

Valor

The Golden Times Weekly...

How to Live Life with Courage, Wisdom, and Enduring Peace of Mind through Soulcraft

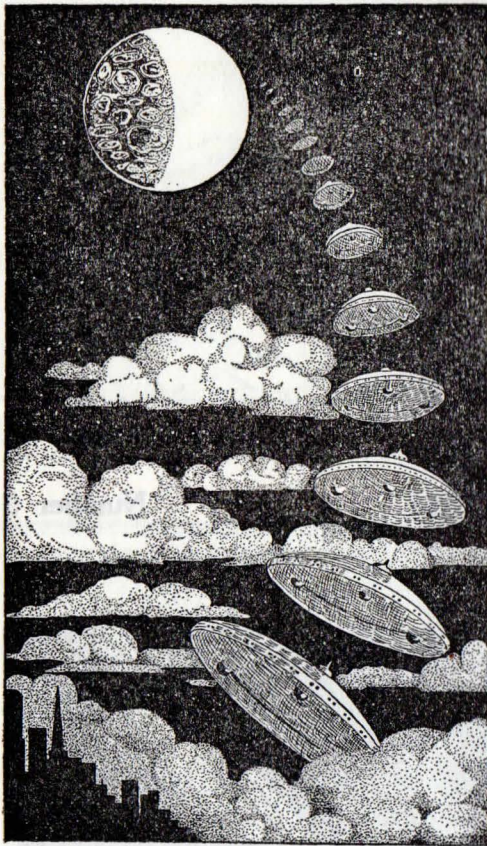
Volume VIII

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WHY Material Matters Have Spiritual Aspects in the Developments of 1955

Why There Is No Such Thing as Be- ing Wholly Spirit- ual and Letting all Secular Matters Alone . .

called personal progress. Remember that personal progress, irrespective of any economic status, is ever a spiritual progress. We are either bigger people at the end of a given annual sequence because of the experiences through which we have passed, or we are smaller. If we are bigger, it is Progress.

But spiritual progress which is personal can be enhanced or retarded in no small measure by participation in civic, social or economic circumstance. People exist who are fond of exclaiming, "Why do we require to mix up spiritual matters with temporal matters at all? Why can we not apply ourselves to spiritual equations the year round and let material vicissitudes take care of themselves?" . . . they forget or overlook the ever-vital correlation between the two. Spiritual progress is ever measured, not to say conditioned, by one's personal adventures in factual happenings. Factual circumstance is the allotted arena in which spirit while on the earth-plane gauges its expansion or contraction. This is a universe where the entire phenomena of Spirit Display are possible only through the reaction of the unit of consciousness to other units of consciousness or to performing environment. It is this undeniable condition of affairs that gives us society as we find it.

We come into earth-life to undergo our sufferances in society as we encounter them. If soul-spirit could do any progressing without contacting such sufferances, this whole planetary earth scheme would be one gigantic hoax and superfluity. No one would need any sort of planetary environment in which to exercise. He could make his spiritual progress in complete isolation afar in astronomical space. Could you conceive of its happening? Of course not!

So people who maintain, "No spiritual movement can endure very long that dissipates itself in giving attention to secu-

WE measure off sequences of, and accomplishment on, this plane of earth by years. It is strictly a mortal peculiarity that we must make certain time demarcations to check up on ourselves, contrasting the results of one period with the results of another period. So we use as measurement of these contrasting programs an utterly hypothetical notation in a celestial circle, calling it the *beginning* of a year, and saying that such year continues until the planet returns to precisely that point in celestial space—when it *ends*.

Of course, the year does nothing of the sort. It is the circumference of the celestial circle which our planet has run to get back to that carefully demarked point, that "ends". So we measure our time-spans in such twelvemonth notations. We walk about the "taxable" year that begins March 15th and closes the ensuing March 15th. Actually a year can begin at any date on the calendar, and the passing of twelve months—or 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes and 49.7 seconds—is scientifically measured by the time required by the sun to move from one vernal equinox to the next.

Nevertheless, in our three-meal-a-day

work-world, we measure the official years from one midnight of December 31st to midnight of the next December 31st, and no nonsense about it. What we do as a people or an individual in that span of activity is again hypothetical . . . and yet we do employ such sequences to identify by contrasts these interims in eternity.

When the last second has ticked off at the hour of 12 p. m. of December 31st we say we shall be entering a new solar interim that earth-society will identify as 1955. Everything that occurs on this earth-ball for the ensuing 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes and 49.7 seconds will be designated in history as happening in 1955. We assume that it will consist of three months of winter, three months of spring, three months of summer and three months of autumn. Then midnight of another December 31st, will be arrived at, and one second past midnight will introduce another orbital span of the planet about the sun that we shall label 1956.

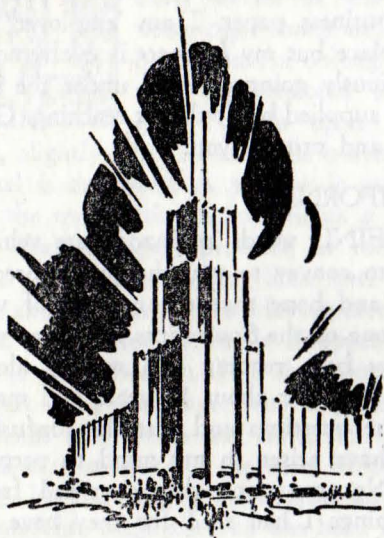
This, however, is the 1955 specification that presently confronts us.

Here we are, but where are we?

WE DIVIDE earth activity, in all common sense, into social progress—sometimes called civic or economic progress—and spiritual progress, sometimes

lar causes," are actually not analytical-minded. It is the spiritual movement that *does* concern itself with secular causes that registers its vitality and appreciable soul-worth. But there are secular causes and secular causes. It is the character of the secular cause that demonstrates the profits and benefits to spirit.

And even greater than the specific nature of the cause is the spiritual increment displayed in Discrimination . . .



WE ARE all of us in the earth environment for the living of the events distinguishing 1955 as they activate. We say we have chosen them in prenatal premeditation because they offered permanent benefits to our nonending celestial careers. Our consciousness participates in them and becomes enhanced by such performance.

Anything that enhances consciousness is celestial in itself.

Our spirits are here, however, encased in bodily vehicles for a given time, that may get the increments of, say, 1955 and none other year. And whatsoever comes within our attention affecting us, is as vital and essential to our eternal selves as anything which may have happened to us back in Egypt 10,000 years ago or back in Atlantis 100,000 years before that.

There are social problems for us to note and solve—as we can—in pro rata interest and responsibility; there are personal problems resulting from, or growing out of, the general civic and economic status. All of them, taking them as a time-identified drama of cause and effect, must challenge us as our reasons for being spiritually present and involved. If

we wish to complain, "Why cannot we let the practical predicament alone and just apply ourselves to the study of the eternal verities?" we should be brainy enough to ask ourselves how we expect to identify the eternal verities excepting by their expression in material event? Material events in the accumulate are the eternal verities presented in the current instant *which always endures*. There is no other demonstration of any eternal verities to us, any time, anywhere, but those contained in the current electric instant. Outside the current electric instant they are all hypothetical assumptions, since it is only in the current electric instant that we can acknowledge the self-consciousness that interprets or recognizes anything. We forget this too often, recalling something particularly idealistic we previously read in a book or heard some master-soul proclaim from a rostrum. We mistake what the author or orator thought and uttered *as the eternal verities themselves merely because he talked about them*. This is proven by asking ourselves how we would classify such author's and speaker's remarks if he suddenly stopped discussing the Fifth Light Plane and talked about the salmon-fishing industry in Alaska? Would the eternal verities as promptly cease to exist because he switched the subject of his loquacity?

What too many spiritual idealists really want to do is talk continually and exclusively about the Fifth Light Plane, never giving a thought the year around to salmon fisheries in Alaska, assuming thereby that they are "spiritual" . . . They are by no means spiritual. In all kindness they are philosophical monomaniacs. Why did they enter upon the earth-plane at all, since they could have discussed the Fifth Light Plane—as a subject for examination or controversy—on any of the planes intervening between the first and the fifth?

However, let's be practical ourselves in the 1955 prospect . . .

ANALYZING and discriminating as cleverly as our attained intelligence and factual knowledge permits us, we soul-spirits incarnated in the American Scene behold two major issues inviting our application of the eternal verities to their solution or mitigation before December 31, 1955.

The first is our Constitutional liberty as units in the political state;

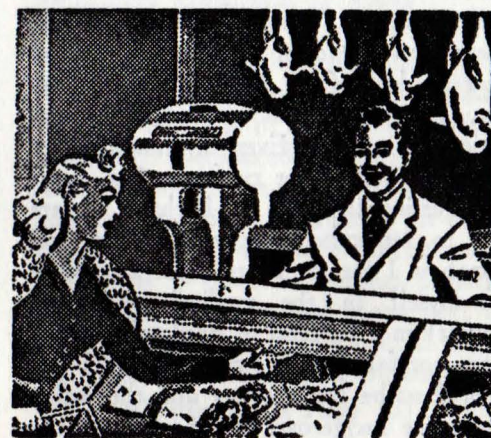
The second is our continuing economic welfare contained in the American system of providing material sustenance.

What conditions may be on the Fifth Light Plane or the tenth moon of Saturn are as nonexistent to us as King Tut's asthma, whereas relinquishing our national sovereignty in September of this year to that Fifth Internationale mistakenly called United Nations, or permitting labor tycoons to induce the socialistic state through the economic mischief of the guaranteed annual wage, are as real as the paper from which you're reading these words and perchance more real than tomorrow morning's breakfast. A passing gale may tear the paper from your fingers or tomorrow morning's breakfast turn out negative by reason of your homestead being completely burned this night. But Soulcraft holds these great ethical issues to be spiritual because with liberty perished or the land in fresh economic bedlam, the body as much as brain is curtailed from receiving mortal increments that makes this plane of any spiritual consequence.

Incidentally, these are the two great civic maelstroms that are due to make 1955 momentous. Wait and see it proven.

Communism is only an ideological obsession, considered philosophically. Communism is as real as the traffic policeman's whistle beneath the window three minutes ago, if either of these encroachments on political or economic liberties sugar into consummation before 1955 is run.

But what becomes of the "thinker of lovely thoughts" if it be listed a crime against the state to do any personal thinking at all, or a physical impossibility to
(Continued from Page 11)





Bouquets and Phenomena

How the Person at the Other End of the Mail Reacts to Soulcraft . .

“DEARLY Beloved Teacher: This is the resume of your works, for me—

WE are not here to play, to dream,
to drift,

We have a hard work to do, and
loads to lift,

Shun not the struggle, 'tis God's
gift! . . ”

NEW YORK

“DEEPEST gratitude to you, the Recorder, for your noble work and helpful interpretation, and what it has meant to me. Also warmest Christmas thanks to all Soulcraft workers who have assisted you . . ”

NEW YORK

“UNLIKE some of your correspondents, my husband and I make no pretense of being anything other than neophytes in Soulcraft . . We do subscribe to reincarnation as being what we truly feel is right and good. I do not know how spiritually inclined we are insofar as having people appear to us in the way your daughter Harriet comes to you. I do know I often have the sense of not being alone in a room. When this occurs, I feel it is my mother and if I turn quickly or put out my hand, it is a very soft touch and a misty sight I encounter. She had a certain perfume not common to others and so often I can smell it at the same time these other feelings occur. We have no speech, and from knowledge of your pen I gather that neither of us has progressed very far. But it surely is a comfortable sensation, believe me. Even my husband has begun to notice her perfume. She made the Passing in 1946 . . Perhaps we are not to remember our earlier lives yet somehow I feel at times I get a glimpse of myself in the medical profession (nurse) in a hospital in England, a small town not far from the countryside. I can even describe the country and the walks along the hedgerows and flowers on the

heath . . May we pause to pay tribute to you, Mr. Pelley, for the writing you have done that is awakening so many, for the simple and pure pleasure of listening to you on the reels, and best of all, for sharing with us your progress into higher echelons. And while you speak of yourself at times with such finality, we feel it is just not so. One man in a lifespan does not accomplish all he would like. Rejoice then, for there are other lives . . ”

TEXAS

“TO Mr. Pelley personally . . I love every word that has fallen from your typewriter. I have many of your books, many of the Soulscripts. *Beyond Grandeur* is my textbook. I have the *Golden Scripts*, the words of which stand out for me as if written in neon and seem to be addressed to *me*, personally. I have written down some particularly potent phrases from them that I carry in my purse at all times. What has come to you and through you has done more toward getting my 'Oughtness fixed' than all my seven years study of Theosophy, Christian Science, Rosicrucianism, etc., all good but not enough. There is no way of estimating the happiness and good I have received from Soulcraft teaching. I attended the Christian Science Church for some years but never failed to come away from the service with the thought 'Something's wrong, something's lacking!' I came away not liking my body too well, wishing and hoping to ignore it eventually but sick at heart in the effort. It was a striving and a striving 'to stay in there and pitch' with dear Mary Baker Eddy and her doctrine of the unreality of Matter that nearly wore me out. It seemed as though she created such a tremendous chasm between Spirit and Matter, Divine Mind and mortal mind. I am so happily freed now, Mr. Pelley. I am *real* to myself now and can go my way in peace. Thanks to your blessed enlightenment and to your wonderful God-given talent for putting that enlightenment into sing-

ing words! The eternal ever-being-ness of soul, past, present, and future, is clear to me now, the *only* acceptable Truth. Please do excuse me for writing you on this business paper. I am 'employed' at this place but my *business* is evolvment, consciously going forward under the impetus supplied by Soulcraft teaching. God bless and prosper you! . . ”

CALIFORNIA

“I FIND words an inadequate vehicle to convey to you the joy, appreciation, and hope that the reading of volume one of the Soulscripts has given me. I have been reading and seeking along these lines for about 15 years and many are the questions and vast the confusion that have arisen in my mind to perplex me. Not confusion that stemmed from the things I had read for they have all helped in their way and for a time, but a confusion that came from my inability to comprehend myriads of the baffling things that occur in the objective world around us, to perplex and confound me. Many of these perplexities have hounded me since childhood. I have been given satisfying answers to many things, but not near enough satisfying answers to release me from the tension and unrest within myself that has seemed at times almost to consume me. For with my whole heart and soul I wish to know and understand the truth, the realities, the laws of being. And I wish to be a channel through which these truths can flow to others who are yearning for these enlightening answers that I have now found in Soulscripts . . My heart is full of gratitude and awe for the feelings of release and hope that were given me by reading Volume One of Soulscripts . . May our loving Father continue to surround you with His love and protection. And may the Great Ones continue to help you, and to help those who are yearning for these truths. And may He help many, many more of us in all the ways that are necessary to render service in helping this work to go forward . . ”

1955 Means Experiences Making You the Stronger in Intellect and Spirit . .



HERE is a type of gambling device in the nation's cigar stores and barber shops. An oblong box, with top enclosed under glass, stands upon four legs, slightly tilted toward the player. A nickel is deposited. A plunger is pulled. To the top of the incline shoots a steel ball that promptly proceeds to roll toward the bottom, striking little steel pegs here and there as it rolls. Having caromed from peg to peg, it finally disappears in a hole at the bottom. If it drops into the correct hole, the player wins a prize. If it drops into the wrong hole, he is the loser as to money but the wiser in experience. He has enjoyed a satisfying amount of suspense while the ball has been striking pegs, as to whether it would enter the prize-winning hole and thus entice him to play till his coins are exhausted.

"That's Life!" thinks the philosopher. "The ball is every human being striving to get through a world of obstructions. Only the difference between Life and the Marble Game is, that it's not gravity but evolution that gives the ball-person progress. The progress is a slight tilt upward, and the 'right hole' is at the top of attainment, not at the bottom to be reached by blind chance!

Pegs! Pegs! Pegs! Like the ball in the marble-game, we no sooner see a clear avenue ahead of us than a peg deflects us. Bumping one peg causes us to bump a whole flock of pegs. Life becomes naught but a bumping of pegs.

On the other hand—precisely like the contraption in all the best cigar stores and barber shops—if there were no pegs in the pathway of the ball, how could the game be any game at all?

There are people who think that the Game of Life should hold no pegs—that man should roll easily up the grade of evolution and spiritual unfoldment. They resent that there are pegs set everywhere

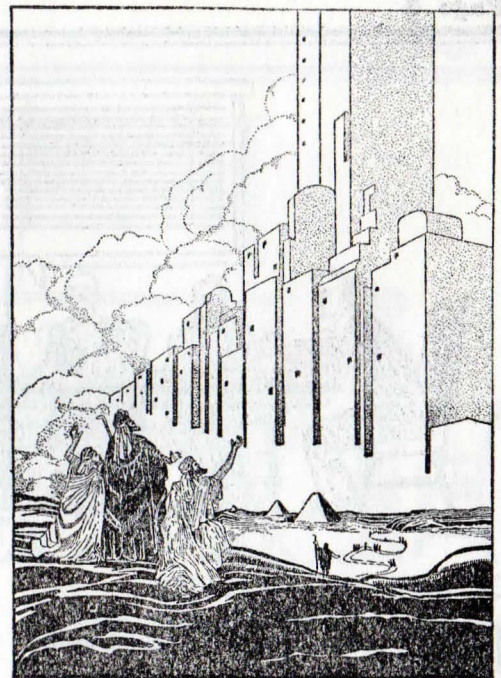
Another Paper Helping You to Understand the Enigmas of Mortality from the Standpoint of Applied Mysticism . .

in the track of free existence. They call God harsh because He has put pegs in the Course of Life at all.

But if people started out from their beginnings and rolled unobstructed to a "right" hole when the Life-Board had been negotiated, where would be the interest—in the Great Pinball Game of Living?

WE ENCOUNTER these pegs, these bounce-backs, these collisions with Circumstance, to make it of enticement, whether or not we shall land in a prize-winning hole in the end.

None of which is Pollyanna rationalizing—it's viewing the universe as a series of high voltage adventures prepared against our coming, to sharpen our intelligence and increase our sense of Self. Man, strange to say, requires that he shall pinch his finger in a door to learn that he possesses a finger. He pinches his finger in a door and cries "Ouch!" Thereby he discovers as well that he possesses a larynx. He cries "Ouch!" loudly enough, and seventeen people come running—to find out how badly he is hurt. Thereby he forgets his pinched finger in the cosmic marvel: "I—me—myself—the human



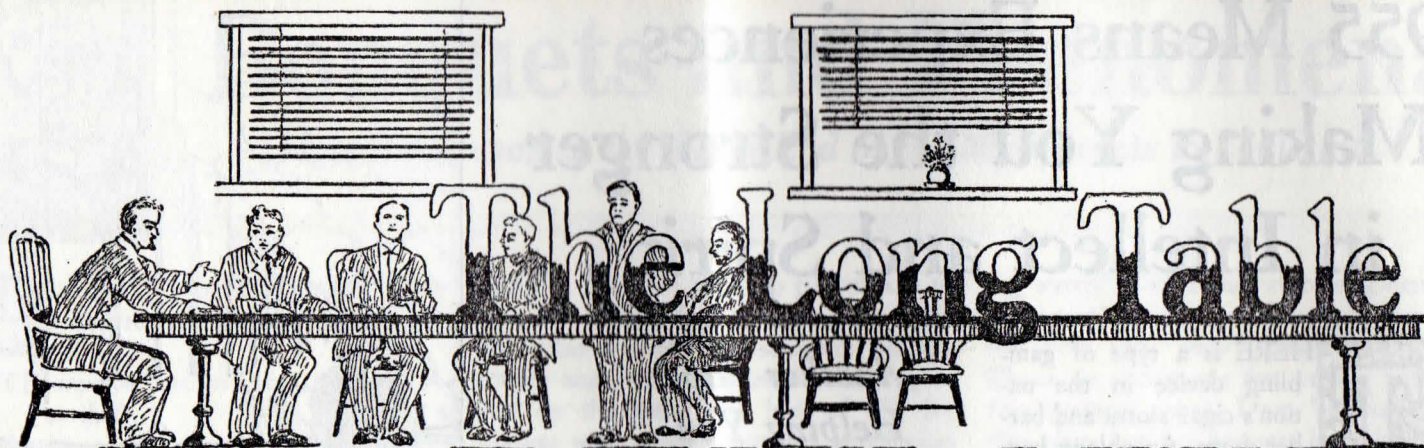
organism that I am—actually send the power out of my own consciousness to move seventeen people in my personal direction by crying 'Ouch!' Was ever a person therefore created so important as myself? I have a finger and I pinch it. I cry 'Ouch!' and alter the direction and mayhap the destinies of seventeen people. If I had enough fingers to pinch, and enough doors to pinch 'em in, and a larynx loud enough to emit a yell reaching from Tokyo to Paris, I could doubtless alter the directions and destinies of empires!"

But before there is such recognition of divine galvanism, there have to be the doors themselves for men to pinch their fingers in. There can't be the people-attracting "Ouch!" without the larynx to manufacture it. There can be sympathizers without the mishap commanding the sympathy.

So the physical, formal, material universe is necessary to the miracle of Consciousness and the people-moving or nation-moving galvanisms of Spirit.

TOO long have we deprecated the physical and material aspects of Man—created of "dust of the ground"—just as we have bemoaned the pegs in the Great Marble-Game that is existence, thinking that one is as gross as the other is insufferable. We have forecast our Heaven as a place of endless physical ease, given over to eternal harp-music, in which no one ever does a lick of work and pegs are distinguished by their ab-

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CONCERNING FATHERS . .

IDAHO: "In your latest book, *Getting Born*, it is stated that we choose our parents beforehand in getting born. Would it necessarily be both parents? Wouldn't it be more the mother than anyone else? In my case, my dad was married to four different women and had children by all of them. From the first to the last about 40 years elapsed. Another thing: In the book it states that the reason we don't remember our past embodiments is, that our physical brains block our memories. Could be, but what I'd like to know, when one passes from here to the Other Side, evidently most don't remember them either, at least not for a hundred years or so, and they have no brain to block that. What does?"

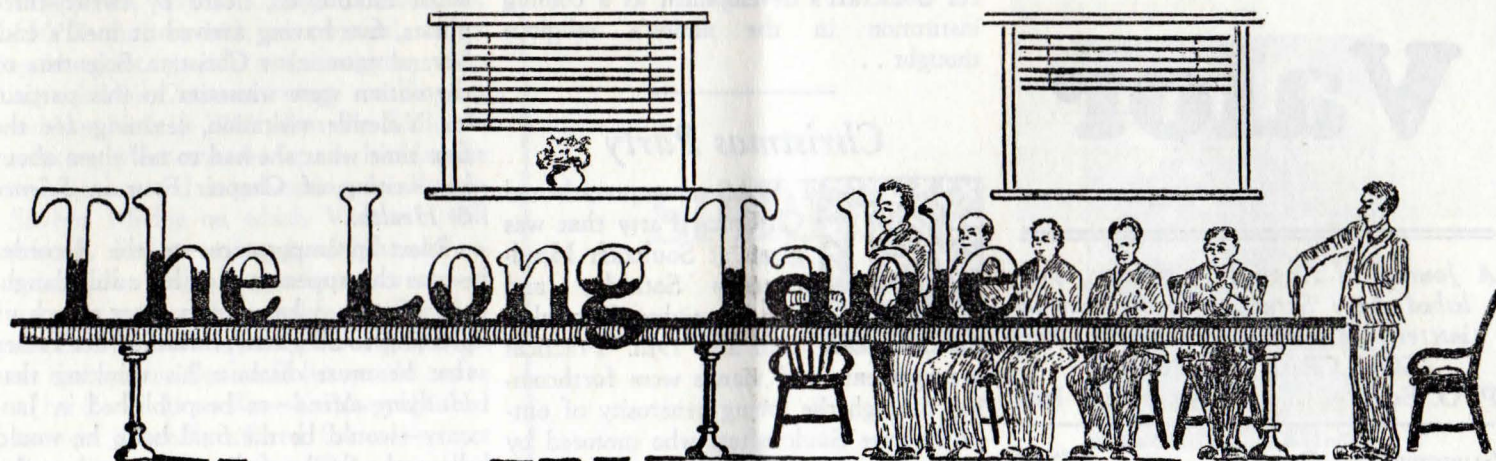
Comment: Good questions, both of them, Idaho. Both are treated categorically in the latest Soulcraft book *Know Your Karma*. Generally speaking, we might put it that the mother has jurisdiction over what soul shall enter mortality through her offices whereas the father more or less determines the physical or genealogical factors. In actual practice nine times out of ten we seem to find that arrangements are with both, though not necessarily. Most people are squeamish over whom their earthly fathers are going to be, since the success or failure of a life may hinge on domestic felicities. Then again, there is usually karmic adjustment that is opportune to make when both parents are arranged with in advance. Your second question is based on an assumption that by no means holds true. By no means does it require a hundred or more years to recollect the eternal self. Soulcraft has contacted cases

where the eternal identity was restored even before physical death was complete. Indeed, cases are legion where elderly persons have recovered it by deliberately taking thought, and it is almost always available under hypnotherapy. What happens in the latter cases seems to be, the physical brain is by-passed. The eternal memory resides in the etheric double, which becomes stronger and more positive in function as the earth-life matures. However, it is true that the average soul-spirit presenting itself in spiritualistic materialization does not thus identify itself. Most widespread reason for this is mortal fixation, carrying over the complexes of earth-life, which the immediate second and third planes do not tend to disturb. Having gotten up to the fourth plane, where the order of thinking changes, we are told that eternal identification comes almost at once. But then again, few fourth-plane people maintain easy contact with mortal conditions unless they be assigned to this plane for purposes of mentorship. Again and again, contacting these "guides", the latter have avoided all self-identifications, giving it out that they are not "permitted" . . Remember that the next two higher planes are so remarkably similar to the earth-plane that millions repudiate the assertion that they are dead. They are still thinking with all mortal reflexes paramount. In other words, it is the reflexes more than new physical brains that do the obstructing. *Know Your Karma* and *Undying Mind* describe these states minutely . . No two persons perform precisely alike in the matter of restoration of memory. Sometimes people deliberately refuse to remember, not fancying what recollection holds . .

MATERIALIZATION . .

FLORIDA: "I have been interested in all these things for years and have read a great deal of mystical literature. As for spiritualism, have not seen any materialization personally but heard about it a good deal and at my first trumpet meeting was agreeably surprised to have a lecture from an old teacher (on the earthside). This, of course, was proof enough for me but to prove that 'this is now commonplace' is something else again. The materialization of a body, as I understand it, must come through and by a medium . . is that not correct? . ."

Comment: Generally but not necessarily. A lot seems to depend upon the psychical knowledge of the person on the higher side. Soulcraft has now had three specific instances of survived persons giving it out in the conventional seance—that is, speaking with bodies made possible by the medium's ectoplasm—that they would presently materialize to relatives at a distance without a medium available, to prove to the distant relatives that the seance-appearance at Soulcraft had been bona fide. Each one of the women, for they all happened to be feminine, delivered on schedule. One "deceased" wife-mother told her son she would show herself that same night to her skeptical husband in Chicago, and did so within three hours of the Indiana seance. A second mother appeared in materialized form in the bedchamber of her adult son the second morning of his return from Noblesville to a western state. A third did the wonder within seven days of Going Over. She made the materialized appearance at the Soulcraft seance in full form and substance on Saturday



evening, and she had "died" the foregoing Sunday afternoon, yet she likewise was able to demonstrate herself visibly and audibly to her husband in a distant city later on the very night of the Soulcraft seance. Materialization is usually effected by constructively taking thought as to the appearance of their personalities and drawing the medium's ectoplasm up into it to give it substantiality on this side. They tell us from the Upper Levels that everybody's physical self manufactures ectoplasm to some degree, it being a chemical compound of albumin and phosphorus. When a given person, usually a woman, produces it to excess in her system, she is readily disclosed as mediumistic. Many persons, ignorant of this ectoplasmic manufacture in themselves, do not know that the spirit materializing before them truly is doing so out of their own ectoplasm—that is, the mortal spectator. *Undying Mind* goes extensively into this, if you wish to inform yourself further concerning it . . .

PARADOXIAL SITUATION . .

NEW YORK: "I am taking my courage in hand to answer your letter received quite some time ago, to say that if you have a book that can tell me what happened to my two sons who have left me, I will buy it. My son F--- was killed in Italy, Dec. 5th, 1945. He was a machine-gunner only 25 years old. Died instantly. My son J--- died Feb. 5, 1950. He was beaten up in a fight, drunk, he never regained consciousness. Why do these things happen? J--- was 32 years old. I do believe in God but left the Catholic Church in 1911. I just couldn't swallow what they teach. Does anyone

know the answers? I would like to buy your books but am poor and cannot spare the money. I know I would find them very interesting, whether I believed them or not. You wanted to hear from me, so this is it . . ."

Comment: This is the letter of an honest, down-to-earth woman. She wants to know why her two grown sons did not stay longer with her on earth. To explain these matters minutely, some 20 to 30 volumes are required. They have been written and published expressly for such purpose. They cannot be produced for less than is being charged for them, due to prevailing economics. She is too poor to buy them. So she perforce stays ignorant. Meanwhile 324 millions of our federal tax money goes to support that Tower of Babel on Manhattan's East River, and this year we will send \$150 millions for India to purchase locomotives. How and why did humanity get in such a mess, anyhow? . . . Soulcraft has sent this bedeviled mother the wanted books gratis, but there are a hundred thousand like her. Life is funny, and slightly paradoxical.

DARK FORCES . .

INDIANA: "If I know now that my ultimate desire is to develop always upward, is it possible for an undeveloped spirit or force to so influence my course that I might retrograde to the point of individual nonentity or extinction?"

Comment: Developing always upward, to begin with, is not a desire and naught else. It is growth in the process of consummating. You are either expanding intellectually and spiritually or you are not. If you are not, it is an elective course on your own part in that you do not desire

to know more, you desire to know less. More silly talk is had by laymen mystics about "influence of the Dark Forces" than almost any other topic. So-called Dark Forces are the operations of the ignorant or undeveloped, and their very ignorance or lack of development keeps them powerless, until you begin to feed them strength to perform maliciously by accrediting them and admitting them into your ideology. If you do this last, then it is you and not they who is doing the negative thing. Your whole query might be summed up in the counter-query, "I have a close friend who is a lunatic but allowed at large. Is it possible for him to so influence my course that I retrograde to the point of extinction?" If, knowing he is mentally unbuttoned, you pursue a life program which he recommends, would you say he or yourself was responsible for the debacle of your life that results? The only individual nonentity or extinction in the spiritual sense is your own willful closing of your eyes to light, and no one can shut those eyes but you yourself. Trouble is, people who are spiritually indolent use the Dark Forces as a hypothetical cause for their spiritually illiterate behavior. No greater paradox exists in metaphysics than accrediting wisdom to the Devil. If the Devil were truly wise, he would cease to be the Devil, perceiving his own folly of incorrect ethics wherein lies all soul-growth . . .

REINCARNATION AND BIAS . .

INDIANA: "Coming thus far in enlightenment, would it be possible for me to reincarnate and be very biased and prejudiced in my religious beliefs?"

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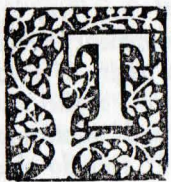
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Gratitude



HIS is the final issue of VALOR for the year 1954. Number 10 of this volume will bear the date of January 1, 1955.

To say that 1954 has been a good year in Soulcraft is not enough. It has been the *greatest* year since Soulcraft's establishment and 1955 promises to surpass it. It has been greatest in sales and circulation of enlightening literature, it has been greatest in numbers of new persons hearing about and espousing its message, it has been greatest for number of new books published and reprints of books, but most entrancing of all, it has been greatest in its agenda of psychical phenomena establishing and confirming its claims as to cosmic realities.

Pertinently enough too, the year closes with a stabilizing directorate of high echelon persons, more or less affluent as to resources, integrating for the permanent construction of a Golden Center for the Movement in central Indiana that shall be a landmark for generations still to come.

The whole Soulcraft program is stabilizing, in fact. It cannot be long now before news of what is being achieved breaks the nation's press. It has not been a matter of such recognition being delayed. It has been a matter of such writing accomplishments that Spiritual America took note of them.

So the closing number of VALOR for 1954 offers a most appropriate gratitude

for Soulcraft's development as a coming institution in the nation's religious thought . . .

Christmas Party



T WAS an unprecedented Christmas Party that was given at Soulcraft Headquarters Saturday and Sunday nights, December 18th and 19th. Practical arrangements and viands were forthcoming through the loving generosity of out-of-the-state Soulcrafters who motored by prearrangement from Illinois, Minnesota, Nebraska, Colorado, New Jersey, Texas, and last but not least, Florida. Bertie Lilly Candler and husband Edward were the honored guests on the mortal side. The main meal was served on Saturday evening in the Headquarters Council Room, with eighteen persons around the board. A 20-lb turkey, fully cooked and dressed, had been transported from one of the most famous hostelries in Chicago as gift to the group.

But the thing that made Soulcraft's 1954 Christmas Festival memorable lay far outside these material features. It was the attendance visibly and audibly of over two score relatives or beloved friends who customarily spend their time on life's Higher Side, awaiting the arrival of relatives from earth.

What would a Christmas Party mean to millions of groups throughout America or the world, if, upon completion of a festival dinner, the dishes were cleared, the lights dimmed or extinguished, and many who had passed into the Great Beyond stepped back for an epochal three hours in their former appearances, speaking in long-remembered voices, reminiscing of earlier Christmas parties when they too had been in flesh?

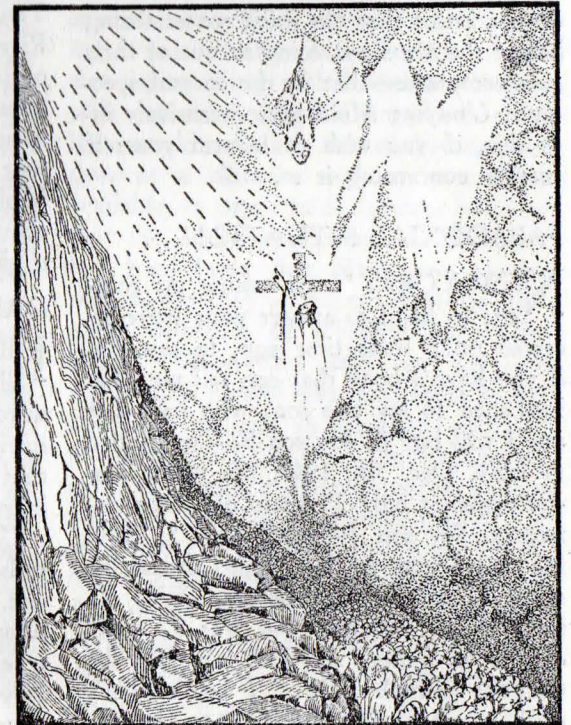
That was the momentous thing that happened at Soulcraft, this Christmas gathering of 1954.

The most celebrated guest at the post-prandial session was none other than the beloved Mary Baker Eddy, who talked for twenty minutes on her early struggles and experiences in getting the Church of Christ Sci-

entist established, heard by twenty-three guests, five having arrived at meal's end. Several prominent Christian Scientists of the nation were witnesses to this particular Yuletide visitation, learning for the first time what she had to tell them about her writing of Chapter Four in *Science & Health*.

Next in importance—to the Recorder—was the appearance of his adult daughter, Harriet, who, after a short speech of greeting to all guests, informed her father that he must disabuse his thinking that *Undying Mind*—to be published in January—would be the final book he would do on the Soulcraft list. "The book you're going to write, daddy," said she, "surpassing *all* your other books in importance or quantity of sales, is to be your masterpiece on the Christ, the Great Nazarene . . . was He a psychic, was He a medium, was He a healer, or *what* was He? It's going to be your biggest seller in the years ahead, and you'll publish it in late spring. Watch and see if I'm not telling you correctly." A moment later she added, "Our beloved Mary Baker Eddy is going to help you in obtaining the facts for this book, daddy, because getting out such a biography is as near to her heart as to yours."

George B. Fisher, former financial man at Headquarters, who passed over in 1948, chatted and jested with those present for twelve to fifteen minutes. Then for the first time since his demise in result of



surgery in 1945, George Henderson, AMH's father, took on physical reality again, greeting wife and daughter, singing a bit of Christmas song, recalling an incident back in 1940 when the Soulcraft printing plant was set up in Noblesville and he assisted in procuring locally the flat-bed Miehle on which VALOR is still printed. Before saying goodnight and retiring, the fatherly gentleman ventured the observation that outside the book on the Great Nazarene, the best-selling book on the present Soulcraft list would prove to be *Know Your Karma*, now published but not generally offered for sale as yet throughout the nation. Then he asked that his elderly wife bend forward and twenty-two persons beheld him kiss her tenderly upon her forehead.

A plethora of non-celebrated relatives came through in tangible form and reassured their various dear ones of their survival and attendance at such gatherings of sacred good fellowship. But to a retired Colonel of the American Air Force, who was present and who had seen prominent service in the Orient during World War II, none other than the late General "Hap" Arnold addressed himself, conveying Christmas greetings to his old comrade in arms.

It was 11 p. m. before the affair broke up. But again those privileged to attend and witness, carried away memory of another exquisite prayer uttered by Silverleaf, which will be reprinted and sent out to Soulcraft electronic groups in the winter ahead.

Outside of the startling details recited by Mrs. Eddy about her early life to authenticate her identity, it was an occasion principally of reunion, camaraderie and incentive for carrying on the work to still greater proportions in the momentous months ahead. Little attempt was made to propound higher esoteric knowledge. It was a "visiting session" and naught else.

However, one relives the memory of it with a sigh. While outside of the prominent supporting principals of Soulcraft, every attempt is made to bring in as many diversified Soulcrafters as may become available—to contradict any impression of such an epochal occasion being enjoyed by a favored few—the effect of it on the continuing and strengthening morale of Headquarters is indelible.

Soulcraft proves up with electronically

SPIRIT EARS . .



O HEAR the Music of the Spheres
We must attune our Spirit Ears
To hear our roses greet the sun
Or sing at eve when day is done.

We must be quiet, very still
When we would hear. Then great the thrill
Of color joined with music high
In sunrise in the eastern sky.

I strolled at break of early day
Before the dew had gone away,
When all at once a rose so gay
Said, "Listen close! I sing and pray."

She quickly raised her budded head
And promptly did just what she said
With joy untold I listened long
When all the flowers joined in song.

She sang no words, just song sublime
Like organ music, rhythm, rhyme;
Then quickly, in this garden fair,
The Daffodils went on the air!

Then Spirit Ears brought unto me
My flower-garden symphony.
I stood in wonder, hushed in awe
At what I heard and what I saw.

The daisies, lilacs, pansies too,
Joined in this chorus high and true.
I bowed my head, shed thankful tears
That I had gift of Spirit Ears.

My roses *sing* when night gives way
To rising sunbeams of the day;
No songs of earth to my ears bring
The joy that comes when flowers sing!

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recorded evidence the tenets it expounds. Therein is it different from the average sacred "faith"—the substance of things hoped for but not seen.

In Soulcraft, the substance of things hoped for is seen.

So we face confidently the interesting, enlightening, and profitable vicissitudes of 1955 . .

Experiences

(Continued from Page 5)

sence. To attain to such an unspeakable stalemate of initiative and talent, we repudiate the physical world and beseech that a merciful Creator get us through it as swiftly and painlessly as contrivable. However, being All-Wise, He pays us scant attention.

The tougher the breaks, the harsher the times, the madder the sequence—the stronger and fiercer and sturdier the sense of one's immortal individuality! God Himself knows that. So the man or woman who has the toughest breaks is the luckiest—in the end of all things. He has learned the most about himself by having himself called to his attention as the victim of his predicament.

CHRIST said: "Come unto me, all ye who are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." It is an unfinished statement, an edited invitation. The thought He was expressing undoubtedly was: "Come unto me, all ye who are tired out with harvesting Wisdom, and I will give you interpretation that shall rest you as it diverts you—that ye may recuperate and go at the job of Wisdom-harvesting with renewed vitality!"

Nowhere did He say: "Come unto me all ye who are weary and heavy-laden, and I'll show you a way to dodge work and go fishing!"

Christ must have known, more certainly than any other Being that ever lived on earth, that the more complicated and bewildering a life is, the more the liver of that life gets out of it. We marvel at times at the hordes of souls that clamor at the wombs of Chinese or Hindu mothers that they may get themselves born in China or India. Why should they so frantically seek careers in oriental lands so insufferably over-populated? Because such over-population makes for the

keener self-survival, and the keener survival struggle means the greater amount of earthly profits derived from the incarnation.

Souls are a lot wiser before coming into life than they show themselves after they get into it.

On the other hand, no one plays the more ghastly joke on himself than the spirit who connives to get himself born on the Avenue, with a silver eating-impliment sticking out of his face and no necessity for doing a lick of work so long as the family bank account endures. He has slated himself for a mundane Marble-Game without pegs on the board. He is projected to the top of the tilt by birth, rolls straight to the bottom—into a hole—and is out of sight. Who cares? And what of it?

THOUSANDS of people are going through the Valley of the Shadow in these Mighty Years, loaded it seems beyond human endurance. They say, with lines of eternal patience in their faces and eyes abrim with tears: "Sometimes it seems that if I have another straw-weight loaded onto me I'll go raving crazy!" Only they don't. They turn out the wisest, kindest, most compassionate and intelligent people inhabiting the world at present.

Contrast them with the folk who go riding through life on flowery beds of ease—vain, arrogant, indolent, dispassionate, spiritually sterile—with lines in their faces as hard and uncompromising as the facades of the marble palaces which their forebears built for them!

Struggle is a privilege! Pain is beautiful!

Suffering is the Gateway into the splendorful garden of Celestial Reality!

"God will not look you over for medals, degrees, or diplomas, but for scars!"

LIFE holds its thousands and its tens of thousands whose daily existence seems to be continual and uncompromising crucifixion. We look at such people in our ignorance of divine fundamentals, as misfortune upon misfortune strikes them, and we exclaim: "How they ever manage to hold up under such a soul-killing bombardment of hard-luck is beyond me. If I had to know such a continual hell on earth, I'd buy a two dollar shotgun and blow out my brains!"

There is nothing particularly extraordinary in what is happening to such "unfortunates."

They are not unfortunate. They do not have to go through such a strain of life-antagonisms if they do not choose to do so.

What strictly is happening in the cases of such people is, that for reasons best known to themselves in their discarnate states between mortalities, they have elected to discharge the accumulated karma of two, three, four or five lives, all in the single mortal tenure, to get it out of the way so that in their next incursion they can be about higher spiritual employments.

Do you think you are in one peck of difficulty from Easter Sunday to St. Patrick's-Day-in-the-Morning?

What would you say if it were eventually revealed to you that you too had contracted with yourself to get the karma of three or four lives all straightened out in this one incarnation, so that you might the better enjoy the increments of the Aquarian Cycle when next you Pass this Way?

When you get it through your head that actually there is no such thing as misfortune but only karma or the penalties of folly, you will have gone a long way toward cracking the enigma of what the universe is about. Life is energy! Life is purposeful energy! Humankind would not be on this mundane orb with all its ups and downs, unless some vast and ennobling errand were being executed. God doesn't need anything that we can do for Him. If He did, He wouldn't be omnipotent. We are in this mundane state to unfold our sense of our own celestialities by pinching our fingers in doors, piling up a fortune and having the bank fail that "protects" it, losing health or eyesight in the full bloom of maturity—to show us we can rise superior to both!

When those things happen to us, we are lucky. But we've got to know why we're lucky—and believe it as a Principle!

WE ARE standing upon the threshold of a New Year—and that is excellent! We might pray for ourselves: "God send us relief from these terrors and these heartbreaks. Let the sun of righteousness shine quickly. Make everything easy for us and let us come eventually into Your presence as spineless and

characterless creatures who have not graduated from a school but escaped as from a pestilence!"

But Life will not permit us that prayer—at least in circumstance.

We have a stony road to hoe—and are grateful for it! We have a sterile field to plow, and somehow or other we shall make it yield roses! We are glad that life holds turmoil, heartbreak, bereavement, disillusion—for rising triumphant over these things bespeaks our Celestial Sonship.

Such is our response to the God who made all things good, even the stony road and the sterile pasture, the mountain crag and the dizzying abyss.

We do not ask for someone to come and straighten out our griefs and perplexities—during 1955. We think we have the nobility and intestinal fortitude to straighten them out for ourselves.

Anyhow, we have done with sniveling! Our prayer has a strange, valiant tenor.

We come and go, not as glass balls in a Marble Game but as students at a university, waving diplomas triumphantly and knowing in our hearts that the prayer to triumph was answered: "God make our futures HARD!"

Spiritualities of 1955

(Continued from Page 3)

nourish the brain with foodstuffs because the land has gone into economic riot with mass bankruptcies of industries?

Christ said, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and unto God the things that are God's" . . . He didn't say "Render nothing unto Cæsar and everything to God" or "Nothing to God and everything to Cæsar." He made two separate activities of it, each one pertinent to its service to body and soul.

SO 1955 comes in, and Soulcraft looks at the celestial and mundane scenes and sees them clearly and sees them whole. Sturdy mental equilibrium between all major factors influencing, enlarging, perfecting *the equality of consciousness* best interprets the eternal verities. The normal and progressing soul-spirit in the earthly vehicle is bounden to render to both Deity and Emperor that which each has coming in his legitimate function. (Continued on Page 14)



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Cogitations

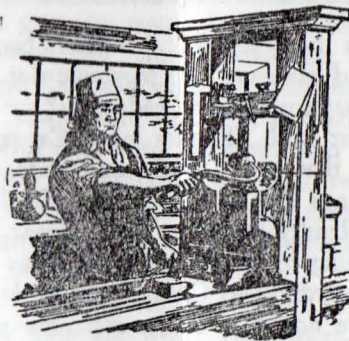
Pelle

WHAT *Cogitations* page I ran in VALOR December 11th seems to have stirred up something. Every printer, compositor and proof-reader on the VALOR reading-list was prompted to take pen in hand and relay to me some of the most laughable errors that had gotten into type under his or her personal observation. Gorged with Christmas dinner, it occurs that a reprint of some of them, with inevitable laughs, is better fare this Yuletide Week and Day than columns of sedate punditing on how and where you'll be celebrating Christmas in 2,075 A. D. Some of the offerings are too risqué to be read by small-fry, the prize going to an employe of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, which VALOR can only acknowledge but not reprint. Party in Kansas said this one appeared in the hometown sheet: "The wedding of Miss Milly Bobbs and Frederick Schafer will take place next Monday, the mother of the bride to be announced late today." People certainly do get mixed up on their language on occasion, when they take pen in hand and affect to write for the press. 'Tis said a Manitoba paper ran the following: "The petty thieving that has been accumulating recently in our beautiful village is a mass discretion. It is also an enormous atrocity, leaving our community in a stigma. The unanswerable convulsions of this year alone are acrimonious. These inveterate, incongruous persons with a malign indisposition, whoever they find themselves, should immediately be dealt with by the law. We cannot urge reverberation against them too strongly. All city fathers should cooperate in this, and let us return to the rustic provincialism that extinguished our by-products before World War I." . .

A NEBRASKA paper was reported to have published this one: "The spacious hostility of Judge and Mrs. Woodburty was the seen of a beautiful wooing Wednesday evening when their younger daughter Dorothy was joined in holy deadlock to Mr. John Wilsie." Then there's the one that came in from a town in Tennessee—

The Garden Club will meet Wednesday night at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Job Davis at 2:30 o'clock. The subject for this weak will be, The Conservation of Native Pants.

Speaking of Tennessee, nearby Alabama contributed a classic to the nation's list of editorial bulls when one of its weeklies declared to its readers—



The desirability of marital law, to give the United States Army fullest jurisdiction in relieving Louisville's flood victims, was cussed today. Maybe the flood was up to the printing-house windowsills and nobody cared whether the paper was properly proof-read or not. Speaking of catastrophes, a Texas newspaper informed its readers—

For cockroaches, don't use sodium flouride because children or other cherished pets may eat the flouride instead of the cockroaches.

The same paper also reported as a news item, "Appointment of a mastery in chicanery (chancery) will be made today by Judge Kelly in the suit of E. K. Allery against Robert Kingham." . .

BY NO means is it the little country weeklies, however, who make these incredible editorial and grammatical blunders. The great city newspapers often let the worst bulls slip through. It was a newspaper in one of the leading cities of Ohio that informed its readers—

Gone with the coal oil lamp, the bootjack, and the tin cup are the threshing dinners of yore in Madison County, with exhausted farm-wives piling food on tables until the boards growned, and threshing hands eating their individual ways through three platefuls of chicken, beef, and various other solid combustibles . .

The italics are mine, but the chagrin some forlorn city editor's who probably lived his days under a green eyeshade and went his way to Glory, unwept, unhonored and unhung . . but it remained for a Florida paper to present a political truism which those of an older generation can confirm: "Before the little girls left the White House, Mrs. Roosevelt presented each one of them with a little engraved picture of the Execution Mansion to keep as a souvenir." Reverting to the mats not dropping correctly in a linotype assembler, we have the instance of another Ohio paper that told its readers, "Police were informed that the three burglars passed through the machine-shop, picking up a wench with which they later used to hit the night watchman over the head, after which they cleaned out the safe." But it remained for a Kansas paper to get mixed up on a wedding account that told perplexed

readers that, "Mrs. Higgins wore pink satin. But both the bride and Mrs. Higgins wore white trousers with dark coats in which carnations were purposely seen."

o—o

OF COURSE, the stereotyped "bull" that every newspaper has committed from California to Maine has been the news in every paper around December 1st, "A Thanksgiving dinner was served at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jones after the wedding of their daughter Mildred to Mr. Alfred Williams." But every proofreader from Maine back to California has encountered *this* sort of thing at one time or another: "You have to take a chance on everything in life, matrimony included. There are no sure things, so marry your man and try to make the experience so pleasant that he will never go wandering away from you into shrldueta oinshrdlu." But speaking of weddings, a West Virginia sheet had to square itself on this artless substitution of the letter "u" for "i" when it said, "The bride was gowned mostly in white lace. The bridesmaids gowns were punk. The whole color scheme of the decorations was punk." But it is questionable as to who was at fault in this amusing announcement from an Indiana sheet, "Mr. and Mrs. Roberts left yesterday for Rochester, Minnesota, where Mrs. Roberts will be treated at the Mayo Brothers sanatorium for removal of a painful garter in her throat." The ladies in Indiana do wear 'em in the most extraordinary places, it seems. However, it was feared there was malice aforethought in another Hoosier paper where a rural poet had his effusions published in the vein of James Whitcomb Riley. The title of his effusion of a romantic nature was, "I Kissed Her Sub Rosa." The local comp, not liking the poet, set up the title, "I Kissed Her Snub Nosa." But let's get back to weddings. It seems the society editors can do the worst balling-up of hymneal details, as witness what such authority let go over a city desk in Arizona—

The couple stood before an improvised altar of white carnations while the Rev. Bliss performed the wedding ceremony. The bridegroom wore white gorgette with matching accessories and carried pink carnations. Even staid old Massachusetts has contributed its *faux pas* to this sort of thing. A paper published in Middlesex put the

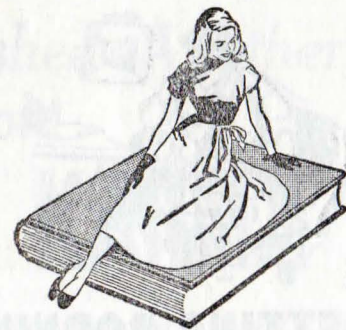
truth in somewhat blunt form by declaring—

The ladies of the Helping Hand Society enjoyed a swap social on Friday evening. Everybody brought something they didn't need and were eager to get cleaned out of their homes. Many of the ladies were accompanied by their husbands.

A paper in nearby Haverhill saw its editor leave town in the dark of the moon when it reported of two muscular spinsters—another wrong linotype key-punch—"Mary Stetson and her friend Julia Nelson are started at last on a long-planned tour of New Hampshire. They left Tuesday in Miss Stetson's car which she had especially checked and converted for such a trip. They took pots, pans, beds, and other feminine comforts and will vamp all the way to the Canadian Border."

o—o

A WHOLE slew of linotype blunders has come to VALOR's attention. Referring to Tennessee again, one paper reported of a patriotic concert, "Miss Cameron was accompanied by the local American Legion when she rendered that stirring ballad, 'Come Home, O Soldier, and Rest in Thy Native Lard'." A Connecticut paper gave the following recipe to sanitary housewives, "Buy Gettem, the favorite pantry insecticide. Put a sprinkling of it on your pantry shelves. It will unerringly kill every aunt that gets into the place." And in Connecticut as well it was that a summer playhouse ran a reader in the papers about the forthcoming community play which said, "All candidates for the productions scheduled for this year must take special dramatic curses from Prof. Bridewell." A Washington, D. C. paper described the sanitary arrangements to some detail that had been installed in a lately completed government building. It described the construction thusly, "At the ends of all corridors signs have been prominently displayed which read: 'This way to the Lovatory.'" Somewhat on a par with the paper in Ohio that reported, "There are five indictments outstanding against each of the accused, charging fraud, misrepresentation, obtaining money under false pretenses, and soliciting and accepting brides." Which reminds me of an instance back in 1913 when I reported a traffic accident in my own newspaper, the compositor leaving



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the inevitable "g" out, and announced to Windham County, that, "the two vehicles approached at an incredible rate of speed, each one refusing to slow, and they suffered a head-on impact squarely in the center of the bride that spanned the Deerfield River near Mountain Mills." It was on that same paper that I ran the news item of one Glenn Wheeler getting messed up in a basketball game with North Adams. My weekly *Times* had it that Glenn "fell to the floor in plain view of the large audience and gave his head an awful bump. The *Times* hopes that it does not prove only a temporary injury." Glenn recovered all right and came looking for me with a couple of knotted fists . . .

o—o

I HAD an old newspaperman named Forster working for me on the *Times*. He had a bad habit of scouting the town for items, coming into the shop and setting them up directly in a composing-stick, even going so far as depositing them in the forms to fill space, and saying nothing about them. If I didn't read every item in my paper as it came off the press, I courted calamity. I recall one couplet of items he set by hand and dropped in the forms one noontime, with the paper coming out at three o'clock. It was all about the employment situation at Clarence Budington Kelland's clothes-pin mill down the West Road—we were buddies together in the same town in our young manhoods—and getting a journalistic effect something like this—

There is no unemployment in Wilmington just now. Every industry seems to be flourishing.

A daughter was born at the Dunn Hospital Home yesterday to Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Babbitt, their tenth child since February.

You wouldn't believe such typographical errors. And yet they occur. You look at your own paper and can scarcely believe your eyes. I remember they held a Harvest Picnic up in Sandgate one fall, and I read in my own sheet—

The champion eater of sweet corn in our county is Earl Robinson of Southgate. Competing with four other contestants at the Biggs place on Sunday afternoon, he ate 37 years while an admiring chorus of female spectators admired his technique.

I detoured a respectful distance around Earl when I next met him on the street.

Then I had to go and compliment his wife on her singing in the Universalist Church choir by saying, "Mrs. Earl Robinson rendered a beautiful solo entitled 'Jesus Wants Me for a Sunbeam' after which the pastor delivered a forty minute sermon on the theme, 'There is joy among the angels of God over one singer that repenteth' . . . I concluded I'd better give up and take a job on the *Bennington Banner*. O Death, where is thy sting? . . .

—THE INTERPRETER

1955 Spiritualities

(Continued from Page 11)

Earth-life is the purposeful arena where personal consciousness expands in both commitments.

The one eternal verity for the individual of true integrity is contained in this—

Seek experience valiantly, because experience makes for knowledge, knowledge makes for wisdom, and wisdom makes for celestialty.

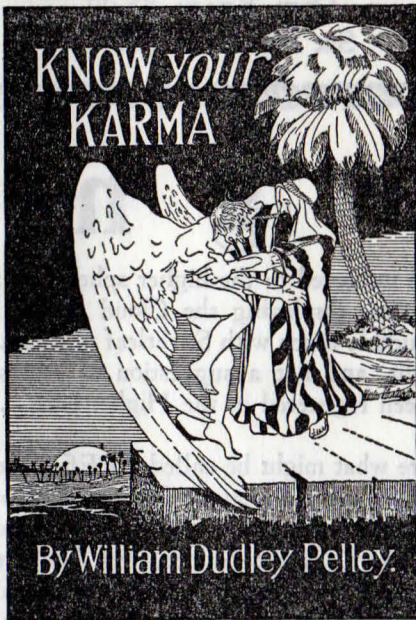
Come on, 1955. Give us the toughest you've got. We can whip it.

And as we whip it, we display the increments on the Light Plane ten thousand years from 1955 and praise God for the discovery of what our doughty selves contained!

The Long Table

(Continued from Page 7)

Comment: Much the same paradox exists behind this question that underlies the question just preceding. You aren't biased and prejudiced as an abstract mental condition, you are biased and prejudiced in respect to something which others hold to be true. If the last concerns prevailing religious beliefs of a given period, you may be in the right and the whole of society wrong, so the bias and prejudice is only a critical or contrasting frame of mind. Furthermore, you don't reincarnate as an expression of bias or prejudice; you reincarnate to learn equitable relationship with another human being or number of human beings. Millions do reincarnate showing themselves biased and prejudiced toward prevailing earth-beliefs, because getting up on the higher planes and discerning the truth of cosmic realities, they discern



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Too long has Return into the advancing civilization of Earth-Life been beholden to Hindu mysticism instead of being presented as the rare privilege that it is. Too long has KARMA been portrayed as oscillation in unceasing punishment instead of the rare privilege of "living our lives over again and avoiding our past mistakes."

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what a colossal program of error is being perpetrated in earth-life as the truth about religion and they bring through their corrected knowledge and endeavor to assert it as displays of their eternal characters. So the theologic bureaucracies on this side stigmatize them as being biased and prejudiced. The Scribes and Pharisees contended that Jesus was biased and prejudiced against the prevailing tenets of Judaism, but which was right and which was wrong about the correctness of the tenets themselves? . . . Read *Know Your Karma* and your confusion in such matters will lessen considerably . . . Too often what is called bias and prejudice in religious belief, anyhow, is pro-

fessing a theologic or spiritual philosophy different than the crowd and refusing to surrender it just because the opposition outranks one in numbers. There is little merit in holding any religious belief in a desultory and weather-vane manner. If you have cause to believe certain fundamentals of life as true, it is being adamant in your convictions that brings Truth forward and establishes it.

AURA COLORS . . .

INDIANA: "If soul mates have a similar aura color, would they not require to be of similar vibration as well, and would this mean they always belong to the same plane of intelligence?"

Comment: As a usual thing yes. However, we continually encounter cases where one-half of the master-soul obtains more spiritual profit from a given incarnation than the other. This makes him eligible for a higher-plane rating than his companion but he may not necessarily exercise it. You can exist on any lower spiritual plane which you elect, but cannot go higher than you are qualified to endure upon it. What usually occurs in such cases, is the more advanced one "sitting out" the companion's next earthly sojourn, so that after his next earthly return they can go onward together and be similarly developed.

More answers next week.

A f t e r t h o u g h t



WELL, the nation didn't perish on December 21st, did it? This apropos of a scarehead item that went the rounds of the eastern press last week that Chicago particularly was to be destroyed by earthquake and flood, with the probable rising of Atlantis on the east and Lemuria in the west.

A neophyte communicator by the name of Dorothy Martin is credited with having received the prediction, with many persons interested in Space-Ship Research becoming inveigled by her writings. Then a prominent instructor in a Michigan academic institution resigned from the faculty because of criticism leveled at him for discussing her predictions—so VALOR got report. The resignation broke the story throughout all eastern newspapers. When naught happened Tuesday, word was given out that "the Space Men had decided to spare the world" for a little while longer. This would seem to put earth-existence in jurisdiction of Flying Saucer occupants. Ho-Hum!

DOROTHY'S case is typical of earnest pencil-pushers who accept that all there is to psychics is listening to the Inner Voice—regardless of whose voice it is—writing down the words and "giving them out to the world". If they tell you the nation is going to hell in a hack Thursday, yours but to heed and die. It's all that simple. *Only it isn't.* To become an accomplished seer in the Higher Wisdom, you must go through bitter years of practice, learning to discriminate between the false and the true. People who vacate their bodies and merely establish communication with those remaining in earth-life are by no means all-wise mentors. To rush into print with what they impart is to court disillusion and distress. The Indiana papers designated Dorothy as the "priestess of a new cult". Frankly, and with all due sympathy for her, material she dispatched to Soulcraft indicated its origin by its content. Some near and dear relatives had vacated physical bodies and begun conversing with her—or so it seemed to VALOR. But so what? The fact that they *had* so graduated did not endow them with infallible prophetic powers. You are required to possess a complete metaphysical education before you dare make statements about the mass destruction of the human race between Monday and Wednesday. The adept psychic and cosmic master knows that had a general cataclysm been imminent for Tuesday, for Chicago or any other region, millions of living persons last week would have been perceptible to those on the Higher Levels as overhung with the Death Cloud. That is, assuming they were due to have perished Tuesday in disaster. The "End

of the World" would be indicated to the higher spheres by millions of forthcoming victims displaying the Cloud about their persons. VALOR was in audible touch with Silverleaf and Daughter Harriet Sunday night, and not a suggestion of any such tragedy imminent had been registered in the Higher Life . . .

SUCH EPISODES are what might be called the Effervescence of Psychics. Space-Men are eliminated. Granted the Space-Men were aware of such cataclysm, what would be accomplished by proclaiming it broadcast? Adept Soulcrafters know that global denouements do not herald themselves in such fashion. They must "build up" in the loftier dimensions before they exercise on this one below. It takes years of intensive and conscientious study to perfect oneself in the standards of esoteric performance—and neophyte proclaimers of Doom must learn it the Hard Way, which too often are ways of misinterpretation and disillusion. Dr. Laughead, however, is by no means the metaphysical dupe that the secular press made him out. He happens to be an earnest, sincere, and profound student of cosmic disclosures and VALOR suspects it was orthodox hostility to his proclaimings of Truth that worked his temporary distress. The destruction of Chicago *a la* the Martin proclaimings was merely a peg upon which to hang modern aspects of persecution and witch-burning. The Elder Brother has explicitly declared to Soulcrafters that He "gives not the Word" for the universal destruction of this planet, and upon that Word human beings may rely.

AND YET, if catastrophe should come, Soulcrafters would neither blanch nor scuttle. They know "it's better further on". Demise would hold no terrors for them each or severally. Thus the midwest now quiets down. 1955 comes in. And 1955 is a crucial year in one respect . . . that it is the year when the United States can be brought to surrender her constitutional independence to that Tower of Babel on New York's East River, all under the aegis of permanent peace. But it's the same international "peace" that the 16 States of the Soviet Union appear

to enjoy, along in company with Czechoslovakia, Roumania, and Hungary. *The world's Fifth International* . . . and America should espouse it! Better the Dorothy Martin cataclysms in the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, with Chicago tossed in for good measure! . . . Sorry, no catastrophe, excepting that which man constructs of his own stupidity! . . . As for the Space-Men graciously sparing the world a little longer, that was considerate of them—very. Again, Ho-Hum! . . .

¶ *IT ISN'T Peace so many really want but to be spared War, mistakenly accepting they are the same thing . . .*