 'Life in Ponds and Streams.'

F. H. Parker, 140 Llandaff Road, Canton, Cardiff, Wales.

Thursday, April 5th, 1934: Went to St. George's pond. Caught a great warty newt (*Molge cristata*). It was entangled in some weeds brought in by the dredging hook. Also got some toad spawn with dredging hook. Put the catches into an enamelled basin.

N.B.—went out at 5 p.m. String of dredging hook snapped, but I waded out and got it.

Friday, April 6th, 1934: Discovered the newt had escaped, but it was recaptured. Put it in jar, as I went out for the day. I did not examine the pond water brought home."

Here followed a very neat drawing of some queer larvae and underneath the words: "A Cyclops (from pond water obtained at St. George)."

"Saturday, April 7th, 1934: Went to St. George. Caught some more developed toad spawn. Brought home some plants and pond water.

Wednesday, April 11th, 1934. Examined water brought home on 7.4.34. Finds whose names are not known—Worm-like animal about $\frac{1}{8}$ -in. long, transparent, with one end pointed and the other more blunt. Suspect it to be larva. Appears to have two sets of hairs at the pointed end."

The next page showed a very fine drawing of a larva, labelled: "May Fly Larva. 8x enlarged."

"Thursday, April 12th, 1934: Went to quarry at Penylan and fetched home a jar of water. Found in it what I suspect to be a larva. It is drawn opposite. Life size— $\frac{1}{4}$ -in. body."

And thus a few more excursions; and now I remember that I had to go with him when I was home again in May. His last entry was:—

"May 26th (Sunday) 1934: Went to St. George, but found the pond was nearly dried up. Nevertheless caught good selection. Examined in evening. Found:—1. Young newts (tadpoles). 2. Gnat pupa. 3. Water boatmen. 4. Pond skater etc. Put gnat pupa, some newt tadpoles in small aquarium. Also brought in some eggs surrounded by jelly on a piece of grass with the grappling hook."

CHAPTER VII.

FURTHER EDUCATION THROUGH TRAVEL

In the autumn of 1934 Frederick lost the companionship of his sister, who had finished her school-course here in Cardiff with the honour of being awarded a School-Leaving Exhibition and a State Scholarship. But as she had also succeeded in the competitive examination for the Executive Civil Service, she did not accept the scholarships but preferred to go to London, where she was appointed to the Headquarters of the General Post Office in St. Martin's-le-Grand.

Her change of abode also gave Frederick a chance of becoming acquainted with life in London under the guidance of an Australian medical doctor who was studying in London for a special degree in Psychology and happened to live in the same boarding-house as our daughter. He had taken a fatherly interest in her, being himself the father of two young girls.

As we felt very grateful for his protective care, we invited him to our house during one of Hilda's holidays. He enjoyed his stay here very much and made friends with all of us. He asked our permission to take Frederick with him to London for a few days after Easter 1935.

Life in London must have made an encouraging impression on Frederick, as four years later he followed Hilda's example, preferring life in London to life at Cambridge or Oxford.

This experience and his extensive travelling during the summer holidays changed the boy into a youth for he was definitely no longer a child I had to care for, but a helpful companion, when we two set out for Germany in July 1935 to make up for the disappointment in 1933. His father this time had mapped out a five weeks' tour to explore the beauty

of towns and scenery in middle and south Germany, meeting friends of ours here and there.

Frederick and I travelled on the Norddeutsche Lloyd steamer *Bremen* from Southampton to Bremen and spent most of the time with my brother's family. This time Frederick thoroughly enjoyed the companionship of his cousins, now no longer little children. They took him to their sports fields and open air baths, and for country excursions.

During these holidays Frederick and I also travelled to Berlin.

It was his second visit to the German capital. But he could not possibly remember his first one, as he was then only eighteen months old. This first stay in Berlin was the only occasion on which my brother Paul Hohenner saw him during his earthly life. Paul had married five days before me but had no children of his own, and therefore had become a very affectionate godfather to Frederick, to whom he gave the name of Hohenner, as being the only one to continue our family name, which, according to genealogical researches, was threatened with extinction. A year later, in 1923, this brother of mine died very suddenly in the fulness of life, after a very successful career as Reichsbankrat.

The news of his death reached us at 7 a.m. on my birthday. My husband threw the telegram on my bed with the cheerful remark: "Somebody congratulating you." What a shock! I thought of the words I had read somewhere: "If some misfortune has befallen you, ask yourself if you would still consider it a misfortune twenty years hence; if not, it is no real misfortune. Alas, I had to say to myself: "Yes, this will still be keenly regretted by me twenty years hence." And not only for my sake but also for Frederick's. Little did I know at that time that twenty years hence we all three would be in closer contact and co-operation than we had ever been before.

However, although I had at the time no knowledge of spiritualistic intercourse between the dead and the living, I was convinced that there was in us something spiritual surpassing death, and so I addressed my brother, who had always been so particularly full of vitality and kindness towards his fellow creatures "Dear Paul, come to me and continue your life in me." And now, looking back and knowing about his continued existence, I realise that much helpful intervention at critical moments was due to his personal knowledge of all that concerned us. Even now, as I write this in our middle-room, which harbours my writing desk, he demonstrates his mental contact with me through a few crackling noises.

But to come back to the year 1935. This time we visited his widow, who considered herself Frederick's godmother. I was very glad of having in Frederick a trustworthy guide, for he soon knew his way about the thoroughfares of the town and took me to the shops which interested him most on account of his experiments in photography, radio sets and so forth. We also went to the Zoo. But neither of us liked that visit, as we felt sorry for the animals.

Frederick was very sensitive and loving towards me during these years of adolescence, and open to spiritual influence, probably stimulated by attending for a year the Christian Science class for young people at the Cardiff Church. I was very glad about that, and studied with him the lessons in the Christian Science Quarterly. I felt that Frederick was very fond of his teacher, an elderly gentleman, and therefore it was a great pity that he had to change over to a younger man. It appears that there was some argument, to judge from Frederick's remark that this gentleman had no scientific knowledge. So he lost interest and gave up attending the classes.

The next outstanding event in Frederick's life was a cruise on a coalboat between England, France and Ireland, together with a pal of his whose father was captain of the ship.

For this holiday my husband had chosen France and the Paris Exhibition, whilst I had preferred a visit to the Goetheanum near Dornach, Switzerland, under the auspices of the London Anthroposophical Society, and Hilda stayed in London.

The separation was of course not complete, as there was a certain amount of correspondence, and I had to smile on reading Frederick's last note: "Further address not available," because I felt the pride with which these words had been written. This was indeed an adventure of his own.

But I also had occasion to laugh two weeks later when I thought of the surprise he would have on finding nobody in on his return home, for I too had taken to roaming.

I had lived so cheaply at Dornach that I did not spend all my money, and, knowing that English money went a long way in Italy, I crossed the frontier and went as far as the Isola Bella on the Lago Maggiore, where I spent an idyllic week, mentally digesting the abundance of impressions with which Dr. Rudolf Steiner's Spiritual University had provided us by way of lectures, symbolic eurhythmics, classical and mystery plays, scientific excursions and so on.

Then I travelled back leisurely, by way of Kandersteg in Switzerland, Strassburg, Brussels and Ostend, so as to arrive in London the same day as my husband from France. Our daughter collected us within half-an-hour from two different London stations.

The next day we found Frederick at our Cardiff home, still tanned from his voyage and happy that he could again work out his various plans. What exactly he had experienced I could not tell, as he was not very communicative about himself and, like the rest of the family, always busy with something; but that he had learned a lot about ships came out one day when we crossed the Bristol Channel, as he was delighted to teach me the difference between the various types of boats.

In the meantime, his love for music and the opportunities afforded by the school orchestra had made him a rather efficient flautist.

We, on our part, had paved the way by presenting him with a fine flute, a Rudolf Carte model, which, on account of its price, meant quite a sacrifice for us. We also secured the finest flute player in Cardiff as teacher for him. It was not long before he was enlisted in Herbert Ware's Orchestra, although he was only seventeen years old. But nothing seemed too difficult for him.

Thus his time was well occupied. We did not see much of him, but if anything had gone wrong, whether something in the electric system or just with regard to pots and pans he was always ready to put it right, as he had a soldering outfit, whilst anything to do with electricity interested him particularly. German friends of ours in Cardiff were extremely grateful when Frederick was at once successful in fixing their reading lamp, the repair of which Cardiff firms had found beyond their power, as they did not know the make-up of this lamp from abroad.

I am enumerating such details just as a matter of fact without considering them as of outstanding merit, because all the young men with whom I have come into contact possessed similar characteristics, and I was always able to appreciate other people's children as much as my own. And as Frederick felt more attracted to people older than himself, so did I to people younger than myself, for so many become set and uninteresting as they grow older. My having been educated by men may account for my inclination to their way of thinking rather than to that of my own sex and its preoccupation with outer appearance.

What Frederick and I enjoyed most in these years were the debates between us, generally arising out of his biological studies. Biology was for both of us a subject of the greatest

interest, which, however we approached from entirely different angles, as Frederick's teacher was one of the materialistic school, now fortunately on the decline.

How Frederick liked these talks in which he could air his opinions and clarify his thoughts! Therefore I kept on bravely, even if I felt at times that I was getting out of my depth, when something turned up with which I was not yet familiar.

LIFE IN LONDON

The year 1938 was decisive for Frederick's future, as he sat for the Executive Civil Service Examination just as his sister had done at the age of eighteen and, although over 2,000 candidates from all over the country had competed, he succeeded in being one of the small top group which was selected for service.

In the application form he chose as favourite departments first the Air Ministry and secondly the Admiralty, as probably most young men did. To his disappointment he was placed in the Inland Revenue Department. He tried to overcome this blow by enrolling at the London Polytechnic, where he continued the study of his special subjects, physics, chemistry and biology, in the hope of attaining his B.Sc. by way of hard study in his spare time.

I do not know much about his life in London, where he lived in a boarding-house. For us parents it was nice to know that sister and brother were in the same town. And it was probably to please Hilda and her friends that he found time to take dancing lessons and, according to Hilda's verdict, made a very fine dancer. Thus there was still comradeship, although Frederick was extremely occupied.

Both children had six weeks' annual holiday and were therefore often with us; but even then Frederick would make the most of the opportunity to use the greater roominess of his parental home to spread his experimental enterprises all over the place.

I think it was on his first such holiday that I had a friendly chat with him about smoking, as I had noticed his yellow fingers. I mentioned some cases of young friends of ours who had taken up smoking so zealously that it had caused harm to throat, digestion or heart, and therefore had to be given up on doctor's advice. Frederick admitted that he did not care for smoking and was quite ready to abandon it altogether instead of making a habit of it.

Once I visited him in London, where he proudly entertained me to a self-prepared tea in his digs. I tried to see everything in the best light, but however cleverly he had arranged his bachelor home, it was a cramped place, and I was glad for him when he found a very large room in which to live together with a friend. This room contained also a big cupboard which he could use as a darkroom for photography, so that solved one problem.

In the meantime, the fateful year 1939 had been rung in. At first it seemed to be a particularly lucky one for us, uniting the whole family at Torquay for the Easter holidays. Little did we suspect what lay in front of us when we explored together the sea and landscape of this beautiful corner of England. The luckiest incident in my opinion was that Frederick was caught by some street photographer as he was walking along the promenade at Paignton with his sister, for this snapshot was later on one of my greatest treasures.

This year was the twenty-fifth anniversary of our wedding, and as we had had no proper honeymoon in 1914 on account of the outbreak of war, my husband and I planned to celebrate our silver wedding with a seven weeks' journey through the greater part of Germany, touching all the most beautiful towns like Bremen, Hamburg, Hanover, Eisenach, Weimar, Dresden, Nurmberg, Munchen, as if we had known that they would not exist much longer.

But in fact it was my husband's desire to show me some of the beautiful places which he had enjoyed when travelling alone in 1935, and I wanted to show him what I had enjoyed most in Italy and Switzerland, and so I worked out a wonderful itinerary through all these countries with the intention of returning in September along the Rhine as far as Cologne.

However, before we set out on July 29th, 1939, we had for five weeks two German lads of fifteen and sixteen with us here in Cardiff. They were my elder brother's only son

Walter, named after my husband, who was his godfather, together with his best friend Karl Heinz, a more distant relative from Hamburg.

At the end of June Frederick had travelled from London to Southampton especially for the purpose of shepherding those two boys from the steamer to their train to Cardiff.

How gruesome to think that a few years later they should be called upon to kill each other, as members of the Royal Air Force and the German Luftwaffe respectively!

My husband and I were perhaps the most unsuspecting of all the people who explored the beauty of the Bavarian Alps during the last weeks of August, as we never looked at newspapers nor listened to the wireless, until we crossed into Italy via the Brenner Pass on August 25th in accordance with our itinerary.

That evening, whilst having supper in a mountain restaurant near Trento, we heard a heart-rending appeal by German people to their relatives in Poland to leave the country at once, regardless of any difficulties. I do not remember whether it was made in Italian or German. And there was another item, namely, the immediate call to the colours of two age groups of Italian Reserves. This latter item upset our two pretty waitresses, the one fair and of Tyrolean descent and the other a dark Italian type, as they had sweethearts and relatives amongst those who were called up so unexpectedly.

Although now aware of the possibility of an outbreak of war, we stayed over the weekend in Venice, enjoying a carnival on the Canal Grande and our visits to some nearby islands. But on August 28th we decided to forgo our intended visit to Florence and to travel at once to Milano with the intention of flying over the Alps to London.

We reached Milano in the afternoon and heard that the air service was already suspended. Cook & Son at Milano even refused to pay out our travellers' cheques from Cook & Son at Cardiff, nor would they change our Italian money

into English money. If my husband had not, just before leaving home, put ten loose pound notes in his pocket, we should have been stranded there and then.

And there were other lucky coincidences. I know now that whenever I am in difficulty and follow my intuitions I am saved quasi-miraculously; *how* does not belong to this story.

In the meantime, our children, having received a card from Venice and knowing more of the impending danger than we, had taken counsel together. They could neither write nor telegraph as our *poste restante* at Mittenwald in the Bavarian Alps had expired on August 25th, and we had given no further address until September 5th, when we intended to spend a week on the Isola Bella with *poste restante* at Stresa.

Even so, each of them wrote a letter on August 28th and addressed it to us at Stresa in the hope that we might have travelled there before the stipulated time. They posted their letters at different places and times, hoping that one at least might reach us. They had gathered as much information as they could in order to advise us how best to get back, as some frontiers were already closed.

How great was their relief when they received a telephone call the next day, about three p.m. to meet us on Paddington station, where we intended to take the 5.55 train to Cardiff! We had saved not only ourselves but also the fifteen-year-old daughter of Cardiff friends, whom we had meant to pick up in Germany on our return journey along the Rhine, and whom we had found—by chance?—on the early morning of August 29th in our train, the last civilian train through France, travelling under blackout conditions. Another lucky coincidence had been the turning up of a friend from Cardiff just when we were delayed at the frontier between Switzerland and France for want of French money.

CHAPTER IX.

LIFE IN THE AIR FORCE

The outbreak of this second World War twice altered Frederick's career, first through a transfer of his department to Llandudno, North Wales, and then by his joining the Royal Air Force as soon as he was twenty.

The war was to him, as to every broad-minded person, a calamity. However, as things had developed, he was quite ready to do his share, and he was glad to get into the Air Force, where he was first trained as wireless operator. He enjoyed his training very much, as it enlarged his knowledge in that line.

When at home on leave, he would follow up Morse code on our radio and construct a set of his own. He was too busy to tell us anything about himself, and his letters were short and far between, therefore I can give no account of this time except that any examinations were easily passed.

Still more interesting for him was his training to become a navigator, which took him to many different parts of the country. Before long he became a Sergeant and had his 'O Wing.' Whilst stationed near Blackpool he took the opportunity of practising skating.

He no longer had to save up his pocket money as in former years to buy material for his research work in whatever direction it led him, as his Civil Service pay was continued. His greatest treasures, for instance a marvellous microscope, which he had bought from a medical man, he kept in his room here, and whenever he was on leave our tables were covered with his instruments.

I still see him gathering pistil and stamens from the blossoms of our fruit trees and examining them through his microscope with the help of a lamp, which he had build himself, so as to throw the light correctly on the prospective

object for examination. I was rather puzzled as to what biological studies had to do with navigation. But as he told me later from the other side: "The research which I carried out on my own, was not for my own work on earth, but a preparation for my calling here."

Our home in Cardiff remained the centre where the children could find rest and recreation, as we parents did not, like so many others, leave the town, although our house was only five minutes' ride from the centre of the city which from July 1940, when the Germans were in command of the French coast, had almost daily alarms. We had neither "Anderson Shelter" nor "Morrison Table," and I often remained unperturbed upstairs in my bed, listening to the humming of the raiders as they passed over, quite sure that I would rather perish with my home, should it receive a direct hit, than survive the loss of it and my Blüthner piano.

Hilda remained in London throughout the war years, spending a night a week in the main Post Office in the City on first aid duty and one night out of ten as a fire-watcher in the Royal Crescent, W.11., where she had her lodgings. Thus Frederick still found her there when he was stationed at Northolt aerodrome.

During that time they spent some weekends together, as Frederick could be accommodated at his former lodgings in 125, Sussex Gardens, and I know from Hilda that it made a deep impression upon him when, calling there two days after such a weekend, he found nothing left of the place but bare walls, as the house had received a direct hit.

CHAPTER X.

LAST LEAVE AND DEATH

Frederick's fortnightly leave, before he was due for active service, showed many remarkable features. The first of these was his arrival which was quite unexpected as far as we were concerned; for the news of it, which Frederick had dispatched from North Ireland, where he was stationed at the time, arrived after he did.

On this Friday morning, May 15th, whilst shopping in town, I became aware of the strange fact that, whenever I spotted someone in R.A.F. uniform, I thought it must be Frederick. I shook my head over this foolishness. Shopping finished, I chose from among the various 'bus lines, which would all drop me near home in five minutes, number 32A, which started near the station. I got on at its first stop and went inside, entirely unaware that Frederick was on the top. As we both came out five minutes later, nearly rubbing shoulders, I must have looked so surprised that Frederick quickly put his finger to his smiling lips, as if to stop me from shouting out joyfully amidst the alighting passengers.

On the 19th he went to London to see Hilda and brought her back with him, although she had previously decided not to come for Whitsuntide.

So we all four had a lovely time together, especially as I could do with the help of our children, for we had no domestic help during these war years. Frederick restored my bicycle, which had been left unused for years, but proved thenceforth a most useful vehicle. He soldered my roaster and dusted all the heavy velvet curtains with our Electrolux. This last item I mention, because he used it later on for purposes of identification.

I had many nice talks with him and was pleased to see how ready he was to accept a book which I had specially

ordered for him, offering to fetch it at once from the bookshop. It was called "Christ in You" and like its continuation, "Spiritual Reconstruction," written from the other side.

I shall never forget our last tea together, when we had a momentous conversation on life after death. Before us stood a marvellous specimen of a poppy, and I used it as an illustration to explain how the worms and grubs which crawled around its roots could not have guessed or believed—had someone told them—that above the earth it would develop into such a magnificent flower. As a second example, I spoke of the cockchafer whose larva has to live three years in the earth, nourishing itself on roots, but then, after having passed through a short chrysalis stage, breaks through the crust of the earth to fly about in the blue air in the beautiful month of May and feed on tender green leaves. The lesson that, although there will probably be an inkling in those ugly larvae of another beautiful life to come, it may be hard for the wiser ones amongst them to convince their toiling brethren that their chrysalis stage is not the last one, just as the placing of our bodies in a coffin is not the last of us.

The supper too was momentous. As we had visitors, it was possible for me, during the general conversation, to study Frederick's features for a few seconds, without his noticing it; for I had a strong feeling that it would be my last chance to do so.

His leave ended on Saturday, May 30th. On Monday, June 1st, we received a telegram at 11 p.m. After a momentary shock I said: "Oh, probably from Frederick announcing his safe arrival in Ireland." No, it was from the R.A.F. headquarters reporting our son missing, as the 'plane in which two navigators and one pilot had set out for a navigational exercise over the sea on 31.5.42 had failed to return.

It naturally stunned us for a while, then I looked at maps to study what might be the chances of their being picked up

by ships and where they be landed. That night I did not fall asleep till 6 a.m. A telephone ring early the next morning gave a momentary hope that it, might mean Frederick had reached land somewhere, but no.

However, life went on. We refrained from telling anybody, as there was still hope of a safe return.

But two days later I was convinced that Frederick had passed the gates of death, for after my husband had left in the morning, whilst I was still seated at the breakfast table, thinking how Frederick had been sitting opposite me only a few days previously, I suddenly felt him stand beside my chair. But I did not hear him speak to me, although I know now that he did do so, and I gave no outward sign of my awareness of him.

I told my husband and others about it later, and, although now sure that he had left his body, I felt strangely serene about it, even as if it had been an "Act of Grace." It was a relief for me to think he was spared the memory of having killed others. But there was more to it than that. He seemed to be nearer to me in spirit than ever before, particularly just after breakfast. Now we wrote to our daughter, for whom I felt most sorry.

On June 6th we received two further communications from the R.A.F. in the form of letters, but no fresh news, and we intended to announce the bereavement in the local paper, but found that the press was not allowed to publish details concerning missing airmen, so we informed our nearest relatives and friends by telephone, letter or orally.

We received much sympathy, but to those who tried to give us hopes of his being still alive I could only declare definitely that there was no chance of that, and it was I who had to console them. I am afraid some may have thought me strangely unemotional.

Eight weeks later, on July 28th, we received a telegram reporting the recovery of Frederick's body from the sea on the West Coast of Scotland. It pained me terribly to think that a perfect young body like his should have lost its soul so prematurely. For his father and sister it meant probably more; namely, the end of some lingering hope.

Of the two offers made to us by the R.A.F., either to have the body sent on to Cardiff or for us to attend his funeral with full military honours in Oban, we chose the latter, and decided that his father and sister should travel North, which they did the following day. My husband travelled via London, where Hilda joined him.

I was grateful for my loneliness. On the following evening I went for a cycle ride and, gazing from a very high field into a marvellous sunset, I thought of my family in the north-west where the burial would take place the following day.

A letter from my husband next morning gave me further details, saying that the service at the Oban Cathedral would take place at 11 a.m. and the burial at the cemetery at 11.45. So I had my private service in our breakfast room with lovely bouquets of flowers sent to me by several Catholic friends of French nationality who knew about our loss, as we had to cancel some welfare activity.

Here are the few sentences which I wrote down in my diary. "July 31st, 11 a.m. Here I am in our breakfast room, where I have seen Frederick most often. Nine weeks ago he sat opposite me. Never again! I can see his coffin, that encloses his perfect body, being carried by his comrades, as my husband's father was carried by his four sons. There will be no son when Walter's and my body are being carried to rest; oh, but may there be a loving son to receive us on the other side!"

After my husband's return I heard all the details on this side of life. It had been most impressive, and four former

comrades had been specially flown there to carry the coffin, although their Squadron of Coastal Command was now stationed in the South of England. When my husband told me about the various instances which had led to the recovery of the body and the difficulties which had to be overcome, I said with an assurance that can scarcely be accounted for: "Frederick himself has been helping in the recovery of his body for your sake and Hilda's."

Little did I know then all that the spirit world would organise for me with the purpose of making me an active helper in the welding of carnate and discarnate life, thus contributing to the building of a new world guided by greater wisdom.

I realise now how severely I tested the patience of those who wanted to work through me by being "slow in coming to a decision," as my grandfather in spirit-life stated later on, in giving them an opportunity to manifest their continued existence. It is probably the Libra influence which causes me to proceed slowly, so as not to lose my perfect balance.

INTERLUDE

THERE ARE NO DEAD

By Frieda Hohenner-Parker.

You have the gift to open wide your inner eye and see
Whoever you want, whoever you love, is still in touch with
thee,

Whenever you wish.

He reads the thoughts, he feels the love, which emanates
anew,

Which cheered him up, which spurred him on, whilst still
in touch with you,

Before he died.

And he (or she) will speak in signs which you will soon
discern

As his (or her) new way of speech, whene'er for such you
yearn,

In quiet mood.

And better still, give him a chance to work and love through
thee;

For that alone can satisfy the ardent soul that he
Possessed when here.

For he is still the selfsame soul, but freed from earthly clay,
Alert to be a living tool in God's divine array
Of heavenly hosts.

For life is a continuous stream of forces to create
From stuff that has no consciousness, that dwells in inert
state,

A Cherubim.

To sing a hymn of Life and Love, or build a castle fair,
Or paint or chisel, plant or play, whatever is his share
Of heavenly gifts.

For beauty and perfection are the goal to which all strive,
 And none too dull and none too weak to dedicate his life
 To this great aim.

For practice makes the muscles strong, and wings expand
 in flight ;
 And none of us can yet perceive the heavenly delight
 Which will be ours.

As years roll on, we shall traverse innumerable spheres
 Of which the lower only can be glimpsed by our seers
 In holy hours.

And with us are all kindred souls, drawn close to us through
 Love :
 For Love is the enchanteress that keeps the life above
 In touch with earth.

So grieve not that your loved ones are no longer bound by
 clay.
 Communication can be found in this harmonic way—
 If you desire.

Meanwhile they build for you a home and will receive you
 when
 In God's own time there comes the call that brings them to
 your ken
 As once on earth.

And aye in this etheric realm all shines in brighter hue,
 And nothing soars to higher spheres but what is pure and
 true
 And free of fear.

Then let us multiply our strength and work for us and all,
 While still on earth, to earn the right to step into the hall
 Of Immortality.

PART TWO

ACTIVITIES AND PROGRESS IN THE BEYOND

CHAPTER I.

MY FIRST CONTACT WITH PSYCHIC PHENOMENA

In this chapter I must go back a few years to the time when I first heard about Spiritualism, which so far had been an absolutely unknown field to me.

The first revelation came through a book picked up from a shop counter covered with odd volumes. It was called "The Religion of the Spirit World," by Prof. G. Henslow, M.A., I glanced through it. It fascinated me, and I bought it. I studied it thoroughly and found it a most reasonable and logical expression of belief, derived from various books on the subject. The whole book was pervaded by a most uplifting atmosphere.

Shortly after, we made the acquaintance of a gentleman who was interested in Spiritualism from a scientific point of view. I was an attentive listener to his talks, and he offered me a ticket for a Full-Materialisation Seance with the famous medium Helen Duncan from Edinburgh. This seance took place in the late summer or early autumn of 1938, in a town about ten miles distant. I had an open mind and just wanted to be an onlooker. I was really too ignorant of these strange phenomena to grasp them properly. I annoyed "Albert", the medium's spirit guide, with my crude remarks. But I could not detect fraud.

I was certainly not known in that town by anybody, nor was I expected, for our friend let me go on his brother's ticket. When we arrived the last to do so in his car, an official said: "Oh, we expected two gentlemen." "It is all right, just a friend," replied my companion. And I was determined not to say a word.

The person in charge insisted on our examining the curtained-off corner. She gave a short sensible address and asked for two ladies to witness the undressing of the medium. My companion said: "You go, I want to know whether she is swallowing cheese-cloth."

We found the medium in an adjacent room, smoking a cigarette. She was an exceedingly stout person with a kind face. She undressed completely, much to my dismay, whilst speaking a few words in a broad Scots accent. After that, she was taken into the curtained-off corner, which contained nothing but a chair.

Then followed the usual proceedings, about which people may have read in the newspapers during the Helen Duncan Trial. After some singing on the part of about fourteen sitters, the curtain opened and the tall figure of Albert appeared, saying in a fine manly voice: "You are singing much too loud." After that he spoke about "somebody building up for the lady in brown, a gentleman who passed over very suddenly to our side . . . he does not speak your language. To the chemist who helps in building him up he speaks German."

The lady in brown was myself and therefore, when a figure in white came out, I went to meet it and said something like: "Is it you, Paul?" But I only heard painful groaning which, I thought, came from the figure, and so I said to Albert: "Why does he not answer, why does he only groan?" "Good gracious!" said Albert, while the figure broke down before me without my having been able to distinguish the features in the dim light of a red lamp. I then noticed that the groaning came from the medium on the chair.

I resumed my place and we sang again, after which other people had apparently more success in recognising those who came for them. However, Albert showed me more consideration than I deserved by giving me a description of the person who had come for me. But again I annoyed him by saying: "That could be my brother, but he did not die recently, he died long ago." "Well," retorted Albert, "I ask the audience, did I say 'recently'? I said 'suddenly'." He was right, and I felt sorry for my mistake.

When later on the child control, Peggy, came through, I was told more, for example: "He wants you to know that he knows all about you, and that just now somebody wants your advice on a financial affair."

That was proved the same night, for as soon as I entered the house I was addressed by Frederick, who wanted to know whether he had done right by booking a room in London for his stay there at a higher figure than he intended to pay, as no other rooms were available at that boarding-house. He had received a letter to take up his position in the Civil Service.

My next experience was a great public meeting on November 11th, 1938, in the Cory Hall, Cardiff, called "The Dick Sheppard Mission," when the Reverends Dick Sheppard and Vale Owen, a youth who had died of consumption, and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle all spoke through a medium in trance. To me, seated in the front row of a well-lit hall, it was a strange but most convincing performance.

After that I visited a trumpet-circle which did not appeal to me, and I dropped the matter and soon forgot all about it.

Now, after Frederick's death, I took from the library Sir Oliver Lodge's book "Raymond", which, coming from a man of his reputation and circumspection, was bound to impress me, especially as his book, "Ether and Reality" which my husband presented to me at the time of its publication in 1925, is still to me one of the finest truly scientific speculations about physical Life or Reality.

On July 19th, I went for the first time to a Spiritualist church and booked for a circle the following evening. I was extremely tired, having done a lot of housework that Monday. The medium's first remark, on taking my hand, was: "Oh, what a tired feeling you are giving me!" Then she enumerated some characteristics which, I thought, hit the mark pretty well. But when she described for me an

old lady and said, as I looked puzzled, "it might be your grandmother," I curtly remarked that I had not known either of my grandmothers. And she—probably feeling my aloofness—moved to the next person.

Now I realise how disturbing my behaviour was. No wonder that Frederick did not succeed in getting through at his first attempt, although the spirit referred to was an old aunt of mine who had tried to pave the way for him, as I found out later. And it was probably his disappointment which gripped me so keenly that evening.

However, the spirit world provided another chance through the above-mentioned friend who had taken me four years previously to the full-materialisation seance. We received an invitation to his home for August 13th.

After we had had tea together, he told us that during his holiday in London he had had a seance with the well known medium, Gerald de Beaurepaire, on August 4th, as he had lost his father a year previously. It had been for him a most remarkable experience, for all the statements about himself, his father and family, his wife and her family had been true; even what he did not know at the time was later confirmed by his wife.

My attention was slackening when our friend, reading from his note-book, continued: "Your father has brought a soldier, a young man, long features, tall chap, but quite a boy. He has non-commissioned rank, he shows me three stripes on his arm, he should have had a commission, expected shortly. (Only my husband knew about this, and that the commission would be conferred when Frederick's squadron was back in England.) He is a well educated man." Then the medium heard a terrific noise of machinery and experienced a condition of heat and fumes. "I know it is an aeroplane."

Here our friend asked: "Did it hit the earth?"—"No, it was water. It was not an act of war but an accident. The

machinery failed. The 'plane dashed into the sea; but he was out of his body before it touched the water. It happened quite recently in the North. He knows that they found his body. I cannot get his name. But who is the schoolmaster who is interested in him, who is fond of him?" And whilst listening again strenuously, "I cannot get his name." Here our friend asked: "Is his name Frederick?"

The medium jumped up excitedly, shouting "Yes" at the top of his voice and shook hands with our friend, who called it a very exciting episode. Then the medium continued. "He (Frederick) knew something about life after death, he had heard you talk about it to his mother. She knew that he was dead. He had been with her in her sleep and he had impressed her. His mother had taken it surprisingly well. He did not think his father believed, but her knowledge had done much to help his father take it better. He had one sister. He is very fond of her."

Our friend asked: "What is he doing?"—"He attends lectures, as they call it. He is interested in scientific things. He has met Sir Oliver Lodge, Raymond and Sir William Crookes. He has mechanical and laboratory interests. He would like to find a medium for materialisation and direct voice. One of the men with him in the 'plane, a dark-haired man, did not know that he was dead, as he did not know about spiritual things, so Frederick could help him to understand. He has also helped others."

I hope I shall never forget our cycling home after these revelations. It happened in complete darkness under black-out conditions. But, oh, the light within me, the aloofness from earthly surroundings! It was like flying through ether, as we were mostly riding downhill. I felt pervaded by an absolute transcendent joy, and as if surrounded by a host of angels rejoicing with me.

A week later we found out that the pilot, whose body had been recovered on the north coast of Ireland a fortnight after Frederick's, had black hair.

CHAPTER II.

MY FIRST PERSONAL CONTACT WITH FREDERICK

In spite of our friend's encouraging experience and the reading of good books on the subject, it was not until six weeks later September 17th, 1942 that I ventured to go to a medium who lives in another town (not our friend's place) and who could not possibly know anything about me.

As soon as she took my hands in hers, she had to cough and choke. I thought: "What is the matter with her?" I did not know at the time that mediums sometimes feel the passing out conditions. She recovered as suddenly as she had been attacked, and said: "It is from the smoke and fumes of the burning engine; he is not quite over it yet, but he did not suffer. He passed over recently."

She added: "I cannot get his name. It is Fr . . . Fr . . . Frank? No, not Frank."

Although I had made up my mind not to give the slightest clue, I felt justified in suggesting at this stage: "Is it Frederick?" "No," she said, "there he does not go by that name." I said again: "Is it Fecky?" (the name he went by as a child). She replied: "No, but it starts with an F."

Then she suddenly crossed herself and said: "Did you know a Father? Marcus is his name. He speaks another language. You will be used as a medium to bring the Truth to earth and to do good to people, not for entertainment, but in a superior way . . . Your son will be known as a guide throughout the spheres . . ."

Then to my great astonishment she said: "Paul is here. Paul knew that your son was passing over, so he received and helped him."

At the beginning she could not describe Paul, as he was so highly spiritualised that there was little shape. When, shortly afterwards, in order to make sure, I asked: "What

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does he look like?" meaning my brother, she described Frederick. "He is fair, face oval, rather pointed. Hair not fully parted, but brushed back with only a little parting on one side. That is the young one. The other has a round face. Both have well-developed foreheads. They are both eager and ambitious to get on."

Thereupon I asked: "What is Frederick doing?" She answered: "Does the word 'research' mean anything to you? He is interested in it from a philosophical point of view, but he intends also to materialise, in order to help people to comprehend. He is now busy helping others to come over. Then, referring to Paul again, she said: "He passed over long ago. He is not from this country. Just now he is bowing to you. They both smile at you. How happily the one is smiling. Their message to you is: 'It is worth while.'" (That apparently referred to my query whether I should follow up this new line.)

In order to test the medium I asked: "From which country is Paul? Which language does he speak?"

"He says: 'Why do you ask?—You know—I have built up for you before. But you will have more proofs.'"

That answer nearly stunned me, as it apparently referred to the Helen Duncan Seance, which I had quite forgotten.

When I asked which language the Father was speaking, the medium said: "He is from the South. You are from the North. There is much suffering now where you come from. Paul is often there—he must know them. There are three left now. You will see them again. They think much of you. One is rather hollow in the cheek. They have become very humble." My sudden thought that my parents' house had been blitzed and that they had lost all their belongings was at once corrected by the medium, as she continued: "Not with regard to furniture and things, but in their thoughts. Paul brings them much love, but he is not noticed by them, as they do not live in spirit like you."

Then followed a long sermon from Father Marcus about the understanding of universal brotherhood and peace that would come to mankind through this war, whilst the medium was completely in trance.

I think it was easier for her to come out of her trance than it was for me to get over the surprise that such communications between the so-called "dead" and the living were possible.

That the medium could not distinguish my brother's features at the beginning suggests that he had not succeeded in slowing down his vibrations sufficiently for her to distinguish them, or that her clairvoyant vision was not yet tuned high enough. That our son's name could not be clearly caught by her or by the London medium was explained in August 1943, when our son remarked: "I do all I can to persuade my uncle to call me 'Frederick' but he insists on calling me 'Fritz'." Anyone will agree with me that there is little sound in that name.

The three referred to as being still left in my old home were apparently my elder brother, his wife and her sister Elly, as the two daughters had married and the son Walter was called up for war service.

My husband and I intend to visit Germany this year and we hope to see them all again except Walter, who, like Frederick, had to sacrifice his young life, a loss which his parents find very difficult to bear. But Walter hopes that I can help them to a greater realisation of his continued existence.

Anyhow, he, Frederick and many other spirit friends have assured me that they will be with me when we travel across the water.

Here I should like to insert the statement that, as I was writing the above last night, alone as usual in the room which I may call my study, I clearly felt the actual presence of those about whom I was writing, and as it was already midnight, I indulged in a sweet communion with them.

CHAPTER III.

MORE CONTACTS AND REVELATIONS

The success of this first private sitting encouraged me to try another one, this time with the approved London M.S.A. Medium, Mr. Frederick Jordan Gill, during his visit to Cardiff on November 11th, 1942. He did not know anything about me, nor did the members of the Spiritualist Church through which I had engaged him.

I copy here some of the broken sentences as I jotted them down. At the time I could not yet write shorthand.

The medium started by saying: "Frederick is here," (followed by a minute description). "He shows me photographs. He must be musical, he is doing this with his fingers." Mr. Gill's attitude and movement of fingers did not suggest either of the two instruments which Frederick played on earth, namely, flute and piano (see explanation in Frederick's first fluent talk, where he refers to violin and harp). Medium: "Paul is here" (followed by correct description). "Frederick is helping those who come over ill. He and Paul are very busy in the misty regions" (earth plane). "Hanna is here with them" (my sister Johanna in spirit-life). "Paul brought her. They smile at you, they are all good pals together.

"Do you know somebody tall and big? Hair thin on top, therefore cropped" (neither Mr. Gill nor I realised that this referred to a monk's tonsure). "Very strong personality—Artist? They are all working together. The spirit world has worked out a definite plan and you are in the pattern. The scientist analyses the ingredients in the body . . . The Artist . . . The other . . ." (I could not write quickly enough, and forgot what else was said just then.) "But you must have patience. Things will come slowly to you, but therefore all the better . . ."

Then the medium said more which, I thought was about Frederick, and consequently found rather strange. But later in the day I suddenly realised that these sentences concerned the other communicator, whom I had not placed at the time—the man of strong personality with whom I had had a five years' correspondence on art or religious and philosophical subjects.

When I opened the box which Frederick had made for me, and which contained that correspondence, the very letters relative to the statements received fell almost magically into my hands. Even so, I did not yet know that he had spent his last years in a monastery in order to retire from the world and work out his great esoteric knowledge. But later communications through many different mediums left no doubt about that.

Thenceforth I received many direct symbolic impressions from this personality, who could also produce crackling noises, like minute electric explosions, from any part of the room, whilst Frederick succeeded in making his presence known by electric crackling in my right ear.

These noises were alluded to by Mrs. Agnes Greenwood of Leeds in my next sitting, this time in a circle, on December 29th, 1942.

The medium heard the name "Eddy". I could not place it. Then she said: "You can hear spirits."

"I think I can," was my answer.

"Don't *think* you can, for you *can*. You know an Ada?"

"No, I don't."

"But she is here with you. Perhaps known to you in former times. You have been in touch with a small church formerly. The influence from there is still like a protecting wall around you. But now you are studying Spiritualism very thoroughly. You are going very deeply into it. You

are desirous of hearing 'Direct Voice'. You will hear it one day."

There I broke in: "When I am alone?"

"No, not alone, you have not enough power, but with somebody else. You are studying deeply and you will advance. But what your boy is doing in the spirit world you can best do *here* in your own surroundings, but you have to hurry up."

In order to test her, I queried: "Who is the boy?"

"But that is quite clear to you. And now I see *her* sit up behind you, with her shoulders just above yours in a protective attitude. It is she who has inspired you with that deep desire for the spiritual."

Then I suddenly knew that it was Mrs. Eddy, the founder of Christian Science, and the little church was not, as had vaguely imagined, the church of my native town, but the little Christian Science Church in Charles Street, Cardiff, to which I went when I studied Christian Science many years ago, and where Frederick attended classes when he was fifteen to sixteen years old.

This was the first time that someone was brought to me whom I had not met in earth life, but whose books and work had made a deep impression upon me. I was wondering whether there could be any connection between this surprising contact and my musing two nights previously, when I had been mentally reminded of my Christian Science studies, and had come to the conclusion that they had been accompanied by more uplifting feelings than my investigations into spiritualism, especially those in 1938.

But I soon found out that the solution to this query depended upon one's personal attitude. As is so well expressed in the Shakesperian quotation: "There's nothing good or bad but thinking makes it so." It depends upon

us how our outer experiences are received and transmuted in our inner world.

Thenceforth I had many intimate indications of the presence of these loved ones, although I never consciously called them forth or waited for them. They came spontaneously on their own accord, whenever my own mind was occupied with higher thoughts whilst reading, speaking to others or just thinking.

A rather amusing incident occurred when Frederick's actual presence was sensed by our cat, which lay on my lap one afternoon while I was reading. I noticed that the cat was staring at something behind my armchair and then began to move his eyes in conjunction with something or somebody behind me. Personally, I could detect nothing between the back of my chair and a piece of furniture, but I felt pervaded by an acute sense of mirth and realised that Frederick was the prompter of the cat's strange behaviour, and that he thoroughly enjoyed the incident.

My next private sitting was on March 9th, 1943, when Mr. F. J. Gill had come once more to Cardiff. Here is most of what I jotted down:

Medium: "Frederick is here. He is often with you, but he is very busy over there, so much to learn. Everything is much vaster. Barriers are broken down. People recognise their spiritual unity. They work for the common good. They want to establish the human brotherhood.

"Many who have followed him are with him, Peter and John (friends of his). You will understand. But he is often with you. He is bringing you flowers; daffodils and some looking like a type of hyacinth." (This was for me rather striking, as they were the two kinds of flowers which I had joyfully looked upon in our garden that very morning, especially the hyacinths, which had partly returned to their wild state, their white bells standing out singly).

Medium: "Have you a photograph of his in your bedroom and are there flowers around it?"

"Yes," I said, "white heather, from Scotland, where he is buried."

Medium: "He does not like you to say 'he'. It is only his body that is buried there. *He* is here with you now. Have you done something with his photograph? Has it been coloured?"

"Yes, we had a coloured portrait made from it," I answered.

Medium: "He is very pleased with it. Paul is here too, he says to you that he is much more patient now than he was on earth, where he was rather impatient when people did not understand quickly. His mission is to bring love to a world stricken with sorrow. He says: 'Your son was crucified. He had to die for a principle, that the world should be helped, that people should understand their spiritual unity. You both had to make the sacrifice. Your eyes have not yet gazed upon his beauty, and it will take some time yet, but you will see him one day in all his activities, whilst yet in your body. He looks upon you still as his mother.' What is it? Mam? Yes—lieben? He now bends over you and whispers: 'liebe Mam'."

"He still wants your help and advice to uphold him as in former times. 'Mam,' he says, 'we will give you a taste of the beauty of this world. But it is also hideous through the many new arrivals that are flung over . . .

"Have you a sister in the body?"

"No, but in spirit," I replied.

Medium: "He means *his* sister. She is different from you. But she will alter. He is now doing something to the curtains."

"It was the last thing he did for me."

Medium, looking at the curtains in the room: "He is doing them *now*."

"Perhaps he impressed his sister to do them for me, when she was on holiday a short while ago?"

Medium: "He is now laughing whilst saying: 'But she did not make such a good job of it as I.'"

Then he conveyed special greetings to Hilda.

Medium: "Do you know a Joseph?"

"No," I said.

Medium: "Yes, write the name down and keep it in mind. Mary?"

"No."

Medium: "Joseph speaks about sister helping. There are so many around you. But Frederick is conducting. There is a Wilhelm on your father's side."

Several more people were mentioned. The last one was Marcus. However, the time was over before they could be dealt with, and therefore I asked whether he could give me another sitting, and to my great joy he offered me his free Friday morning.

So I left in utter blissfulness, still surrounded by my heavenly friends, scarcely conscious of the hustle and bustle of town life during rush hours.

After dinner, in the quietness of our home, I suddenly realised that the names 'Joseph' and 'Mary' referred to my husband's mother Mary and her brother Joseph, both in spirit-life. This sudden impression was accompanied by such sweet joy that I was eager for my husband's return to enable him to take part in this joyful discovery.

But alas, instead of joy and recognition I met with scepticism and distrust of the medium's honesty. It was as if my heart had received a severe blow, and I hid my face in my hands so as not to show my tears.

I feel obliged to mention this, as Frederick alluded to the incident three days later.

At this sitting with Mr. Gill on March 12th, the first half was dedicated to the strong personality who spent his last years in a monastery in Italy under the name of Marcus.

But then the medium said: "Frederick is here. I see many books belonging to him in a certain place" (apparently his home-made bookcase in his own room). "Did his father give you one of them the other night?"

"Yes, a book by Edgar Allan Poe, one of Frederick's prize books. I had scolded him at the time for that choice."

Medium: "You did not understand then what he was aiming at. He wanted to find out for himself. There is a deep bond between you, though his conceptions were practical and yours visionary. Frederick was forced to accept the visionary, but you must not lose the practical."

"It was not selfish ambition that made him work and experiment. It was for a purpose. Whilst he is happy there, he sees the importance of practical work. He is meeting great Minds there. He discussed Darwin's theory and other theories with you—I feel rather reluctant to tell you but he has met and is meeting those Minds there; they recognise now where they made mistakes. But he belongs to you and he is also emotional. He says: 'You cannot escape me, even in secret,' and he takes a handkerchief—not from his pocket but from his sleeve—and wipes tears from your eyes, saying again: 'You cannot escape me, even in secret.' But he asks you not to grieve more than you can help. He will influence his father slowly but surely."

After that the medium heard the name Lottie, which I could not place for the moment, then Johanna, but not very clear, as if far away, then Hans.

At last I realised that Lotti and Hans were close friends of my sister Johanna whom she had probably persuaded to come along with her.

There were some more mentioned and then Mr. Gill said with great reverence : " Your mother is here, not very old, sixty-seven ?"

" Sixty-three when she passed over."

Thereupon Mr. Gill described her correctly, except older than she was looking than I remembered her when I last saw her on my wedding day.

Medium : " She is very close to you, she puts her arms around you, saying : ' Though the world divided us, nothing can separate us now.' There must have been separation in the past. You must have been isolated from them and in difficulties. She says to you : ' Those who die live and those who live have but to die in order to live.' "

I felt very moved during this scene and said to Mr. Gill, " Oh, thank you. How many there are !"

Medium : " Frederick is rounding them all up."

Some further items, which readers might classify as trivial, but which to me were highly evidential of his knowledge of intimate affairs in our every-day life, revealed that he had not lost his quiet humour.

This sitting finished with Frederick's assurance that he was carrying on with work that would benefit human nature. " Nothing can separate us ; that is a glorious feeling of happiness."

CHAPTER IV.

FREDERICK'S FIRST FLUENT TALK

To begin with, this chapter will contain an example of how ingenious our spirit friends have to be to make us identify those who want to communicate with us, especially when they are people whom we did not know during their life, as was the case with my grandfather.

He was mentioned to me for the first time by Mr. F. J. Gill after his address in church on March 7th, 1943, when he contacted for me a gentleman in cap and gown saying : " Must denote university education, unless ecclesiastic garb ? Paul, who lives near a big building, a Hall of Wisdom, knows him. You are going to write " (and, as I was puzzled) " yes, write, WRITE, write a story. But you must have patience. Paul knows exactly how you feel . . ." The medium also gave the names of Louisa and Hermann without my being able to place them at the time.

A few weeks later, after a discussion on spiritualism, a woman with clairvoyant gifts, although not a professional medium, said to me : " When you were speaking I saw behind you a gentleman whose face ended in a beard. He said to me that you had his photograph in a locket."

That evening I looked at an old locket, bequeathed to me by an aunt. Inside were two sets of miniature photographs, one representing this aunt and her husband, called Hermann, whose full round face was adorned with a beard ; on the other side were the pictures of my grandfather and grandmother. The former, a Lutheran Pastor, had a longish face ending in a pointed beard.

The third intimation came through Miss Lillian Bromwich of Walsall, whom I saw for the first time in church on May 2nd, 1943. She took me as the first one in her demonstrations, after having told us to keep in mind what she said, even if we could not place the persons for the time being : " I am sure of what I see."

She had an elderly lady for me, but I could not place her, as it was neither my mother nor mother-in-law, nor any other elderly person who had been brought to me before. But when the medium said: "Towards the end her eyesight failed, I feel a sudden impediment in my eye," I realised that the description tallied exactly with that of an aunt of mine called Louise, who had been blind for the last two years of her life. Then the medium described an old gentleman with fine classical features, high forehead, well-trimmed beard, and so on, and told me that I had a photograph of him, of which a corner had been cut off, in a locket, and an old photograph somewhere amongst my things.

On my return home I examined the above-mentioned old-fashioned locket and noticed now that the photographs of my grandparents were oddly put together with corners cut off.

The next day I wondered whether this grandfather, of whom I had heard a good deal but whom I could not remember having seen, had died before I was born. I rummaged about in a drawer of my desk until I found our genealogical tree and on it—something I had quite forgotten—a photograph of my grandfather, taken when he was quite old and clean-shaven.

The next day was May 4th, 1943, the date for which I had booked Miss Bromwich, who had not been to Cardiff during the preceding twelve months.

The first person she contacted for me was my grandfather, who spoke about his experiences in the spirit-world. Although I had brought paper and pencil, I felt so spellbound at the beginning that I only dotted down odd words about " . . . reaching great heights with wonderful vistas . . . Extraordinary . . . and then still higher mountains . . ." The first full sentence was: "You are a very wonderful person, we link often with you . . . You think deeply but you

are slow to come to a decision . . . Take a writing pad and sit down every day for half-an-hour, we could give you wonderful ideas . . ."

Then he spoke with great appreciation about the strong personality (who is alluded to by other mediums either as a monk under the name of Marcus or as an artist by his real name) and how I could trust him . . .

After that, the medium heard the gathering of a band of spirits whilst she saw form around me six, eight, ten, twelve people of my kith and kin in spirit-life. "And now," she said, "your son steps in as leader of a band of spirits."

"I am almost overawed by the atmosphere with which he inspires me, but he says he is still human, loves and guides . . . and comes to you often."

"Music is played by the spirits in the spirit-world. He is full of music. When you play on the piano . . . you could make and compose music that comes from your son. He is living in a bright mansion. He leads others gently forward step by step. He tries to impart love and understanding to everyone living the earth-life."

"It is not easy to go to earth these days. I can penetrate. Others cannot go without hurting themselves." (Note the change from "he" to "I", for so the talk continued fluently for at least half an hour, Frederick himself speaking whilst the medium had fallen into trance. I had to leave much out, as I could not yet write in shorthand.)

"I give you wonderful inspiration. You are learning something of this great Truth . . . Others, too, are very glad that you are receptive. Our love cord has never been broken. Sometimes it is severed by those on the earth plane. They cannot grasp these things. Sometimes it is selfishness. But once they can lift their thoughts, we are near them. Then we can step close . . . I wish to tell you of this Summerland of love and beauty. I will bring to you music of the spheres. I

love the violin most but also the sad sweet notes of the harp, and there is a wonderful grand piano. All these things I have gathered to me since . . . It is marvellous, but none can have any conception of the beauty here. There are also wonderful trees, flowers, fruits, birds, houses, rivers—yes, rivers.” (The repetition was probably due to my sudden thought that that couldn’t be true.)

“I am living in a body free of obstacles . . . there are schools of thought. Great professors who passed over in bygone days . . . They told me what wonderful work I should do on the earth-plane. I shall take away their dread and fear of the unknown and make them understand that . . . They will have chances which I never had in my physical life.

“You will lead a life of love and usefulness, Mother.

“There is still more sadness to come. All through the ages, when there is an upheaval, such as this war, some will have to be sacrificed. We will meet with the forces of the earth-plane to help in the building of a better world. You will be one of the people who will build this New World.

“We have guided you to this instrument. She does not know it.” (I, suddenly bewildered: “Who is *she*?”) “*This instrument* through whom I am speaking to you . . . She prayed for Germany. That the people there might recognize what it all was leading to. When she had finished she was pulled up by the officials. *She* knows not that we led you to her. *You* did not know the largeness of her soul. She asked: “What will happen to Hitler?”

“There is no hatred on the spirit-plane. He will be helped and shown the way of progress and do his best to undo the evil he has wrought. It is always love that prevails here. You see yourself as you really are, so he will see then the havoc which he has caused.

“The world will rise again. The bells will ring again and the souls who paid the price of victory will rejoice.

“You are very wonderful, Mother. You always tried to understand. Sit down at certain times every day and write down the thoughts we give you. I want . . . God bless you! Come to this instrument again on account of the largeness of her soul and the beauty of her life, and see also others.” (He apparently felt power going, but was reinforced).

“You need not fear the life of the future. It will be a broad and useful pathway. When old age comes and you meet life’s eventide it will be very wonderful. You will never be a trouble to anyone, and you will keep all your faculties, only get weaker in the end and leave the physical body suddenly. That is the happiest way. You will find that personality (one about whom my grandfather has spoken to me) to meet you and you will float away. You will have a wonderful life for Eternity.

“I am so happy you have come, and so are all kith and kin here.

“I was with you on Sunday and linked you with the Instrument.

“It does not matter what your denomination is in your daily life. Those who gain knowledge and understanding will rise quickly. No one need fear death.

“The air here is very balmy. There is perpetual light . . . We have the companionship of those who have gone before . . . They are wonderful mansions which we build in the Spirit-world. Sometimes humble souls live in radiant mansions. But there are also grey ones and dark places.

“It is a spiritual path which you have to tread. You will uplift others as you go along. We will guide you and we will come to you from time to time. We will light for you the evening star . . .

“I bring to you this morning a basket made of rose petals from the palest rose to the deepest pink. It is so light, you would think it is empty. But there are lying in the

bottom of it pearls of great price. Small things that you have done to people by giving help, sometimes coins or things or kind words, happy smiles—they are each a pearl in the basket. It is full of precious pearls.

"The small things that you did during your life, you have always done well, and often at great sacrifice.

"It is a grand life which we lead here. Scientists go on with their science, artists with their art, doctors with their knowledge and research. All knowledge comes from the Spirit world. Wonderful discoveries from those who lived before."

"Is there Reincarnation?" I asked.

"There is no physical return. At least, not generally. Only by desire. But very few desire it."

I asked if he were a reincarnation.

"No, I was not. If general, it would wipe out the spirit-world. If we come to the earth-plane and see the wrong there, we stretch out to help. It is very difficult. But it is easy to come back to you, because you create an atmosphere of love and harmony about you. It is *in* you, and will always be there, stronger and stronger.

"It has been a joy to come this morning. My greatest joy is that I have been *allowed* to give this communication.

"It will not always be myself. Don't be disappointed then. The band of your lovers grows greater and stronger.

"And now I will talk of your loved ones on earth. Be of good cheer! The time will come that their eyes will be opened and their ears be unstopped. They will penetrate into full realisation. Dad often felt that someone was near. He even looked round to see. It was myself or others from the spirit-world . . .

"People do not realise how willing we are to help them.

"Spirit life is very beautiful. All things are here . . . The sheer joy of going forward! Everything is here first. The earth is a mirror of it. . . Here are all things. We touch and handle them with hands and eyes made perfect.

"One eternal scene of change!

"Mother, I have listened to the beautiful hymns"—(two days ago in church). "But do they realise it? Most do not grasp the greater Truth.

"Life eternal goes on for ever . . . Sit down twenty minutes to half-an-hour every day and write down thoughts. Not direct voice. Take the thought waves that pass through your mind direct from me . . .

"This instrument will come again and you will come and join me. I am going to lead you in the path of your heart's desire.

"I am returning. Take blood-red roses as my gift, take them home with you, and lilies, and the scent of both. It is Love from the Spirit World. God bless you! His peace be with you always!

"I am grateful to this instrument. She allows me to penetrate and use her."

Miss Bromwich felt very happy and exalted when again her own self. It was the first time she had been entranced for so long. I felt happy and amazed, but physically very tired with writing so quickly.

It is only now that I can estimate to some extent how much hard training on Frederick's part) and how much preparation, organisation and power on the part of other spirit helpers was demanded to bring about such a result.

Even so, Frederick is now apologising for the fact that his first talks were so disjointed.

CHAPTER V.

MY OWN AWAKENING AND RESPONSE

What Frederick had intimated in his long talk, namely, that it would not always be himself who would be the communicator, was borne out in my next private sitting with Mrs. Shanks of Preston on May 25th, 1943, for it was conducted by the above-mentioned strong personality and was a most uplifting experience. After a description of my grandfather, it was said of him: "He inspires you. He infused into your prayer that which helped you to reach higher planes, and to bear many of the things that came into your life. He has been the replacer of what you lost.

"The unfolding of spiritual power in yourself will open the way to material things . . . So much to do for you in days to come to rebuild . . ."

The symbol of a beautiful vase of great value, which had been shattered but which would be pieced together again, reminded me strangely of my great interest in the famous "Francois Vase" in the Archaeological Museum in Florence, which, after having been shattered into more than a hundred pieces by a frenzied attendant, was so patiently and artfully placed together again that scarcely a trace of the damage was left.

Five specific conditions, for the possession of which I had prayed, were alluded to, thus proving that our most intimate thoughts can be read by invisible intelligences, commonly called "God," the one Supreme Mind, working through hosts of angelic helpers, all of them fulfilling allotted tasks, whilst progressing themselves through love and service in the interest of the "One Whole," the "Holy One."

And how beautiful to know that people who did not know each other on earth had been brought into contact

through their common love for me ! Difference of nationality and creed is wiped out in higher realms, as it is here on earth already in the minds of the truly great.

Nor are there unsurmountable barriers between heaven, earth and hell.

A few days ago I was told by my brother (who, so far, has worked on earth as an inspirer of clergymen and a promoter of the brotherhood of man), that he had now undertaken to penetrate into the regions of "darkened souls" for rescue work, and that he would tell me about it.

But there, like here, hard work and recreation interchange. Apart from habitually living in a beautiful home in marvellous surroundings, Paul has also been introduced to the beauty of Italian art by the above-mentioned friend, and great was their sorrow about so much destruction of it during the war. Frederick told me later on in his story, "The World in Which I Live," how this friend took him for relaxation out of his hard studies and his work on the earth plane, which was at times disappointing and irritating, into conditions of perfect peace, joy and love, and he also told me about marvellous concerts in their realm as a means of uplift for them to make them realise the greatness of the Creator and fill them with new energy for their tasks.

And so I will come back now to mine, for it was evident that I was not given these beautiful revelations just for my own benefit and enjoyment, but to pass on this knowledge to a world craving for true concrete facts.

I carefully recorded all that came to me, and passed on these strange experiences whenever I found an opportunity, and as our social intercourse and activities had always been many-sided, the news became widely scattered. However, deep impressions could be made only on people who knew me and our circumstances, and to whom I could speak oftener.

With regard to writing, I followed the advice given in Frederick's first speech and sat down with a writing pad in

front of me on the following day, trying to make my own mind a blank. But in this I did not succeed. Instead, I found myself writing a letter to my grandfather, thanking him for having come to me and brought some of my own ideas to him.

For a month I continued to write down occasionally in short essays, impressions of the moment, thoughts derived from past experiences and the reading of good books. I always realised that true science, which sees God in the works of nature, is a religion, and that true religion has yet to be scientifically explored.

Thus these first writings were an expression of my own mind. At the same time, I came across many highly instructive and impressive books. Many of these were inspired by entities on the other side therefore I thought it unnecessary to write myself. If only people would read those books!

Of the best ones I bought several copies and handed them to friends who had so far thought contemptuously of spiritualism, not knowing of its higher aspects. I found most of them very willing to learn from me.

One day in June, I came across a booklet on shorthand in our son's room. I examined it there and then. Frederick was eagerly denoting his presence by electrical cracklings in my ear. I felt that he was encouraging me to take up shorthand in order to be able to write down more fully the communications during private seances.

I went to the Central Library to examine the various shorthand systems and decided to take up Gregg's. As no book-shop knew anything about this system, I had the necessary books sent to me from London and taught myself, using all my spare time for it. It was for me a most fascinating occupation, and I made almost daily progress. I was obviously helped, probably by that Chinese lady whom Mrs. Shanks had contacted for me in the above-mentioned sitting.

I will set down here part of the seance which referred to writing.

Medium: "I see a Chinese lady, she will help you in writing. Very gifted for mediumship. You can see and plan into the future, into the tomorrow. She is holding out her finger. You have many loved ones, not only your own; other nationalities help you in what is laid upon you. I see a quiet place—tall trees and a slope . . . (There followed minute description of the view from our home.) "In that condition hopes are revived, faith restored. In that condition lies the beginning of greater things . . . You will see more of the beauty of nature. There is such a lot to do for you . . .

"I see you draw more upon yourself—your own people—not so much on other nationalities, for I see the Chinese lady step aside rather sadly" (as a matter of fact, just then I had entertained the unkind thought, 'Why have Chinese or other exotic people come into it?') "but she will be doing something for you, perhaps. She has wide knowledge, she was a writer herself. You will write various things . . ."

So it was probably due to the help of that Chinese lady that I mastered the complete Manual in less than three months, although I had so many other obligations, especially as our daughter's wedding took place here in the month of August. But immediately after this event my husband and I spent a fortnight on a farm in Herefordshire, which gave me time for practice.

Here I should like to relate an incident which happened on our journey back. We had to ride about eighteen miles on our bicycles to catch a train at Hereford. It was not an easy ride, as the bicycles carried our two weeks' luggage as well.

We had done about two-thirds of the way without any stop, when I halted for a couple of minutes to take my oilskin

raincoat off, as the cool morning had turned into a hot day. I felt really at the end of my strength, but mounted my steed again, as my husband, not having noticed my action, had proceeded on his way. After a while I caught him up and passed him where he was waiting at some cross-roads.

Then I suddenly felt my son with me, helping and strengthening me. It was accompanied by a surge of emotion so sweet that tears flooded my eyes. Frederick still able to help his mother: and I felt so revived and strengthened that I could finish the whole distance without a break, even though the midday hour and the nearness of the town thronged the road with heavy traffic of buses and lorries.

At the station were such crowds that nobody could attend to our bicycles. We had to wheel them over platforms and railway lines. Just before getting out at Cardiff I missed my raincoat which I had placed on the top of my bicycle basket, which we had taken with us into the compartment. We enquired at once at the station here, telephoned and so on, but without result.

However, some days later our landlady wrote, "Have you lost your raincoat? Someone from Hereford wrote to me, asking for your address, as they had found a coat with your name and my address."

I had lost the coat all right, but how did they get hold of my name and our landlady's address? I never kept in those transparent pockets anything but a little handkerchief. A few days later the postman brought my coat, and in the pocket I found besides my handkerchief our landlady's receipt. Now I remembered that she had handed it to me at the last minute before we left.

Although there was nothing miraculous about this case, it was at least remarkable that in those days of clothing coupons someone was incurring personal expense in order to restore a good raincoat to its unknown owner.

I could not help thinking that Frederick had acted as invisible agent, by seeing to it that the right kind of person picked the coat up when it must have slipped from the basket, and that he impressed the finder to do what he so kindly did.

My latest accomplishment, namely, to be able to write in shorthand, proved of inestimable value in many ways, and my spirit friends rejoiced with me. They assured me of their help to make me more fit for various functions, and, although I could but dimly discern what it all meant, I could do with their encouragement, for I had none from my earthly companions.

The people nearest to me were afraid to lose me through this new interest which they did not share, and which took up so much of my time. There was apparently much "Love's Labour Lost" when I tried my best to convince others of the reality, that heavenly powers within us were linking us with heavenly beings around us.

But now I often discover that more was achieved than met the eye. And I have no right to complain about others, considering my own dullness and hesitation. How disappointing we all are at times for those in whose care we are placed, how sorely we try their patience! But they can see far ahead, and are to us what experienced gardeners are to flowers.

In the meantime, the many difficulties and disappointments which I had encountered were more than compensated by sweet intercourse with unseen loved ones. And although I did not yet possess the enlarged consciousness which came very gradually, (in other words, that which is functioning on this dense earth plane for a certain purpose is only part of our real self), I knew that there was a home or higher consciousness to which I could repair at any moment for protection or for gathering new hope and strength.

CHAPTER VI.

FREDERICK'S VARIOUS ACTIVITIES

In further private sittings I heard much about Frederick's activities, one medium continuing where the previous one had left off. Here are some sentences from a sitting with Mr. Gill.

"He is in a school of training for communication, not only on account of love for you but also for the enlightenment of others on account of the distress and despair of those boys who pass over . . . Frederick was not very religious, nor is he so now. But he is interested in spiritual things. A little has been revealed, more is still to come. He is far from competent, but he is in the hands of good tutors. They understand . . .

"He wants you to know that he has been to the 'Hall of Music', where he has received great inspiration. He says: 'The little knowledge I had has been useful. I can still be of service in things of this kind. . . I would love you to see my laboratory here. I have not to save my pennies to buy the things. Here are all the things I always wanted. We are still experimenting, there is still much to experience to help suffering mankind, to ease their pains, cancel their fears, enlighten their minds.'"

Medium (continuing): "When the time is ripe, before leaving your body, he will take you on a tour. He knows that you are trying to project yourself, but the body still holds you, but they will help you to master your body; you will escape and see with your own eyes.

"He is not alone in experimenting, others are operating with him in different spheres with mutual thought and purpose. They are working on lots of experiments, they will charge the atmosphere with electricity, create . . . they are determined to electrify the air . . . The frame-work is ready,

it has only to be filled in . . . They want to force the world to accept this knowledge. Not a selfish knowledge, but one that creates selflessness, to work on the heart of mankind. They are preparing for things that will be creating new discoveries . . ." (It seems that these allusions were to the release of atomic energy.)

Many intimate items alluded to during this sitting proved again that Frederick knew all about our affairs, those of Hilda in London, and those of friends here.

Paul too, came through about "storm clouds brewing. Thunder clouds and more to come—terrible devastation—Would break my heart to see it—not witness to destruction . . . But you will go to Germany again—all is to purpose . . . first-born son had to be sacrificed." But here Frederick interrupted with a funny item, as if to break the gloomy spell. It was so typical of him and his English manners.

More about Frederick's activities was mentioned in my second sitting with Miss Bromwich, who had come again to Cardiff for a few days in October 1943. It was once more a great affair. This time Frederick was seen in spirit robes—"He stands alone wonderfully illuminated. He says: 'I have been living the last weeks for this morning. Is it not marvellous that I can come back to you like this? Life is very wonderful. I have my mind, my memory, etc., all here . . .'"

Then his work in a "Reception Room" was unrolled before the medium's eyes: "A huge place, there are two doors, one on each side. Through the one now steps your son, and through the other come soldiers, sailors and airmen. He tries to enlighten them, for it is very sad, but a fact, that eight out of ten know nothing about after-life. Just now he handles a young sailor, dripping wet, who is being clothed in spirit dress. Now he smiles at your son, who leads him forward into a great country. That is what he is doing these days."

And then Frederick himself continued: "You will be happy, Mother, when I tell you about this. I am linked up by high guiding forces here, my education has gone forward by leaps and bounds. You will be amazed, Mother. The great secret is coming from here. A man of science, a great Doctor, who does not want his name given, is preparing for cancer cure; it is nearly completed. He is working from here through medical men, it has almost reached its height. That and other things are going to revolutionise the medical world. We wish that people there would make it easier for us to help them, less material conditions.

"You often feel my presence. I come so close that I touch your cheek. Only the best can draw near to you on account of your condition. I am happy because I am helping those who before were less fortunate than I was. There are so many coming over just now. It is saddening, but none leaves life without a purpose, for we are going to create a new world for men and women to live in. We have been able to see from here the poverty and the slums. It is greed in men that has caused it . . .

"Forgive my having been preaching but we see things from here. Not one has ever lifted a finger, so wars had to come. But we are determined to cleanse life. Go on, Mother, Father will join you later. I shall be thinking: 'My father and mother hand in hand with me . . .'

"I am looking forward to many communications . . . My instrument has you on one side and me on the other. It is lovely to work with her. She just gives what I give. Sometimes you worry, but leave that to us. We will work it out for you. As you give, so you will receive. Power gone."

And then the medium spoke again about other people related to me, which provided much evidence.

That Frederick was instrumental in saving our house from being burnt was revealed two months later, when I

had a private sitting with Mr. William Redmond, who was visiting Cardiff for the first time. After many startling revelations, the medium said "Did you worry about your house? Was it in danger?"

"Yes, my parents' home. Has it been blitzed?" I asked.

Medium: "I mean your house here."

"Oh yes, yesterday it nearly caught fire."

Medium: "That's it. Frederick tells me that he brought you down."

Now the fact was that I woke up from my usual short sleep after dinner, looked at my watch and found that I could stay ten minutes longer. However, something made me get up at once and step out of the bedroom before putting on my dress. On the landing I could just smell smoke. I walked part of the way downstairs, but as soon as I could see past the open door of the front room, I noticed that nothing was wrong with the fire there. I turned to go up again when the thought flashed through my mind that there must be a reason for this slight smell. I turned once more and this time walked along the passage right into our big breakfast room. It was full of smoke which came in a solid column from a piece of tree-trunk which my husband had placed on the hob of the open fireplace before leaving. It was partly overlapping the blazing fire with one end and the full coalbox with the other. Next to it stood a wooden box, full of lighter blocks, leaning against the wood-panelling of the room.

I noticed at once that I was only just in the nick of time to prevent a conflagration. I pushed the trunk into the fire and threw the windows open to let out the dense smoke. I warned my husband on his return and then forgot all about it, as I had felt no shock whatever.

Towards the end of the sitting, Mr. Redmond said: "Frederick says to you: 'Before passing over I was due for promotion. I have my promotion now.'"

Two months later, on February 10th, 1944, Mr. Gill said: "You have already heard that Frederick has been promoted. He is now working in the laboratory. There is nothing missing. All is here. He is experimenting along with the medical profession and also with the clerical world. Man's bodily state on passing over should not necessitate disintegration. There should be less disturbance and no pain. It should be a voluntary stepping over from one state into the other. Your son is playing a part in . . . but most of the minority are not yet ready. They experience the utmost difficulty in impressing the physical world. They are Civil Engineers, building a bridge which they are anxious to cross.

"What did you do with an instrument of his?"

"We presented his flute to his former school," I answered.

Medium: "Not that. Frederick had a microscope which you have taken away." (His father took it to his school for an advanced student in biology. I felt a pang when he took it out of Frederick's room.) "He acquired it under great difficulties, and he valued it very much. He scarcely had the proper use of it before he was called away; but now, so he tells me, he has a similar one, with greater improvements. He was frightfully glad about his and worked with it after his death, but he is pleased now that the other student has the benefit of it.

"Apart from the work which he is called upon to do and certain routine work, he is in his spare time co-operating with others working to improve your powers for contacting higher forces. He is also studying your mother-tongue. He tries to master your language, so that he can better impress people."

In this sitting, Frederick acted as a mouthpiece for others around me.

Medium: "He says: 'Great Minds around you impress me to tell you that out of the ruins of the old world will rise a new world. The temporal will give way to the spiritual. A revolution is already in existence in the minds of the people. It will result in the overthrow of the powers of evil. It will not be brought about by the arms of one nation, but by the people themselves. It will be a revolution of the mind, not of the flesh. The collapse of Germany is on the way. One of the greatest fruits will come that way. The elimination of the military power will take time, but it will come. There will be an alliance between the English and German peoples . . . We will reveal more in the silence of your own room, there we can better impress you than here.'"

It had been very difficult for Mr. Gill to identify some of these "Great Minds", as they were called.

CHAPTER VII.

SPEAKING IN UNKNOWN TONGUES

On March 2nd 1944, I saw for the first time Mr. Jack Mackay from Edinaburgh, during a church service. This first encounter was at once remarkable, not to say dramatic, for the medium interrupted the church service to give me a message.

The chairman on the rostrum had just said: "Now we will sing hymn number so-and-so, whilst remaining seated," when Mr. Mackay jumped up, saying: "I must just come to the lady here in front. There is a young man, his name is Frederick, and he tells me that you are his mother. You have been particularly close to the spirit-world these days. I hear the name 'Ludwig'." But then an awkward pause, until the medium said dreamily: "Hedwig—but there is no connection between the two names." I myself was quite at a loss to place either. Then I saw Mr. Mackay, whilst he seemed to listen strenuously, smile and inaudibly form my name. Turning full face to me again, he said: "Is your name Frieda?" I said: "Yes".

Medium: "Now I have to take you far away, to Bremen, and there—strange to say—to a place where you liked to go to drink chocolate—but for that you have to go far back into your past. It is a white building, standing out from others . . . And now I see a tall lady behind you, big and very full; she is now bending lovingly over you. Her name too is Frieda." Then I suddenly realised that the medium was speaking of a childhood friend of mine. Together with her and another friend called Hedwig, I had been in the above-described cafe to drink chocolate and eat cakes. And as she had taken great interest in our children, Frederick knew her well.

As I did not know at that time of the possibility that people, still living, can be brought into contact with us, especially if they are helped by common discarnate friends,

I assumed that she had died in one of those heavy air raids over Germany during that time. But that was not the case, as I found out later, and I hope to have another sweet encounter with her.

After the service I asked Mr. Mackay whether he could speak German, as his pronunciation of the German names had been so perfect. "No," he said, "I just repeated what I heard."

I engaged him for a private sitting the following morning. Unfortunately I could only have half-an-hour. Frederick used most of the time to give me advice on how to contact him directly. "To be a saint is not enough. It wants a certain technique," he said. "Before there is a building *up* there must be a building *in*, generally brought about by deep breathing. The bloodstream has to be at a given speed. The building up has the reaction of changing the blood corpuscles in the physical body . . ." It was quite impossible for me to write it down as quickly as it was conveyed to me. Therefore the value of this sitting lay more in some very evidential items, as Frederick described in detail the interior of our house and spoke of a leather folder, smaller than the usual wallet size, which I should take hold of, as it would have the effect of drawing his vibrations towards me. I said to the medium that I did not know of such a thing in Frederick's possession. But he just smiled and said: "You will find it."

At dinner-time I asked my husband whether he knew anything about such an article. "No," he said rather abruptly. "But you have somewhere a box with articles belonging to Frederick. Couldn't it be in there?" I asked. Before leaving the house again my husband put a box on the table before me, saying: "Do you mean that?" I opened it and found a little leather album containing snapshots, taken in 1935 in the big garden of my parents' home, and

now I remembered that my relatives had presented it to Frederick at the time.

When I alluded to his interrupting the service, Mr. Mackay said: "That has never happened to me before, but I was simply swamped by the spirit world."

I thought such tactics rather strange, as far as Frederick was concerned, but I could understand it two months later, when, after a service in the same church, Miss Bromwich had Ludwig van Beethoven for me. Then again, eighteen months later, during a private sitting, he made use of the channel created by Frederick to speak fluently to me himself for ten minutes, stating with the words: "I have tried to come to you often and make my presence known, and speak to you as I do this morning. I have been preparing this instrument in the early hours of this morning and I am only too eager to take the chance and speak to you as the first one. I am not only interested in your music but also in your work, because when I was on earth . . ."

He finished with the words: "I leave you now, as there are two others who want to speak with you. I am pleased that the opportunity was given me this morning. I had been waiting for it a long time."

Then Frederick followed with a lengthy speech, towards the end of which he said: "I was close beside you when Beethoven came. As a matter of fact, I gave him the opportunity." The last speaker at that particular sitting was my brother Paul.

Miss Bromwich afterwards wondered what had happened to her at the beginning. She knew that Frederick was there, and she was about to surrender herself to him when he remarked: "Not yet; in ten minutes," whereupon she suddenly became totally unconscious.

My next chance of a private sitting with Mr. Jack Mackay, on April 10th, 1945, gave wonderful proof of his clairaudient

gifts and the authenticity of the communicators, namely, Frederick and Father Marcus. The languages, Italian and German, were quite unknown to the medium.

During the first part of the sitting my visit to Italy in 1934 was revived through words and pictures conveyed to Mr. Mackay.

I had to be very alert in jumping from one subject to another. Sometimes I was baffled, but wrote down what was given, and recognised, (either a few seconds later, as mental questions on my part were answered, or on re-writing) how true all these utterances were. They referred mostly to visits to places recording historical events or works of art, witnessed in the company of the communicator who, at the time, initiated me into the spiritual greatness of that country, which reached its height between the thirteenth and sixteenth centuries.

When Mr. M. spoke of Savonarola, he not only described the square and stone of commemoration, but he also smelt the burning of paper. Certain works of art were minutely described. The words of a signature song were correctly quoted and the tune hummed.

St. Francis of Assisi was mentioned, followed by a detailed description of the hill with its ancient building, the village below and the Saint himself, surrounded by deer, rabbits and birds.

Then this scene broke off for a moment. I was told that these people of the past were close around us, their minds were impinging on ours; that a plan had been worked out, and that the influences around me were not confined to Florentine and German only, but that it was like the converging of many rivers making a complete whole.

Standing at the back the medium saw again the Egyptian priest whom he had mentioned at the beginning of the seance.

I said: "I am not interested, as I cannot check such statements."

"But oh," said Mr. Mackay, "these are the people who have the power of manipulating these affairs! This priest lived at the time of the Shepherd Kings at the coming to earth of the *one* God, uniting the higher and lower worlds . . ."

After this St. Francis of Assisi was seen again, holding up his hands, as if giving me a blessing, and now he spoke to me. He called me "*figliuola* (little daughter) and thanked me for keeping up the knowledge and beauty of former times.

Here the most convincing item for me was that he pronounced the word "*figliuola*" differently from the way I had heard it pronounced and as was indicated in my modern dictionary. Instead of placing the accent on a short open *o*, he pronounced it with a deep long *u* and instead of saying, "*mille grazie*" he said, "*mille gracias*."

I thought that Mr. Mackay had not caught it properly and although I generally refrain from interrupting mediums, knowing that it may break the once-established line of vibrations, I suggested softly, "Is it not '*mille grazie*'?" "No," returned Mr. Mackay, "*mille gracias*." This fact should be proof to those who believe that mediums adapt themselves to their sitters, how very honest they actually are in conveying messages. At least, this was the case with those I came across.

Thinking it over afterwards, it appeared to me quite natural that a religious man, who lived in the twelfth century would use the Latin ending: and I have since read in esoteric literature that a deep long "*u*" is the expression of spiritual love.

But I had also to think of my criticism with regard to him after having read years previously a little Italian book called "*I Fioretti di San Francesco*". I remember putting the book aside with the remark, "But what a fanatical fool to

maltreat his body thus! That was surely not necessary to become Christlike." My Italian Mentor, who was a great devotee of St. Francis, had already told me at the beginning of 1944 that he had met St. Francis, and that each one he meets there can see the mistakes which he made in life, and that all are engaged on the task of remedying them or improving themselves.

After a great deal more in Italian, Mr. M. heard German words: "*Das ist meine Mutter. Ich habe mein(en) Grossvater hier . . .*" and so Frederick said more in order to distinguish this grandfather of his from his paternal grandfather. He also mentioned books by Goethe and Schiller which my father had presented to my husband at Christmas 1913, and then he continued in English: "I know all these people, and I am helping in a small measure to keep a link between you and them. I am your liaison officer. I want you to know that I love doing it . . ."

Here the sitting was suddenly interrupted by repeated loud knocks on the outer door of the basement. I felt obliged to leave the room to see what was wrong. It was a caller who had mistaken the day of his appointment with Mr. M.

When I came back into the room, hoping to resume the sitting, Mr. M. shook his head and said: "It is all gone, as if suddenly a shutter had come down."

Other mediums, too, were able to bring through short sentences in languages unknown to them, but it seemed to be rather an effort, especially in the case of unknown names, when the best way seemed to be to spell them out to me or to give me a special piece of advice, as during a sitting with Mrs. Rose Harley, London, in August 1944.

After mentioning that scientists helped Frederick in his work she continued: "There was a German scientist, Henzen or Enzen—I may have missed a word—you must

look it up—he has done research work on cancer to alleviate the sufferings of mankind, on consumption too; not much progress with these has been made in the world.”

The same day, when writing out shorthand notes of my sitting, I wondered where I could “look it up,” as I had been exhorted to do. Then I thought of an encyclopedia which my husband had once brought from Germany, entitled *Der Kleine Beckmann*, in two volumes. There I found, after some searching (I translate):—“Hensen Viktor (born 1835), Physiologist. Professor at Kiel until 1911. 1899, Director of the Plankton Expedition of the Humboldt trust. He wrote *Results, Physiology of Hearing, Physiology of Procreation*, etc.”

I wondered if “Viktor” was the name the medium had missed; for that name had been given to me a year previously by another medium. I looked up my records and found the name, also a description of him as my son Frederick’s guide when he was on earth, and that he lived a hundred years ago.

Then I remembered the incident mentioned in Part I, Chapter V, “Invisible Helpers,” relating how Frederick at the age of thirteen, when recovering from an attack of scarlet fever, had a conversation with a very learned German Professor. The name which he could not remember was apparently Professor Viktor Hensen (the German ‘s’ sounds like the English ‘z’). And now I could also understand his interest in examining the pistil and stamens of fruit blossoms under his powerful microscope during his last leave, a week before passing over.

Thus four different incidents seemed to have a connecting thread. Some time later I came across our daughter’s miniature German encyclopedia, called *Meyer’s Blitz Lexicon*. In this work, complete in one volume, I found the information “Hensen, Viktor, Physiologist 1835—1924. *Leiter der Deutschen Plankton Expedition*.”

Now, my question is, who possessed the knowledge that I could look up the name and attainments of this personality? Surely Frederick had not looked it up during his lifetime? In order to make more sure, I asked his Biology master, but he knew nothing about this man.

Frederick knew, however, that these books were in our possession. The short *Lexicon* was published in 1933, and the other, *Der Kleine Beckmann*, in 1929, both of them after the death of the scientist; but as the date of death is not given in *Der Kleine Beckmann*, the original *Beckmann* was apparently compiled and published during the lifetime of Professor Hensen, and one may assume that he knew his name was included in it while he was still alive.

However, it need not necessarily be memory on the part of the scientist, as Frederick has given us abundant proofs of knowledge concerning earthly happenings since he passed out of his body, both of family matters and in the wider sphere of world affairs; and I had once more to admire their ingenuity in convincing us of their continued existence.

CHAPTER VIII.

PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS.

By the term "physical" I mean here manifestations which can be observed by our physical senses, as well as the handling of solid objects by spirit-agency.

In Chapter III of Part II, I have mentioned already some such "paranormal" demonstrations (to use the present scientific term), namely, electric cracklings in my right ear, as well as normally unaccountable crackling noises in any room in which I happen to be, whilst dwelling in thought on esoteric subjects.

Frederick's way of signalling his presence by these cracklings in my ear was in 1944 replaced by a soft oblong flash under my right eye. He himself explained some time later in a sitting that the golden light, which had been developed in me, was his aura. It is still his signal and occurs very often to show his interest in what I am doing or thinking at the time; for instance, when I am studying or thinking deeply, listening to a lecture, or talking with others about spiritual things.

At the same time, cracklings in my left ear became the signal of the presence of other spirit friends.

A couple of months later I became the recipient of another light signal, a golden ring round the centre of my right eye. I could guess who the originator was. A sitting with Mr. William Redmond, London, on January 2nd, 1945 made it quite clear that I was not mistaken; for the medium heard the words "watch" and "ring," after having given me the initials and other evidence about that particular personality. He asked: "Do you have his ring and his watch?" I said: "No." And whilst he was muttering to himself, rather puzzled: "Perhaps you should have had them but for death coming too quickly," I suddenly realised that the word "watch" had to be taken as a verb, and that it referred to

the then latest device of direct communion, whilst crackling noises in the various rooms were being taken over by other spirit-friends. I am not particularly curious to know whom but just return the kind greetings.

Once, however, it was not a kind greeting but a rather imperious command when I heard a tremendous crack over our high sideboard, whilst I was standing in the room, holding in my hand a set of typed papers under the heading: "The Activities of my Brother Paul in Spirit-Life." I had compiled this set with the intention of sending it to a German prisoner of war in an officers' camp in the north of the country, with whom we were allowed to correspond, as he was the son of a friend of ours. But just then I hesitated to do so.

A little startled, I asked: "Is it you, Paul?" As answer I heard a second equally loud crack. So I sent the papers. And what a lovely surprise I had, when a few months later, just before Christmas 1946, I received a parcel "On His Majesty's Service," containing a note from the English Captain I.C., a letter from the P.O.W., and a home-made booklet, the fifty pages of which contained the German translation of my typescript in marvellous handwriting, like copperplate.

In the meantime Frederick and Paul had succeeded in showing themselves very clearly to me during a "Transfiguration" demonstration by Mrs. Bullock.

It was very interesting to see how the medium's face changed first into Frederick's long, rather pointed face with blue eyes and fair hair, and immediately afterwards into my brother's round face with dark eyes.

A friend, whom I had taken with me, had her late husband come through, and she took me afterwards to her flat to show me his photograph.

Before the medium settled down for the transfiguration performance, she spoke to me about Frederick and his uncle and how delighted they were about a decision I had taken. Therefore, the next day I set to work to put my decision into practice; namely, to follow Frederick's advice, given me a week previously in a long speech, to pick out short pieces of my experiences and send them to periodicals.

The result was that two short articles were published in *The Two Worlds* and two longer ones in the July 1946 and January 1947 Quarterly Review of the London *Institute of Experimental Metaphysics*. Such undeniable co-operation of course offered great encouragement for me to continue in my personal efforts to convince mankind (at a time of unspeakable suffering, desolation and bewilderment) of the indestructibility of our real egos, which would not only console the bereaved but also uplift those who had fallen victims to despair or materialism.

And as our scientific age craves for tangible proofs, I received many of these, which helped to convince at least my personal friends and relatives. The strangest of these were cases of what have come to be known as "apports," that is, the carrying of concrete articles from one place to another through the air and through any material obstacles by dematerialisation of their atoms and subsequent reassembly or reconditioning, performed by discarnate entities. Distance is of no consequence whatever.

In my case, they were the restoration of lost property which I had missed greatly. They were all light articles which had been constantly handled by me: a small stainless kitchen knife, my fountain pen and a small pair of scissors.

The first two objects I heard fall on the floor in front of me after having thought of them vaguely, and I shall certainly not forget my astonished feelings when I saw for myself what had caused the noise. These two articles had been lost for

a week. The knife had been left in the garden, and the fountain pen had apparently been wrapped up in a big laundry parcel which I had to pack up in a tremendous hurry, but our enquiries had failed to retrieve it. The scissors had been lost for several months. They had never left the house, but might have been deeply buried in the upholstery of an armchair or sofa.

The night before they reappeared I had remarked to my husband how much I missed them, and once more made a thorough but unavailing search everywhere, and especially in the upholstery, where I thought they might still be buried.

Next morning I had some delicate mending to do. I fetched my open sewing basket full of reels from the front room, where it had been left the night before, and placed it on the big table in the breakfast room. Then I turned to a drawer of the kitchen dresser for a huge pair of scissors, whilst longing for my little pointed ones, thinking, "Why not ask my spirit-friends to find them for me?" But I dismissed the thought at once as trivial. However, when I turned back to the table, there they were on the top of the basket with the points between the reels, as I always used to place them.

My first thought was: "But that is too quick, even for the spirit-world," followed at once by thoughts of common sense, trying to attribute it to normal causes. Surely, my husband must have found them late last night or early in the morning, and put them there without my noticing them when I carried the basket from one room to another. As he came home a few minutes later, I asked: "Where *did* you find the scissors, Walter?"

"Scissors," he repeated, "what scissors? I didn't find any scissors."

"But here they are," I said, "I saw them suddenly sticking in like that. How can you explain it?" "I can't,"

he replied, and I retorted, a little triumphantly: "What do you say now?" "All I say is, I am jolly glad they are back." Still, I know that it caused some impression, as also did two "asports". Both these cases were the disappearance and subsequent restoration of books.

Instead of giving another detailed account, I prefer to pass over to a greater spirit achievement, namely, the saving of my native town from bomb damage. Frederick told me during the war that he was safeguarding those dear to me, and that every time there was danger, he placed a shield of protection around them. He also spoke of safety valves, chains, and so on. I could only wonder what was meant. "So far, all is well," he said, then the names of my brother and his family were spelt out to the medium.

Even so, I could scarcely believe it, when another time, I was told that my parents' home, which occupied an exposed position in the centre of the town, was still standing. Now, however, we know the facts.

Whilst Bremen has been destroyed, some say to the extent of eighty or ninety per cent., Delmenhorst, a factory town twenty minutes' train journey from the centre of Bremen, with eight big munition factories and airport, has been left untouched.

In September 1944, in a sitting with Mr. J. F. Gill, Frederick was seen again on rescue work on the battlefield between stretchers and ambulances. "He gave it up, but he is on it again, there are so many passing over just now. He is leading them from darkness to light. He is very enthusiastic and full of inspiration. He says: 'It is a grand job, we are working for all nations here and there.'"

My brother Paul too was seen and described. He also stressed the point: "We are not only operating for *one* nation but for humanity as a whole."

Another time Frederick was depicted as flying again to help former comrades to bring them safely back. He himself spoke about pilots on their side who flew with friends still in the earth life, in order to assist them, adding that without their help many more of these brave men would have died.

And there was indeed at that time amongst aircrews much talk of stange helpful interference, which they jokingly attributed to "Gremlins".

Although we have never made any attempts to create the right conditions for telekinesis, we had several indications here in our house that there is a possibility of the discarnate working directly on what we term "matter," as, for instance, by moving bolts or shaking doors, although their natural way is to impress us mentally or emotionally, or, in rare cases, through vision.

On April 30th, 1944, Frederick and I attended together a 'full materialisation' seance, which took place in a nearby suburb. The medium and his wife were well-known to most of the sitters. Mr. H. is a non-professional psychic who has steadily developed his gift over a long period. Fraud was absolutely excluded.

Two months previously, Frederick had told me that he would materialise. I should just sit passive and wait.

As the sitters were gathering in a room on the ground floor I received from Frederick the signal of his presence, and, again afterwards in the room upstairs where it all happened.

It was a very successful seance, full of extraordinary happenings. Seated quite near the medium, I could often see him at the same time as the spirit figure who was walking out of the curtained-off corner.

Experienced guides showed great self-reliance and spoke clearly to us, proudly pointing out this or that in their make-up. A young Egyptian dancer lifted her lace skirts whilst

performing elegant steps (there was not sufficient room for a real dance). A medical man walked along the front row, knelt before the young son of the medium, took off his gasmask and handed it to the boy. Another one allowed all who cared to take hold of his hand.

Others, for whom it was apparently the first experience, felt somewhat shy and awkward. One stepped back, groping for the medium. Most of these came for friends or loved ones in the audience. A young soldier, who had passed over in Africa, gave the name of his wife and shook hands with friends of hers in the audience, asking them to remember him to her. And so on. It would take pages to write down everything.

It was a warm sunny day and the windows had to be kept closed, as the strong wind would have blown the curtains open, and these performances can only endure red light, so it was very hot in the room. A complaint about that instantly brought cooling breezes through the room. But even so, I did not feel my usual harmonious self. The mental atmosphere was pervaded by the excitement of people who wanted to have a chance of contacting someone of their own, and I wished that Frederick would not show himself, as I was not in need of such a proof.

Two days later, when I had my third sitting with Miss Bromwich, he gave me his own impressions: "I was there. It was all true, but not exactly what I like—all right for those who cannot believe unless they see, but *you know*, *you* have proof, you know that . . . I did not materialise, because their conditions were not mine, and there were so many anxious to have a chance. When I materialise, it will be through higher conditions."

In one of his fluent reports, mostly through the mediumship of Mr. C. R. Dell, the first nine of which are gathered in the booklet "The World in Which I Live," depicting mainly

the activities of scientists in spirit life, Frederick explains the process of materialisation. The following is an extract:—

"There are a number of scientists who devote their whole time to trying to build a material form. By what I was told, it is far more rarely the complete thing than many people on earth believe. What is essential is complete harmony on the earth side of the veil and a corresponding circle on the astral.

"There is a certain amount of waste matter drawn from each of the sitters which you will sometimes detect in a nauseous odour which is prevalent in the materialisation. This is manipulated by the chief scientist who is standing at the side of the medium. This, by a process of violet, infra-red and ultra-violet rays is condensed into a semi-material substance.

"The spirit is then chosen, and the group of scientists—on our side, of course—clothe the spirit in this semi-material substance, which is then bathed completely in infra-red rays, and then we hope for the best.

"The form is not always clothed around the spirit. On occasions the ectoplasmic mixture is draped or clothed around the medium, when the power is weak. This is what you see from your side—the finished product.

"But the scientists on our side hope to be able one day to effect a ray which temporarily will be able to contact the ordinary light-rays of earth, and so have the form, produced by the scientist of the spirit-world, to stand up to the acid test of earthly scientists, in ordinary daylight. When that comes, the world of science, both sides of the veil, will join together as ONE great army for progression, peace, love and duty to mankind."

CHAPTER IX.

ON MEDIUMSHIP

In one of the later reports, received after the printing of the above-mentioned booklet, Frederick revealed more about the necessary conditions and technique for transmission from their world to ours, especially as far as *they* are concerned.

This sitting took place on August 5th, 1948, in our own home. The medium was Mr. C. R. Dell who, at these private sittings with me, falls into deepest trance before he is used as an instrument by the spirit world.

I will write out most of what came through. It is a verbatim report, as Frederick is adapting himself exactly to the speed of my writing, even repeating a word which I have not caught.

First the usual preliminaries, when beloved relatives and friends are helped through to me.

Togo, Mr. Dell's spirit guide, was very pleased to have amongst them three newcomers whom he had not contacted before.

Then Frederick took over. "Hello, Mother: God bless you. It is very warm to-day," (I asked: "Do you feel it?") "No, only when I contact the medium I feel the difference between heat and cold.

"The world in which I live is a beautiful world and its serenity and peace surpasses the greatest dreams of earthly folk, and yet we cannot just remain in our world and enjoy the peace and beauty without sharing this joy with the peoples of the earth: and to do this we must find a vehicle in order to convey our greetings and the knowledge which we have gained to the earth.

"The vehicle which we use is the vehicle of mediumship. Mediumship is very little understood: and yet it is the main link between the world of the so-called "living" and the

world of the so-called 'dead'. And so, Mother dear, I will try to explain to you what happens when those who have passed to that greater life are trying to make contact with the earth through mediumship.

"First of all, the sensitive or medium must be willing to co-operate, otherwise it would be impossible for us to have any measure of success. A medium is a person who is born with this gift. Mediums cannot be made.

"Essential for mediumship are proper conditions. First of all, harmony; second, a sincere desire to contact the world of spirit in order to help humanity. Cleanliness is essential both in the surroundings and the person of the medium concerned. The reason for this is that other conditions which have been contacted hold on.

"When this has been done from the earthly side the task is complete so far as earthly people are concerned; the rest depends upon us.

"Earthly people are of a low rate of vibration; the spirit people are of a much higher rate of vibration, and so we must endeavour to raise the one and lower the other. The raising of the medium's vibrations is a form of excitement passing in and through the medium which quickens his vibrations approximately ten per cent. The spirit entity or guide endeavours to reduce his rate of vibration by concentration on things fully physical and earthly.

"When this has been done we have co-ordination between the earthly person and the spirit person. The spirit person overshadows the medium. The medium's reaction is a feeling of being someone else, if one can understand that.

"And now the work of the band of spirits round about is to effect absolute control. The spirit of the medium in *deep trance* is dislodged temporarily from the body; and in the state of deep trance any sudden shock may prove very disastrous indeed to the medium.

"Now the medium and his or her spirit is connected by a very thin cord which is situated somewhere at the top of the spinal cord. The medium proper, that is, the spirit, withdraws a matter of about four feet away, in most cases completely unconscious of anything or any emotions or feeling at all. On rare occasions the medium feels a sense of lightness, freedom, liberation, which produces in the mind a beautiful heavenly state which is transferred to the brain of the medium and, with the return of the spirit to the medium after the sitting, produces the waking thought of the medium in the body that he or she has been to some place many miles away which is perfect happiness and peace.

"The spirit or guide who wishes to take control moves forward and enters the framework or body of the medium.

"Our first reaction is that of being encased, feeling very limited and slightly uncomfortable. In the process of entering the medium's body, we lose much of our thoughts and ideas and knowledge, all so clear to us a moment or two previous to our contact with the body, and so on many occasions the controlling spirit cannot answer some seemingly simple questions from the sitter concerned.

"This feeling of being limited and encased fades away after a few times of trance. You will remember, Mother, that in my own case my communications in the early stages were very disjointed and of short duration, but now I feel quite at ease, just as if I were temporarily using my own body again.

"And so by these means we pass through a part of the beauty and glory of the world in which we live to those on earth who are seeking for light and truth.

"Our own feelings are rather complex. We realise that it is hot or cold on the earth only when we contact the aura of the medium, and immediately we enter this outer aura we feel heat or cold, and see light and darkness.

"Many spirit people shrink at first from contacting or endeavouring to make contact. The nearest parallel I can give you to the feeling is approaching a dentist's waiting room; and when you arrive there and the whole stage is set, it will be better to leave it until tomorrow.

"During the time of control or trance we are constantly reminded by the chief guide to keep breathing, and so you will notice on the first few occasions that the spirit entity controls there will appear very laboured and heavy-breathing.

"The spirits do not realise that they are breathing other than normally. You must realise, Mother, that for so long there has been no need of filling our lungs with air; but if we continued in our normal way the medium too, would be on our side of life.

"Hence the chief guides' continually saying: 'Breathe, breathe, breathe.' And in the initial stages of control or trance this is very disconcerting. So you will realise, Mother, why many of the communications in the beginning are so disjointed.

"And so our task has been done, and if we have passed perhaps a very simple message from a disappointed husband to a bereaved wife, or from a brokenhearted mother to her child, possibly just four words: 'I still love you,' and if this is all that comes through in the early stages after all the work and planning and organisation that has gone on before to enable those four words to be received, then we are satisfied and know our work has not been in vain.

"That is all, Mother. Have you anything special to ask?"

Knowing how firmly he was established in his control, I took the opportunity and had a lovely talk with him about different matters.

He was quite eager to show me how clearly he could see through the *closed* eyes of the medium: for instance, that the

perennial sweet peas on the table were light blue at the outside and red in the centre, that the table cover was not brown nor properly orange in colour. (It was copper colour.) I asked: "Can you see human beings as we see them?"

He said: "Yes, and we can see more. We can see what they think."

I asked about the mysterious collapse of my bicycle tyre a few days previously; had it been spirit interference? He said: "Yes, these things are quite easy for us to do."

The fact was that on mounting my bicycle at 11.45 a.m. on July 29th, the tyre of the back wheel flattened completely, although it was quite stiff when I had examined it just before. "Lady, your tyre is down," said two men in the lane. So I had to put it back into the garage, and as I went into the house I heard the telephone ring. It was a message from my husband that he would be home for lunch earlier than expected.

On that account the accident was a blessing, and I had my suspicions, because I constantly meet with such happy coincidences, but I felt sorry for my husband on account of the repairing this would mean for him. However, when the next day he blew the tyre up to see what was wrong, it remained stiff. I have used it since. There is nothing wrong.

I also asked about the mysterious disappearance and consequent recovery of the book "The Initiation of the World." It had disappeared about six weeks previously when I had just secured another copy which I wanted to give to a friend. On August 2nd, after having listened to the broadcast "Lost Horizon" together with my husband, I wanted to read to him the chapter "Shamballa" in one of Miss Alder's books. I went to my book-table in the next room, picked up a book on top, and it opened with the headline "Shamballa." It was my own old copy with the many red pencil marks! My husband and I are the only occupants of the house.

Frederick admitted this interference.

Also a third riddle was solved which would take too long to explain, but without which this very sitting would not have taken place.

Then Frederick said: "But now I must go out," after which Togo finished with a few words of farewell.

When Mr. Dell came out of his trance he said—as so often—"I have been far far away, *where* I cannot say, but it must have been a heavenly place."

And here I will also include what Frederick said about organisation of their side for mass or propaganda meetings, when speaking to me in February 1947.

"In preparing for mass or propaganda meetings it would seem to the ordinary person who visits a meeting that the only organisation needed is that which has been done by people on earth. This is *not* so, for so much depends on the success or failure of the meeting, and therefore everything must be worked out in detail.

"In the case of a public hall which has been used for all kinds of activities, such as political meetings or bazaars, we have to commence work in real earnest to create an atmosphere in order that the spirit-people may be able to communicate with their loved ones on earth.

"A system of wavelengths or rays is used, which to a large extent clarifies the atmosphere, and so the ground-work here is done.

"We have a group of people who form a band or circle around the hall. The atmosphere is now ready for spirit-people to show themselves to the particular medium who is on the platform, and now the work commences.

"Spirit-people do not come haphazard into the churches or halls where meetings are held, and so the band of spirit-people try to make contact with those whom they wish to

be at the meeting. We impress them to attend that particular meeting.

"In the case of a complete stranger we either have to inspire him or impress a third party in order that this person will suggest to the other that he (or she) attends this particular meeting. When we are sure of this, we then make contact with suitable people of their own family in the spirit-world and endeavour to find the one who can give the most conclusive and definite proof of himself. Thus the task of that part is practically completed.

"Do you know, Mother, that before a large meeting commences we could take the medium to another room, away from the hall in which the meeting is held, and give you a list of each person who would be spoken of during the meeting?"

"It is all worked out so perfectly beforehand.

"Then the platform: the medium goes to the platform. For about a radius of three feet around the medium there are waves of sounds made from the spirit-people in the hall. These waves are accentuated and are produced in the medium's ear as if by way of a telephone.

"There are times when the spirit-people are there and have called out a name and their message, and have no response from the audience or congregation. The reason for this is that just at the last moment something has prevented the earthly person from attending. This we have no power over.

"When the meeting has gone through successfully there is great joy in the hearts of the spirit-people, not because *one* particular meeting has been successful, but because some seeds of understanding have been sown and the mind or heart of one or two of God's children lifted higher and nearer to God in the supreme knowledge that God, the Father of all mankind, is a living God and that men and women do not die."

CHAPTER X.

KNOWLEDGE OF WORLD AFFAIRS

Throughout the various sittings, Frederick was able to give me proofs of his ever-widening knowledge of world-affairs as he learned to read people's thoughts and to come down to various parts of the earth.

But it seems to me that to be able to do so, there has to be some kind of connection or help by more experienced souls at the beginning. As for instance when he, together with a group of students who in their Hall of Music were instructed in the vibrations of sound, were taken to the earth to a symphony concert in the Albert Hall, London, to witness the effect of music on human souls.

And it was in company with an elder friend that he came down over a big city in India on the day on which Mahatma Gandhi had been slain (30th January 1948) and back again. Each time the distance was covered in a split second. During their nearness they registered the feelings of sadness, hopelessness and dejection, and, as they drew nearer in amongst the people, they listened to their talk.

It is, however, easy for all spirit-people to come back to earth on thought waves to those whom they love. Frederick describes his first coming back in his story "The World in Which I Live" (see page 5). After having been conducted through the Halls of Learning and of Culture which "—if there had been a ratio of time, would have been seven hours of your earth time, my Guide bade me adieu until we met again . . . I felt weary and sat down in a bower that happened to be at the side of a bank, with the most glorious flowers I had ever seen; and my thoughts flew to those I love on earth, wondering how they were getting on. My thoughts went to my mother, and it was then, and *then* only that I realised travel in the spirit world can operate on a thought

wave, for I felt myself moving through space, without any effort of arms or legs, and found myself at my mother's side.

"I said: 'Mother, Mother, can you hear me? It is Frederick. I am not in the Air Force. I am dead, and yet I am alive. Can you hear me?' There was no reply. My mother could not hear me."

This must have been the occasion, two days after we had received the telegram which reported our son missing, that I felt him stand beside my chair, while I was thinking of him, as stated in Chapter 10, Part I. But I gave no outward expression of my awareness, and I heard no words spoken. Frederick continued in his story: "My heart was heavy; I wondered could there be a God. I felt so utterly alone in a world so cold. The thought came: 'Is there nobody who can help me? That moment there appeared a very bright soul, one I will term my friend Wilhelm. Wilhelm said: 'What ails you?' I said: 'I was killed and yet I am alive; it is wonderful, and yet the one thing I would like to do is to speak to my mother, but she cannot hear me.'"

"He said: 'This is a test which can be passed after a little practice. Follow me; I will show you.'"

"He went some distance, and there was a gathering which I learnt afterwards to call a *seance*. The medium was the central figure, seemingly an ordinary person. There was a group of scientists round this medium. They said to me: 'Welcome, friend; we are pleased to give any instruction we can . . .'

"I tried to follow the advice given, but on the first attempt could not make myself known or heard. But I realised that this was a task I was to . . ."

This unsuccessful attempt on his part was probably the occasion, alluded to in Part II, Chapter 1, when on July 20th I sat in a circle, feeling extremely tired and behaving rather abruptly towards the medium.

But after having succeeded in coming through he helped others, who were willing to acquire the necessary technique, to do the same, and within two years about fifty people had been brought into contact with me; not only people whom I had known personally, but also others who had become interested in my work of proving that death is but the shedding of the outer garment, whilst our real self, retaining its memory, mind and intelligence, continues its pilgrimage in accordance with great moral and spiritual laws.

In the meantime, Frederick progressed rapidly in his training to bridge the two worlds. As he felt so very sorry for other young men who had joined him, whose greatest grief was that their loved ones on earth did not know they could still visit them in their homes, he did his best to help them to contact their people whenever he could find an opportunity, especially through Miss Bromwich, wherever she worked. Once he brought a mother, who had lost her two sons, into my way. Her sons could not believe that he would be successful in impressing me to address her, as she was a stranger to me, but he won his bet, and I offered to this desolate mother a part of my private seance, which I had booked for the following day; and the good tidings were passed on to another bereaved mother who was also greatly consoled through true knowledge.

As soon as the war was over, I heard through Frederick and his uncle much about the appalling conditions reigning on the Continent. It was heart-rending for Frederick to witness the terrible destruction, children weeping with hunger and the mothers unable to give them anything. It made him say: "I would like to talk to the nations who will not help others. When the war was still on, I sometimes paused and heard people say: 'If only the bombing would end I would be' . . . Well, memory is very short . . . the same spirit is rife amongst people of the various nations. It seems that selfishness does not allow the world to recover."

They, on their side did their utmost to impress kind-hearted people to form organisations like 'Save Europe Now.' They in their spheres had a counterpart (for example, of the United Nations and similar movements) in an endeavour to instil into the leaders of the people the desire to unite all beings in comradeship and love. And if such organisations do not come up to expectations, it is due to human weakness, indifference or selfishness.

Frederick alluded also to the proposed punishment of Nazi leaders by hanging. At first I did not know what he was referring to when he said, on October 15th, 1946, that he had very mixed feelings with regard to Wednesday. Noticing that I failed to understand, he continued: "I speak of ordinary people who belong to Germany, and of people who are at present in Germany. They think they can destroy these people, but they cannot destroy life. If people are good, it is good for them in spirit-life, but if not . . . Here they will receive the treatment that can be understood by them."

A fortnight later he declared: "I am so happy that I can find such numerous opportunities for service. There are so many people here who did not have the opportunities I had to progress on earth, therefore I am one of the privileged ones who are allowed to come into their spheres and instruct them. And although my life was cut short, I have here even more opportunity to help mankind than would otherwise have been possible. When I was on earth I was always busy fulfilling the plans I had in mind. Now that I am free of my body, I live a more wonderful life.

"Some time in the years to come you will find yourself here, but when you come over you will be much more prepared than I was, because you seize the opportunities which come to you and those which I place around you. To do that is part of my mission.

"The greatest thing that life can possibly hold is service for others, to bring light to the ignorant.

"If you could see, as I do, the seething masses, walking in darkness, you would be as appalled as myself. When will the brotherhood of man be established? Not until there are more people who work unselfishly for the common good. But there are so many, even amongst the spiritualists, who are wanting in courage, who do not carry out the principles of this great truth.

"If you could picture the life on earth from my standpoint you would understand. The more I advance the more I realise that there is a need for more instruments who are not afraid to wave the torch of truth, who would gladly place themselves at the service of others, and the people who walk in darkness would see a great light and know of the certainty of something beyond the grave.

"How often have I watched at a funeral the coldness which the words of the priest leave behind! We who live in the fulness of life are longing to light up all the world's darkness. It may seem strange to you, as you take your opportunities, that among all the people to whom the truth is brought, there are so few ready to pass it on . . .

"I come into direct contact with the great men of former times and scientists of the present. There is a relay chain of thought from Darwin to the . . . They have fitted me for a larger mission here on earth. I am one of the spirit guides. But we do not confine ourselves always to our task, and we have often to be where the need is greatest."

Their knowledge of what is going on in the world and what is uppermost in people's minds enables them to foretell the trend of political events.

Here I will insert what Frederick said in December 1948.

"I have listened lately to many conversations on the earth-plane, and the minds of men seem to be in chaos. If

people would devote their time to solving the problems which war has left behind, instead of criticising all and sundry, and if they would get the concrete thought in their minds that every individual has a part to play in establishing the peace of the world, it would speed up the recovery.

"It would not surprise you, because you mix with many people in your ordinary daily life, when I say that people in your world are growing more selfish every day. There is a tremendous lot of unrest and grumbling amongst the younger generation on your earth-plane, because they feel they cannot get all they should; but in the making of that new world which must come, someone will have to pay the price. The people who live in your world to-day are paying that price, but the curtain is slowly lifting, and we, can see from our world the vast amount of effort that is being made by those in a position to do so. If you could see just twelve months ahead, there would not be that grumbling which pervades your earth-plane to-day.

"The horizon of your world is definitely lightening step by step. The havoc which the war has brought is passing away, and if these young people, instead of criticising everything, would settle down to a more serious view of life and realise to the fullest extent that they have got to play their part, then the world would indeed be a better place. The more I come to your earth-plane the more I realise the responsibility of the people in the physical body. They think that everything should come to them without effort, which is quite impossible. Nothing, even on this side of life, is achieved without effort.

"There are still people on your earth-plane who would have war all over again because of the selfish and ill-gotten gains that would be theirs, for they do not care anything about the sacrifice of the young lives which would have to be made.

"But, as far as I can see from our world, I think they will be greatly disappointed, because all this unrest and all this unsettlement is going to end far differently from what they are expecting at the present moment. You will be surprised at the incident that will happen between now and next June, in which time many problems will be solved." (This refers apparently to the Atlantic Treaty, signed on April 4th, 1949.) "And you will find as you go through the next year, that it is important, eventful and momentous to all the countries of the world.

"You have been reading in your newspapers lately about corruption on the part of people who should have known better, but the time had come when examples had to be made, if the wheels of the world were to run more smoothly.

"The ordinary people on your earth-plane have nothing of our knowledge here as to what has taken place, and much has been and still will be hushed up. But we on this side of life hope that the examples which have been made will end a great deal of the corruption prevailing on your earth-plane to-day. It has not helped in building the new world. But in many periods of 1949—50 excitements will take place and maybe stable government bodies will be established at last." (This refers to the Lynskey Tribunal investigating accusations of corrupt practices on the part of State officials.)

In May 1949 he pointed out that the next eighteen months would again be full of difficulties, and that many outstanding events would take place.

Similar revelations were made by him about conditions and changes in the religious field, whilst his greatest personal interest lies in the future of atomic and medical science, about which I have received many reports right from the beginning.

He is very enthusiastic about the research work that has been carried out on their side, especially in their endeavour

to stamp out some of the diseases which are the greatest scourge on earth : T.B. and Cancer. And I was told about his initiation into a special Order which had its counterpart on earth during the times of the crusades in the Order of St. John of Jerusalem.

But, as he points out on May 19th 1949 : " We find great difficulties in passing our knowledge on to the earth plane because the medical men who should be the recipients of this information know so little about this truth, and turn a deaf ear daily to those people whom we have inspired with the gift of healing, and until the medical profession can come to a right belief, that psychic healing and themselves can join hands, progress will indeed be very slow."

It seems that the stronger the organisation on earth—be it medical, ecclesiastic or political—the greater is its opposition to spiritual evolution.

However, Frederick continues : " With that fuller knowledge and understanding which I possess and have gathered here, I am quite certain that the future of this great truth is safe, and in the years to come will be the basis not only of the religion of the world, but also of many other activities and professions, which will be governed by the activities on our side.

" The evolution of mankind depends on their co-operation with higher spheres and would have proceeded less painfully if those who have been given proofs had not kept this great knowledge locked up within themselves. I am more than grateful that you are not one of those personalities who, seeing this truth, have allowed apathy to surround them, but have made up your mind at the beginning that, as far as you were concerned, the world was to know it too."

To which my brother added the next day : " I have been watching very near you. I have been catching those thought waves which continually reach this side of life from yourself,

and I have been influencing in many directions so that those wonderful seeds you are sowing have helped people in your world to grasp this great truth. You can hardly realise yourself the vast amount of thought that has been set up in many of the higher circles as an outcome of your correspondence, thoughts which have made the high dignitaries of your world definitely sit down and ponder, and many intellectual discussions have taken place amongst them."

If people only knew how they are surrounded by a cloud of witnesses !

CHAPTER XI.

TRAVELS THROUGH VARIOUS SPHERES

The great difference between life in the body and life after death is due to the law of selectivity, resulting in the existence of many different spheres and regions for the enormously vast number of discarnate beings.

As Frederick had been given a chance to be conducted through some of them, he told me about it on December 20th in a private sitting with Mr. Dell.

"I, Frederick, have been privileged to be conducted through a number of spheres in the spirit-world.

"One whose name I have been forbidden to divulge, who will be referred to as 'the teacher', invited me for the sake of experience to come with him.

"This teacher is a radiant figure whose age one finds it practically impossible to estimate, because he seems to have been before the beginning of time and will continue when time has ceased to exist. And yet, for all the wisdom that one felt was embodied in this individual, a feeling that you were with a friend and could be quite at ease was my reaction immediately.

"We entered what is known as 'the astral sphere'. The first point that struck me was the complete lack of colour. We encountered many souls who seemed to be searching for something and yet could not give it a name.

"This sphere closely resembles the earth without much of its solidity. It is so completely interlinked and interpenetrated with your world that one has difficulty in understanding that one is not on the earth. That is, it seems difficult for those who dwell in the astral.

"It is hard to convince these people that they are no longer inhabitants of the earth, and that they have passed through the change that men call 'death.'

"We—the teacher and I—spent quite a long period of time there, feeling sorry and wishing to help these souls. We met a band of people who are termed 'rescue workers,' endeavouring to bring light into the gloom of these spheres.

"In the case of one of those we encouraged, we had the privilege of seeing on his countenance the dawn of realisation that there are worlds higher than that in which he found himself.

"The teacher instructed me to follow him, and we found ourselves rising into a somewhat rarer and finer atmosphere. We were then in the outer astral or second sphere. This resembled rather closely the astral sphere proper, except that instead of the complete greyness of the astral, faint colour could be noticed in our surroundings. But still the people seemed to be searching for that elusive thing as we had perceived them doing in the astral.

"We spent little time in this sphere, because it appeared to be a vestibule of the third sphere.

"This was indeed a change. The first thing you experience is that calm and peace which sailors must feel after passing through a storm and then arriving at a peaceful anchorage.

"We rested awhile and contemplated the scenes which were round about us. The colouring was far more vivid than the second sphere. The people seemed to have a definite task. This showed in their faces. They had certainly overcome death. It was not a feeling of resignation to the inevitable but a feeling that life was worth while. There was a task to be done. Without a doubt the atmosphere was one of illumination.

"And still through it all we could see the same pursuit of the quest that was apparent in the outer astral sphere.

"We journeyed forth to the fourth sphere. This is without doubt illumination. The quest was made clear.

The souls were seeking for that thing, elusive though it may be, which is called 'happiness,' a different happiness from that experienced on the earth. There is happiness gained through love of service, a deep conscious brotherhood and a desire to embrace all mankind in one large human family.

"The task was a great and glorious one, and yet simple, 'Love ye one another', and by its simplicity showed its clearness like the One who brought that phrase into being.

"This sphere seemed to abound in scientists, doctors, people who in the past have held positions in the Diplomatic Service, people who have been torch-bearers endeavouring to bring light into the gloom of their fellow-men's lives whilst on earth.

"Their task still continues, and to-day these people are endeavouring to impinge their knowledge and their thoughts upon different sections of the community on earth, and so instil into the hearts of the leaders of the earth or the leaders of the world the desire for co-operation, annihilation of hatred, war and distrust, and so create a foundation for a real peace to be born."

And here is his report of a visit to the 'Lower Astral' given on June 9th, 1948.

"Since I last spoke to you I have been to a part of the world in which I live which has given me much to think about, and I am sure it will be of value to you, Mother, and others who may read about it.

"There were three of us. One who is Henry, better known as Heinrich, one who was a guide or pilot in the part or section into which we were going, and I, your son Frederick.

"The one who was the guide or pilot said: 'I am sure that you two young men would wish to see *all* forms and conditions of life, not only that which gives pleasure to the

sight and heart.' We agreed, and so he promised to take us to what he termed 'the lower astral.'

"For a while there was very little difference in the atmosphere, and gradually, slowly but surely, we found ourselves going through space. This is a belt which is very near to the earth and a most unhappy state to be in, Mother. The atmosphere seemed to be earthy, and the more one was in this atmosphere the more one could feel a strong desire for earthly things.

"We were taken along what appeared to be a road or kind of avenue. We met people in certain forms of happiness and yet something was very lacking. They seemed to be shrouded in a world of greyness. We met people who would have been well-known on the earth only a matter of two or three years ago. Some names were household words and used on the lips of millions of earth citizens.

"In the majority of cases they seemed to be absolutely unaware of our presence, for the time being content only with their own narrow world.

"We moved further along. We observed one sorry-looking person, a woman, and the guide said: 'Let us see whether we can approach her and contact her.'

He said to her: 'Greetings, Madam.' She said: 'I do not know you. I am afraid you have made a mistake.' His reply was: 'I believe you are looking for help'. She said: 'No, I need no man's help; life has come to an end with me.'

"She started to cry and said: 'I cannot understand it at all. It seems a long time; I must be ill, or I am delirious or something or other, because I am quite sure, or felt, that I had taken my life, and yet I could not have done so, for I am still alive.'

"He said to her: 'My sister, you are 'alive,' but the world would term you 'dead'. You did take the law of

God into your own hands and tried to destroy something which did not belong to you. Life, my child, is indestructible. The beautiful hues and tints of life can be dimmed by the weight of conditions in which we find ourselves, but life proper, which springs from that well of infinite wisdom and love, of which each of us is part, can never die.'

"She said: 'Oh, tell me what I am to do now.'

"He said: 'Search deep within the recesses of your mind and your heart. Can you find there one deed of love and affection which has been shown to you by someone while you were on earth?'

"She thought for a while and said: 'Oh, my friend, that is simple; there were many during my life who showed kindness and love to me.'

"Then, he said, 'as love has been shown to you only in a small way, in gratitude and thanks pass on the same to those with whom you come into contact; by so doing you will start a seed growing within your heart and mind that will give you tolerance, understanding and love for your fellow men, and your tolerance and understanding would be a stepping-stone to a realisation of the qualities of love and mercy that are within you, and this will give you a small insight into the magnitude of the love of God for us all. Having found this, you will have found heaven because it springs from within. Heaven is a state of peace which pervades the mind and the soul, and so transforms the most ordinary abode into a palace of infinite beauty.'

"She said: 'Oh, sir; I will try and make use of my life. Good-day.'

"Further along we contacted many people who were still wandering around, believing themselves to be living on earth and yet moving about as men that are delirious.

"Yes, the time passed, and each stage seemed to take us into more misery. Our hearts became heavy and I turned

to Henry, asking: 'Cannot we do something in order that we may help these people?'

"The guide smiled a smile of wisdom: 'My sons, that has been done for millions and millions of years; souls have tried a continuous battle between good and evil. Men call it 'evil' but yet it is really 'undeveloped good'. Yes; we can help. Everyone can help, both on the earth and in the world in which we live, by trying to the best of our power to show to those with whom we come in contact the real purpose in life: to endeavour to create a harmony between man and man, woman and woman, and their Creator.'

"He went on: 'I will leave you here, sons; I hope you will appreciate that although we are here in this world, the spirit-world, we cannot relax for one moment our battle in trying to win back to God those of His children who have temporarily gone astray from the stream of the pattern of life.'

"We bade our friend God's blessing. He turned towards us and said: 'Peace be unto you and with all you may do in the name of the Father.'

"In a matter of a flash we seemed again to be moving through space into an atmosphere which appeared brighter and lighter.

"We had learned one more lesson, namely, not to be content just to sit back because we were surrounded by things of beauty and peace and harmony, but to remember that somewhere in the world of spirit, just as in the world of matter there were some souls, children of the selfsame God, sons and daughters of the great Father, who needed our help, our understanding and our love in order that eventually they too might find that peace and happiness which is the heritage of all God's children.

"That is complete now, Mother ; no more of that, but a short appendix now.

"And I John, saw the holy city: 21st chapter of Revelations.

"And I, Frederick Parker, saw the holy city and holy places being bombed. Where children sang "Glory to God in the Highest" the streets echoed with the sound of machine-guns and round and about in the spirit-world was sadness."

(Dictated during the time of warfare in Palestine between Jews and Arabs.)

"Over the centuries the minds of Christians all the world over have been focussed on Jerusalem, and this mind concentration has helped to build up and create an atmosphere of reverence and respect.

"The world of to-day on your earth is passing through a very difficult phase, but we in our world are quite sure that there will come understanding between nation and nation, man and man, God and man, and man and God.

"We were quite sure, as we saw the holy city being bombed, that this perilous phase would pass over for mankind, and out of the debris of shattered dreams will eventually be built a lasting understanding, and peace will come.

"No more now, Mother ; I must go back.

"Give my love to Dad. Grandma and Grandpa send you their love."

Then Togo (Mr. Dell's guide) finished up by remarking about the peaceful atmosphere through it all, and how he had liked the end part about the holy city after the gloom of the under-world, thus linking all up into one great theme.

When Mr. Dell came to Cardiff again after an absence of six months, Frederick gave an account of his visit to a region which he called the 'Sphere of temporarily lost

souls.' I feel a little reluctant to include this here, as it speaks of a meeting with Hitler. However, I trust that it will not arouse undue upset or speculation, but will be taken for what it is, namely, a moral fact, which bears out what Frederick mentioned about Hitler in his first fluent talk in 1943.

"He said : "This morning I would like to add a chapter which I will call 'Reconstruction'.

"The years of horrors of war have taken their toll of the peace of mind of both earth and the spirit-world. The cessation of hostilities, the muffling or silence of the drum of war, is not the end, because war is waged not only with bombs and guns but also in the hearts of men.

"It is easy to put away your ammunition, guns, tanks, and aircraft, but over the years, eating into men's and women's souls, is a hatred and a keen desire for supremacy over one's fellow-men.

"This cannot be stifled by a mere declaration that war is ended. There are thousands and thousands of men and women who have been hurled into the other sphere of life without a moment's warning. These people feel that it is their just due to exact vengeance upon those who have been responsible for ending the earthly chapter of their lives. And far from the scene that one would imagine, the world into which these people pass at the early stages is one of chaos, hatred and very little love.

"And so after three years of pseudo-peace a band of people on our side have endeavoured to try to bring into the hearts and minds of those who lost their lives during that terrible time a realisation that war is finished, and that peace must reign in the hearts of all God's creatures.

"My teacher and I, in company with quite a number of willing, helpful souls, began to penetrate this region which,

for want of a better name, I will call the 'sphere of temporarily lost souls'.

"It was amazing to see the groups of Germans, Russians, British and their allies all scheming together trying to wreak vengeance on those whom they considered their enemies.

"The task at the beginning seemed hopeless.

"We contacted one boy who was a German. At the beginning he vowed that never would he know peace of mind until he had exterminated some of the English who had been responsible for his mother's and sister's death through bombing. We spoke for quite a time, trying to show him that the spirit, the only thing left now, was indestructible. We tried to make him realise how futile it was, and after much long argument, I am pleased to say, he began to see reason and acquired understanding.

"This is one case, but not an isolated one. There were reasonings on each side of the war with the same vindictive impulses, until your very heart seemed to cry out in pity for these poor souls who, after the passing of time, had failed to grasp the great truth that war and its attendant hatreds are things which, although unfortunately forming part of the earth-world, have really no place in the world which is after death.

"There is much talk on earth that Hitler, the Reichs-chancellor, is not dead. This is entirely untrue, because I have seen Hitler with many other ministers of the Nazi regime. Hitler did pass through the gates of death and is an inhabitant of the world in which I live.

"Here is a case which is a little different from the one of the ordinary German soldier I just mentioned. Hitler feels still, in his own mind, that he waged a war not to exterminate other nations but in order that the German race might be able to expand, and I think that in his heart he believed he

was a kind of prophet or leader whose mission was to ameliorate the world in which you live.

"In his own mind he still cannot get away from the hope that one day Germany may raise herself triumphantly out of the charred remains of that beautiful Berlin and once again become a power in the world. He said (quite rightly, too) on being reproached: 'If I am to be judged, just compare the life of the ordinary German to-day and the life of the ordinary German from 1935—40!' " (This was reported in February, 1949.)

"And so, Mother, it will be very difficult to make him realise that indirectly he has been the means of bringing thousands and thousands of homes over the world's surface into a state of unhappiness and mourning.

"We left him with those who were round about, trying to reason with him, but we felt in our hearts that the seed had been sown, and although the growth of the seed may be slow, it will one day flourish into a grand and noble plant, giving homage not to self-aggrandisement, power and earthly domination, but to strength and adoration and co-operation, to that thing which is supreme, the power of love for every one of God's creatures.

"Those whom I was with decided that for the time being, sufficient had been done, and so we found ourselves back in our own sphere; a little sadder in our hearts but, if possible, with a more deep and burning desire to do all we can to help those who are in our world to see the light of reason, understanding and love. When this is accomplished, which we have no doubt it will be, then the machinery of reconstruction, not only in our world in which I live, but your world, too, Mother, will be moving at a more even pace and will hasten the day when men and women throughout the whole universe will have peace and goodwill to all mankind in their hearts."

As Frederick has described (see Chapter IX) how it feels to him when he comes back to earth to enter the frame

of somebody else's body, so he has also intimated my experience when my spirit leaves the body to be taken towards the sphere which is his present home.

In the same sitting he also described his own introduction to this spirit home of his.

The dictation was given through Mr. Dell in July 1948. I copy from it.

"And now I want you to come with me, Mother, to the home in which I live.

"The Bible tells us of 'Mansions in Heaven'. This indeed must have been divine inspiration, because in our world we have homes. We do not just flit about from place to place.

"Let your mind take you on wings and come with me. The air in this room seems to become rarefied. Objects which were visible to us a second ago seem to become just dim outlines and gradually these grow vague and more vague; it appears we are in a world of misty to white radiance. We are indeed leaving the vibrations of earthly contact.

"It seems to stir something deep within us; the feeling of limitations is fast going away from us. Time and space seem non-existent. We feel in our mind and soul that we are in God's clean pure air and this white radiance or misty radiance (put it that way) seems to have cleared, and we are approaching what looks like a long beautiful avenue of trees.

"Let us stop a while in this avenue of trees and examine it. The tree trunk appears to be solid to all intents and purposes; look at our own hands and feet, and they, too, seem real and tangible. So we come to the conclusion that we are in the spirit-world, and the things which are spirit (or the main things) are solid and concrete; for we are spirit and are moving about in that which is also spirit.

"The leaves and foliage appear to be a brighter hue than on earth, and the trees appear to grow out of soil.

"Is this just a figment of the imagination or can it be soil in the spirit-world? And so we will try to get some of it on our fingers and hands. (This has all happened before.) And we have it in our hands and it trickles through our fingers, something like sand or earth. There is a coolness and beauty even about that. Thus we must come to the conclusion on our first contact with the spirit-world that it is very similar to that of the earth, except in a more beautiful form. So let us move forth in this beautiful alley which is part of the world in which I live.

"Coming down this alley or avenue there was the most radiant figure of a man. As we approached one another, he called to us in quite *audible* tones (stress that): 'Greetings, Brother.'

"I said, 'Who are you, friend?'

He replied: 'I am known as 'Ray.' You are Frederick Parker?'

"I said: 'How do you know my name?'

"He replied: 'We have been expecting you, and I am here to meet you'.

"There was something about him which put one at ease straight away, and he said: 'Come with me.'

"It seemed but a little time before we were in a most beautiful country, similar to much of the scenery which one encounters on earth, and yet with a beauty that I cannot put into words. There seemed to be a profusion of flowers of every hue and variety.

"I said: 'This is indeed heaven.'

"His reply was: 'This is the heaven that you have created for yourself.'

"And away in the distance I saw what appeared to be a house. Directly, as quickly as thought can travel, Ray and myself were in the garden which was in front of the house.

"Everything seemed peace and calm and beauty. And yet even the very flowers that were in such profusion seemed to speak a welcome as we entered the home. It was very beautiful and had great similarity to a home I once dreamed of when I was on earth, thinking what a home should be composed of.

"Ray said: 'This is your home which you pictured in your dreams on earth, and which, by your actions and devotion to a cause and your high respect for principles, you have fashioned.'

"I said to him: 'Then this is all I ever yearned or craved for: to be allowed to remain here for all time.'

"A smile came over his face, and he said: 'Ah, my Brother, how childlike you are! This is but a stepping-stone to greater beauty. This is but a reflection of your mind at the present stage of development. But as greater wisdom and greater knowledge and peace creep into your being, then your home will be more magnificent in its simplicity.'

"I said to him: 'Is it possible that I can eat?' He answered: 'Yes.'

"And so for the first month or so in my new home I seemed to eat things similar to those I was fond of on earth, but as time went on I realised that there was no need of eating in the way I was used to on earth, and even the eating had just been an illusion. The spirit or soul is revitalised and energised from the fragrance of nature and blossoms of flowers.

"I believed too, that sleep was essential, because in the Halls of Rest the people seemed to be asleep, but now I find all that is required is to withdraw from the brightness and retreat, as it were, into a kind of shade, and one becomes refreshed."

Here Frederick asked me to stop writing for a moment and spoke quickly about water: a river or lake and the refreshing effect of going into it without being left wet—something which he could not explain at the moment, perhaps another time—and adding that the water was quite near the home. Then he continued slowly:

"I seemed to be lying on the grassy bank surrounded by all the beauty I have spoken of, and I felt as though a voice in me said: 'There is work to do, work for God and mankind. Dream not of your own contentment but try to make others as happy as you are.' I felt as though I were drifting, and when I came to full consciousness I saw Ray, the guide whom I met at my entry. He said: 'So you felt the urge, Brother Frederick?' I said: 'Yes, my friend Ray, but what am I to do?' He said: 'Go forward, and allow that eternal part in you which is of God to show you the way which is of service to your fellow-men.'

"I found myself again in this beautiful avenue of trees. I went forward and at the end of this avenue of trees I saw a figure. With every passing moment it became stronger and more real. The figure turned out to be one whom I love very dearly: my own mother. That is where I left you, Mother.

"Stop writing!" Then he spoke very quickly, as power and time were running out, and explained: "I started with you and spoke of 'we,' and then I left you behind and spoke of 'I'. And when I was shown my work I was led back to you, which was intimating that I was meant to work with and through you on earth."

CHAPTER XII.

STORIES ABOUT THE FATE OF PEOPLE HERE AND THERE

After October 1948, part of Frederick's talks to me consisted of true stories about the chances of ordinary people in after-life, delivered mostly through the mediumship of Miss Bromwich.

He did so because he had heard one gentleman, who had read my booklet about "The Activities of Scientists in After-Life," ask: "But how do the humble and the ordinary people fare?"

Frederick thought this a very reasonable question, and so he started by explaining: "When people arrive from the earth-plane into our world, they usually find a kindred spirit: one who can help them and conduct them to the sphere of life most suitable and attractive to them. But one has to take into consideration the whole course of action during the years of life in the physical body.

"It is a very well-known fact that this great cause teaches you that you only have here what you make for yourself on the earth-plane.

"Your earth-plane to-day is full of those people who are so sure of their own importance and selfishness that they don't mind how much they make other people suffer as long as they get the things they want for themselves.

"One gives nothing at all on your earth-plane unless it costs one a great sacrifice. It is only by sacrifice and loving thoughts and kindly deeds that you can, brick by brick, build your mansion here in the spirit-world. It is only thoughtfulness for others and the bond of sympathy each day of your life which puts a stitch into the beautiful garment every-one should wear, if they did the right thing with the great gift of life which is entrusted to them in the first part of their life's

journey, to give their life here that perfection whereby they are enabled to make progression from time to time.

"I was walking in the spirit-world a little time ago, and I saw a very wonderful soul making a lovely garden. He was one of the humble souls of the earth-plane. He loved nature, he loved beauty, he loved flowers. But during the span of life in the physical body he did not have the chance to gratify his desires in that direction.

"He passed over from one of the slums of London, such a place as can be found in any great city of your world to-day, where not even a blade of grass can be grown. And all through his life in that London slum there was always the great desire to create something beautiful and wonderful from nature.

"He passed to our world very suddenly through a street accident: just a poor old man that no one bothered about. But as I saw him create that wonderful work, a thing of beauty, I realised that at last he had his heart's desire, which could not come until he had left the physical body behind. He was so happy, so full of joy, overflowing with gratitude for the great opportunity afforded him in this particular sphere. Such opportunities never came his way on the earth-plane.

"I give this instance in reply to that gentlemen's query 'How do the very ordinary people, the poor of the earth, find things in the world in which I live?'

"This is only one instance out of millions of such instances which take place here for the poor of the earth whose lives have been cramped by lack of opportunity, poverty and many other things which should not exist in a civilised world.

"Viewing your world from my world, one sees more clearly what could and should be done. But many strides

have been made to make people more secure and free from want, which has been the curse of your world always."

In his next talk he spoke about one of those (there are so many on earth) who missed the wonderful chances offered them, and who, until they arrive in the spirit world, do not seem to realise its great effect.

"For instance, since my last communication I met a lady here who had one of these wonderful tasks allotted to her on the earth-plane. She was the matron of a poor children's home. Children who never had any love and had to depend on those in charge of that orphanage to give them love and parental care.

"But, alas, she was one of those people who seem to miss the wonder of their task, and discipline, not love and understanding, was the keynote of her work.

"By and by she passed to our world full of the importance of what she had done, feeling that she had discharged her mission faithfully and well, and had done to the best of her ability that which the board of governors of the orphanage desired of her.

"Two small children, delicate, unloved and uncared for, were at last, in a very bad state of health, brought to the orphanage. Poor little mites! They were terribly afraid; the world had not treated them well. They knew little of home life, and, strict disciplinarian as she was, she seemed to create within them a heart breaking condition until at last they just drifted away and came to the world in which I live. Here they found different conditions altogether. They found love, sympathy and understanding from those who are called to minister unto children here.

"For a considerable period of time that matron wandered in spirit-land trying to break down those conditions which had dominated her life in the physical body, until she could find her true task here. She worked her way with tears and

realised the wonderful opportunities which she had wasted in the physical body by not making love, sympathy and understanding the keynote of her life, and had to build all over again here."

Three more stories, vastly different from one another, were told in December 1948. Here are Frederick's own words. "I have been waiting this time with great eagerness for this communication. I can now use this instrument very easily, and only last Saturday, according to your time, I was able to help a mother and father in great distress whose only son passed over suddenly through illness.

"This gave me great joy, because I was once again able to establish a link with those sad people on the earth plane who had lost their only son, but who at the same time knew nothing whatsoever about life after the physical change called death.

"These people felt that they could not go on living, and I happened to come to the earth-plane when this instrument was working on a public platform and was able to give them just one little proof which made them thirst for more knowledge. I guided them to this instrument knowing full well that I could establish for them the fact that there is no such thing as death in God's wide world, and, through outstanding and human incidents which had happened in their lives, was able to prove to them that their son Raymond was alive just as I was.

"By meeting Raymond in the spirit-world and by imparting the knowledge which was given to me when I first arrived here, I was able to establish contact between his parents and himself, so that after the communication they went away feeling that life was worth living after all.

"This is only the first of many communications which will follow, because Raymond and I have much in common. We both had an expensive education. We both have a fair

amount of brains. We are interested in the same things, science, music and nature. It will be my privilege to escort him to the great laboratories on this side of life, whereby he can continue all those studies and make those experiments which were his dream when he lived in the physical body."

Later on follow the stories of a blind woman and a poor unhappy child.

"While I have been walking in my world since our last communication, I have been trying to contact some of those people here who had very little joy, or anything else, when they lived on your side of life. I contacted a woman who was blind throughout her life in your world. She has only recently passed to our world, and as I contacted her, I saw her looking around and around, saying that some miracle must have happened. I talked with her, and she said that her life had been very sad. She really had no one to care for her or love her. Towards the end of her years on your side of life she was in an institution. But she said: 'I was always very brave, and somehow or other the thought was always given to me that nothing lasts for ever in the physical world.'

"She was full of joy, because she could see clearly the beauty of our world, whereas on the earth-plane she walked in darkness, unloved. But she had always preserved in herself those things which she thought made life a little brighter. She was fond of all kinds of music, but had very little chance to develop to any degree those talents which she possessed.

"So it has been again my pleasure to escort her to the halls of music and put into her hand that cherished instrument which she had so longed for when she lived in your world. She had a great love for that wonderful instrument the violin. I cannot express fully to you, Mother, the amount of joy when she found she was going to have an opportunity whereby her dreams could come true.

"Shortly afterwards I was still sauntering through the beauties of our world when I met a little girl. She knew nothing but squalor in the small back court of the tenement in which she spent her short life, nothing to make her happy, nothing to play with; not a single flower came her way; only the angry quarrels of those people who are not fitted to become parents in your world. She was neglected and uncared for, under-nourished because their earnings were always spent in the wrong way, gratifying their own selves. Very little clothing and very little food had been the experience of this child.

"By and by she was called away to our world, and for quite a period of time she was so timid and so afraid that it took those in charge of her quite a long time to accustom her to the place whither she had come, where she would be loved, cared for and always dwell in those happy conditions which are or should be the right of every child born in your world.

"It will take a number of generations still before your world becomes anything like that ideal place which we, who willingly laid down our lives for our ideals, wish to make it."

And now I will relate a further talk, given in May 1949, which will be of great consolation to those who cannot follow the career they would have liked to choose.

"If life in the physical body ended all things, then there would be little purpose in it. There are thousands of young men and women who never had a ghost of a chance to do those things they desired most during their life-time.

"There are many reasons to account for this. Sometimes the financial situation has made it impossible for a young man, who would have made a very gifted surgeon, to pursue such a career, and he finds himself forced to take up some sordid task which he dislikes very much during the short years which he has to spend on earth.

"But if he struggles manfully through his task, he will discover, when he comes to our world, that he has built up a fine character. He finds himself in a very surprised state of mind when, after a time, having become accustomed to some of the ways of life here, he is conducted to some of the halls of medical research, and there comes in contact with tutors and commences at the very root of things, going slowly through the different schools of learning, until he attains the fulfilment of his desire which was denied him before he came to our world.

"I have been in contact with such a young man. His life was full of disappointments. Nothing seemed to come his way. But during the thirty-five years he lived on your earth-plane, the thought was always in the back of his mind how wonderful it would be to help as a doctor those suffering from pain.

"He has been on our side of life twenty-five years of your time, and he has been able to gain all the knowledge possible of his beloved medicine, and it is now his privilege to return to the earth plane, working through a remarkable instrument, laying on his hands, giving medical advice, helping and soothing little children, and carrying on the great work which was denied him in the physical stage of his journey.

"He and I are great friends, and I talk and work much with him. And when he comes back to his spirit home, after some of his wonderful missions of healing the sick, he is full of joy and happiness."

There is at present very little known about the possibility of our visiting other spheres during sleep, coma or distress, generally called "astral travelling."

I have been told that it happens to me, but so far I retain no consciousness of it. All I know is that in the morning I wake up with a clearer understanding of subjects which occupied my mind the day before, without being able to

trace it to something I have read or heard here on earth, and that sometimes on waking up I hear some sentence, as if it were the last bit of a conversation.

Being at present so active in my endeavour to pass on the good tidings that have come to me, I have no time left for speculation on the subject.

The reasons for being taken to the astral or whatever sphere it is, are various. For many—especially during the cruel years of war and famine—it was the only way to reinforce their depleted souls, and thus help them to survive. Others, who are psychically very advanced and of a loving and helpful nature, are taken to be of assistance in "rescue work."

I hope to be able to give clearer information about that in times to come.

EPILOGUE.

Although the accounts of contact with the spirit world enumerated in these chapters represent only a fragment of my own experiences on these lines, they should suffice to convince open-minded, discriminating readers of the reality of intelligent spirit entities, especially as there are thousands of others besides myself who have had similar proofs.

Amongst them are some of the greatest scientists, who have investigated the subject most thoroughly. A few of them have dared to publish their findings in the face of strong disbelief and opposition.

But now occurrences which cannot be explained in any other way, are multiplying rapidly. One of the greatest pioneers of human rights whom our age has brought forth, Dr. Annie Besant, is herself taking an active part in the endeavour to unite the two worlds more closely.

In her first coming through in November 1947, she finished her short talk with the statement: "I can assure you, my child, that there are greater things in the world ahead of you than were ever dreamt of in my philosophy. We are preparing for an influx of spirits through to this your earth. More later . . ." And, as she probably read my thoughts: 'But who will believe me that she herself has spoken to me? Certainly not her own followers,' she added: "My child, I am quite prepared for you to pass this on to anyone you wish."

Methods of intercourse improve on both sides. Scientists will be won over completely as soon as the instrument is invented which was alluded to by Frederick in August 1944, when he spoke of Swedenborg and how he was helping them in experiments on those lines. He checked himself, however, saying: "But I must not give away secrets, it will take a long time yet."

EPILOGUE

The latest scientific discovery, namely, atomic power, has not even had a chance to be harnessed for useful service before being let loose for destruction, and we may well ponder upon the future of mankind.

We know that the invention of dynamite has been used as much or even more for destruction than for construction, although Alfred Nobel, the Swedish inventor, fully conscious of possible consequences, left his fortune for the promotion of world peace.

One effort towards this goal which we all can make, as soon as we ourselves are convinced of the continuity of life, is to spread this truth in simple language.

The knowledge of this truth will lead mankind to a change of outlook and endeavour. It will teach us the importance of our conduct in this school of life, in which the foundations of our destiny are being shaped. It will open out before our searching mind a path of wonderful achievements, even in *this* life, through greater awareness of our spiritual potentialities whilst tuning in to discarnate intelligence.

Material possessions will fade into insignificance, once we understand the importance of moral and spiritual development which will pave the way to a higher and fuller life of give and take, whereas indifference and separatism will enclose us as in a mist. The evil which we have fostered in ourselves will hang upon us like a burden which keeps us down, unless it is dispelled by desire and effort either here or hereafter.

The horrors of war could not have taken place had those responsible known that their thoughts and actions could not be concealed from unseen witnesses, not be effaced from their own continued consciousness.

They have done what they did, because they did not know that they and their victims continue to live after death,

and that they will have to face in their future life those whom they have outraged in this life.

There are moral laws as well as physical laws.

All who have attained spiritual consciousness recognise clearly the unity of all life and the interdependence of human beings, whatever their colour, nationality or creed.

People of such vision will be the builders of a new world. May they be given a chance before more political mistakes are made, and we are faced with another war militaristic or economic !

The absence of wars will not mean the end of adventures and conquests, for there are still unknown fields of inexhaustible treasures and possibilities to be explored. One of these fields of discovery is the psychic and spiritual potentiality latent in man. Through the refinement of his higher senses and through various methods of concentration he will find instruments of research within himself. If only he would in the perfection of his own subtle powers, employ as much determination and perseverance as he has spent upon the development of his external instruments, he would quickly gain the necessary accomplishments to aid him in his research work.

There is not one branch of science that would not benefit by the development of these inner powers. And as his body and soul become more refined and sensitive, his intuitive faculties will become more receptive to impressions from discarnate intelligences who are still of service to humanity by helping those who follow in their footsteps.

But in all undertakings, whether for good or evil, the initiative has to be taken by man himself. God can work for the benefit of His creatures only through a chain of living minds, just as our mind can act only through a chain of living cells.

"Man, know and perfect yourself" should be henceforth the slogan of all humanity. According to the inspired writing of the Bible, "Man has been created in the Image of God ;" but in order to bear that out he has to know and to perfect himself, for, as Christ says : "Ye shall be perfect, even as your Father in Heaven is perfect."

The higher aspects of spiritualism will help to elucidate theosophy and will, in conjunction with science, place it on a firm foundation.

After the great age of separatism and the study of the physical universe, at the time when our little planet and its inhabitants had reached their greatest density, there will come the time of synthetic groupings on a higher level, now that our globe is on the upward arch.

When the scientists of our time have explored all there is to be explored on the material level, they will push on to the metaphysical plane, with its peculiar laws which will solve many puzzles that could not be explained through purely physical laws.

But I do not feel competent to write about that at present, as I myself am only on the lowest rungs of the ladder which leads to spiritual understanding, but I know that I shall be helped by Higher Intelligence, as I have an ardent desire for progression.

In support of spirit agency, I should like to report what I have observed with my physical eyes and ears yesterday morning, June 21st, 1949, when I had my auragraph taken through the instrumentality of Mr. Harold Sharp from London

The process was as follows : Mr. Sharp was seated at a table on which lay crayons, a cloth, a pen and a piece of drawing paper. I sat in front of him, some distance away from the table.

We had a very interesting conversation on various topics. That was necessary to occupy Mr. Sharp's mind, whilst his

hand was used by spirit agency. Now and then his hand would work, using the crayons to put on the colour or rubbing lightly over the paper with the cloth, and later on taking up the pen and drawing figures into the painting. All the time he was looking at me and talking on quite deep subjects.

In about twenty minutes a marvellous coloured drawing was completed.

Now I had to bring my chair up to the table to hear the interpretation of the various colours and sketches. "Well," said Mr. Sharp, "for this I have to go under control."

After scarcely a minute quite a different voice spoke through him, explaining all to me. I could ask questions which were answered by the control of the medium, apparently a Chinese, who had done the work and who had signed his name underneath the coloured circle: "Chan Shih using Harold Sharp".

Mr. Sharp had told us, in his very fine address two days previously, that he himself had no gift for painting or drawing, And I challenge any earthly painter to do such a marvellously neat piece of work within twenty minutes. All the seventy auragraphs displayed on the church wall or in an album were absolutely different.

On the afternoon of June 21st, I could discern the help of my spirit friends. I was looking for something amongst two piles of books when quite unexpectedly a booklet fell into my hands called: "The Science of the Aura," by S. G. J. Ouseley. I had forgotten its existence, but find it highly welcome just now. Reading it, I notice again how physical phenomena and scientific esoteric statements support each other, whilst the twenty minutes' talk by Chan Shih about my aura had given me yet another proof that there are Higher Intelligences who know more about us than we do ourselves, and who work on us as gardeners work on flowers

to bring forth finer species; and the higher we climb the higher is the status of the gardeners in whose care we are placed, for they too are links in a great organisation of which I shall learn more by and by, as intimated by Frederick's individual helper and teacher.

In March 1948, Frederick said that this teacher, who lived during a former civilisation, would have many things to say to me in future, as some of my activities had to go in another direction.

This august spirit has spoken to me since through the mediumship of an ecclesiastic in deepest trance, and I have been given a glimpse into cosmic interdependence which revealed that, through living beings here and there, God expresses Himself from Eternity to Eternity.

And so I will close with a poem that came to me one early morning when I was acutely conscious of how wonderful a gift is this our life on earth.

THE SONG OF LIFE

By Frieda Hohenner-Parker

Oh, let us sing a heavenly song, a hymn of Life and Love.
This marriage feast of fire from earth and life from God above
To make a home.

Celestial and terrestrial powers in unity combine,
Light from above, heat from below to meet in holy shrine,
Within our breast.

To work, to shape and thus create new thought, new form,
new sight.

The artists we, who make or mar in using gifts to light
Our gloom below.

We work for self, we work for all according to our light,
The height of sphere to which can soar our thoughts in
heavenly flight
In holy hours.

From there we see the world below, a spot of crowded life,
Where mortals toil, where fathers sweat to keep their kin
alive

And safe from harm.

We are like gods in miniature, still in our infancy.
We plan, we build and then destroy in childish fantasy
To have another game.

We laugh and shout, we sing and cry, love, hate, we scarce
know why.

And yet as in a dream we vision with our inner eye
A God by our side.

Nay more, *in* us, quite deep within, our own egoic spark,
And others too have this belief born in their inmost heart,
The selfsame God,

Not seen with eyes, nor heard with ears, our very life and
soul,
The Spirit that embraces all into one common Whole,
The Holy One.

His Mind pervades the earth, the stars and all the heavens
above.
He lives in man, in plant and stone, perceived alone by love.
Yet He is there.

And knowing this, how can we hurt, except for betterment,
Another child of our Lord, like we a tenement
Of His Great Soul?

Oh wondrous life, oh gift of God, within ourselves you hide.
In hours of prayer and love alone does consciousness abide
Of Thee in our hearts.

In us You live, in us you work, through us will You redeem
The uncouth fire of earthly stuff, yet bound in slumbering
dream,
To bring it back to Thee.

So let us work and face the trials that make us strong and
whole.
To be a tool in His great plan, we need not know the goal
Of the All-Wise.

With hearts aware of the great gifts which He on us bestows,
We use them and proclaim them loud unto our friends and
foes.
For they are His.

He is the Life, He is the Love pervading all the cells,
To stir and fill with consciousness the heavens and the hells
As one Great Life.

