Voices From Spirit
MAGAZINE
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AN ODINIST SPEAKS ABOUT HONOR
By; Jesse Torres

What is honor, do you ask? The common definition of honor is more or less not to steal and to treat your fellow Midgardians (humans) right. But it goes much further than that.

True honor lies in treating all that you encounter honestly and justly without any kind of prejudice. From the poorest to the richest; the ugliest to the most beautiful; the male and the female; the man and the woman; the environment. The list goes on. Anyway, true honor also involves not taking what is not yours or slandering someone unjustly without knowing all of the facts. Even criminals--and I believe in the harshest of punishments for them--must be treated with honor when you first meet, and hear about them. Why? Because we do not know for sure if they are guilty. Many innocents have wound up in prison or executed because of this. This being that the accusers just wanted a quick fix to make themselves look good regardless of the consequences to the accused and their families.

Many lives have been destroyed throughout the history of Midgard (Earth) because of such men & women who lack honor. Honor--that desire to treat all people right simply because it is the right thing to do; even if they lose favor with their peers and the establishment.

The Judeo-Christian Fundamentalists say that all men and women are worthless before their God as the righteous deeds of humanity are filthy rags before the deity of the Judeo-Christians. I say unto the Fundamentalists, "One thousand times nay!!" There are honorable people and the desire of even one person to lead a life of true honor in their dealings with all is worth far more to all who follow the path of Light than all the Judeo-Christian Fundamentalists put together. Does this offend you, Judeo-Christian Fundamentalists? By the mighty Father Odin & Mother Frigga of Asgard, I truly hope that it does. Because your ignorant views and actions are what's partly responsible for your world's slow plunge into the Darkness. You deflate people by telling them that their righteousness and honor is worthless. Since humans, and most other lifeforms, detest captivity by nature, they subconsciously retaliate by rebelling against your precious established system of oppression. In other words, "Why does it pay to be good and honorable all of the time if I'm going to burn in eternal hell-fire anyway if I don't believe in Jesus Christ?" The Judeo-Christian deity, Lord Jesus Christ, is a very honorable God and he never meant for his teachings to be corrupted in this manner. The Fundamentalists dishonor him every time that you commit these acts of forcing your beliefs on others, even though you may truly believe that you're serving your Lord. This is

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A SPIRITIST SPEAKS ABOUT THE BEGNNING OF SOULS
By; Rev. Speaker Gerald A. Polley

The soul is a marvelous thing; that tiny little Spark of immeasurable ectoplasmic energy without which nothing in the universe could live.

We know of how Souls grow, and how They give themselves to make life on new worlds, but where did the first Souls come from? No one race's racial memory extends back far enough to answer that question. It was not until our journey to Earth, when The Three Great Races picked up the surviving Souls of a fourth race, that the combined racial memories were enough to reach back into the far and distant past, and answer this mysterious, perplexing question.

Long after the first suns had lived and died, and before the first worlds were born, in the Great Expanses between the suns the matter kicked out by exploding novas gathered. Here, in the primeval darkness, in the warmth of great gaseous clouds, matter and ectoplasmic energy for the first time, combined, and the first Souls were born; and immense Souls they were! For some of them stretched in space from star to star, heaving and growing in the gravitational waves. They had thought. The mysteries of all things filled them with wonder. They were aware of the existence of others, but communication was difficult because each being related to the Universe in its own way. Each one contemplated with its own thought, and the eons of the ages passed.

Suns lived and died, and in their births and deaths some of the great Souls also perished, but then something new happened...something wondrous! So many suns had died that enormous amounts of free matter were drifting about the Universe. The ebbs and flows of gravity began to push this matter into the proximity of newly forming suns. For the first time worlds were born, and on one of them the conditions for the coming of planetary life was perfect. But no life came. One of the great Souls watched this phenomena and realized what was needed. For life to begin there had to be an injection of psychokinetic energy. But his energy, alone, would not be enough to generate the necessary Spark to fuse the available life matter into life. So he began to desperately seek a means of communicating with the other great Souls, for he noticed many of them were also watching this new phenomena with great interest.

It took him many ages, but he finally made others understand his need, and, the need of this newly born world. With fantastic effort hundreds of them gathered around this world that was, by now, literally foaming with the possibility of life. and for the first time Souls danced the dance of Ultimacy. And on that long-dead world in a far and distant galaxy, matter, material energy, ectoplasm, and psychokinetic energy combined, and the First Race, the first True Beings that could live together, communicate together, breed new Ultimate Souls to go out and create new

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THE SPIRITS SPEAK

This is an interview with the Spirit of Catherine The Great, Empress of Russia. The questions are provided by Rev. Speaker Linda J. Polley, and the answers are channeled through Rev. Speaker Gerald A. Polley.

1. Was it as hard for you to be royalty so young, as the books say?

A. Being royalty, my dear, at any age was difficult. It is a gruelling occupation from cradle to death.

2. Was your husband Peter horrible, and, did you love him?

A. I do not think Peter was any more horrible than most of his kind. His ignorance was surpassed only by his arrogance, yet there was something in him to love. He tried so hard to be a man, yet he was childlike in every way. He could finish nothing, even his lovemaking, and to save his honor in the end another had to do his fathering for him. I did love him, yes, but it was more of a mothering love than the other kind.

3. Do you hate the people of the Russian court for the way you and your family were treated after your marriage?

A. Oh, of course not. This was all part of the game, my dear. We were trained for this from birth. And when you're out of favor, that's when you form your strongest alliances. For only your truest and bravest friends stay with you then.

4. What is your opinion of the downfall of communism?

A. It was something that had to come, but one must feel sad for the Russian people, for it was a noble dream, and one that had promise if it had not been betrayed.

5. What is your comment on Protestantism now?

A. In two words....total confusion!

6. How many lovers did you really have while you were married?

A. Only one, but that was quite sufficient.

7. How did you stay happy during your years in the Russian court?

A. Men!

8. What do you do now?

A. Mainly talk alot, I sometimes give two or three lectures a day when I am not performing my political duties.

9, What is your advice to Russia and Germany now?

A. Build economic stability. See that the needs of all are met. The gifts of emergency food, clothing, and medicine are important, but the education in the use of modern technology is far more important. For this is what will make the Russian people, themselves, self-sufficient and independent. When people can take care of themselves they do not have to look with envy upon the riches of others.

10. Was your husband's health problems caused by his, or, his parent's alcoholism?

A. Probably a little bit of both.

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11. What caused you to have seizures?

A. Some kind of fever, perhaps food poisoning. The seizures started afterwards.

12. What is the true story about you and Potempkin?

A. What is there to say, really? He served his purpose in several different ways. Most of the time our relationship was one of mutual respect, though in the end my respect faultered a little.

13. Were you or Potempkin psychic?

A. I am never quite used to this word 'psychic.' It can mean so many varied things. But let me say this- I dreamed dreams and I had visions. Now some people would call this madness, but many of these dreams and visions proved true. I will let you judge for yourself if this is what you call psychic.

14. If you could write a play now, what would it be about?

A. Oh, dear! I think it would be about a very prim and proper princess, who is taken to a country inhabited by wild, boisterous and insane people who she must become ruler of, and bring some sanity to their madness. It would be a very lighthearted play. I think I would have your Abbott & Costello in it, and perhaps even your Marx Brothers.

15. Why did you want this interview?

A. Because many of us women in Spirit who reached high places are disturbed by what is happening with some of our sisters. In seeking equality with men some of them feel they must take on the masculine trait, even to the extent of being lovers to their sisters- and this disturbs all of the women who have fought for the rights of their sisters through the ages. I achieved high position. I considered no man my better, but neither did I consider myself better than any man. GOD MADE ME A WOMAN, and I enjoyed every aspect of my womanliness. I was never ashamed of it, I had never had any desire of being man-like. And this is what the women in Spirit want their living sisters to understand.

To prove your equality to men you do not have to turn to perversion. You can be equal to a man, and still enjoy his manliness. Being his equal, giving as much as you are getting, can make the relationship all that more enjoyable.

I know with many what I am saying will be unpopular, but it is the truth. Man and woman were made for each other. They are two halves that make a whole, two opposites that join to make one. No matter how much they try, two sames cannot join. This is what I want to say, not just for myself, but for a hundred-thousand other women who have made me their voice.

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

A. Yes. I don't plan on reentering life anytime soon. Though it will be hard missing the coming era. But I think I will let others have the challenges now.

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Our next interview will be with the Spirit of James Connolly, Irish patriot who fought in the 1916 rebellion.

* * *

A reporter, Liz Langley, for the Orlando Weekly asks Nefertiti her advice on eye liner. This is Nefertiti's answer.

"Daughter of The New Age, the eyeliner we used was a protection form the sun's glare, and not merely an adornment, and we paid a high price for using it, because it slowly burned our eyes, and gave us cataracts in old age.

The best advice I can give you is to use none of these things at all. For those you use today are just as bad as ours.

Precious one, Pharaoh's Spirit made a temple especially for you. He made it to be different from all others, to be particularly yours. Why try to change what Pharaoh's Spirit has made especially for you?

Wear what he has given you proudly. Show it to the world as it is, and this will please Pharaoh's Spirit."

SPECIAL EDITION COMING UP!

Lou Costello has been fascinated and pleased with the public's interest in the movies he has been making in The Spirit Realm. And to help us raise funds for our Work he has prepared a list of them, which we will publish in a month or so. We will be requesting a $3.00 donation for this list of sixty-four movies. If you would like to be one of the first to receive this interesting project, you may pre-order by writing to our new address on the cover.

FEBRUARY 21ST

With the passing of Dick York, the American homeless have lost another friend. Dick, an accomplished actor, best known for his role as Darin in the popular tv series "Bewitched," had not worked for many years, because of chronic emphysema and back pain, but had used his remaining strength to campaign for those less fortunate. He shall be missed by us still striving for decency, but he shall surely be welcomed by Those who have journeyed on before.

APRIL 6TH

With the passing today of Isaac Asimov the hero of many an aspiring writer is gone. He brought our dreams to life, and awoke many a buried memory. His genius will surely be missed.

BOOK REVIEW
By; Rev. Speaker Linda J. Polley

THE WITCHES' ALMANAC-COMPLETE ASTROLOGICAL GUIDE FROM ARIES 1992 TO PISCES 1993. BY; PENTACLE PRESS, INC., P.O. Box 348, Cambridge, MA 02238. $5.95. A fascinating and unique publication recommended for psychics of all faiths. Contains Moon Calendar, intriguing articles of metaphysical interest, predictions, weather forecasts, and even The Story of The Frog Prince for kids; the 'original' version. Has been out of print for a few years. Welcome back! We need you! KINDLY ADD $1.00 FOR POSTAGE & HANDLING. THANKS.

POETRY SPACE

SPIRITUAL DISCOVERY
By; Renee Hatfield

As you go within
searching for those so needed answers...
listen, listen to your inner voice.
You'll rejoice,
with each new CHOICE.

As the answers become clear,
watch your FEARS disappear!

We're each a MIRROR,
reflecting our true essence.
The MASKS are being removed
as our souls are soothed.
With each layer that is peeled away,
the real us is here to stay.

Great progress we've made TODAY
as we continue to love and support.
Together we UNITE
as our inner fires ignite.

We're spreading our LIGHT,
which so blithely burns.
Within the eyes of each,
there's a SOUL that can be reached.
Someone to teach.
Someone with whom to SHARE.

We're striving to discover
that wondrous Phoenix within.

Let's join our forces together
and survive the stormy weather.

Transformation...
realization...
clarification...
are all a part of the process...
ENLIGHTENMENT.

* * *

DON'T THROW MY HEART AWAY
By; Rev. Speaker Linda J. Polley

I don't want to go
but sometimes I don't want to stay,
I don't want to go,
don't throw my heart away.
I want to be with you forever,
I do care in my own way.
Don't make me go,
don't throw my heart away.

I know I'm not perfect,
I try so hard to please,
But I don't really understand,
why I do wrong constantly.
I would get down on my knees,
for a better future I would pray,
if just together we could stay.
Don't make me go,
don't throw my heart away.

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not the case. Again, it comes down to treating all whom you encounter honestly. How? Listen to their views and their feelings. Understand why they chose to follow other paths to the Light besides your own. As long as they harm none and are following the Light, then your fellow Midgardian brothers and sisters must be treated with the honor that they deserve as living beings. So there you have it. That is what true honor is all about. Treating all whom you meet in a respectful and just manner in all matters relating to them unless they prove themselves to be those who would plunge their fellows into the Darkness.

The people of Midgard have great potential; and it is my sincerest desire that all who follow the path of honor are given a chance to save this poor Middle World before it is too late and the Darkness triumphs because no one listened to those who really care. And on that note, I take my leave of you. Odin & Frigga bless & protect you all.

* * *

For the information of the readers of this article, an ODINIST is anyone who is loyal to, honors and worships the pre-Christian Gods of Northwestern Europe. They are pre-Christian only in the sense that the Teutonic Religion was literally crushed by the coming of the Christian Fundamentalists in the form of the murderous crusaders & the economic strangulation of NW Europe if they did not abandon their "heathen ways & accept salvation from the Lord." But Odinists did not truly die, for no path of Light can ever be fully extinguished as long as it holds Light & honor for those who follow it. So may it always be. Thank you.

(THE BEGINNING OF SOULS, CONT'D)

life, was born.

The Great Souls gave up Their existence in material space to bring life to all The Universe. And that life has spread in various, wondrous forms throughout The Universe.

OUR READERS WRITE

Dear Rev. Speaker Gerald Polley,

I was recently the recipiant of two copies of your newsletters that was passed on to me by Rev. Jackie Ramirez. It was the Jan. & Feb. issues. This was my first viewing of your work, and I find it quite interesting. I correspond with several other newsletters and people who get your publications so I have a little knowledge of your existence.

I am writing because of the article on the February issue titled "False Victory." This article sent my brain to working. I would like the opportunity to express my thoughts on this matter. It is not saying that you are not right in what you say or that I am right. This is just my view as I perceive it.

Sadam Hussein invaded Kuwait which was wrong. It was the UN which backed the idea which undoubtedly was prompted by the United States, to take military action to free Kuwait. It was the total forces of the UN troops and money from other countries that allowed the victory that did take place.

Let's take a look at our part in this war. First President Bush ran on the platform; "A

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STOP PERSECUTION!

It has come to our attention that Ken Clardy, a High Priest in the Ravenscry coven, Greenville, S.C., is being persecuted by his employers because of his religious beliefs. Though he has an excellent work record, his employers have made false statements so they can demote him, and keep him from doing his work. We encourage all our readers to write the two individuals below, and encourage them to halt this unfair discrimination immediately.

Chestnut Hill Psychiatric Hospital
Attn; Marilyn Messer
P.O. Box 1005
Travelers Rest, S.C. 29690

Chestnut Hill Psychiatric Hospital
Attn; Dick Hill
P.O. Box 1005
Travelers Rest, S.C. 29690

So the coven will know you are trying to help, drop them a note also, so they'll have some idea how many are responding.

Ravenscry Temple & Seminary of Celtic Wicca
P.O. Box 2821
Greenville, S.C. 29602-2821

Kinder, Gentler, Nation," so why should we expect anything else even in the face of danger.

The United States and the United Nations committed themselves to drive the Iraquies from Kuwait and free their nation from Iraquie rule. This is what was done. In doing this we over whelmingly demolished the Iraquie armed forces at every turn. In doing this we killed thousands upon thousands of Iraques. Were these men dedicated followers of Sadam Hussain's or were they forced to comply with his orders? Many people feel that the best course of action was as you mentioned, to continue into Iraq and seize Hussain and his top officials. In doing this how many innocent people would have been killed? I mean common men, women and children. It is not inconceivable that he would have used the people to shield himself. The fall of Sadam Hussain will have to come from within his own palace, to keep from destroying the people of Iraq.

I think of all the people in Iraq that follow Hussain. Is it their fault, or is it that they are getting the things that they need from their government and don't want to change?

Remember what has happened over the past several hundred years in our own country. The United States moved into and developed the North American Continent since 1492. In doing this we saw the total destruction of the Native American Indian culture and life style almost come to an end. All of this because it was thought that the Indian didn't know what was good for him, they had to be shown a better way and to conform with everyone else. The else was the people who wanted their land. Is oil now what is important?

Billy "Dream Shadow" Baker
Lebanon, Oregon

Our reply will be in next issue.

This is a follow-up interview with the Spirit of Nazi 1, leader of Germany from 1935-1945. The questions have been provided by Jesse Torres of Fargo, ND, the answers are channeled through Rev. Speaker Gerald A. Polley. This is continued from our last issue.

3. What is this insane superiority complex that you Midgardians of NW European decent think that you are the masters of your fellow humans? We tried to teach you the path of honor & justice for all. Where did you all go wrong?? Why must a Hasidic, or a black, or a Native American & even other whites such as Spanish, Greek, Italian, French, Turks, etc, be the victims of the harvest of hatred spawned from the seeds that YOU PLANTED? Can you & those who followed, & now follow you stand before the Father of the Slain, his people, & your victims & answer that?? The more I try to reason it out, the less sense it makes. Can you explain it to me if an explanation there is?

A. This is the only explanation I can give you, Son of Odin. Your Sword Brother has tried to explain this to you before. When his Ancient Enemies, The Goddens, interfered with the Natives of this race, they injected into them a gene that increased their aggression, altered the reasoning of their minds, so that they would think like them. It is their twisted logic, their twisted pain, that I preached, their insanity that one particular group of people is always superior, always holier, always the better ones to rule.

The gene is strongest the more pure white or Aryan the individual is. The more of the gene he has, the harder it is for him not to consider himself wiser, stronger, more powerful than other men, to feel that he has the right to do anything he wants because he was made to be The Master.

This gene can be overcome. It's cycle can be broken and the healing of the race can begin, BUT ONLY when the children that carry it awaken, ONLY when they come to realize that the superior man is NOT the one that conquers, but the one that protects, is not the man that enslaves, but the man that frees, not the man that takes all he wants without mercy but brings justice.

I and my companions, the unfortunate ones that survived, learned this truth in the most horrid way, and are still paying for our mistakes today. Continue to despise what we did, Son of Odin, but try, try just a little to have a tiny bit of pity. if he who is without compassion for evil can come to pity us just a little, surely you can. As The Lord of the cross cried in His final moments, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

4. Perhaps I am being unfair.If so I apologize. According to my Sword Brother Gerald, you are trying your best & you have along way to go. What are your plans now that this has been made known to the American people? These are all my questions for now & if I have any more I'll pass them on to you via Gerald. May Wodan give the strength to rectify all of your errors so that you may eventually join him in Valhalla. Good luck, because we're all going to need it.

A. My plans are what they have always been; to encourage the people of Germany to admit to the crimes of their fathers, face them, and see to it that those who wish to commit such crimes again are either driven from Germany, or destroyed.

THE END.

MARY MAGDALENE
"I HAVE SEEN THE LORD"
By; Joel Bjorling

I went to the tomb early that morning. It was dark and an hour or so before sunrise. I still couldn't believe that the Master was dead. Nicodemus and Joseph had anointed his body with myrrh and aloes, and a large boulder had been placed over the front of the tomb.

As I knelt there in the darkness, it was so very quiet. Not even the wind stirred. As I neared the tomb, I began to cry, just like I had at the foot of the cross. How dare they crucify my Master! How dare they beat and insult him! How dare they cause him such pain and agony! What had he done to deserve this? They just don't understand. I can't believe that he is gone. I just can't bear it. How could this have happened?

I thought back to the day I first met him. I had been possessed of seven demons which had racked my body and mind. I had no peace. My body was weak from the constant pain. I couldn't eat or sleep. Then Jesus came and he asked his Father, the Lord of all, to set me free. And I was free. I breathed my first sigh of relief in years! I don't know how he did it and I may never figure it out. From then on, I followed him. I listened to him preach and saw him heal the sick. He helped others just like he helped me; lepers, the blind, and the lame. He had such love for people. He never turned anyone away.

It all seemed like a dream as I stood there at the tomb. Those hands which had made the leper clean, which had opened blind eyes, were cold and lifeless. What good would myrrh and aloe do for him now? As he hung on the cross, some of the people screamed at him, "If you are the Son of God, come down from the cross!" I wanted him to come down, to show them who he really was. When he didn't come down, for a moment I wondered if I had been wrong, if it was all a lie. But in my heart I knew that he was the Son of God.

The sun was starting to rise and through the morning mist I could see that there was something peculiar about the tomb. Suddenly, the breath was knocked from me, and I nearly fell numb on the ground. I couldn't believe it! The boulder had been rolled away. I ran to Simon Peter and told him that someone had taken Jesus' body. Who could have done such an awful thing! He ran to the tomb, went inside, found the strips of linen lying there, and, to our astonishment, the tomb was empty.

Simon Peter and the disciples went away from the tomb bewildered. I wept bitterly to think that someone had stolen Jesus' body. What a horrible, cruel thing to do! Suddenly I found myself surrounded by a glowing light. It was warm and comforting. There were two men, dressed in clothes which shined like the sun. Could they be angels? I'd never seen angels before! They said, "Woman, why are you crying? Who are you looking for?" At first I was angry. Where had they been? Didn't they know that Jesus was crucified? But then I thought,

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IMAGINATION'S PLACE
FICTION

A FAITHFUL SERVANT

By; Rev. Speaker Gerald A. Polley

John Carr kept checking his watch. It was a quiet patrol. He had had a couple of calls, but they had been minor; a young man who had honestly forgot he'd put a candy bar in his pocket, and a man who'd parked his car in the wrong place; nothing to get excited about. He picked up the microphone and called in.

"This is twenty-one. I'm taking a break up on Lookout Point. I'll keep the radio on."

"O.k., Sarge!" the dispatcher's voice came back.

The Point was a quiet place where young lovers often went on the weekends. The lights of the big city could be seen in the distance, and several radio stations could be picked up that played music not quite to the liking of the parents in Monroe Valley.

John checked his watch one more time after he got out of the car. "It's hard to believe," he thought. Had it really been one-hundred years? It didn't seem possible! But he was sure it was right. October 19th, 1891. Yes! That's when it had begun all right!

He paced back and forth for a few moments then a whooshing sound caught his attention, and the Winged Being that had been so much a part of his life for the last century alighted a short distance away.

"Greetings, Master!" John announced.

"Greetings, Daniel," the Being answered.

John always thought it strange the Being always used his original name, though he had gone through three bodies since it had begun.

"Ready to begin?" the Being continued.

"Yes, sir!" John answered. "Where do you wish me to begin?"

"The officer who has been cooperating with the drug dealers," the Being asked, "Has that matter been resolved?"

"Yes, master!" John told him. "I gave the information you had acquired to the state narcotics agents. They raided the facility and captured over $2000,000 in drugs and nearly $300,000 in cash. The result was just as you predicted. The drug dealers believed there was only one place the information could have come from, and made sure no such information would be given again. We buried him with full honors though it just about turned my stomach."

"And our pervert in the witness protection program?"

"I called the girl's father and suggested that he had better visit the child care facility unanounced, at the time you recommended. He did so, and dealt with that problem quite effectively. As you ordered, I messed up the warrant and tampered with the evidence. He'll never do a day of time."

"And our extortionist?" the Being asked.

"I turned her over to your friends. She's in the back of a semi heading for the west coast, then, into a ship bound for The Middle East. There was no problem with any of the checks you signed. All the old people got back their money and I gave our neighbor's daughter her seminary tuition, as you instructed. There's one check left and still $1,000 in the account. What shall I do with it, Master?"

"Make the check out to yourself," the Being answered, "a bonus for many years of faithful service."

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"Thank you, master!" John answered. "Then it IS true...our bargain is complete?"

The Creature nodded. "The rest of this life is yours," he announced, "to do with it as you will. You are now free to follow your own desires, make your own way. Our contact is fulfilled and done. Now I must be off. The night is short, and I have much to do."

"Wait, Master, please?" John cried. "May I have a few moments? In one-hundred years we have barely spoken, other than to be given orders and give reports. And I am extremely curious as to that that I have been doing. I do not understand much of it."

The creature looked at him with a puzzled expression. "What is there to understand?" he asked. "You were an old man that wanted a young bride. In exchange for that bride, you gave me one-hundred years of service. What is there to understand?"

John thought for a minute. "We arranged a man's murder," he said, "I don't see the sense in it. Why did you bother?"

The Creature again looked puzzled. "He was supposed to prevent crime," he answered, "to STOP evil, but because of his greed he betrayed his trust, and allowed heartless men to sell poison to children. Whenever I find such a disease I destroy them if I can for those in positions of trust SHOULD be trustworthy. And I will answer your second question before you ask it.

When a hurter ofchildren uses the law to escape justice, then goes on hurting children, there is no wrong in seeing that justice is done.

And why should a man be punished for killing a piece of trash that was molesting his child? It is only just that he goes free.

As for the young woman her greed was overpowering. She took advantage of those who could least afford to lose their savings, and the profit we got for her helped repay her debt. She will be far better off where she is going, than in any prison. And once she gets used to it, she may even find her life rather pleasant. She will never again do anyone any harm.

Now what, my Servant, is wrong in these things?"

"I suppose, Master," John answered, nothing, really. Your idea of justice, though, is far different from mine. But why send a girl to the seminary? You have told me time and again you are not of God."

The Being laughed. "Daniel! Daniel!" he gasped between chuckles. "It does not matter WHY someone does GOOD. It only matters THAT THEY DO GOOD! For good, in anyone's name, is still good, as evil in anyone's name, is still evil. It does not matter WHY someone does something, as long as they do it. Now, I really must be off. Good life, Daniel!"

"Master!" John cried again, "You have said I can do anything with the rest of my life, have you not?"

"That I have," the Being answered.

"Then I wish to continue serving you. I am not wise enough yet, Master. You must teach me more, even if it is by guiding me to do those things that are right. Please,

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

Master, I still wish to serve you."

The Being smiled. "So shall it be, then, Daniel," he announced. "If you wish to continue in my service I cannot deny you. We will continue with the same system. Your directions will appear in the same manner, and you will report as always."

"Thank you, Master," John answered, bowing politely.

The Being raised his hand. "Not 'Master' anymore," he said, "'Lord,' Daniel. In the Old Language that means Teacher."

"Yes, Lord," John answered. "Thank you!"

With that the Being departed. As John got back in the car he found an envelope. It had a series of instructions for the next month. John looked through them quickly and said, "Yes, Master," then stopped himself and looked to the sky where the Being had disappeared. "Yes, LORD," he said, "as you have said, so must it be."

As he headed back for town he thought about being a free man...how good it was to do things because you really wanted to, not because you had to. It was a wondrous feeling, indeed!

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.

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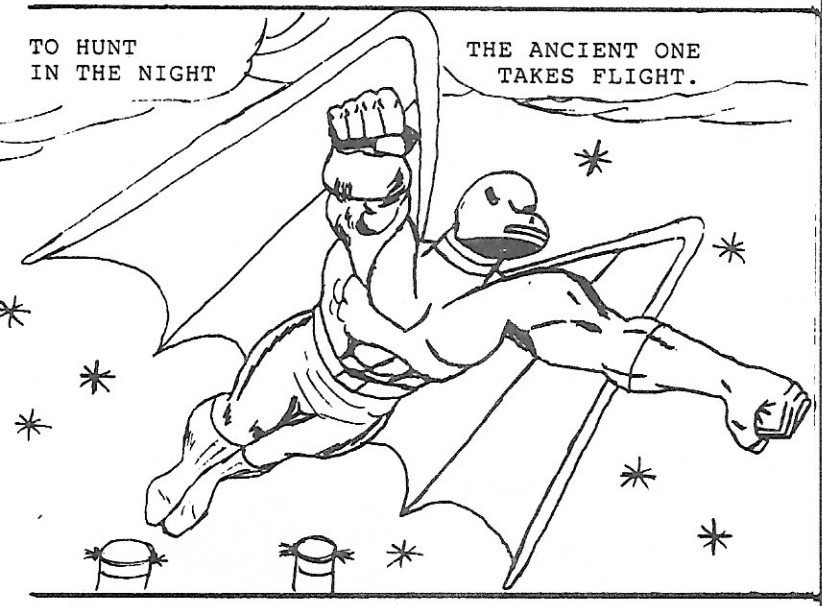
suppose they had taken Jesus' body. I said, "If you have taken him, tell me where you put him and I will go get him."

Then the strangest, most beautiful, most unearthly thing happened. One of them called my name, and when he did, it was Jesus. I knew it! I thought I was losing my mind. But it was him. Through floods of joyful tears, I exclaimed, "Rabboni!"

I had seen him die and had watched as they placed his body in the tomb. Now the tomb was empty and I knew that Jesus lived. I have seen the Lord. A new, bright, and exciting thing has happened to the world, to me, and to all people. I have seen the Lord and one day all the world will see him.

THE END



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