

Voices From Spirit

MAGAZINE

P. O. Box 533065 Orlando, FL 32853

Vol. 5 No. 4 Copyright © January, 1992

By Spiritist Publications By The Polleys. All rights reserved. No reproduction of the whole or any part of this magazine may be made without the written permission of the publisher.

KEEP ON TREKKIN'!

We must say goodbye to Gene Roddenberry. Someone said his mission on Earth was done, but it is far from it! We must continue to follow his dream, to boldly go where no one dared go before.

Gene not only gave us the dream of returning to the stars, but he wanted all mankind to go as well. His crew was not arrogant, all-knowing white men going out to conquer all they encountered, but people of every nationality and every gender going out to make contact with other living beings and perhaps to learn what they could give us.

He envisioned a world where each had all they needed to satisfy their physical existence so they could reach to become all that they could be. We must not let this dream die, but we must make this Enterprise a reality, that it may truly go where no man, no human being, has gone before.

One of our readers recently asked if Spiritist Publications still provides our free psychic services. The answer is yes.

We provide curse removals, Spiritual Blessings, Psychic Healing, and Tarot Card Readings. The only thing asked is that the requestee include return postage with their requested service.

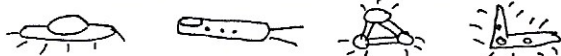
These services are as good or better than those that others are charging as much as \$50 to \$75 for. Over the years we have had many happy and satisfied clients.

People sometimes ask why we don't charge. The answer is simple- Spirit's Power is given in love, with no thought of reward. Whatever service Their Children give in return, is accepted with joy. Therefore, we must do the same- give out what is given to us freely, and joyfully accept whatever is given in return.

So, if you are in need, and short of funds, do not hesitate to request any of our services. If you can only return to us your gratitude and do good for others when you can, that is payment enough. Any of our services can be obtained from the publisher's address, above.

When ordering Tarot Card Readings, kindly include the natural color of your hair, eyes, and complexion. Limit your request to one question per reading.

NOTES FROM THE HANGAR- 68 Page quarterly newsletter of the National UFO Museum. Individual copies \$4.95 (post paid.) Subscriptions available only to Friends of the Museum Association. To be placed on the Museum's mailing list send \$2 for Postage & Handling. National UFO Museum, P.O. Box 20593, Sun Valley, NV 89433.



A SPIRITIST SPEAKS
By: Rev. Speaker Gerald A. Polley

As in all religious teachings Spiritism has its great mysteries...known truths for which the cause is not understood. Perhaps the greatest of these is how the suffering of an injured person is transferred to the soul of the injurer so that after their death they endure all the pain and sorrow they have inflicted on others. The exact cause of this phenomena is unknown. It has been studied by the wisest of Teachers in The Spirit Realm since the beginning of Their recorded thoughts.

There is a theory that through our immortal essence (what Christians call "the soul") we are all connected to the Universal Mind, are all one with all that is, and that somehow when we unjustly injure another person their pain and suffering is transferred to us through this connection with The Spiritual All. But this is not a proven theory.

Others believe the transfer actually takes place in a telepathic contact through the most primitive region of the material mind. But this is also only a theory.

But by whatever the process, it is a known fact to all the highly developed Spirits, that when we hurt others unnecessarily, we hurt ourselves.

Many teachers in many ways have tried to give mankind this warning, but mankind has not wanted to hear. Most accept only what their physical senses tell them, they do not worry about the Spiritual. They continue to rape, rob and murder, thinking that by some means, by some prayer, by some legal trickery they will escape their just desserts. It is only when it is too late that they learn for them a horrible truth... that all debts must be paid in full, that every wrong must be answered for, just as every right shall be rewarded.

It is with a sincere heart that we pray every soul will reap its blessings, and not too late harvest its pains.

VOICES FROM SPIRIT MAGAZINE IS a publication dedicated to promoting friendship between all religions on a positive path. We do not publish any articles that promote hate or prejudice. Most of our material is metaphysically based. We, the publishers, do not have to agree with the articles donated and printed herein.

We do not have anything to do with Satanism, though our particular religious beliefs differ from any others, in part.

We accept any articles with the above-mentioned positive outlook, but we are unable to pay for those we publish. Anything we use will be paid for with free subscriptions, or, ad space.

THIS PUBLICATION IS A MEMBER OF THE WICCAN/PAGAN PRESS ALLIANCE, P.O. Box 1392, MECHANICSBURG, PA 17055, which was formed to create a network designed for all presses, journals, and newsletters. Write for information.

HAVE A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR!

THE SPIRITS SPEAK

This is an interview with the Spirit of Calamity Jane, star of the old west. Questions were provided by Rev. Speaker Linda J. Polley, answers were channeled through Rev. Speaker Gerald A. Polley

* * *

1. Is it true how Captain Eagan gave you your name?

A. No, not really. I was called Calamity long before the Captain ever laid eyes on me, not to mention a few other things! It was an old sourdough that first started calling me Calamity.

2. Why are many of the dates wrong in your autobiography?

A. Well, for you folks nowadays, calendars are a pretty normal thing, and you tend to write things down. In my day, however, we hardly knew what TIME it was most of the time, let alone what day. And most of the time we could have cared less. And when the time came for puttin' things down, we tended to get a little bewildered, as to what happened when.

3. What is your true birthdate and place?

A. Your guess is as good as mine! My parents argued over when I was born. Anytime anybody wanted to give me presents and say it was my birthday, that was all right with me. The more of them I had, the better I liked it. As to where, I think the writers get that right, but it's something I didn't pay much attention to either, being rather little at the time.

4. Did you really meet General Custer?

A. Met him. Didn't think much of him. Sioux didn't either.

5. How did you meet Wild Bill Hickok?

A. Somebody told me there was a nice-looking man in town. I went to take a look. By golly, they were right! That was one mighty handsome feller!

6. Did you really swear alot and drink as much as they say?

A. Madam, I could out-drink, out-shoot, and out-fight most every man of my day, and I could curse with the best of 'em. But I reserved my cursin' for the proper places.

7. Did you really ride for The Pony Express?

A. Yes, I rode for The Express, and as I said, I'm not too good at datin' things 'cause I didn't pay much attention. It was some time in 1876. I rode officially for a while, and non-officially alot longer. Any rider that wanted some time off could pay me to do his run. Good way to make some money, though the backside tended to get a little sore.

8. What happened to your sister and brother?

A. They called it a fever. It could have been most anything in those days. Though I tend to think it was more likely the poor food they'd been getting, more than anything else.

9. How many husbands did you really have, and what were their names?

A. Well, let's see; there was Arthur, John, Frank, Matthew, Clyde. I think those were the

(Cont'd Top, Next Column)

only ones worth mentioning. I think these were the only ones you could really call husbands, 'cause I stayed with them more than a year. Let's just say the rest were passing acquaintances.

10. How many kids did you have?

A. Just one. That was enough. I tried to have some others, but they didn't live too long. So I don't count them. My daughter grew up and became quite a lady, and there couldn't be a mother prouder! And lady or not, if anyone said anything against me, she had more than a word or two for them, in a ladylike fashion, of course!

11. What do you think about the movies made about you now?

A. Everytime I see one I laugh and laugh! I can't believe that anyone actually thinks we were like that, but I suppose people have to have an imagination and make things what they weren't. I suppose that's man's worst weakness. He isn't happy with the way things is, he always wants something different. Never could understand it, myself. That's especially true of husbands.

12. What happened to you after you died?

A. Oh, I can't be no great philosopher on that. I just got over here, found out I had never done nothin' that bad, and started having a high old good time, and becoming even more popular as the years go by.

13. What do you do now?

A. Well, like I said, I have a high old good time! I've got my own ranch. cattle, pardon my language, sheep, a good many gentlemen friends that come visiting now and again, and alot of visiting ladies that like to get a feel of the range; and also the range hands! I've got a pretty good life.

14. Will you be able to answer more questions later?

A. I suppose so, if someone's fool enough to ask them, I suppose I can get around to answering them. It is kind of fun. It's just sometimes when you have to tell the truth there isn't all that much to tell! And I DO hate to disappoint folks!

15. Is there a message for our readers?

A. Only one, for the women of today. Ladies, you don't know how well you've got it! You can't imagine what your mothers used to go through! Don't you let them fools in government take one damned thing away from you that the women before you fought so hard for you to have. You go up to those lawmakers and kick their behinds if you have to. Take 'em by the ear and lead 'em out of town if they won't hear what you've got to say.

That fool Custer may not have been so bright, but he said one thing that you gotta remember is true; if you retreat, you lose. And by the Almighty in Heaven, I don't want to see any of the ladies of today lose, 'cause there isn't any need for it. I never wanted to be any man's better, but by God, there wasn't no man I wasn't equal to!

(Cont'd Top, Column 1, Pg. 2)



Our March interview will be with the man who was Pope during World War 2, Pope Pius XII. If you have any questions for him be sure to get them to us by February 15th if you'd like them considered for use in our next issue. If you'd like your question answered privately, send return postage. Below are some follow-up questions for Spirits we've interviewed recently.

LOU COSTELLO

1. What do you think of the colorization process to the old black & white productions?

A. In my most simple way of expressing it- YUCK! Black & white films were made to be black & white. The photographic techniques used was to give the best representation of the story. When you add color to them artificially, you lose some of the subtleties of the black & white production. Don't mess with good things! Leave them the way they were intended to be. Colorizing a classic is like putting WWII planes in a WWI movie!

2. It would be interesting to hear more data on your films made in The Spirit World...names of the films & their content. Are these films done in the style of old Abbott & Costello movies, or is it something different?

A. It would be too difficult to list all our productions we have done in Spirit. But I will give you a couple of examples. Last year we did "Abbott & Costello Meet Han Solo." In this adventure we played two screwy alien Professors who hold a secret that will save the Alliance from Imperial destruction. And Han Solo must get them from Tatooine to the secret rebel base. He accomplishes the task, but not without a great deal of difficulty, most of it caused by the bumbling nature of his passengers. The second production we did that year was "Abbott & Costello Meet The Spaced Invaders." As the invaders leave Earth, they stumble across the remains of a rocket launched by a mad Earth scientist twenty years before. They revive its two occupants and take them back to Mars. Mars is never the same again! Our style is our trademark. If we change that, there'd be no sense in us making movies at all. I guess we still do a good job because with all the competition we have now-a-days, we still pack 'em in!

QUEEN NEFERTITI OF EGYPT

1. How did you feel about your husband who they say was 50 and ugly, when you met him?

A. If you are speaking of my first pharaoh, age and maturity for most men. You have a saying- look for what is within, not at what is without. Gentleness, tenderness, are far more important than youth and a good figure.

2. How did you feel about marrying at 15 to a stranger?

A. I did not think about it in any way. It was our way, common. Actually I was grateful, as I was considered an older bride, and my family was glad I had been chosen. Extreme youth in wives was popular in my day, and many were far younger than I; as soon as 'the way of women' was upon them, they were considered suitable for marrying.

* * *

We wish to thank Eloise Ockert of Brooklyn, NY and Sasha Rakezich of Yugoslavia for sending us the questions for Lou Costello!



MEMORIAL

By; Rev. Speaker Gerald A. Polley

Sometimes I grow very weary in my work. I get very, very tired and wonder how I can go on. Then the words of a popular hymn in Spirit come back to me, and my strength is somehow fortified, and I find myself working a little stronger, and a little longer. I want to take this opportunity to share that hymn with you.

* * *

Well, The Holy Godden Empire is mad,
it's completely insane!
Few of its people dare a word to complain.
Then a band of valiant young rebels
set the universe ablaze,
For right and for freedom
they're still fighting today.

(Chorus)

Hey, Lord God, we're fighting your people
you know,
Not because we hate or we're cold,
But for our liberty, but for our liberty.
We will be free

Now, Morn is a mountain, tall, cool and
calm,
While North is a raging volcano, a
roaring storm!
But together they build a Republic,
and they swear that all shall be free.
For right and for justice they're
still fighting today.

(Chorus)

Now, the battle it raged for over
five-thousand years,
'Til the last few desperate survivors
came down here.
Now they only wanted peace,
but The Goddens wouldn't let it be.
One final battle and they're
all history.

(Chorus)

Now, the battle still rages in
the hearts of men today,
Some will be slaves while others
swear they'll be free.
We must continue the battle,
remembering our history,
We must ever surrender
and ever in liberty be.

(Chorus To End.)

SUBSCRIBE TO GREEN EGG! Official Journal of the Church of All Worlds. Neo-Pagan Nature Religion. Published quarterly with the Solar Festivals of The Sacred Year. \$3.95 a copy, US, \$4.95 Canada. Subscription \$13/year, US, \$18/year Canada, Overseas \$30. Back issues \$4.00 plus \$1.25 postage. Write; GREEN EGG, POB 1542, Ukiah, CA 95482. Make checks payable to GREEN EGG. This magazine is a member of the Wiccan/ Pagan Press Alliance.

UAC '92 UNITED ASTROLOGY CONGRESS- April 16-21 1992, Washington D.C. Hyatt Regency Crystal City. To register call 1-800-PTOLEMY.



OUR READERS WRITE

Hello!

It has been a long time since I have had any contact with ya, but first let me say "Thank you."

Let me explain please. Last year of November 30th, 1990, you sent me a Voices From Spirit, and a very nice letter. That was while I was in prison, still.

Aug. 12th of this year I have been released and am now home with my loved ones though a lot of things have changed since last I was here.

Anyways, your letter and the Voices From Spirit gave me that added hope and patience that I needed to help me get through the most trying and most difficult time I could face in that place!

So again let me say thank you for taking the time to write and for Voices. Things like this are just not easily passed off and forgotten by me.

While in prison I was forced to use my adoptive English name of which you know me by, Troy Doane. Now free, I can use my true name, given to me at birth and of which all my family has only called me by and I feel honored to use it since it came from my Great Grandfather Lone Tree. So now you can know me by it for good; Half Moon. Well, time is moving. Almost time to go to work.

Yours Sincerely,
Half Moon

P.s. How can I continue getting Voices?

WE ARE SORRY TO HEAR THAT THE OREGON PAGAN COUNCIL WAS DISBANDED LAST JULY. We have heard mostly good reports on them since we have been aware of their operations, and we hate to see any group break up, but these things happen.

The Order of The Sacred Band has taken over their assets to keep their programs going. We wish them every possible success in their attempts to pass the Council's programs on to another organization.

To all those who were part of the Council, we can only say "Blessed Be."

FEDERACION DE LOS ESPIRITISTAS DE PUERTO RICO, INC., APTDO 14471 Bo. Obrero Station, Santurce, Puerto Rico 00916, Phone- 724-6952, is planning a small shop to serve their members and community. They would like very much to get in contact with persons in The New Age Movement selling products and services. It would be appreciated if our readers let their suppliers have their address and encourage them to fulfill their need.

COSMIC CURRENT NEWS/ANCIENT TRUTH RESEARCH FOUNDATION. For more information write CCN/ATRF, P.O. Box 38037, Los Angeles, CA 90038-0037. Copies \$3.00, Subscriptions \$11.00 per year. There is an extensive back issue list of studies in Religion, Metaphysics, Psychic Phenomena & Ufology. Advertising accepted.

I have lost a friend. While I was teaching him The Light, others were teaching him The Darkness. The poisons of the street took his life.

Pg. 3

POETRY SPACE

STAR VISITOR

By; Lady Cat Powers, Copyright © 1980

He walks among men, yet is rarely ever seen
He could answer the quest to any person's dream....
For the wisdom he reveals, beyond all space and time
Can place you on a journey to a different state of mind!
I never ask him "Why"...nor do I question "How",
For questions such as that, he simply won't allow!
But the harmony he blends, between his world and mine
I think will be the answer to saving all mankind!
For, he does not know of prejudice, he does not know of hate
As only thru a path of peace, can his mind and soul relate...
And so, it is thru knowing him, that I truly hope to find...
the meaning of existence, thru encounters of my kind!

* * *

INNER GROWTH

By; Renee Hatfield

We're all on a special journey,
searching far and wide,
wondering how much we must abide,
trying to decide
what and who we must put aside.

Be not afraid...
even though your life may seem delayed.
Don't be dismayed
with the progress you've made.
Remember it is on The Path you stayed.

As new foundations are laid,
though you wade through murky waters,
tune in to the I Am presence.
Let it resonate throughout your Soul
as once again you become whole.

Life has taken its toll,
but you've had a stroll down the lane of life.
Gone forever your strife,
allowing you now to prepare for your new life.

Inner Growth is a process of listening,
feeling,
seeing,
being,

permitting yourself to be WHO YOU ARE.
And so it is. . . .

* * *

COULD PRIMROSE BE THE TITLE?

By; Fletcher DeWolf

Trails through thickets of shooting stars
have hobbies flying over head
the trees bend low and whisper they know
what was last said.
Rose fever strikes our straw boss
who speaks his curse on the last field
that makes us all more a believer
in the secrets that are sealed
deeper in the forest
the magic grows unnamed
and with the moments chasing night
its power is never tamed.

When the Angels fell those who were most like god became demons, as jealous of him as he is of them. Others became the gods and goddesses and played their serious games between the realms of god and mortals. Many of the fallen Angels tired of the strife and striving, and found jealousy an insult. They played in the gardens of Earth with and among the mortals, have played and do still, wherever mortals gather to play in pleasure. The gods and goddesses and the demons sometimes leave off their serious plotting and striving and join in the play, while the saviour Angels continue to go "tut-tut" and "oh, they shouldn't be doing that. We'll have to teach them a lesson if they would just stop laughing long enough."

The Angel Serendipity became the goddess of happy accidents, of the joy of insights and epiphanies, one of those who tilts the world into a different view for those willing to see her.

The Angel Anarchy is often in the company of Serendipity.

These playful Angels have often been named by mortals who have encountered them as Fairies or gods and goddesses, or as demons and sprites spreading mischief. To mortals who have chained their souls to god, their freedom and laughter is frightful, as it must be even to god, who can't stand the idea that anyone could have fun without him.

Most fearful of the fallen Angels, and rightly so, are the guardian Angels and those wonder-filled wanderers, the recording Angels. These, having the most contact with the playful fallen ones who so often enjoy the company of humans. Most often it is the guardian Angels or the recording Angels who, seeing mortals at their best and bravest and most unique, succumb to the desire to join them, as the fallen Angels of old have chosen. These are most likely to witness the light of laughter, the warm flame of lust, the joys of discovery, knowledge and acquisition, the various flavors of freedom that mortals savor. For every soul that the saviour Angels save, there is a guardian or a recording Angel that falls again to the paradise of Earth.

There are always more Angels than mortals, unfathomable numbers of them, greater than the molecules of ten suns. Even so, in a few million millenium, all the soulless Angels may have been replaced by the saved souls of mortals, and all the mortals may have been replaced by playful fallen Angels.

SACRED HART-A PRACTICAL, SEASONAL PAGAN JOURNAL- Subscriptions 1 yr. (8 issues) \$12.00 (\$15.00 CAN) P.O. Box 72, Kenmore, NY 14217.

MIDNIGHT ROSE- NEW NEWSLETTER GEARED TOWARDS WOMEN'S ISSUES- touching lightly on metaphysics. \$10 a year for subscription, \$14 on cassette tape (please limit to the visually handicapped.) Sample issue \$2 or sample cassette tape \$3. Send LSAS to; Midnight Rose, c/o Eloise Ockert, 995 Myrtle ave. #2B, Brooklyn, NY 11206.

IF YOU HAVE A DREAM SHARE IT. DO NOT LET IT DIE.
FOR A DREAM SHARED LASTS FOREVER.

The following items are available from Llewellyn Publications, P.O. Box 64383, St. Paul MN 55164-0383.

LLEWELLYN'S 1992 MOON SIGN BOOK & LUNAR GARDENING GUIDE, \$4.95 USA, \$6.50 CAN.

I'm an old fan of The Farmer's Almanac, and believe me, this book's got it beat! Fantastic treasure trove of information on when to do almost anything this year by the month, and even features a practical Horoscope for every sign with monthly predictions. The Herbs & Health article that tells how to prepare herbal remedies is my favorite! Paperback.

LLEWELLYN'S 1992 SUN SIGN BOOK, HOROSCOPES BY GLORIA STAR. \$4.95 USA, \$6.50 CAN.

Highly recommended guide to the new year. Exquisitely detailed information for each sign of the zodiac. With instructions so anyone can use this book. Generously seasoned with fascinating articles by various authors on subjects related to astrology. My favorite is Animals In The Sun, by Robert Cole, about animal totems. A must for anyone interested in the future! Paperback.

LLEWELLYN'S 1992 DAILY PLANETARY GUIDE & ASTROLOGER'S DATEBOOK. SET IN EASTERN & PACIFIC TIMES. \$6.95 USA, \$8.95 CAN.

Another great, great publication for anyone interested in Astrology. Make sure you keep all your appointments by writing them in here, plus, check to see if it's the right day for them via detailed planetary info for each day! Gives time conversions and descriptions of each sign. Wonderful! Oh - forgot to mention there's even "A Quick Course In Electional Astrology" by Anthony Lewis!

THE GODDESS CALENDAR 1992, By Hrana Janto, \$9.95 USA, \$14.95 CAN.

Uniquely beautiful full color artwork in watercolors & pastels adorns every month of this oversized treasure. A variety of goddesses from several faiths. Some, as the legends allow, are tastefully done topless. Brighten up the year and your home. Also lists holidays and moon phases with generous room to write messages for every day. Truly Magickal!

THE WILD PLACES, 42, Victoria Road, Mount Charles, St. Austell, Cornwall PL254QD, ENGLAND. British metaphysical magazine covering a variety of subjects. From the US \$18.00 for 4 issues. Do not send personal checks, as they are expensive to cash. Please make all payments out to the Editor, Kevin McClure.

MIDDLE EARTH BOOK SHOP- SPECIALIZING IN BOOKS & CLASSES IN ASTROLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, & METAPHYSICS. 2791 East 14 Mile Road, Sterling Heights, MI 48310. Paul Hudson, owner-astrologer, (313) 979-7340. Catalogue subscriptions \$10 a year for 4 catalogues.

FOR THE JOY OF A MAN IS TO GIVE, FAR MORE THAN IT IS TO RECEIVE. FOR IN GIVING DOES A MAN'S STATURE GROW.

IMAGINATION'S PLACE
FICTION

TRUE COURAGE

By: Rev. Speaker Gerald A. Polley

Of all The Ancient One's talents, the ability to be in two or three places at the same time bewildered his enemies the most. Though this cut his power in half or in thirds and was a tremendous strain on his physical being, making him tired and irritable, he was usually more than a match for any adversary, and able to harass them night and day.

He was returning from one such mission way to the west, where some keepers of the law had forgotten that their badges of office did not give them the right to be cruel; that they were bound by the same law as other men. It was a lesson they were not learning easily. But The Ancient One could teach a harsh lesson when he had to.

A quick stop had forced him to the Northeast and as he headed home he passed over an Amish community. The Ancient One often enjoyed stopping here from time to time. These kind and gentle people gave him a respite from the majority of humanity. Oh, they had their bad characters, but even their bad were not all THAT bad.

As The Ancient One hovered, drawing in the refreshing peace and tranquillity rising up from below, disturbing vibrations reached him. He followed them to a narrow bridge, crossing a fast-running stream. Below him an Amish boy was being confronted by three local boys, one of whom was punching the Amish youth and screaming "Come on, you coward, fight! You're a piece of garbage, you whimp! All your kind are! My brother went off to war and came back hurt while you yellow backs stay on your farms. Come on, fight, yellow belly!"

As silent as an owl The Ancient One dropped from the sky, landing behind the youths. Without warning he effortlessly picked up one of them and dropped him over the side of the bridge. The young man seized a supporting rod as he fell, and hung on for dear life.

"Terry! Bob!" he screamed "Help me! I can't swim!"

But his two friends were busily occupied. A wicked backhand had knocked the breath from one, and the other one found a hand like a steel vice around his throat, and driving him to his knees.

"Fool!" The Ancient One cried, "YOU are the coward! You try to prove yourself a man before your friends by striking someone who will not fight back. You are the smallest of creatures that walk upon the Earth. I could break your neck with a twist of my hand, the evil within you makes you so weak and insignificant."

While this was happening the Amish boy had rushed to the side of the bridge and with incredible effort hauled up the struggling youth to safety. When he was sure this one was safe, he rushed to The Ancient One.

"Let him go!" he cried, "Leave him be! God forbid you hurt him!"

The Ancient One looked up. "Their evil has called me forth," he snapped, "and I must be fed. I abide by laws older than time, itself. I have been called forth. I cannot return without a life in payment. But as you are good, and you pity them, child of gentleness, I will let you choose which one of them shall this morning

(Cont'd Top, Next Column)

feed me."

The Amish youth backed off a few paces, staring at the three young men before him.

"If you must have a life," he pleaded, "take mine."

The Ancient One smiled, and threw away his captive as if he was nothing at all, and advanced on the Amish youth.

"Very well," he agreed, "if you wish it. Your life is better than theirs, and if you give it willingly I may take it."

The youth did not move a muscle as he approached, but the other three gained their feet.

"Help him, Terry!" the one who had been hanging from the bridge cried.

The leader rubbed his throat but stepped after The Ancient One, crying, "You leave him alone!"

"Ah, the worm speaks!" The Ancient One announced, "But he forgets how useless he is."

The Ancient One took another step and reached for the youth and as he did so almost as one the other three boys leaped forward, seizing him wherever they could and with all their effort pulled him backward. They all fell in a pile on the bridge with The Ancient One laughing joyously.

"Release me, children!" he cried, "You have won your battle. I will harm none of you!"

The boys obeyed, and The Ancient One seated himself, crossing his legs, and his companions followed suit, staring at him strangely.

The Amish boy joined them, and they sat silent for several minutes.

"A question can only be answered, Terry, if it is asked," The Ancient One finally announced.

"What do you mean," he asked "we've won our battle?"

The Ancient One smiled. "You have learned a strong lesson today," he explained, "you have learned that because a man will not fight does not mean that he is a coward...that he can offer his life for another just as a man who will fight can. And when that gift was offered for you, you realized its value and were willing to give your own in return."

You see, I lied. According to our Law, when Michael told me to leave you be, I was bound by his power of love. I could not disobey him and hurt you. But with a small deception I could teach you a lesson that a billion words could not teach.

You realize now, don't you, that the four of you are bound by something far greater than others are bound by...you have offered your lives for one-another, and you can never be the same again.

This morning, for the three of you, the hatred that has been bred in you by men that do not understand others, has died. You understand Michael, and now he understands YOU; that all outside of his own kind are NOT evil, and if that spark of good is awakened, it will burst into flame.

Yes, you four are bound together.... you will do great things. Some men will come to hate you, but others will gladly take the joy that you can give them."

The Amish boy spoke up. "How did you

(Cont'd Top, Column 1, Pg. 6)

know my name?"

"I know all who are of The Light," The Ancient One answered. "Their names are spoken to me by Those who watch over them."

"But it wasn't real," Michael continued. "You wouldn't really have hurt me."

The Ancient One laughed. "THEY didn't know that," he answered, "nor, did you. You BELIEVED I would take your life. It does not matter rather it was a deception or not and all of you know that some day I will be proud to call you friends. But now I must depart."

Terry spoke up. "I can never be like him," he argued, "I'll always be a fighter."

"And no one asks you NOT to be," The Ancient One told him. "Only now you'll never strike a man who would not strike you again. And if you have to, you'll strike down a man that would. No one asks any of you to change. You are only asked, from this day forth, to fight for what is right, and to try to make others understand what you have learned this morning. If you will do that, nothing more could be asked of any man."

The Ancient One rose skyward.

"What are you?" Terry cried, as The Ancient One disappeared. But he received no answer.

"Don't you know," Michael explained, putting his hand on his new friend's shoulder, "what being must always obey the good, and has the power to battle evil? Only God's Messengers, one of The Heavenly Hosts, can do those things!"

The other three boys looked skyward. The Ancient One heard, and laughed.

"You are close, Michael," he thought to himself, "but the difference does not matter. It does not matter at all!"

THE END

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

DECEMBER 7th, 1991

Today we lost a hero. Kimberly Bergalis is dead. But with her has died the Bush administration's fable that people could not contract Aids from health providers.

This brave young woman came forward to speak the truth and those pushing the official government line made the foul accusations that she must have contracted Aids in some other way, such as homosexuality, or, drug use. That such men continue to serve in our government is one of the shames of our nation.

But we must remember where the orders came from for them to make such accusations. They came from a large White House on Pennsylvania Avenue, and, from the man that resides there.

We must never forget Kimberly's courage, nor must we forget those who insulted and degraded her for their own political purposes. As this year's political campaigns get into swing, one of our battle cries must be "Remember Kimberly!"

MIDDLE EARTH BOOKSTORE- SPECIALIZING IN BOOKS AND CLASSES IN ASTROLOGY, PHILOSOPHY AND METAPHYSICS. 2791 East 14 Mile Road, Sterling Heights, MI 48310. Phone- (313) 979-7340. Paul Hudson, owner-astrologer. Catalogue subscriptions \$10 a yr./4 catalogues.

DAVID DUKE GETS FEDERAL MATCHING FUNDS!?

PALLAS SOCIETY NEWS, P.O. Box 18211, Encino, CA 91316. Southern California-based international Craft/Pagan quarterly featuring provocative articles, rituals, poetry, fiction and much more. Reader input encouraged. Subscriptions \$9.50/yr. Sample \$3.

THE AMALTHEAN HORN- Celtic Shamanic Articles, stories, poetry, rituals, humor, spells, mythology. \$15 subscriptions, four times yearly, (cross-quarterly.) Box 5511, Pasadena, CA 91117. (818) 795-7940.

THE INTERNATIONAL GUILD OF SORCERY. BI-MONTHLY MAGAZINE, secrets of sorcery, many benefits, discounts for members, rare books, publishing service, international network, Magickal courses for members only. For complete information package send \$2.00 to: I.G.O.S., 255 North ElCielo Road, Suite 565, Palm Springs, CA 92262.

THE DREAMWEAVER- A POSITIVE LIFE PATH PUBLICATION. Subscription rates \$15.00 per year, bi-monthly, \$3.00 for a sample issue. Featuring interests in Self Healing, Dreams, WICCA, Native American Paths, Crystals, Vegetarianism, Animal Rights, Environmental Issues and Much More! Editor; Ladyhawk, POB 150692, Fort Worth, TX 76108.

CATALYST p.c. NEW AGE DIRECTORY- Limited edition. Extensive, unique resource for NEW AGE/METAPHYSICAL/HOLISTIC HEALTH/UFO/PSYCHOTRONICS networking newsletters, publications. Unique products. LARGE "PERSONALS" resource section. Book reviews. \$6.95 & \$2.00 P&H (\$5.00 overseas P&H.) to CATALYST, p.c., P. O. B. 670022, Marietta, GA 30066.

THE MINI-EXAMINER- A fascinating newsletter featuring biorhythm compatibilities of people in the news. 12 issues \$10. 24 for \$17. Irene Hamlen Stephenson, P.O. Box 3893-ME, Chatsworth, CA 91313. Money orders are recommended for quick replies.

PSYCHIC PATHWAYS- NEWS AND VIEWS ON PARAPSYCHOLOGY. Subscription \$15.00 per year. Bi-monthly. P.O. Box 418, Woodmere, N.Y. 11598.

THE OWL FEATHER- Spiritual enlightenment for pagan renegades. Published by the Guild of The Grey Owl, four times a year. P.O. Box 280-341, Lakewood, CO 80228.

VOICES FROM SPIRIT MAGAZINE- Spirit Interviews, networkings, advertisements, Articles on a wide variety of subjects. Bi-monthly, 6/year for \$4.00 donation. Kindly make checks or money orders payable to Rev. Speaker Gerald Polley. For a sample copy send two 29¢ stamps. VOICES, P.O. Box 533065, Orlando, FL 32853-3065.

NO ONE SHOULD HAVE TO CHOOSE BETWEEN LIBERTY OR DEATH!