

Voices From Spirit

MAGAZINE

P.O. Box 5155

Ellsworth, ME 04605

Vol. 4 No. 2 Copyright © September, 1990

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JUDGE YE NOT

By; Bevy C. Jaegers

One of the most often-neglected precepts of Metaphysics is the admonition, warning, even threat "Judge ye not- lest YE be judged."

Although most seekers after truth know that the precept 'know thyself' is the first law of Metaphysics, it is not known that the second is perhaps even more than the first.

If you know yourself, you know that you are human, first of all, and that the human portion of your reality forms a human paradigm. This humanness is prone to mistakes and error. Perhaps the most common error is that of judging others. To truly judge, we must first judge ourselves. Can we do that honestly, or color it with wishes and hopes and aspirations? Do we judge ourselves as we are or as we hope to be? It takes much thought and self-searching to know which is truth.

One of the most-heard phrases in this field is "he doesn't know what he's talking about"-another is "he's just a fake, not a psychic" "she's on the wrong track, doesn't know beans about metaphysics" and other such comments, many of them even worse. We are all aware of them and are guilty of some of them ourselves.

Whenever your mouth is tempted to open and say one of these things, remember that we were told it is easier to see the splinter in another's eye than the plank in our own. We tend to look around our own logs and search for chips in someone else's eyes. No human is capable of judging another's spiritual level or growth. None is able to judge another without walking in his shoes for a month. Jealousy, spite, back-biting and gossip are the deadly enemies of spiritual growth and metaphysical mastery. THESE are the things we must conquer FIRST before we can pretend to be metaphysicians or even students of metaphysical truth!

Remember- there are Universal Laws. Learn what they are.....break them at your own risk.

BOOK REVIEW

By; Rev. Speaker Linda J. Polley

HOW TO DREAM YOUR LUCKY LOTTO NUMBERS, By Raoul Maltagliati, from Llewellyn Publications, P.O. Box 64383, St. Paul, MN 55264-0383. \$3.95.

This is an interesting little book which tells how you might turn your dreams of winning the lottery into a reality with a good night's sleep! Using an old Italian method of numerology in which the chart somewhat differs from the usual ones, and a dream interpretation dictionary which is included, the subjects in your dreams translate into what may be the winning lotto numbers for you. Easy and fun. A history of lotto is also included. An unusual addition to your metaphysical library. From the How-To Series.

THE PASSAGE OF TIME

By; Dawn Joy Lindsay

Spiritual Counselor & Tarot Reader

Time is but a mere measurement of distance from where you came from to where you are at the present moment. In time all things are revealed to us. Time heals a broken heart, time is the greatest teacher. We gain wisdom in time. Our growth comes in time. We must use our time wisely to gain wisdom to obtain greater knowledge. How many of us take the time to smell the roses? How many of us feel we have enough time? Or how many of us feel we have wasted time? How many of us feel we have no time? There is enough time to have it all. Time is prosperity. Too many people go through their lives and never realize each moment is important. No one is guaranteed a certain amount of time, on earth, yet so many look ahead to the future times when we will be rich or have that house, relationship, career or whatever, instead of making the most of each moment we pass through. The time is now.

JULY 6, 1990

On July 6th, 1990 the American poor and helpless lost a friend in Washington, D.C.. Mitch Snyder grew weary with life, oppressed with the government that cared more about useless bombers than the hungry, that preferred to support ruthless dictators rather than provide housing for the homeless, who preferred to pay farmers not to grow food rather than to grow it. He became so weary with all this, so weary with the ignorance of man, that he chose to end his existence rather than fight on. And the world has lost another hero.

We will not condemn his taking of his own life, for perhaps we understand his pain and sorrow. But we give him thanks for the fights he fought and the battles he won. And we are sure a place has been prepared for him. Rest well, Mitch Snyder, rest well 'til we meet again. You will be missed by one and all, especially by those who have no place to sleep, and no food to eat. For you fought so long to provide for them, now, Those that love them provide for you. Hail and farewell.

What is happening in Iraq today does not surprise us. In 1980 Muhammed spoke to us, gave us a dire warning for his people which was sent to all their leaders, but ignored. Now Muhammed is fulfilling that warning, is turning against His people and their destruction is inevitable. Whether it comes today or ten years from now, it WILL come, for they have not heard His words and turned from The Darkness that will eventually devour them. If you would like a copy of Muhammed's Final Message, send 25¢ in postage and we will send you a copy. Write; Muhammed, P.O. Box 5155, Ellsworth, ME 04605.

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THE SPIRITS SPEAK

This is an interview with the Spirit of Dorothy Kilgallen, renowned newspaper reporter and t.v. personality. Three of our readers have sent questions. Their names are given below, with our sincere thanks. Without them this interview may not have been possible. The answers are channeled through Rev. Speaker Gerald Polley.

* * *

We would like to thank Dominie Kazutoff of Grand Rapids, MI for sending in the following questions, and, suggesting the interview.

1. What exactly was the nature of your passing? We are not afraid of the truth, and feel that it must be made known.

A. I'm glad, dear child of Light, that you are not afraid of the truth. I wish I was not. Sometimes life overpowers one. Sometimes one does things for reasons others could never understand that gains them nothing at all, if anything, pushes them back. The circumstances of my death are these. I became extremely weary with this world, with its hate and injustice and greed, and I simply decided to leave it. Instead of facing the problems that existed and trying to deal with them, I chose to run away.

Running away, my dear, is never the answer, it only leads to far more difficult problems that have to be dealt with later. The confusion surrounding my death was caused by those who could not believe the solution to my problems I had chosen, who looked for some other explanation and tried to cover up the truth of the matter. I hope this corrects the misunderstanding you are under.

2. Why was this done?

A. I believe this question relates to the circumstances of my death and your misunderstanding of it, and that I have already answered it.

3. Is this still being done with other people at this time?

A. If you mean are people still trying to make their friend's suicide appear to be something else, yes. Many still seek to make their loved one's sadness appear either accidental or criminal, rather than face the pain that their loved ones would willingly leave them.

4. Martha Mitchell, the Attorney General's wife...she had a lot to say also. What were the circumstances of her passing?

A. I have spoken with Mrs. Mitchell and she prefers that this matter be left alone. Perhaps at some future date she will feel obliged to answer for herself. But she does not wish me to speak on her behalf, and I think I should honor her decision.

5. Brave and truthful women are much feared, it seems. This should not be, and I don't know how to change it. Can you offer suggestions?

A. Only that they be what they are. ANY brave person is feared, ANY person that seeks the truth and will not be satisfied with the public lies, whether they are male or female. Yes, it is somewhat harder for women but all bearers of truth are in danger every day from those who

fear and despise truth. But do not be afraid to speak out, to stand for what is right. Whatever you lose in this world will be returned to you a thousand fold, in Heaven.

6. I suspect that you are still doing journalism work. Is this so?

A. Well, of sorts. I have a weekly talk show, and a weekly children's show which keeps me quite busy. And of course I am always in demand for speaking engagements. So I am kept quite busy, and enjoy what I do tremendously!

7. What can I do to help you from where I am now, in order to further the cause of justice and knowledge and truth?

A. There is little you can do for me, my dear. Others have long ago led me out of my own misery. What you must do is work for your own improvement and the improvement of all your brothers and sisters, no matter what the color of their skin or the temple they attend. If you give justice and honor to all, then you will make me happy.

8. American politics today seem to be "Business As Usual". What is REALLY going on in Washington, D.C.?

A. Greed, corruption, lust, hate, ignorance. What else can I say?

9. America, and Russia certainly are changing the way they look at each other, or at least they give the impression to the public that relations between these two countries are improving, finally. But Miss Kilgallen, who can we trust? What politicians in action today are really trustworthy? What does Mr. Gorbachev look like from your point of view?

A. To us Mr. Gorbachev looks like a man who is sincerely trying to lead his people out of the Darkness. Unfortunately the opposition against him is great, and for even us it is hard to predict the outcome. God grant that he succeed and that peace between these two great powers flourishes. But beware...you have other enemies, enemies that will plunge the whole world into Darkness and death for the purpose of their own greed unless you stand up and stop them before they even begin.

* * *

I sincerely thank you for speaking with us. I regret not being able to contact with you as originally planned, but I guess I'm not very good at that. Yet, The Polleys are experts, and fine Maine people.

* * *

We thank Mrs. Russell May for the following questions from New York, N.Y..

10. Just before your death you announced you were going to break a story on the JFK assassination. What was the news?

A. It concerned the cover up of certain information the government had which I do not want to go into heavy detail on now, because action is still being taken on it, and speaking about it at this moment may injure those seeking justice. Let me just say there is

much in this situation that has not been said, much that made me sad to be an American. I think knowing what the release of this information would do was one of the factors in choosing the means of escape I chose.

11. You managed to have a long interview with Jack Ruby in his jail cell before he died. What did he reveal to you?

A. Only that he was a man who deeply loved America, and, its President, and was willing to sacrifice his liberty to insure justice. To tell you the truth, I somewhat admired him, but this was my own personal opinion.

* * *

We thank Mrs. Lee Israel of New York, N.Y. author of "Kilgallen; A Biography" published by Delacorte Press, 245 E 47th St. New York, N.Y. 10017, \$12.95, for the following questions.

12. Did you like my book?

A. I rather enjoyed it! I think it was fair and well done, and what else could one ask of a biography. As with anyone there are things I would have diluted and things I would have added, but it was not my hand that did the work. So what can one say other than thank you?

13. Now that you are on the Other Side and in a position presumably to know, was all that terrible Catholic guilt worth it?

A. In some ways, yes, in some ways, no. To tell you the truth, I, myself, never felt that guilty of anything I did. I had a pretty good understanding of right and wrong. I always tried to be fair with others. I didn't always succeed, but at least I tried! God doesn't punish one for mistakes, only for deliberate actions.

14. Is Johnny Ray there with you?

A. Johnny has passed through, but he is not one to linger, and has already travelled on. Though we did enjoy some happy days together.

15. Who shot J.R. Ewing?

A. I'm not sure. But whoever did, God bless them! If a man ever needed shooting, it was J.R.!

16. What is Claude Rains really like?

A. I think I will leave that to Claude. I've gotten out of the habit of explaining other people's personalities, and I think that's a good idea. I hope you understand.

* * *

The final questions in this interview were provided by Rev. Speaker Linda J. Polley, editor of Voices From Spirit Magazine.

17. Who was the person you met at the restaurant the night of your death?

A. Oh, dear! I cannot reveal that without setting into motion things we do not wish to happen at this time. Let me just say it was a person of importance who revealed to me secrets I wish I had never heard, secrets best left unsaid.

18. Will you be available to answer more questions later?

A. Yes, I most certainly will be!

(Cont'd Top, Next Column)

* * *

For November we hope to feature an unusual interview with The Angel Of Death, Azrael, who will speak through his Earth bound soul mate, author Leilah Wendell to answer our questions. We have gained permission from Leilah Wendell and Westgate Press for this intriguing combining of forces, and know you will be pleased with the results. If you would like to read about Leilah Wendell and Azrael, her book, "The Book Of Azrael" is available for \$8.95 from Westgate Press, 8 Bernstein Blvd, Center Moriches, N.Y. 11934. And if you have any questions you would like considered for publication, be sure to have them in by October 1.

OUR READERS WRITE

Here are a few questions sent in by a friend in Nigeria named 'Segun Adigun we thought you might find of interest, and have answered to the best of our ability.

1. As a Spiritist, in order to attain self, spiritual self, does someone not forbid to take some certain items of food?

A. Unlike other religions there are no definite food restrictions in our Teachings other than those things known to contain intoxicating substances, or substances that are harmful to the body, and these are Teachings, not absolute restrictions. Spirit has found that you cannot force someone to do what is good for them, you can only teach them, and if they are wise they will follow that Teaching. If they are not, they will pay the price in their own good time.

2. As regards the issue of sex though, your belief in sexual intercourse between a male and a female, does it have an age limit?

A. What is considered proper in sexual relations between a man and a woman varies from country to country, from people to people. What is acceptable to one is not acceptable to another. In our land it is not proper for an older man to take a very young wife, in other lands this is considered acceptable. Spirit's basic Teaching is that what is between a man and a woman is good and proper as long as both parties come to those actions of their own free will, as long as no force or threat is used to make one or the other submit. One should abide by the rules of the culture in which he lives, within reasonable limits. If that culture should say that it is proper for an older man to force himself on a younger woman, then it is wrong. A woman has a right to choose her companions, not to have them forced upon her. Otherwise, Spirit does not interfere with the customs of others.

(Cont'd Next Issue.)

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BITS AND PIECES

By; Sylvia Foy

(Continued from last issue.)

IT'S JUST NOT FAIR

How often do I say this? Whenever I've thought that I was getting the unfair portion of what life has to offer. I have forgotten where I ever got the idea that life was supposed to be fair. Often I have heard that "life isn't fair," but obviously that was of little help. I usually want it to be more to my liking when I say "it's just NOT fair" and nothing else (other than others feeling sorry for me) is going to help.

But wait. Maybe life is fair. But in a different way than I think it should be. Maybe that really is what karma is all about. Maybe that's what "create your own reality" and "as a man thinketh, so is he" is all about. Maybe when I think and say "It's just NOT fair," that's what I create for myself. Maybe fairness too is an illusion and I can learn to talk to it like a friend.

* * *

YOU JUST CAN'T TRUST PEOPLE ANYMORE....

Could you ever? What does it mean to trust people? I suspect that what I mean when I say "trust someone" is that they live up to my shoulds, my idea of how they are supposed to behave and treat me and other people. When they fail to do that, I often allow their actions to make me hurt and become disappointed and unhappy. What would happen if I began to trust people to be themselves? Perhaps that would free me from the emotional pain and disappointment that comes when someone has "betrayed my trust." I could, perhaps trust that someone who lies, will lie. I could trust that someone who is unkind, will be unkind. I could trust that someone who is emotionally ill will act like someone who is emotionally ill. I could trust that someone who personally finds importance in being early will be early and that someone who is generally late will generally be late. Perhaps I could even learn to trust people to both change and stay the same. Perhaps, I might even learn to simply accept without expectation

* * *

WHO GETS THE WATER?

Ever hear the story about someone who had some water and was deciding with whom to share it? Finally decided to share it only with those who already had water because, obviously, those who had no water didn't deserve water because they had no water to share with others!!!

Crazy, isn't it?

Yet, I find that so often this is my approach to the sharing of love. In my own mixed up thinking, I decide that it might NOT be wise or smart to share my love with someone who seems to have no love to share because they have no love to share. I think, at those times, that it is smarter or wiser, or safer to just share my love with those who already have love to share.

I wonder where and when I ever came to that conclusion. Why would I ever think that love was just for those who deserved it by being loving? I guess that was before I came to realize that love and loving says more about the lover than the lovee.

* * *

SO SIMPLE

It can be so much fun making everything complicated!! But I have found that one of the basic ingredients of being alive is the ability to take in and to let out. The body must take in air, drink nourishment in order to live. And the body must also let out air, fluids, excrement in order to live. Perhaps, there is a message in this for me. It could be that life in other ways is the same such as the taking in of thoughts and the letting out of thoughts, the taking in of love, and the letting out of love. Even more fundamental, maybe, life is the ability to take in and to let out. Perhaps any other state is a form of death. Is this what "the flow of love" is all about?

* * *

OVER AND OVER AGAIN

I would like to share with all who read this a little about one of the wonderful gifts I received. Those who have known me over the past 10 years are aware that at least 1,000 times during those years I have rediscovered for myself that LOVE IS ALWAYS THE ANSWER. As is one of my ways of expressing my discoveries. I immediately write an article or poem or letter on my latest understanding, only to realize that, using slightly different words, I have rewritten the same thing that I have been writing for ten years. Then I feel a need to apologize to those with whom I have shared the "latest" for resharing the same thing. I did this again recently, shared the writing with several friends and then went into the apology cycle. This is when I received the gift....such a beautiful gift from Kay. She said something like "Oh yes. It does say the same thing, but it helps me to hear it again. Sylvia, you're rather like the light at the top of a light house. That light says the same thing over and over again. That is the job of that light. Please keep being that light."

* * *

A WORLD OF LOVE

Periodically someone will tell me that they are trying to figure out from where I am coming. What are my motives and my goals? What is it that I am really after?

Actually, my motives are rather selfish. I want to live in a world of love. I want to experience love in everything in my world. I suspect that this has been my goal for a long, long time. It's only in the last ten years, however, that I have come to realize that this is possible. During the last ten years, after hearing about, and to a degree practicing forgiveness all of at least this life, I have come to realize how very powerful forgiveness is in changing the illusion of NOT O.K.s into the O.K.. In changing the illusion of separation and pain into a reality of unity and love. Everything in my world is a reflection of me. The power of the word NOT can keep me from knowing and loving myself. But there is the freedom of forgiving behind the NOT. and I have learned of the ways to forgive at a deep, creative level.

The technique which I find works best for me is a simple type of doodling. It's deceiving in its simplicity. It works.

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Forgiveness works. Occasionally, I have gotten discouraged because I keep finding NOT O.K.s to forgive issues that bother me, situations that I want to change, causes that I want to take on, etc.. When I have complained that I am tired of forgiving, I have been told, "Then just see everything as O.K." I find that easier said than done. So I go back to forgiving issues, one at a time at deeper and deeper levels. Sometimes it seems like it will take years to forgive everything, and it is taking years. But the good news is that it works and finally I know how to get to what I want. I know now how to get a world of love. Through forgiving anything and everything that I have judged to be NOT O.K..

Along with forgiving, I share what I have learned with anyone who is interested in hearing and, maybe joining in forgiving this world. For this world and I are one, and we are all part of each other. In sharing with another, I am simply sharing with another part of myself. The more of us who practice forgiving and focusing on a world of love, the faster will come the time when all of us experience it.

When I am asked if it is O.K. to share something I have written with others, either individually or through another newsletter, my answer is a resounding "yes".

First of all, being asked and finding out that someone thought that something I have written was worthy of passing on makes me feel really good. However, recently I have noticed a new part of myself making itself known. It is the part of myself that feels a letting go of anything that I have written or might write. It's rather like writing something is a form of birth. Once the birth has taken place, it develops a life of its own. It's only mine in the sense that it came through this body. So when I hear that something I have written was read to a group or shared through another publication or given to a friend, what I feel is rather like a mother who hears that her child has accomplished something and she feels so happy for the child.

POETRY SPACE

TRACTS FOR THE TIMES
By; Fletcher DeWolf

The verse that holds the sword of Democles
has secrets in its sheath
that whisper to the willows
that wizards work high and low beneath
the common thoughts and wayward wishes
cast upon each star
that claim the skies have collected them
to carry us afar
to gather in the forest
then look for open trails
to travel to the towns
and spread our timbered tales.

* * *

BEN FRANKLIN

By; Rev. Speaker Linda J. Polley

Good Ben Franklin went out one night
to help electricity along with his kite.
Good old Ben, with his kite and his key,
Made life so much better for you and for me!

* * * NUCLEAR POWER CAN END IT ALL * * *



The Children Of The Lords could, by no means, win Their battle against The Darkness alone. A great deal depends on their human allies. They could not overcome the seeds of hatred planted in this world by The Godden Empire without them. One of the greatest of these allies is The Confederate Forces Of Atonement, led by The Most Honorable Jefferson Davis. Their goal is to end the racism, segregation and hatred caused by The American Civil War.

In Spirit Their forces wear the old Confederate uniform in black with gold insignia and their symbol is the Confederate stars and bars in gold on black. They occupy the Southern United States in The Spirit World, and are one of the greatest forces for peace and harmony. They have made a special request that in this issue we publish Their Anthem, or, Fighting Song, which we feel honor bound to do. We hope you will find it of interest.

We would also like to take this opportunity to congratulate Them on the progress They have made in the last few years, and sincerely hope that more will be made in the near future.

TRUE DIXIE

Well, I wish I was in
The land of cotton,
Honor, there, is not forgotten.
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie Land.
Where black and white
Can live together,
We are sisters, we are brothers.
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie Land.

Away down South
Where I was born in,
Early on a sunny mornin',
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie Land.

And if my brother
Loves my sister,
Who am I to say another?
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie Land.

(Chorus)

Well, I wish I was in Dixie, Hurrah! Hurrah!
In Dixie Land I'll make my stand
For right and truth in Dixie.
Away, away, away down South in Dixie.

And if my sister
Loves my brother,
Kiss her cheek and bless her mother.
Look away, look away, look away Dixie Land.

Strike the flag of hatred yonder,
Rise ours high
To fly above her!
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie Land.

Now, let our children
Live together,
Let the hatred die forever!
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie Land.

(Chorus, To End.)

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THE SUN IS SETTING ON A DREAM



IMAGINATION'S PLACE
FICTION

THE WRONG KIND OF VENGEANCE
By; Rev. Speaker Gerald Polley

THE ANCIENT ONE'S WINGS CUT THE AIR LIKE KNIVES. He was filled with a fury and a loathing that was rare even for his nature. As hard as his people worked to bring evil to justice, as much of their precious energy as they spent to protect their children and the children of the native souls, ignorant men, for greed, or, stupidity, released the very ones they brought to justice, or, gave them meaningless punishment. One, especially, had come to The Ancient One's attention, one who did not care how much evil men did to women. It was always in some way the woman's fault and not the man's. When the man was brought before him in judgment he would do all he could to protect him, and to make his punishment as little as possible. The Ancient One had set out to find some way of dealing with this ignorant man, some way of bringing him to his senses.

Thousands of spirits filled with rage led The Ancient One to the man's dwelling, and he settled into the room where the man worked at his desk. But before The Ancient One could materialize and speak, a beautiful young woman entered the room.

"I'm going out, father," she said. "Sue Ellen is having a few friends over. I'll be home by 10:30 or 11."

"I wish you wouldn't spend so much time with Sue Ellen," the old man said, "she has to many of those liberated women ideas."

The woman smiled. "I know, father," she said. "Don't worry. I'm not going to exert my independence, or anything."

The old man returned to his papers and the woman left. Again The Ancient One prepared to materialize, but again he was interrupted. A female spirit suddenly entered the room waving her hands back and forth to stop him. The Ancient One felt her terror, and as she beckoned him to follow he obeyed, coming out by the large house's garage where the woman he had seen was making her way towards an expensive car. Suddenly a figure stepped from the shadows, wrapped one arm around her face, and brought a knife to her throat.

"Don't struggle!" the man said, "Don't cry out or I'll cut your throat right here. Move ahead of me. Try to run and I'll kill you, do you understand?"

The woman nodded. The Ancient One followed as they made their way to the street. The man forced the woman into a car, handcuffing her to the doorhandle, then got in and drove off. They were silent as they made their way to a modest house about half way across the city.

The man made the woman get out of the car, led her downstairs into the cellar, forced her to lie down on a mattress where he handcuffed her to a wall and began to rip away her clothes. The woman had been silent, but now she began to beg. "Please!" she cried, "Please, don't! Please don't hurt me!"

The man began to cry. "I don't want to hurt you," he said, "I really don't. But he has to pay. He has to pay for what he did. He has to! I want him to hurt like I hurt. I want him to cry like I cry. I want him to find your body like I found my baby's body...ripped apart. I want him to sit in court and hear the defense

attorney say horrid things about his daughter like that piece of filth said about mine. I want him to hear me sit on the stands and lie and say how much you flirted with me, how much of your body you showed me. How you drove me crazy and how I couldn't stand it any more. I want him to hurt like I hurt. Five lousy years! That's all he gave that animal! He'll be free in five lousy years! your father is not a judge, he's a sadist who loves to torture the innocent. He punishes the victims more than he punishes the criminals."

The man picked up a hypodermic and squeezed the air out of the needle. "I'm not a savage," he said, "I'm a doctor. I won't make you suffer. You won't feel any pain. I promise."

The spiritual form with The Ancient One grabbed his shoulder. Her pleading eyes told him what she wanted, without a word needing to be spoken. With a wave of his hand The Ancient One gave her solid form. She took a deep breath and spoke.

"Daddy," she said, coming into the dim light, "daddy, please? Put that down? Set her free. Please, daddy, you musn't do this, you musn't! This isn't the way. You musn't do this for me. It will hurt me, daddy, more than I've already been hurt. Please, daddy, put the needle down. Let her go home!"

The man turned slowly. "Patricia?" he half-whispered, "Patricia?" The hypodermic was slowly lowered and dropped to the floor. He reached out but his daughter backed away.

"No, daddy!" she cried, "You can't touch me. I can only stay a little while longer."

"I've got to avenge you, baby," her father wept, "I've got to avenge you!"

"No! Not this way!" his daughter pleaded. "Fight the system, daddy. Scream, holler, make them realize what her father is doing, what men like him are doing, but you can't take vengeance on him by punishing her; the man who hurt me, yes, but not her. She's as much a victim as I was. Take her home, daddy. Let her live. Let me die with dignity, not shame. I've got to go, daddy. I love you, but I've got to go. Please? Please? Unfasten her. Take her home...for ME?"

The spirit stepped back out of the light and was gone. With trembling hands the man unfastened the handcuffs and sat on the end of the mattress, weeping. "There's a phone in the kitchen," he said. "You can go call the police. I won't stop you."

The woman rose, started towards the stairs, and then came back, sat down beside the man, and took him in her arms. After a while the man stopped weeping. "Why?" he asked.

"You needed someone," the woman answered, "someone to share the pain. Would you still have any of your daughter's things? My clothes are kind of a mess!"

"All of her things are still in her room," the man answered. "Come! I'll show you. You can have anything you want! Can you ever forgive me?"

"I already have," the woman said, "I've seen a miracle tonight. I've seen God's power. I don't think I'll ever be the same again!"

She dressed and the man drove her back to her house. "Will you wait?" she asked. "I won't be long." She went to her room, and put a few small belongings in a tote bag. The expensive dresses, shoes and jewelry she left

behind. Her father was still in his study when she entered.

"Allison!" her father said, "Where did you get those horrid clothes?"

The girl smiled. "They belonged to another victim, father," she explained, another victim of your hatred of women. I was luckier than she was. God sent her back to plead with her father to spare my life, and he did. But God did more than that, father. He opened my eyes and made me see. For sixteen years you've been punishing women because mother left you, because she fled your coldness and your cruelty, and found someone that truly loved her, that gave her the tenderness that she deserved. I'm leaving, father, I'm leaving and I'm never coming back. I don't hate you, father, I never will, but from now on I'll fight you.

Every time you make a judgement, every time you let a man off easy who's hurt a woman I'll be telling the world what you are; how cold, how heartless, how cruel you are.... not from hate, not from vengeance, but for justice. Good-bye, father!"

The woman turned and was gone. The old man rose, went to the door, reaching out as if to grab her and pull her back, but his hand fell to his side and an empty, lost expression filled his eyes.

As the young woman entered the waiting car she took the driver's hand. "I need a place to live," she said, "I'll do my share. I'll get a job. But I want to help you. I want to join you in your fight."

"You'd dare live with me," the man said, "after what I did?"

"After tonight," the woman answered, "what could I ever fear from you?"

"Thank you," the man replied, "thank you! Of course you can stay as long as you want."

The Ancient One watched the car drive off, and looked back towards the house one more time. "I'm not needed here," he said to no one in particular, "I'm not needed here at all!"

He winged homeward knowing the seeds had been sown for a victory that would not be long in coming, but a victory that would have no sweetness. It would only mean the loss of a dying and forgotten soul, a soul that was already dead; only the body still lived. The soul was already devoured by the Darkness and it was only a matter of time until the rest of it faded from existence, too.

He had played a very small part in this victory. The souls of this world had won this battle themselves.

THE END?

The preceeding story is fiction. Any resemblance it bears to true persons or places is coincidental, and not the intent of the writer.

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