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The development of human life and early childhood death

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The author published numerous articles in journals as well as brochure and four books on various para-psychological topics. In addition he also released a film about the "Paranormal healing methods in the Philippines" at the Institute of Scientific Films in Göttingen. He received the "Ernesto Bozzano Price" from the Associazione Italiana Scientifica Metaphysica in 1974 and the "1st Swiss Price" from the Swiss Foundation for Parapsychology in 1988.

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Preface

The development of human life, life in general, is a great mystery. This not only concerns our biological life on our Earth, but also our spiritual life from a spiritualistic point of view. We will only be dealing with the last question here.

Where does the human individuum, the soul or whatever name one wants to give it, come from?

And where does it remain after it leaves our Earth again and when it sometimes has to leave very soon, as an infant for instance?

This treatise assumes that our terrestrial, physically coarse life form is not the only one, but that our ethereal body, the astral body, the soul, separates from the physical body after its terrestrial demise and that it continues to live in an otherworldly, ethereal sphere, ergo continues to exist.

It is furthermore assumed that human beings (not necessarily all of them) must return to this Earth again through a fresh birth, that something like a terrestrial rebirth, ergo reincarnation exists. Most Christian Churches like to dismiss the latter as a heathen view of life. One forgets in the process that the early Christendom, the Church Father *Origen* (born around 185AD, died 254AD) and his school taught the doctrine of reincarnation. *Origen* was the first, significant early-Christian theologian of the Greek East. He perused and assessed the scripts of the New Testament for falsifications and mistakes and he made a scientific translation of the Old Testament from Hebrew to Greek.¹

If one assumes that terrestrial death is not the end of a human life (9; 10; 11; 12), the question of what else happens after naturally arises? Extensive depictions about the most diverse after-death destinies have been available to us for 150 years through our contact with the world of spirit. I have depicted a selection of them in my book "Leben nach dem irdischen Tod. Die Erfahrungen von Verstorbenen" (11) (Life after one's terrestrial death. Experiences of the deceased).

This leads to the next question:

Is our terrestrial birth actually the beginning of our existence and how and who assesses our behaviour here on Earth?

Are good behaviour or committed crimes completely inconsequential?

People have contemplated these questions at a very early stage, already thousands of years ago and they have entered the religious concepts prevailing at that time. They were of a nature that maintained that the human existence is due to an act of creation by a deity. The freedom of will people were endowed with however led to a situation where the creatures thus created did not always live their life according to the wishes and the laws of God or this deity. Committed misdemeanours or misdeeds however demanded, according to people's sense of justice, punishment, indemnification and repentance.

But where and how was this going to be carried out?

Some religious systems (The Christian also) domiciled punishment or remuneration in the hereafter,

¹ Comprehensive report about it 7, P. 11-17

in heaven, purgatory or in hell. Eternal remuneration takes place in Heaven or Paradise, a temporal, limited term of imprisonment with a subsequent pardon in Purgatory or a “life sentence” of imprisonment under aggravated conditions of tortures through ordeals by fire in Hell or Tartarus. This is where repentance is futile and a return impossible. There is no room for discernment of committed mistakes, the will and the opportunity for indemnification and the reintegration of dangerous criminals once they have died. Besides, their otherworldly classification is not determined by the terrestrial lifestyle of the deceased, but depends to a high degree on the effectiveness of priestly ceremonies and specified rites of sacrifice.

Such rules contradicted the sense of justice of a lot of people and marred their belief in a loving God.

This is the reason why a different view developed quite early, namely the one that human life on Earth is not singular and unrepeatable. Depending on the moral success or failure of a completed life on Earth, the deceased is either immediately or after a longer or less long period of time reborn into a new life on Earth. One talks about rebirth or reincarnation. The form a re-embodiment, for instance into the body of a mature or immature human being with a more or less difficult destiny, depends on the pre-encumbrance of the deceased, respectively of the newborn.

Evidence of the re-embodiment hypothesis

What can generally be said about the re-embodiment hypothesis is that: There are explicit and manifold messages from the hereafter, so for instance the books by *Johannes Greber* (1) or *Allan Kardec* (2) that indicate the possibility of numerous lives on Earth, interrupted by short, but mostly lengthy stopovers in an otherworldly world. Furthermore, there are supportive pieces of evidence right here on Earth that are indeed not as powerful and numerous as the aforementioned pieces of evidence and experiences for the personal survival after one’s terrestrial demise.

It happens that small children, when they start to talk at age 1 ½ to 2, assert that they were actually somebody else, that they had different parents and that they lived somewhere completely different. They initially express themselves quite clumsily and in short sentences, mispronounce words and use gestures to underline what they actually want to say (14, P. 14). The older they get and the more comprehensive their vocabulary grows, the more exact their narrations about their past, sensed *curricula vitae* become.

These children accurately talk about their past names, the names of their parents and other relatives from their past life’s history including the kind of death they suffered, in pronounced cases. They describe the environment at that time in great detail and often accurately mention the names of places and even streets. Most of these children demand to be taken to their past parents or at least be taken to see the past environment again. And something that is particularly strange: It happens now and then that such a child asserts to have suffered a violent death in a past life, for instance through an accident or murder and that they display a conspicuous birthmark where they were supposed to have been wounded. Such cases are verifiable and they have been verified (3, 14).

The mother of an Indian boy called *Ravi Shankar* 1951, (not the famous musician) first noticed a birthmark on his throat when he was three to four months old that looked very similar to the healed wound caused by a long knife (14, P. 111). As the boy grew up and began to talk, he asserted to have been the son of a hairdresser by the name of *Sri Jageshwar Prasad* in the town of Kanauj near Kampur in the district of Chhipatti in a past life. He asserted that he had been murdered with a knife

by two men whom he accurately described and whose names he mentioned when he was six years old. It was later established that six months prior to the birth of *Ravi Shankar*, the six year old son of the hairdresser *Sir Jageshwar Pasad* from Kanauj had indeed been murdered on the 19th of January 1951, whereby the murderers had decapitated him with a knife and then burned his body. The mutilated head was later found. Other information the boy *Ravi Shankar* furnished was also found to be accurate.

The American psychiatrist *Professor Jan Stevenson*, with the help of his colleagues, researched about 200 of such cases and in 1973 published a representative cross section of 20 reports in a second edition (14). He said that the international statistics he establish up to 1973 contained nearly 600 cases that support the hypothesis of reincarnation (14, P. 17). About half of these stem from South-East Asia, from India, Thailand and Burma, also from other countries where the belief in reincarnation prevails. The other half of these cases mainly stem from Turkey, Syria, Lebanon, Europe, Brazil and Alaska, also from countries where (apart from Brazil) the belief in reincarnation is not common property. Only a few cases stem from the USA and Canada (14, P. 7):

Professor C. J. Ducasse, professor of philosophy at the Brown University of Rhode Island and chairman of the publication committee for the *American Society for Psychic Research*, wrote the foreword to *Stevenson's* book about reincarnation (14, P. 7) and he said:

“If one asks what would constitute genuine evidence for re-embodiment, the only answer would possible be the same as to the question of whether one of us could know now whether we have lived a few days, months or years before. The answer is that one does still remember to have lived at a specific time at such and such a location under such and such circumstances and to have done certain things and experienced certain things. But does anyone nowadays claim to remember in a similar fashion to have lived a life on Earth prior to this one?

Even though reports about such assertions are rare, they do exist.

The person making such an assertion is almost always a small child and its remembrance of such things fades away after a number of years. And if it is capable of giving detailed facts from its past life, facts it assures us that it can remember and facts that can be verified as being correct through inquiries, insights it could not obtain in its present life under normal circumstances, we are confronted with the question of whether we could explain the correctness of its memories differently from having to assume that it did indeed live a past life that it can still remember.”

If one now takes into consideration that human beings must under certain circumstances lead numerous lives on this Earth, the question naturally arises of how this could actually operate psychologically. We know that the astral body that separates from the physical after one's terrestrial death and wherein spiritual and other life finds its continuation, is similarly constructed to the outer form of the terrestrial body. It is however not subject to the ageing process, on the contrary, it undergoes a reconfiguration into the intact body shape of a “middle-aged” person over a shorter or longer period of time.

But how could the reconfiguration of a newborn, infant-like body possibly take place?

Who determines this and who carries this out?

Process of re-embodiment

Greber and *Kardec* do not give us any information. But through a medium from Zurich, Mrs. *Beatrice Brunner* (1910 – 1983) messages of that nature to this question came through in 1975, 1976 and in 1982. Amongst others, one spirit being calling herself “*Lene*” announced its presence through this medium. This female spirit presented her versatile narrations from the hereafter to a large circle of participants over many years until the death of the medium. Her reports can be seen as further embellishment to the doctrine Pastor *Johannes Greber* received from the world of the hereafter. During the course of an extended lecture given on the 19th of February 1975, this *Lene* for instance also debated the terrestrial re-embodiment of spirit beings and she said at that time (15, P. 252; the words in parenthesis are always elucidating interpolations by the publisher and husband of the medium):

“I have mentioned that divine beings exist whose assignment is, in conjunction with their spirit siblings, to accept and to assess otherworldly beings (the fallen) to ascertain whether they are far enough advanced to be guided towards a new life on Earth or whether they require a lengthier stay in the world of the spirit. I would like to let it rest there and only mention it again when discussing how the spirit behaves in regards to a re-embodiment. You must have asked yourselves the same question, ergo how is it possible for the spirit to familiarise itself with its new physical envelope in a new world called Earth? I will endeavour to explain this as best as I can.

I said that spirits that come from way down are not even informed that the path they are on leads to a terrestrial existence. They are not told because one knows that they would otherwise resist. It is however within God’s plan that they are guided in such a way, because it is all about promoting their ascent. As I also mentioned, other spirits gladly give their consent to becoming physical human beings again in order to be able to ascend higher. They are all collected and one then leads all the spirit beings that occupy the same level of development together. But they all have completely different spirit forms. Some are larger, some are smaller and some are more delicate whilst other are stronger – they are completely different from one another.

I now have to apply human comparative examples. When you as human beings are ill or when you fast, your girth, ergo your body weight is reduced. This process goes as follows in the world of spirit: These entities are put into a sleep state. Their spirit body must now be metamorphosed because it has to enter the little, terrestrial body of a child at a specific time. During this period of sleep, the spirit body of an entity – I would like to express this like this – becomes more and more diaphanous. It loses substance. Once the spirit body is ready to enter the body of a child, the spirit involved is accompanied to the relevant mother – a few hours, maybe even a few days before the birth takes place, in order to keep the spirit body near her body.

The substance of the spirit body does however not lose anything through “becoming diaphanous”, but actually enters the soul. Nothing is lost, because this substance contains the energy, the building materials for the future growth of the child’s body, even though it has initially forfeited circumference and size when compared to the original spirit body. All of that substance is kept by the soul, it is its property and remains with it like a seed that germinates as soon as it is given the opportunity. The soul therefore produces growth (the spirit body).

If the terrestrial body of the child is organically completely in order, the spirit will not find it difficult to enter it, and the world of the spirit will play its part. The “child’s spirit” squeezes itself into the little human body (that of the newborn).

You might think that the little body is sometimes organically unsound. I have told you that the expectant mother is accompanied by the spirit of the selected child hours or even days before the re-embodiment takes place, it together with one of God’s angels virtually hover around her. This spirit and also further spirits recognise in time whether the mother they hover around can offer the spirit the right physical abode (through a healthy newborn). The world of spirit can also recognise whether unforeseen difficulties might occur – through human wilfulness or other causes. One therefore does not select a specific mother as a precaution, but a whole group of expectant mothers that also offer the opportunity for this spirit to re-embodiment itself.

If the actually selected mother is suddenly no longer available, the pre-selected spirit is taken to the next best opportunity where it can experience a similar destiny, meaning that this spirit can be born into relatively comparable circumstances. In other words: One does not select a singular, future expectant mother right from the start, one keeps one's options for an alternative open. If the first choice falls by the wayside, one looks for a second one that offers the most analogical opportunities for the human child's advancement. This is how it works."

At a later opportunity on the 16th of March, the spirit being *Lene* expressed herself in a similar way to this theme and specifically in regards to the question of when the spirit body enters the terrestrial body of a child (16, P. 92):

"One often asks: When does life enter the little child? Does it only enter when the child cries for the first time or is life already present before? Either of this can eventuate, but we are dealing with only a very short time where life has entered prior to the first cry."

Lene continued as follows in 1975:

"The spirit gradually gets comfortable with the body of the child after its embodiment. You can imagine the situation with an infant yourselves: The spirit has no opportunity to effect anything to begin with. It is rather restricted as the slow growth of this terrestrial body begins. The perception capabilities of the residing spirit grows from day to day. The incarnated spirit grows and unfolds within the child's body. Because the spirit is the eternal component that animates this human being.

The environment on the other hand also exerts its influence on the adolescent child. It must be fed and it must learn to behave, whereby we assume that it receives a careful upbringing. As the body grows the spirit embodied within also grows. The soul utilises some of its substance in the process. This is the only way that not only the physical body of the adolescent human being receives the nourishment supplied by this Earth, but the soul simultaneously also supplies nourishment for its spirit body, for its mental formation.

The spirit body of a human being has the exact same form as its physical, terrestrial body. From the time the spirit body entered the physical body, this body displays an aura that reaches beyond its physical form. The spirit substance therefore goes beyond the terrestrial body, because the spirit body is, as it were, larger than the physical one. This applies to children as they grow, but also to older human beings. Everybody possesses such an aura, well even animals, because it is present throughout nature and it always extends beyond the outer shape of the involved creature.

The growth of human beings, as I depicted it to you before, goes from inside to outside until the form of an adult is achieved. But when a child dies, its spirit with its spirit body is brought up in a paradise for children that simply corresponds to the child's mental state. Some of my friends cannot really understand this, but I hope that the expose I furnished today explained this. This is the law, namely that the soul attracts all "substances" in order to gradually release it again during its growth, until the being concerned has grown up.

Therefore, when a being dies at the age of a child, it has a spirit body that coincides in age and looks exactly to the body it had during its short human life. If a child dies within days or weeks after it is born, it is in reality still an infant and it must therefore be cherished and cared for accordingly. It will grow there and also reared there. Its soul once again furnishes some of its substance so that the small being can grow in the world of the spirit. It is led stage by stage and it will receive the required indoctrinations as it begins to grow.

A being that enters a paradise for children as a child spirit, indeed remains on the same level in the world of spirit it held prior to its attempted incarnation, but it is now cared for by God's angels. Spirit beings from the same level are also selected to care for this child. This type of activity effects for many spirit beings – be they of the female or male gender – an acceleration of the spiritual ascent, namely when they love these child spirits and when they are willing to engage with them. This in effect brings them in closer contact with God's angels and this in turn gradually elevates their own inner character and thought processes, something that accelerates their ascent.

Ergo, when a child separates itself from Earth, its spirit – I repeat this again – has the opportunity in the world of the spirit to grow and this from inside, because the soul surrenders the substance that it compressed within itself a priory, when the spirit body squeezed itself into the small frame of a terrestrial child during its embodiment, when it was virtually miniaturised.

It is exactly the same when an adults dies. Its terrestrial body still contains a lot of od-energy. They are immediately attracted, sucked up by the soul. The soul gathers all substances within itself, it extracts them from the physical body, so that the physical body can now truly be released back to earth, respectively relinquished to transiency.

The decaying body no longer possesses any remnants of the penetrating energies it had flowing through it during its time on Earth. The soul of a human being (adult) therefore absorbs all of these energies within itself after its physical demise.”

This has been an extract from the expositions of the spirit being *Lene*. We might not be able to check or even verify this report, but whether or not something similar could actually take place, well actually had to take place during the incarnation process is surely worth thinking about, because the otherworldly spirit body must somehow be transformed into the spirit body of an infant if something like reincarnation really exists.

The early demise of a deformed child

My next example is about the otherworldly phase of development of an infant, born with a rare deformity that only lived for 10 days. It is a report about an English woman who lost her ten days old daughter and who saw her here on Earth after her demise and this over a number of years and this in a fully developed body. As the most diverse paranormal processes made an appearance and as the one making the report closely observed and accurately recorded her experiences, I find her narration particularly impressive and I decided to render it here almost to the letter (9. P. 125f).

The narrator *Florence Marryat*² lived with her husband and children in India in 1860. The couple has a close friendship with the young officer *John Powles* who served in the British-Indian army. This officer died on the 4th of April 1860 under tragic circumstances and *Mrs. Marryat* has this to say about it:

“His death and the way he died caused me a great shock. He had been a genuine friend to myself and my husband over the years so that we mourned his death very much.”

Further tribulations came into the picture and this impaired her health. The following events are now rendered in *Mrs. Marryats*’s own words (not a translation):

“The same year that John Powles died, 1860, I passed through the greatest trouble of my life. It is quite unnecessary to my narrative to relate what the trouble was, nor how it affected me, but I suffered terribly both in mind and body, and it was chiefly for this reason that the medical men advised my return to England, which I reached on the 14th of December, and on the 30th of the same month a daughter was born to me, who survived her birth for only ten days.

The child was born with a most peculiar blemish, which it is necessary for the purpose of my argument to describe. On the left side of the upper lip was a mark as though a semi-circular piece of flesh had been cut out by a bullet-mould, which exposed part of the gum. The swallow³ also had been submerged in the

² **Florence Marryat**, 1837-1899, married in first marriage “Ross-Church”, in second marriage “Lean”, English author of several psychically books. She knew most of the important mediums at the end of the 19th century.

³ **Gullet** = Hollow space behind the soft palate and the velum, designed as the connection between the mouth, the nasal cavity and the oesophagus.

gullet⁴, so that she had for the short period of her earthly existence to be fed by artificial means, and the jaw itself had been so twisted that could she have lived to cut her teeth, the double ones would have been in front. This blemish was considered to be of so remarkable a type that *Dr. Frederick Butler* of Winchester, who attended me, invited several other medical men, from Southampton and other places, to examine the infant with him, and they all agreed that a similar case had never come to their notice before. This is a very important factor in my narrative.

I was closely catechized as to whether I had suffered any physical or mental shock that should account for the injury to my child, and it was decided that the trouble I had experienced was sufficient to produce it. The case, under feigned names, was fully reported in the *Lancet* as something quite out of the common way.

My little child, who was baptized by the name of '*Florence*', lingered until the 10th of January, 1861 and then passed quietly away, and when my first natural disappointment was over I ceased to think of her except as of something which 'might have been', but never would be again. In this world of misery, the loss of an infant is soon swallowed up in more active trouble. Still I never quite forgot my poor baby, perhaps because at that time she was happily the 'one dead lamb' of my little flock.

In recounting the events of my first séance with *Mrs. Holmes*, I have mentioned how a young girl much muffled up about the mouth and chin appeared, and intimated that she came for me, although I could not recognize her.⁵ I was so ignorant of the life beyond the grave at that period, that it never struck me that the baby who had left me at ten days old had been growing since our separation, until she had reached the age of ten years.

The first séance made such an impression on my mind that two nights afterwards I again presented myself (this time alone) at *Mrs. Holmes'* rooms to attend another. It was a very different circle on the second occasion. There were about thirty people present, all strangers to each other, and the manifestations were proportionately ordinary. Another professional medium, a *Mrs. Davenport*, was present, as one of her controls, whom she called "*Bell*" had promised, if possible, to show her face to her.

As soon, therefore, as the first spirit face appeared (which was that of the same little girl that I had seen before), *Mrs. Davenport* exclaimed, 'There's *'Bell*' – 'Why!' I said, that's the little nun⁶ we saw on Monday 'Oh no, that's my *'Bell*' persisted *Mrs. Davenport*. But *Mrs. Holmes* took my side, and was positive the spirit came for me. She told me she had been trying to communicate with her since the previous séance. 'I know she is nearly connected with you,' she said. 'Have you never lost a relation of her age?' 'Never' I replied and at that declaration the little spirit moved away, sorrowfully as before.

A few weeks after I received an invitation from *Mr. Henry Dunphy* (the gentleman who had introduced me to *Mrs. Holmes*) to attend a private séance, given at his own house in Upper Gloucester Place, by the well-known medium *Florence Cook*.⁷ The double drawing rooms were divided by velvet curtains, behind which Miss Cook was seated in an arm-chair, the curtains being pinned together half-way up, leaving a large aperture in the shape of a V. Being a complete stranger to *Miss Cook*, I was surprised to hear the voice of her control who directed that I should stand by the curtains and hold the lower parts together whilst the forms appeared above, lest the pins should give way and necessarily from my position I could hear every word that passed between Miss Cook and her guide. The first face that showed itself was that of a man unknown to me; then ensued a kind of frightened colloquy between the medium and her control.

⁴ Displaced downwards.

⁵ Reference is made here to a previous account by *Mrs. Marryat* about her first participation at a materialisation session, where the appearing '*Florence*' was not recognised and therefore rejected. She was told at that time that she must have been wrong, that no relative of hers was present.

⁶ Because of her strange veil, she calls her "nun".

⁷ **Florence Cook:** 1856 – 1904, married name Corner, important English materialisation medium the excellent British chemical scientist *Professor Sir William Crookes* thoroughly experimented with. The book "*Zeugnis für die jenseitige Welt*" elaborately deal with this. *Florence Cook* wasn't always unconscious during the phenomena she produced.



‘Take it away. Go away! I don't like you. Don't touch me - you frighten me! Go away!’
I heard Miss Cook exclaim, and then her guide's voice interposed itself:

‘Don't be silly, Florrie.⁸ Don't be unkind. It won't hurt you’ etc.

And immediately afterwards the same little girl I had seen at *Mrs. Holmes'* rose to view at the aperture of the curtains, muffled up as before, but smiling with her eyes at me. I directed the attention of the company to her, calling her again my "little nun." I was surprised, however, at the evident distaste *Miss Cook* had displayed towards the spirit.

When the séance was concluded and she had regained her normal condition, I asked her if she could recall the faces she saw under trance. "Sometimes," she replied. I told her of the ‘little nun’ and demanded the reason of her apparent dread of her. ‘I can hardly tell you’ said *Miss Cook*; ‘I don't know anything about her. She is quite a stranger to me, but her face is not fully developed, I think. There is something wrong about her mouth. She frightens me.’

This remark, though made with the utmost carelessness, set me thinking, and after I had returned home, I wrote to *Miss Cook*, asking her to inquire of her guides who the little spirit was. She replied as follows: ‘Dear *Mrs. Ross-Church*, I have asked ‘Katie King’⁹ but she cannot tell me anything further about the spirit that came through me the other evening than that she is a young girl closely connected with yourself.”

I was not, however, yet convinced of the spirit's identity, although ‘*John Powles*’¹⁰ constantly assured me that it was my child. I tried hard to communicate with her at home, but without success. I find in the memoranda I kept of our private séances at that period several messages from ‘*Powles*’ referring to ‘*Florence*’. In one he says, ‘Your child's want of power to communicate with you is not because she is too pure, but because she is too weak. She will speak to you some day. She is not in heaven.’

This last assertion, knowing so little as I did of a future state, both puzzled and grieved me. I could not believe that an innocent infant was not in the Beatific Presence yet I could not understand what motive my friend could have in leading me astray. I had yet to learn that once received into Heaven¹¹ no spirit could return to earth, and that a spirit may have a training¹² to undergo, even though it has never committed a mortal sin.

A further proof, however, that my dead child had never died was to reach me from a quarter where I least

⁸ Short for Florence.

⁹ One of the control spirits photographed by *Professor Crookes* numerous times.

¹⁰ Her friend who had passed away in India.

¹¹ The higher levels of development are meant here.

¹² In the sense of a refinement or upward development.

expected it. I was editor of the magazine 'London Society' at that time, and amongst my contributors was *Dr. Keningale Cook*, who had married *Mabel Collins*, the now well-known writer of spiritualistic novels. One day *Dr. Cook* brought me an invitation from his wife (whom I had never met) to spend Saturday to Monday with them in their cottage at Redhill, and I accepted it, knowing nothing of the proclivities of either of them, and they knowing as little of my private history as I did of theirs.

And I must take this opportunity to observe that, at this period, I had never made my lost child the subject of conversation even with my most intimate friends. The memory of her life and death, and the troubles that caused it, was not a happy one, and of no interest to any but myself. So little, therefore, had it been discussed amongst us that until '*Florence*' reappeared to revive the topic, my elder children were ignorant that their sister had been marked in any way differently from themselves. It may, therefore, be supposed how unlikely it was that utter strangers and public media should have gained any inkling of the matter.

I went down to Redhill, and as I was sitting with the Keningale Cook's after dinner, the subject of Spiritualism came on the tapis, and I was informed that the wife was a powerful trance medium, which much interested me, as I had not, at that period, had any experience of her particular class of mediumship.

In the evening we 'sat' together, and Mrs. Cook having become entranced, her husband took shorthand notes of her utterances. Several old friends of their family spoke through her, and I was listening to them in the listless manner in which we hear the conversation of strangers, when my attention was aroused by the medium suddenly leaving her seat, and falling on her knees before me, kissing my hands and face, and sobbing violently the while. I waited in expectation of hearing who this might be, when the manifestations as suddenly ceased, the medium returned to her seat, and the voice of one of her guides said that the spirit was unable to speak through excess of emotion, but would try again later in the evening.

I had almost forgotten the circumstance in listening to other communications, when I was startled by hearing the word 'Mother' sighed rather than spoken. I was about to make some excited reply, when the medium raised her hand to enjoin silence, and the following communication was taken down by *Mr. Cook* as she pronounced the words. The sentences in parentheses are my replies to her.

'Mother! I am 'Florence'.' I must be very quiet. I want to feel I have a mother still. I am so lonely. Why should I be so? I cannot speak well. I want to be like one of you. I want to feel I have a mother and sisters. I am so far away from you all now.'

('But I always think of you, my dear dead baby.')

'That's just it — your baby. But I'm not a baby now. I shall get nearer. They tell me I shall. I do not know if I can come when you are alone. It's all so dark. I know you are there, but only dimly. I've grown all by myself. I'm not really unhappy, but I want to get nearer you. I know you think of me, but you think of me as a baby. You don't know me as I am. You've seen me, because in my love I have forced myself upon you. I've not been amongst the flowers yet, but I shall be, very soon now; but I want my mother to take me there. All has been given me that can be given me, but I cannot receive it, except in so far...'

Here she seemed unable to express herself.

('Did the trouble I had before your birth affect your spirit, *Florence*?')

'Only as things cause each other; I was with you, mother, all through that trouble. I should be nearer to you, than any child you have, if I could only get close to you.'

('I can't bear to hear you speak so sadly, dear. I have always believed that at least, were happy in Heaven.')

'I am not in Heaven! But there will come a day, mother - I can laugh when I say it - when we shall go to heaven together and pick blue flowers - blue flowers. They¹³ are so good to me here, but if your eye cannot bear the daylight you cannot see the buttercups and daisies.'

I did not learn till afterwards that in the spiritual language blue flowers are typical of happiness. The next question I asked her was if she thought she could write through me.

¹³ "They" doesn't refer to flowers, but to other spirit beings.

'I don't seem able to write through you, but why, I know not.'

('Do you know your sisters, Eva and Ethel?')

'No, no!' in a weary voice. 'The link of sisterhood is only through the mother. That kind of sisterhood does not last, because there is a higher.'

('Do you ever see your father?')

'No, he is far, far away. I went once, not more. Mother, dear, he'll love me when he comes here. They've told me so, and they always tell truth here! I am but a child, yet not so very little. I seem composed of two things - a child in ignorance and a woman in years. Why can't I speak at other places? I have wished and tried! I've come very near, but it seems so easy to speak now. This medium seems so different.'

('I wish you could come to me when I am alone, *'Florence'*')

'You shall know me! I will come, mother, dear. I shall always be able to come here. I do come to you, but not in the same way." She spoke in such a plaintive, melancholy voice that *Mrs. Cook*, thinking she would depress my spirits, said, 'Don't make your stale out to be sadder than it really is.'

Her reply was very remarkable.

'I am, as I am! Friend, when you come here, if you find that sadness is, you will not be able to alter it by plunging into material pleasures. Our sadness makes the world we live in. It is not deeds that make us wrong. It is the state in which we were born. Mother, you say I died sinless. That is nothing. I was born into a state. Had I lived, I should have caused you more pain than you can know. I am better here. I was not fit to battle with the world, and they took me from it. Mother, you won't let this make you sad. You must not.'

('What can I do to bring you nearer to me?')

'I don't know what will bring me nearer, but I'm helped already by just talking to you. There's a ladder of brightness - every step. I believe I've gained just one step now. Oh, the divine teachings are so mysterious. Mother, does it seem strange to you to hear your 'baby ' say things as if she knew them? I'm going now. Good-bye.'

And so *'Florence'* went.

The next voice that spoke was that of a guide of the medium, and I asked her for a personal description of my daughter as she then appeared. She replied:

'Her face is downcast. We have tried to cheer her, but she is very sad. It is the state in which she was born. Every physical deformity is the mark of a condition. A weak body is not necessarily the mark of a weak spirit, but the prison of it, because the spirit might be too passionate otherwise. You cannot judge in what way the mind is deformed because the body is deformed. It does not follow that a canker in the body is a canker in the mind. But the mind may be too exuberant - may need a canker to restrain it.'

I have copied this conversation, word for word, from the shorthand notes taken at the time of utterance and when it is remembered that neither *Mrs. Keningale Cook* nor her husband knew that I had lost a child - that they had never been in my house nor associated with any of my friends - it will at least be acknowledged, even by the most sceptical, that it was a very remarkable coincidence that I should receive such a communication from the lips of a perfect stranger. Only once after this did *'Florence'* communicate with me through the same source. She found congenial media nearer home, and naturally availed herself of them.

But the second occasion was almost more convincing than the first.

I went one afternoon to consult my solicitor in the strictest confidence as to how I should act under some very painful circumstances, and he gave me his advice. The next morning as I sat at breakfast, *Mrs. Cook*,

who was still living at Redhill, ran into my room with an apology for the lack of ceremoniousness of her visit, on the score that she had received a message for me the night before which '*Florence*' had begged her to deliver without delay. The message was to this effect:

'Tell my mother that I was with her this afternoon at the lawyer's and she is not to follow the advice given her, as it will do harm instead of good.'

Mrs. Cook added:

'I don't know to what '*Florence*' alludes, of course, but I thought it best, as I was coming to town, to let you know at once.'

The force of this anecdote does not lie in the context. The mystery is contained in the fact of a secret interview having been overheard and commented upon. But then truth is, that having greater confidence in the counsel of my visible guide than in that of my invisible one, I abided by the former, and regretted it ever afterwards.

The first conversation I held with '*Florence*' had a great effect upon me. I knew before that my uncontrolled grief had been the cause of the untimely death of her body, but it had never struck me that her spirit would carry the effects of it into the unseen world. It was a warning to me (as it should be to all mothers) not to take the solemn responsibility of maternity upon themselves without being prepared to sacrifice their own feelings for the sake of their children. '*Florence*' assured me, however, that communion with myself in my improved condition of happiness would soon lift her spirit from its state of depression, and consequently I seized every opportunity of seeing and speaking with her.

During the succeeding twelve months I attended numerous séances with various media, and my spirit child (as she called herself) never failed to manifest through the influence of any one of them, though, of course, in different ways. Through some she touched me only, and always with an infant's hand, that I might recognize it as hers, or laid her mouth against mine that I might feel the scar upon her lip; through others she spoke, or wrote, or showed her face, but I never attended a séance at which she omitted to notify her presence.

Once at a dark circle, held with *Mr. Charles Williams*¹⁴ after having had my dress and that of my next neighbour, *Lady Archibald Campbell*, pulled several times as if to attract our attention, the darkness opened before us, and there stood my child, smiling at us like a happy dream, her fair hair waving about her temples, and her blue eyes fixed on me.¹⁵ She was clothed in white, but we saw no more than her head and bust, about which her hands held her drapery. *Lady Archibald Campbell* saw her as plainly as I did.

On another occasion *Mr. William Eglinton*¹⁶ proposed to me to try and procure the spirit-writing on his arm. He directed me to go into another room and write the name of the friend I loved best in the spirit world upon a scrap of paper, which I was to twist up tightly and take back to him. I did so, writing the name of '*John Powles*'.

When I returned to *Mr. Eglinton*, he bared his arm, and holding the paper to the candle till it was reduced to tinder, rubbed his flesh with the ashes. I knew what was expected to ensue. The name written on the paper was to reappear in red or white letters on the medium's arm. The sceptic would say it was a trick of thought-reading, and that, the medium knowing what I had written, had prepared the writing during my absence. But to his surprise and mine, when at last he shook the ashes from his arm, we read, written in a bold, clear hand, the words – '*Florence is the dearest*' as though my spirit child had given me a gentle rebuke for writing any name but her own.

It seems curious to me now to look back and remember how melancholy she used to be when she first came back to me, for as soon as she had established an unbroken communication between us, she developed into the merriest little spirit I have ever known, and though her childhood has now passed away, and she is more dignified and thoughtful and womanly, she always appears joyous and happy. She has manifested largely to me through the mediumship of *Mr. Arthur Colman*.

¹⁴ English materialisation medium from the seventies of the 19th Century.

¹⁵ The phantom was self-illuminating, something often observed during materialisation.

¹⁶ English materialisation medium, from 1841 onwards, born in 1857.

I had known her, during a dark séance with a very small private circle (the medium being securely held and fastened the while) run about the room, like the child she was, and speak to and kiss each sitter in turn, pulling off the sofa and chair covers and piling them up in the middle of the table, and changing the ornaments of everyone present — placing the gentlemen's neckties round the throats of the ladies, and hanging the ladies' earrings in the buttonholes of the gentlemen's coats — just as she might have done had she been still with us, a happy, petted child, on earth. I have known her come in the dark and sit on my lap and kiss my face and hands, and let me feel the defect in her mouth with my own.

One bright evening on the 9th of July - my birthday - *Arthur Colman* walked in quite unexpectedly to pay me a visit, and as I had some friends with me, we agreed to have a séance. It was impossible to make the room dark, as the windows were only shaded by Venetian blinds, but we lowered them, and sat in the twilight. The first thing we heard was the voice of '*Florence*' whispering:

'A present for dear mother's birthday,'

When something was put into my hand. Then she crossed to the side of a lady present and dropped something into her hand, saying:

'And a present for dear mother's friend!'

I knew at once by the feel of it that what '*Florence*' had given me was a chaplet of beads, and knowing how often, under similar circumstances, articles are merely carried about a room, I concluded it was one which lay upon my drawing room mantelpiece, and said as much.

I was answered by the voice of '*Aimee*', the medium's nearest control.

'You are mistaken' she said, '*Florence*' has given you a chaplet you have never seen before. She was exceedingly anxious to give you a present on your birthday, so I gave her the beads which were buried with me. They came from my coffin. I held them in my hand. All I ask is, that you will not show them to *Arthur* until I give you leave. He is not well at present, and the sight of them will upset him.'

I was greatly astonished, but, of course, I followed her instructions, and when I had an opportunity to examine the beads, I found that they really were strangers to me, and had not been in the house before.

The present my lady friend had received was a large, unset topaz.

The chaplet was made of carved wood and steel. It was not till months had elapsed that I was given permission to show it to *Arthur Colman*. He immediately recognized it as the one he had himself placed in the hands of '*Aimee*' as she lay in her coffin, and when I saw how the sight affected him, I regretted I had told him anything about it. I offered to give the beads up to him, but he refused to receive them, and they remain in my possession to this day.

But the great climax that was to prove beyond all question the personal identity of the spirit who communicated with me, with the body I had brought into the world, was yet to come.

Mr. William Harrison, the editor of the *Spiritualist* (who, after seventeen years' patient research into the science of Spiritualism, had never received a personal proof of the return of his own friends, or relations) wrote me word that he had received a message from his lately deceased friend, *Mrs. Stewart*, to the effect that if he would sit with the medium, *Florence Cook*, and one or two harmonious companions, she would do her best to appear to him in her earthly likeness and afford him the test he had so long sought after.

Mr. Harrison asked me, therefore, if I would join him and *Miss Kidlingbury* - the secretary to the British National Association of Spiritualists - in holding a séance with *Miss Cook*, to which I agreed and we met in one of the rooms of the Association for that purpose. It was a very small room, about 8 feet by 16 feet¹⁷ was uncarpeted and contained no furniture, so we carried in three cane-bottomed chairs for our accommodation. Across one corner of the room, about four feet from the floor, we nailed an old black shawl, and placed a cushion behind it for *Miss Cook* to lean her head against.

¹⁷ 1 foot = 30.48 cm

Miss Florence Cook, who is a brunette, of a small, slight figure, with dark eyes and hair which she wore in a profusion of curls, was dressed in a high grey merino, ornamented with crimson ribbons. She informed me previous to sitting, that she had become restless during her trances lately, and in the habit of walking out amongst the circle, and she asked me as a friend (for such we had by that time become) to scold her well should such a thing occur, and order her to go back into the cabinet as if she were 'a child or a dog'¹⁸ and I promised her I would do so.

After *Florence Cook* had sat down on the floor, behind the black shawl (which left her grey merino skirt exposed), and laid her head against the cushion, we lowered the gas a little, and took our seats on the three cane chairs.

The medium appeared very uneasy at first, and we heard her remonstrating with the influences for using her so roughly. In a few minutes, however, there was a tremulous movement of the black shawl, and a large white hand was several times thrust into view and withdrawn again. I had never seen *Mrs. Stewart* (for whom we were expressly sitting) in this life, and could not, therefore, recognize the hand; but we all remarked how large and white it was. In another minute the shawl was lifted up, and a female figure crawled on its hands and knees from behind it, and then stood up and regarded us. It was impossible, in the dim light and at the distance she stood from us, to identify the features, so *Mr. Harrison* asked if she were *Mrs. Stewart*. The figure shook its head. I had lost a sister a few months previously, and the thought flashed across me that it might be her. 'Is it you, Emily?' I asked, but the head was still shaken to express a negative, and a similar question on the part of *Miss Kidlingbury*, with respect to a friend of her own, met with the same response.

¹⁸ Ergo, move behind the curtain.



Translation of inserted caption: Florence Cook in a trance with a materialised phantom figure behind her. The phantom is completely veiled and possibly still in the process of development. The photo is from 1874 from Professor William Crookes and represents a similar situation as the one found with Mrs. Marryat the difference being that the head of the medium is resting on a low chair instead of a cushion.

‘Who can it be?’ I remarked curiously to *Mr. Harrison*.

‘Mother, don't you know me?’ sounded in ‘*Florence's*’ whispering voice.

I started up to approach her, exclaiming, ‘Oh, my darling child! I never thought I should meet you here!’

But she said: ‘Go back to your chair, and I will come to you!’

I sat down again and ‘*Florence*’ crossed the room and sat down on my lap. She was more unclothed on that occasion than any materialized spirit I have ever seen. She wore nothing on her head, only her hair, of which she appears to have an immense quantity, fell down her back and covered her shoulders. Her arms were bare and her feet and part of her legs, and the dress she wore had no shape or style, but seemed like so many yards of soft thick muslin, wound round her body from the bosom to below the knees. She was a heavy weight - perhaps ten stone - and had well-covered limbs. In fact, she was then, and has appeared for several years past, to be, in point of size and shape, so like her eldest sister Eva, that I always observe the resemblance between them. This séance took place at a period when ‘*Florence*’ must have been about seventeen years old.

‘*Florence*, my darling’ I said, ‘is this really you?’

‘Turn up the gas’ she answered, ‘and look at my mouth.’

Mr. Harrison did as she desired, and we all saw distinctly that peculiar defect with the lip with which she was born — a defect, be it remembered, which some of the most experienced members of the profession had affirmed to be ‘so rare as never to have fallen under their notice before’. She also opened her mouth that we might see she had no gullet.

I promised at the commencement of my book to confine myself to facts, and leave the deduction to be drawn from them to my readers, so I will not interrupt my narrative to make any remarks upon this incontrovertible proof¹⁹ of identity. I know it struck me dumb, and melted me into tears.

At this juncture *Miss Cook*, who had been moaning and moving about a good deal behind the black shawl, suddenly exclaimed, ‘I can’t stand this any longer’ and walked out into the room.

There she stood in her grey dress and crimson ribbons whilst ‘*Florence*’ sat on my lap in white drapery. But only for a moment, for directly the medium was fully in view, the spirit sprung up and darted behind the curtain.

Recalling *Miss Cook’s* injunctions to me, I scolded her heartily for leaving her seat, until she crept back, whimpering, to her former position.

The shawl had scarcely closed behind her before ‘*Florence*’ reappeared and clung to me, saying, ‘don’t let her do that again. She frightens me so’. She was actually trembling all over. ‘Why, *Florence*’, I replied. ‘Do you mean to tell me you are frightened of your medium? In this world it is we poor mortals who are frightened of the spirits’. ‘I am afraid she will send me away, mother’, she whispered.

However, *Miss Cook* did not disturb us again, and ‘*Florence*’ stayed with us for some time longer.

She clasped her arms round my neck, and laid her head upon my bosom, and kissed me dozens of times. She took my hand and spread it out, and said she felt sure I should recognize her hand when she thrust it outside the curtain, because it was so much like my own.

I was suffering much trouble at that time, and ‘*Florence*’ told me the reason.

God had permitted her to show herself to me in her earthly deformity was so that I might be sure that she was herself, and that Spiritualism was a truth to comfort me. ‘Sometimes you doubt, mother’, she said ‘and think your eyes and ears have misled you; but after this you must never doubt again. Don’t fancy I am like this in the spirit land. The blemish left me long ago. But I put it on to-night to make you certain. Don’t fret, dear mother. Remember I am always near you. No one can take me away. Your earthly children may grow up and go out into the world and leave you, but you will always have your spirit child close to you.’

I did not, and cannot, calculate for how long ‘*Florence*’ remained visible on that occasion. *Mr. Harrison* told me afterwards that she had remained *for nearly twenty minutes*. But her undoubted presence was such a stupendous fact to me, that I could only think that:

She was there - that I actually held in my arms the tiny infant I had laid with my own hands in her coffin - that she was no more dead than I was myself, but had grown to be a woman.

So I sat, with my arms tight round her, and my heart beating against hers, until the power decreased, and ‘*Florence*’ was compelled to give me a last kiss and leave me stupefied and bewildered by what had so unexpectedly occurred. Two other spirits materialized and appeared after she had left us, but as neither of them was *Mrs. Stewart*, the séance, as far as *Mr. Harrison* was concerned, was a failure.

I have seen and heard ‘*Florence*’ on numerous occasions since the one I have narrated, but not with the mark upon her mouth, which she assures me will never trouble either of us again. I could fill pages with

¹⁹ What is meant here is the similarity between the spirit being and the deceased.

accounts of her pretty, caressing ways and her affectionate and sometimes solemn messages. But I have told as much of her story as will interest the general reader. It has been wonderful to me to mark how her ways and mode of communication have changed with the passing years. It was a simple child who did not know how to express itself that appeared to me in 1873. It is a woman full of counsel and tender warning that comes to me in 1890. But yet she is only *nineteen*.

When she reached that age, 'Florence' told me she should never grow any older in years or appearance, and that she had reached the climax of womanly perfection in the spirit world.

Only tonight - the night of Christmas Eve - as I write her story, she comes to me and says, 'Mother, you must not give way to sad thoughts. The Past is past. Let it be buried in the blessings that remain to you.'

And amongst the greatest of those blessings I reckon is my belief in the existence of my spirit-child."

The only question that can be asked in regards to these impressive experiences and narrations by Mrs. *Marryat* is:

Is convincing evidence about the survival of a deceased person conceivable, the way it has been presented here?

My opinion is that this is not the case. What is furthermore remarkable is that as a small infant, the deceased child retained its deformity for some time in the hereafter and that it only lost it during its growth process, but that it could sporadically reproduce it. Furthermore, this child experienced worries in the hereafter and did not immediately enter a state of eternal bliss.

A perpetrator of suicide attaches himself to a psychic medium

Decedents, those that die without prior knowledge of their otherworldly survival, often roam around in dreary regions in the hereafter or they find it impossible to detach themselves from the mundane Earth and therefore attach themselves to psychic people.

I described a traffic accident with fatal consequences in Booklet 2 of the *Wegbegleiter* 2002, wherein three adolescent girls lost their life and in their distress attached themselves to the psychically gifted Mrs. A. and had to be calmed down so that they were prepared to obey their otherworldly helpers.

On the 6th of August 2002, a Mrs. G. from a neighbouring village, who had no inkling of her psychic predisposition, called me over the phone. On the 31th of July 2002, she had gone to the funeral of a past employer. He had taken his own life on the 28th of July 2002 by hanging himself. After the funeral was over, this lady felt a constant pain in her neck as if she had been strangled, aches that radiated to the region of her thoracic vertebra. As she had been under the care of a clairvoyant healer at that time, she proceeded to tell him about her sore throat. He told her that she must have recently been to a funeral. When she confirmed this and told him that the deceased had taken his own life, the healer said that this perpetrator of suicide had attached himself to her and had caused her this pain.

This lady only wanted to find out from me what she could do about this.

- *I explained to her that she should address her past employer in a loud voice and encourage him to pray to God to ask for his forgiveness. She may furthermore tell him that he may ask for otherworldly helpers to take him away from this earth and from her. She should also ask God to help this unfortunate person.*

This lady did however not dare to follow this advice. She therefor asked her healer to undertake this assignment on her behalf. He succeeded in calling otherworldly helpers and they led the perpetrator of suicide to the region specified for him. This lady was subsequently free of pain.

The souls of aborted children show themselves to a psychic person

On the 14th of May, 2002, another lady telephoned me in regards to a similar matter, *Mrs. C.* (born in 1944) asked for advice and an appointment with me. She lived in Singen near Lake Constance and since 1996 had also had experiences with the deceased. She didn't just sense them, she often saw them clairvoyantly through her inner eyes, sometimes very clearly, sometimes only shadowy. The apparitions she sensed sometimes scared her. She now and again sensed that some women she encountered must have aborted a child. This little entity was then placed in her arms. She doesn't actually see this child, but she feels it in her arms. *Mrs. C.* reports:

"It happened in the summer of 1996 whilst I was engaged in making calculations for a concrete framework that I found a large, dark skinned friendly woman dressed in black standing next to me. I saw her with my inner eyes as if she was physical. She remained there a long time, but didn't speak. I continued working and when I turned around, this apparition was still there. She was no longer there later on.

On another summer's day in 1996, I walked through a busy street in Schaffhausen during my lunch break. I looked to my right because somebody was walking next to me. It was a friendly, middle-aged man, dressed in a dust coat in the style of the Thirties. I found out that his name was *Heinz*. He walked for a while next to me, didn't say anything and sometimes later was no longer there. I remember both apparitions very intensely, but without fear.

In the ensuing time I have had the impression of not being alone once in a while, but I couldn't see anybody. I personally thought that I was multiple and I tried to become whole again. I increasingly drew back from society, prayed often and I had the urge to go to the cemetery to pray for somebody, for instance for my ancestors. A lot of the deceased turned up asking me to do something for them. Deceased people from my family and also those that were unknown to me. I also gained the impression that the living around me would often influence me and suck energy from me.

All of this sounds chimerical, but it has remained like this to this day and this is why I write this on the 24th of May, 2002 with a clear head. When I last saw you on the 3rd of July 2002 we talked about writing things down, for instance about the kids:

On Saturday the 29th of June 2002 I accepted the invitation of an organisation, mainly for women, to one of its meetings. The meeting began at 10am. I mingled with a lot of other women in the foyer prior to the meeting. After about 30 minutes had passed, I could no longer stand it. I felt strangely pressed and my head felt very woozy, even though no alcohol was served. I had to leave the room and sat in an empty lecture room. I was better here. I found it very difficult to concentrate after that and it was quite strenuous for me to follow the interesting lectures. Overall, there would have been over 300 women of all ages present, but the majority would have been under 40. At the end of the meeting, at around 4pm, I walked back to the city centre where my husband waited for me. All the way there I had the impression of carrying a very heavy burden. This feeling remained with me the whole day into the evening and I didn't know what this burden was all about.

The following day, Sunday the 30th of June 2002, was my husband's birthday and I was very busy. Early Monday morning, the 1st of July 2002, I woke up with such severe back pain that I could hardly dress myself. I could hardly move, but despite the very severe pain I still went to work to Constance. During the course of the day I noticed and I knew that a lot of little children were around me, embryos, maybe aborted ones? They belonged to the women that had been with me at the women's academy in Constance. They had fled to be near me or they had just turned up. I didn't actually see them, I only felt their presence. Their large number terrified me and I was perplexed. Only individual or sometimes only a few children had been around me before. I didn't know what had to be done, they crowded me from all sides. I prayed for them and for myself also.

By Monday afternoon something else entered the picture, a sense of impending doom, a terrible foreboding, but I couldn't find out what it was. I remained in this state of mind until Tuesday morning, the 2nd of July 2002. I heard on the news about a plane crash near Überlingen, where two planes had collided in mid-air through a chain of unfortunate circumstance and where 71 people lost their life, amongst them were 49 children from Bashkiria. I did however not associate this calamity with my foreboding.

Tuesday morning, the 2nd of July, I asked you over the telephone for an appointment. What I could do for the children from last Saturday became clear to me during the course of the morning. I would go to the forest during my lunch break and I would pray for the children so they would be collected by somebody friendly from the hereafter, the way it happened in the past. I still had severe back pain and I could only move about with great difficulties. So I walked on a solid forest path for about 1.5km and I prayed for the children that were with me. What astonished me was that the embryos had grown into infants and they crowded around my hands. All of us had a good look around the forest and along the path we took to the botanic garden. This seemed to please them very much. I then returned and I asked for a place for them in the hereafter whilst I prayed. I then went back to work. At some stage during the afternoon I sensed that these children were no longer with me.

On Wednesday the 3rd of July 2002, I came to you Professor Schiebeler in Torkenweiler. I still suffered from serious back pain and found it difficult to sit. Besides, I had a feeling that I had not arrived by myself. I did however not know who else was with me. We talked to one another, we prayed after and there was also music. Towards the end of the prayer I sensed and also saw how a door open on my right hip at waist height, where the pain was greatest, like from a plane at great height. People prepared to jump off. I saw two. I told you, professor about it. I did not associate this with the crash of the Tupolew/Boeing on the 1st of July 2002 to begin with. I then went home, taking the bus to Weissenau, stop Torplatz. I went to the station on foot in order to travel by train via Friedrichshafen to Singen.

I now sensed that I had to say something on English. I am however not very good at this. I had to tell the beings that were around me that they had crashed to earth in their plane and this from a great height. That they were now dead and that they were about to enter eternity. Due to the fact that they were no longer able to do anything here on Earth, they would have the opportunity to make a new start, if they were so inclined. All of them, young and old, were very shocked. They took note of what I said. A few minutes passed, I then also told them that this had to be explained in Russian to those that did not speak English. I then drove home to W.

During the night from Wednesday to Thursday my back pain abated. On Thursday the 4th of July 2002. I took the train back to work in Constance. In transit, circa 7.30am near the Allensbach, I suddenly realised that there were two pilots present. I saw them in their uniform, but as if through a haze. I told them in German that they should proceed to the otherworldly room, as they had crashed near Überlingen in South Germany. They immediately did as I asked. That was the end of it. I now knew that I no longer had to do anything more. The handwritten notes to this text were written by me in the afternoon of the 4th of July 2002."

These reports, as others do also, show that with accidents, the deceased often do not find the way to the otherworldly world, but that they initially remain near the scene of the accident full of dismay and that they try to draw the attention of psychically gifted people, if such people are around. What is particularly impressive is that spirit beings already prepared for a terrestrial birth, but can longer experience it due to an abortion, sometimes still *remain connected* with their predetermined mother before they are guided to the region for stillbirth children in order to continue their development.

- *This is why every expectant mother should seriously contemplate an intended abortion and not assume that the foetus is just an inanimate object that one can get rid of without consequences.*

Mrs. C. has now recognised that she cannot simply discard her psychic ability that she has dealt with rather helplessly and sometimes fearfully to begin with. She has learned to deal with it and now sees it as her assignment to provide spiritual help and show the right path to those that draw

her attention. – The reports presented here do not answer all questions about birth and death. They do however show certain conditions and possibilities and thereby provide an impetus to arrange one's terrestrial life accordingly.

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The translator does not know whether the books listed below are also available in English.

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