

PSYCHO-SCIENTIFIC FRONTIERS

Selected publications from a variety of subjects of psycho-scientific research. Editor: Rolf Linnemann (Certificated Engineer) * Steinweg 3b * 32108 Bad Salzuflen * Tel. (05222) 6558

Internet: <https://www.psygrenz.de/>

E-mail: RoLi@psygrenz.de

The story of a funeral service

Title : **Renown**

Author : Manfred Küber

The funeral service in front of the coffin of the famous *Anatomist* and *Head of the Physiological Institute* of the old university turned into a gripping homage by academic circles to the merits of this eminent, now deceased person.

The catafalque was covered with wreaths and silken ribbons, shrouded with laurel and flowers, burning wax candles surrounded it and numerous medals were displayed on velvet cushions, medals the learned researcher had worn with justified pride. The CEOs of corporations stood on either side of the bier, the senate of the university in full regalia sat next to the relatives and all the professors of the college and the representatives of the authorities behind them.

The priest had just finished his sermon and it had deeply touched the hearts of all of them:

“He was an exemplary human being and an exemplary scholar” he said in closing, “He was one thing and he was also another thing, because to be a great researcher means to also be a great human being. We are standing next to the bier of an eminent human being; we are here with sorrow in our souls because he has been taken from us. But we should by no means be mourning and lamenting, because this great person is not dead, he continues to live and he stands in front of God’s throne in the full glory of his whole, strenuous life, because the scriptures say: They rest in their work and their works follow them wherever they go!”

Deeply moved, everyone remained silent. – Nobody noticed that the priest had apparently forgotten one small detail, namely that this great man, who was supposed to be standing in front of God’s throne, had all his life supported the notion that *there is no God*. But such small details are usually forgotten during eulogies.

The rector of the university, with his golden chain of office around his neck, stood up and with a moving voice uttered some warm words about the renown of his famous colleague:

“He was always an adornment of our old Alma Mater and an adornment of the sciences he had devoted his whole existence to, an archetype for all of us and all those that come

after us, because his name will forever shine in golden letters on the marble tablets of human culture. I can only cite a few examples of the profusion of his spirit in this grave and solemn moment, only hint at how he sedulously amassed evidence after evidence through myriads of experiments with animal. The untold perspectives these completely new medical facts opened up for suffering mankind and the sciences cannot be fathomed. All we can do is to try to emulate this eminent researcher who has shown us the way, and we and the admiring academic youth should laud his ashes, continue and expand upon his life's work, because he was leading us towards true humanity, this will benefit European science and honour our Fatherland. We can gratefully ascertain that our deceased colleague didn't miss out on great accolades, honourable signs of homage have come his way from the highest authorities."

All eyes looked with astonishment at the velvet cushion with the medals that weight a few pounds.

"Well, shortly before his death he was pleased to have been appointed "Privy Medical Councillor" with the title of excellence, an honour that our whole college shared with him. No matter how great his fame was, his renown will be even greater for all times, and we, who are mourning him, will not begrudge him his rest from his work, so that he can go strolling on the Asphodelus Meadow in company of the great spirits of the past, a position his works have elevated him to and I will use the words of the previous spiritual speaker: They rest in their work and their works follow them wherever they go!"

All were filled with devotion, partially because of the European sciences and partially because of the "Title of Excellence". The Rector Magnificus had however disregarded a little trifle, namely that the European sciences regard the Asphodelus Meadow a *fable* and that they assert that the great spirits of the past have *dissolved into chemical substances*. But these are mere bagatelles and it is the prerogative of today's customary education to use a Greek word for something one no longer contemplates these days. Oh my God, where would one end up in today's civilisation and the European sciences, if one were prepared to contemplate these things at all!

The representative of the nation declared that the deceased had been a pillar of modern polity and a representative of the city stated that the magistrate had unanimously decided to name a street in town in honour of the great man.

The Church choir sang a song, it was an old song from the past, other people with other convictions had written this song and it sounded strange after today's resounding words. It quietly and supernaturally echoed through the room as if sung by alien voices:

"How will it be, how will it be, when I enter Salem, the city with the golden alleys?"

The coffin was then lowered into the grave.

The deceased had stood there the whole time.

He felt that nothing much had actually changed. He only remembered that he had seen a very bright lustre and everything seemed as before after, he was hardly aware that he had died. Only everything was lighter about him, no heaviness and no coarse materiality. He was gripped with great astonishment – there was *indeed* life after death, the *old sciences had been correct* after all, the new sciences got it wrong! But things were better like this and it calmed him down considerably, but there was initially something agonising about it, namely that he was unable to talk to anyone, none of his relatives and his colleagues noticed just *how close* he was to them. It was at least comforting to hear that they lauded him, that one had so confidently talked about God's throne and the Asphodelus Meadow. He naturally missed the titles and the medals, they seemed out of reach. But wasn't he still the great scholar, the famous researcher? Didn't it say: "...their works will follow them everywhere?"

He was now alone. The outlines of the room turned dark and blurred into space. It was very quiet, only the old song "...when I enter Salem, the city with the golden alleys" could be faintly heard in the distance. What was going to happen now? Maybe immediately? – He was filled with eager expectations, but this expectation contained some fears, something indescribable, one great, anxious question that completely filled his senses. It had also turned so dark that one could no longer see anything.

It then turned bright and an angel stood in front of him.

They apparently *also* existed! God would therefore also have to exist and all the dead that had lived, and the spiritual Jerusalem also. How wonderful all of this was! – But the angel looked serious and sad.

"Where do you want to go?" asked the angel.

"Into paradise."

"Come", said the angel.

Huge, dark gates silently opened and they entered a room that was glaringly lit. The walls were blood-red and innumerable, mutilated animals sat on the floor whimpering. They reached for the deceased with cut limbs and they looked at him with blinded and extinguished eyes. Their numbers stretched into an incalculable distance. The angel looked at the deceased and said:

"Here are the bitches you removed their puppies from their living bodies. Did you not have children that you loved? – When your children die and when they look for their father they will find you here. This is the paradise you created for yourself.

Here are the cats whose hearing you destroyed under terrible tortures. God gave them such a delicate hearing that one could call it a miracle of creation. You will no longer hear anything but this.

Here are the monkeys and rabbits you robbed of their sight. God gave it to them so they could see the sun. Did you not also see the sun all of your life? You will now see as much as they see with their blinded and extinguished eyes. Shall I take you further? It is a long, long procession."

"This is absolutely horrible" said the deceased.

"It certainly is", said the angel.

"Do all of these animals continue to live?", asked the deceased.

"All of these animals live with God", said the angel. *"You cannot go there, because they stand in front of you and they accuse you, they will not let you pass. What you see here are their former mirror images, they represent your work and they remain with you. You will experience all of their suffering on your own person until you are born on Earth once again to atone for your deeds. This is a long and sad journey. But they will not be your only companions, you also have another one, look this way, see who stands amidst all your works."*

The deceased looked up and he saw a hideous spirit being with a human grimace, it wore a garment covered in dirt and blood and it had a knife in its hand.

"This is the most hideous thing I ever saw", said the deceased and he was gripped with a horror he never experienced before. *"Who is this monster? Do I have to look at it all the time?"*

"This is you", said the angel.

"But what about the sciences?" asked the deceased fearfully, *"didn't I serve them? – Am I not one of the great spirits, even though I committed these acts?"*

"The great spirits were brothers and not executioners of animals", said the angel, *"they would turn their backs on you if you could dare to get to them. But you will not get anywhere near them. You were as nothing and not a great spirit. You were well aware that you were as nothing, you knew that you didn't have the imagination and this is why you committed these atrocities, in the hope that you could discover nature's secrets by chance, by torturing these animals. This was followed by a lust for murder, the rage of dominion little souls display. Can you see all of this? – You can see it clearly in your mirror image, it faithfully recorded all your traits. Remain with him, wash his bloodied and dirty garment until it is as white as snow. This can take a thousand years and maybe longer. Remain with him, because you cannot escape him. He is your companion and these mutilated animals are God's creatures and they represent your paradise."*

"All of this is true" said the deceased, *"but even though I thought and acted like that, didn't I promote knowledge at the same time? Aren't the sciences saying something on my behalf?"*

"Knowledge gained through crimes?" asked the angels. *"The sciences had insights in the past when they were still a temple. I show you what the sciences look like these days."*

An ugly, yellow light flicker into view and the deceased saw a fool sitting there trying to build a house of cards with bloodied hands. A gust of wind blew it down, but the fool kept rebuilding it.

“Is this all?” asked the deceased and seeking help, he clung to the angel’s garment.

“This is all there is”, said the angel. *“Do your sciences not teach you that God, retribution and life after death does not exist?”*

“I must go now”

“Remain in your paradise.”

The deceased remained in his paradise and confronted it hour after hour, day after day and year after year. The time spent cannot be measured, at least not scientifically and that is the only thing that counts, isn’t that so?

An old song from seemingly far away could be heard, faintly and gradually ebbing away”: How will it be, how will it be, when I enter Salem, the city with the golden alleys?

This song might have a meaning *after all*, mustn’t all of us die one day?

But who thinks about this in the age of enlightened European science?

The newspapers published columns of obituaries about the great, famous researcher and scholar, his excellency “The right honourable Medical Councillor”, whose demise represented an enormous loss to the sciences, whose name would remain engraved on one of the glory sheets within mankind’s history for all times, a glorious sign of our progressive culture and a monument for future generations, as all the best of us were in the past.

Honour this great deceased person!

Yes, they do take a rest from working and their works follow them wherever they go.