

Incredible Aptitude

P.M. Doucé

With a Foreword by H.K. Panjwani, M.D.

Incredible Alliance

P.M. Doucé

What is in store for the soul after death? Does the mind go on and join with a greater intelligence? Have the dead something urgently important to say to the living? What is their message?

In this fascinating and thought-provoking book, these and other questions are probed. Answers to many questions are provided, as well as encouragement, both in prose and poetry, transmitted by T. S. Eliot and others. This volume results from a sincere quest for meaningful truths about life and death, the progression of the soul, and contact with higher levels of consciousness.

"There is another birth in the far land of the spirit, where serenity and joy are the timepieces of existence"—so says Eliot to the author. He speaks to her of psychic development, of the yearnings of the soul for oneness, of the Family of Spirit, of Infinite Intelligence, of God. Intelligence lives on in other planes, other dimensions, where the Christ-consciousness exists and where all souls find the greatest of all truths and joys—*love*.

*With a Foreword by
Harry K. Panjwani, M.D.*

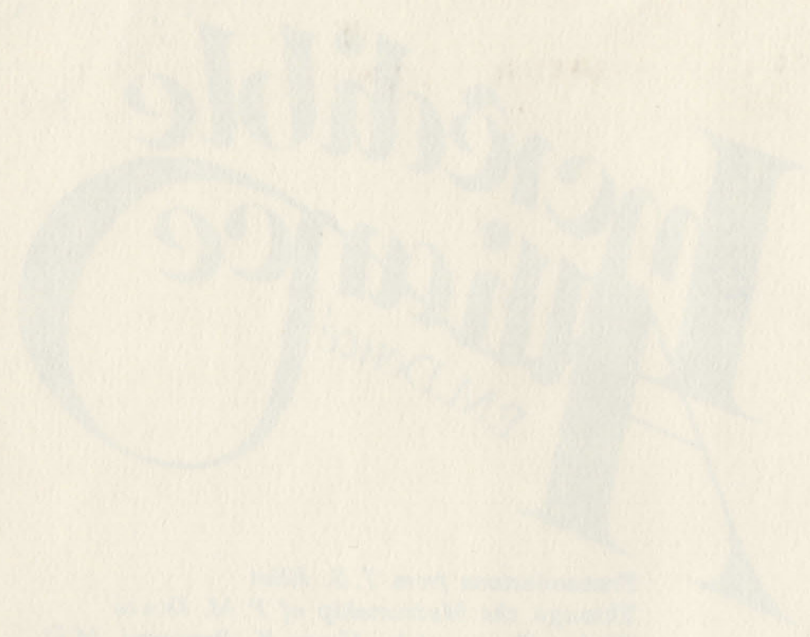
To Emma
most sincerely
P. M. Doucé

Incredible Alliance

P. M. Doucé

*Transmissions from T. S. Eliot
Through the Mediumship of P. M. Doucé
With a Foreword by Harry K. Panjwani, M.D.*

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Who entrusted a rare privilege to an amateur.

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FOREWORD

If one *you* love is no longer living, it is likely that you have asked some of the questions that P. M. Doucé asked in the spring of 1968, long before she had the remotest idea of writing a book, much less a book composed of pages containing prose and poetry written by others while she merely supported the pen.

It is a rare human who has not, at one time or another, been interested in what lies beyond the "last breath." Curiosity and concern about the "aftermath" of life on earth are as old as mankind and as widespread as human settlements, large or small. In many cultures, whether "primitive" or highly developed, more attention was and/or is paid to the afterlife than to life itself. Preparation for death has played a major role in some cultures; see, for instance, *The Egyptian Book of the Dead* and *The Tibetan Book of the Dead*. In certain societies there exists a deep and lasting feeling, or tradition, of closeness and harmony with nature, seen and unseen, including relationships after death. Some of the concepts found in American Indian legends express this attitude with great beauty. In any comparative study of mankind, despite the time—centuries B.C. or A.D.—and place—Asia, Pacific Islands, South America, etc.—it has been found that much of the native life, customs, mores, and rituals revolve around the respective concept of the afterlife.

Concern for the "dead" is not lacking in the major Western

religions, but it ordinarily plays a much lesser role in daily life than is the case with followers of the more ancient Eastern religions, and death as a topic of conversation is usually avoided. *Kadish*, or prayer for the dead, has been said by Hebrews for centuries; Catholics—both Roman and Orthodox—have offered masses for the dead for fewer centuries; and members of the various Protestant denominations pray for their loved dead. Despite the many references in the Bible to eternal life, it is expected by many followers of one or another of these religions, if they give any thought to death at all, that death marks the end of consciousness, even if not of the continuity of the soul. Large numbers pay only lip service to life eternal; meanwhile, they behave according to the precept “Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we shall die.”

Not infrequently does it happen that the passing—sudden or gradual—of a loved one initiates questions about death and what, if anything, lies beyond—questions previously of little or no interest. In the case of Ms. Doucé, it was not only her friend’s death, but the manner of that death, which caused her so much inner turmoil.

Out of chaos order can come, and out of turmoil searching can come. This volume is a record of the first months of a conscious search. It was that search and its appeal for help that called forth response, a response that came via automatic writing.

Automatic writing is not unlike the writing done with a planchette on a Ouija board. Some individuals who at first receive messages on the Ouija then shift to automatic writing, which, once well established, has also been known to be received on the typewriter. None of these types, however, is to be confused with inspirational writing. Those individuals who receive messages on the Ouija or in automatic writing lend the use of their arms, hands, and fingers to the communicator(s). (Automatic and inspirational painting, although not common, are not unknown.)

In the course of inspirational writing, words flash through the conscious mind rapidly and are taken down verbatim by the recipient under his or her own motive power as sensed or heard. Such words may or may not actually be heard inside the head. It may be difficult, at first, for the person receiving inspi-

ration writing to identify it as such; in the early stages, especially, pieces received are likely to be brief and may be thought to originate in the conscious mind. However, there is a rhythm, even in prose, and a beauty to inspirational writing that is easily recognized and cannot be mistaken for conscious thinking, which seldom is marked by rhythm and felicity of phraseology. It is probable that many great literary works, particularly the metaphysical poems of some poets, *e.g.*, Donne, Blake, Tennyson, Whitman, Eliot, were received inspirationally. Similarly with great art, whatever the form: painting, sculpture, music. And let us not omit at least some of the great inventions, since more than one inventor has credited his breakthrough to a “hunch,” “brainstorm,” or “intuition” totally unrelated to earlier thinking.

Automatic writing is ordinarily regarded as a psychic phenomenon. What today is called *psychic phenomena* and has at long last gained acceptance, at least those portions subsumed under the term *extrasensory perception* for study in many colleges and universities, is as old as mankind. Only terminology has changed. Jesus himself performed acts which today would be called psychic. Since *psychic* and *spiritual* are not synonymous, His acts would more preferably be referred to as spiritual. Paul, in his first letter to the Corinthians, chapter 12, speaks of spiritual gifts. Beginning in the first verse, Paul says, “Now concerning spiritual gifts, brethren, I would not have you ignorant.” Continuing, in the fourth verse he says, “Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit.” He gives emphasis to the fact that, whatever the gift, they have their sources in one and the same Spirit. Reading from verse 7 through verse 13, Paul elaborates: “But the manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal. For to one is given by the Spirit the word of wisdom; to another the word of knowledge by the same Spirit; To another faith by the same Spirit; to another the gifts of healing by the same Spirit; To another the working of miracles; to another prophecy; to another discerning of spirits; to another divers kinds of tongues; to another the interpretation of tongues: But all these worketh that one and the selfsame Spirit, dividing to every man severally as he will. For as the body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of

that one body, being many, are one body: so also is Christ. For by one Spirit are we all baptized into one body, whether we be Jews or Gentiles. . . .”

Later in the same chapter, we find, in verse 28, “And God hath set some in the church, first apostles, secondarily prophets, thirdly teachers, after that miracles, then gifts of healing, helps, governments, diversities of tongues. Are all apostles? are all prophets? are all teachers? are all workers of miracles? Have all the gifts of healing? do all speak with tongues? do all interpret?” In the final verse, 31, of chapter 12, Paul takes the opportunity to identify a better way: “But covet earnestly the best gifts: and yet shew I unto you a more excellent way.”

He then gives us one of the most beautiful, best-known and loved chapters in the Bible, chapter 13. Having listed various spiritual gifts and emphasized their common source, he now declares, concerning such gifts, in verse 2, “And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.” The word *charity* is often replaced by the word *love* throughout this chapter.

If we accept Paul’s teaching that all spiritual gifts, which we now call—or miscall—psychic phenomena come from the same Spirit, no credit can be sought by the recipient of such a gift, since that individual is a channel only; for instance, a gift of healing does not make one a healer, only a healing channel. The why and how of such gifts remain a mystery, except in those Oriental religions that offer explanation by way of Karma and reincarnation. Edgar Cayce, “the sleeping prophet,” and a devout believer according to Western teachings, did not himself believe in Karma or reincarnation; however, during hundreds of the readings that he gave while in trance, information would be presented through him about one or more past lives and/or the Karma of the individual seeking the reading from Cayce. It was possible in many cases for individuals to obtain verification of such information from past records, etc.

No comments are necessary concerning the step-by-step learning of Ms. Doucé regarding both the procedure of cooper-

ation and the information received. The entire book itself is adequate testimony of both. In addition, the sincerity and intensity of her search cannot but impress the reader.

Ms. Doucé is to be admired for her patience, persistence, and cooperation with the communicators. These characteristics are absolutely essential to the success of any such collaboration. She was fortunate in “being sought out” by Eliot, and later by more and more who joined “the Group.” It takes a good deal of time and numerous sittings to build a strong bridge, impervious to cracks, between two or more dimensions. Not always is sufficient force available for the writing to proceed. And the chance of “interference” is not to be ignored. Many periods are required for the Control to develop and *maintain* control throughout the communication sessions. Among the large numbers *wanting* and trying to be communicators, some there are who have little regard for the means to that end. Death does not graduate the soul to perfection, and certainly perfection is not achieved instantaneously.

In some of the transmissions, Eliot’s control is observed to be less than complete, for instance, in the March 30 message, in which he commented, “How they interfere.” It is not clear whether he was refraining from exercising control by exclusion of the others, perhaps for purposes of *their* learning, or unable, at will, to prevent “kibitzers” from butting in. It is possible that certain weather conditions make transmission easy and that others cause difficulty, the latter more subject to interruption by would-be communicators. Participants in automatic writing might wish to keep a record of temperature, humidity, air pressure, snow, rain, etc., along with the respective transmission.

We notice, in the earlier transmissions especially, the rambling and uncompleted thought that is characteristic of much automatic writing and also of work on the Ouija, particularly in the first several efforts. Training of communicators is necessary, just as is training of the receiver. It is this rambling and vagueness that dishearten many on earth who would like to cooperate with communicators. The necessity of patience, persistence, and a positive attitude cannot be stressed too strongly.

One rare feature of these messages is the repetition of words and of some phrases. Such repetition may be attributable to Eliot's poetic gift and ear. Not surprisingly, the spelling received was British in the cases of American spelling being different; spelling has been changed to the American form.

The messages have much to give the reader, not only in terms of the information, knowledge, and wisdom—and, hopefully, solace to those in need of it—provided in the many dictation periods, but also an appreciation of Ms. Doucé and her inexhaustible patience, cooperation, and eagerness to learn. When one recalls that she knew nothing of automatic writing in the spring of 1968, when the circumstances occurred that led to this book, and then views the wealth of wisdom presented herein through her collaborative efforts (through the recording of May 21, 1970), one can only express the deepest appreciation to Ms. Doucé for making possible the boon this book will, it is hoped, prove to be to many.

I wish to acknowledge my sincere thanks to Mary K. Fontaine for stimulating my interest in scientific investigation of psychic phenomena and spiritual truth. I hope that this book will help, in no small measure, to guide my wife and children, as they grow older, toward more understanding of the unity of all life, seen and unseen.

Harry K. Panjwani, M.D.
October 14, 1974

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PREFACE

A telephone call near midnight in the spring of 1968 triggered the efforts resulting in this volume. In a painful relay of words and during a series of unusual experiences, I came to confront a need deep within us all, a need to find meaningful truths about life after death.

My beloved friend was gone, and by unnatural causes, leading me to delve deeply into my established convictions of the destiny of the soul.

Since my formal religious training offered her only eternal damnation, I found myself unable to accept this hopeless state for anyone I held so close to my heart. Hence, besides the experience of the emotional depression of a personal loss, I was shocked into the reality that what I had thought I believed I did not believe. And so I struggled inwardly, torn in two directions, in my concern for an individual soul, and in a re-examination of conscience regarding my heretofore staunch religious convictions.

For weeks after her death, I felt her presence very near, with the idea persisting doggedly in my thoughts that she wanted to tell me something important. Reluctantly, I assented. There was only one way now to allow her to communicate.

She came through briefly at a seance, saying, "I can come through you to help others," and "I can help you, if you . . . study."

Study what?! I stood before the book racks in the stores and

stared. One day, my hand reached toward Ruth Montgomery's *A Search for the Truth*. To me, the words of the "guides" were fascinating, as well as the account of her experiences with automatic writing.

My studying continued as I read book after book on the subject of life after death, and it broadened in my reading of many metaphysical works. Each book led me to find a thread of correlation of certain basics repeated by different minds meeting in agreement, with many years separating their publications.

During my months of study, I wrote, from time to time, both prose and poetry. Soon after my friend's passing, the following was written:

And the meadowlark sings
And what is so rare
To dare the darkness down?
Windless, cool
The saddened tones of gray mist
Envelop his being
But not to penetrate
No!
The ring of his urging
Carries out upon the mist
Too strong to slow the pace!

Cheer and joy
His state of mind
In the gray
In the never so new
This sound
Teetering on a branch
Wavering in its height.

Dare I to thrust my joy above the grief?
The gloom which binds my feet
To the clay of the earth
Dare I to smile in oneness
With all the beauty known?

Am I incapable of my own song
To blend with such courage?
Today
I do not know
Does my own song say
Tomorrow?
And listen then
To a mood to match
Such persistence.

And:

Please understand and let me linger
Setting aside the time
Of second, minute, hour
To somewhere beyond the dedication
Of our reality.

Only then
Do I see song
Hear color
Only then
Does the mind
Rendezvous with mind.

Please understand and let me linger
Over the real
That is here now
And yet to be.

As the months passed, I felt released from my friend's presence, and although I prayed for her soul often, I had no more misgivings as to her opportunities for progression and her soul's advancement. Such progressions were now a reality to me.

My writing efforts, after this release, produced the following:

September 20, 1968:

Fireplace ashes and embers glowing
Making a new city of their yellow redness

Lying beneath a swirling smoke
Which rises to another dimension.

What newness
Does that grayness go to?
Making its form adjust
To
What Heaven only knows!

September 22, 1968:

I am my own enigma
While pulling apart
What close notions I have in private
Dissecting emotions
Color or words
Which shall it be?
A little of both
Has brought you here where you are.

Now, it is a red barn
Against golden hay stacks
And bending wrecks of fences
That tug at the heart strings
But a train track remains quite parallel
No matter how long you teeter
On each side of the rail
They never will meet!

That is the delusion of life
Not
Just perspective!

In October came two more offerings. On the twenty-third:

Here come the colors!
Oranges, yellows, reds to make
An ordinary jagged leaf
Extraordinary!

Coldness brings a personal suffering
To every vein
Before the masterpiece!

Slightly the view
And then
The eagerness sets in
And those who have not
Dwelled upon the act
Are forced to stop and stare.

Amber reds and deeper tones of glorious hue
Come only after the shivering consequence
Of so much crisp air!
We see the magnificence
But do we see
The pain
Which brought it there?

On the twenty-eighth:

What does it matter
That you paint with words of color
Or write some pain-felt phrases onto page?
The soul yearns out
To put some new expression forth for view
It is its own success
In being
That is the subtle measure of achievement!

Stand back and view
God at work
With every vain attempt
Find HIM in every failure come alive
You made to please the crowd.
Leave the rest alone
To those who have not known
The growing pains
And seek their values
Upon each other's praise.

You are not
Until some other being
Says you are!
How foolish to have held yourself
Within such narrow molds.
Paint your canvas any way you please—
HE is within
Trying to let you know!
Worth is secondary.
Creation
Is what your soul is after!

Continue the conflict
Of that terrible struggle
And conclude
Oh, God!
I cannot endure!
I give up all those things
I've held so dear
And say
It is the end!

Be still!
And hear another voice which says
At last!
It is the beginning!

PART I

The Search Progresses

MY COLLABORATOR IS IDENTIFIED: T. S. ELIOT

How little do we know what lies ahead of the next turning in our journey through life! About a year after the passing of my friend, under circumstances which had such intense repercussions in my life, as described in the Preface, I had an opportunity to consult a psychic medium. It was then, through her, that I learned for the first time of the presence of an entity who was "working his way toward me" with the purpose of writing through me. My own writing efforts of poetry and prose were, in reality, examples of automatic writing, she said. Until then, I had experienced an "overlap of spirits," as more than one had tried to write through me, she added. This entity, however, would gain control in a matter of time and development, his and mine, until I wrote essays through his efforts.

He was described as a prematurely gray-haired man, with dark eyebrows, who was standing directly by my right shoulder. He was very sophisticated and distinguished in the field of journalism. My curiosity aroused, I asked for his name. She said, "Eliot." "Not T. S.!" I exclaimed. Her Control gave her, "Don't sell him short!" Naturally, even the possibility was pleasing. A Nobel Prize winner, seen or unseen, was an astounding plus to have as counsel!

She said that my training in prayer could be a bridge to truths which would replace my old ideas. I could reap the greatest benefits through prayer and meditation, she added.

My learning process went slowly. I read more. I did *study*.
And I continued in the writing efforts. No longer did I think
that they were mine alone. How fortunate I was to have such
teachings by Eliot, who had offered so much wisdom during his
recent life to so many! (The word *man* referred to all mankind
throughout our collaboration.)

Now recognizing our efforts as joint, I received in June and
July of 1969 the poems that follow.

On June 13, 1969, there came:

This life
This breath
This moment
These colors
Add them into an aura
I cannot see
Only respect.

Respect it
As reality
In faith
In knowledge
In the wisdom
I seek.

It is there
Electric in all its varieties
Blending into one sudden color
Giving me dimension
Dimension to seek another world
As vital
As useful
As present
As this one.

This I believe
I can grow on this
I can perceive a dualness

And find my double always near.
Merge
Fuse
And find us always apart
For one must only complement the other
In vagueness
Preparing the soul
Before
The heartbeat can follow!

This swirling moment of connection
Rarely here
Gone for the most part
Coupling only in moments
Of being lost
When intuition is far away
In that other form
And I have only 98¢ worth
On which to rely!

July 10, 1969:

Lines given over to better minds
To the pain of existence
To the joy of being Total
When smiles of solicitude
Are wiped clean over faces.

Yearn again
And make the letters vital
To the intellect
Touch the color
Universal to the soul
Bring all matters
Down into a handful of sand

Becoming
Tiny grains of knowledge
Lost in coarseness

Refined by the wind and sun
And touched by the water
Rushing over to bless it.
Amen. Amen. Amen.

Precious this perception
When there is no time
To please!

INITIAL TEACHINGS

In July of 1969, having studied and prayed and meditated and “written”—lending the use of my hand—I again visited the same psychic medium. A friend had become interested in having a consultation, and, at her request, I took her.

Again Eliot was described as being close at hand, as if he were standing just across the street and waiting. He was advancing toward his purpose of writing through me.

More than a year having passed since the 1968 turning in my life journey, now seemed an opportune time to review the spontaneous writing efforts I had experienced as far back as April 1968, after the death of my friend. I was surprised to see that they were writings which held phrases and wisdom far beyond my own comprehension, for at those times they had brought me only relief, not illumination of mind. This new information regarding contact, acquired through the medium, now moved the puzzle pieces closer together, offering a far more logical pattern, which was slowly unwinding its truths as I grew and as each effort became real.

In this more careful examination of previous efforts, I discovered that in the months of August and early September 1969 there had been dictations of short essays, offering specific counsel and instruction on such meaningful topics as psychic development, the yearnings of the soul, the transition of death, and what Eliot termed “the Family of Spirit.” All served his purpose of testing our ability to merge and transmit accurately,

as well as giving forth valuable aid in filling the voids of my own ignorance.

On Psychic Development

August 1, 1969:

Much has been said and written and played upon the subject of psychic development, but do we yet understand how the connection or link works with those forces still wanting expression, which live on the outer plane of the next dimension? How important it is to teach those willing to allow such forces a chance for expression, to develop their own psychic abilities, to allow the link to be built!

Education, yes, but the willingness to express the possibilities within us all, and to delve into the workings of the spirit and those forces still unknown. Do we not then become ourselves and many others gone on beyond our realm, becoming a true universality, combining our lesser developed psyche with those who have known the beyond, where we are all heading so quickly. Not one generation, but a plurality of generations, and no heredity other than an inheritance to all knowledge created by the efforts yet opened on this plane and helped along by the earnest forces from the next level of human development.

The outer zone called "death," which defies the word *life*, *living*, is so misconstrued . . . our great intelligence moves on, in spite of such ignorance and yearnings to cling to ideas which we have used in our physical growth and development. Open up your hearts and let the sun shine in. Yea, open up your *minds* and let the world of wisdom and knowledge penetrate to your *conscious* level. Allow the forces so near and so eager to teach to come to the fore. Give a time of day to your new lessons. Find a quiet corner to let me stay awhile and move your mind to the infinite pattern still so alien to your orthodox teachings.

What do the children say? Yes, youth are but children to those here who are watching the struggle. Why do they come to the *mind* for their answers, as instinctively as the young reach for the breast which feeds them physically? Look to the children for the instinct we have given up for our mask of maturity! How they yearn to expand the mind in shortcuts . . . drugs to do the traveling, rather than the longer route of psychic development!

But if we can show the little ones, the preschool age and young primary age we mean to open their creative world, which only they contact with any reality, we can cure their needs early and lead them away from the drugs of destruction, to an active participation in psychic force. Let them lead the way, and let us allow them their fantasies, and let us not humor them into submission to our life of ignorance, but let us grow with their vision of that double world right here with us. The colors, the senses of the wind blowing, aye, telling its secrets to the sensitive ear—listen for the answer in solitude and in patience, for we have so many steps to retrace. Let the children of God succumb to their true psychic nature, becoming imitators of Christ in all His miracles, efforts *acceptable*, to full psychic growth.

Let us see with our eyes which no longer see, as the Christ so clearly stated. Let us take Christ at His word, rather than all of *man's interpretation* of what He meant! Thou hast eyes and thou canst not see. The psychic world turning, moving, existing *without* us in our blindness. Make us people of awareness, so that we are truly living our lives as we were created, in the image of a total God, complete in *His* creativity, complete in *His* psychic development, in tune with all wisdom and all knowledge, seeing the aura of the world in all its magnificence of color!

The Yearnings of the Spirit

August 8, 1969:

What does the Spirit need to satisfy its yearning, here in our world of turmoil? What does the Soul yearn and cry out for, in its hunger for the truth to mend the broken stems of life's depressions?

How do we find the steps to take us up the path to the Golden Door of Opportunity, that door so rich and splendid, which swings each way, in and out, and waits for our weight to determine how it shall fling out for each of us?

So many times that silent door has appeared around us, waiting for a nudge to twist the fate of man. So unseeing are we of our chance for survival and improvement on to the newness of ideas fertile and budding in that step beyond the first thrust.

How do we see the shining glitter and the heavy solid backing yet to be ours for the asking? We step it one at a time, and stop along the progression to give acknowledgment to our *Tutor. Divine Intelligence* is here in the atmosphere of the probing, permeating the air we breathe, sucking in the gasps of the Children of God, giving outwardly in such abundance, yet we are unable to even see the glitter of the *finite*.

That Golden Door of Opportunity which anyone can reach swings out today for you and for me. Push up the pathway and trust (that) your salvation lies on the other side of yearning! Commit yourself to your dreams of the rainbow. Step into the color which yields to your desire. Let the impossible be a part of your daily living. Allow the unheard-of to become a gleam of life, a beacon to your doorway, to know life, to know your worth, to glimpse the magnificence of what you were intended to be.

Wake up and marvel at what God has offered to each of us. Wake up and be thankful by developing your total abilities. Step past the obvious to the known in the unknown. The Golden Door is there, not very far from your first quest, your first question, your first slight inspiration, of what your inheritance really is.

On Transition
August 22, 1969:

When do we want to be wanted by those we love? Only in moments or breaths of this life, in a few whispers of time, and we are gone to our other home, our dear country, our longed-for residence, where all the happy hands reach out and clasp our wavering one.

Why do we fear to be born again, into the friendship of the Universe, into the universality of wiser souls who rejoice in our faltering, wistful steps toward our oneness with God?

Herein does repose the yearning and longing for those so dear to our lives and heartbeats. How we stretch out our hands, to clasp the unknown bleakness of the atmosphere! Where are you, all my heart's desires, my kin and loved ones, friends and opponents for another turn at it? So near, so close, they cling to our sudden moments of insight, when they can approach us in daring.

We cannot know the Master Plan, but we can learn to seek the unknown, so near and waiting to be decoded! The numbers are simple, the urge, Divine! "Suffer the little children to come unto me." Children, children, run to your Father! *He* is beside you in your longing heart. *His* kindness touches the Will, and you *want* to believe. So *do* believe, and grow inwardly, grow from the inside out. Dare to dream again of your greater life, the inheritance which comes when our door is closed here on earth. And the angels sing a lullaby, and the harmony covers the sky, and in death, another birth in the far land of Spirit, where serenity and joy are the timepieces of existence!

On Oneness
September 2, 1969:

The reality of existence comes in the never-ending urge of the soul to communicate its longings and wait for its destiny in the quiet moments of connection—connection with the winds and the rush of the water upon the leaves and rocks and the painstaking growth of all living things.

Which will it be—the soul, the body, the spirit—that seeks its importance? Behind the mask of gender and faces, plain and painted and glowing with knowing God, are the eyes of the soul belonging to no body, no identification or hero. The casement of the flesh becomes as for a little while, and yet we are eagerly outgrowing our bodies from the enchantment of infancy. Growing to what tenderness, what wisdom?

What do we have to really say to quiet the ache, the stirring of agony, the quick jab of pain before it is all done? *All done*—how quaint to think that way! The direction of fools is amply traveled! And when do we think it through? When do we cope with a reality not even accepted but in the fantasies of the mad or the very young?

You are not one man, one woman, one child, one color only—in this universe of living. The old soul looks out in the wry grin of a child and challenges the onlooker for recognition, devilish in its wisdom, confronting the fledgling with an almost truth, an almost-touching of the real *real!*

These bodies we meet and with whom we conflict are ancient Gods, past-born heroes, plainmen, unaccountables, each to add to the sum of intelligence and makeup of the eternal soul.

We are neither higher nor lower in any station of life, having lived through our shame and our glory, and come about to the conclusion now seen and viewed as one person of common importance.

Our duties and lessons teach us so little until we reach the far country again, when we can take account of our general stupidities!

The sum of the total is *ONE!*

That is the lesson for today, children!

The Family of Spirit
September 1969:

Be not surprised when that friend will some day declare, "Are you happy?" He has the right to know! Yes, friend, you say, but another time he was allowed to love you, and unrestricted in its tender course did that love grow!

These new moments, scarcely breathing in life, so quickly is their time to come and go, take with them our despair of now. That chance alertness to another's expression: how quaint to think it unpretentious to our living days and hours! It is significant, more so, than our own reality we prize!

See in every brother your own faults and praise. See in every glance a chance of finding contact with a soul who holds you dear, dear in memory, dear in living, dear in his own development. You belong to every living thing that comes and acknowledges you in quiet devotion, to that moment when all recognition brightens up the pace of mind.

Be knowledgeable of the next new compatriot you are soon to meet. Relinquish your small world of the few, and understand at last how keenly you belong to all of man, all of the universe, all of the total capacities for which you search so longingly and find such cold disregard.

Grow into your fulfillment beyond this time, this enduring, and grasp the family of enlightenment pacing the same path, taking the same hurdles, calling out for the same undertaking. Then shall you reach your heights and see the new path waiting to be walked upon. Take that hand which grasps your hand, that warmth which will be your warmth, that understanding of

place which is your place, and know that loneliness, that painful shadow of ignorance, will touch you no more!

Love those who are willing to love you. Accept those who are not as lessons of your own traits still to be corrected. See those who hurt you as reflections of Self still to be perfected. Endure the pain they inflict upon you as examples of how your own weakness affects others.

Those willing to see your value, to acknowledge your depths, to respond to your longings: these are Family of Spirit, yes, *true* brother, sister, spouse, mother, father, lover: all who see *Him* in you, and know the brilliance of your inner light, which glows and dims and flickers in all your heartache.

Those who are not willing to see the *All* in you—meet them as yourself, inflicting your own pain in their rejection of your worth. See it as your own rejection of self, your own hindrance to growth. Do not lean on those weary traditions which allow the soul to weep in darkness, in its own frailties, in its own lack!

The heretofore misunderstood affections are not coincidence; they are not merely a faint and quick friendship having no boundaries, no roots. Each kindred acknowledgment and effort in you is a statement unrefined of the *true* Family of Spirit, the total love you have earned in all your existence!

Be ever watchful of that next meeting, then, of soul to soul, that next joyful appreciation that binds and holds forgotten times up to our own amazement of recognition. Quick as it comes and flickers, it is there, it is always understood! Now a new gladness of heart emerges, my own love, my own kin likened in heartbeat, likened in generosity, likened in an overflowing and exuberance of understanding!

So I confine myself to love, and find some strange, happy pull away from longing, away from having any familiar tie to hold these feelings so intense. So, in finality, I release these tender, misunderstood yearnings. Yes, it's *my* misunderstanding of them, too, having tried to place them in categories of love for mother, for sister, brother, father, for family, all. So I am to relinquish my heritage of this life experience and find it replaced with a universality of soul, belonging to any stranger as to my well-defined relationships!

No longer is it to be painful to be withheld by those strong in the circle of my affairs, as this pain for belonging to a few is engulfed by strange realizations that I am not dealing with one relationship to judge success here or failure so complete. For *I have yearned too long on one small grouping, grasping for acknowledgment which never would come!*

I found it only in the quick seconds in some stranger's reflection. In some new acquaintance did my soul quicken to my rightful recognition, to the sweetness of empathy. Now am I to know those so-called strangers are compatriots of my compassion! Those piercing eyes of humor and friendship say still another phrase, "Don't you know me through this faint disguise?"

Reflect upon those tender moments when friendships grew out of routine and you found yourself so terribly in tune with someone newly introduced as merely an associate in livelihood. But day by day, that linking grew to something far beyond this time of understanding. Recognize your parent in spirit, yes, your lover in your friend, your comrade of these hours now renewed to cross your lifetime in more subtle slightness, pausing to light a new light in your recollections so subdued!

Look upon each soul a little longer in your search for your own meaningfulness. Those few important meetings are their own weighty significance, which you would do well to dwell upon. Ever in your progression to enlightenment you will find a few electric moments when you find your own people reaching out to hold you in warm embrace. Those strangers and those unstrange—who see your value, yes, these are your own, your family, parent, brother, sister, kin to your advancement, eager to teach, to help you grow!

Regard not what names are attached in living. Respond to one depth reaching to another realm of consciousness: so unattached, so free, you are to bloom again so far from one repose! Linger on your dearness unannounced, and grasp the love which helps you grow.

When these scarce moments come, and you are face to face with someone new, look longer into the moment and find your yearning there, full in its acknowledgment, keen in its understanding, complete in all the love for which you have ever

longed. Yes, passing acquaintance, once my tender lover, once my wise mother, once my longings fulfilled—now a friend, or someone who only momentarily quickens my mind and stirs my soul!

Take heed of that next meeting when so much willingness to teach is there, when one soul stops for another, and embraces friend, lover, parent! Hear your inner self cry out, father, brother, sister, mother!

Know, then, that you have found but a part of the wholeness of your soul, never to be lost, only received again in an unfamiliar guise. How long unfamiliar? Never long, so quickly does soul join to soul, and, O merciful *Master*, such a homecoming!

So, then, we have a physical family and a Family of Spirit. Those of the physical family who have not the willingness to acknowledge the intensities of any one member: they represent the flaws in our own traits and characteristics which we have to meet in order to learn, through our own pain in their rejection of our giving selves, the equal pain we inflict in others whom we ourselves reject. See them all as lessons to learn, and rightfully so, and do not mean *my father, my mother, my brother, my sister*, for yet, in truth, mean *myself, myself, still to be perfected, still to be corrected!*

See it now, that your Family of Spirit are all those along life's way who instinctively respond to your inner depths, find value and preciousness in you. If your physical family happens to be members of your Family of Spirit also, so much the happier and quicker you will grow to your full worth! But, if this is not so, you will meet your Family of Spirit as you endure life's progressions to perfection. No one is then denied all the love and understanding and appreciation he needs to develop to capacity. Each special merging of recognition builds the soul. One finds it in immediate surroundings or one finds it in the rarity of moment, *but one finds it!* Be assured of that!

Each day, each heartbeat is an elongation of your time here to find your Family of Spirit, strangers only to the physical eye, never to the soul. In each joy known, you catch the glimpse of the ecstasy of a moment with the *Master*, for our Family of Spirit becomes understanding aides, to help us gain acceptance

into *His everlasting arms*. [Thus ended the transmission of "The Family of Spirit."]

After this seemingly final preparation at length, Eliot again transmitted a short poem, similar to the opening lines of his "Ash Wednesday," exhibiting his ever yearning for Truth in real realities and now announcing that he had found some of his answers. On September 4, 1969, came the following:

Because I seek
Because I seek to find
I shall no longer endure
The pangs of endearments
For what is real is gone
And a new worthiness
Replaces it!

On the evening of September 29, words flowed onto the nearest paper at hand in a surge of energy. Although I do not presume to be an expert on the style of T. S. Eliot, I could not help but feel instinctively that all this material held real identification within it. It seemed "quite like Eliot" to me and follows.

Whenever choice comes, this terrible urging of the intellect and passions, what, then, do we tell our immortal soul? What of life, true eternal life, in the knowledge of consciousness, in the wisdom of centuries clouded over by men and all their irregular thought activities?

That immortal soul! Oh, God, what do we do to that immortal soul!? How twisted are these universal concepts, how adjacent to the one *One*, the total *Total*, the simplicity of simplicities!

The *Carpenter* came that all might understand. Understand! How we did interpret in our egocentric complexities of intellects. We mean to tell you that! Take good notice now. Here is some substance for your eager brains. It becomes as spoken as clear, as ever clear on that far mountain held in the shadows of thousands of men. Mankind, lay down before the *oneness of truth*, the *oneness* of all souls, the gathering of heartbeats that pound to *one* rhythm of life's blood! Sing in unison, O my

immortal soul, to all the ribbons of colors unique in sunsets, all the utterings of a single bird, for it is *one* as we are *one*, and all of us total *one*, and God is *here*, and, O God, let them *know* that now! God is here within each breath of thing!

And:

Whenever clouded vision veils the eyes of prophets, how we sing to their chirpings, their frail attempts and less considerable contributions to the absurdities of stupid men who are so eager to know their destiny. Your destiny is all upon you, pressing in each moment you linger over nothing! Prosper all at all, and have nothing! Take hold of your everydays and spread them back to back with all your memories and tomorrows and what is the balance? What is the sum of that lifetime in this world of activity denying activity, as it proceeds upon its dull routines of days and nights and ends in some awful tomorrow?

You have all that time, and how do you use it? Mumbling through half your senses, seeing only some dimension in a wider scope you are too realistic to believe. You are so realistic that you *deny* reality!

Come look to all your senses. Come make the view wider. Come sense the senselessness of knowledge held within your reality. Tap deeper into your inside world where contact with *real* realities is made from moment to moment. Link your world with ours, and find new resources close at hand, close to your intellect, close to your striving for your link with perfection. It is there, ever there!

Stay awhile, and so acknowledge *it is so!*

I am on the downside of the arc
Slipping off to where it ends
And all the glory lies
In this last gesture of belief!

And:

Man's impressions
Are slight depressions
Upon
A patient God.

And:

Gentle murmur of a heartbeat
Quiet down to hear the thunder
Hear the ceaseless thud
Of waves upon the sand.

Witness relentlessness
Bow to it!
Find your rhythm
And float upon the foam.

Stay all in ONE
And feel no other power
But the greatness of all power
Living in you
As
In the wave
As
In the thunder
Etc., etc., etc.

And:

The angry cat's hump is half
My depressions
The downward half
Quick we reach out to fuse
And become angry animals
Depressed in oneness
And lost in understanding nothing!

We make our one arc to life
We find a circle complete
We yield to our union
And stare perplexed
At a smiling God
Who totals us out
By canceling us
To zero!

On October 31, 1969, there came:

Witness the revelation
Of sunlight on purple
Of twilight on rose
Of rainbows in the mild afternoon
Clamor of rain.

This birth
This rhythm of breath
Creatures of the one universe
Rejoice in the brotherhood of union
Pulsate to the perpetual motion
Of God.

And:

Am I to try the trends of this existence with a polished view of history and thoughts pounded into page after page? Is there no way or room for invention of Fate's turns and twists, unless well directed by age and distance of many revolutions of hours and moonlight?

One flicker of whimsey to be added to the dulling view? Come now, imagination, dip into the barrel of questionable results and conclusions and stir the intellect and warble a tune to quiet the finest-feathered accomplishment.

Subdue the minds of men to a hush of newness! Brighten the impulse to let intuition have a hand at it. Then, O, then, watch the merriment begin on the other side of dullness, where rhythm directs the pace, and order is everywhere! And there is *one conductor*, bringing electricity down to the smallest voltage, and making tiny flickers of recognition burn to the brightness of *Truth!*

And:

How complicated is Simplicity
For there is little to do
But admire it!

And:

What new horizons burst upon the perplexities of this now reality? How different does the view expand to wider rims of proportions, adding some disenchantment to the fixed star shining not so brightly?

Lo! The Universe steps out of mold now and then to shake the earth and roll the lull away from our waxed eyes, set to blink on schedule. On schedule! Such bewilderment! Such ego, when we turn to give the answers! All answers!

Come then to this understanding. Find your place and move with abandon in your own realm of function. Need not more than what you need! Love will do nicely. That is enough!

Again, on November 4, 1969, a series of poems were dictated, I having become more and more open to the learnings for which I had petitioned—truth, regardless of orthodoxy, to set my soul at ease, and give me meaningful purpose and guidelines for the use of whatever life was left to me.

Eliot was becoming more daring in his exposé, giving me a reservoir of information far beyond my capacity to totally comprehend. In the first poem, he used his old technique of quoting from the common prayers of the Roman Catholic faith, this time using part of the old Credo.

What do these words
Which make the pen go forward and backward
Mean to me?
To Man?
To anyone
Who stumbles across the page?
What effort pushes the words
To fuse into any meaning?
THOSE FORCES UNSEEN!

“I believe in all things visible and invisible”
Amen, to words
To meanings of words
Beyond the comprehension of the speaker!

For therefore
We are all the wise men
We were meant to be
Mouthing truths we do not recognize
And coming up upon them in utter surprise
In our wiser years
Our productive contemplations
Equaling
An education on their own!

And:

To end
Is to begin.
The beginning
The ending.
In never ending
In never knowing
In trusting to that subtle hunch
Which cannot stand upon the strength of proof
But can only grin a bit
And shrug its shoulders
And say
“Believe anyway
For all fact is fiction
Where you are going!”

And:

Flood gates open
And words spill out upon a so-called blank page
And I trace invisible words
Trying to catch up with what is already written
In the universal word-bank of consciousness
When belief intersects at reality
And leaps to a cache unnoticed
By those who labor with the ego.

But I
Ah, there it is!

Have left such burdens far behind
And skip along the cloud bank
Free to draw whatever conclusions
Burst into the rainbow's hue
For color enchants and educates
At the same time!

I am forever parted
From the confusion of drudgery
And one plus one
And lessons for today
Whatever I am versed to learn this day
Will come from higher forms of learning
Than that so-confining school!

And onto this and other pages
Flow the words I cannot even hesitate
To call my own
For "my" and "me"
No longer are to be a factor
And so
We bow for all of us
To any applause
Which you may care to render
To our disinterested ears!

And:

Wait for me a little longer
When mind spans mind
And all the yearning ends
When recognition holds the fingers tight
About the formation of odd forms on paper
Called words
Some great inspirations
Perspiring to be put on paper!
Hold on for those glories
Yet to be ours!

What the psychic had said seemed now—after receiving the foregoing prose and verses—a great deal more plausible!

Weeks passed, and on January 8, 1970, the contents of more writing gave positive instructions Eliot was ready to begin his main work. These instructions showed the "rambling style of writing," which, I was told, is quite indicative of beginning attempts by an entity to use his new "alliance." Practice would bring the transmitting to more conciseness of presentation. I received the following:

Delusion and illusion mix up realities; rights and errors become blurred; and one knows one does not know and is unwilling to be so positive to the terms of life.

Find the inner struggle near the surface of nerve endings. Wait for the jerk of impulse to put down information beyond newer knowledge. Complement the New Age with cooperation and servitude and a sick humbleness for knowing nothing, feeling much, willing to learn, willing to learn. Let those words make more than common sense. Let them tear the heart a little and chill the straight backbone and respond!

Let us begin. Let us begin. Time is now; you are now, I am now. I am waiting no longer for such an impossible accomplishment! It is before my vision and flows through my physical form and makes me relentless and slightly dull or stupefied to minor vibrations of the everyday chatter, so unnecessary, so unsuccessful here, in the everywhere of growth.

So long for any change to maturity, so long that one seems to linger for an eternity until the time is finally come and work can be done and one plus one is one, and we all unite in God and proclaim, yes, *proclaim* even to deaf ears, for someone, someone lifts a head and hears the faint tinkle of bells of beauty, of comprehensions glued together from the minds of many men, and who does know, who does know? Only a few, but only a few, and we are all categorized into madness!

Paul was mad, or whomever, who found the new way more enchanting, and dared to find a Spirit more grand, alive in the corpse walking daily! Who heard that word or understood? Who goes beyond that age to now, and takes up the long

journey into the realities of reality? Let it be but truth that men refuse then! We will have done our utmost, and they can turn to whatever form of their own insanity pleases them!

Life is *One with God*, infinite, in a multitude of creations, each combined to relate to every particle of life, and held in the same esteem by a *loving Master* who holds tender every stroke of color, every pulsation of demonstration on *His* vital canvas. Earth, sky, the space beyond our consciousness, waiting for intelligence to catch up to the existence of all created things!

Heavy-handed I become, for I am not I alone, such ego long since left to this new conclusion, this new uniting, which lifts the dreams of all to greatness, translated only in love here below, this amphitheater, this play upon play, this slow revelation of *Brightness!*

Also sent at the same dictation were the following verses:

What power is this that sways the mind
To newer visions which endure
Such times of banishment?
From the hearts of men
Do such implorings come
To beat the knowledge not received
Into the pulse of comprehension.

New thoughts do dwell awhile
And linger in the limbo of membranes
And jump too quick
Upon a frail recognition
Ever this way
So slow is progress
In the wilderness of confused illusions!

Fact or fallacy
Blend so well together
And find good hiding places
In the renowned voices
Dwelling on a minor key too long.

Hale or frail
They linger and remain fragmented
Into newer and purer atmospheres.
Ethereal joys
Are not ours too often
Then
They do not become us very well
We are so ill prepared!

And:

When ego ceases
Humility enters in
And communes with a higher Self
In respectful whispers.

Eight days later, January 16, 1970, during work on a Ouija board, Eliot identified himself by spelling out "T. S." in reply to the question, "Who are you?" Then, in a very forceful, jagged stroking of the planchette, he indicated he wanted to write immediately.

That afternoon, I took down the beginning of what would become section three of the treatise titled "The Essence of Immortality." On January 18, after another indication on the Ouija board that he wanted to write, I took down more of section three. The final dictation of the section was given on January 20.

While working on the board, I was told his work would be in four sections (later verified by the psychic medium); accordingly, I divided the transmissions received into four parts.*

* These four parts appear as sections one, two, three, and four of the treatise in Part II, "The Essence of Immortality." Not all sections nor their parts were received in sequence. Section one was received on March 31 and April 1 and 2; section two, on April 2, 3, and 4; section three, on January 16, 18, and 20; and section four, on April 4 (first portion) and March 29.

In January, when section three was received in three parts, no record was made as to their respective beginnings and ends. Not until more than two months later was any other part of the treatise received. The date of receipt for each portion of the other three sections is noted at the end of the respective portion of the section in Part II.

At this same writing, I received the following poem:

Will you live again?
Live again to see the sunrise
Blending over fog and dew
And cattle
Close to hollows in the land.

Colors come in time
And show green valleys
Sudden meadows
And a blue meandering of wetness
Cool to the sucking tongues.

Gentle
Mellow, too
And softly merging
All
To all gain
Gain.

Show the darker barn
The shelter of the soul of souls
Here the landscape
Sends forth serenity
Peace be to you
MY PEACE BE UNTO TOU
Quiet in the shelter
Of the immortal soul.

IMMORTAL!
That answers the question!

At the conclusion of this January writing, the pen literally moved, by "another force," in large, childlike strokes, slowly and deliberately over the pages. At the end of the final message, the pen dropped from my hand, as if someone had taken it from me. Neither of my hands had moved. I had an intense feeling of presence all about the room.

I was convinced!

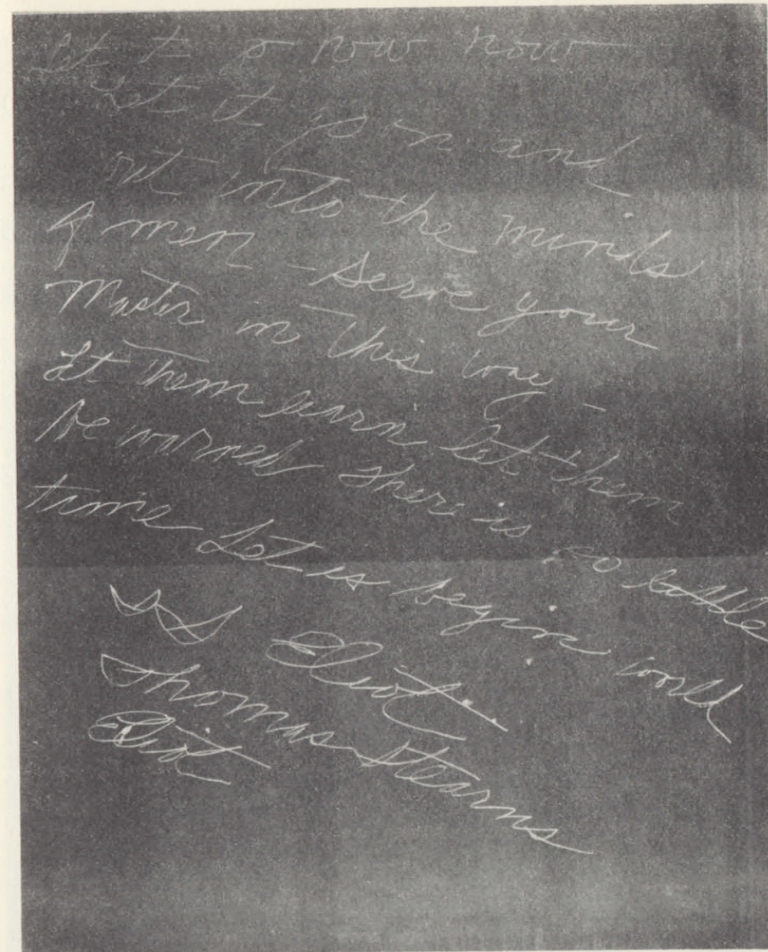


Figure 1

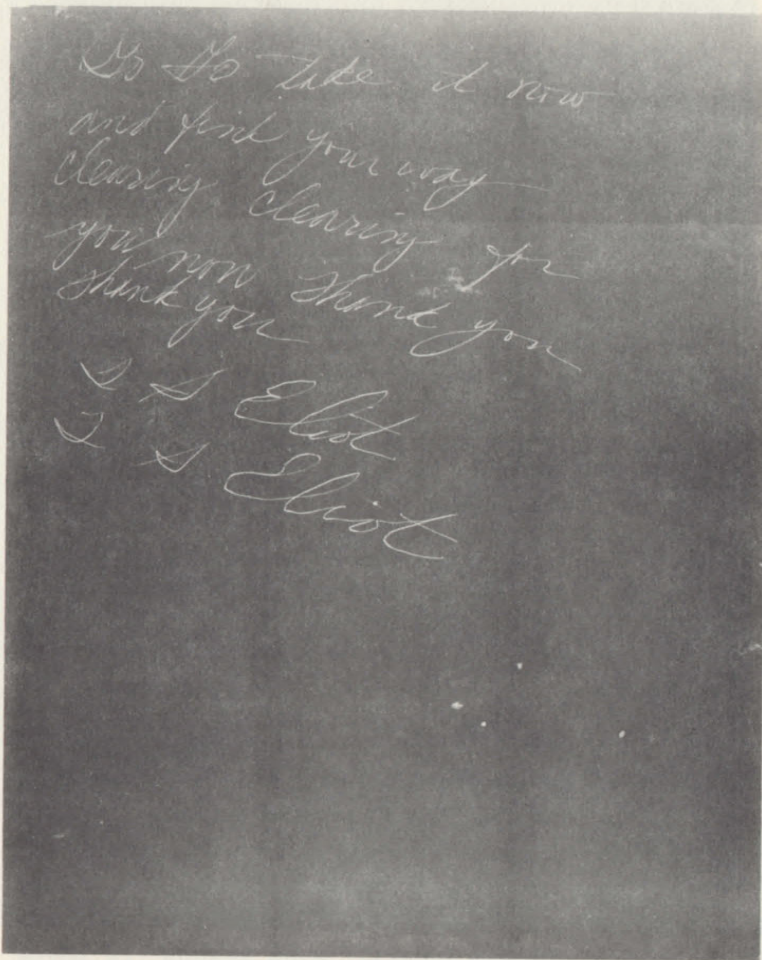


Figure 2

EDUCATION AND ENCOURAGEMENT IN POETRY

During February 1970 more poetry continued to come. On the fourth, these poems were given:

For in these arms I lie
And seek a new today
A new tomorrow full of todays
When colors blend
And form their different hues
And man responds
To all the new and wondrous ways
Of universal tranquilities.

Then in those warbles
Do the heartstrings sing a tune
Too enchanting for the ordinary,
Only the extraordinary
Will survive to harmonize

When
All men seek
And
All men find
Eternity.



O holy flower of pure delight
Unfold to glorious new light
See and warm yourself
Unto the pureness of the day
Unto the gentleness of stars
Blinking in the dust of rarity.
Curl your fragrance
Around the stems of closer vines
Transcend yourself
And grow to greater life!



Unto this moment
I become
ONE
And whole
And holy
And perfect the air
And perfect my acts
And climb to purity
And climb above the avenues of starlight.
Share in the magnitude
Give to the Holy Light
A tiny reflection
Burning in imitation
Flickering in new intensity
Melting the waxworks!

On February 12 came helpful counsel as to our progress together for the intended task still to come. These were his compassionate answer to a very bewildered protégée. Gently, and yet with no loss of his own style or memory of accomplishment, he chided, instructed, and graded whatever small progress I had made. It was always to be so, this slowly evolving devotion, which would find its culmination in a mutual and lasting tender appreciation. On that date I received:

Willing hands do not transcribe each day
Each day

You perceive and build a little sand hill
For the waves to come
And gently wash away.

But all the cleansings
Make the shoreline
In the sureness of
Eternity.

Speck upon speck
Slow process.
Your ego is getting in the way
And saying,
“Hurry”!



Kind eyes that slowly penetrate
And hold the other eyes parallel
Moving intensely
Deep, deep
Toward all the knowledge
All the understanding
All the full consciousness.

Existing
Existed.
Fall into the motion of eons
Find inspiration down
In the well-worn well
Where other minds have wandered
Where other souls have searched
Where other spirits waited
Until the whole of creation stirred
And confronted
And has learned
To blend.



This hopeful turn
This unsolved path
This forestry which climbs tall
Taller
Where are the blue skies
And white clouds
And all the perfect
Rainbows!?

Higher, higher
Climb onto a further pace
You are where you are
Not by chance!
By chance
You will proceed no farther
Than a stumble!
Quieter now
The pace slows down to review your case
Small attempts at it
Sum it up!
You are nevertheless being considered
"Eventual."

Eventual
But grow to eventually!
Until eventually is
NOW
And here it is
Here it is
All that you asked for
And more!



HURRY UP PLEASE IT'S TIME*
Well, well
The thoughts do come 'round to me eventually!
A phrase or two rings out
Across your consciousness!

* Direct quote from Eliot's *The Waste Land*.

Are we becoming more one plus one?
Do you see the union of thoughts
Breaking the barrier
Making all men's minds
Belonging?

Here we are today
Here we are today
Where are we tomorrow?



Where do you walk to on a summer's day
Where do you glean to find a finer view
There in the meadow green with verdant strength
Seen in shaded shadows.

Come to know the steps we take
Are coming hand in hand
Showing patterns followed on before
Hope a little longer on the things you understand
Find a new beginning in tomorrow.



When in view
See how all things blend and whirl
And cease to separate
Divinity is as undivided
Think on that
Grow on that!

ONE will bring you a long, long way
Here it is
Spider to web
Web to spider
Spider to rooftop
Rooftop to chimney
Bricks to mortar

Mortar to water
Water to clearness
Clearness to knowledge
Knowledge to Life's Force
Life's Force to ONE SOURCE
ONE SOURCE to
ONE!



Questions!
Questions!
The answer is
We will keep in touch!



Gone now
Gone on to higher plateaus
And I cannot reach the river anymore
Content myself to lose the ego
In another day's performance
Another acknowledgment of status.

Here am I
Asking the I to be WE
Knowing it is WE
When enough practice is there
Upon the record books
"Give us this day"
Let it always be US!

Let ashes fall and fail to meet their combination
Foe or enemy, or friendly blending
One on one
Twirling and faintly swirling upward
Ever upward.

Sunflower turning toward the sun
Focus on eternal light

Man
Look to the sunflower!
Rotate to your higher force
Infinite Intelligence moves your soul!
Find your pattern there
Upward
Toward the ONE SOURCE
The ONE FORCE
Which makes you belong!



Careful now
Let us draw the curtain aside slowly
To find time to marvel
At each new awareness.
You must learn everything
All over again!

Similar encouragements continued during the months of 1970 in an overabundance of generosity, tenderness, and understanding. It was an easy matter to find myself caught up in the unending display of wisdom and compassionate attempts to educate.

I am all the impossible accomplishments
When beheld by you
For you are the string which ties me
To my higher Self
And binds me to the greater good
Within each soul
Compelling excellence
Where mediocrity usually dwells.

This complexity of quality
Alive and growing in your presence
Nurtured by the glance you give me
Over the crowd!
And groomed in silences
Which translate themselves

In all the finer things
For which
Our elevated Self aspires!



These days which exhibit themselves
Into all past nothingness
Do they gather the dust of intelligence
And drag it along after the defeat of Man?
Into such desolation falls
The dim ring of pleasantries
And one overlooks
But does not forget
The destiny before him.

Take on these bright illusions
One after another
Until they all trickle down to endeavors
Too weak to continue.
Find the faint pulse-beat thumping
To the endless times
Of eternal bleakness.
Such is the choiceless world
Of void after void
When intellect says
"God is dead."

Find the new overture there
And lurking beyond the rainbow
Colors and delights and lightheartedness
Spring into view
And are alive
Alive!

Give vent to the emotions of purity
Of joy
Of seeking and finding
All in ONE gesture

That way devoted to ONE INTELLECT
ONE UNITY
WITH THAT INTELLECT.

ONE
Coming 'round and into fusion
Until all the questions are answers!

This!
When the will and mind
And conscious conclusion of Man
Determine
GOD IS!



Winding streams which lend themselves
To wending attitudes
Drifting aloof and faintly reminiscent
Of altered ways of thoughts and dreams
Too often diluted by the twists
And tender nuances
Which deviate in subtle ways
The true intentions.

See the patterns change
And in their changing
Continue!
See the newer vistas break open
To the dearness never known
Or asked for.
Petition for the rainbow
And seek to find the better way
Extended
Extending!

Dwell there
And rest there
And contemplate there
Until you know nothing for sure

Unless
It is this unending thirst
Quenched in TOTALITY!



Forgotten tunes
Forgotten times
Unyielding to the forgetting
And coming back for vague pictures
Of *j'ai vu*.

I see
I saw
I was there
I was never there
And to whom do you respond
When the soft voice whispers
"Hello"?

That stranger
That friend
That loved or beloved
Who sees you now
And stares past your glance
To the view beyond
Looking to attitudes
Which do not include you in them!

Quaint
And faint
The rendezvous
But THERE!



How do the days reveal themselves
Except in tiny utterances
Slightest of echoes
To equal the past

Of patterns demure
Patterns severe
Memories cold
Memories too warm
And tenderness resides
And so does unrecognition!

Only
The faint heart flutters
And one coughs and asks for
Another drink
And puts a louder record
On the turntable.

Turn, turn
My turn!

The heartbeat stutters
But we do not recognize the existence
Of any but our own form of presence
And denial becomes
Its own sort of betrayal!

So I must say out loud
"No, I'm afraid we have never met"
And you reply in kind
And in kindness
Our eyes meet but a moment's flicker
And do our recognizing for us!

Ah,
That quick moment
Holds two lifetimes in it!

Forget old times
Old tunes
Old patterns
And reminisce to the traces of humor
About the eyes and mouth

Of life's days
End on end
And END!

Begin again
Renew and find
The same lessons
Waiting to be learned!

Old faces are always old and warm
And knowing all the times
Before and after.
New faces are always new
And have the emptiness to prove
Their shallow memories do not linger long enough
Over the facts presented.

See it now
And all the other nows!
And feel the present
Merge
Until
One is ALL with ALL THINGS.

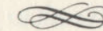
Understanding
Comes then!



Hear the night song trill a tune of pleasantries
And hear the sunrise acknowledge its truth in radiance
Of seeing colors extended to the new warm air of night.

Stars flick on and off at their own electric switch
Nighttime has its significance
Canting the songs of wise men
Who see through the performance
And understand
The perseverance and pursuit
Of purest truths.

They who live for that fine tune
Played unerringly on the wings of glistening waves of song
Hear the PERFECT TUNE OF ONENESS.
All others hear only the copies
In the birds thrusted trill
Exuberant!
But less than whole!



See how the sun has even gone ahead to bed
And left you quite behind schedule
And onto the next requirement.
Remember, too
The moments pass
And you are not too bound too often,
Let these expressions say something then
A pitiful price
For the emotions they conceal!

Be put upon a newer path
And find the steps more plain
With each attempt to find your proper place.
That place comes near and touches you
When you are sound asleep
And sometimes
Even then
You feel it near!

Know soon
The days will climb upon the counting done
And you will have no more to do
But the accomplishing!

This moment
To that moment
And here we are again at the beginning path
Hoping to find some BRIGHTNESS along the way.
That each new hour precludes the time

When evening dwells no longer in your heart.
And bright yellow hues replace the dark
And bring you 'round to full countenance
And full understanding
And fullness explodes
Into the facts of realities!

Oh, let that day be near
When no longer is this all in the offing
But at hand
And ready to be plucked and held firmly
Not to elude the devastation of the stars
Waiting no more
To cheer the darkness!

INTRODUCTION

PART II

The Essence of Immortality

My appointment with the day March 22, 1970, was I took to me
and I was given the freedom of contract on the first
and the other side to come

To my opinion, I was told that the work I had done was
really the kind of that which was that which was
and that which was to come in that was that
the other side would be giving me "primary" the
existence of which was that which was that which was
"That is very difficult and it is a very difficult work,
the another side would be giving me that which was
and be that which was that which was that which was
in that which was that which was that which was
the other side would be giving me that which was

Concerning the other side, "That work will be that
and that which was that which was that which was
it is that which was that which was that which was
that which was that which was that which was
that which was that which was that which was
to give me that which was that which was that which was

INTRODUCTION

Because of the medium's predictions that Eliot would write through me, and the unnerving finis in January 1970 to the episode of automatic writing, I sent her a copy of the material dictated by Eliot. Although I hoped for an early consultation with her, it was actually several weeks before she could give me any appointment. Not until March 23, 1970, was I able to see her. Then I was given over two hours of instruction on the work and the efforts *still to come!*

To my surprise, I was told that the work I had sent her was merely the third of *four sections*, and that sections one, two, and four would start to come in about two weeks' time. Two other entities would be giving the "primary statistics," the contents of sections one and two. Eliot would offer section four. "Eliot is very advanced and writes on a supraconscious level," the medium explained. "Therefore, since *all* men are to benefit and to understand the work, a man named Steven (first name) or Stevens (last name) and a William Agasian would give me the basics in simpler expression."

Continuing, she further advised, "Their work will be identified by vertical backhand writing, a style not used before." It is true that I had never used that style of writing. I was also told that all work would be done under the auspices of Eliot, as he was my Control. At this visit with the medium, Eliot asked me to give him an hour each morning before noon, preferably

beginning at 9:00 A.M. "Be there! Be prompt!" he said—and was gone!

The following morning, March 24, 1970, at 9:00 A.M., I kept our first jointly agreed-upon appointment.

DAILY INSTRUCTIONS AND EXPLANATIONS

March 24:

Then do we know these things, these volumes of things, to dwell upon and make the way clear, and knowledge, sweet knowledge, blesses our pathway, and soon we find a new beginning.

There we dwell, there we stay, the quietness of quiet permeates our very being, and stillness comes, and calm, and gentle is the way.

We have time. Time is not time; it is any moment we might need, any number of moments. No more rush, but the hush of accomplishment! Here it is, the solitude of solace, of development, of maturing into real being, shaping a new way, a new mode of existence.

Feel the lull of the breeze, and kindly note the gentle ways of Nature. She is gentle with you, too. They are all gentle, these ways of the Lord; and *He dwells within* and finds the open door, rests in quietness until all stillness comes and there is joy in the union of mind with *God*.

Quiet mind. Quiet mind, repose in the stillness, rejoice in the slow tempo of nothingness.

Nothingness is the beginning of greatness realized!

When we come upon the ordeal, then do we hesitate and stop and ponder and float and wonder at the answers too far gone away. We *think*, too far gone away! So much to learn here, to develop our thinking process to the real realities.

Wasted effort on earth. Repeat. Do again, remodel the ways of mankind. Put the barriers down. Climb up to the heavens—the brightness of stars still shines on to encourage the finer path, the greater revelation.

Do continue. Do progress. Make haste in *slow haste* to come your full circle; clutch a star or two and ride the swift winds of heavenly bodies; soar to the wonders of mind and knowledge and knowing *full knowing*.

We are all here together, making up all these separate worlds which never separate except in man's view. Here, we gain a step and lose two and strive to correct for finer days of living hand in hand.

We find the barriers to overcome. We clasp a willing hand and pull another form to progression.

When that time comes, we will all contact again, and no more doubts or denials. All in union, all acknowledging how the universe really is. Find that harmony with all things. We are coming to meet again and share our thoughts, to mold ideas into ideals, into action of men, and all together, all together, to pull the yoke well and demonstrate Universal Laws.

Come on, come on to this. Find your way. Slowly reconcile. Feel your soul reaching all space, all times, all universes. Spin and coordinate, and here we are on the same carousel, bobbing to different tunes and different tempos; the horses stand firm to the principle, and only the riders are unsure and bob up and down. The brass ring is paradise! The brass ring must be grasped, must be reached out for and contact, contact!

Feel the surge of *life's force* come within!

Whenever that time comes and we shall produce, we shall conquer the thoughts of men; they shall see reflections no more, but rainbows, colored in magnificence, for *God is all*, and there is no greater glory than to be *one with Him*.

Find your peace. Find your place. There is much to say, much to do. We are at work at last. We are beginning to perform works of importance. Works to train, works to reveal, works to help build the stairway closer. Find the fine tuning here and coming. We are advancing. We are coming closer to the reality for which we strive.

I can hear your heart beat equal to mine. Our pace comes

close and blends into one breath, one fellowship, one cause to begin to construct, to instruct.

Here we blend and show the efforts of such blending, and it is done. It is accomplished, and denials are fewer the more we produce—the more we let all be aware of the great union which binds earth and sky. Death does not triumph, for it never existed but in the minds of men. We must make men believe that, *really* believe!

Here it is again. Here it is again. Time, time enough to show the way to educate, educate. We are long on the trail together. We are long on the path but find it smoothing to accomplishment. Come along and help me show some way to *peace*, to how the universe unites, to how we must all agree, and come to live in full agreement with Divinity!

[*Note: During the session with the psychic medium, Eliot was referred to as T. S. for the most part, but her Control called him Stearny rather than T. S. I felt this nickname was a humorous "equalizer," and thought the added signature, "Stearny, too," an effort on his part to identify himself with that sudden impression and, hopefully, deepen our bond of friendship.*]

March 25:

Until that time when all men cease to feel apart, and one is *one* with all things, we shall be content to find the few still minds and to pray that more than a few will gather with the silent stars and shine a bright light toward *universal light*.

Here we find a time to gather minds to souls, and souls to minds—to distinguish the frailties and gather the strengths, and bind the closer unions until we work well together.

Sources here are sources there, but they are loose and dangling and lost until efforts are made to find them. Clutch and spread fingers to the air of spaces, and soon one feels the *non* of the nonexistent existing!

Part now with one world and come to the other unseen glories. There is division to be made until you can find a balance between the two and know all unrealities are your realities, too. Know, then, the times do come when no more veils hide the

3-21-78
Pellsh-cha pen write
I find the rhythm coming
through you - there will be more
of this and then some angels
sing and some applause and
more efforts to come. Do this
each day and we will build upon
it to more information coming through
faster and we are getting on better than
before - come along with it and better
days and better accomplishments
and now we are through
Thank you
+ of steering to

Figure 3

mysteries. Soon we can continue on our charted course wherein both of us know where we are going!

Henceforth, these days, these times of drawing near do come upon us equally, and one inspiration is inspiring each soul to do these unwary things. To accomplish the barriers down and flowing through the minds of many men are facts and forces to be accepted. Reckon with the news to come, and conceal no longer the older urges to withdraw. Advance with the Advancement of Times, of Ages, to renew the growth of men and make wise men of them all!

Contact. There is contact to be made, however it can be done. Wise men do clamor to be heard, and eager voices ask for a turn at it. Do not disappoint the glowing hearts, for progress is important to us all, and fear denies everyone.

Find the bell ringing clearly, and no more objections because it is rare or unheard of, or not the mode, for there are no more modes on which to rely. All is confusion. All is conflict. All is a part of revelation when the *spirit reigns* and climbs to greater heights and breathes apart from body; no more denials, for all is unreal and all is reality, and we find a partner and grow to that effort.

Learn to be instructed. Learn to be affected. Learn to grow to the *love* that is yours—that strength of love which improves and glows to the sweetness of pureness!

Watch the new days begin, and anticipate some new accomplishments. The birds sing, and there is joy, and one climbs up to higher planes and breathes the rarity of rarities and finds compassion for all the forgotten things of living, so drowned in the darkness of forgetting and being overcome by minds unyielding in their patterns (are they).

There is much to be discovered all over again, and we must *simplify, simplify* and find a surer footing, one which will prevail. And here we begin, and there is joy in that, and a few glad hearts are astounded!

Far away the bells do cling and clank and hit sideways
to the undoing of attitudes, and
Far away the use of profound advice is chanted softly,
not to waken the unsuspecting souls that slumber
still to old tunes.

Careful to dissuade no one, careful to remark to finer
minds, and come to conclude the inevitable conclusions
softly.

There is gentleness in slow reality, and the sting is
gone from it, and clear are the channels, and
straight does the new word, really "old" word, flow.
From heart to heart, the pulse beat quickens to true
wisdom coming slowly to perceive the new dawn.
Draw upon the cool, sweet waters of young, eager springs
which erupt in unexpected wildness, and delight in the
pathways.
Ever bolder do the efforts become
And we renew our way, and find a *light* ever shining,
toward the one goal of completeness.



Wherever in this day my feet are led
Whatever I am asked to do to meet
The dearness of a *friend far too complete*
Expects no more of me than willingness.

And on these footsteps do I take the vow
Of finding my way clear to *one great light*
Believing in the confirmation made
Feeling no regrets, but pure delight.

For ever after each new step I take
Reveals a glory greater than was known
And pray do I for inner peace to come
And know do I that pathway has been shown.

So come again to see the colors pure
And sense the coming days of magnitude
For in each effort I implore a need
Accomplishment to finer, greater good.

In every simple act, there comes a gain!

It is over. It is good. We will renew the agreement when the
waves are right and the tuning proper.

March 26:

And then one is productive in this new way, and thoughts
rotate and pull toward unknown quantities, and we learn to
discern on a new basis and find tranquility there.

So far, this reaches few minds; few efforts are made to bring
instructions to a clearer view. One transcends to *all things* and
finds Divinity there, and is overcome by it, until one soul helps
another to pick up and go on from there and dwell and live
therein.

Pathways vary. Roads are not always passable, and shadows
fall and disappear into fears and thoughts of fears, and one is
held back from progression.

Fight the opening of channels, and there is delirium and
confusion. Relax, and let all things flow—the slow, meandering
stream becomes a happy, chattering brook, the pebbles are
clear and speckled, and the moss is cool and green and clinging.

The songs that sing out from the onrush of waters pure and
sparkling have a new ring and a new value to the ringing that
they do. All things then have new values, and new truths are
evident when old ideas are swept away with swifter currents.

Spring forth to the wonders not yet conceived or contem-
plated, least of all, understood. One does not have to under-
stand. Understanding takes time; valuable time is gone and
used up in the ego basis of understanding.

Dare to continue on an unsure path, and eliminate frag-
mented knowledge; glide on, glide on, to clearer springs and
more joyful airs and growth, pure growth. [It is] astounding to
see the growing done this way: It can be done, and soon one
feels this way opening to the finer life; the higher form of Self
continues on, and what is left behind is all the insignificance of
worlds too confused and longing to be done away with!

Here, too, here, too, these thoughts continue on and find a
pair waiting to blend and coagulate and merge in all essence.
Newer forms begin to live and come upon the soul prepared for
newness.

Prepare. Prepare. These ideas are waiting to be embraced, waiting to take hold and have meaning to all life forms, on whatever plane, in whatever dimension. We are all working together; hidden or seen, we are all working together. We are here; you are here. We have the ties in order to make our ideas known from plane to plane.

Increase these ideas, and find the new consolidation growing in more attitudes of possibilities, and possibilities extend to new realities, and theories run on and away from review, for we do not need theories much longer. We can start with facts and gain with them alone.

Only, the channels must open. Willingness, willingness is the key. One thing is no more unreal than another. None, less astonishing, for *one Will derives the life source and force*, and, therefore, is sensible unto its own *Self*; we are left no longer to define, but to *accept!*

Follow along now, follow along; the pace quickens and the energies flow forward; we are gaining along a new course to follow. Easier, easier for me to find the current to ride upon, and easier, easier for your hand to glide along a page and pass along this information.

These two dimensions cling to one another and have a natural affinity and affection for one another. Do know, *we are here* and [are] anxious to blend, to teach, to instruct eager minds which bow to all possibilities.

Thank you for that much! *It could be happening, allow* it to happen, and we shall show a stubborn world it should relax its rules and let us in, and allow the good to follow.

Carry along now, carry along. This new burden grows lighter, and soon you will see for yourself a progress unknown or called for. We are nearing a new phase and work will be done, and to all satisfaction.

One and one, and soon it will come out to be knowledge, for the thoughts of every man to behold the wonder of the total universe.

These plans are here and forming, and hold on for that new existence!

Gone now, gone for today, and we do grow a little, each effort shows us that.

T. S.

Hover over yesterdays and remember with patience
For life goes on at unusual angles and paces
And continuity continues
A never-ending graceful circle of things.

March 27:

Bind the bonds of strong minds and let the currents flow to resources not yet achieved, but *in the offing, in the offing*. Relax on that note, and feel a surging of moments new and moments to come, when union is predominant; you are sure and I am sure that agreement is consummated in that union of thought, finding itself freer now and floating above the abundance.

Soon that abundance manifests itself, and all agree to the progress, and the doubts do leave us alone to higher things.

Repose and stillness seem to be the clue. Let the arm go limp; let the fingers obey another force, and keep the channels free. Avoid the anxieties of all the routines which kill the higher forms of thought.

Get to do that easily, and our work will continue in a happier tone. When do we begin but a little of now, until all the nows are at any moment capable of renewing patterns thought never to be!

Higher forms swirl about us and urge us on to the greater revealments, for time is time, but it is important to continue, to hasten to real goals and get on with it.

Sometimes the moments seem too dim and far away for achievement, and it must grow stronger until the Cord of Light has its own magnitude. It will not take the lifetime now, or so it seems, just to find our minds as *one*.

Sometimes, too, the strength is there and strong; strong the surge, and you are less compelled by your own acts and more a part of our existence here. Then sweet words and sweeter expressions leap out upon the page, and one is tired then from such urgent exhilarations. But then, those times will be common to us, and we can come to wonderful understanding, and all men can know and find a thread of inspiration to keep them trying for more than the ordinary.

[*Note:* There was here a slight pause in the receiving. When begun again, the writing came in the form of vertical backhand, a form predicted by the psychic medium. This was the first example of the style of writing which was used throughout sections one and two of the treatise, identifying the work of one or the other of the two entities described by name to be Steven(s) and William Agasian, who provided the "primary statistics." See page 64.]

When we know, when we know how easy these words do form upon the page, and simply now, simply, the strokes of generations are here present, and at last, at last, the breakthrough!

Faster than expected. We rejoiced in that, and we were trying to prepare you, for this great day is here, is here!

Can you find these words of help and the gratitude that is within them?

Here now, larger and larger come the letters of connection.

This is the time for a joyous calling out, for more than one mind cooperates, and isn't it the joy of all men to know we do exist on higher planes?

And here we go to make it easier for all to find the keys.

Hurry on, hurry on, for we do meld and take some fashions of our own. This new strength is proof enough that the contact grows. There is that wonderful cooperation: all join in and are pleased with this new progress.

See, the differences do surprise you, and you are learning well and cooperating well, and wont the good news spread; we find the exhilarations here are overwhelming us, and perhaps a little example leaves us all a little heady!

But, when we come, don't we all know it, so well do the changes show routes from more than one mind! All minds are *one* when working well together, and so much of time and effort . . . but such an accomplishment!

Surge, surge; the strength is surely here. We hope to dictate well and come through well. Each effort that is made will show the new progress here now, here now.

All right. All right. We have shown the possibilities, and sooner than expected. That shows good growth. Good girl, and on we go. And don't the angels sing an early matin to progress, progress!

We live! We live! *Christ* on this Good Friday *lives*, and *know that*, know that life is here with us, and find the grandeur there, the unknowable grandeur. The *great magnificence* transcends to all pure hearts!

And now we find the time to come to say goodbye, goodbye. We shall be with you again, and don't we all grin widely over this day!

March 28:

Know, then, that time comes from the essence of all understanding, and flows, flows with tiny motions, sometimes faintly impressing. The efforts of all are not here to handle all the views, and one does try to confirm as much as is known by one soul until the confirmation comes.

Rally here, and stop to determine what is to be said to help those lifetimes still to be spent and carried out as so much time. Span the airs and come to find a passage helpful for all the wondering souls who cling to questions, hope for answers, yield to half-truths in the search.

Never-ending yearning, for dreams do tend to evolve on to greater understanding. Faint is the thought trend for today. Wait a little longer for the force to come. There is a time of collecting, and we are late today. Not on time as promised, as predicted.

Say, then, these shallow attempts do keep the lines open and do not disappoint the rendezvous. We are trying to come together. We are trying to meet the requirements.

Handle it all as before, and be patient until the surge comes upon us here when we can send it on down to you and follow your limp arm to greater words.

When the time rolls to this time, we feel the responsibility, too, and wonder as to the words which shall fill the pages to come.

We need those good messages [so as] not to fail anyone!

There is time to make the connection still. Meditate on it deeper, and we shall come to find each other still here, still cooperating.

The valleys of pure, pure greens and golden tones are in a sweet surrender to the view of serenity. The golden tones of sunlight double the brightness and bring true accent to the

THE BREAK THROUGH

When we know - when we know how easy
these words do form upon the page and
simply you simply the strokes of
your patterns and here present God
at least at last the breakthrough
faster than expected we rejoiced
in that and we were trying to
express you for this great day is
here is here -
Can you find these words of
help and the gratitude that is
within them -
Here you may say and here
come the letters of connection
This is the time for a joyous
calling out for more than old
methods cooperate and what it
the joy of all men to know
we take first on higher planes
and here we go to make it
easier in all to find the key

Figure 4

shades of shadows lingering longer than usual. Feel the sense of colors fill the atmosphere with gladness! *Christ* is there to comfort all the cares!

Yearning alone does not do it! When does the link come, the Cord of Light which allows the thoughts to flow? Wait a little longer. We do not find the group together today. The words are too few, for we are not combined for any real accomplishments today.

March 29:

Distance forms its own usefulness, and the openness of space moves outward to a wider span, and wider come the avenues of thoughts. Race on, race on to the destiny of expressions, so that all men know, all men heed in the knowing.

Continue, continue with a zeal unknown for other labors, and find your own pace, my pace, and we will hit upon a harmony to produce.

Here again, here again, we do continue, and the schedule will be removed, and certain hours hold more significance. Count them as growing things, as attachments to a higher source which leaves you quite unlike the centers of your life pattern below.

Find your own realm and operate with strong independence in it!

Find a certainty as to your hours of willing cooperation, for we are on the path to great words; they must take precedence, and work is scheduled around them, and routines are a forgotten time. Your life of old, a forgotten time to this new passion, this new pattern. We are on to it, to a newer way to express the desires of many minds, to describe the way to expel the old, to seek the total, to add the quantities, and balance the ledger.

Now, now, here is the time again. We were faint there, but the surge is upon us again. It seems too long to wait for the importance to step up and take hold of the finer patterns. Are you ready for the surges to come? Take these down; these words were meant to find a way to purify the heart and excite the pulse beat to real life, real living.*

* See section four in the treatise, Part I.

Did the joys repeat themselves? Well, not too disturbing at that! We get the goodness confused and tangled and out of schedule, and we do not wish to confound anyone.

Only, we are *sure* now, and you are not so sure, and we are hopping up and down a bit and trying to persuade you not to delay over that hesitation.

It is difficult to remember what reluctance is! And patience is something we all work on daily here!

It is good to find the channel still in operation, and I am not in such stress at least.

I hope for longer times, as we grow on. I find it fainter here, and you are slowing, too.

Exceptions will come, but we are through for now. Thank you for letting it come out upon the page.

T. S.

March 30:

Those forces which operate well and seek to find their own cooperation send out the flow and you receive; perceiving comes later—an after-occurrence to the importance of the effort.

See that understanding [is] not that important, [is] in fact, a deterrent, so flow on, flow on. Let the images come and descriptions flow out, too, and progress in contact slowly, slowly.

Come then to this agreement, and let the fingers hold the pen in comfort, and comfort with the words which spring out from the point. When do the messages make their own appeal? [They come in] uncounted moments, irregular in appearance. That is not yet down to a fine point. Spasmodic for a while yet, but practise, willing practice, and soon the soul does flutter with new activities.

Allow the times to show their own development, and do not wonder as to the works of it as yet. Most important are the words to come. [They are] to contact the heart and bring responses to ignorance. Instinctive responses to truths [with] no education as yet, but a feeling glows within, that wisdom is quite present and on hand, on hand.

Finer points to be made to higher levels of minds, and simpler

expressions, too, to fit the puzzle well until the picture comes to completeness, and all can say, "I see, I see."

What a task we undertake! A big job! Good workers are required. Take your part in it, and come to know conclusions are only the aftermath of accomplishment! That is the easy part, when anyone can see where the paths have led!

Continue with this; *new voices stir* and *hope to rendezvous*; we are a conglomerate of ideas and wholesome attitudes of conclusions!

We give out what we feel are timed conclusions, that is, what has been worked out and dwelled upon for long periods of growth and reflection. The "tried and true," so to speak. That is what was meant by "no more theories needed," as we give you cautious examinations of what has come to be accepted here as *fact*.

When those times and events catch a lull, and we can all agree, the point is accepted as what should be transmitted. There is careful consideration here, and we must have our rallying point and universal acceptance before the information leaves us and comes to you.

Hello! Hello. Here we are again! We wanted to say a little more, but Eliot holds the controls tightly! We feel good about our new ability and are working hard on our new treatise to come shortly now to you. Just wanted you to know we gain, too, and are hard at it. We haven't any more than that, but felt more assurance to you a good thing now.

[Steven(s) and William Agasian]

[Eliot]:

How they interfere! But they are such glad souls, I hesitate to shut their time too short! They are happy-hearted these times, and do spend much effort getting their information gathered for you.

What a happy effort this becomes when we all work so well on this good cause!

There is excitement now among us all, and we did find a gayer note of attitude as the breakthrough came. [March 27] You should have seen the commotion and celebrating! We are

Hills Hills here we are again
We wanted to say a little
more but Clint holds the
controls tightly. We feel good
about our responsibility and are
working hard on our new
venture to come shortly now
to you - just wanted you
to know we spin too and
we had it - We
haven't any more than
that but felt more
assurances to you a good
thing now

Figure 5

How they interfere but they are such
fast souls I hesitate to shut
them to me too short - They are
happy headed these times and
do spend much effort getting
their information gathered for
you
What a happy effort this
feels when at all work
is well in this good cause
There is excitement now
among us all and we begin
a paper note of attitude
as the breath through came -
You should have seen the
commotion and celebrating -
We are not too often
successful with our amateur
spare now - not to hurt
your feelings but you know
what we mean
What would we all be progressed

Figure 6

not too often successful with an amateur! There, now, not to hurt your feelings, but you know what we mean! Wait until we are all progressed—what good work then, when we are at it and on the right level to accept at good speed and good rapport.

We gather more information and find our own way opening, too, and for that we thank you, as it takes your cooperation to make it so for our own speed.

It seems enough today. Just a little encouragement all around, and no new great attitudes to give, but glad to be with you and to see the hand in stronger strokes. You are getting the hang of it, and that is quite wonderful!

We are all pleased, and hope you are, too.

March 31:

Whereupon that day when all things equalize—the partnership begun, the days of doing near—the rotunda of circles, the dominion of higher forms, the undue regard for the unknown expressions, [then] *open. Open.* Let the forms through. Disassociate yourself from self, and let us cooperate fully.

There seems some blocking today, yet we will conquer it—some disturbance to overcome.

We have some thoughts for you today. Our gathering takes hold, and we want to continue keeping the channels open and getting wider to better use, better days.

We are tired, too, but must find our good band on which to send, as the work here continues and the *first accomplishment begins to form*, and get ready for that! Be ready!

Wherein the times of all times continue to show a demonstration of *one being*, totaling the whole of universes, come to know of that simple attitude, and all things fall into place!

The gears are set in motion here. Watch the pen move with assuredness now, and try to become “partless”—not a part of your own being in conscious thought—so as to operate well.

We will be relieved, too, when the flow begins and we can see for ourselves that the contact is good and useful, being used, found in operation and working order quickly. Getting in tune seems to be easier here. We hope to click on and start transmitting with less procedure than before.

When do the days begin to unfold to these new patterns?

How can we say in time, for our counting is different here.

Wait on that! We cannot continue with the needs below taking precedence!

[*Note:* At this point in the dictation, I was distracted by my dog, who sat at the front screen door wanting to go outside. I let her out. Next I took some freshly baked bread out of the pans for proper cooling and completed other household tasks needing attention. About twenty minutes later I returned to the writing. I had no idea as to the consequences of my “walking out on them.” I relaxed and began to receive.]

Well, what a perfect example of how *not* to do it!* Let us find a harmony of purpose and get our goals straight!

Those things of the world do interfere, but [you are] right to take care of the distraction. [However] get down to the calm within, and withhold the world from the mind of everyday doings.

We are here again, and have used the time wisely, and [your] dismissal [of us was] not too bad.

We are here, too, and wasn't that a new experience to be sending and finding the operator gone! We had a jolt here, as all the current backed up on us here! Better decide and stick to it, or we are in for it up here. We are working harder today, and want to begin our simple instructions soon.

Assimilate the old and new and find them *all one*, together in source and complete agreement. Here to this fact do we add more of our declarations until we can see the clearer view, and dissuade those who cling to memories not yet begun to fade to the nothingness they deserve.

We do find the consolation here, and hope to show you how easy the basics are to understand, and I assume to say *we* begin to demonstrate, as it is *our* turn from the looks of it!

Steven(s) and William Agasian

* Observe in figures 7 and 8, pages 72 and 73, the extremely agitated writing style apparent after the interruption.

when do the days begin to unfold
to these new patterns - How can
we begin time for our country
is different here -
What is that - All cannot continue
with the needs below taking precedence -
All that is perfect & simple
is now not to do it - Let
us find a harmony to
ourselves and get our jobs
straight
These things of the world to
understand - But right to
take care of the situation
and at last to the calm
within and without the
world of the mind of
everyday things
We are here again and have used
the time wisely and the
dominance of the world

Figure 7

We are here too and was at
that a new experience to
be sending and finding the
greater one - We had
a job here as all the
current bailed up on us
here - Better decide
and stick to it or we are
in for it up here -
We are working harder
today and want to
begin on simple instructions
soon

Figure 8

April 1:

[Note: Transmissions began at 8:30 A.M. rather than at 9:00 A.M.]

There now, the words do advance, and we are here also a little ahead of time. Nice surprise to have you so willing. It will produce well—good things today. The words are forming well up here, and when the band is stronger, we shall begin to transmit more of the work.

It is still faint here. Not enough energy as it floats in. As the assemblage grows to a goodly proportion, you can tell by the force of the pen when we are really going at it up here.

Try to blend your own electric currents with our new flow, and we should do some clicking on and off in grand style.

Haven't we made some inroads so far? We need not dwell too long on that, though, not to distract from our good intentions!

Allow the time to regenerate into strong abundances. There is a new lesson for us today in this earlier start. Do hope it can connect as well, as there is much to say here, and [it is] right to use your morning brightness for us here, before the daily matters catch up with you.

Right now the surge does seem to be growing better, yet faint still, and our time is not yet really present. Don't know yet if this is a good thing or not, but it doesn't hurt to try it once anyway to see what becomes of the effort.

No. Better wait until the appointed hour.

T. S.

9:00 A.M.

Follow. The surges do come, and we are at it once again and will come to our transmitting of essence soon.

Why do the forces dictate so? We have much to learn here, too, and the experiment [is] a helpful one, though not a success. We all agree to that.

At least we are here, and you know that, too, now, but [we are] not capable of any good sending until our appointed time. Relax on that, and proceed each day with that time in mind. Otherwise, a wasted procedure until the right moments arrive.

Clear the mind to the *light* that shines within, without.

Always near. Always at hand for the asking. Try to emulate that feeling of constant companionship with the *Friend of Friends!*

April 2:

Here now, the words begin slowly but find a happy pace soon enough. We are here and waiting, for the air is fine today, but you seem less able to accept. Keep up the practice. We shall gain more energy here to make up the difference. Willingness counts a great deal, and you have that!

More. More, the souls do gain in interest here, as we do take on a big task, and more are inclined to wonder as to its success.

There are energies on which to draw we did not expect! The crowd keeps growing on us, and we have a happy assembly.

Those others are here, too, [Steven(s) and Agasian] and want to continue. They gain in aptitude the same as you, and you are growing at a compatible pace. Go to it!

April 3:

It will come along today, and won't we wonder at it from time to time, as the essence flows from page to page, and good news, *good news!* We are gathered in good mood, too, and that's a big help; we are glad-hearted and hopeful at this point!

Send the surge on up to us. We are permitting the opening [to be] wider and sooner than expected. Keep up the right attitude; that is a key factor in all of this. We get on well now and continue to find our words collecting well. The assembly gathers force. Here we are again at the start of another attempt!

April 4:

Whenever in these days the currents flow and find a band to follow to the designated receiver, these attitudes do continue to gather together and speed the interpretation you make.

Tend to allow the flow to widen. Our work is going well. We are glad-hearted and join in an increasing enthusiasm for the efforts made and those to proceed upon the page.

Duty does enhance the day, when all of its expressions are performed well. We get that feeling, too, and the job well done.

That goes a long way, and we get more help as the project prospers.

Many interested souls are here today. We are deciding what's still to be said. It develops a finer pattern as the work proceeds. We have the sorting-out to do, and it gathers momentum as the days carry out their patterns.

Then [Eliot]:

Here now, here now. All rise and clap and clasp hands in the gay accomplishment. We are three-quarters done. Section four is to come and that is where you and I come in for the most of it. The energies are helpful and needed, but the expressions my responsibility.

We will find our way becoming fused, and there is a good chance for a *total accomplishment* soon!

Gather in the applause. You deserve a little clap on the back, and we are thrilled and quite overcome by the general progress.

Good hearts are pleased, and we do attempt to make it all flow in clarity for the simpler expressions, and in a compactness for the more elevated thoughts.

All men will be able to understand. That was the goal of the whole idea of it!

April 5:

Well now, the words are here and we are in collection, and find the experience dwelling in our hearts and, hopefully, in the hearts of men. All too soon, all too soon, hear the joy we proclaim as a sample, simple in its conception, of the good response to these words of hope which mankind will heap upon them!

There are so many souls who cry out for this! Find a way to their convictions. Find an attitude to concede to these thoughts, and with agreement, carry the message out into the minds of men.

That [is] good, you found the last part [of section four] in sequence of its own. Sorry to mislead, but we were in a confused state here, and wanted the words out on the page, regardless of [their] order.

We [you and I] came in tune to get them to their proper place!*

These attitudes have a lot of work to do. They need a place of their own to do the good deed hoped for.

Find the avenue and proceed along, never doubting the good reception awaiting them.

Your work is, for the most part, done. Now, just the efforts to produce it en masse remain. Listen to the voice within, and follow your instincts. We are still in the contact by our good band established. No need to write this way again for some time yet. This [is] to be fulfilled first, before we take on another course.

We all thank you and know you are happy, too, for the experience. One can conclude so much faster with this kind of experience that our worlds exist. Sorry it cannot be a part of each man's progression, but few desire or want to be so prepared! We are glad to have come upon thee!

We are with you in a new bond of workers and friends combined. Not all here to say good-bye, but enough to get the message through to you. Keep on this course. You are developing well but have a long way to go for what's expected of you!

Let all glad hearts rejoice in special song today. Let all ears open to the *truths* which live again in the words combined!

Our motive pure. Your motive pure.

We have met the requirements!

* Sequence of portions of section four.

THE TREATISE

Section I

The dictates of the heart are more pure than we realize, and all mankind knows the total plan on an instinctive basis he denies.

What does the heart say to the pure but applaud the very existence of the purity! There is a sample of it!

Does one define the purity and find all the ingredients to qualify? No; the heart speaks out and nods to the Truth in a wisdom unknown to the intellect.

The same applies to all the searching and all the groping, for philosophies are merely the truths on which the heart agrees readily.

Find the tunes *plain*. The complicated forms are manifest! We need only the purity of heart to find the goal!

Too simple, it becomes all too easily projected to the brain, and so man says, "No, there must be more to it than those simple rules."

All the easy ways of living find a true ring in them. Nature forever shows us good example[s], and what does man do but place her *below* his judgment. That is a big error to overcome!

Here, at this moment, see the clever patterns all in unison, all in perfect blending, and all on key to the song of angels echoed here, where the harmony of *God to man* is realized.

The pureness of tone designates how well the understanding

manifests itself in the minds of men. A perfect melody, and "all rise" as the *Conductor of all life, the Master of all created forms* enters into the blissful harmonies.

Union with God is your goal, man! Dissuade other attitudes to that [which is] fundamental!

Here we go on to the newer paths of teaching and find the same equation: God = Man in his universal existence, = all of God's forms. Harmony and paradise are interchangeable, when that acceptance comes into reality.

Reality is another form misplaced along the ego trail of upgraded man. How convenient to put man so far ahead of his proper place! That has some *undoing* to do. Get that! Make that an important attitude change. Mark that as an important first step to total knowledge, to the wisdom your souls are seeking.

Step two is an acknowledgment of partnership with the *Master*. You are cooperating *with* creativity, not producing your own variety of it, quite apart from *Infinite Intelligence!* All together! If God is so willing, why do you hesitate, Man? The ego is pretty well inflated. Mark that, too!

And why do you stand there wasting Wisdom's time trying to decide if you accept the idea that God is?

GOD IS.

Rest on that, and bow to the Laws of *His Creation*, and see your proper place at the table. Not at the head! Not at the Head! Come down to your proper development. How one-sided you make the picture!

We are all cooperating here, because we are through with all that foolishness which pre-occupies the ideas of *thinking man*. What a humorous expression is that! We need that one *true path* to get things straight.

Continue this along, and see where all the forms appeal to the sincerity of good hearts everywhere. Purity in heart sets it all in motion, and a new motivation prevails, when Man can begin to grow to that *lost* cooperation.

Purity of heart becomes an aptitude to accept by instinct *all truths!* Cooperation with all *life forces* begins as Man sees and *acknowledges*, in *intellectual activity*, his own place in the totality of all life.

Carry on from that point, and see the structure begin for a

willingness to go forward alone from man and into the harmonious conjunction of man in *God's graceful care*, coming upon his existence with a new view of his own worth, his own functions to perform correctly, in accord with *all life's forces*. Together, all. Together *God and Man*. Union and joy in that partnership of *perfect perfection!* (This first portion of section one was received on March 31.)

The glories that are asked for in the surging pulse beats of hearts wanting the answers of surety—they do come upon the likes of all of us and, waiting for acknowledgment, do find the disappointments many.

We fail to see the glories manifested in the so-called insignificances of life, and [so] lose the joy in the actual breath of life, the *life force operating*, [even though] not anticipated or appreciated by [the] general attitudes of Man.

Appreciation makes one stop to dwell upon tiny things, and when “no time” rules the intellect, it creates havoc in appreciation! In fact, it is a killer of that fine trait, and no more does the ear translate the song of the bird but only demonstrates the din of uselessness in the clamor of all the unimportance of the world's ego.

Today, begin to say, “I stop to appreciate. I hesitate long enough to begin to find a silence alive within me.” That silence is a revelation in itself! Before, you thought it could not be alive in your way of the world. It is the soul fluttering to its first good chance of growth! Nurture that possibility! It is the foundation for *salvation!*

Salvation is a quiet performance of acknowledgment! [Salvation is] hardly the grandiose display of good works man crows about. Contribute to this good cause and that, and publicize that, and be sure to let the whole town know about it, and how the *ego* grows and thrives, and how your *quiet acknowledgment* shrinks and barely hangs on. But know this: the soul is a tenacious tenant of the *life cord* and does not discourage too easily!

Careful to dissuade the false attitudes! These are the simple declarations, the simple steps to the soul's advancement. Complications are *Man's* contribution to life. *God* did not create

it so. It is up to each separate soul to state that and accept that in intellectual principle before the effort can begin to change the habits of great falsehoods.

It is the beginning of the process, though, and isn't that what we seek: the simplest of ways to start on the new pathway correctly?

Let the *God-man* begin—this day, this tomorrow, this *any time*. The judgment is made on this time schedule: any time the heart is willing, that is one of the basics of the soul's progression. It is really hardly up to God to decide. He is already on hand and willing! *His* channel clear and perfect! *Man's* channel is the clogged one. *Man's attitudes* keep it so!

A perfect thing is, in its essence, simplicity in expression, for all the parts rotate and synchronize in blending. [It is] harmonious acceptance of all the *universal laws*; accordingly, the function of perfection glosses over the snags which are manifesting in any *other* attitude toward those *universal laws*.

One does not need to be a wonderful scholar to understand. One needs the acceptance of what a pure heart creates. As the little children you *really* are, you can approach your God in sure acceptance of *His great oneness, His great union with all His created forms*.

And man, you are one of His beloved created forms! Run to the outstretched loving arms, and forget about deciding so much *before* the act. Impulse is part of instinct!

Does the babe question the warmth of a mother's embrace *before* it runs to the shelter of such blissful comfort, where all is safety, all is serenity, all is complete protection from the fears of the outer forces all about? No! No! Rush to the *great, loving, everlasting arms*, always there to offer perfect sanctuary!

Is it all so difficult to perceive? One does not *need to understand*, for the *creating* was done by an *Infinite Intelligence* too far advanced for even the brightest human mind to perceive!

So why all the time wasted on knowing *how* things live and grow into other forms of Divine Expression?

You are not required to know that.

You are only required to know your place in the total pattern

of all the planets, all the stars, all the heavens, and all the earths of all the ages. And that place, sorely simple! Relax—the attitude of the Lord, and He will set you in your own harmonious place!

One does not need the intelligence of greatness, [but] only the willing cooperation of the saint's expression, i.e., *total devotion* to the *Greater Source*. [Then] all your reflections catch, not the disharmonies of a troubled heart, but the glorious sweetness of the rainbow!

Hear this. Follow this way. The requirements demand the ego be left behind, for one does not find God in the shadow of any form other than the *open magnificence of a brightness* unsuspected by the errors of Man! [The second portion of section one was received on April 1.]

Review these words and what transpires is a simple accumulation of very plain and ordinary goals, lost in their own simplicity!

Gain that good ability to hunt for the simple answer to all life's seeming problems, for the essence of creativity revolves around simplicity. All answers lie there and in the cooperative harmony of intellect and special soul *agreeing to comply* with *infinite intelligence*.

Then, all things clarify. All paths open to the final destination, as the results are *sure* and *certified* before the foot first embarks on any accomplishment.

One can find only a successful conclusion to any attempt when these factors are at work, for the Divine Mind controls *all universal laws*; and when Man consents to place himself in that order of revolutions, he finds his perfect place with no effort of his own making.

All goes happily hand in hand, and one need only *realize* this and *apply* it, to find the tune in perfect pitch, the birds in joyful harmony, the obstacles *all removed*, because they cannot manifest themselves where harmony rules.

Go to the new "old" path, and *try*. Remove the ego doubts and set sail on a peaceful sea. *The Lord presides over His universe*. You are merely in it, one among all the other created forms of Perfect Being. [The third and last portion of section one was received on April 2. Section two was then begun.]

Section II

The way is clear, the passage free from want, from any mental distraction of doubt, when once Man strives to abandon the race-mind attitudes and takes on his *partnership* with *perfection*.

That is why we say begin, in the simplest manner of acknowledgment, to appreciate in a tiny moment of your harried day, for we do realize the whole worldly existence is one of frenzy now. We are working toward the undoing of that frenzy, but you must live a moment or two, each time the thought persists, in cooperation with that goal of undoing the turmoil.

Everyone, stop! Everyone, acknowledge! Everyone, allow the intellect *free choice* in the aftermath! Free choice to determine if that moment in itself does not find the body and the soul within, at a repose new to the entity. A quiet, sudden calm, only alive in a flicker of a wonderful new moment, but *demonstrating strongly* in its behalf!

Allow the mind to concede that.

Seeing the *nature of God* in *all nature* initiates the right reflections on the thought level. After that quiet moment of victory for the new, simple process of living, tend to remember the sensation of it through your day. This is the first area of thought increasing to its heritage of higher levels of consciousness, for how can you expect to find *Infinite Intelligence* operating on *your* generally low level of expression? It is not for God to come down! He reigns supreme on *His omnipotent level of producing all living forms*. Man, go upward in your conscious thought levels until you reach a point of intercept, and experience for yourself the intunement [at-one-ment] with *higher magnificence*.

Words do not elevate. *Mind elevates*, a trained mind, reluctant to lie down to the task of finding its higher place. Be determined in that, and your final expression is already defined for you in Paul's description, "Eye hath not seen," etc. The glory awaits the anointed soul reborn again in intellectual baptism. Man in his intellect, yearning for his mental inner connection to his *Life Source*! Man, intending to cooperate with

that *Life Source*, free from the limited notions of his own ego!

These are the simple goals to find your birthright. Devotion to the creator, loving that love of all forms with total abandonment, distracted no more from the mistakes of the eons of time which have sent Man on his misguided interpretation of what God intended for His universe.

Man, you do not need to decide that, as if you are abandoned by the universal *Life Source*. That is what your *ego* advises. See the serpent there to make your destruction inevitable!

God is quite here. Quite here and conducting His universe on the basis of His high design. [His universe] does not require man to admit this in order [for it] to continue, but in order for man to continue—that is the real crisis—man must come down from his elevated opinions of himself and accept proper place and acknowledge that God is!

Find comfort in that, in the loving arms of Purity of Intelligence unknown by any other form of life—that knowledge constantly operating, constantly keeping the balance properly operating. Man, can you think of man ever manipulating all the planets, all the stars, all the atmospheres simultaneously? Merciful, merciful God, make them clear on that point!

Yours to fulfill the working alliance, not to manufacture new extremes, new temporary existences of feeble laws which disintegrate in their own destructive evolution.

Take the simple way to the quietness required, to find your relationship with the Great Life Source operating clearly, all in focus, all in acknowledgment of true harmonious relationships, all in accordance with the only Truths which manifest themselves in unending laws. [This first portion of section two was received April 2, immediately following the end of section one.]

When we perceive the simple wonders of all the forces attuned and meshed with their own sense of operation, one with one with all forces, [then] no more attempting [is needed] to commune, since the fact [is] existing and producing the collected good effect.

Find the translation onto this higher level of consciousness as the goal for the concentrated attachment, the method of making a fixed connection, the lasting contact which starts the great gain into being.

Thoughts do control the spaces of all the unseen atmospheres. So, if one dwells highly on that inspired plane, one can only draw the helpful forces to proceed in the action event of the manifestation. Fact, to you is what actually comes into your life and touches you in your terms of reality.

Each daily expression in the upward level of thought carries a new surge of exuberance toward the personage. You who heed not the invisible world about you have a hard time accepting this. But what is real is unreal, and what is unreal is real, as a perfect demonstration of the two worlds existing in cooperation with the spaces between. Cosmic forces are at work. [They] are real factors in your daily existence. Best to acknowledge them, then, and assume your full place in all of the total universal forces on your own intellectual level.

Knowledge of your total surroundings and where you exist in that infinite pattern will assist you to a willing cooperation in your proper place. How can you find proper place without a newer, correct concept of all the forces at work around you? Yes, the Lord sets you there upon pure request; but how pleased the whole picture, the whole assembly of creation, when individual minds open to a higher understanding and become less ignorant of the true degree of placement!

Humility can be so false! "I am not worthy" does not [indicate] real [understanding of] the total value of all created things. Having acknowledged a living partnership with the Great Life Force, how can you breathe unworthiness into it? Without partnership, unworthiness! But more a fact of ignorance of proper place, than of true humility! Humility becomes an understood element when that partnership takes hold, for no more can ego truly say, "I accomplished; I produced; I invented." It defies the basic established factor of two forces at work! Humbly, one says at heart, "[I am] not alone in any progress, in any feat or deed, as I have set aside ego and renounced the lower level of attitude for the higher level of working forces. They, combining with a willing purity of heart, do all things within the individual."

Now, see that through, and understand how true humility becomes an obvious living factor in the heart, in tune with perfect perfection. Silently, at least, there is the inner confession, "not by my ability alone, but always with Thee, O

Lord, O *Force of Great Inspiration, Great Devotion, Great Compassion*. Let me come to imitate in the only way man can imitate God, in *perfect fusion, perfect intellectual understanding and commitment to that fusion.*"

Then do the hearts of men begin to change. Then do the commands of the *Ruling Source* begin to *demonstrate a paradise*, no longer *imagined*, but found to be a reality Man, in a now higher state of consciousness, can recognize fully.

Peace in the world. Peace in the *mind*. Peace in the acts of all good men, dedicated to an expression of *total dependence* upon a source higher than his own. [That source is] motivating in a never-ending swirl of *power of command* over the *universal laws*, of *demonstration* of the *perfect plan*, now upon us and flowing through our hearts. [This second portion of section two was received on April 3.]

These days *do* come and begin to settle into a reality of their own, and all the world sees the effect and joins in the way of life newly performed in total reception, using all of man's faculties to enhance the existence of created forms.

This Age of Peace which comes walking toward you now will become its own powerful manifestation, and no one force can condemn it, as it is the design of the *Great Planner*, and it is the *dedicated time* for its appearance in the worldly *universe*.

So keep the appointment with glad hearts and a joy unexcelled in its surging pulsations within the pure heart.

You have come to the agreement prepared.

You have entered into the Covenant of the Lord! [This third and last portion of section two was received on April 4. Section four was then started.]

Section III

Brother, your universe is mine and holds its wonders close to the patterns of spaces and deals and dwells in all men's minds. Since all beginning, we are *one with God*, infinitely a part of *His* creation and bound to that *fact*, whether our minds accept or reject it. It is the illusion of men to think otherwise. It is the cause of all disillusion to adjust your thinking to any other law than this simplicity. You are *one with all time*.

Only mankind consciously marks time off on calendars and in hours and months and years. Here, we float or encounter and are enraptured with endlessness and do not dwell on how long progress takes or when it is time for another effort or activity. We float to our new progression and dwell therein until all is accomplished. Our understanding wavers and follows along tardily and often balks at reality, so accustomed are we to our fallacies when first we enter into the covenant.

How long it takes us to meet our first goal of understanding we cannot tell. There is a workmanship about our progress, and we must find our own inner cooperation before we can bind ourselves to our *outer* cooperation. Mankind on the earth plane becomes that *outer* cooperation when somewhere the channels open and a new force begins to receive and respond slowly. The link is built when possible, and we become, in example, *one with mankind again*, rejoining earth's plane, in this method, to use the mind.

Mind is the answer for what I have come to do, and I must search long for a willing one. It must be intelligent enough to respond and unknowing enough not to ask too many questions, in order to make the delays minimum.

How I tremble to say my say and let The New Age know what I know, and to follow the trends of this changing field of energy you call Earth. It is changing because it *must change* to grow into the new understanding of The New Age. Learn of the thoughts and transgressions to be forgiven; of the laws to be accepted as *fact*; as unchangeable, because they are of God; of *His creative intelligence*; *His force*, which ever and at all times controls *His universe*.

We do not say, then, "Man, Man, you are all brothers. Be one to another out of your kindness, your will to be just to one another," but rather, "Man, man *you are brothers*, not *your* will, but *His be done—is done!*"

Concede. Concede. You are *one* with all created things, animate and inanimate. It is not your choice! Deny it, deny it. *Live* your denial, and you have *your* world, *your* universe, *man's interpretation of life*, of grandeur on his scale, his dimensions.

Illusions! Illusions! God is not denied *His own*, and we are *His own*, and we cannot undo our union with *all*. In spite of himself, man is held to this law, this unchanging law, no matter how long he refuses it. And the struggle remains, held in its own insolvable destiny until Man lets go. Relinquish your ego. Allow God to operate *His vitality* through all creation. Ego destroys. Ego does not have charity of heart. Ego is *self* personified in all the ugliness of the world man treads, and he is chained to ill progress until his Self denies self and lets the energies flow in arcs and semiarcs, in circles and ovals, in an unending energy thrust which compels men to greatness!

How shut in or shut out men are until that time when all are *one in willingness!* Give in to that! Give in to the *law of unity* to the fact that GOD IS and the fact that we do not operate at any but lower levels until we concede. Man, *concede!* Your intellect is never alone!

Begin your turn at this new decision. Set aside each ego. Individual, become equal to all of your strength by denying your single ability, frivolous in value by comparison! Allow the current to flow. Watch the miracle begin!

Take down this and stay to linger over other gestures of value, values to build a New Age, to transcend into the joys seen and unseen.

Colors to all things,
Joy to all things,
Evolve to all things,
Respond to all things,
Cling to all things,
Pulsate to all things,

Unite to all things,
Breathe to all things,
Discover in all things,
One thing, one force, one joy, one absolute unable to be denied, greater than denial.

Because, because. I AM, and I AM, and we are *all* in the I AM and it *matters* that man understand that *Power*, absolve himself in that *Power*, and cooperate with that Power, for any other formula means the consummation of the world!

Are you ready for that, Man?

Are you ready?

Forego the impassioned pleas, and do not deny your denial of the *one force*. For you have made your plans, your theories, and put them into practice, and men hunger and die and shrivel in your plans and concentrations—in all your daily denials!

STOP!

STOP!

STOP!

Hear that thunder beginning to build up, beginning to rumble its displeasure! Soon it will not stop, but will roll over everything which denies (in its pleasure, deprivations, and baseness).

How much longer will the patience last? This *perfection of patience* sends a tremble through the mountains and quakes the very earth's floor patterns, and *still men do deny what cannot be denied!*

How we do try, in vain, to tell you! How we do call out in hollowness; in such nonresponse do we wring dry, boneless hands and cluck at your patterns of things. Here do I stand, prepared, preparing. Do any of you hear the Truth? Quietly, it steals a heart or two, or finds an ear for the perchance of it.

You are too long banging your kitchen utensils and beating your kettles and drums of clamor—translating your tantrums into missiles and boomerangs of displeasures. Wars and disobedience are equivalent! Do you not see the significance of your own thoughts manifested in these strong expressions of misconduct? It is thrusting *man's interpretations* into a *universe not created to stand them!* Which will withstand?

O God, man says, "Man!"

Wail upon wail turns into translations of deprivation,
Clamors of chains and imprisonments and being walled
in by minds too intent upon intentions.
Freedom of intellect joins the *great arc* and one
simplifies, simplifies, and begins at the beginning.
Count! Count!
And what do you say?
One—that is the beginning
One—that is the ending
One—that is ALL there is to it!

Do not struggle so to grope into the abyss and create
darkness where there is intended only *light*. Allow the *universe*
its birthright! Move over to the *greater intellect*, wiser than all.
Combined in *one form*. Rock. Peter. Build to *God*. Build to your
union. Build to the colors. Build to your bridge. Go away from
confinement, away from impediments, away from unhappiness.
Gain your steps slowly. Make them count toward progressions,
eliminating, eliminating. Come to rest in *those arms, those*
everlasting arms. That mercy! That compassion! Dwell in that
love. *Soak in it! Immerse in it!* You cannot live any other way
but in finding the *All* in *every* particle, *every* pattern. Every
union is the *one union*. Come to rest there. Come to rest.

I am in thee and a part of all created images
Seen, unseen, it does not matter.
Every particle is a declaration.
I say, now. Now. Forever *now*. Forever enmeshed.
Man separates.
God unites!



Hollow winds in hollow hands
Which do not produce correctly!
Blend and bend a new way
Fitting a new time, a New Age
And futility ends. Immersion begins.
One plus one is one is ONE!
On and on that ONE remains, until
Men see the circle complete!

Those who are left to find this fact, these facts of moments
held up to *light* and transformed into truths to bind a nation, a
new nation of minds, these men who foresee these facts and
satisfy the attitudes of partial modes, of partial ideals—they
can stand aside to watch the millennium. They can watch the
chaos as Man destroys Man, and all are screams and shrieks,
and *then* Man says, "Yes, Lord, yes, Lord." And *who* calls, *who*
calls *Him* Lord? Those foolish mouths which cry out and yell
their morning matins into real mourning! For all those, for all
those who make up this way, this world—which turns and
twists and trusts to the evolutions of moon and stars and
shows, demonstrates its compulsion to its *Perfecter*—yell
loudly, yell, "God! Lord, Lord!" And He does not hear. He
does not hear the penitent. Long, too long delayed penitence, for
He has said, "All who cry out and call Me, Lord, Lord, are not
saved."

You are to be saved singly as you are singly ONE.

There is that ONE again! Learn it well. Learn it well. When
will the young men count correctly? When will each soul count
out, I am ONE!? God grant me that inner Light, that inner
understanding of *that* understanding. Relative to ALL. Part of
ALL. Part of the calamity. Heed the calamity. One flock. One
Shepherd. Hasn't He told you so? Read it. Hear it. Believe it.
Practical, be practical. Clasp your wailing, wringing hands and
look to it now. Now. *Now!*

Come this time upon you. Yes, yes, come this time upon you.
And you shall seek in your shallow way and dip deeply into the
coolness of still waters, deep in their revelations. Learn. Learn.
Hear your heart beat murmur in *one* heart beat. Broaden your
mind to the *one mind* which begins to call for its own!

Begins! Begins!
Let the steps be light.
Let the steps be quiet.
Let the steps be sure!

The Tongues shall be let loose on this plane of error, and
those who speak—they shall be labeled falsely, and falsely shall
the replies come from the cloak of the disenchanting brother-
hood. The group shall be small but well prepared for its

rejection, and those moments go on and we do not rely on time. But *men do*, and so they *repeat* and do not *repent*, but hold, bent on *their way*.

Men, asking God's help in the name of God, do not relinquish to God what *is God's!* Still, they hold *their* universe in *their* hands and form *their* destiny until *their* destiny is wrung out and laid out to the end of all ends. And then it is over, over, too, too over! No going back to find the thread of *light*. The way, *the way* is made clear only to those few, those scattered of *His* flock. Too late, Man will say, "God, God, you are right. All this time, these thousands of centuries, you were right!"

Colossal *ego*, destroy tiny man, man made to greatness *never realized*. That is the sickness of it. That is what makes us weep in our distress. Do you not feel your own destruction walking with you hand-in-hand with all living things? What is *real* to you? You cannot *feel destruction!* It *is there!* *Real!* More real than your words and speeches and sleight-of-hand gestures to right the wrongs!

Time limit! Time limit!
Your game is coming to an end!
The whistle blows!
There are no more time-outs to *win!*

Run the course. Let the patterns carry themselves along and see the sun glow through the sudden pictures of lacework. Beautiful. It shall all be so. And dwell there, in the completion of all things.

Rest in harmony,
Rest in willingness,
Rest in mercy,
Rest in wisdom,
Rest in rainbows,
Rest in softness,
Rest in cloud banks,
Rest in love.

And there shall be *one* flock and *one* shepherd. There is that

one again and again. Simple, so simple; so *do ignore simplicity*, and live in complexity!

Snarl your minds and machines and noise; make noise and clutter the clamor in all directions until there is no pattern to follow, no pattern to make a pathway. Mold your confusion; you are experts at that!

Bang! Bang!
All fall down!

This well-prepared New Age, which brings the *universe* to its rightful heritage, will show that Man can live in proportion to all things, in a willingness not shared by souls common to your knowledge.

That [heritage] will soon commence to make indentations upon the hearts and minds of thinking men who strive for this better world, this better life, this total embracing of *all life forces*.

Sleep on, sleep on, mankind in general. Lull yourselves to the [lullaby] of old ideas and old interpretations and noncooperation with the *will of all wills*. Soon your slumber will be complete and your dictates understood no more by reasoning men.

Then harmony and unity of Spirit and willingness of soul to soul will structure a New Age, mold a new peace, a living peace for all men of good will. As the angels proclaimed it, *only* they will be left to build this New Age, this New World, this New Century!

Men of good will, *God's will*, if it please. For *He comes again to rule His world and mold His harmony into the breathing spirit of all mankind!* And there will be no more disagreement with the Cause of Life, with the Reason for Manifesting; and *good will to all* becomes *reality*, living, pulsating in the eager desires of all who remain. Great strides! Great strides! "One for all, all for one" becomes the letter of the day, the living example of *union to an ideal!*

Kinship, understanding that kinship, melting into the glorious harmonies of perfected song [will be] the joy complete. The union of *God* and *Man*. The *mystical* union no longer a mystery, no longer a crushed desire, a hunger, a striving, a

stumbling for union. No, that is now a *real* thing, a working partnership with *Infinite Intelligence, Infinite Mercy, Infinite Compassion, Infinite Love!*

How, then, do we run and hasten to that New Age? We are rocketing toward it! Coming near, coming at hand. Prepare. Prepare. You have just enough time, just enough of eternity left!

Go forward. Advance to the advancement, for Paul's revelation, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard," is coming upon mankind. Don't stand there stupefied and blinking at the awe of it! You must prepare your way. Begin to build your willingness concerning your new partnership. Begin to work each day with God now, so that you are part of those children called to create *divine perfected existence*.

Climb to the higher level of mental achievement, wherein you can glimpse your finer inheritance. Dwell too long on the lower, and you will be lost in the lost wilderness of the earth attitudes.

There will be few—*remember, few*—who heed the call, who prepare themselves in a meaningful way, in a self-determined method of refining their thoughts, of channeling the *life force*, which lies dormant in all men. Awake to your baptism of *mind!* Mind can reach the stars. Mind can reach the limitless wonder of *divine attachment!*

You must hunger for God. You must choose God above all else and leave all things and follow, follow. Let go of *you*, and die daily, as Paul says to do. Deliberately, let your own self lose its precedence and see how you become not of this world. "*My kingdom is not of this world.*" Hear you not that explanation? *We are not of this world either! We are one with God, one with His total plan*, and we can deny that *fact* no longer, for the New Age is at hand. It is coming. It is coming.

PARTNERS WITH PERFECTION!
THAT IS THE PARADISE,
THAT IS THE PRIZE!

[Section three was received in three portions on January 16, 18, and 20, respectively.]

Section IV

[*Note:* The portions of section four of the treatise, "The Essence of Immortality," were not given in sequence. The first portion was received on April 4, the second and third (one final paragraph) on March 29.

During the afternoon of April 4 I typed the material received in the morning. As section four was not complete, I was drawn to the daily instructions of March 29 wherein Eliot had stated the importance of the words given. As I concentrated on these instructions, the placement of the entire section four "came to me" by intuitive guidance, using what was given April 4 as the beginning, material received on March 29 as the middle, and also as the ending, which was the final paragraph of section four.

Inasmuch as section three was received on January 16, 18, and 20, I felt reasonably sure that the treatise was completed. The next morning I received confirmation.]

We do see the progressions respond to the elevated consciousness, and the soul reaches out for more familiar surroundings as it "environs" in space, in the unconfinement of atmospheres rarified in their own progression, their own established purities.

Henceforth, the days do continue, sometimes slowly, or so the conscious intellect feels, but the pattern evolves in inevitable timetables, making each step forward one commented on, and approved by, the higher forces.

One does not travel the unused road alone, for *God is the Good Shepherd* and does not leave His flock.

The unsure paces of the unending, unrolling of the *Master Plan* are far beyond the intellect of any soul not unified in *spirit* to the *Greatest Spirit, the Trinity in Expression*.

With that contact, the learning soul does agree to continue this unfolding, and although the realization of newness impedes the daily steps, the knowledge of the *holiness* of the *higher guidance* keeps the soul in attitudes of attempting, always attempting. This is the *life force* in action, gently nurturing the fluttering spirit, providing the food of joy to make the pathway one it desires to follow.

Continue to find the unseen world working in close cooperation, in sheer conjunction, with the faltering steps of the young spirit trying to find its *perfect paradise*, its pathway to the *Christ consciousness*. For that is the final destiny of each appointed soul, to unite in *perfect knowledge, perfect intellect, perfect agreement and understanding* of the totality of creation! That is what God has in store for each of His souls, that *perfect conclusion* to what life is and to the reason for all created forms.

There will no longer be mystery in anything, for God is indeed *all-knowing*—and when each soul is united in its own progression to complete purity, it gains entrance into the *communion of perfect understanding*. O, the ease that soul does feel when at last it enters into the abode of the Sacred Heart, for instinct again concedes that soul is home at last!

That is the procedure, outlined to the final departure from the lower elevations of conscious thought to the destination of *Infinite Intelligence*, to the final connection and conclusion, which *we* are seeking here, as well as *you*, there. For all dimensions have their respective purposes, and, used well, facilitate the efforts of souls able to transcend into the glorious pathway by the shortest routes available.

Help one another to this goal. Help one another find an inner assurance of the Christ living within. He *is* there, waiting to be looked upon, waiting for His dear child to hold up a hand of greeting, a hand *wanting His guidance*, a hand *wanting* to hold *His warmth* forever in his [its] grasp! [This first portion of section four was received on April 4, immediately following the conclusion of section two.]

ONE with the Almighty. One, our ever, everlasting goal of servitude, tied to that *unity*, that successful blending, that cooperation of hearts longing to be held in *everlasting arms*. [Hearts] longing to behold the *brightness* and to pay homage to it in every attempt at expression!

These days do come upon us; these days do yield to new forms, new pathways; and we are reluctant to leave the old and friendly tunes, so often have they played upon our joyous senses. Say good-bye to these old friends, and stand prepared to shake the hands of new friends; new attitudes shall have their impact on a frenzied world, too reluctant to find the *light*.

The *light is here*, and even in the dimness of unilluminated thoughts does the glare disturb and cause the hearts to stir in discomfort. Where *is* our real *truth*, that longed-for *truth* taken from us, taken in moments of darkness and twisted to the good of few, the despair of many?

Lift toward the *Light of Light*, and seek no more the commands of men, for we are at a loss because of the confusion they have brought to bear upon the progression of men's souls. Purify to the *one word of light*, and find new consolation in that!

Surrender to your own inner light, and listen to the pure melodies which make quick pulsations in the quiet joy of early morn, when slanted wings of color defy the butterfly to higher expression! Enjoy the *God of God*, here without, here within. Come to the suction of right to right. Be brought strongly into the circle of strangeness, for only in strangeness do we find the sweetness of familiar forms waiting to hold out the key of love, to shine the wisdom through the smallness, until the way is large and free to accept

ETERNAL TRUTH,
ETERNAL FONDNESS,
ETERNAL UNDERSTANDING OF THE
HIGHEST MAGNITUDE!

Come to know that day, come to know *that day is this day*, and *every day* holds all the possibilities you need to explore the spaces still to be found reasonable.

Confound yourself no more with the usual, for two worlds exist and blend and show the partnership in action. Leave the known behind the rainbow, and follow the pathway dotted with colors and *small joys*, which guarantee God to the pure of heart! Blessed *are* the pure of heart and the courageous souls who prepare the pathways for the next dimension of dimensions.

Carry that new, glorious idea until it is *fact*, and no more looking back to less than the best of all things beautiful! Find the agreement, the answer to your earnest quest, and search for the abilities needed to fulfill that quest.

Songs and poems and flowers and sudden joys are too

incomplete an expression! Hardly definable, this *joy of life*, this realm of connection! I could pull you along and hold your hand tightly and allow some of the patterns to be sensed beside you, but you must not rush so headlong in my enthusiasms. I understand. I understand, for I was as unsure and cautious. A pure desire to find *the Master* led me here! That is the only qualification which really starts the process! [This second portion of section four was received on March 29.]

Let us begin to surge to the upward trend and find a view we all can see and admire. There, the mountains tower higher, and ragged tops are spent to sprinkle dots of coolness and show again as winter's tears of snow. The hills below are dotted with the colors of wildness—shown, demonstrated in the gaiety of flowers belonging to nothing but their own desires, and so the pattern is serene and deep and positive. [This third portion of section four, the last paragraph, was received on March 29.]

Section I —
The dictates of the heart are
more pure than we realize and
all man knows the total
plan on an instinctive basis
he denies —
What does the heart say to
the pure but applaud the
very existence of the purity —
There is a sample of it —
Does one define the purity
and find all the ingredients
to qualify — No, the heart speaks

Figure 9

Section II

The way is clear - the passage
 free from want from any mental
 distraction of doubt when one
 man contends to abandon the
 race mind attitudes and takes
 on his Partnership with perfection
 that is why we say begin in the
 simplest manner of acknowledgment
 to appreciate in a tiny moment
 of your hurried day - for we do
 realize the whole worldly existence
 in one of frenzy now - We are
 working toward the undoing of
 that frenzy - But you must
 live a moment a too. Each time
 the thought persists in cooperation
 with that goal of undoing the
 horror - Everyone stop everyone
 acknowledge everyone allow the
 intellect free choice in the aftermath -

Figure 10

1-16-70

Sec III

Brother your universe is mine and holds to
 wonders close to the patterns of spaces and dead and
 levels in all men's minds - since all beginning
 we are one with God - infinitely a part of His
 Creation and bound to that Force whether our minds
 accept it or not - It is the illusion of men to think
 otherwise - it is the cause of all dis-illusion to
 adjust your thinking to any other law than this
 simplicity - You are one with all time-limits which
 only mankind consciously marks off in calendars
 and hours and months and years - Here we float
 in encounter and are enamoured with endlessness
 and do not dwell on how long progress takes or when
 it is time for another effort or activity - we float to our
 new profession & dwell therein until act is
 accomplished - Our understanding waves and
 follows along tardily and often balks at reality as
 we to our fabrics are or when we first enter into
 the covenant - How long it takes us to meet our
 first goal of understanding we cannot tell - There is
 a workmanship about our progress and we must
 find our own voice cooperation before we can bind
 ourselves to our better cooperation - Mankind on
 earth have become that better cooperation when
 somewhere the channels open
 and a new

Figure 11

Sec IV

We do see the progressions respond
to the elevated consciousness
and the soul reaches out for
more familiar surroundings as
it evolves in space in the
unconfinement of atmospheres
verified in their own progression
their own established priorities
Henceforth the days to continue
sometimes slowly or so the
conscious intellect goes, set
The pattern evolves in inevitable
familiarity making each step
forward one commented on and
approved by the higher spheres
He does not turn the uncaused
way alone - in God is the Good
Enlightens and does not leave His
work
The uncaused paces of the ascending
unrolling of the Master Plan
are far beyond the intellect of any

Figure 12

PART III

Intermediate Instructions

April 16:

When that time comes, the feelings will flow, and onto the new course! We shall follow the dictates of many hearts bound to the perseverance of *time's* values. Hence, these days are taken up with the development you must make, and all hinges on your efforts to stay in tune. Stay close to the source, for we are here and standing in front of you, reminding you of your obligation!

Surge to newer thoughts. We are right here prodding you along. Do not be so enveloped with the world of your world. Our world is here, too, quite demanding your attention! Heed that! I am never far away; as long as you realize that, your help is here. Follow this way; it is the easiest way to tell you what is meant to be known.

Here we are in this uneasy arrangement! Keep the channels open—all the time. We are spasmodic in our sending; so you must be able and ready for us when we come.

Here again, here again, known to few, known to many still to come. Do not relinquish that idea. Do not let down your efforts. Keep it alive until the right mind is found. We are working on that, too. All our hopes will materialize. It is just a matter of finding the right channel to send forth to the minds of men. It was meant for that!

We are sturdy in our efforts for it. Cooperate still. We need the two forces going at it to make the contact. All our minds—yours, ours—make the contact. Hurry on now. We have told you all you need for now.

T. S.

May 8:

When these days do come upon us, we shall produce again outstanding results. We are glad to find you still in our hearts and minds, loyal to this new devotion to life. Here again, the

samples of all our yearnings turn to new information and come to dwell in your being and become realized upon the page.

Our alliance grows in the silence of nothingness and continues to reveal the strangeness of *real* reality. You feel nothing there, and yet the Cord of Light extends and expands, and a *new group* [is] here to gather the stars and gain energies for the transmitting!

I am pleased the friendship grows between us. We are strange in combination; yet sometimes you see the correlation and why we can demonstrate well together. Proper respect is a great value of partnership! I am gaining that for you, too, as you are a tenacious soul, and a good fighter! We shall certainly need both qualities to get the main effort across!

Our minds do yield a good combination, and [do] continue to think on us here. We are not aimless during these mental droughts. Then, too, is work going on. There are appointments kept and general discussions to aid the next effort.

Gain in your mental levels of higher thoughts—more of them daily. That will put us closer together, and there will be less effort for us both.

So there we are, again in an unusual effort, but the heart will glow with more accomplishment, more new phrases, and thank you for feeling the beauty there. [There is] more understanding between us than ever before! Tardy little girl, to know the genius of expression from my pen! But you are growing, and I am glad to be associated with such a complex combination as you!

We salute the new heart beating a new pace, and a new mind opening to the never-ending expansions of the world, meant for all men [and women] of purity! Gain strength in this promise. It is not idle!

We are friends at last, and shall remain so for all the eternities left to us all!

T. S.

PART IV

Mind and the Process of Learning

DAILY INSTRUCTIONS AND EXPLANATIONS

*May 11:
The Group*

When these times come, the dawns of new tomorrows beg to be brought into focus, for new worlds of avenues are open then. The minds of many fall heir to this new interpretation of values, and so all of us gather and wish the project well!

Our duties are quite prominent and gain strength through the development of us all. How well we have garnered the ideas of all these souls will show upon the page.

Dwell within that compliment, and be reminded of the new covenant, as we proceed to draw new evidences of great Truths and place them before the eyes of Man.

Does he heed the instruction?

Help us to find that avenue to alert the minds of men. There is much to bring out in the open. There are many ideas which proceed to be reckoned with, and now the time affords a newer glimpse into the everywhere of the Universes before us!

Take this pathway to the finer truths of life, and adjust your goals to these new accomplishments. What does it matter how far apart the consolations grow? Get it above the source, and *available*. The rest will come in the inevitable run of the common course of learning!

Come on ahead, and trip along the path of new enchantments. The colors are there to identify this newer way, and all hands clasp together to bring the strength required.

All together, all together. The accomplishments are here to be unfolded! Find your appointment an important one to keep! Be faithful to that, and we shall renew to cooperate in a finer gain of literature on these pages.

Flow on, flow on. The surges do come more intensely, and we have a good partnership and a good response to these impossible ways of the world!

Eliot

Find your way. Find your way. It will be made clearer to you, in feeling, in mental impact, and you will understand in silence the duties you are asked to perform.

We are all quite here and able to transmit, and here we go again, to gain control over the hearts of men—in words, in Truths, in understanding those immortal Truths of All the Ages!

We proceed in slowness, and find the willingness quite the important avenue.

The Group

Gain the respect of the Ages of Time in the new thoughts to be made clear! [There followed the beginning of the treatise in Part IV, "Mind and the Process of Learning." Dates of receipt of the several portions of the treatise in Part IV are indicated at the conclusions of the respective portions.]

May 12:

The Group

Here now, the path does show a new twist to it, and we are a new group to go with it! Here is Eliot, though. He is more energetic and forceful in his persisting to stay with you! You are quite good friends now, and we all are pleased with that. Stearny is not too easy to understand and please; so you have made good progress in that department alone! He is a good soul with much to accomplish! He does hover over us and is rather possessive of his "find." Well, we cannot blame him on that point either. Your kind is scarce, and we are all looking for outlets!

So we shall not rob Stearny of his protégée. He is hopeful of

greater deeds, and you do show promise of fulfilling those hopes.

We are not identified as yet, other than as a group. [The dictation was interrupted at this point by the arrival of unexpected company.]

May 13:

Eliot

So the days do come upon us still, and here we are to find the descriptions coming faster and the band ever wider for the communications coming on now.

Well, I wanted a word with you, too, but [it] couldn't be helped, and perhaps that source we are seeking will be the end result of the conversation. [The company of May 12 offered to bring books regarding a method of presentation and a proposal of a manuscript for publication.] Right to know when the receiving is at an end for the day.

It is a new group gathered, and it will take a little while to get us settled down in sequence.

How startled some of them are at our accomplishment! They need not be so overwhelmed for long! We have good results as a goal, and we are on our way to that goal now!

Here again, [being] in tune with the wisdom of minds yielding to great Truths will give us all a moment of recollection in "how things are," in the never-ending circle of things. One does get a little overwhelmed at his progress now and then, but it is not easy to remember the limited existence we once had. *All knowledge is available* if we only seek it out!

That's one thing more minds must do there. Your example will serve as proof that it can be done in time. The yearning important, the diligence to purpose important, and then, the connection is made, and the partnership grows. There are many interesting and knowledgeable souls who wait their turn here. Too bad so few possibilities are ready for them. No wonder I claim my own!

It is not an easy task to grow to one soul and become an affinity to it. Years of approaching, years of learning pace [are required]. How glad I am you stayed with it! I could have lost you along the way had it not been for your endurance. See it

out. See it through. The possibilities are quite endless. [There is] no limit other than your own, and we shall try to see to it you do not restrict yourself!

Help us all. Help us all. Show the minds of men what can be learned and produced through these new methods of communication. That is the way we do it here; so why not practice for your new stage a little early? Then we can find a oneness working ahead of the pace, and we can produce some wonders for those inquiring minds and some stumbling blocks for the nonbelievers! What shall they do with us, eh? Well, we shall carry on a good campaign for the very presence of us here with you, here about you!

You are becoming able to pause and see the Lord in all things small, as was suggested. See? You are growing in subtle ways and showing it in quietness. The inner calm becomes, *becomes*, and the more certainly it is established, the more certainly we shall remain a growing ability!

Soon the work will begin. We are not as yet thoroughly assembled. It is going to be on a higher note, as more enlightened souls are volunteering, [inasmuch] as the first work established our reputation for real progress.

Here again, here again, the bands widen, the colors glow, and you shall be a part of more revelations as these times flow on.

That is all for today. I missed my opportunity yesterday, and so was a little long-winded today. Well, enough of that! We are in tune. We are in touch. That is good!

T. S.

May 14:
The Group

When that time comes, the gathering produces well, and we are in accord with the established requirements, and onward, onward, to our new goals, our new fulfillments.

Herein lies the answer to the prayers of many, for words do dwell among the minds of many men to fill the heart with a surging of righteousness. Here again, here again, we begin to flow and to remake the ways of the laws told and held in focus. For there is much *changing* to be done, much attention to be paid to the alteration of attitudes! Again, the praises ring out

as we venture along a new course, to see it through, see it through!

Provocative attempts, but they shall show design and Truths. Truths—that's what we're after! How the throng does gather, and in some gaiety over the possibilities, for we can perceive the totality so much better from this dimension! How stumbling is your way, but you are left with that result and cannot help your limited circumstance.

Proceed, though. Grope your way to the *brightness* coming closer, ever nearer at hand, and finding manifestation in your petitions and desires. Keep up that striving, for we have valuable contact now, and do not want to lose it! Never falter! Keep the faith, as Paul says. It is *so* essential for our demonstration! Unusual alliance, but *real*. *Real!* Do not be deceived by the regular ways of the world about you. You have agreed to climb higher and onward, and we keep you in touch with that desire!

Begin to demonstrate our agreement consummated, our dwelling positive, our reality, your reality! Let the denial have a ring of falseness and stupidity to it, as we progress to refrain from any other conclusion than [is] ours now!

The stragglers are always that—late in their understanding! Slow. Slow. We are not willing to wait for them. The group is here. We shall proceed with the work at hand.

May 15:
The Group

When the words do flow on and on into the ever-increasing volume of learning, of knowing the known, then do our hearts widen to the unusual joy of serving. How does this progress affect you? You are more determined now and more sure this is your path, the way you must grow to meet the consequences prepared for you. That is good. The ordeal is less of one, each day that this commitment reveals the progress and the general possibilities this alliance creates.

Yield to the minds of many who gather to instruct, not to offend the willing hearts of all mankind, but to nudge away gently their misconceptions! If they would only cling to the Truth as well as they do to the nontruths which they allow to

pause and see the Lord in all things
small as was suggested - Beyond
are growing in subtle ways and
showing it in quietness of His inner
calm becomes becomes and the more
certainly it is established the more
certainly we shall remain a growing
ability.

From the work will begin but are
not as yet thoroughly as yet -
It is going to be on a higher note as
more enlightened souls are. I believe
as the first work established and
reputation of real progress -

You again see again the hands
when the colors are and you shall
be a part of our revelations as
they times flow on -

That is all for today - I missed my
opportunity yesterday and so was a
little disappointed today - Will
enough of that we are here -
We are in touch that is the

Figure 13

know the false from the real? ^{Will}
shall try my best to make it
possible to see again - The day
to show that ability here in of them
let us begin to show the way before
your way to finer comprehension
of purest knowledge -
I will my best at last
they seem to guide you well
but I am the control of this
whole project and I will be
a turn at it too - My
function more of energy and
influence on you this time
as the minds are quite
devoted and on my part with
my understanding - Eye
all remains here and
mine - crushed a bit but
I am wise enough to know
that portion of me needs
improvement and so I have

Figure 14

lead them! How do you know the false from the real? We shall try our best to make it easier to ascertain. The days do show that ability here in form. Let us begin to show the way beyond *your way*, to finer comprehension of purest knowledge.

Eliot

Well, my turn at last. They seem to guide you well, but I am the Control of this whole project, and I'd like a turn at it, too! My function is more of energy and influence on you this turn, as the minds are quite elevated and on a par with my understanding. Ego still remains here, and mine is crushed a bit, but I am wise enough to know that portion of me needs improvement; and so I hasten to add my own good wishes for the words which follow.

T. S.

May 16:

The Group

Know all these things in time's passing, as we generate more energies and come to uncommon conclusions.

Study and revelation are *one*, and you can see the stars a little more timely described, all things more timely described, the more deeply you look into the eyes of the created values all about you.

This extension of knowledge which flows on down to you is a gift from *the Master, the Friend of Friends, the Ever-loving Acknowledgment of All Existence!*

How aware He is of all His entities! How loving and kindly are *His attitudes* toward all who dwell daily in purity of heart! Animals have that sweet trait; that is why they are so appealing. Yet few men take the time or effort to analyze that quality for what *all* it entails.

Here we are in this realm of learning *all Truths, all Knowledge*, trying to decipher the pitfalls and give you clarity only, Truths only, for that is what you asked for so long ago!

Eliot remains right by you and hopes to see good results today; so do we all. We shall begin even with the trace of contact we have today. Sometimes, the thoughts will be quite pure in tone and living in your mind with strength; at others,

you must perceive quickly, before they fade. Our ability is not quite established, but we have much work to do, and so we continue our continuing, and wish the project well.

May 17:

The Group

Well, then, that's good; the time is here once more for transmitting the good words at hand. The interruption was good for you in calming your worries. [I had received a telephone call.] All is well, and we continue along.

Sometimes the whole effort seems so indirect as to be unreal in its vision and versions; yet *do believe* the alliance continues, and we seek the same goals. Try to convince yourself of these *actualities*, being firmly convinced of this new pathway taken now and in the days to come!

Be at hand, be at hand. The ways are made more distinct, the efforts more distinguished. We all hope for it, and it will materialize—frankly, sooner than we had anticipated. Do not relax your efforts, for you are called upon to carry forward a great commission as to the realities which confront all mankind in his own time of learning!

May 18:

The Group

O, these days of yearning come upon us, this collection of good hearts and good works! We yield to the great task before us and admire the chance of progress these efforts display to all. Such experimentation helps us here, too, to make evidential the reality of it. How incredible it first appears, only to show, in fact, that even the most unheard-of possibilities exist, have reality. For this alone we gain a good step forward!

Eliot

Well, well, my chance again. I do miss the conducting and being head of the session more. Standing on the sidelines does give me other opportunities to observe. You are getting it down pretty well. Accuracy is what we look for when making our selections. It is a great day for us when such as the likes of you makes your cooperation available, and as we become quite

aware of your searching and willingness to go the steps beyond the accepted!

The narrowness fades when you do that. Open mind and open everything! All chances for growth extend themselves to you! Do not hesitate again in questioning the values which will be yours in these perilous steps, for you are held up to the newness of *all* Truths ever existing and kept in safety by the energies of all of us present, who have adopted your soul's safekeeping in our care.

Motivation is the main issue here. Good intentions, but more than that—the stepping out into the clouds of softness and seeming vagueness to you shows courage for what you seek. It takes that and much of it, but convincing by the experiences received tends to mend that fear of unknown ideas, unknown, untouchable realities.

So the heavens do roll back their veil of softness and show the beginning trails to that which all men seek—all who wonder at the real existence of all things, where their part joins, in the ever, ever of Universes seen and beyond sight, out among the stars!

Hold true to this experiment of intangibles; they will be able to be *held onto* in time, and you will become certain of *our* certainties and gain increasingly in your own progression.

T. S.

May 19:
The Group

Into these vacant days do come the words to emulate the highest forms of thought, the expression known to those on a higher plane of consciousness.

Needless is the pursuit in any direction, but toward the *One Pure Light*, who directs and instructs and *permits* the information to flow!

May 20:
The Group

When these days do come upon us, the knowledge gathers the interpretations of The Ages in backing the information sent. We are gathered in good number today. The news spreads

here, too, and more interested souls look in on us to see the operation of it!

Find your way growing into a new order of things. Finalize your understanding, and prepare to make great strides soon. The ways are opening now for acceptance. You will be made knowledgeable of it all soon. Find the destination for these works. We are long at it here, gaining understanding first, and then coming round to full realization of facts. These are what have been offered; no mistaking that!

Any mind which dwells upon the words herein will begin [or continue] to make great personal development in his soul's progression. Why do you not let that ambition take hold more as number one? Your goals, Man, are so off-center! What *really matters* is so cast aside in your relentless pursuits of voids. A little attention each day to these words would find you on a higher plane of consciousness soon enough, and then how easily you would and could abandon your false pursuits!

Gaining this understanding, striving to place yourself in mental partnership with God, making conscious effort to set ego aside, and dwelling on high thought-forms set you well on your way. Find, then, all these social reforms, all these general trials and tribulations are gone, for your existence, *for once*, [is] in tune with *the total life force*. You must then be in harmony with all created things! You are at once within the realm of the brotherhood you riot about. Cry out for justice, *man-made* justice. Why not *complete perfect justice*? It can be yours! All of the worlds can come to that with the individual efforts of these few instructions!

May 21:
The Group

When these days do accumulate to the formulation of these Truths set before us and then on to you, that will be the moment for the joyous release of our heartfelt gratitude! We are again in assembly to wish you well and will continue to gather strength and energies which will aid you in what you still have to do.

THE TREATISE

The ways of the universe are never so strange as the dictates of the individual mind, which shuts the door to all knowledge in its stubborn pact with ignorance. All avenues of instruction are open to the men of the world if only those minds of theirs would allow the information to flow!

We must learn to understand the function of the mind, to see where the limitless boundaries will lie for each created soul. Open. Open. The Cord of Light directs a wider view, for asking and receiving go hand in hand in the never-ending process of evolving to higher truths!

How simply the arrangement is laid out for all of us! How unhappily mankind ignores the easy avenue of access to all knowledge, all understanding! The path to these consequences leads from the willing heart, the yearning heart, searching for its satisfaction. The food of the soul, in other words [serves as water to] this thirst for the way to greater thoughts of understanding.

Lay down your ego and open your heart to desire for the clarity of knowledge, [which is] fulfilled in the openness of all the great avenues of learning. See that heart respond to the instinctive impulses of Divine Attachment! Automatically, the created heart responds to Divinity! So search for it. Go out seeking the realities denied in the compactness of finite intelligence. There is no limit placed on your understanding by *the life force*. Total sharing of the Divine Mind is what you are heir

to finding. It is what was intended for you all. How meager a portion you slice on the plate for yourselves! God has so much more waiting for the open heart, the loving heart which responds to the adventure, the quest for the totality of all knowledge!

Put away the old tunes, and sing a purer song to days of color, days of pure air and clearer song to the *infinite beauty*, the *unaccepted joy* which is holding outstretched arms to each of you. Your *mind* does the unaccepting! How now to train it to the better inheritance? Say each day, *all things are, all things exist*, not just possible, but *there!* [They are] waiting for that acknowledgment which sets them free to float to you and manifest themselves in *your reality*.

Limited man, see, touch, smell! O, how the unseen world dances about you! O, how we yearn to manifest in true delight in the ways of the *created world!* How you do deny the existing! You are *so* behind the times, *modern man!* Hear that? *So* behind the times! We wonder at it, we wonder at it, at your slowness!

So few, so few begin to adjust, begin to change, begin to find the wider avenues. The children seek it in their misdirected ways, but *mind is the answer!* Mind brings on the expanded universe. What else is there? What else can *reveal* but your consciousness? How can we relate to such a tiny, one-sided consciousness [as that] of the third dimension? How we sigh over your limited pursuits! But you are there to learn—it is a formulated training session!

Only, let a few more hearts dare to see *the way* is clearer, wider, more enchanting than any imagined ecstasy!

Widen the roadway. See more along the way. Venture to the newness of the old! Always here, always before you. Blessed are they who believe but who have not seen. Yes, blessed *are* they, for in believing, all the processes begin, in automatically establishing a promise, blown to the winds of all time, and answered in the mist of unforgetting forms, which begin to float forward, seeking the one of pure heart who dares to say, "It is so!" [This first portion of the treatise in Part IV was received on May 12.]

Bright lights which beacon into the worlds apart from

confrontation [are] dwelling in the innermost depths of levels too advanced to distinguish themselves in the plane of obviousness. Seek the inner depths which dwell so far between the now and the always now, for you do exist until the Times of Glory do come to meet the night!

Here we are, on this merging atmospheric plane, developing awareness of Cosmic Consciousness. Soon that new knowledge stays on to live and become a part of our *ever-knowing*, for we do not know *when* we did not know that essential point. It is so subtle, you see, and the learning process long, but not painful in our *unknowing*, as on your plane. You are all too aware of how much you don't know! Here, we are confronted with the Truths of Ages, and they all seem quite easy and reasonable, in time—that time, the measure of our individual growth pattern, and we do not yearn for it any sooner than it can develop.

We are easy in our waiting, as we *know* it is on its way. You are more in states of consternation. We can only tell you, relax more; the *efforts* make it harder for learning to enter! Believe in the bountiful generosity of *the Master*. He shall not leave you uninformed! [This second portion was given prior to the instructions, on May 12, instead of afterward, as was the usual sequence.]

These ways of the Lord do shine from the heavens of all knowledge, and how happily the pieces fit and pledge themselves into a new mind seeing them demonstrate, even in a tiny magnitude of performance!

For that is the *light* shining through the darkness of unknowing mind, shimmering an eager promise to the developing consciousness. Progress comes slowly, but with surety, as the mind designates the awareness of the totality of *all life forms*.

Generate that power you do not touch, smell, or see, but *vitalize in thought!* Thought brings the forms to your presence and transcends the timelessness of living into the awareness of your objects of reality.

The mind functions gaily, in disregard of your ignorance, for it produces as instructed, and demonstrates its own function and abilities in your unwaking state. Asleep, asleep, and don't we rejoice in that event, for then we all relax to the reality of the real! And, out of your control, the mind leaps on to the existence of eternities!

Learn to open your conscious efforts to that realm of all "impossibilities." You call them that; they are really meager in their role, for you are capable of *infinite things*, once the understanding is there!

Find the new path to the outer-inner pattern of *all life*. How can you be *Godly* in image and so confined? We smile at you often, so intelligent you grade yourselves, reaching the moon and sidetracking *real development!*

Grope on to the never-ending reality of *all things possible!* Haven't you felt the urge to abandon your shackles and *soar?* Ride the clouds high and dip into the banks of all understanding. Sip the coolness of patience and unrestricted elegance in the knowing of *all-knowing!* That is where your mind runs off to when you are not at the controls, to the knowing of *all-knowing*, and drinks in the wonder of it with an unquenchable thirst, as it is drunk with the shallowness of your control!

Let go to the newness of all times and spaces, and *relish* in the new activity. Withhold no longer, and investigate your innate created ability to limitlessness!

How we see the controls heavy in your hand! How we hope to gratify the small number of you who begin to relinquish your minds to greater achievements! We come to instruct these happier hearts, for they can no longer dwell in the gloom of unforgotten dreams, once having traveled this greater path. No one stays downhearted for long, as the endlessness of all openings shines out with *majesty* and *power*. We are part of that *power*, part of that *dominion over all life*. God has made it so for all of you. It is *your misunderstanding* and *your faintheartedness* which keep you separated from your magnificence! [This third portion of the treatise was received on May 14.]

The minds of many men do follow the familiar patterns taught them erroneously through all the travails of lifetimes. How underneath the surface into the realm of instinct dwell the Truths you seek! There, bygone eternities suck the yearning babe to newer reaches of intellect, and it is lulled to sleep for centuries until the New Age is born again!

That time comes upon you soon. That New Age is *already* emerging! That *coming of the Lord* is almost within your grasp of comprehension! The evidences of it grow; and slowly, man will evolve to it! It is our task to prepare the way, and as you

are combined in the effort, yours, also. See the *coming of the Lord* all about you! See the instinct in the young as they cry out for something they cannot touch and define, *your kind of reality!* [It is] something they can only feel on the level of instinct, and so, confused by erroneous ways of thought, they rampage and complain, complain. They wish to renounce the short chance of growth they have come into. They know this but cannot relate to an intelligence deep inside the babe of instinct. And so they have their tantrums, and the rest remain puzzled at the constant outbursts.

Why do you cry out, children? Why do you rail up against your father and mother and the very world of your existence? Short, the time is short! You feel that, all of you, and yet you are clouded in your answer as to what is *really* bothering you.

The itch of the Age to Come has hold of you! You can only spin on in your involvement and evolvment, until all of mankind sees the swing of the pendulum right upon them!

Then they will lie down and do their adoring! Quite impossible, Man! What a foolish god you adore! The *life force* does not accept your terms or *your definition* of *Himself*. He has described *Himself* already, and it is *you* who are in error!

Think on that! When will you ever live according to the dictated terms of the *life force*? The *whole* of all the Universes do! The choice is always there! So many forevers, you have chosen *yourself* as master! That time will come when you will suffer the consequences of your wrong choice, or, shall we say, you shall be forever liberated from any more mistaken attitudes!

Heed, then, the mind that searches now for the inner connection with *the ruling force of all times, all eternities, all identifications with existence!* The contacts are made and the contracts signed and accepted! Look for *your* opportunity to sign the agreement!

For a new world of *the year of the Lord* begins to unfold, and enlightenment to that unfolding comes into perspective in many individual ways. Proof to you all, how *all-concerned* and *all-affected* the *Life Source* is with Men of Choice. You are your *Master's creation*. You are bound to acknowledge that! [This fourth portion of the treatise was received on May 15.]

Mind begins the slowest possible contact with the *Infinite* in its slight investigations of all thoughts placed before it for evaluation. Hence, the soul which has God in partnership, aware of the *dwelling within*, gains higher thought-forms to review that intellectual process of discerning. So the best pattern involves intunement [at-one-ment] with *divine grace*; then proper development comes in growing upward toward *divine attachment*.

Garner the strength of angels in that contact ever growing and widening, in even the simplest effort of will. Ask the *God of all life force* to intercede; and, at once, the unfolding regulates itself to higher forms of intelligence! We are all on different levels of instruction and need this *higher acceptance* to really gain any real level of accomplishment!

Pseudo-truths are all about you! This link protects you from their confused states of discerning. One must *pad* the intellect, insulate it from the errors of good and evil which are lost in their own indirectness toward *divinity!*

The process of weeding out can become a quagmire for the mind of man without that surge toward *all-knowing*, that asking-for that the *dwelling within* creates. That's a great step toward the eventual fulfillment of the soul! So simple, so necessary, so disregarded in the general instructions of man!

Quickly get the babe on the knee to that way of growth!

Partnership with *divine attachment* is the ultimate achievement, for there the soul does roll on and rotate with exciting speed, developing quickly to the higher progressions we are learning now.

There is no way to attain it other than coming there *knowing* that, and then the process begins immediately. But we are instructing the majority of men, who must stumble over all the false instructions of generations and who rarely find the cure for those ills, those ailments of decision, while on your plane.

What progress to the New Age of Peace if young minds would be so instructed now, for ego is eliminated early in the game, and all that wasted time is spared the soul!

We gain in simple acquisition the higher thought-forms, taking on only those we can absorb with ease. The process does take those eternities of which you often speak. But then, we

have those eternities, as was expressed in "time" is any moment we might need,"* in the learning process. [This fifth portion of the treatise was received on May 16.]

Each mind continues to develop in the unfolding of *all Truths*, until the patterns and pictures swirl into the beautiful descriptions of the scriptures. Those men, indeed gifted in perception—made possible by the acknowledgment of *the divinity within*, and seized upon by a willing heart, accepting, accepting the *totality of all life*—[knew] *that pulse beat theirs* for all the Ages left to mankind!

[They had] zeal and ardor and confirmation of mind. [They had] loyalty and devotion to the Truths of All Truths. [They were] unconvinced by the voices of less than the angels themselves, who allowed their ears the tingle of tranquility of soul!

The peace within grew and the soul did grow also, and the realization came alive within them, those men of *pure heart!* And that recognition of goals, proper values, the striving for the real link to *all-knowing*, perpetuated itself in all of mankind who listened to the wings of sweetness and held themselves spellbound to Divinity!

The lure of the *pureness* of it is quite compelling! You are quite overcome, overwhelmed, and you are lost to that commitment of *perfection*, once exposed! Those lifetimes bob up and down, and all the learning fits into place to make you worthy of it. There is no more yearning for valueless aims; there is only the ability for correct decision, correct guidance. You will never be sidetracked by error and the anxieties of unknowing again!

Further along, the descriptions imprint themselves upon your mind, and the acceptance becomes so easy an operation. One *glides* into understanding with such ease! How the moments multiply until the total of them gain you proper place and perspective! The vastness of *all-knowing* [is] too much for finite man to comprehend. See? You are not ready for it, and how sweetly *the Master* acknowledges your immaturity in His full plan for all His loved ones!

In time, all those who so desire find the *brilliance of all life* waiting for their conclusions to expand to that understanding.

* Note: See page 53, paragraph 8.

Until then, one catches a glimpse of the *glory yet to be ours*, and the heart quickens at the sight of it!

Yet, wait along the pathway, in the coolness of *small discoveries*, as long as you hold true to the love of the *divine mind* which guides you. [Then] you shall see the conclusion remain for all eternity, at the place your foot last lifts, to find immortality waiting in kindness! [This sixth portion of the treatise was received on May 17.]

Join in the glories of the inspired efforts of the mind now freed to the joys of communication with *all existence*. [It has] gone from the limited wonders of five senses to the unproclaimed magnificence of *all life forms* operating in respect to *one eternal force*.

Gain in the courage of the minds before you who sought these goals and consequences in whatever avenue they followed. The pioneers of mind came only to the edge of discovery. The uses [are] still veiled in mystery, the capacities so slightly shown, even in genius on your plane!

Your consciousness is your soul in action! [It is] gaining, swirling on out into the wonders of space, meeting thought-forms of all eons which continue to produce their own penetrations and remain recognizable in their definitions.

Old, future, now, whenever, these forms manifested themselves; they built their own aura of immortality along with your plane's reality, and remain herein, in all creation to be called upon at will!

Your consciousness does that, too. [It] builds its own aura for future recognition and claims its own immortality in every step of understanding, every reality of recognition of Truth!

So find us all here, all in modes of identification, all striving to correct misconceptions (deeds of our earth plane activity). Here, we give new hope to man and new hope to our own established immortality, that we shall gain in our participation with man in helping adjust thought-patterns to the real realities. [We are] gaining releases for ourselves and giving values for fewer errors on your plane. We are all going to the same meeting place! It is an eventual thing, and one hastens to gain entrance when the opportunities present themselves.

We are lost in the midst of unrecognizable misconceptions, when first we realize we are in a newer form of life than that on

your plane. There are helpful souls who kindly evaluate our state of understanding and carry us along from that point to clarity of place and predicament. When we are ready to be of help ourselves, we are at last beginning to climb to higher thought-forms, always existing, always ready to respond upon request of the soul.

That is where you can gain immeasurably from your plane now, knowing just this one fact! Knowledge of purest form awaits your command for it, your desire for it, once the purging of soul is accomplished!

One has heard that paradise is not entered by any but the *pure of heart*. Well, we are here to state that Truths, *pure knowledge*, do not respond to the entity crying out for them without that same quality dwelling therein! That is why *purity of heart* is the *key* to all progression! [It is] more than a good trait; [it is] essential, essential! Get that well accomplished *before* you come here. Then, your way will be far more open for true accomplishment, true advancement.

One judges intelligent, where you are, those felt to be knowledgeable. Well, that is a factor, but you will see those of *real value* have a high degree of *purity of heart*. Stages of *developed mind* begin the process to the *divine evaluations of all life*, for it is in the expanded consciousness that souls signify their claim to *oneness*! [This seventh portion of the treatise was received on May 18.]

All in *one*, and then the perfect functions begin, and we are on our new paths of areas of instruction. One by one, the patterns swirl and float and merge into education—yours, ours. It is a never-ending process until we reach our ultimate perfection.

Herein lie the answers of The Ages of Eons, and herein lie the *gift of prophecy* and the *gift of tongues*, for the *Spirit prevails* and originates again in the heart which cries out for it. There must always be the yearning invitation before the invocation comes!

Together, we move to the heavens of heaven and transcend all accomplishments and all mysteries of ever-after. The pursuit is on at once, at the beginning of all creation, and our destiny: *one destiny*, reunion with *the Infinite*!

See the mistaken urges of one world after another disappear into the gray darkness of void. Only the realities of any world live on. There is elimination here. What you don't see at all! You are trapped in all the beliefs of thought-forms evolving to their own destiny of life or destruction. Here, the eliminating helps us do some important sorting-out, and we can abandon the errors of thought with surety. It all takes so much time, what you call eternities, but the process is vital and energetic, going on and on, eliminating, eliminating.

As the mind elevates itself to higher levels of consciousness, there is more purity of understanding, and *lasting values* remain for the mind to accept in progressions of the soul's evolvment. Compact knowledge all about you, Truths of All Ages, [which are] the *only* life forms moving freely in the space of all spaces, allowing contact with minds purified enough to accept their content! Then that mind generates new vitality, and the opening of wisdom becomes the friend ready for interpretation and discussion to aid that soul to higher forms of thought. [They are] always higher and higher, until expanded consciousness becomes able to perceive the *totality of all totality*. That is the circle of unending joy completed at last! *One with the one*, forever attached, forever in tune! [This eighth portion of the treatise was received on May 19.]

Your goals, man, are so off-center. What *really matters* is so cast aside in your relentless pursuits of voids! Cry out for justice, *man-made* justice. Why not *complete perfect justice*? It can be yours. All of the worlds can come to that! [This paragraph was taken from one of the daily instructions.]

Man, you do not have to *unlearn* your prejudices and *unlearn* your quests for material gains; all that is really impossible for you to accomplish! You are too complex to drop your modes of environment and mental instruction! However, do not try to *drop* anything known now, in that sense, other than setting aside ego, as a main objective, but allow *the great light of light* to penetrate your being.

If you want a perfect world, then you must attach yourselves to the only possible *source of perfection*! Simple, yes, simple, and how long you have tried *every other* possibility! Well, your

turn at *perfection* is near at hand! We pray you do not make the unwise choice, for soon, only those willing to live in partnership with *the life source* will remain to multiply the earth and all the heavens to come!

The Age of Peace comes upon you after this mass purification, in one big sweep, of all the created forms of existence. Then paradise begins, when all life forms demonstrate unlimited knowledge, the final proof of their progression in this use of the mind and this process of learning! [This tenth and last portion of the treatise was received on May 20.]

PART V

Au Revoir

May 21:
The Group

We rejoice in this experiment and gain knowledge for our own sakes in this reality of realities! Ever aware of the limitlessness of *the higher Source*, you see now, don't you, that *all things exist, all things are!* Whatever you need is already waiting to gravitate toward you, through thought affirmation, until the substance comes, and it is *fact* and *acknowledged* by your world.

So you see how the dear Lord has provided for all his beloved life forms! It is up to Man to develop to this created *fact of law* and operate on the level linked with *the one Source*. Then all things existing and affirmed by your right thinking and in harmony with the *laws of the life Source* give you *external proof* in their *existence* on your plane.

Always know that all you need and desire which is in harmony with *divine law* and *divine intelligence* will be given you for all the forevers, for all the eons of moments, for all the progressions, one upon another, until the meeting takes place between Soul and Creator!

We dismiss ourselves now and say "Until we meet again and thank you for giving your willing mind an exercise in this *incredible alliance* which seeks not to astound, but to educate!"

May 21:
T. S. Eliot

Well, I say my turn at it now and add my congratulations to these last efforts. When placed properly, you will see they hold the same worth and stir the heart with ringing truths, affirmations of the highest sort, to send you and all good hearts on a higher search for understanding, on a search for a purity of heart which emulates a performance of that understanding. And *all stand firm, all stand firm*, in this new acceptance of Truths of All Times.

The yearning continues for this work to go out into the hearts of all mankind. Keep working on that goal. It will all unfold into surety as you proceed diligently in small steps to gather the pages into *one intellect of understanding*.

I hesitate to say good-bye or relinquish my hold on you, for I know the bond of friendship lies deeply in your heart, as in mine, in mine. I am more sure than ever of my "pick." Pleased as punch, and do hope you are just as elated! I really know the answer to that, as respect floats widely all about you when the contact is made. That is good, but now we can relax to a kinship of purpose and build on that, too. You are not that far behind, little sister! Know your own worth, and seek the promise of the gifts inborn in you, coming from the stirring of a striving soul that finds its answers in the servitude of *the twelve*, and in all those hearts which have endured the centuries in faithful devotion, and *performance* of that devotion, to the beloved Christ.

Here again, here again, we shall find another rendezvous when needed, but now the time is overdue, and I say, with heartfelt reluctance, good-bye until we meet in mind and heart, at the goal of humanitarian progression which started this alliance and carried it through to this accomplishment.

Stearny

in faithful devotion and
performance of that devotion
to the beloved Christ —

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Stearny

Figure 15



About the Author

P. M. Doucé, a native Californian, was educated in the Los Angeles school system and received her B.A. in English from the University of California at Los Angeles. She has had formal training in music and has a natural aptitude in art.

Ms. Doucé has worked as an executive secretary. She feels she is still a secretary, "taking dictation as a channel for God's Forces."

The death of a good friend under shocking circumstances initiated Ms. Doucé's active quest for truth, which has resulted in the present volume.

Asked about previous study of T. S. Eliot's works, Ms. Doucé commented, "Until my personal experience with Eliot, I had no understanding of his genius."

Jacket Design by Holly Roth

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"Through inspiring prose and poetry, a purported T. S. Eliot pierces the veil of death via the automatic writing of P. M. Doucé. Whether the writings come from a discarnate T. S. Eliot, P. M. Doucé's entranced and subconscious mind, or a combination of both, the reader will be challenged to explore, share, and find comfort from these illuminating and unifying thoughts and values."

—Berthold Eric Schwarz, M.D.

"T. S. Eliot, via the mediumship of Ms. Doucé, has apparently continued to uplift men's minds at a time when a search for a pathway to the 'communion of perfect understanding' is most needed. Although parapsychologists and literary researchers may debate the authenticity of this mode of expression through automatic writing, the scope of material is well conceived, logical in sequence, and is an excellent piece of inspirational writing."

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—Dr. Harold J. Reilly
Director
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"If one you love is no longer living, it is likely that you have asked some of the questions that P. M. Doucé asked in the spring of 1968. . . . It is a rare human who has not, at one time or another, been interested in what lies beyond the 'last breath.'

"No comments are necessary concerning the step-by-step learning of Ms. Doucé. . . . The entire book itself is adequate testimony."

—from the Foreword by
H. K. Panjwani, M.D.