

Voices From Spirit

MAGAZINE

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IT'S THAT TIME AGAIN!

It's hard to believe another year has gone by, and it's that time of reckoning again! Time for our financial report.

Sad to say things have not gone as well this year as they have in previous years. Our expenses this year were \$1,103.24. Our income was \$295.92. This left us with an out-of-pocket expense of \$807.32. We are not complaining. We know our subscribers and friends sent all they could. The bad economic times have been difficult for us all. Among other things, they forced us to move from Maine back to Florida, where there is some work, at least. But Florida's negative social climate makes it very difficult for us to carry on our work. It is difficult for us to keep a loving Spiritual attitude when people are throwing rocks and eggs at you as you are walking home at night, and when people you don't even know scream obscenities at you during the day simply because you do not have a car and walk from place to place.

We are not a people that truly seek donations. We would rather fund our work in other ways.... preferably, by selling fiction manuscripts. But the fiction market is extremely depressed and though we have had some interest in our work most publishers have been booked solid for the next couple of years. So we are getting into a very crucial period in our work. And our current circumstances force us to make an appeal to all our friends and associates. We need to raise if possible, within the next few months, \$101,000. This will give us moving expenses back to Maine and a modest income to live on and support our work for the next ten years.

We are asking all our friends if they feel they know of anyone who might be willing to contribute to our cause, or a publisher who might be interested in our type of fiction to refer them to us. This is a crucial time.

We are making good progress in getting our peoples' history ready for public release, but to do the job properly we need a peaceful period to finish this work, free from the hindrance of a fifty hour a week work schedual, just to keep body and soul together.

We know these are difficult times, but if any of you have any suggestions on how to accomplish this goal, we would appreciate your suggestions.

Yours In The Service Of The Light,

Rev. Speaker Gerald A. Polley

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A SPIRITIST SPEAKS ABOUT SALVATION

By; Rev. Speaker Gerald A. Polley

What is the idea of salvation? This thought comes from very ancient times. People had the simple idea that they could escape the punishment of their misdeeds by bribing some god with a sacrifice. The sacrifice would pay the penalty that they would have to pay, and they could simply walk off and be free of any debts.

When Christianity arrived and The Nazarene, with his sacrifice, did away with the need for the shedding of animal lives, his followers still felt the need to be able to escape from their misdeeds. So they came up with the idea of substituting The Nazarene for the animal sacrifices that they thought relieved them from sin. They no longer had to shed blood yearly. Merely accepting The Nazarene's sacrifice, and believing in his teachings was enough to escape punishment for one's misdeeds. And this is a fundamental part of Christian teaching to this day. But is this a FACTUAL teaching? The answer is no, for two very good reasons. One, the animal sacrifices never worked. Those who made them found, upon their death, that the forgiveness of the gods amounted to nothing. They still bore the pain of every misdeed they had ever committed, and still had to repay every wrong they ever did. And secondly, The Nazarene never taught salvation. He taught people to give up sinful lives, to turn away from evil, and start doing good.

One of the main reasons that the priests, scribes, and pharisees were against him, was that he constantly taught the people that sacrifice and rituals amounted to nothing if they continued to error. Only by turning from evil and doing good to all men could one get into Heaven. This is what he meant when he said "Only by believing in me can you enter into Heaven." He was saying 'Accept my teachings, accept my way. Do as I do.' And what he taught is still just as true today.

Many souls experience The Second Death who thought because of the prayers and rituals they observed they were free from any guilt.

The only way one can be sure of escaping payment of debts is by committing no debts, by living in harmony with all men. This does not mean that a person cannot justly defend themselves when they're wronged, but it DOES mean that no one can cheat his brother without having to some day, in some way, repay him; that a man cannot murder his neighbor without someday having to bear his neighbor's pain.

It is true, that if a person who does such things comes to realize his error, prays for forgiveness, and does all in his power to help those he has hurt, then in the hour of his passing his pain will be lessened, his wounds mostly healed, and from those he has offended he will find forgiveness. But woe to him that repents falsely, horror to him that again does evil. For at the hour of his death his pain shall be tripled, his anguish doubled, and the fingers of Darkness shall await to devour his Soul.



THE SPIRITS SPEAK

This is an interview with the Spirit of Eugenio Pacelli, better known as Pope Pius XII, from 1939 to 1958. The questions are provided by Rev. Speaker Linda J. Polley. The answers are channeled through Rev. Speaker Gerald A. Polley.

* * *

1. Why did you want this interview?

A. Because I wished to tell mankind of my circumstances after death, so that they may come to understand the errors I made and not make them themselves.

I thought myself a righteous man, and holy before God, and was shocked to find myself shut out of Heaven! I was totally bewildered while I awaited my Time of Judgment, and when I finally stood before The Lord the look of sadness on His face filled me with dread. And when He asked me why I had come, I told Him I was His servant, and He said I was not. The Place that had been prepared for me had been given to another, for I had been found lacking, and because of my transgressions I would be banished from Heaven, unable to enter in.

And I pleaded with The Lord, saying, 'My Savior, do not send me forth from your presence without telling me what offense has taken away my Eternal Joy.' And with deep sadness The Lord said two words, and my heart was broken, for He said 'You knew.'

And I knelt down weeping, and cried 'But my Lord, I confessed that sin and made penance, and was given absolution.'

And The Lord answered me, saying, 'You confessed to a man, not to mankind, and your penance was meaningless because you continued to know and did nothing. Confession is useless unless the one confessing repents his sin before all men and sins no more.'

'But Lord,' I cried, 'I remained silent to protect your church, which would have been harmed if the truth had been told.'

And The Lord answered, saying, 'Oh, foolish man, my church is in the heart of every man and woman that does good in my name. It is not temples and doctrine, it is love for mankind. Many who have never heard of me have my church in their heart. Many who deny me keep my love for their fellow man.'

You did not seek to protect my church, but, the traditions of man. Just as the scribes and pharisees sought my life to protect the traditions of their times, you were willing to sacrifice other lives to protect the traditions of yours.'

'But Lord,' I cried, 'If I had spoken out many of your children would have been harmed opposing evil, when they could do nothing. I sought to protect their lives.'

'And in protecting their mortal lives,' The Lord answered, 'and letting them do evil, you sent them to The Second Death. That you may see and understand I will send you to The Children of The Lords and they will show you the price of death without honor. Your place has been taken by one who cried out, by one who resisted evil, even to the loss of his life. I condemn you not, but neither can I make a Place for you. But as I am merciful I will grant you this- on the last day of each month from the height of the sun to the setting of the sun you may come to The Gate of Heaven closest to your home and visit with those you love, that they may be assured of your welfare. Now, I bid you leave.'

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And as The Lord commanded, that I did. and I was taken to that place that is called The Darkness, and Hell, and suffering, and I saw there the price of my silence, I saw Souls suffer, and I saw The Second Death. And since that time I have dwelled among strangers; kind and generous strangers, yes, but strangers, nonetheless. My only comfort has been my visits with my loved ones

Then, recently your agents came to me and suggested this interview, and I refused, not wanting to serve those that were not of Heaven. But then The Queen of Heaven came to me, not at The Gate of Heaven, when I visited my loved ones, but to my own dwelling in your land, and said to me,

'Child of my Lord, why have you refused the gift that my friend has offered you? Though he is not a worshipper of The Lord, he is His good friend, and has sworn an oath to protect His Teachings, and His true children. He is worthy of your company.'

Do not be concerned with repayment. I will see to the reward for his services, myself.

Do not be concerned either, that you must speak to a woman, for his lady is a Priestess of her own faith, equal to her husband in all things, save the giving of The Law, which is his dominion. She is the equal of any priest of any temple.

I have removed all your objections, and if you answer my friend's request I will also give you a reward. For if you make true confession, lift the burdens on your Soul to this righteous woman, I will speak to my Lord and ask Him to lift your banishment and to make for you a Place in Heaven.'

And with this I bowed before The Queen of Heaven and wept, saying, 'Mother of my Lord, Queen of Heaven, whatever you bid me to do, that I will do, not for any reward you offer, but because you have asked me to do so.' And I kissed her hand and she departed, saying 'None the less, I will speak to The Lord on your behalf.'

And so it is I am here, trembling before God to give my confession.

2. Do you wish to make your confession now?

A. Yes. I, Eugenio Pacelli, born of Rome and Servant of The Church of Christ, do hereby confess that I did know of, from its very beginning, that which mankind calls The Holocaust. That I was begged by many to speak out strongly against it, but I did not. And because of my silence many of my people that could have been saved suffered The Second Death because of the crimes against humanity they committed.

I do also confess that I had knowledge that certain priests, bishops and cardinals cooperated with the Nazis, turning over to them people that hid Jews and spoke against them by violating their sacred oaths of confession, and, that I did not punish these individuals for their crimes.

I also state that at the end of World War Two, with my consent and with the approval of the highest authorities of the allied governments, personnel of The Vatican staff assisted persons who had been involved in atrocities, to escape

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

Germany to certain South American countries whose leaders cooperated in the efforts to conceal them.

I make this confession of my own free will, not to condemn The Church, which I love, but to lift from her the curse of her sins, and to make her right again with God.

The Queen of Heaven has caused certain information to be released as proof of my confession. This information was supposed to have come out after this interview was published, but my own hesitation and the eagerness of Her servants to please Her caused this information to be released early. But as the announcement of this interview was made BEFORE its release we still consider it valid.

With this painful duty done I leave you. If there are questions for me I will return in six months to answer them. Until then I ask those still living that know the truth of my words to speak out, to save yourselves from my fate. For if you go into the grave with such a secret on your Soul, you will not enter into Heaven, and The Lord desires to welcome you, not turn you away.

I return now, to my home, to await The Lord's Messenger bidding me to enter into Heaven. For if The Queen of Heaven has spoken for me, I know His pardon comes.

In the Name of The Father, and of The Son, and of The Holy Ghost I ask your blessing.

* * *

We hope you have enjoyed this interview. Our next one in May will be with Catherine The Great, empress of Russia. If you wish to submit questions to be answered and possibly used in VOICES, kindly send them in by April 15th.

GIVIN' 'EM THE WHAMMY: THE WRATH OF ELVIS

By; Rev. Speaker Gerald A. Polley

Valentine's Day was real busy at work but it was the first day I'd heard this thing going around about Elvis and his mother. And knowing where Elvis' new body was in South America I decided to send one of my Spirit Workers down to get Elvis' comments on the matter. Well, about ten o'clock Elvis' new body must've been asleep, because instead of my Spirit Agent returning, it was Elvis' Spirit that arrived, and boy was he ANGRY!

First of all he states that this whole story is nothing but one great big lie to get publicity. I cannot put down his comments about the people making these statements; they are unprintable, but to my surprise, when he got done with his comments this good old country boy laid down one of the most hell raising, Heaven calling thunder and lightning curses on these people I have ever heard, and I tell you, I've heard some good ones!

With this, Elvis departed, not being able to stay away from his body too long. But I don't mind telling you I'm going to be watching these people for the next few years to see how well this good old-fashioned whammy works!

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POETRY SPACE

REFLECTIONS

By; Tracy Pinkelton

Lift me my Lord.
Hold me, change me.

Be!

I am, so- Lost!

Where am I?

Where are you?

Where is me, thee; thou?

I don't know where I am

Because I can't tell who I am.

I knew both once

And liked them.

But They didn't.

Defend!

Build mirrors round the self.
Reflect what others want to see.

But where is me?

Which mirror shows my self now?

What reflection is me?

One, or two, or three?

All, or none?

All of myself is lost then?

Yes.

God let me enter thee
Through the simple complexity
Of All Things.

Let me enter to-

Thinking, Seeing, Learning
Your Un-thought, Un-sight, Un-learning.

Surround, Encompass,

Be!

Lose Me in multitudes of Infinity.

Better than lost, here, alone.

There, when I find,

A path, a place.

A thought to own,

(Oh! Escape from Calamity)

I will be

Only

Me.

* * *

WINTER'S GLORY

By; Elgard Odinson of Asgard

The blessing of Spirit's Light has come
with the snow,
forevermore dispersing the Darkness of Woe.

Like a wind swept traveler the snow has
come to rest here,
It's glorious White Light protecting us
and so very near.

Oh, Great Snow! A symbol of renewal
thou art,
Your presence meaning that you have done
nature's part.

Let the Midgardians fear you forevermore,
For without you life would be no more.

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Manager.

WE HOPE EVERYBODY SAW THE ARTICLE ABOUT
"VOICES" IN THE FEBRUARY ISSUE OF "OMNI"
MAGAZINE. IT WAS GREAT!

A THOUGHT FOR THE DREAM

By; Half Moon

I cannot believe that the soul purpose of life is to simply be "happy" like most think.

I think the purpose of life is to be useful to one another in a whole sense. To be compassionate it is above all, to matter in some form or fashion to one another. To stand in truth so that we can know we stand for something and have made some difference for the better; that you have lived at all!

But take a look. Human life and human longings are so very precious and contrary to most opinions, these longings stem far beyond "Material things." Those longings and true needs are for Freedom of Thought and belief in a higher being, for love, life and knowledge, and Freedom.

We all yearn for Freedom and independence, but we sometimes confuse Freedom with a want for life unbothered by obligations and duty. But our Freedom is greatly modified by concrete obligations, by circumstances and limitations. Only in the real world of daily life, "Not in some ideal order," does human Freedom exist.

This Freedom includes the Freedom to be ordinary- to live and love, raise Families, have Friends, Work, read, "Dream," to do all the things that people choose to do when they are left alone to choose.

With my Freedom of choice and opinions I believe all this and more.

I also believe that man in whole will one day obtain the dream, and not merely endure; but he will Prevail. Man is immortal not because he, alone among creatures of this earth, has an inexhaustible voice. But because he has a spirit, a Will and conscience, capable of compassion and self-sacrifice, and endurance.

As an Artist a Poet, and writer, I feel it is a duty to try and help open men's eyes, to create and write about these things: it is a privilege to try and help man and even myself, by lifting his heart high, by reminding man of his courage and honor, his pride and hopes, his sacrifices, compassion and pity.

As an Artist, writer, and Poet, I feel that our voices and creations need not merely be the record of an event, dream, or simple idea, but be instead the eye-opener, the question maker, the Vision starter, a peice of the whole of the standing stone which man will climb and look upon, a brick in the Foundation to help man endure, prevail, and go Forth, and continue on with the dream of Peace and Freedom, and Love throughout our human Race.

THE HORN IS SILENCED (BUT NOT FORGOTTEN)

We were very sad to receive a letter from Kellyn Acure Seannachie informing us that The Amalthean Horn was ceasing publication and that The Coven of The Hidden Children was disbanding. We sincerely hope they have found a worthy bidder to take over their material.

We would like to have printed their entire letter, but the demands of space keep us from doing so. But I understand every word they wrote, for it is the cry of every follower of every Path of Light. We wish everyone involved with The Horn and The Coven good luck, and we hope they will continue to share their hopes and dreams and The Old Way with all they encounter. May they be blessed and may they be prosperous. So must it be!

BOOK REVIEW

THE LEGACY OF THE BEAST

By; Gerald Suster

Reviewed By; Joel Bjorling

I recently came across the writings of Aleister Crowley and one of the first works I read was THE BOOK OF THE LAW. Though it is one of his basic texts, it is difficult to understand, especially with character names as "Nuit," "Hadit," or "Aiwass." It was suggested that I read a book entitled THE LEGACY OF THE BEAST By Gerald Suster (Samuel Weiser, 1989). This book is not only an effective biography, but it is a helpful introduction to Crowley's beliefs and practices. It covers his views on magick (including sex magick), yoga, taoism, astrology, poetry, and the tarot.

Crowley's life has been marred by rumors and misconceptions, though he did lead an often erratic life style, with various romantic affairs and sexual adventures, as well as magical dabblings and experiments with drugs. He was described by a critic as "the most evil man in the world." His mother referred to him as the "Beast." Crowley considered himself to be the prophet of a "New Aeon," (a mission that he initially rejected, but later accepted) which was the Age of Horus.

Suster has studied Crowley's life and works for many years. His approach to Crowley is essentially positive, and he states that if people truly followed the Law of Thelma--Crowley's basic creed, "Do What Thou Wilt"--the world would be a better place to live. This statement has been maligned by his critics and abused by countless, often misguided, enthusiasts. It does not mean "do what you want," and it is not a justification for every whim and perversion. On the contrary, "Do What Thou Wilt" is an admonition to live up to one's highest purpose. Crowley said that to do one's "will" was the only genuine goal of life.

Suster offers few, if any, criticisms of Crowley or his works. He attempts to clear up misconceptions and explain his often difficult concepts. These reasons alone make THE LEGACY OF THE BEAST a worthwhile and informative book.

* * *

WISDOMS

By; Dorothy Maclean

Reviewed By; Rev. Speaker Linda J. Polley
Available from; Kathryn Banish Books, P.O. Box 642, Idyllwild, CA 92549 (714)659-5557, For \$10.00 copy. Include \$2 P&H, 1 book.
A collection of channeled material from The Inner Self. Messages that seem to be from God to help all Christians with daily living. These are relaxing meditations ANYONE may find of benefit. Interesting reading! Several have, I have heard, found great inspiration from this oversized paperback. Being first published in the 1970s, this has been brought back with permission from the author by the Colombier center for transforming consciousness. It has been out of print for almost ten years! Check it out! There may be a little bit of The Light inside!

This is a follow-up interview with the Spirit of Nazi 1, leader of Germany from 1939-1945. The questions have been provided by Jesse Torres of Fargo, ND. The answers are channeled through Rev. Speaker Gerald A. Polley.

* * *

1. Greetings from a Spirit Son of Wodan & Fricka, Nazi 1--you whom I feel are the shame of my glorious people. What do you think of this Neo-Nazi movement now growing in Germany like some horrible terminal cancer out of remission? I thought you had sworn to destroy all who preached such madness. Why do I see the growth of the madness anew instead of the destruction of it that you promised?

A. Greetings, Son of Odin! Do not think that I do not keep my promise and destroy those who spread the sickness reborn in my lifetime. Time and time again there is an accident here, an accident there. One of these mindless ones is driven to destroy one of his brothers. But for every one we destroy three come to take his place. It is not a battle, son of Honor, that can be won in a day, but our agents are at work. We give your Sword Brother power, and, his kinsmen, also, and they, too, do much. But be wise, Son of Odin. Let the fools speak, let them plot. Let them join their organizations. Let them put their names on lists. Let them think they are becoming mighty, and when the Destroyer comes, when the wolf's fangs rise, he will have no difficulty in finding them. He will be able to quickly hunt them out and either turn them to The Light, or destroy them.

We are using the fools, Son of Odin, we are using them for our own purpose, and our own way. If they are silenced TOO SOON, then finding them will be all that much harder, gathering them up that much more difficult. But if they are fool enough to stand and preach their hate, let them. In the end it will simply make our task much easier.

And it is not our duty alone, to destroy this evil. The living must take a part, too. If every time these people appeared the people in those cities rose up and drove them from their streets they would disappear like the water sinking into thirsty ground. For there is no courage in them, and when confronted by greater numbers and by courage, they will crawl back in their holes and hide.

So hear these things. We know what we are doing. We wait for our time and our place. I have given my power to another, and those that once served me shall serve him. And he shall build a new Reich. He will take the symbol of hate and make it a symbol of justice, a symbol of truth, a symbol of love. Those who hate he will make serve the ones they persecute. Those who kill he will send to their Just Rewards.

The time will come, Son of Honor. I deserve your condemnation. Every bitter word you say is true. But that we have built we will destroy, whether it takes ten years, fifty years, or one-hundred years, some day our names will be removed from history, and only the ignorance of our deeds will be remembered. And the children will say, 'How could men have been so insane?'

2 And even worse yet, what about the accursed American white supremacist groups such as the Ku Klux Klan that are backing up these Teutonic monsters? Why haven't you done anything against them? And if you have been keeping your promise

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of redemption for your crimes why do we see such hateful Midgardians flourish?

A. As to America's sickness, the KKK, those who made THIS sickness are responsible for dealing with it, not I. Yes, when they mix with my children of death and pain we lend a hand. But those responsible for this Darkness must erase their own mistakes and it is not for us to interfere. We have our own territories, our own hunting grounds, and we do not enter into another hunter's ground without permission

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SWINE TREK!

By; Lady Cat Powers

As I was growing up, I was always led to believe that this planet was inhabited by humans! Now, after spending quite a lot of time in the mountains and streams of Colorado, I have begun to think that information is incorrect; the Earth is really a version of; "Swine Trek"; a planet of pigs!

Along with the pines, rocks, streams and wildlife and flowers, one can now be subjected to an entire assorted display of; beer cans, cigarette butts, garbage, trash, and whatever else the "humans" found too inconvenient to take back home!

And how can one overlook all the lovely fish hooks, most of which are a delightful shade of rust, left everywhere on the ground by the many inconsiderate fisher-folk! The hooks that permit even the tiniest child to be subjected to extreme pain when encountering one in the foot! This pain almost equals the pain inflicted by those now infamous beer or soda flip top tabs that one can find almost anywhere with the eyes...yet, usually found with the foot!

The forest and streams are Mother Nature's home. Am I to seriously believe that these planetary pigs would really leave all that garbage and trash lying on the floor in their homes? Perhaps some might...but the majority probably would not. Even a young puppy does not mess where he sleeps!

If this garbage infestation persists, pretty soon all we will need to do is; add water, stir, and we can then have; Earth stew!



The written word
is magic, still,
Long dead men
can speak as well,
And tell us of
the days of old,
That all their wisdom
we may hold.
Wisdom born in
mystic spell,
Or in the
Scientist's mind,
as well;
Oh magic books,
cast on your spells!

IMAGINATION'S PLACE
FICTION

SLOWLY CAME JUSTICE
By: Rev. Speaker Gerald A. Polley

Being a Lord of Light The Ancient One had many allies among the living, and some of them were found in strange places. His wings carried him to a visit with one of these far to the west of his home. He approached a group of fenced in buildings, some of which were very old. He lighted on the roof of one of the oldest, and studied the letters cut into the aged stone; "Watchahatchie Asylum For The Criminally Insane."

The Ancient One laughed. "You're too high up," he murmured, "for the reformers to reach." He made his way to a window that was conveniently left open, and down several floors until he overlooked two men sitting on a balcony below. They were watching a small t.v., drinking beer and eating a pizza. The Ancient One laid down on the floor resting his head on his arms to watch what would occur. He pointed a finger at the television and it made a couple of crackling sounds. In response one of the men turned to his companion.

"Not too bad a life, eh, David?" he asked. "What are you in here for, anyway?"

The other man, far drunker than his companion, laughed. "Nothing serious," he said, "married a sweet girl, but she got too big for her britches; started telling me what she was going to do, and such. When I slapped her around a bit to teach her some manners, she filed for divorce and got a restraining order to keep me away from her. She moved in with another guy and I wasn't going to stand for that, so I went there and cut her up. Nicked the stud she was living with, too, for good measure. My folks got this real smart lawyer and by the time he was done that jury knew what a whore my wife was. They declared me incompetent and sent me here. In a couple of years when things have cooled down, my father will slip the head man some money, I'll be declared competent and start a new life in some town where they don't know me. What about you, Bob?"

Bob opened another can of beer and passed it to his companion who drank it greedily. "Oh, nothing out of the ordinary either," he began. "Some years ago my daughter married a real creep. Seemed real nice at first, but he was real garbage! They weren't married three months and he quit his job- started living off her money and running around with his drunken friends. He beat her real bad twice, but she wouldn't leave him. The third time he kicked her so bad in the stomach he broke her back, and she bled to death, internally.

His family got him a hot shot lawyer, too. Said he was temporarily insane. He spent five years in a place like this, then got out. My pleas to keep him in meant absolutely nothing. He bought himself a real fancy place out in the country. I was waiting for him one night, when he came home, hit him on the back of the head, tied him spread eagle on the bed; cut his guts out, and left him to die. They didn't find him for three days. In the meantime I waylaid his hotshot lawyer in his garage, and hung him.

The police weren't stupid. They put two and two together and came up with me. I was going to shoot it out with them when this being showed up, this real old, this real wise thing, and told me that what I'd done was justified, but if I hurt any innocent people I'd go to hell. But if I'd

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work for him, do little jobs for him now and then, he'd make my life real easy. And he's sure done that! Both the trustees here at night work for him, too. Old John's daughter was murdered by a rapist, and Ben's son was killed by a pervert, so they don't mind me doing little jobs for my friend at all."

Bob rose, went around the table, and stood at the railing beside his companion. Without his companion seeing he slipped a heavy chord that had been hidden behind a mop along the rail until it was just a few inches from the man's head.

"What is it you do for this fella?" his companion asked. "Maybe I could work for him, too."

Bob made a loop in the loose end of the chord. "I don't think so, David, old boy!" he answered. "You see, I'm his executioner."

He flipped the loop over his companion's head and jerked it tight. As the startled man reached for it, Bob bent down, grabbed his feet, and flipped him over the rail. The man kicked frantically, for several seconds and then went limp.

The door to the balcony opened, and an old, gray-headed man looked out, looked down at the dangling figure, and nodded. "Get this stuff put away," he said, "Bob. I'll call it in. We've been wanting to get rid of that day man for quite a while. This will do it; leaving his beer around so an inmate can find it, get drunk, commit suicide. Two birds with one stone, huh?"

Bob smiled and looked towards The Ancient One who had risen. The old man looked up, too, but saw nothing. "Our friend there?" he asked.

"He's there," Bob answered, "and there's a happy young lady with him, very glad that justice has been done. Now, she can rest in peace."

"May she find it," the old man said.

"Sure as God is in Heaven that bastard won't! He won't brag about how smart he is, or, how rich his pappy is anymore, that's for sure!"

The Ancient One looked to the Spirit beside him. "I know vengeance is wrong," she said, "I know we should forgive, but he had no right...no right!"

"There is a vast difference," The Ancient One told her, "between vengeance and justice."

He waved his hand and a misty passage opened. Through it the young woman could see two women and a man waving to her. "Grandma! Grandpa!" she cried, "Mamma!" She looked to The Ancient One one more time.

"Go!" he whispered, "You're free now. Go to that Place where you belong."

The girl ran forward through the mist and as she cleared it the Passage vanished. The Ancient One made his way upstairs and winged home. "I think it's about time I got Bob released. I need him on the outside. Too many accidents and suicides at that hospital. Just too many. We'll have to start waiting 'til they get out. Just too many accidents outside, too. You can't win 'em all, but we'll win a few...we sure WILL win a few!"

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.

WE ARE THE LIGHT
(A favorite Hymn of The Spirit World.)
Channeled Through;
Rev. Speaker Gerald A. Polley

We are the lamps that Heaven held,
we are the stars that fell, as well,
searching for our Children, lo,
for to bring our children Home.

We are the lamps that Heaven held,
we are the stars that fell, as well,
See them there so dark and low,
fearing night without a Home.

We are the lamps that Heaven held,
we are the stars that fell, as well.
See them gather bright and strong,
see them coming to their Home.

We are the lamps that Heaven held,
we are the stars that fell as well,
See them rising to their own,
see our Children coming Home.

We are the lamps that Heaven held,
we are the stars that fell as well.
Now we sleep both bright and strong,
for our Children do no wrong.

We are the lamps that Heaven held,
We are the stars that to Earth fell.



FEBRUARY 10, 1992

This morning African Americans and the world, have lost a friend with the passing from this realm of existence of Alex Haley, who, in the search for his roots brought back to the world the truth about slavery and racism. Whose biography of a black leader brought out the facts that he was not only a militant, but a man who wanted justice for all people.

Alex, you awoke not only the pride in your own people for their ancestry, but the pride of all the world. May you be long praised and remembered for all that you have done. Blessed be.

* * *

Somebody wrote and mentioned that we neglected the passing of Danny Thomas in our last issue. This was an oversight. We have nothing but respect for this fine wit and blessed humanitarian. May he receive the rewards he justly deserves.

SELF-REMEMBERING, BY ROBERT EARL BURTON. In this first book by a contemporary Fourth Way teacher, the idea and practice of self-remembering are examined in every phase of the student's life. Drawn from 20 years' worth of meetings, notes, journals and manuscripts, Burton's teaching makes clear that self-remembering contains the possibility of creating a connection with the higher levels, and the predominant way of "working on being." \$40.00 hardcover, 232 pages. \$1.75 S & H. Order from Globe Press Books, Inc., P.O. Box 552, Yorktown Heights, NY 10598-0552.

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