# *THE EFFECT OF GRIEF ON THE DECEASED*

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## About the Author

Prof. Dr. Werner Schiebeler, a qualified physicist, was born in Bremen in 1923. He studied physics at the University of Göttingen, where he earned his doctorate in 1955—conducting research in fluid dynamics at the Max Planck Institute. From 1955 to 1965, he worked in the electrical industry at Lorenz-Standard-Elektrik AG in Pforzheim, where he also served for seven years as the head of the research department for electronic telegraphy. From 1965, he taught physics and electrical engineering at the then-State Engineering School in Ravensburg—now the Ravensburg-Weingarten University of Applied Sciences. He received his appointment as a professor in 1971 and retired in 1983. In addition to natural science and technical subjects, from 1969 onwards, he regularly delivered lectures on parapsychology and "parapsychophysics" at the Weingarten University of Applied Sciences and throughout the German-speaking world—continuing to do so even after his retirement. He is the author of numerous books, articles, and booklets, as well as two films.

## 1. The Meaning of Grief:

Grief is an emotional response to a loss (the loss of an object or a person). It is an emotion, much like joy, fear, or anger. Like all emotions, grief serves to help us cope with life—in this instance, with the aim of enabling us to live a relatively normal life once again within a world altered by the loss. Grief is, therefore, a healing process, though one that may leave scars behind. Often—especially in the case of the death of a loved one—grief begins with a state of shock. We cannot accept what has happened; whether subconsciously or consciously, we wish it were not true. The grieving person adapts only gradually to the new reality. Eventually, they come to feel gratitude for what they once experienced—even if it is now irretrievably lost. Once they have found their way back into life in this manner, the process of grieving has reached a successful conclusion.

This perspective is distinctly earthly—a form of pure psychology focused on the grieving person and their own interests. But what effect does grief have on the deceased—the very person for whom we grieve? Can we simply leave them out of the equation? After all, grief—like any other emotional state—is a specific form of information processing within the human brain; it consists of a sequence of thoughts. And these thoughts can radiate outward, potentially influencing other beings—both those on Earth and those elsewhere.

## 2. The Nature of Death

In recent decades, modern science—the natural sciences in particular—has yielded significant insights into our environment and the human body. Yet, to this day, all conventional scientific inquiry comes to an end at the moment of human death. Birth and death— of the human are considered the beginning and the end of existence. Yet, people generally do not know why they traverse the path between these two supposed endpoints. Birth is mostly regarded as a joyous event, while death is seen as a merciless destroyer; people fear it when they sense it approaching, and they are deeply troubled when it affects close family members or dear friends. In such moments, many surrender completely to their grief—feeling sorrow for the deceased, but, above all, for themselves. Some even fall into despair regarding their own lives, deeming their existence meaningless, and may attempt to take their own lives.

This becomes especially evident when mothers lose an only child, or when spouses lose a cherished partner. In such instances, the grief over the loss—and the longing for the departed

loved one—becomes boundless. A person grieving in this manner may find their thoughts fixed upon the deceased, day and night, with an unspeakable pain, yearning for their return. Yet, it never occurs to them what repercussions this might have for the one who has passed away. They assume that, since the person is dead, they no longer feel anything at all. But does the concept of being "dead" imply that the deceased no longer exists at all—that their spiritual life has been irrevocably extinguished, and that they perceive nothing of what occurs on this earth?

Even today, many theologians share this view. A Lutheran pastor from a former congregation of mine once remarked during a debate on this subject: "To me, death is a terrible event. It signifies that God completely annihilates human existence." I replied: "To me, death is not a terrible event at all; rather, it is the conclusion of one phase of life and the beginning of another—a transition into a different realm, accompanied by the undertaking of new tasks. Death can be likened to completing a period of earthly schooling, leaving one's parental home, and embarking upon a career.

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It certainly entails a separation from the circumstances of one's previous life, but this is by no means a catastrophe."
3. Parapsychological Insights
What, then, provided the basis for this assertion? The research findings of a relatively young field of study known today as parapsychology. This discipline examines processes that occur within, around, or in connection with a living human being—processes that, in ways not yet fully understood, relate to the human spirit or to the phenomenon we call "life." These processes are of such a nature that they cannot be classified within traditional psychology, physiology, or physics. Consequently, they are termed "paranormal"—derived from the Greek "para", meaning "beside," "near," or "beyond." This field extends beyond the established natural sciences, seeking to broaden their scope. Among other things, parapsychology investigates the origin and purpose of human life, and addresses the question of whether death truly marks the end of human existence.
Over the past 140 years or so, parapsychology has provided a wealth of evidence—derived from mediumistic activity and direct experience—for personal survival after death (6; 9, 10). It has demonstrated that the frequently repeated assertion—"no one has ever returned from the dead"—is, strictly speaking, simply false. Research findings in parapsychology indicate that, under certain conditions, direct communication with the deceased is possible (11). Furthermore, it shows that, on occasion, a deceased person may manifest on this earth—briefly becoming visible, tangible, capable of being photographed, and able to be spoken to (9, 10).
Phenomena of this kind occurred tens of thousands of times between 1850 and 1950. In the case of the Danish materialization medium Einar Nielsen (1889–1951), for instance, this happened approximately 17,000 times over the course of 50 years. Due to their extraordinary nature—and the fact that they carry far-reaching spiritual implications for our present and potential future lives—these facts have been most vehemently debated and attacked by individuals who, for the most part, have had only superficial experience with them. Such things, it is felt, simply cannot be true. The widely held view that life ends with death—and that neither God nor Christ (as His Son) truly exists as a spiritual being in the afterlife—only gained traction in the modern era, through the so-called Enlightenment of the 18th century. It was then that non-specialists—specifically philosophers and politicians—drew entirely erroneous conclusions from the successes of the advancing natural sciences, constructing the

intellectual framework of materialism and atheism. Previously, it was common knowledge that something survives a person's material death—referred to as the human soul—which, while invisible to us, is composed of a different substance belonging to another realm of existence, yet structured in a way that mirrors the human form, and within which the personality continues to endure.

The accounts that follow are based on the premise that, according to research findings in parapsychology, at the moment of death, something separates from a person's earthly, material body—a so-called... ...a subtle material body, or astral body, and crosses over into another, otherworldly realm of existence, where it continues its life. Furthermore, certain...

...propositions, an exchange of messages is possible between the earthly realm and the realm of the afterlife; this exchange can provide us with insight into the feelings and experiences of the deceased (12). The accounts demonstrate that the intense thoughts of those living on Earth can reach the departed, affecting them—making them either joyful or deeply sorrowful—and can subsequently either facilitate or hinder their further development.

4. Ancient Knowledge

In earlier times, certain individuals possessed this knowledge, which found poetic expression in the tale titled "The Little Tear-Jug". Although its mode of expression may strike us today as overly sentimental, and its language as archaic, the content it conveys could well have unfolded—or could still unfold today—in exactly this or a similar manner. The tale goes like this:

"Once there lived a mother and a child; the mother loved the child—her only one—with all her heart, and she could not live or exist without him. But then, the Lord sent a great sickness upon the Earth. It raged among the children and reached this child as well, who took to his bed and fell mortally ill. For three days and three nights, the mother kept watch, weeping and praying beside her beloved child—but he died. Then, an immense and nameless grief seized the mother, leaving her all alone in God's created world. She neither ate nor drank; for three days and three nights, she wept unceasingly, calling out to her child. On the third night, as she sat there in her anguish—numbed by pain to the point of fainting, and exhausted from all her tears—the door opened silently. The mother was startled, for her departed child stood before her. He had become a blissful little angel; he smiled with the sweetness of pure innocence, looking radiant, as if transfigured. In his hands, he held a small pitcher, filled to the brim. And the child spoke: 'Oh, my dear mother, do not weep for me anymore! Look—in this little pitcher are the tears you shed for me; the angel of mourning gathered them all into this...'" ...into the vessel. If you shed even a single tear for me, the little jug will overflow, and then I shall find no rest in the grave, nor happiness in heaven. Therefore, oh my dear mother, weep no more for your child, for your child has been taken up—he is happy, and angels are his playmates." With these words, the dead child vanished, and from that moment on, the mother shed no more tears, so as not to disturb the child's rest in the grave or his peace in heaven.

5. Communications from the Deceased (Mediumistic Communications)

The hypothesis that the process depicted in the tale may have actually occurred in a similar fashion is based on accounts provided by the deceased—either by those who were held back by their surviving loved ones, or by those who, existing as spirits in the afterlife, were able to observe such phenomena in other departed souls. This is illustrated by an account—delivered in 1965 to listeners through the Zurich-based medium Beatrice Brunner (1910–1983) by a being who claimed to have died in Scotland in 1925 and to have been trained in the afterlife as a teacher for us humans—who called himself Joseph. The account reads as follows (p. 263):

"I bring you a picture of an experience I had in the spiritual realm, and of my task. I encountered a soul who was deeply sorrowful and who had the ability to return to the home of his earthly loved ones. I accompanied him, and upon our arrival, I asked, 'What is it that you seek here in this house?' He replied, 'Do you not see that they weep for me every single day and speak of me? There is still so much I ought to attend to here; I speak often to my children and my husband, yet they do not listen to me. I only have the chance to converse with them while they sleep, but during the day, they fail to follow my counsel. They remain constantly sorrowful and yearn for me. Consequently, I am unable to fully depart from this house, for with every tear they shed, they draw me back into their home, binding me to it all the more firmly. What, then, am I to do?'

I then advised him: 'Come, accompany me; you must not enter this house ever again.'" The soul, however, was unwilling to obey me, pointing instead to the much labor and hardship back in her home. But I said to her: "There are other ways to remain connected to your loved ones. Come along with me for a while!"

She followed me, and I was able to lead her through heavenly gardens, all the while striving—with great patience—to explain the various flowers and the glory that could be experienced there. For a time, she grew somewhat forgetful of her earthly home, but soon she felt the pull of her loved ones drawing her back. I cautioned her: "Do not return! Instead, direct the love you feel for those you left behind toward your brothers and sisters in the spiritual realm. Care for them with the same love you still hold for your husband and children." With that, I guided her to souls who had not yet found their place within God's plan of salvation—souls who wandered about, some in idleness, others in sorrow. She heeded my words and bestowed the love within her upon many such unfortunate souls. Having fulfilled this task, she...

...into her earthly home. She was now able to convey greater blessings and strength to them, and thus her loved ones, too, found their way again within their own world.

For as this maternal soul poured out her love upon other souls, God's angels—who were watching over her—conveyed this love, through the goodness of God, into her own home to her loved ones as well.

What great joy this brought to her soul when she witnessed it! She then cast off the pain of separation entirely, and now lives happily in the spiritual realm, engaged in the tasks assigned to her.

6. Grief Influences the Process of Dying

Grief that arises quickly and is excessive can even influence the process of dying itself. The following instance occurred in connection with the medium Mária Silbert (1866–1936) from Graz. Under the guidance of a being from the beyond—a so-called "control spirit" who called herself "Nell"—numerous significant paranormal events took place through and in the vicinity of the medium over a period of more than 25 years. Many deceased individuals made their presence known through her.

As for the control spirit—who was the source of most of these occurrences—investigation revealed that she was, in fact, a Franciscan friar who had lived on this earth in the 17th century: Vincentius Coronelli, who later became the Superior General of the order. As the motive for her actions—which spanned years and attracted considerable attention—she offered this explanation: "I asked the Almighty that, in an age when the world has sunk into the deepest materialism, I might return to provide evidence of the afterlife. Days are coming when your strength will be needed. Work in my spirit. Complete what I began centuries ago but could not finish."

A circle gathered around Mrs. Silbert, meeting on a regular basis. One of the reporters, the engineer Rudolf Sekanek, writes (14, p. 76):

"Mr. W., a high-ranking railway official and a loyal member of the group, was the only child of his parents. Every wish of his was granted. He was idolized—loved dearly, especially by his elderly mother. They lived in perfect harmony; there were never any disagreements. The only issue on which the mother could not understand her son was the 'Silbert affair.' She saw the hand of the devil in the manifestations, and her son could not persuade her to attend even a single séance. Mr. W. asked Nell to bring his mother along—just this once—but Nell assured him that his mother would come at the right time and would come to believe in it.

For a long period, Mr. W. did not attend the séances—presumably because of his mother. However, he fell gravely ill, and soon the news of his death appeared in the newspapers. He immediately began to manifest at the séances, his only plea being that they help his mother, who was utterly inconsolable over his death—so much so that he feared the worst.

Mrs. Silbert did not know his mother at all, nor did anyone else in our circle. A 60-year-old lady used to visit Mrs. Silbert—to rest a while and unburden herself—whenever she went to St. Peter's Cemetery to visit a friend's grave. One day, she arrived again and asked..." ...so that she might bring in an acquaintance—a lady she had met at the cemetery—who was currently waiting outside on the steps. Mrs. Silbert consented. She ushered in the lady, who was in deep mourning. They exchanged greetings without mentioning names and engaged in some trivial conversation. After a while, a very faint knocking sound was heard coming from the table. Mrs. Silbert, however, pretended not to hear anything and raised her voice to drown out the noise. It was to no avail; the knocking only grew louder. Mrs. Silbert glanced at the stranger to see how she might react, but the lady appeared to notice nothing at all; she simply sat in silence, staring at the floor. A black veil covered her face. The knocking intensified, its rhythmic pattern signaling that a message was being dictated. By this point, Mrs. Silbert could no longer conceal the occurrence from her guest. The dictation concluded, and the knocking ceased. They separated the words and began to decipher their meaning. Mrs. Silbert shook her head. The stranger, however, seemed to grasp the significance of the message and asked her to continue reading: "...do not carry out what you intend to do today. You would not achieve your goal; instead, you would only stray further from my path and lead your soul onto a different course." The lady suddenly sprang up, rushed to a corner of the room, and began to weep bitterly.

Mrs. Silbert could make no sense of the situation; she was completely bewildered and could find no explanation for the connection between the message and the stranger.

The lady then turned around, drew the veil from her face, and said through her tears: "I understand this message perfectly well; it concerns me alone. I am the mother of the late W."

Mrs. Silbert was struck speechless. Mrs. W. grew calmer, sat back down, sighed, and began to speak: The death of her son had stripped her of all joy in living. Her suffering was too great to bear. Even time had failed to heal her wounds. Three months after her son's death, she felt just as shattered as she had on the very day he died. In the mornings, she would visit his grave, and in the afternoons, she would pray for her own death. Her terrible pain...

She forgot about her household and her husband as well.

When her son drew his last breath, she fell to her knees, weeping, and cried out in a frenzy: "Do not forget me—come back! I cannot exist without you." Following this command—uttered with a trembling force of will—life returned to her son, and he said to his mother: "Why do you call my soul back? Why do you make it so difficult for me to be free? Do not take the light away from me." Then, he sank back once more. The mother could not forget those words.

Her grief grew ever deeper. As she recounted these things, she would often glance beneath the table, for someone kept touching her—yet this did not frighten her. She continued: “Today, I set everything in order and settled my accounts with life. This morning, I went out to my son’s grave once again. Upon returning home, I had already raised the bottle filled with poison to my lips, but I was interrupted when my husband opened the door. I hid the poison, ensuring he suspected nothing at all. I resolved to carry out my plan this evening.
Having nothing left to do at home, I spent the remaining time at my son’s grave. At the cemetery, I happened to run into an acquaintance who offered to walk me home. He suggested I wait in front of your house, and then he brought me inside. I arrived here without knowing—or even suspecting—where I was. I could think of nothing but the suicide I had resolved to commit. Only now have I learned that I am in the home of Mrs. Silbert—a place my son spoke of so often. I will be candid enough to admit that I once told my son you were a dark, mysterious woman who used the aid of malevolent forces to ensnare others. Please forgive the injustice I have committed against both you and my son. You, my son, and yet another power have held me back from taking my own life. How could it be that my intention—of which...
...never spoke of, and which I kept hidden deep within my soul—could my son have learned of it? I beg his forgiveness once more.”
We were deeply shaken and felt great compassion for this poor woman, who had sought to reunite with her son through self-inflicted death. The knocking began again, and Mrs. W. asked her son where he was, where he had been when he sensed her distress, and whether he knew what would have happened had she carried out her plan.
Mrs. Silbert fell into a trance, and the son spoke simply to his mother—his words falling like balm upon her wounded soul. He told her that by committing suicide, she would have become guilty of a grave transgression, and her soul would have descended into dark realms, far removed from his own. She would have had to make atonement for such a sin, for no one has the right to shorten their own life—not even by a single hour. He said, quite literally: “Why do you weep for me? I dwell in realms of light, and I am so happy that I have nothing left to wish for. Or do you wish to take me back to this valley of tears—which you call Earth, but which is, in truth, nothing more than Hell?” "The power of your thoughts drew me back into my earthly form once more, and it was doubly difficult for me to break free from it again. You held me bound for a long time. Fulfill your duty on earth, and when the hour arrives, I shall be waiting for you."
Mrs. Silbert regained consciousness and saw a completely different woman before her. A new zest for life radiated from her eyes, and she seemed filled with a renewed sense of purpose. She took her leave with words of gratitude.
Later, she returned with her husband, who could not thank Mrs. Silbert enough. Both were happy and found solace regarding their fate—a fate that had initially seemed harsh and cruel to them. They became regular attendees at the gatherings and remained in contact with their child.
7. Prayers Delay Death
In the following story, thoughts—and, above all, prayers—exert an influence on the process of dying. This is described by the American physician Dr. Moody in his book (p. 88): "In some instances, the individuals involved expressed the view that, regardless of their own wishes, the love and prayers of others brought them back to life." For example, consider the following case:
During my elderly aunt’s long, drawn-out final illness, I was by her side, helping to care for her. Everyone in the family prayed for him to become healthy again.
His breathing stopped several times, but he was always brought back. Finally, one day, he opened his eyes and said to me: "Joan, I was over there—in the afterlife. It is beautiful over there. I would love to stay, but as long as you ask me to keep living

here with you, I cannot. Your prayers bind me to this place. Please, stop praying."
We all stopped, and shortly thereafter, he passed away.
A doctor from Utah (USA) reports a similar case (8, p. 83): "A five-year-old boy suffering from a malignant brain tumor had been in a coma for three weeks. During this time, his family members were by his side almost constantly. They stood beside his bed, praying for his recovery nearly without interruption—taking only brief breaks to eat and rest.
At the end of the third week, the pastor of their congregation..."
...came into the sickroom and recounted a strange story. In a dream, the little boy had spoken to him: "The time has come for me to die. Tell my parents not to pray for my life anymore. I must go now." The pastor pondered anxiously how to convey this message to the family. "It still affects me so strongly," he said, "that I simply cannot forget it. It is as if he were standing right here in the room, speaking to me face to face." The family members accepted the pastor's dream as a message from the boy. They prayed, caressed his seemingly lifeless body, and told him that they would miss him, but that it was now alright for him to die. Suddenly, the boy regained consciousness. He thanked his family for letting him go and told them that he would soon pass away. The following day, he died.
Perhaps the most significant aspect of this event is the liberating effect of the vision. The family was able to ease their grief, knowing that their son was ready to die. The mystical event dispelled the will by which they had refused to accept the natural course of life and the will of God.
8. Children bring their mother back from the beyond
In the following account, one gets the impression that children succeeded in bringing their dying mother back from the brink of what seemed to be certain death. The account was published in 1911 by an author named Schrimpf; it reads as follows (p. 103, ref. 13): In the previous year—that is, 1910—a 95-year-old woman named Mrs. André (née Vallentin) passed away in Vorbruck. Even two days before her death, she had carried out all her household chores, as she remained remarkably sprightly and energetic, enjoying full mental and physical vigor. Nevertheless, she looked toward death with longing and joy, having expressed her frustration for years at the fact that she still had to remain in this world. If asked, she would readily explain why.
She had been married twice. When her first husband died, she was 28 years old and had two children. She married a second time, and four children were born from this union. All six children were still relatively young when she lost her second husband as well. She supported herself and her children by baking bread and various types of small pastries. She had a small stall at the market, where she could always be seen sitting and knitting stockings. A few years passed this way. One autumn day, the rain poured down incessantly; she became miserably chilled to the bone at her stall, and by the time she reached home, she was shaking with fever. The next day, she could no longer get up. A severe case of pneumonia set in. The two older children had to take her place at the stall, while the four younger ones looked after her as best they could—in whatever way they managed. Now and then, a neighbor might check in, bringing a bit of soup or something similar, but none could stay to sit with her or apply compresses; they were mostly poor themselves and had their own burdens to attend to.
On the third day, her condition took a sudden turn for the worse. The children ran for help, but by the time the doctor for the poor arrived, he could only confirm that poor Madame André had passed away. The following day, the coroner came, followed by a woman who washed the body and dressed it. Once she had left, the four younger children climbed onto their mother's bed. Wailing and crying loudly, they rocked the body back and forth, threw themselves upon it, and called out to her, over and over again. After they had "worked on" her like this for about ten minutes, a sigh escaped the chest of the woman who had fallen into that

final sleep—then another—and, with great difficulty, she opened her eyes. No sooner had the children noticed this than they threw themselves upon her again with shouts of joy, pulling her up; and within five minutes, she was back among them, fully herself and in complete possession of her senses.

The entire small town flocked to witness the miracle; the woman, having returned to life, was showered with food and money, and two or three weeks later, she was back behind her stall, fresh and cheerful once more. She lived for another 58 years after this incident. Never again did any illness take hold of her. All of her children predeceased her, and she was unable to snatch even one of them back from death—not even those who had once called her back from a place from which, it is said, there is no return.

She had spent more than 30 hours dead. Regarding this, she recounted the following: "When a sudden, violent malaise overcame me, I felt my senses slipping away. Then, I felt a strong, rocking motion, as if the bed beneath me were undulating. It was as though I were falling from a great height, sinking deeper and deeper. I was gripped by a terrible, overwhelming sense of dread. Suddenly, it felt as if my feet had touched solid ground, and I found myself standing in a wilderness. Far and wide, there was nothing to be seen but a desolate, steppe-like landscape. A peculiar twilight only deepened the utter bleakness of the scene." Everything looked the way it does on a cold, damp autumn evening—gray and unwelcoming.

For a moment, I stood there, completely at a loss and hesitant. Then, suddenly, a small part of the sky brightened, in the direction where the road led. The flood of light grew ever brighter—much like when the Sun breaks through the mist and clouds on a foggy morning. I cannot say whether I moved toward the light or if it approached me. Suddenly, it was a bright, sunny day all around me, and

To my greatest surprise, I found myself surrounded by a group of acquaintances—all of whom greeted me most warmly! They were my loved ones—those who had departed before me: my parents, my siblings, both of my husbands. An overwhelming sense of happiness took hold of me, along with a peace and joy I had never known before. They gathered around me, rejoicing, and I moved forward among them, drawing ever closer to an unseen destination.

Suddenly, I was shaken by violent jolts; I swayed, but arms caught me. I heard familiar voices asking, with a note of regret: "So, you've only come to visit us today? You aren't staying with us yet? When will you come to stay for good?" Then, my senses failed me; once again, I felt that swaying, plummeting motion, and indistinct sounds reached my ears. Someone was calling me—I opened my eyes with great effort. I was lying in bed, and my children were shouting over one another: "She's alive! She's alive again!"

Naturally, I was glad to be back with my children. Yet, whenever I was alone, an infinite longing for that realm would seize me—as if it were my true home. This was especially true in later years, as my children left me, one by one. And now, I wait impatiently for the day when I, too, may follow them. Unfortunately, it takes so long to arrive.

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9. The Suicide of a Grieving Mother

In the following case, a kind fate did not save a grieving mother from suicide; she took her own life immediately after the death of her son. The events are recounted by Allan Kardec (1804–1869). Beginning in 1856, Kardec collaborated with the French medium Madame Japhet (a pseudonym for Célina Bequet), and later with a certain Monsieur Roze, who also served as a medium. In 1865, during a session with the latter, both the deceased son and his mother communicated—addressing Kardec, who acted as the questioner (K.). Kardec reports the incident as follows (4, p. 327): In March 1865, in a small town near Paris, a merchant named Mr. C. lived with his 21-year-old son, who was suffering from a serious illness. As the young man sensed that his death was approaching, he called out for his mother and,

summoning his remaining strength, embraced her. Amidst intense weeping, his mother said to him, "Go on ahead, my son. I shall not fail to follow you." She then left the room, her face buried in her hands. Those who witnessed this heart-wrenching scene interpreted Mrs. C.'s words merely as an outburst of grief, assuming that time and common sense would eventually heal her pain. But after the boy fell asleep, they searched for him throughout the house in vain; finally, they found him in the barn—hanged. The mother's funeral took place at the same time as the boy's.

A few days after the deaths of the boy and his mother, a séance was held with the medium Roze, during which the boy (F) and his mother (A) manifested through the medium to Kardec (K) and engaged in the following conversation:

—K: Are you aware of the death of your mother, who took her own life, overcome by the despair into which the loss of you had plunged her?

—F: Yes; and were it not for the sorrow caused by her fatal decision, I would be perfectly happy. My poor, excellent mother! She could not endure the trial of a temporary separation; yet, in seeking to be reunited with the son she loved so dearly, she chose a path that must keep her separated from him for a very long time. In doing so, she has postponed—for an indefinite period—a reunion that would have come about quite quickly had she only submitted to the will of the Lord, and had she, with faithful humility, endured the trial and the atonement meant to purify her. Pray—oh, pray for her! And above all, do not imitate her—you mothers who are moved by the account of her son's death! Do not believe that she loved her son—who was her joy and pride—more than other mothers did! No, she did not love him more; rather, she lacked courage and humility before God. You mothers who are listening to me! When you witness the death throes of your children and see their eyes grow dim, remember that—just like Christ—you are ascending the summit of Golgotha, from which you must lift them up into eternal glory! Benjamin C.

Following this, the mother (A) entered the medium, and the following conversation took place with her:

—A: I want to see my son! You have the power to give him back to me. Cruel ones! They took him away to lead him into the light, while leaving me behind in the night! I want him back; he is mine! Does a mother's love count for nothing? Well? That I carried him for nine months, nourished him with my own milk—flesh of my flesh, blood of my blood—
that I guided his first steps, taught him to speak the holy name of God and the sweet name of "mother," that I molded him into an industrious, intelligent, honorable, upright man who loved children— and then to lose him just as he began to fulfill the hopes placed in him, just as a brilliant future opened up before him!

No, God is not just! He is not the God of mothers! He does not understand their despair and their pain.

And just when I prepare for death—so as not to leave my child behind—he is torn from me once again! My son, my son, where are you?

-K: Poor mother, we feel for your pain. Yet, you resorted to a sorrowful means in an attempt to reunite with your son. Suicide is a sin in the eyes of God, and you should have considered that God punishes every transgression of His laws. Your punishment is that you are deprived of the sight of your son.

-A: No, I believed God was better than human beings. I did not believe in His Hell, but rather in the eternal reunion of souls who loved one another as we loved each other. He is not a just and good God, for He failed to comprehend the immeasurable depth of my pain and my love. Oh, who will give my son back to me? Have I lost him forever? Have mercy, have mercy on me, O God!

-Q: Calm your despair! Consider this: If there is a way for you to see your child again, it is certainly not through the blasphemy you are committing! Instead of inclining God toward benevolence, you are bringing even greater severity upon yourself!
-A: I was told that I would not see him again. I understood: he was taken to Paradise. And what of me? Am I, then, in Hell? In a hell for mothers? I see all too clearly that it exists.
-Q: Believe me, your son is by no means lost beyond recovery! You shall surely see him again. But first, you must earn this by submitting yourself to God's will; through your indignation, you only indefinitely postpone that moment. Listen to me! God is infinitely good, but He is also infinitely just. He never punishes without cause, and if He has laid great suffering upon you here on earth, it is because you deserved it. The death of your son was a test of your faithfulness. Unfortunately, you failed this test during your earthly life, and now, even after death, you are failing it once again. How could God reward His rebellious children according to your own whims? Yet, He is not merciless. He always accepts the repentance of the transgressor. Had you humbly accepted—without complaint—the trial He sent you in the form of this temporary separation, and had you waited patiently until He saw fit to take you from this Earth, you would have been reunited with your son immediately; he would have welcomed you with joy, opening his arms to embrace you. You, in turn, would have been filled with the delight of seeing him—radiant with happiness—after your time apart. What you have done—and what you continue to do—erects a barrier between you and your son. Do not, however, imagine that he is lost in the depths of the void! No, he is closer to you than you might think. But an impenetrable veil conceals him from your sight. He sees you, loves you always, and sighs over the sorrowful state into which your lack of trust in God has cast him. With all his heart, he awaits that blissful moment when he will be granted the grace to reveal himself to you. It rests solely with you whether this moment is hastened or delayed.
Pray to God and say with me: "My God, forgive me for doubting Your justice and Your goodness! If You have punished me, I acknowledge that I deserved it. Graciously accept my repentance and my submission to Your holy will!"
—A: What a ray of hope you have kindled in my soul! It is like a flash of lightning piercing the night that surrounds me! Accept my thanks! I shall pray. God has commanded it!
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10. A Despairing Father
The following account comes from an English medium, Grace Cooke (d. 1979).
Her mediumistic abilities first became apparent when she was 12 years old. Her capacity for clairvoyance, clairaudience, and deep trance remained with her for over 60 years. She came into contact with numerous beings from the beyond, who frequently sought her help. He describes one such event in the following words (pp. 8, 12): "A couple lost their only son, a 14-year-old boy—the younger brother of a 17-year-old girl. They were all very close and happy. The young people were promising students, ranking among the best in their class. One day, the boy fell seriously ill. Although everything conceivable was done for him, his condition continued to deteriorate, and he passed away.
The family was inconsolable. Being religious, they believed in life after death. Yet, when this tragedy struck, their faith was put to a severe test. The father wrote to me: 'I sought, I prayed, I called out to my Creator from the depths of my heart—but the Heavens remained closed. My prayers went unanswered; only the cry of my own heart returned to me.'
After months spent in a state of profound mental and spiritual distress, an inner impulse led him to a religious service. He sat in the very last pew, a broken man. I was the speaker at this particular event, and I perceived a spiritual light surrounding this man—who was, at that time, a stranger to me. Then, my 'second sight' [referring here to his clairvoyance] revealed the spiritual form of the young man, standing near his father. A telepathic connection was

established between the youth and myself, but nothing further occurred during this first..." ...at the meeting. When the worship service ended, I inquired about the man sitting in the last row and noted his name. On the way home, I was reflecting on certain gifts when, suddenly, an unfamiliar voice...

I heard a whisper: "Please, write to my father!" In my thoughts, I replied, "Write to whom?" In the blink of an eye, the answer came—the name of the man I had seen in the church. It was already late, and, being quite tired, I set the matter aside. The next day, I forgot about it.

As I was overwhelmed with household chores, I felt a bit annoyed when he appeared to me again, repeating, "Please, write to my father! Tell him that I am alive and that I often visit his home. Please, write right away—it's urgent!" His plea was so intense and compelling that I felt compelled to sit down immediately, take up pen and paper, and write.

His words flowed through me. It was a letter from a son to his beloved father, from whom he had been separated for so long. The young man clearly and unequivocally established his identity. He recounted many details—his childhood, his personal belongings, his watch—and spoke of his long-deceased grandfather, whom he had met on the other side of the veil and who had gifted him that very watch.

He also spoke of his sister and mother, recalling domestic details that had occurred after his death—events he had actually witnessed in his spirit body. In every respect, this was a letter of reunion, through which the son bridged the chasm of a long separation—a time during which the Heavens had seemed "closed," and the father's cry for help had gone unanswered. From the father's reply to me, it became clear that their hearts had begun to harden.

In their grief, the parents had all but rebelled against fate, when, at the very last moment, the young man managed to break through the barrier. His message brought them not only comfort but also a revelation. His description of the realm to which he had gone conveyed a flood of spiritual insights to his parents. From that point on, the son was no longer "dead" to them; rather, he was, in a sense, reborn, and they all experienced a profound, blessed happiness.

It almost seemed as though their son had been taken from them only so that he might return as a source of comfort. His arrival served as a spiritual initiation—a revelation of something that endures within the human soul. Years of sermons and teachings could never have brought about this kind of enlightenment. It was the result of a profound experience, one that bears witness to the workings of an all-powerful, wise Love—a Love that cares for every single soul. Did Jesus not say: "Are not two sparrows sold for a penny?" Yet not one falls from the roof without your Father's knowledge; indeed, He even keeps count of the very hairs on your head.

I recall a woman who came to me after losing her husband. Her pain and grief were particularly poignant because she reproached herself for having neglected her husband during their life together. She dwelt constantly on events that had occurred during his final illness, and she could neither believe nor conceive that the time had come for her husband to continue his pursuits—now in an expanded capacity—within a happier sphere of existence. During our first meeting, she was inconsolable; she was so enveloped by pain and self-pity that there was little I could do. I explained to her that her state of mind rendered any comfort from her husband impossible—that the subtle vibrations characteristic of the spirit realm could not penetrate the gloom she had created. The pain and self-pity that typically arise following a death not only plunge the bereaved into despair but also thwart any attempts at outreach from the realms beyond, where their loved ones are happier and healthier than they ever were before. As I explained these matters to the unfortunate widow, she gradually calmed down, and the fog surrounding her began to dissipate. Then, close to her, I perceived the spirit form of her husband. Through my mediation, he slowly convinced her of his continued existence—employing his own characteristic manner of speaking, his thoughts, and his behavior—and by recalling numerous details from their life together, he proved his identity. The widow

gradually came to believe that he was still alive, and she found comfort. The evidence provided by the husband is too personal to be cited here; however, the woman wrote to me: "Last night, I dreamt of my husband. He took my hand and squeezed it—a sensation I felt quite distinctly before waking. It was an immensely comforting dream; he held my hand with such warmth and affection." On another occasion, I fell asleep while writing a letter and dreamt of him. He mentioned that he had sent me six messages, though I had received only two. Later, she wrote to me: "I have been fortunate enough to dream of my husband several times, and each time I saw him with perfect clarity. Now, more than ever, I long for another opportunity to express my profound affection and love for him." I believe that the connection between the living and the dead is first prepared on a higher plane. Furthermore, I am convinced that there exists, within the spirit world, a precisely functioning organization through which those on both sides of the veil...

...friends—bound together by mutual affinity—can be brought into contact. By this, I mean that there are beings in the afterlife ready to perform this specific service: reuniting friends separated by death—provided those individuals possess the necessary openness and acknowledge the possibility of such communication.

In such cases, a connection can be established through the expertise of these helpers. This involves the spiritual laws of "harmonization"—principles that the uninitiated do not fully grasp or appreciate. It is not a matter of us summoning spirits; rather, they seek us out—when it serves the greater good—sparing no effort to bridge the chasm.

Those who have gone before us return from the realms of light because they love us. It must also be noted, however, that there are other spirits—those who departed this world in a state of darkness, heaviness, and lovelessness, their hearts ensnared by selfishness, greed, and desire. Such souls cannot enter the realms of harmony and beauty. Yet, should they seek assistance, they will find understanding and kindness. Conversely, those who lived simple lives on Earth and loved their fellow human beings will soon find companions in that world of great beauty. They then come into contact with beings possessing greater spiritual power and enlightenment, who teach them about new paths in life.

I have selected these examples from among many thousands of cases. In every instance, the individuals were bereaved survivors who were approached from the spirit world so that they might receive proof that their loved ones continue to live on after death. My own work has now spanned 60 years, yet I do not labor alone. My dearly beloved spirit guide—known by the name 'White Eagle'—assists and directs me. In a great many cases, he not only provided practical evidence for life after death but also demonstrated extraordinary knowledge regarding how those separated from their loved ones by death can be located within the spiritual realm—and how they can be reunited.

11. A Deceased Son Comforts His Mother

In the following example, a deceased son establishes direct contact with his inconsolable mother—without the mediation of a medium—thereby helping her emerge from her profound grief. The woman in question, Mrs. W., recounted the incident to me in her own words in January 1987.

"On July 13, 1985, my son Márk died in a traffic accident. I learned of it over the phone from the mother of his friend; the accident occurred while he was riding the other boy’s motorcycle. It was horrific. I could not see him one last time, as his head injuries were too severe.

On the day of the funeral, I wanted to go to the mortuary alone—I wanted to say goodbye to him. Everyone feared I would collapse, so my eldest daughter, Krisztina, accompanied me. As I stood by the bier, I suddenly felt completely calm. It was as if my son were standing right beside me, offering reassurance. He stroked me and said, 'Calm down, Mom—don’t upset yourself.' He was very close to me. I could feel his presence." I was calmer than I had ever

been in the preceding days. My daughter was quite astonished by this and recounted it to our relatives at home. I should clarify that I did not hear Márk's voice audibly; rather, I sensed—or in some way felt—that he was speaking to me.

Terrifying days and weeks followed. Yet, throughout it all, I constantly felt as though my son were very close to me. I simply 'felt' his presence. There were moments when I fell into utter despair. Then, unexpectedly, his friends would come to visit. We would talk about Márk and the various pranks they had pulled together. Afterward, I would feel calmer again. In those moments, it always seemed as if Márk had sent them. I was completely wearing myself down, consumed by an incessant sense of guilt.

Every harsh word, every minor disagreement—the kind that likely occurs with any young person growing up—suddenly took on the proportions of a true drama for me. I kept searching for mistakes I believed I had made. I felt I should have done so much more for him.

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Yet, everyone around me insisted that I was only destroying myself—and for no reason at all, given that we had always enjoyed a very good relationship.

Then came an incident—one I shall never forget. It had been nine months since the death. That day, I was completely at rock bottom again. I paced back and forth around the apartment, talking out loud to myself. Over and over, I reproached myself, thinking that perhaps I hadn't always been fair to him, or that I should have given him more. Then I went into the bathroom and began cleaning the sink. As I did so, I kept talking out loud and weeping to myself. Suddenly—as if he were standing right beside me—he interrupted me, speaking loudly and with great annoyance. He said, "For heaven's sake, stop it already! Do you really think that in nine months I wouldn't have forgiven you? Everything will be all right." Then he fell silent. I stood there, frozen, staring into the mirror. Even now, I remember exactly that the voice came from the left—...spoke within my body or right beside it. In any case, it was very close—so close, in fact, that it felt as if the voice had come from the left side of my own body.

I felt completely at ease. It suddenly dawned on me that, just as in life, he would be saddened and annoyed if he saw me mourning him or reproaching myself—reproaches that are entirely unfounded. After all, when he was alive, I only ever wanted the best for him. I remind myself of this whenever the grief returns, and I hope that, as things stand now, he is content with me. Even so, I will never forget him.

12. A Deceased Husband Appears to His Wife

The following account was shared with me personally by someone who experienced it—in this case, a widow. On September 23, 1990, a woman named Gertrud Reisch, from Bogen (near Straubing), called me. She described her experience—first over the phone, and later in writing—adding the following:

Here is my account. I swear, as surely as I am alive, that this is exactly how it happened. You may even use my name if you publish it. I have felt much calmer since speaking with you (when you called me in Weingarten). And yet, there is still so much more I would love to hear from you. It is a pity that I live so far away from Weingarten. This is what happened: On June 1, 1990, Mrs. Reisch's husband died of a pulmonary embolism—a late consequence of a wartime injury—at the age of 65. Mr. Reisch had been unable to work for several years due to his war wounds, and his wife had cared for him with great self-sacrifice. Her husband had been the very center of her life. The couple had no children. Consequently, Mrs. Reisch's grief and loneliness were immense; she did not know how to go on following her husband's death. She began visiting the cemetery regularly. Then, one day in late July, as she was returning home from the cemetery in tears, an overwhelming force drew her into a toy shop—

a place she had never visited before and assumed sold only gift items. In reality, however, the shop also sold magazines. An inner impulse urged Mrs. Reisch to head toward the magazine section, where she purchased a single publication: ”Astro-Woche”. Mrs. Reisch was completely unfamiliar with this magazine and had never previously taken any interest in astrology. Upon arriving home, she sat down at the table and opened the magazine. Her eyes fell upon a prominent headline: "Grief Burdens the Dead." In this regard, I must mention that the periodical ”Astro-Woche” is completely unknown to me, as is the author of the following article. The text reads as follows:
Latest findings in afterlife research indicate: Grief places a burden on the deceased.
Professor Schiebeler: Every thought affects them like a phone call.
The pain and despair of surviving relatives can become a heavy burden for the deceased "on the other side." This is the conclusion reached by the German parapsychology professor Dr. Werner Schiebeler, of Torkenweiler, through his research. In messages received from the afterlife, he repeatedly encountered the same complaint: the deep, persistent grief of those left behind continues to hinder the soul long after it has departed from the body. This is followed by an extensive study—skillfully compiled—that includes verbatim quotes from the aforementioned brochure. I could not have done a better job myself. It is signed by a certain Dr. Wilhelm John, who is entirely unknown to me.
After reading through the study, Mrs. Reisch reports the following:
"I cannot describe what I experienced when I read this article. I tried to cry less. About 10–14 days later—it was August, though I do not recall the exact date—my husband himself came to me. It was around 4:00 a.m." I hear the door open; I wake up, thinking I must have been dreaming, since I live alone in the house.
At that very moment, someone sits on my bed, takes me into his arms, holds me tight, and kisses me—just as my husband used to do every night before going to bed, back when he was still alive.
I cry out: "My darling, you’re here with me! But no—you’re dead!" In that same instant, I see his face, even though it is dark. I reach out with both hands and touch his face. But he moves further and further away from me, all the way to the foot of the bed. As he retreats, I watch the flesh pull away from his face. Yet, there is nothing in my hands. Suddenly, he vanishes, and I am left sitting up in bed with my arms outstretched.
He did not say a single word. I could not fall back asleep that night. Unable to calm down, I wept, asking my husband over and over: "Why didn't you take me with you?"
We had always promised each other that if one of us were to die, the other would soon follow—if at all possible. It felt as though he were holding me so tightly that he never wanted to let go, and as if he were filled with great sorrow. But that was merely a feeling I had; he said nothing at all. Despite this experience and her newly acquired knowledge, it remained difficult for Mrs. Reisch for a long time to overcome her grief and let go of her husband.
13. The boy who met with an accident embraces his mother
The following account was shared with me by a lady whom I have known for years. She and her husband had three sons; the youngest passed away at the age of just seven months. The eldest, meanwhile, lost his life in an accident on April 5, 1971. She writes the following:
Lady:
We were a very happy family with our two sons. Everything was unfolding harmoniously and in line with all our wishes—until one day, our eldest son, at the age of 20, lost his life due to a falling ski. My entire vision of life was suddenly shattered. The fact that our son could no longer live caused me unspeakable pain. I could not accept this reality, nor could I let him go. In the depths of my grief and despair—about two months after his passing—I happened to be home alone, standing in the hallway by the staircase. And there, I saw my late son coming down the stairs.

He embraced me and said, "Mother, I am so happy—I am so happy!" Then, he vanished from my sight. Suddenly, I was filled with a profound sense of comfort. After all, this was exactly what I had wanted for him: his happiness and well-being. I felt his embrace physically—as naturally as if it had come from a living person. He disappeared quite suddenly, not gradually. At that same moment, the thought struck me that, perhaps, had he lived, his life might not have been as happy as we had wished or imagined. I began to let go, arriving at the conviction that our destiny is guided by a higher power, and that things beyond our comprehension only become clear to us after death. The painful thorn is still in my heart—even though my son has been dead for 24 years—but I believe that those who were bound together here by love will, with God's help, find one another again. This hope fills one with comfort and joy." In response to my question, the lady also explained how...
...was resolved.
14. Death during the sinking of the Titanic
The following account comes from a man who lost his life in a maritime disaster. It concerns an English journalist, William T. Stead (1849–1912), who worked for various English newspapers and took an interest in parapsychology—even writing several books on the subject (such as "From the Old World to the New")—and who himself possessed mediumistic abilities.
In my book "Death: A Bridge to the New Life" (9), I presented an account from him describing how, in 1902, he came into possession of a paranormally produced photograph of Petrus Johannes Botha, a Boer officer who had fallen in the Boer War in 1899. In 1912, Stead was aboard the British passenger liner "Titanic"—serving as a reporter—on its maiden voyage to America, an attempt to capture the "Blue Riband" (a trophy awarded to the ship that completed the fastest crossing from Europe to North America). Due to reckless maneuvering, the ship struck an iceberg in the North Atlantic during the night of April 14–15. The vessel, which was considered unsinkable... ...its side was breached, and the ship sank within a few hours, while
1,517 people met their deaths. Among them was William Stead. Just two days after the tragedy, he was able to provide precise details regarding the sinking through the Detroit-based medium, Mrs. Wriedt. He provided even more detailed information through his daughter, Estelle Stead—who possessed paranormal abilities—by dictating a lengthy account; it is from this that I have drawn the following observations (15, pp. 15–16):
By way of introduction, I shall tell you where a person finds themselves after earthly death, upon arriving in the afterlife. But first, I wish to state once more: this book will interest relatively few people, and will be of help to even fewer. Yet, it is for these few that we undertake all this effort, and our greatest reward will be to have helped them advance a little further. There is one thing, however, that I wish to impress upon everyone who reads this little book—upon the interested and the indifferent, the believers and the skeptics alike: Never forget that you are still on Earth, and that, above all else, you must devote your attention to your earthly duties.
Earthly life passes quickly. Whatever you have begun, you must carry through to completion—and you must perform it well. One must never neglect the present for the sake of a future that promises to fulfill all our wishes. Give your whole heart to whatever you are currently undertaking. Reserve thoughts of a promising tomorrow only for a quiet corner of your heart.
Stead also spoke of the difficulties that arose when he attempted to deliver his first messages. He sensed the sorrow of his loved ones—a grief that acted as a barrier—and was glad that he was first able to convey news of himself to strangers. He states (p. 48): "As I mentioned, I came back quite often, attempting to send my message home through various channels.

Sometimes I succeeded; at other times, I did not. On this side, one bears responsibility for whether the communication is understood or not.
Much depends on the efforts of those in the afterlife. When I succeeded, I also helped others. When I faltered, I sought—and received—assistance; this was largely because, while still on Earth, I had devoted a great deal of time to studying the science of the afterlife."
I would now like to recount how I delivered my first messages, and how I was able to determine that I had succeeded. We have learned everything necessary—everything desirable—for establishing a closer connection with Earth.
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...to bring it about. Naturally, I could not have managed this alone;
therefore, I had an assistant—whom I shall refer to here as the 'Official'—to accompany me during my first attempt.
So, we traveled to Earth. In the room we visited, there were two or three other
people, all engaged in an agitated discussion about the horrific disaster of the ”Titanic”’s sinking, and the seemingly improbable fact that a number of people had survived.
Following this, they held a séance, and the Official showed me how I could
make myself perceptible. The power required for this is concentrated thought.
I had to attempt to 'think' myself into the midst of those present. I envisioned
myself as still existing in a physical body, standing in the center of the room,
bathed in a strong beam of light. I had to hold this image firmly in my mind and concentrate upon it intensely: I was there, and those present on Earth had to become aware of my presence!
At first, as one might expect, I did not succeed; but after several futile attempts,
my earnest efforts were crowned with success: the sensitive participants actually saw me! Initially, however, they could see only my face. But this depended on me, because in the image I imaginatively created of myself, I kept only my face before my mind’s eye. I simply focused on the feature of mine that was most recognizable. In the same way, I then sent a mental message. I positioned myself beside the medium and focused on a short sentence, which I repeated several times, speaking slowly and with emphasis. I maintained this intense, continuous concentration until the medium began to voice the sentence. That is how I knew I had finally succeeded—and I must admit, it went relatively easily. You see, I was well acquainted with the specific characteristics of the people attending the sitting, as well as the conditions of the séance room. However, many others—those who did not bring such comprehensive "expertise" from their earthly lives—were unable to make any impression on the participants during their first attempt.
At the sitting I just described, none of my earthly family members were present. At that time, they would likely have made any connection impossible, as I, too, was deeply affected by the grief they felt over my sudden death; consequently, I would not have been able to focus on establishing contact with the necessary objectivity. Here, however, it was possible for me: the entire atmosphere was impersonal, and there were no distractions. It was highly beneficial for my further development that this first attempt was merely a test to see whether I could succeed at home as well. Stead continues his discourse on the power of thought, stating: "In their
endeavors to establish a form of communication between Earth and the afterlife that serves as conclusive proof, people have primarily focused their attention on the possibility of the return—or the rematerialization—of the deceased’s personality. They often find it difficult to accept other methods—even those offering equally compelling evidence—by which intelligences from the beyond might manifest. This bias frequently leads to the misunderstanding or underestimation of the immense value of direct mental connection, which is, in fact, far more personal and independent of external circumstances than other

forms. This particular mode of communication with the afterlife inherently eliminates a whole range of potential errors—such as the distortion of a message caused by the consciousness, mental conflicts, or personal prejudices of an intermediary medium or other participants in a séance.
Personal mental communication—or the transmission of thought—is a remarkably direct and potent form of connection, far more effective than most devoted spiritualists generally assume. When you focus your mind upon the spirit of a departed individual, you generate a living, active force that traverses space much like an electrical wave. It will never miss its mark. If you direct a beam of your thought toward a specific..." ...direct [your thoughts] toward a being in the afterlife, that being becomes immediately aware of this force and will perceive your thoughts. Those living in the afterlife are, without exception, incomparably more sensitive than people on Earth. Consequently, when they direct a purposeful thought toward us, it functions much like an actual telephone call, and we are virtually always in a position to establish contact with the person sending the message.
When we are physically close to a person on Earth, we are able to adapt significantly to their state and subsequently influence them through our own emotions and thoughts. However, the individual in question very rarely recognizes our influence as such; instead, they tend to perceive these ideas and concepts—which suddenly flood their mind—as products of their own thinking or as hallucinations. Those who ”do” recognize them, however, are invariably astonished by the wealth of information and spiritual guidance that can be accessed in this manner.
This, however, does not apply solely to those who believe in the reality of such influence originating from the afterlife. Anyone who, for a few moments...
If one sits calmly and directs one’s thoughts toward a deceased loved one, one is thereby able to exert an attraction upon that person’s spirit. And regardless of whether one becomes aware of the individual’s presence, the fact of their presence remains.
If people on earth were aware of the impact their thoughts—directed toward a specific person in the afterlife—actually had, they would monitor those thoughts far more strictly than they currently do. There is a vast range of possible mental attitudes, and here, every single thought is recorded with the utmost precision, regardless of its nature or tendency. Many of these thoughts exert a tangible effect on the being in the afterlife to whom they are directed; furthermore, the impact of every thought ultimately falls back upon its originator.
When I state here that every thought is recorded, this may seem incomprehensible—or perhaps even incredible—to you. I would therefore like to refine the term "every thought," as it is not entirely accurate. Instead of "every thought," it would be more precise to say "every conscious thought." This encompasses all active thoughts—whether positive or negative—but excludes the trivial, habitual patterns of thought that characterize everyday life. As I have mentioned before, purely personal thoughts are of no consequence unless they grow to such a magnitude that they become obstructive—and, consequently, destructive. Since many people find it simply impossible to believe that all their conscious or "direct" thoughts can be recorded—and that these thoughts can exert a concrete effect upon the individuals or objects to which they are directed, eventually rebounding upon the thinker—I wish to state this once more with emphasis: believe me, it is a fact!
Yet, you yourselves can clearly perceive the influence radiating from individuals who are in states of extreme unhappiness, or conversely, of great happiness and contentment. This effect is caused by the vibrational intensity—slower or faster, depending on the person’s spiritual state—emanating from that individual. In other words, you sense the particularly powerful currents of despondency or joy. In themselves, these two extremes possess an equal magnitude of flow or radiant power; however, they affect each individual exposed to them in

different ways. Those on the receiving end are generally unaware that the power of their own thoughts rebounds upon their own Self. Nevertheless, this rebound is always present to a greater or lesser degree, and it remains embedded within the person's inner state for a long time. Upon arriving here in the afterlife, individuals must once again consciously grasp all these "spiritual records" and process them, one by one. This process is not instigated or overseen by some judge in robes and a wig, but rather by our own individual Self. Thus, we carry with us into the afterlife the capacity for a clear, perfect, or absolute

recollection of our earthly life.
Depending on the structure of our individual mental records, we experience states of grief, happiness, unhappiness, despair, or inner contentment here in the afterlife.
A desire begins to unfold within us to make amends for all the injustices and suffering we caused on Earth, and to set right whatever we committed—consciously or unconsciously—through our erroneous mental attitudes while on Earth. That is why I reiterate that it is not merely advisable, but absolutely essential, to keep our thoughts under strict control and to discipline ourselves while still on Earth. It is highly advantageous for the future development of every individual to take this advice to heart and act accordingly—even if, while in earthly life, one is unable to fully grasp the significance of these matters.
I must interject here: the "clear, perfect, or absolute power of recall" mentioned by Stead can only apply to individuals—or, rather, the deceased—who have reached a certain level of spiritual maturity; a level to which Stead himself belongs and regarding which he possesses personal experience. Indeed, we have numerous accounts from those who, for a shorter or longer period following their death, found themselves enveloped in profound darkness—often to the extent that they could not even recall their own earthly surnames or dates of birth.
Stead continues: "I would wish for everyone to keep clearly in mind the potential consequences of their thoughts and actions—the unhappiness they inflict upon others, and, above all, the heavy burden upon their conscience that their own actions will create for them in the afterlife, once they are able to perceive all the connections with complete clarity."
Therefore, never forget that your spirit is like a storehouse—one that preserves everything that has ever occurred, to be carried over into your life in the hereafter. Everything that happens to you in the life after death is a direct consequence of the extent to which you have learned to master your thoughts and your lower, material instincts. For the sake of your future happiness, it is essential that your spirit and soul hold dominion over your body and over matter. Whether or not this becomes possible for you is a decision that rests with you.
If you are prepared to settle the account for all your actions in the afterlife, then by all means, continue on as you have been. But rest assured that here, you will not...
You are granted more credit. You must make payment! But if you think even half as practically as each of you believes yourself to do, then you will follow my advice and make your spiritual and mental life master over the material. My advice will guide you surely and joyfully—even if you might perhaps think that this must lead to religious asceticism. But that notion is false. "The unfolding of your spiritual and intellectual life opens up an existence filled with precious joys for you while still on Earth; yet, it also imposes limits and can restrain you when bodily instincts drive you toward actions for which a heavy and bitter price must be paid in the afterlife."
15. Grief as a Shackle in the Afterlife
The Englishman James Lees (1849–1931), who served for many years as a trance and materialization medium, recounts a conversation between two departed souls in his book "Journey into Immortality". One of them speaks about the state following death (5, Vol. I, p. 49):

For instance, many—long after they have overcome the influence of the physical body—remain held in spiritual shackles because their loved ones on Earth are grieving for them. How is this possible?
I have told you before that love is the greatest force we know. The soul is powerless against it the moment it leaves the body. Consequently, the sorrow of those left behind on Earth exerts a powerful influence on the soul that has been released from the body; it acts like an anchor, tethering their spirit to the Earth. At times, it is extremely difficult for us to counteract these harmful influences. Those left behind would surely be less inclined to surrender themselves so unreservedly to their grief if they could witness, even for a single moment, the effect that such sorrow has upon the... ...to those who have passed over."
16. The dire situation of those left behind draws a deceased person back
Sometimes, the profound need of the surviving relatives is what compels the deceased to return to Earth, manifest through a medium, and seek assistance for their loved ones. An instance of this occurred within the circle of Mária Silbert, the aforementioned woman from Graz. Engineer Rudolf Sekanek writes in his book (p. 84, ref. 14):
"Dr. Gangl and Ms. Felser-Schuller report the following incident: At a session on May 15, 1917, the spirit of a fallen soldier appeared and asked for help. Lieutenant Rittmann (Dr. Rudolf Rittmann, a medical professor who passed away in Innsbruck on December 7, 1950) questioned him and, at the end of the interview, recorded the following:
Johann Haas from Rottenmann – a soldier – fallen in Russia – pleading for help on behalf of his wife, whom he left behind with 8 children – they are in dire straits, on the verge of starvation. Rittmann looked into the matter, and the local authorities of the settlement called Rottenmann, in the Murau district, confirmed the accuracy of the details. He wrote to them on June 19 and received the following reply from the widow:
Hedwig Haas, Rottenmann
Murau District, Upper Styria
Rottenmann, June 25, 1917
To the highly esteemed Mr. Rudolf Rittmann, Graz
In response to your kind letter of the 19th of this month, I would like to inform you, esteemed Mr. Rittmann, of the following:
The news of my beloved husband’s death has been a bitter blow to me and my children. He was killed by a shell on August 8, 1916, near Rabamaszka, in Russia. With tear-filled eyes, I think of my poor husband every single day; he left me behind with five children..." ...his widow. There were eight of them, but three have died. My husband was awarded the Small Silver Medal posthumously, and I would like to ask for your advice as to whether I might be entitled to the supplementary allowance associated with it. I own a small peasant cottage with a modest vegetable patch; nevertheless, I have to purchase everything else. Losing the breadwinner of the family is a source of profound bitterness for me. Yet, all mourning is in vain; I struggle just to raise my children as best I can, but they can expect nothing from me. Three of the children are unprovided for, while the two eldest are in service with relatives. Perhaps, through your kind efforts and generosity, some opportunity might arise for me to receive further support. I would, of course, be eternally grateful to you. I myself lack the means to navigate such matters or find the right path. Reiterating my request with the utmost humility, and with the highest regard, I remain your devoted servant,
Hedwig Haas.
This was a registered letter, bearing the dispatch number: Murau 754. As Lieutenant Rittmann was required to return to the front, he entrusted the matter to Professor Walter. The Professor took the widow under his wing, initiated the necessary steps with the authorities, and succeeded. In a letter dated August 19, 1917, the widow expressed her gratitude as follows:
Respected Sir,

I humbly inform you that your valuable intervention has been successful... ...accompanied [me], and I express my thousandfold
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thanks to you and Lieutenant Rittmann, on behalf of myself and my children.
The Board of Trustees of the Styrian War Widows' Fund has allocated 50 crowns to me.
I earnestly request that you provide me with Lieutenant Rittmann's address, so that
I may convey my heartfelt thanks to him.
With deepest respect and friendly regards,
the grateful widow,
Hedwig Haas

17. A deceased mother looks after the children she left behind

A similar case is recounted by Dr. Bernhard Cyriax, a physician born in Germany who, during the second half of the last century, served as a professor at a medical college in Cleveland (Ohio, USA). "That

In his book "How I Became a Spiritualist", he describes the following event (p. 24):

"In Boston, at the offices of the "Banner of Light" (a spiritualist periodical), sessions are held three times a week to provide an opportunity for certain spirits—who wish to communicate with those left behind—to do so by conveying their messages verbally through a 'personifying medium.' These communications are recorded in shorthand and subsequently published in the "Banner". One Friday afternoon in 1864, the spirit of an Irish woman—who had died of a wasting disease—manifested through the medium (who was then known as Mrs. Conant). The spirit expressed profound distress, explaining that her two surviving children—aged eight and ten—were suffering terribly. She recounted that she had died in a wretched dwelling located in a dead-end street in Albany (New York State), and that the authorities had placed one of her children with a family in Albany, while the other was sent to a farmer near the city. One child is forced to beg and is left nearly starving, while the other is subjected to tyrannical treatment and beaten cruelly for the most trivial offenses." The woman provided the specific details and addresses, and—amidst heart-wrenching cries—begged the chairman to write to a certain Dr. Andrews in Albany (who had treated her during the final weeks of her illness and was a very kind man) and ask him to look after her children.

In accordance with this request, a letter containing all the details was sent on Saturday to Dr. Andrews, whose address had been provided by the spirit. At the session on Tuesday afternoon, the Irish woman reappeared—looking quite happy—and stated that she now felt calm and content, as the doctor had fulfilled her wish and rescued her children from the hands of their tormentors. She could hardly find the words to express her gratitude for this ready assistance, and she invoked the grace of Heaven to bless the intermediary. On Thursday, a letter arrived from Dr. Andrews; he explained that, however strange the matter may have seemed to him at the time (he was not a spiritualist then), he had immediately sought the help of the police—since the facts provided were accurate. He had indeed found the children, and all the information given by the deceased mother proved to be correct. He had taken the children into his care, but he requested an explanation as to how the editor of the "Banner" had come into possession of these details, all of which turned out to be true. At this point, they shared every detail with the doctor and urged him to look into spiritualism, study its philosophy, and examine the facts. Naturally, these facts were made public in the "Banner of Light"; furthermore, Dr. Andrews provided a precise account of the entire sequence of events in the "Albany Argus". He concluded his study by stating that, in light of such facts, he could no longer doubt that the spirits of the departed are indeed capable of manifesting and expressing their wishes. From that moment on, he was a committed spiritualist.

And Dr. Andrews was right. Anyone who remains unconvinced by such facts—regarding the reality of personal survival after death and the possibility of communication between the two planes of existence—will never become a spiritualist. Consider that, at the time, a train journey from Boston to Albany took 14 to 15 hours; consequently, a letter sent from Boston on a Saturday could not have reached the doctor until Sunday. According to the doctor's own account, it took considerable effort to locate the home of the people who had taken in one of the children; moreover, the child was not at home, so he was only able to collect her on Monday evening. Early Tuesday morning, he traveled to the farm, bringing the other child with him, and that afternoon he wrote the letter that reached the editor, Luther Colby, on Thursday. If, therefore, the entire story was not concocted in advance by Mr. Colby and Dr. Andrews for the purpose of perpetrating a fraud (a notion refuted by the fact that the doctor was not a spiritualist), then no other explanation remains but that the spirit of the Irish woman truly manifested in Boston. Even if one were to wipe away—as if with a sponge—every known fact regarding spiritualism from human memory, the entire edifice of spiritualism could be reconstructed based solely on the manifestation outlined above.

18. A Murder Victim Senses Thoughts of Sympathy

The following example does not concern mourning for the deceased; rather, it illustrates how a deceased person perceives the interest and sympathy of a living individual—and subsequently, as that individual possesses mediumistic abilities, makes their presence known through them. The case involves a political assassination. It took place in 1934 and concerns Ernst Röhm, the then-Chief of Staff of the SA ("Sturmabteilung"). Röhm was a particularly unpleasant and violent representative of the National Socialist leadership, and one of the few friends with whom Adolf Hitler was on a first-name basis. During the First World War, Röhm served as a captain on the General Staff and sustained a facial injury. He sought to transform the SA—which at the time comprised 3 million men under his supreme command—into the armed forces of the German Reich.

...together with the Reichswehr (1919–1935), would form the core of the new German armed forces (Wehrmacht). Hitler, however, decided to build the new armed forces exclusively from the existing military establishment, and he ousted Röhm—to whom he had sent a glowing letter of thanks as recently as New Year's Eve 1933. For his part, on February 28, 1934, during a confidential conversation with SA leaders, Röhm referred to Hitler as a "ridiculous corporal" and remarked, "If only we could get rid of this brat!"

Incited by Himmler and Göring, Hitler resolved to liquidate Röhm and all high-ranking SA leaders. To this end, he played up Röhm's homosexuality—of which he had long been aware—and accused him of plotting a coup. "Countermeasures" were devised to thwart this alleged attempt to overthrow the regime. Consequently, between June 30 and July 2, 1934, SS units arrested every high-ranking SA leader they could find. Without any judicial proceedings, all those arrested were shot—most of them at Stadelheim Prison in Munich. It was there, in cell 474, that SS-Sturmbannführer Lippert murdered Röhm by firing three pistol shots at him. In connection with this operation, Hitler—for the sake of convenience—also had other inconvenient individuals, with whom he had scores to settle, put to death. Among them were, for example, the former Chancellor, General von Schleicher; General von Bredow of the Reich Armed Forces; and the former Bavarian State Commissioner, von Kahr. This marked Hitler's first major act of brutality. Later, through a Reich law enacted on July 2, 1934, he declared the action a legitimate "state of emergency." In a speech delivered to the Reichstag on July 13, 1934, Hitler stated that a total of 77 people had lost their lives. Today, however, it is estimated that the actual number was at least ten times higher. Precise figures cannot be determined. Anyone who was inconvenient to Hitler or other figures in power was murdered indiscriminately—regardless of whether they had any connection to Röhm, whether

names had been confused, or whether the victims were merely uninvolved family members. Those who were not present at the time of the arrests—for instance, because they were away traveling—were subsequently left alone. This is the historical background (which can be read about in the book ”The Black Friday of the S.A.” [2]) to the account that follows—an account originating from Dr. Gerda Walther (1897–1977). Dr. Walther held a doctorate in philosophy and later became active in the field of parapsychology; from 1928/29 until her death, she served as secretary to the renowned parapsychology researcher and physician Dr. von Schrenk-Notzing. Following a background as a Marxist and an atheist, she eventually found her way to Christianity. He possessed psychic abilities,
as evidenced by the following account (pp. 16, 509–515):
"It was the end of June 1934; an ominous tension hung over Munich. The reason for it was hard to explain, yet it could be felt unmistakably. On Saturday, June 30, 1934, when I went to buy a copy of the ”Basler Nachrichten” at a small kiosk by the 'Danziger Freiheit' tram stop, the proprietress asked if I knew anything about an uprising. An SA man had come to her very early that morning and told her that the Führer had taken action against his own men, arresting a large number of them. 'The man was completely bewildered and confused,' the woman concluded.
I had heard nothing of this yet, but as I continued on my way, I encountered all sorts of rumors: Hitler had arrested the top leadership of the SA in Bad Wiessee—though no one quite knew why. Some claimed they had been preparing a monarchist putsch. Others dismissed this as madness; on the contrary, they had wanted to push the revolution even further to the left. Papen’s famous Marburg speech—which contained a clear rejection of, and a threat toward, the Left—was supposedly directed against these very men.
What kind of men were they? Until then, I had paid them little heed—much like all the other Nazi leaders—" ...I dismissed them out of hand, even if I only heard their names. Not long ago, I was walking along Theatinerstraße, near Odeonsplatz, when I suddenly stumbled upon a life-sized portrait of Ernst Röhm. He had once been an officer; an energetic face, covered in scars, gazed imperiously at the passersby. I stopped before it, and as I studied the photograph, I reflected on how deeply antipathetic these people were to me. At that moment, it was as if an inner voice rebuked me, and I sensed a certain spiritual radiance emanating from the image. Looking more closely, I realized that beneath all the harshness and implacability, there was also a trace of kindness in the eyes of that scar-disfigured face.
"If this spiritual aura truly belonged to Ernst Röhm, perhaps he wouldn't be such a bad man after all," I said to myself. But then I immediately cast the thought aside: "Oh, come now—these Nazi leaders all belong to the same repulsive lot." And I continued on my way, giving the matter no further thought.
Ernst Röhm was among those arrested. The newspapers hailed the Führer’s decisive action, claiming that, with his "lightning-fast intervention" at the very last moment, he had "pulled his people back from the brink of the abyss once again." The SA leaders—who, until just recently, had been celebrated—were now...
...would have delivered the unwary into the hands of the Gestapo.
Now, all of a sudden, they were being labeled "scoundrels," "traitors," and the like. What

had happened? Was the press right? What did these people want? The way they were treated suggested a profound rift between them and Hitler—but why? Over what issue?
The following day was Sunday. In the afternoon, I took part in an outing organized by the Christian Community (the religious branch of the Anthroposophical Society). We traveled up the Isar Valley and settled down on the grass in a clearing. The others chatted away as if nothing had happened. I, however, was still trembling from the agitation caused by the events.

What had become of those who were arrested? I asked a young worker—with whom I often spoke during such outings—what his take on the situation was.
"These SA leaders weren't the worst of the lot," he said. "In any case, they were better than the others, and they were genuinely committed to the people. The others didn't like that—and that is why they had to die."
The next morning, we learned that the ringleaders had been summarily shot. Why? Why were they not brought to trial, and why were they not given the opportunity to defend themselves—they, who until recently had been among the government's most trusted and most celebrated friends? No one could provide me with an answer to these questions.
On the following Tuesday morning, July 3rd, I attended the "Act of Consecration of Man" ("Menschenweihehandlung") of the Christian Community at the private residence of the Reverend Dr. Heisler.
The ceremony had not yet begun, and my thoughts turned once again to Röhm and those who had been shot dead alongside him. Where might they be now, and how could they have come to terms with their new situation—they who were snatched away so unexpectedly, in the prime of their lives, without any chance to prepare? Then, suddenly, I sensed near me that same powerful spiritual emanation I had previously felt in the presence of Ernst Röhm's image. And just as I am able to perceive the thoughts of those with whom I share an inner connection, I suddenly heard, within myself, these indignant words:
"I am no scoundrel, I am no scoundrel! I wanted what was best. Perhaps I was mistaken—to err is human—but I am no scoundrel."
Ernst Röhm! Was it he? Did he sense my thoughts, and was that what drew him here? Internally, I assured him that I would gladly believe what he had said, and that I would like further clarification regarding what, precisely, he had been striving for. I added, however, that he would surely understand that I could not have formed a clear picture based solely on newspaper reports—and that doing so now, amidst the general public outrage directed at him, was hardly any easier. Nevertheless, I promised him that I would endeavor to form an objective judgment.
The priest entered, and in my thoughts, I asked Röhm to join me in paying close attention to what the priest said and did. At the same time, I called upon all spiritual powers of light ("Lichtmachte") and those among the departed who are close to me to assist Röhm and his companions in finding their way on the other side.
After the service, I once again felt Röhm's powerful emanation. It seemed to surge toward me with unbridled intensity, as if he sought to take complete possession of me on a spiritual level. He urged me to go into town to learn how events had unfolded and what had transpired. I promised him once more that I would fulfill his wishes to the best of my ability—but I asked him not to press upon me so vehemently. I feared that doing so might cause me to fall into a trance and lose consciousness, and I explained to him that, in such a state, I would be of no use to him. At this point, he became somewhat more reserved. It seemed he wanted to know whether there was still any fighting going on elsewhere in the city. Then, he tried to urge me to go to the 'Brown House' (the party headquarters in every city). I got the impression that he was looking for signs of barbed-wire entanglements, barricades, and machine guns there; I had to reassure him repeatedly that everything was calm and that it was all over. He wanted to go straight into the 'Brown House' with me to find out what had happened subsequently. But I was reluctant. I went as far as allowing him to see the building from the outside through my own eyes—for he was clearly able to perceive what I transmitted to him via my consciousness. I then explained that I was a complete stranger in that building, and that if I were to go in—as he wished—and perhaps claim that I had been sent by the 'deceased' to inquire about the subsequent course of events, I would undoubtedly be taken straight to the

nearest mental asylum. His presence remained with me, almost like an obsession, for another three days. For his sake, I would read through a great many domestic and foreign newspapers every day at the 'Stephanie' café, hoping to discover some information regarding the objectives of those who had been shot and the ultimate fate of the mutiny—yet I found nothing more in them than what I already knew, meager as that knowledge was.
I privately asked Röhm—who, being 'over there,' might have better opportunities—to try and find out more for me. Strangely enough, this wish was granted before long; for, to my surprise, an acquaintance of mine, Mr. Georg Hausmann, came to see me one day with a mysterious look on his face, and Otto...
Strasser brought along a thin brochure containing some details about the events of June 30th and their background.
"Where did you get this, and why are you bringing it to me, of all people?" I asked, surprised. He reminded me that when he had asked me on July 3rd—following a consecration ritual—whether I would like to accompany him for a stretch, I had replied that I had no time, as I needed to head into the city immediately to learn more about the alleged putsch. This had taken him aback, as he had not been the least bit interested in it. Now, however, an acquaintance of his had brought these papers from Switzerland and asked him to pass them on to me.
Dr. Hermann Heisler, a priest of The Christian Community, once asked me to participate in a consecration ritual (”Weihehandlung”) for a university student’s former schoolmate—a student who had requested the service because his friend, being Jewish, had committed suicide. Heisler believed that I was capable of establishing contact with the dead. In fact, I was able to perceive the thoughts of the person who had taken his own life; he seemed quite astonished that anyone would care for him in this way—a gesture he did not particularly value, given that he had known almost nothing about The Christian Community during his lifetime. Internally, I told myself that the university student’s desire to help was, after all, well-intentioned, and that it should at least be accepted as a gesture of sympathy. Recalling this, I requested a consecration rite for Röhm and the others who had been shot. At first, the priest seemed to have no objection, but then he claimed that this would constitute an "impermissible interference in their karma"—in the unfolding of their spiritual destiny—and added that "one cannot simply approach souls who have departed so suddenly and unprepared." When I pressed the matter, Rittelmeyer and other priests acknowledged that this was not a valid reason. I was deeply disappointed, as it all struck me as nothing more than a pretext. The priest was likely afraid to perform a rite for individuals who had been publicly branded as traitors and scoundrels. Yet, the sole intention was to assist souls in distress—not to pass judgment on their actions. Consequently, I went to the Catholic Frauenkirche and arranged for a requiem mass to be held for the deceased. I was completely open with the sacristan about who these men were, but he replied that it made no difference—a requiem mass could be held for anyone. The parish priest of the cathedral at the time confirmed this.
From that point on, Ernst Röhm receded further into the background of my life. Many weeks and months passed. 26
It was All Saints' Day. In the morning, immediately upon waking, I once again felt the overwhelming presence of Ernst Röhm. It seemed he had some wish, yet he could no longer convey it to me through words perceptible to my inner self as easily as he had in the first few days following his death. What could he want? Suddenly, I understood: a candle! After all, it was All Saints' Day—a time when Catholics customarily light candles for their dead. Was he a Catholic? I did not know, nor was I aware of all the nuances surrounding these customs. I went to the Christian Community for a consecration service and asked a woman who had converted to Catholicism about this Catholic practice of burning candles for the deceased.
"Yes," she replied, "you must get a blessed candle and light it—either on the grave, in a

church, or at home—accompanied by prayers for the departed." At that time, however, I did not know where Ernst Röhm's grave was, and lighting a candle for him at home did not seem appropriate to me. The best course of action, therefore, was to light a candle for him in a church. Such customs were not practiced here at the Christian Community, so I decided to head to the Frauenkirche. I considered it the most beautiful church in Munich—surely, that would be fitting for him! A priest from The Christian Community conducted a memorial service for the deceased. He spoke many edifying words about the departed members of the congregation. Röhm was evidently disappointed that the priest did not make even the slightest, indirect reference to the victims of the bloodbath that had taken place just four months earlier. He seemed to ask—with a hint of genuine bewilderment—why, in fact, 'we' were there at all. As soon as the priest finished, I hurried to the Frauenkirche; there, the sermon focused on the heroism of the holy martyrs and the blood they had shed for their faith. I sensed that Röhm was listening with keen interest—this was more in line with his own way of thinking. Afterward, I wanted to give him the candle I had promised. But where could I get one? I tried the sacristy and asked the sacristan for a blessed candle, explaining that I wished to light it on one of the altars for the sake of a deceased person. The sacristan promptly produced a candle and asked which altar it should be placed upon. I was not prepared for this question; I was unfamiliar with the various altars and their respective significance. I felt quite flustered. Then the sacristan asked, "Perhaps the altar of the Blessed Virgin?"
The Blessed Virgin! When this word was spoken, it was as if a cry of triumph had reached me from Röhm, and I quickly said, 'Yes, yes, on the altar of the Blessed Virgin!'
Then I went home, and the next day it seemed as though Ernst's joy and
Satisfaction
...would feel it.
Gerda Walther had a series of further experiences with Ernst Röhm.
She recounted these in lectures as well—though she omitted Röhm's name,
presenting the individual instead under the guise of an ill-fated mountain guide.
She describes one such lecture as follows (16, p. 540):
In 1937, I was invited to the Netherlands to give some lectures. On the afternoon of April 13, I attended tea at the home of Dr. Hermann Wolf—an émigré from Cologne and a board member of the Amsterdam branch of the "Studienvereniging voor Psychical Research". Professor W. H. C. Tenhaeff was also present. A Dutch clairvoyant, Mr. E. Benedikt, had likewise been invited—though he had not been informed beforehand that I, too, had been invited (I was scheduled to speak on the 17th and 18th). Even if he had heard of me, the story of the "mountain guide" would have been unknown to him; thus, upon my arrival, I was a complete stranger to him.
Although the name "Mr. Benedikt" meant absolutely nothing to me at the time of our introduction—as I knew nothing about him—I sensed immediately that a strong psychic current was emanating from this man. "Someone has come with you!" said a man—a stout fellow with a scar running across his face... Wait, I hear a word: "Rom", "Rom" (the German name for Rome)... But it's not the city—he is referring to himself: "Rom"—that's who I am! And then he lifts a firearm and shows it to me... Do you happen to know what this signifies?
"He was shot," I replied, "as far as I know, inside a prison cell. His executioners were too cowardly to take him out and carry out a proper execution."
Later, during the presentation, I recounted the story of the "mountain guide." When I finished, Mr. Benedikt—who was sitting in the audience—asked whether this "mountain guide" appeared to be illuminated from within, radiating a gray light. I confirmed that he did. To

which he remarked: "In that case, I would simply like to note that, throughout your talk, the 'mountain guide' was standing to the right of the speaker."
In conclusion, Gerda Walther addresses the question of whether—despite everything—this might merely be a fantasy born of desire, or perhaps a projection of her own unconscious "shadow" (in the Jungian sense). She offers the following response (p. 542):
"For me, the matter is beyond any doubt; for an outsider, however, the situation is naturally more difficult. A projection? I experienced it all far too realistically for that." But apart from that, I still do not believe that my unconscious would have projected a Nazi—someone I loathe so intensely. After all, many of the victims in those days were not Nazis. If my unconscious were to project anything at all, it might have been something else. And how would one explain the many details—unknown to me at the time—that were only later confirmed by his siblings? "And the vision that Mr. Benedikt saw at the moment of my entry?"
So much for the expositions of Dr. Gerda Walther. They indicate that a deceased person can perceive the thoughts of someone living on earth—and, in this instance, even establish contact with them.
19. A deceased person comforts her husband left behind on earth
Joy Snell, an English nurse who lived around the turn of the century, recounts in her book ”The Ministry of Angels Here and Beyond” (p. 17, London 1918) what she learned regarding the earthly service of angels and life in other realms beyond this world. She wrote the book because the angels told her she possessed rare psychic faculties, allowing her to see things that remain hidden from most people until after death. Consequently, she felt compelled to share with others some of what had been revealed to her. From a certain point on, she was granted the gift of clairvoyance—the ability to perceive beings from another plane of existence. This enabled her to acquire knowledge inaccessible to those who lack such paranormal gifts. However, Joy Snell believes that one can receive assistance from angels in the afterlife even without possessing such extraordinary psychic abilities. As an example of this, she relates the following incident (p. 17, (p. 75):
"A friend of mine, who denies possessing any special psychic powers,
received the most compelling evidence of the ministry of angels, which enabled him
to overcome a grief that might otherwise have overwhelmed him. Others in
similar situations may find comfort and support in such an account; therefore, I have
been granted permission to include the following narrative—based on actual
experience—in this book:
After a long illness and much suffering, borne with great patience, my dearly
beloved wife passed away, leaving me behind alone. She was often able to see the
angels

and converse with them, and they provided her with wonderful assistance. Because
my wife shared with me what the angels had revealed to her, I, too, gained absolute
certainty that death is merely the beginning of another state of existence—one
that, for those who strive to lead a good life, is far happier than life on the
physical plane. I, however, have never been able to see or speak with the angels,
as she did.

When, While my beloved wife was still alive, she could see her mother and other cherished family members who had departed before her for a better world, and she was able to speak with them. When she was taken from me, it was a vain hope to think that I might be able to see or speak with her, as I do not possess her psychic abilities. Yet, a burning desire remained

within me—a longing to somehow reach a state where I could sense her presence and receive, in some way, assistance from the spirits.

It became instinctively clear to me that by giving in to grief and melancholy, I was erecting a barrier between the spirits and myself—a barrier that would cut me off from their influence. I realized that, as a first step, I had to free myself from these sad and somber thoughts. Instead of dwelling on the great loss I had suffered and my own state of abandonment, I chose to focus on what she had gained. I did my best to envision the magnificent transformation that had taken place in her existence. In doing so, I came to appreciate that everything I had so often prayed for on her behalf had indeed been granted. Her health was fully restored, and she was free from all pain. She had received far more than what I had asked for in my prayers, for she had been welcomed into heaven. Would you call her back from heaven—if you could—into a body devoid of strength and tormented by pain, just so that ”you” might be happier? No, certainly not, I answered myself.

Following this, it seemed to me that I had received a message from heaven, urging me to fall to my knees and thank God for answering my prayers so abundantly—and to rejoice in the evidence that assured me of His goodness and grace.

At that moment, peace filled me, and my soul found rest. And then—oh, a miracle!—I realized that my wife was with me, speaking to me—to my very soul. This was not merely a feeling, but an absolute certainty. Because her thoughts were imprinted directly upon my soul, I grasped their meaning more clearly and profoundly than if she had spoken them aloud for my physical ears to hear. In this way, my wife—now an angel—enabled me to share in the great joy that she herself was experiencing.

This experience recurred often. Yet, to attain a sense of absolute certainty regarding her presence—a certainty filled with joy—I found it necessary to reach a state of mind that naturally moves one to offer prayers of thanksgiving to God. This was not always easy. Indulging in self-pity, feeling despondent over real or imagined troubles, nursing fruitless grief, and succumbing to other such weaknesses—all these held me back. Consequently, I often failed.

I adopted the practice of dedicating an hour or more before bedtime to this endeavor. I prepared myself—or at least attempted to—by calling to mind the many proofs of God’s goodness I had received in recent days. Once I had successfully cleared my mind of self-centered and discordant thoughts, there followed a prayer of thanksgiving and a sweet communion with my beloved wife.

Through this practice, my receptivity to her uplifting influence grew. Before long, I came to realize that other souls—whom I had known and loved here before death called them away—were also present around me. Often, I was able to identify a specific individual whose thoughts were filtering into my own mind. I found that distinguishing between my own thoughts and those imparted by others greatly aided me in expressing or writing down the latter in a coherent, audible form.

I had been enjoying this spiritual solace for only a short while when I became aware that the soul of someone I had known on earth had come to me, offering support. My impression of this spirit was that it possessed greater capabilities than the other spirits who had come to me. The thoughts that originated from it were conveyed to me with greater power and immediacy. They were invariably the most sublime ideas I was capable of receiving and comprehending. Their purpose was to expand my knowledge of God, to strengthen my trust in Him, and to enable a deeper understanding of His love than I had previously possessed.

I believe that the capacity of spirits to communicate spiritual truths far exceeds that of even the most gifted human spiritual teachers. Those whom I have heard preach—including several renowned clergymen—never provided me with such insight into the true nature of God’s love. Yet, with the help of these spirits—and, in particular, the one just mentioned—I was

able to grasp the true essence of this love. I learned that just as one can find relief in a stale, stifling room by opening a window—allowing fresh, heavenly air to flood one's lungs—so too can a person find spiritual refreshment by, as it were, opening the windows of their soul and letting in God's love.

20. Advice for the Bereaved

What conclusions can be drawn from the accounts presented, if we regard them as facts rather than fabrications? — The human personality evidently survives.

...continues even beyond death. With the conclusion of earthly life, a new phase begins for the individual in a world structured differently—one currently inaccessible to us. A new stage of development, a new phase of learning, commences. However, those who have passed to the other side do not immediately shed all connection to their former life or the loved ones they have left behind. To a certain extent, they remain aware of the thoughts and grief of those left behind; if this grief becomes excessive, they may feel weighed down and drawn back toward the Earth.

How, then, should the bereaved conduct themselves following the death of a close relative? To answer this question, I would first like to quote a letter that Mrs. X wrote to me in December 1991:

"Dear Professor Schiebeler,

I am turning to you today in the midst of profound emotional distress and grief, and I would like to ask whether it might be possible for you to establish contact with a specific person who has passed on to the afterlife.

Since my husband died of pancreatic cancer on August 31st of this year—following a two-year illness—my state of mind has been defined entirely by hardship, grief, and a deep longing for him. To this day, I have not even been able to dream of my husband, even though my thoughts dwell on him from the moment I wake up early in the morning until I go to bed at night. You should know that I lived in a happy marriage with my husband for 30 years. I should add that we spent these years together in every respect—both in our professional and private lives. You can therefore easily imagine how this separation affects my body and my soul. In my extreme distress, I began to seek answers as to what happens to my husband after his earthly death. I purchased esoteric books and audio cassettes by Elisabeth Kübler-Ross and Dr. Moody, as well as Emil Mattiesen's *The Personal Survival of Death*. Subsequently, through the publisher Silberschnur-Verlag, I ordered three of your books; in particular, the..."

"Life After Earthly Death" prompted me to obtain your address through the publisher. I wanted to reach out to you personally to ask whether it might be possible—perhaps with the help of a medium—to establish contact with my late husband in the afterlife.

I earnestly request that you grant my wish, if at all possible. I would find greater peace of mind and could more easily accept my fate if I had the certainty that my husband is doing well and continues to exist by my side in a form composed of subtle matter.

I look forward to your reply, with kind regards, Mrs. X."

Four days later, I responded to this lady by letter; I would also like to ask any reader of this text who may be struggling with the same sorrow to consider this response as addressed to them as well.

Dear Mrs. X,

Thank you for your letter dated December 27, 1991. I empathize with your great distress and sorrow, and I offer my deepest condolences. However, I must inform you that I am unable to establish direct contact with your late husband. It is impossible for our "control spirits" to locate and bring forward someone with whom they have no prior connection. I also advise you not to attempt this in any other way, as you can never be certain whether you are truly in contact with your husband.

However, even without the involvement of a medium or spiritual entities, I can tell you that your husband is not faring well. Your desperate state of mind—as expressed in your letter—is affecting him as well. Please read the chapter titled "The Impact of Grief on the Departed" from my book *Life After Earthly Death* three times in succession, and reflect on which examples might apply to your own situation.
If you wish to do something good for your husband, you must let him go—deep within your heart. Steadfastly ask God in your prayers to send helpers to your husband—beings who can show him the right path in the afterlife, help him realize that he is no longer bound to the Earth, and guide him toward a new purpose. Indeed, there is nothing worse you could do for him than to wish for him to remain by your side in a subtle, ethereal form. Death is a separation willed by God, and one should not attempt to undo it. Let us not forget the departed; let us think of them with love, wish them well on their continued journey, and ask God to graciously shape that path. Furthermore, pray that God may allow for a reunion after your own passing, and strive—through the way you lead your life on Earth—to create the necessary conditions for this to come to pass. But let your husband depart in peace now.
My wife offers one more piece of advice: rearrange your bedroom and remove your husband's bed. In doing so, you signify that a new phase of life has begun for both of you. This suggestion stems from conversations my wife has had with other widows who faced challenges similar to yours.
I wish you tranquility, a sense of security, and inner peace for the coming year.
With friendly regards,
Werner Schiebeler

I would like to add that one must abandon any practices intended to deliberately re-establish direct contact with the deceased, or attempts to summon them. Doing so would only distract them from their new life tasks and hinder their progress.
. An example of this:
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21. A mother unable to let go of her deceased son
In July 1979, I was contacted by a couple, the N.s, who had lost their 13-year-old son, Norbert, in a tragic accident that occurred opposite their home on May 14th of that year. The mother was inconsolable and hoped that, through me, she might establish direct contact with her child. Subsequently, the parents attended a few sessions of a mediumistic circle. However, they were unable to speak directly with their son; the controlling spirits instructed them to pray instead. Citing the reasons presented here, I also strongly advised the mother against seeking contact with her deceased child elsewhere. But she would not be swayed.
Having found no success with me, she attempted to reach her son using a tape recorder—relying on what are known as "voice phenomena." She began calling out to him aloud three times a day in his room, asking how he was doing, what he was currently occupied with, and whether he still thought of her. She hoped to receive an answer from him via the tape recorder, which she had set to record.
After some time, she played the recorded sounds for me; while they were unintelligible to my ears, she was able to provide very specific interpretations for them. At this point, I spoke to the woman very earnestly, urging her to stop constantly calling out to her son. I explained that, given the suddenness of his death and the inherent difficulty of adjusting to another realm, she ought not to make things even harder for him. I pointed out the implications if an earthly mother—whose child had just started school—were to constantly visit him during class to ask if he was all right or if he lacked anything. Such behavior would only hinder the child's education and disrupt the teaching process. The situation with her son is much the same. The mother listened to my admonitions in silence, her expression entirely impassive.

Yet, she remained unmoved. She continued her experiments with tape recorders, joined a relevant association, and even gave lectures on her findings.
When I visited the couple on August 26, 1986, we discussed general parapsychological topics and the paranormal events surrounding their son's death. During this meeting, I was under the impression that Mrs. N. had managed to find some distance from the tragic loss of her son. However, two years later, I realized that this was not the case at all. The mediumistic circle of Mrs. A. and Mr. B.—which I have described in my books *Life After Earthly Death* and, even more extensively, *Destinies After Death*—met on August 26, 1988, at the home of a certain Mrs. W. In addition to Mrs. W., her daughter, Mrs. G.—who also possesses mediumistic abilities—was present at this gathering, accompanied by her husband. When we, the external participants (seven people), arrived at Mrs. W.'s home on the evening of August 26, Mrs. N.—who had not actually been invited—was also there. She had stopped by to visit Mrs. W. because her husband, whom she had accompanied, had some work-related business nearby; the plan was for him to pick her up later. However, since Mrs. N. was already there, Mrs. W. invited her to take part in the session, which was scheduled to begin a little later (at 8:30 PM).
Following a musical prelude, a reading from the New Testament, and two prayers, nothing happened for a long time. Then, at 9:05 PM, a control spirit named Nepomuk made his presence known through the medium, Mr. B. He greeted those present, provided instructions regarding the procedure for the session, and at 9:21 PM, directed us to form a chain. The participants were thus required to hold hands, which they did for the next ten minutes. In the meantime, a spirit entered Mrs. G. It said, "Don't let go!"

Upon this, Mrs. N.—who was sitting next to her—and Mr. G. continued to hold Mrs. G.'s hands. Her head tilted to the side, and she began to breathe deeply and audibly.
Nepomuk manifested again through Mr. B. and said:
"The spark isn't jumping today. The harmony we desire is, unfortunately, still missing. We shall try to work on it. Perhaps it would be good if you asked us something first, to help us get into the flow. At the moment, I don't know what to tell you. It feels so empty... so cold here."
One of the participants, Mrs. S., asks: "Who is this here—" (referring to the spirit within Mrs. G.) "—who is wailing so much?"
Nepomuk: "I cannot identify him yet."
Sch. (Schiebeler): "Can you see him?"
Mrs. S.: "It's someone who is unhappy."
The spirit within Mrs. G. speaks up, sounding tearful.
N.: "Oh, Mommy, Mommy, come here!"
Sch.: "Who do you mean by 'Mommy'? Are you a child?"
N.: "Come behind me! Please, come! Mommy!"
Mrs. W. stands up, steps behind her daughter (Mrs. G.), and places her hand on her shoulder.
N.: "No! Go away—go away!" "There, there!" Clearly, he is referring to Mrs. N., who stands up and takes Mrs. W.'s place.
N.: "Yes, uh, yes, lovely! My Mommy!"
It is now clear that the person in question is Norbert N., who passed away in 1979.
Sch.: "Are you still here on Earth? Haven't you moved on yet?"
Norbert: "Why do you never hear me?"
Sch.: "Norbert, haven't you found a new home yet?"
Norbert: "I am always here, always..."

here."

Sch.: "Why are you still here on this Earth? After all, you no longer belong here." Norbert: "But
I feel good here."
Mrs. S.: "But Mommy can't hear you at all—and yet you still feel good?"
Norbert: "But I keep trying, all the time!"
Sch.: "Haven't you seen anyone in the afterlife since you died?"
Norbert: "There are many people here, but I always feel drawn back to this place. I want to stay here—I want to so much (sobbing)—but I can't. I just can't."
Sch.: "Wouldn't you like to try, at least, to make connections in the afterlife?"
Norbert: "But there are plenty! There are many people here, and I'm doing just fine (crying intensely).
I'm doing perfectly fine—(voice choked with tears:) but I'd rather stay here."
Sch.: "But you've begun a new life."
Norbert: (weeping) "I know, I know—of course. It's good over there, and it's beautiful. I'm doing
well. I am. But
I want so much to be there—with my Mommy. — How is our dog doing?"
Mrs. N.: "He's doing well."
Norbert: "I see him—I see him all the time."
Mrs. N.: "Is Marlyn with you?" — No answer, only sobbing. Sch.: "Is there any way
we can help you, Norbert?"
Norbert: "No—it's fine as it is now; this is already good." Everything is so beautiful right now (because his mother still has her hand on him). Hold on tight, Mommy, please, hold on really tight! But you know, she always puts up some resistance. (He is referring to the medium, who, deep down, does not entirely consent to the possession—experiencing it in this form for the first time today.) Oh, she's still resisting. — That's better now."
Sch.: "Who is resisting?"
Norbert: "The person here—the one I'm inside right now. But she senses that she doesn't need to be afraid. After all, I don't want to harm anyone. I just want Mommy! — Where's Daddy? He's missing. Why isn't he here right now?
For once, I have a chance to be here, and he's off wandering around."
Mrs. S.: "No, he isn't wandering around."
Sch.: "Norbert, now that you're here with us, wouldn't you like to reconsider? Wouldn't it be better to look around in the afterlife and join someone there instead?"
Norbert: "But I'm doing just fine! I have no reason to complain. I'm simply taking advantage of the opportunity. Can't you understand that? I'm happy to be here."
Sch.: "If you're only visiting occasionally, that's fine. But we get the impression that you are still very strongly attached to the Earth."
Norbert: "Ah, I'm just glad to be here right now. Mommy is so close at this moment. Usually, I have to struggle so hard... But I'm doing well. I really am doing just fine." "You don't need to worry about me. I'm actually doing very well. I have everything I need over here—everything!"
Mrs. S.: "Do you have friends, too?"
Norbert: "Friends, yes. I'm in a pink house, and I can go out whenever I like."
Mrs. S.: "With others?"
Norbert: "With everyone I like—everyone I love."
Mr. S.: "And your friends—do they also try to establish some kind of contact with Earth?"
Norbert: "We like making contact. After all, we're always calling out to you. But hardly anyone wants
us. They don't hear us; they are all so... [the rest is unintelligible]..."

Sch.: "They aren’t even capable of hearing you. It’s not out of any ill intent—they simply aren’t capable of hearing you."
Norbert: "Because they don’t want to."
Sch.: "No—it’s because they aren’t capable, and they don’t know how."
Mr. S.: "It only happens in exceptional cases."
Mrs. B.: "It’s also an exception that you’re able to be with us. Perhaps you’re here so that we can help you—but we can only help if you want us to."
Norbert: "You don’t need to help me. I’m doing just fine. Things are going so well for me, but..."
Mrs. B.: "You just mentioned that you’re feeling warm right now. Are you not usually warm?" Norbert: "Different, different, completely different. I feel warmth—human warmth. This
is different—(sobbing:)—this is entirely different. — What is happening here? Where is Papi?"
Mrs. N.: "He will be here soon."
Norbert: "Why isn't he here right now?"
Sch.: "He has business in Ravensburg. But you know how he works."
Norbert: "Yes, I know now."
Mrs. N.: "Is Marilyn with you?"
Norbert: "She is here, too. Yes, she is here. She is standing beside me. She’s standing right here, pricking up her ears and watching. She’s standing right here—beside
me."
Norbert prepares to leave the medium, Mrs. G., and move on. At this point, the other control spirit, Stanislaus, speaks through Mrs. A.

St. (Stanislaus): "Don't let him leave just yet. Tell him that he doesn't necessarily have to seek a connection with his mother—that he can find help on the other side as well."
Sch.: "Norbert, did you hear what was just said?"
Mrs. S.: "You need to stay a little longer—don't go yet!"
Norbert: "The energy is so weak."
Sch.: "We still want to talk to you, and we want to explain what we mentioned earlier: that you should try to establish connections in the afterlife, rather than feeling as though you are bound to the Earth."
Norbert (very annoyed): "Ah, you don't understand anything! You don't understand a single thing." Sch.: "Perhaps we understand more than you think."
Norbert: "But I have such a good life over here. I don’t need anyone. I have everything."
Mrs. B.: "Norbert, if your life were truly that good, you wouldn’t be constantly calling out for your mother."
Norbert: "I’m just taking the opportunity. I love my Mommy, and I’m glad that, for once, I’ve managed to make it across. But I really am doing well, and..."
...is going really well."
Mrs. B.: "Norbert, you can say: 'Mom, I’m doing well; thank you for everything I ever received from you!' But now you live on the other side, in a different world. It is not this earthly world, and your earthly mother is no longer there. You are on the other side, and you have entirely different tasks there—namely, to help others. But you cannot come back here to us anymore. It is truly a rare, one-time opportunity that you are still able to speak with us."
Norbert: "I know."
Mr. S.: "You cannot remain a child forever on the other side, either; rather, you must dedicate yourself to new tasks."
Norbert: "Nothing stands in my way—absolutely nothing."

St.: "He still hasn't grasped that someone is waiting for him." Norbert: "Of course—they are all here."
Sch.: "You haven't met the 'right one' yet. It is a woman—someone you must seek out."
Mrs. S.: "Perhaps someone like your mother."
Sch.: "She will guide you further; she will help you detach from the Earth."
St.: "Norbert doesn't know her yet. He will only come to know her later. But she is already by his side."
(Though, naturally, she remains invisible to him.)
Mrs. B.: "Norbert, did you hear? It is someone entirely different—someone you haven't seen at all yet." "She helps you, and provides warmth."
Norbert: "I can help myself."
Sch.: "That's not the impression we get."
Norbert: (emphatically) "Even so!"
Mrs. B.: "Then you shouldn't be crying."
Norbert: "But I'm not crying at all. It's just the fight. Just a fight. She—she is still defending herself." (He thinks of the medium again.)
Mrs. S: "And she senses what a miserable time you're having..."
Norbert: "No. I'm not having a miserable time. Not at all. No. But she... she's not doing well at all."
St.: "Could you ask the mother (Mrs. N.) to step out for a moment?"
Norbert (protesting): "No, no, my Mommy is staying right here. I'll be leaving soon, too."
Mrs. B: "Norbert, back when you were with us on Earth, did your mother or father ever tell you about a guardian spirit—a guardian angel—that every child, every human being, has someone watching over them?"
Norbert: "I have one of those. Don't you understand that I'm doing well? I just know that I'm doing well!
But my Mommy is the one who..." (he stops)
Mrs. B: "But she isn't your guardian spirit."
Norbert: "But my Mommy is suffering, and she shouldn't be."
Mrs. B: "But she only suffers because you are still clinging to her so tightly."
Norbert: "No; my Mommy suffers because she simply cannot let me go. She loves me—she loves me so much."
Mrs. S: "Yes, and both of you are suffering because you cannot let go of each other."
Norbert: "I can't let go until she lets me leave. I'm just not able to."
St.: "Go to this other woman. She has been waiting for you—urgently—for a long time. Do you hear that?"
Norbert: "This is my Mommy—after all, I love her so much."
Mrs. S.: "But she must be able to let you go, and you must let her go, too. Otherwise, both of you will be unhappy."
Mrs. B.: "That is earthly love; but now you need a love that reaches toward the other side—the afterlife—where you are living now. It is a completely different kind of love."
Norbert: "But I just want to say that I am doing well—if only Mommy could understand that."
Mrs. S.: "But you need a 'Mommy' on the other side, too. And she is already there, waiting for you. Yet she cannot reach you as long as you cling so desperately to your earthly mother; she stands no chance of getting through to you. And you really do need her."
Norbert: "All I can tell you is: please pray for my dear Mommy."
Mrs. B.: "But your mother must let you go, too. She, too, must allow you to move on."
Norbert: "Tell her not to worry at all—I am doing well, truly well. I am much better off than she is."
Mrs. B.: "Norbert, do you pray, too?"

Norbert: "Yes."
Mrs. B.: "Could you ask God to help you recognize the woman who is meant to assist you?"
Norbert: "I'm getting along just fine. I'm doing well."
Mrs. S.: "Wouldn't you like someone to surround you with care—someone who truly..."
...surround [you]
with their care, as before?"
Norbert: "But there are so many of them."
Mrs. S.: "But they don't look after you."
Norbert: "Well, who am I supposed to look for, then? I can't go looking for a second mother!"
Mr. S.: "You must understand that you need to grow—there, in the afterlife. And that hasn't happened yet."
Norbert: (emphatically) "I don't need a second 'Mami'!"
Mr. S.: "Perhaps that's not the right term; but you do need someone who can guide you—someone who can facilitate your growth."
Norbert: "There are many people who are good to me, who put in the effort—many who are around me, so many! But a second 'Mami'—no! (shouting:) No! No! I don't want one!"
Mrs. B.: "Norbert, on Earth, your mother was there to take you by the hand and lead you. She helped you take your first steps and walked you to school. But your life on Earth has come to an end. Now, someone else will take you by the hand and lead you into the life you are living now—over there. Your mother cannot do that for you anymore."
Norbert: "You're all always so clever! You haven't the faintest idea about anything—not the faintest idea!"
Sch.: "Perhaps we have more of an idea than you think. You were brought here today—allowed to come here—so that, this evening, you might learn what we have to tell you."
Nor
Norbert: "They called me—they actually called me, they drew me here."
Sch: "Precisely so that we could tell you these things tonight—so that you might realize you must break away from this earthly realm and seek your path in the afterlife. That is why you were led here."
Mrs. B.: "Norbert, if things were going well for you, you wouldn't be calling out to your mother."
Norbert: "You just don't get it! I left here too soon—far too soon. But I am doing fine; I'm managing my situation. It's just... difficult."
Mrs. B.: "That woman is there for you precisely so you can cope. Ask to see her."
Norbert: "I don't want any woman. There are many people here—so many—but no one 'special' among them. Why do you keep trying to convince me of this?"
Mr. S.: "We are referring to a specific guardian spirit—someone who can assist in your development."
St.: "Today, you must say goodbye to your mother."
Norbert: "Yes, yes, yes—(annoyed)—yes."
Sch: "Mrs. N., perhaps you should say something, too! This challenge is directed at you! You need to speak up about this!"
Mrs. N.: "Norbert, go your own way. Mommy is letting you go."
Norbert: (sobbing) "You always say that, but it's not what you really want. You don't want to let me go." You don't want to at all
(He cries loudly.)
Mrs. B.: "We will pray for your mother, too. Do you hear, Norbert? So that your mother may find the strength to let go."
Norbert: (weeping) "She doesn't want to let me go."
Mrs. W.: "Norbert, with our help, your mother will learn to let go. We will help her."

Norbert: "Perhaps it will be easier for me then. Yes, that's possible—it really is possible."
Mr. S.: "She knows now that you aren't actually suffering—though things could certainly be better for you—so she can be at peace."
Norbert: "Yes, yes, Mommy, I'm doing quite well; everyone is here around me, and I know about everything you're doing. And, you know, I actually enjoy watching it, too."
Mrs. N.: "I am letting you go now. Norbert, go your own way—whatever is best."
Norbert: "I will always be with you. And when the time comes, I will come for you. I will come for you then. I'll be here when the time comes. I will never forget you, Mommy!"
Mrs. S.: "But until then, you have some learning to do, so that you'll be able to help your mother when the time arrives." Norbert:
"Yes, that is what I will do. I promise you all."
A longer prayer follows for Norbert and his mother, during which Norbert breaks into sobs. accompany:
"O God, our Heavenly Father, we ask for Your help and protection for these poor souls—for young Norbert, who died in an accident a few years ago and who, in the afterlife, remains bound to his mother here on Earth. We pray, O Lord, teach him to realize that the path
leads to You, and that he should not remain here on Earth. Open his eyes so that he may recognize the guardian spirit assigned to him, and be led toward new tasks. We beseech You, O Lord, help this young man to understand that he has duties in the afterlife—that he cannot stay here forever, but must evolve toward You, so that he may one day be ready to welcome his parents when they, too, depart from this Earth. Love him, and help both him and his mother—may she also come to realize that she must accompany her son in the afterlife through her prayers, and that by praying for him, she can assist him

in finding his own path in the world beyond. Yet, let not our will be done, but Yours. Amen."
Sch.: "Well, we wish you all the best, Norbert! Open your eyes and find your path in the afterlife. God be with you!" St.: "I would also like to inform you that today, all of this was brought about by another 'control spirit'—the very one who has appeared here before—and it was this spirit who guided us together in this way. To achieve this, we had to receive guidance and undergo preparation. It was a very difficult process for all of us, and it is possible that we may need to meet once more for this purpose. Then again, perhaps not—we shall see. We must pray for both of them, that each may find their own path here with us in the afterlife. We hope that Norbert will also come to recognize this woman, who has been accompanying him with love all this time, though he has been unable to perceive her until now. This woman has been trying to reach him for a very long time, but Norbert remained too deeply attached to this Earth, seizing every opportunity to call out for his mother. We can only ask his mother to gradually let go of him. Of course, this does not mean that you, as human beings, should forget the dead. It simply means she must allow Norbert to continue on his own path—a path he can truly discover only here, with us. He will surely make contact again, though under different circumstances—circumstances that will be far less sorrowful once he has attained his freedom. We wish you all the best. Perhaps I might add that this control spirit is very powerful, and it is certain that, at some point, it will take over the leadership of this circle. God..." "...may He protect you. God be with you! Stanislaus"
22. Consequences for those left behind
What conclusions can be drawn from these events?
A strong mother-child bond, persisting beyond physical death, hindered the further development of the deceased son for many years. Let us consider that Norbert—who departed from our Earth—by our earthly standards, in 1988...

He would have been 22 years old by now. Yet, the sentiments he expressed that evening point to the 13-year-old child he was at the time of his death. This fateful bond evidently evoked compassion even in the afterlife, prompting higher authorities to arrange the gathering that took place on August 26, 1988. We humans would normally regard such a strange convergence of events as a "coincidence."
Naturally, it is not only a strong mother-child bond that can hinder the deceased from progressing further in the afterlife—much as it might on Earth—but any attachment that is excessively intense, acting like a shackle.
Therefore, should you ever find yourself in a situation where you lose a loved one to death, please act differently than what I have described several times in this booklet. Do not focus so much on yourself and your own pain; instead, consider primarily the well-being and the feelings of the one who has passed on. Send them thoughts of love and affection, pray for their continued progress, and shape your own earthly life in such a way that you may hold the hope of being reunited with them after your own death.

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