

VOICES FROM SPIRIT
MAGAZINE

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JULY 24th

The American Korean War Veterans in The Spirit Realm are getting ready for a glorious celebration! With the dedication of their memorial in Washington, D.C. they feel they are finally getting the recognition that they have long deserved and is LONG OVERDUE!

The Spirits of other nations often look down on American veterans because they do not feel The United States respects them as the soldiers of other nations are respected and honored.

Americans DO have a problem with this. They love to enjoy the benefits of freedom, but they seem to have little respect for Those who paid The Ultimate Price FOR that freedom, and even less respect for those that survive.

This is a phenomena Spiritists find very strange, as we respect Those who do honorable battle for their country highly.

To The Korean Veterans in The Spirit Realm we can only say well deserved, and, long overdue!

We recently heard an announcement that Tom Arnold was going to star in a new series based on the old t.v. show "The Honeymooners." I could not resist sending my Agent to Jackie Gleason to find out what his comments on this possibility were. When my Worker returned she was hysterical with laughter! She informed me Mr. Gleason's comments had been "WHAT? That bum? Why Bill Nye is funnier than him!" That was all she could get out of him but I think that was quite enough!

Watching the cartoon show "Taz-Mania" the other day we noticed that the father uses Bing Crosby's voice, and wondered what he thought of it. My Worker returned with this message. "I think he does alot better than the singing chicken. Actually I'm rather flattered. Though some of the fatherly advice the old man gives Taz is just a touch questionable, if the public understands my meaning." It's good to know old Bing still has a sense of humor.

On a recent Donahue show Mr. Blackwell made the announcement that Cary Grant & Randolph Scott were lovers. I sent my Agent in The Spirit Realm to ask for their comments on this statement. Their direct answers are unpublishable. Their opinion of Mr. Blackwell is unrepeatable. We can only tone down their statements to say this. "Mr. Blackwell had better start expressing only his preferences, and not making claims to what other people do. There are already many waiting to confront him when he enters The Spirit Realm, and they do not intend a friendly greeting." I really think Mr. Blackwell should take heed.

The Sporting News recently called saying they might publish something about our Work

(Cont'd Middle Column 2, Pg. 7)

A SPIRITIST SPEAKS ABOUT
PREDESTINATION

I was reading a book the other day, and the writer seemed to be of the opinion that everything was pretty much preordained...that there was very little we could do. That a Supreme Being controlled everything, and we were merely acting out His Will, playing the parts in His play.

As a Spiritist I strongly oppose that idea. Our Very First Teacher, The Old Fox, was asked this question, and He said no, we have the right and the power to choose our own destinies.

However he said, The Lords DO know Their Children, and when They guide them together They can have a pretty good idea of what they will do.

Even though The Awakening is not functioning fully, The Children Of The Lords are still doing good works, still fighting evil. This is their nature. This is what brings their joy. Some have been led astray but their nature will keep them from falling into evil Paths.

When The Lords predict future events They do so not because everything is preordained, but because They can calculate what will happen when Their Children begin to come into the world, and begin to effect its nature.

Our current troubles are caused by the fact that these predictions cannot be 100%. Different things may, here and there, cause temporary difficulties, but it is the firm belief of all The Lords Of Light that eventually Their Children will succeed.

This is not something that is preordained, but it is something that is BELIEVED so strongly by all that dwell in The Spirit World, that the probability of it coming to pass is very, very high, because The Blessed Ones know Their Children.

JUNE 25, 1995

Today we lost a courageous and honorable man. When Presidents appoint Supreme Court Justices they believe they're going to follow their doctrines and support their issue. Undoubtedly when Warren Burger was appointed, it was believed he'd protect the interests of his party. But when it was found Richard Nixon was not only condoning the breaking of the law, but actually breaking it himself Burger stood with the law, and not with the corruption. Some ignorantly believe he betrayed his country, others truly understand he protected it. If there were only more such men!

JUNE 30, 1995

I feel like an old friend has died today. Though I never knew him personally there was many a night when I turned on the radio and heard that "Aaow! This is The Wolfman!" and the air was filled with good music, gentle humor, and fine advice from a man who had himself, known the ups and downs of life.

They say no one dies as long as people keep a memory of them in their hearts. I don't think Wolfman Jack will die for a long, long time, as there are many hearts that keep him in a very special place!

THIS IS A UNIVERSAL LIFE MINISTRY.

THE SPIRITS SPEAK

This is an interview with the Spirit of Sylvia Plath, one of the most popular writers of the twentieth century. The questions are asked by Rev. Speaker Linda J. Polley, and the answers are channeled through Rev. Speaker Gerald A. Polley.

1. How do you feel about Ted Hughes destroying the last of your Journals so your children couldn't read them?

A. It's hard to say. I don't like it, but he may have been right in doing so. Someone shouldn't take the liberty of destroying somebody else's last words. Then, too, it's perhaps right that he did not cause others unnecessary pain. I do not think I will ever approve of it, as I feel it violated my desires, but I think I understand why he did it.

2. Are you still appalled by male desire and the female need for it?

A. I would not say APPALLED, definitely not appalled, but I still wish women weren't so necessarily drawn to men. I think, in a way, it imprisons them. But then again, with the right man it's a pleasurable kind of imprisonment.

3. When you passed over into The Spirit Realm did you find that your problems with men and your feelings were unusual?

A. Not at all! I find them shared by many women, but I think I have found that it is not so much a fault of the natural feelings between men and women, but of the way society has used those feelings to promote the oppression of one gender over the other, which I still strongly object to.

4. Could it be said in any way that you were predestined to suicide? Could your fate have been prevented?

A. Not in any way could my fate have been prevented. There was some defect in my nature, in the very fabric of my being that made my suicide inevitable. That is why I was treated so kindly when I arrived here. Everyone here understood that, and did not criticize me at all. There are some people simply born with a will not to live. I was one of these. Nothing anyone could have done other than lock me away and watch me constantly could have prevented my suicide.

5. Do you feel your creativity was partially inspired by your mental condition? Did it contribute in any way, or would you have had this talent, regardless?

A. I believe it contributed greatly to my talent, perhaps it even WAS my talent.

6. Did you ever reconcile your feelings of not being near your grandmother when she was dying of cancer?

A. My grandmother assured me when I arrived here, that my feelings were silly. That I would've done no good being there to comfort and pamper her. I, however, have still been bothered for a long time that I did not come home and care for her, but tended, instead, to my foolish girlish needs.

7. I really enjoy the way you describe writer's block in your journals. But you seem to get by it rather well. Is this true?

(Cont'd Top, Next Column)

A. I find it difficult to believe that others suffered less with this malady than I. But it does seem to be the case. I guess I was more talented than I, myself, believed.

8. I have heard it said you did not really like a lot of your own work, because it had to be produced as a profit-making venture, rather than a literary work. Is this true?

A. Positively! I considered a lot of my work little more than popular trash, produced for the mindless majority. While I produced only a few good works for those that really appreciated it. Sadly I think much of the trash is still rated above the good work.

9. We, more than anyone, can understand your feelings when you first started teaching, knowing your subject very well, but having difficulty conveying to others what you know. Did this feeling ever lessen as you grew older?

A. A little. I was never really comfortable as a teacher, though I may have given the perception to others, that I was. But I do not think considering the differences in our work that can be compared. If I failed someone lacked a little education. If YOU fail, someone may lose their Soul. I would not want I would not TAKE such responsibilities. It is little wonder you are driven to the edge of madness!

10. Were you really as upset about your first pregnancy as your journals implied?

A. To my shame, yes. At the time I was thinking too much of my own desires, my own needs. I regretted those feelings deeply, later.

11. It is obvious that during your life you felt you were accomplishing little. Did this change after your death?

A. Oh, yes! The only way I can describe it is like Jimmy Stewart in "It's A Wonderful Life." The people here can show you what you have accomplished, what effect you've had on others. We really have no idea of this in life because we are so shut off from one-another in the physical form. I think this is a cruel jest of nature.

12. I'm a little ashamed of you for stealing roses from Central Park. Do you still feel you were justified in criticizing the young ladies for taking the rhododendrons?

A. Yes, now I do feel somewhat hypocritical about that incident, but I still feel their crime was in excess of mine. Though they did want the flowers for a purpose it was not right to take them, nor was it right for me to take the roses. Isn't it human nature to criticize others but not to criticize yourself?

13. What do you think of the young people today that seem to destroy just for the sake of destroying, to destroy so no one can enjoy something?

A. The people of today sicken me. They sicken many but they cannot totally be blamed. For a generation they have been taught they are beyond the law, untouchable, that they can express in any way they want. In this I cannot agree with you more. But I do

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

disagree with you that they should be held accountable. It is society's fault, not theirs, and they should be treated accordingly.

14. Where do you feel now the messages came from you used to receive on your Ouija board? Were they really from your father?

A. Some were from my father, some were from something else, something that wanted to take advantage of my inner nature for self destruction. Fortunately without knowing it I was able to fend off its desires, and keep from performing its purposes. Though it did, from time to time add to my doubts and fears, it never managed to really gain control of me.

15. I gathered from your comments that you felt possession was only an expression of someone's inner problems. Do you still feel that way today?

A. No. I have grown. I have learned. I wish that such things did not exist but not all your wishes can come true.

16. Why did you constantly feel you had to have others control your life? Was this part of your mental illness?

A. I will say yes. I was happier when someone else was planning my activities, when I had a sense of direction. I had a great deal of trouble planning my own activities. It was just easier when someone else took care of the little details of life for me.

17. I find it very disturbing that you wrote down information about the people at the mental clinic in your diary and used them as subjects for your poems. Wasn't this a violation of their privacy?

A. I find you, sir, a strange one to make such a complaint but I suppose you are perhaps right. But no harm was meant, and do not scholars describing conditions of the mentally ill do the same? Perhaps I could be considered a lay scholar under the circumstances, and be forgiven my minor transgressions?

18. Why did you so hate your mother?

A. I think the reverse is true. I loved my mother too much and was so jealous of her in ways because she could so easily be a wife and mother that it caused me to have difficulties with our relationship. The mind is a perplexing thing. It plays dirty little tricks on you, twisting everything around to make what is good bad, and what is bad, good. Sometimes I think we would be better off if we simply stayed like the animals and did everything by instinct.

19. You said in your journals you did not believe a writer could be great and do other work besides, that they had to sacrifice other desires in order to concentrate on their own work. But I have known many great writers who have carried on other occupations besides writing and have done exceptionally well. Do you still feel a writer should devote themselves only to writing?

A. I do not know how to give you a definite answer to that question. I think it much depends on the individual. I think alot of those comments I wrote were expressions of my fears rather than actual truth. But I still do feel a writer needs time to relax and concentrate on

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their writing. I could never work like you work with all the terrible struggles you have to deal with. But we are all different, and each of us work in different ways. That is the only way I can answer you and I hope it makes sense to others.

20. I perceived from your journals that you had an attitude that anyone that disagreed with you, that did not put you first in any situation, did not love you. Would you consider this was true?

A. Unfortunately, yes. I had a hard time realizing that other people had their own lives, and that they couldn't always agree with me or fulfill my wishes. Unfortunately I took any circumstance that didn't fulfill my wishes as a personal rejection. Ninety-nine per cent of the time I was wrong. I was surprised how many people cared for me dearly but who I wrongfully rejected because of circumstances beyond their control, or because they held a different opinion from mine. This is a sickness of nature I am afraid I share with many.

21. Reading of your suicide I am terrified to think of a housefull of gas and children in another room where a spark could have caused an explosion or fire. Do you ever think of this?

A. Oh, yes. The thought never occurred to me at the time, but afterwards it dwelled on my conscience for a long time. If that had happened it would have destroyed me. I took every precaution I could think of, but of course I wasn't rational, though that would make no difference.

* * *

Our next interview will be with the Spirit of Franklin Deleano Roosevelt, one of our greatest American Presidents and heroes. Feel free to send in questions you may have for him any time, and also for our back issue list which tells all the Spirits we have interviewed in the past. Feel free to question any of them. Just send two 32¢ stamps to cover postage.

SUBSCRIBE TO VOICES FROM SPIRIT MAGAZINE! 6 Bi-Monthly issues \$6 donation. also available-FREE TAROT CARD READINGS, Curse Removals, Good Luck Blessings. For details send two 32¢ stamps to; VOICES, P.O. Box 4301, Portland, ME 04101. Make checks or money orders payable to Rev. Linda Polley.

BETWEEN THE WORLDS: A GRAND MAGICKAL CONGRESS-OCTOBER 24th-27th 1996, Wilmington, Delaware, USA. The Assembly Of The Sacred Wheel, Rural Route 2, Box 511-G, Georgetown, Delaware 19947. Voice/FAX 302.855.9422. Email; wicawheel@aol.com. A convocation of the clans, tribes, groves, orders, kindreds, fellowships, circles covens, lodges and temples. At the downtown Holiday Inn. Its primary purpose is to build bridges and dialogues between the various positive life affirming magickal Traditions and Paths. Includes a Full Moon night, OCTober 25th. Contact The Assembly for more information.

ASHTARIAN SORROW CONTINUES

NOVEMBER 26, 1994

There has been a flurry of UFO activity in the area and my friends with The Galactic Forces were hesitant to tell me what was going on. But they finally explained that someone had fired a missile at us...not a very BIG missile, by their standards, it would only have made a hole in the ground 400 yards across and 300 yards deep. Of course that hole would happen to be where our apartment is. Most of the fragments landed in Newport, Maine and some of The Galactic ships had to expose themselves in order to recover them before they did any harm to the local populace. We don't know if this weapon was fired by the Ashtarians but we most certainly hope there's no more of them around.

NOVEMBER 27, 1994

While I was working last night an agent of The Galactic Community contacted me telepathically from one of their ships nearby. It is hard to believe these people come half way across the galaxy for my advice.

Well, anyway, it seems some of the races that were dominated by the Ashtarians don't want the majority of them to leave, but were not sure under what conditions they should be allowed to stay.

I didn't think the problem too great and gave this solution. If the Ashtarians want to stay they must agree to intermarry with pure natives for ten generations, and in that way be absorbed into the native culture. They also should agree to abide by local laws and customs, but should be allowed to practice their own religious beliefs.

The Galactic Agent didn't quite understand what I was saying, and when I explained he asked "What about the ones that are already married?" I said "No problem. They can remain if their children agree to abide by the conditions set forth."

The Galactic agent said my suggestion was a fascinating one. It will be interesting to see how it is received. Yes, I assured him, it will be.

NOVEMBER 30, 1994

Another missile has been fired at Earth, but not at us. When it was detached it was headed for Burbank, California, but it was destroyed before it locked onto its target. So its exact destination would never be known.

Destroyed outside the atmosphere it completely burned up and therefore no operation was required to recover fragments.

The Galactic Forces are beginning a thorough search of the solar system to see if any more of these little pests are making a slow entry to avoid detection.

DECEMBER 5, 1994

A courier ship has arrived with the news that one of the Ashtarian ships that disappeared after the surrender has returned. Apparently its crew realized that they would be more valuable helping their people rebuild rather than carrying on a useless struggle. The Ashtarians are turning over large parts of their holdings to The Galactic Community as payment for their war debt. They seemed surprised that they are receiving good value for their property and their people are not being asked to leave their

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settlements but are perfectly welcome to stay and share these worlds with their new neighbors. The situation on the Ashtarian home world has settled down. The military units are again responding to the orders from Central Command, the families have stopped fighting each other, and all have returned to their own territories.

There have been many arrests as those responsible for atrocities on all sides are being gathered up. It will be some time before all those charged can be brought to trial. The Ashtarian leader has even mentioned the possibility of bringing in judges other than Ashtarians to hear the cases as there is so much bitterness among his own people.

This was a rather short war but it may take years to settle all its complications.

DECEMBER 13, 1994

Alot has been happening with the Ashtarians. To my surprise I have been informed that all but a few dozen Ashtarians have accepted my proposal for remaining on their former subject worlds. So many Ashtarians have been lost, and so many are remaining on their outposts that there is a terrible labor shortage on the Homeworld.

The Ashtarians have been literally begging some of their former subjects to remain at their posts and continue working for them.

The former subjects got together and presented a list of conditions that had to be met before they would stay.

Firstly, all of them would have to now be paid at the same level Ashtarians were paid for the same work.

Secondly, all restrictions on housing had to be lifted. If they could afford a dwelling they would be allowed to rent it.

Thirdly, all segregation had to be ended. Restaurants and entertainment centers, all public transportation and public housing would have to remove their Ashtarian Only signs and their Alien Only signs.

Finally all prohibitions against inter-species marriage had to be lifted.

The Ashtarians had no choice. Their Council met in emergency session and agreed to all conditions. Even still, the Ashtarians are going to have to bring in people for The Galactic Communities just to get the basic services going again at full level. Many are still existing on relief supplies, though some food production is beginning to be restored.

Another of the Ashtarian hold out ships has been found. It was drifting in space and at first the crew that found it thought it had merely been abandoned, as from the back and the sides it looked intact. It was only when they got around front that they discovered the whole forward hull was gone and the entire interior of the ship was empty. It looked like something had opened it up and cleaned out everything inside, right down to the bare metal of the hull plates. Absolutely nothing was left. The Galactic Community reports that none of them have ever come across anything like this. The incident has everyone in that sector on edge.

(Cont'd Next Issue)

"The ship, a fragment detached from the earth, went on lonely and swift like a small planet."
-Joseph Conrad (1857-1924)

70. Did John Brown really have a drinking problem, and did you have a wee nip now and again?

A. Dear John had no more problem with alcohol than any other Scot. I never begrudged him a 'wee tumble' as he called it, now and again, when there was no pressing business. But I do wish he had not been so fond of drink. As to the second part of your question, I suppose a wee bit of truth in this matter won't hurt. From time to time I enjoyed a bit more than a nip. I'm sure members of my family were quite aware of this, and as some of them were known to GREATLY over indulge, they had no reason to question my actions!

71. When you were traveling was John Brown really over protective? Did he truly sit so he blocked your view?

A. I do not know how such ridiculous stories get going. Of course he was protective of me... that was his greatest responsibility! But he only sat in a position that blocked my view when it was felt there was a danger about and I would have expected nothing less!

72. Wasn't it a little unfair of you to reveal your correspondence from Gladstone to his opposition?

A. When one is fighting open treason for everything that one believes in, any course of action is proper. I was determined to keep the British Empire united under one government, and still feel the failure to do so is responsible for much of the troubles the world suffers today. The British Empire was not a negative force in the world as you, Sir Polley, so fervently believe. Had its leaders stayed morally sound and it had been properly maintained, the world would be a much better place today.

73. How did you know there were a few Socialists in Gladstone's government?

A. My secretary had a very fine system of keeping track of all members of Parliament, who they were associating with, and what statements they were making. It was not difficult for us to determine who was following what philosophy.

74. What was the real feelings you had for your Diamond Jubilee?

A. This was perhaps the most wonderful time of my life! I felt the people were really pleased with me, that I had done well in my little endeavor. Though tiring, it was a year of great joys, that few could understand unless they, too, had lived through those wondrous times.

75. What do you think of legalized gambling in England today?

A. Gambling anywhere is an appalling sickness. That it has become rampant in my beloved England troubles me greatly. For I worry at the welfare of the mothers and children as their husbands gamble away their livelihood. Best for the sake of the nation that these foul vices be done away with.

(Cont'd Next Issue)

"United we stand, divided we fall."

-Aesop

"Union gives strength."

-Aesop

In The Spiritist Republic there was a deep respect of peaceful public protest. The people could express their feelings with rallies, pickets, and other public demonstrations of displeasure with the government or individuals. As long as these protests were peaceful, they were allowed, but if violence erupted those responsible would be sought out and punished severely. Insighting a riot which resulted in the loss of life was a mandatory life sentence if the person involved did not actually take part in the killing, and a sentence of death if they did.

There was no excuse made or no justification that could be given for a riot that would cause the authorities not to prosecute to the full extent of the Law.

As no public protest, whatever, was allowed in The Holy Godden Empire, riots were rare, but when the DID occur, they were often bloody, with the civil authorities using deadly force to put them down. Those responsible would be sought out and executed with their entire family. Violence, especially violence against the government, was NOT tolerated.

In Ancient Times whole cities might be exterminated for a riot, if it was declared a rebellion. The Holy Godden Empire was not a place to protest, in any way.

BOOK REVIEWS

By; Rev. SPEaker Linda J. Polley

ENCHANTMENT OF THE FAERIE REALM By; Ted Andrews, From; Llewellyn Publications, P.O. Box 64383, St. Paul, MN 55164-0383. Soft-cover. \$10.00 USA \$13.50 CAN + \$4.00 S & H.

One of the BEST meditation books available that instructs you on how to contact Spirits and Beings once thought only imaginary. Filled with wonderful descriptions of these alien Souls called faeries, and fictional creatures. Though much is based on legends this book is expertly done and a must for all sincerely involved with the metaphysical. Very relaxing and hard to put down! Only two mistakes found...Spirits cannot disguise themselves as anything. And it would be logically impossible for there to be a special faerie to care for every individual flower on Earth! However, flowers and trees DO have their own Souls. None the less, a must have for your metaphysical library. This book is also filled with traditional artwork of faeries, who prefer not to wear much clothing, so not recommended for younger readers. HIGHLY RECOMMENDED for adults.

NOTES FROM BABY ANGEL GRACE By; Marian Behnke, From, Azure Publishing, P.O. Box 1388, Suite 160, Weaverville, NC 28787 (704) 645-6137. Wire-bound paperback. 6 X 9. \$16.00 + \$1.50 S & H. NC residents kindly add \$1.00 NC sales tax.

The best book of positive thoughts in ages! These adorable comments on a child's life after death given by, we believe, a very young soul recently passed on from her first incarnation as a human. A MUST HAVE for anyone's metaphysical library and Angel lovers

(Cont'd Middle, Column 1, Pg. 7)

Reading The Satanic Bible we came across their list of Infernal Names, and decided to do a series of articles on these Infernal Names here in VOICES, to let people know EXACTLY who these individuals were.

1. ABADDON- is merely another name for Satan. We will go into this great hero later.
2. ADRAMELECH- was merely a common criminal who killed his own father for financial gain. Hardly even worth mentioning as an Infernal Name!
3. AHPUCH- was the Mayan God of Death, sacrifice and suicide. He was feared as all people fear Death, but Death is a natural part of life, as is birth. One cannot exist without the other. The Mayans understood this and did not fear Death the way peoples of other religions do. Far from being an Infernal Name this is merely a name that is part of the natural order though misunderstood by the Mayans. Death cannot be called something evil.
4. AHRIMAN- This is merely the Persian name for Satan, which will be covered later.
5. AMON- is the Egyptian God of Fertility. He was actually a Godden who survived The Great Holocaust and for 1,000 years controlled the Nile Valley. He was generous and kind- unusual for a Godden, and the people subjected by him prospered under his control. How such a good ruler can be put in a list of Infernal Names is a mystery to us. Amon DID like to reproduce, but all of his concubines were willing consorts.
6. APOLLYN- Apollo was the Greek God of the sun. He was associated with music and healing. Later perverted Priests associated him with bisexuality; perhaps why he is erroneously added to this list of evil ones.
7. ASMODEUS- Well, here at last, is a name that can truly be called Infernal. A true Dark One, a destroyer, one that enjoys causing suffering to others, and feeds on their misery. A Demon is the lowest form of existence, the last desperate struggle for existence before the struggle ends.
8. ASTAROTH- How can The Goddess Of Fertility, Love and Beauty be Infernal? These things are good, not evil, yet Satanists tend to claim what is good is evil. VERY STRANGE LOGIC!
9. AZAZEL- Again this is a name for Death, and Death is nothing to fear, unless you have been abusive to others. So this name cannot really be called Infernal.
10. BAALBERITH (Ba'al)- Originally the Babylonian or Sumarian God Of Fertility and Fulfillment. HIS worship was later corrupted until the time of the Caananites where it had degraded to human sacrifice. Not originally a god of evil, but made one by his followers.
11. BALAAM- Well, here, at least is a Dark One who was first hired to curse a people, then forced by a Divine Power to bless them, instead. But obviously being of small character and obviously not too bright, he still tried to lead those people into evil practices until his evil influences had to be eliminated. I would not exactly call this one Infernal, more like stupid!

(Cont'd Next Issue)

"Suddenly ghosts walked, and four doors
were five."

POETRY SPACE

TRANSFORMATION

By; Renee Hatfield
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Transformation is the name,
but remember it's not a game,
So many want FAME,
but it's not the same,
TRANSFORMATION is about changing,
Rearranging your thoughts and ideas,
Allowing a new consciousness to appear,
Eliminating unnecessary fear,
Your life becomes clear,
If you're willing to look in the mirror
of life,
New horizons,
Dreams come true,
Once you no longer pursue,
Let the UNIVERSE work with you,
As you're learning to FLOW,
and all will be ready to go,
For now you know in which direction
to focus your ENERGY.....

THE DISCARNATE MOURNER

AND THE GRAVEYARD ELM

By; Joel Bjorling

In the cemetery of the former Peoria State Hospital in Bartonville, Illinois is the unmarked grave of A. Bookbinder, a resident who died there in 1910.

Glen Martin Woodcock, writing in the Tri-County News (May 12, 1994, p. 12), reported that little is known of Bookbinder's past, except that he lived at a poorhouse before coming to the hospital. Even his name was a mystery. He was unable to speak, so he came to be called "A Bookbinder" because he worked in a print shop. He was known as "Old Book" to the hospital staff and residents.

Bookbinder was a member of the burial corps at the hospital. He exhibited an unusual mania at hospital burials. According to Dr. George Zeller, former hospital superintendent, in an article in THE INSTITUTE QUARTERLY (1916), "Old Book removed his cap, began to wipe his eyes, and finally vent his loud lamentations." He stated that his symptoms may have been "the revival of some great crisis through which he had passed, some mighty sorrow that he experienced and which in itself might have been the curse of the dethronement of his reason." During his lamentations, Bookbinder leaned against an elm tree in the cemetery, which became known as The Graveyard Elm.

When Bookbinder died, his funeral was attended by staff and residents, including more than 100 uniformed nurses who "were grouped like a great bank of white lillies...." His coffin rested on two crossbeams over the open grave. As men prepared to lift the coffin to remove them, they heaved the ropes, but were abruptly thrust on their backs. The coffin, which was heavy when it was brought to the gravesite, was now light, as if it was empty.

Suddenly, a wailing voice was heard over by the Graveyard Elm. To everyone's shock Zeller said, Bookbinder himself stood by the tree, weeping and moaning "with an earnestness that rivaled anything he had ever shown before."

(Cont'd Top, Column 2, Pg. 7)

IMAGINATION'S PLACE
FICTION

THREE FOR THE PRICE OF ONE
By; Rev. Speaker Gerald A. Polley

THE ANCIENT ONE HAD TO ADMIT lately the hunting had been pretty bad. Though it pained him, for the good of his land he had to let certain situations reach their violent peak. And the most irritating of all he had to save the life of a leader he despised by detonating a bomb before it reached its target.

He needed a victory, even a small victory—anything to lift his ego. He landed in a park across from a plush apartment complex and sat down on a rock watching a doorway. He was in no hurry tonight. The ectoplasmic wind was strangely still, so he had time to work on this project.

Across the way one of the apartment house's doors opened and two women emerged. One was in a skimpy dressing gown, the other was in a neat army uniform. The Ancient One wanted to be sick when they passionately kissed, but finally the soldier descended the steps and crossed into the park. When she saw The Ancient One she froze for a moment, then raised her arms in frustration. "Not you again!" she muttered. "Don't you ever give up? I told you I'm not interested in your bargain. I'll never pay that price for anything!"

The Ancient One laughed. "I know how badly you want to be a captain," he replied. "I'm still quite willing to set the gears in motion and make you one, if you give me what I want in return."

"No, damn you!" the officer snapped. "Whatever pit of Hell you came out of, go get back into it. Yes, I want a promotion, but I won't...." she hesitated a moment, then continued. "I won't have a man...I won't have a baby to get it. Now go away!" She walked off in a huff, but The Ancient One followed.

"My dear lieutenant, just because your uncle was an ass and took advantage of a sweet and innocent child doesn't mean that every man is like that. A few of us males are nice."

"Well, I've never met one," the lieutenant snapped, "and you're definitely not. I like my way of life. I'm satisfied with it. It brings me all the comfort I need. Now, leave me alone!"

"Are you REALLY," The Ancient One questioned, "are you really fulfilled? Or even after you've left your little friend back there, is there something empty inside, something not quite fulfilled, something that gnaws at your backbone and scratches at your brain?"

"The only thing that scratches at my brain," the lieutenant answered, "is something that crawled out of Hell and won't leave me alone!"

"You'll never get a promotion," The Ancient One sighed, "not until it's just about time for you to retire. A baby won't hurt your career at all. You'll take maternity leave, come back, and be twice the officer you ever were before. Just give me a minute. Let me show you someone. If you agree with me I promise I won't come back to bother you for a year. Wouldn't you like that?"

The lieutenant stopped. "Anything," she said, "anything to get you to leave me alone for a little while. Anything."

The Ancient One motioned her to follow. They made their way to another of the park's entrances. There, in the dim light, a young man sat shivering on a bench.

"This is what I've arranged for you," The Ancient One remarked. "Not too bad. Kind of

(Cont'd Top, Next Column)

handsome by human standards—loyal, honest. Someone who will keep a bargain, someone who will quickly fall in love."

"He's just a BOY!" the lieutenant argued, "He's just a child."

"There's almost exactly ten year's difference in your ages," The Ancient One replied. "But love is no respecter of age, nor, is manhood. This is a young man who has been driven into the streets, who has to do things he considers sickening and disgusting merely to keep warm, merely to put some pervert's scraps in his stomach. But there is a lot of potential there. There is the potential of a great writer, of a great teacher. If someone could only change the direction of his life and perhaps also, the direction of her own."

The lieutenant wet her lips. "What about my friend?" she asked.

"She'll be angry at first," The Ancient One comforted, "she'll feel betrayed, but then when the baby comes you're going to need someone to take care of it, so your husband can go back to school, and she'll volunteer. Once and a while you might need to share your happiness with her, but you will give her something she dreams of, but can never have. Oh, there's something else I should tell you. You see, this young man has two futures. In an hour and fifteen minutes one of two things will happen. He will be just finishing making love to you, and know that there is finally someone he will be bound to for the rest of his life, or, he'll be jumping off an overpass in front of an oncoming semi because he just can't live any longer doing the things he's doing. His destiny is in your hands."

The lieutenant began to back off, tears in her eyes. "Damn you!" she cursed, "Damn you!" You accursed demon! That isn't fair! That's a dirty rotten damned despicable thing to do! That isn't fair."

The Ancient One nodded. "I use every weapon at my disposal," he admitted, "to get people to do what is right. You don't HAVE to interfere. You CAN let him find his own destiny or you can be part of it. That's entirely up to you. All you have to do is walk over there, say hello, and hold out your hand and you can save that young man's life. And you can bear a child that will do great services for his country. Or, you can live your own way, and let him die. The choice is yours."

"I hate you!" the lieutenant snapped. "You have no right to do this thing to me! I'm happy the way I am. You have no right to make me something I don't want to be."

The Ancient One shrugged. "One has to follow one's nature," he explained, "one has to do what one is driven to do. My time with you is running out. Our bargain still holds. You can be everything you want to be; one of the greatest military leaders of our time, but that's the price over there. In exchange you have to give me two lives."

The lieutenant shivered and walked away from The Ancient One, towards the young man on the bench. "As you pass," The Ancient One suggested, "look into his eyes. Don't avoid them. See the despair and misery that you can bring to an end."

"I HATE you!" the lieutenant kept muttering, "I HATE you!"

She walked passed the young man but for a

(Cont'd Top, Column 1, Pg. 7)

fleeting moment their eyes met. She went on for a few paces and stopped. She slowly returned and her hand came up. "Hello," she said. The young man reached up and took her hand.

"Hello!" he answered.

As their hands touched their auras brightened from dim darkness to a magnificent glow. The young man rose and picked up the backpack holding his few belongings and without a word they walked off. As they walked through a stone archway the lieutenant looked back to The Ancient One.

"I hate you!" she mouthed, but there was a strange smile on her face.

The Ancient One took wing. "I don't mind at all, little one," he said to the wind. "You can have me all you want, General! We will meet again, you and your sons!"

THE END

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Have A Safe & Happy Halloween!

Bookbinder's posthumous appearance was witnessed by the nurses who attended him when he died, the mortician who embalmed his body, the pallbearers who carried his coffin from the hearse, and about 300 spectators. According to Zeller, he appeared "in broad daylight and there could be no deception. No one moved or spoke, and a paralytic fear came over us."

Zeller summoned help to open Bookbinder's coffin, and when the lid was removed, the wailing stopped. Bookbinder's body was in the coffin "dressed in his somber shroud with his hands folded across his breast."

A few weeks after Bookbinder's death, the Graveyard Elm began to wither. Cemetery staff poured hundreds of buckets of water on its roots, but could not save it. Branches drooped and it lost its leaves. In time, it stood "plainly outlined against the sky, a monarch of the moonlight night, its giant arms resembled those of a human skeleton and it came to be looked upon with a feeling of awe and dread."

One man tried to cut the tree down, but with the first stroke of his ax, an agonized cry of pain erupted from the heart of the tree, and it's trunk shook and swayed "like a sapling in the wind." The man threw down his ax and hastily ran to his quarters.

On another occasion, firemen tried to start a fire at the base of the tree, but the roar of the flames produced a moaning sound, and the ascending smoke assumed the ghostly shape of Bookbinder.

There are countless cemeteries throughout The United States on the grounds of former mental hospitals, poor houses, and alms houses. In many cases, these resting places have been abandoned, and the land has been farmed. In the Bartonville cemetery, the graves have numbers rather than names.

Sometimes the souls of those who lie forgotten are not silent.

THE END

with Babe Ruth. They asked his opinion on a recent incident where a player made obscene gestures to the fans during a game. My Agent contacted The Babe and he answered as a spokesman for all the baseball players in The Spirit Realm.

"When such incidences occur, the player should be immediately ejected from the game, and be banned from the next two games. If such an incident occurs a second time in the season, that player should be required to forfeit the rest of the season without pay. If this player's bad behavior continues into the next season, he should be banished from the game permanently. There is no place in baseball for spoiled brats that can't act like gentlemen."

The decision to drop the atomic bomb on Japan in World War 2 was the only way to end hostilities. The Japanese were only ready to surrender on their terms unacceptable to the allies. It took a second bomb to make them quit. It's not fair to criticize Those who had to make the hard decisions in those troubled times.

"All great truths begin as blasphemies."

-George Bernard Shaw (1856-1950)