

# *Their Judgment Day*

BY  
FRATER VIII<sup>o</sup>



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Monograph No. 29



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THEIR JUDGMENT DAY

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- by -

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"THEIR JUDGMENT DAY"

Is an Educational and Inspirational  
Course of Study, especially written  
and intended for ADVANCED BUDDING  
INDIVIDUALS everywhere.

NOTICE: Statements in this Monograph are based  
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## FOREWORD

This Monograph -- THEIR JUDGMENT DAY -- is especially intended for those who have suffered the loss of a loved one through his permanent departure from physical embodiment.

With a better understanding by those who remain behind, of the transition called "death", there will no longer be a barrier of "gray sadness" which causes those who have passed into the brighter Other World to avoid coming in close contact with those who are still in physical embodiment.

If this information is put to use, the dearly beloved in the Other World will be drawn to us by our INCREASE of joyous love for them. Once we have done this, it may be only an exceedingly short time until we will actually experience the presence of departed loved ones.

The departed have entered into THEIR JUDGMENT DAY. We increase or decrease their Day of Judgment by our attitude towards them. If our attitude is sorrowful and morbid, Their Judgment Day will be long, drawn out and miserable. If we radiate joy and love we will be of thrilling aid to them while they are divesting themselves of the earthiness with which they were contaminated while they were in physical embodiment.

With this opportunity for helping the dearly departed, every Budding Individual can render most thrilling assistance to those who have fallen in battle; to those who have Gone On Before. It will also greatly speed their own ADVANCEMENT.

THE AUTHOR



## THEIR JUDGMENT DAY

### Part 1

"It's wonderful to be back home again," thought Bob Workman as he entered the adobe house located in the small, hidden valley over the ridge from the Coast Highway.

Bob had just returned from extraordinary war service across the Pacific, and this was his first opportunity of getting off by himself for a well-earned period of relaxation.

The "hut", as the Workman's called the old Spanish adobe "casa", was in good condition as usual. It didn't take Bob long to get it dusted and aired out. The sun was flooding in, and the place was cheerful and inviting.

It was still early afternoon, and so, with all details for staying at the "hut" for a few days attended to, Bob decided that a swim in the old swimming pool below the orchard would be especially refreshing. After enjoying the clear, fresh water, he came out and lay on the sandy shore until the sun dipped back of the mountains to the west. Then he returned to the "hut" and dressed.

CITIZEN OF TWO WORLDS      Bob prepared a meal for himself that was really inviting. He enjoyed it very much. He ate slowly, and meditated. After completing the meal, and "dishes were over", he built a log fire in the fire-place. Then he went outside for a while. It was beginning to get cool. Twilight was quickly followed by darkness as it always does south of the thirty-third parallel, North. The night was clear, and the stars shone as brightly in Bob's hidden valley as they do on Mount Palomar.

As Bob viewed the stars he marveled at how stationary they seemed, and yet each of them was racing somewhere at many miles per second. It was very definitely an intelligent movement, because each sun, each planet, each moon was guided by a celestial being of an intelligence so superior to the greatest human being who ever lived, that there could be no comparison.

The physical universe, Bob thought to himself, is in good hands. It will remain that way until the end of the coming Millennium, when everything of a physical nature will be "rolled up like a scroll"; when matter will be resolved back into invisible, free energy.

Since Bob had "blue printed" in chalk the interior of



the Great Pyramid of Gizeh on the wall of the living room of the "hut" many years ago, many interesting and exceedingly valuable events had taken place in his life.

Although Bob had lived a most joyous life, many of the acts of fate in his life had been anything but pleasant. However, since early childhood Bob had somehow understood the purpose of Life here on earth. For this reason he welcomed "hard, painful and knotty problems" whenever they made their appearance. He realized perfectly that he could "capitalize" on each of them if he "met them half-way" and overcame them Positively. He knew, through being an "old soul" (or was it from being a NEW ONE?) that the avoiding of "tests, trials and tribulations" made a man old, and hastened his demise. On the other hand, he had proven it time and again, that to welcome tests and problems, and an avid desire to resolve them into nothingness, made a person strong and kept him amazingly youthful.

Bob never "tempted fate" by seeking "trials and tribulations", but whenever a "test" came his way he "wrung it dry" for his own Positive Five-Fold EXPANSION into Life. In this respect Bob, like all Budding Individuals any distance on THE PATH, and INDIVIDUALS far on THE PATH, was an OPPORTUNIST of the first magnitude.

To Bob, life here in "this vale of tests, trials, tears and tribulations" was a thrilling and wonderful opportunity, if one took advantage of it, to become the REAL BEING that Destiny intended him to be. This work of becoming the REAL BEING had long ago begun to pay dividends, in fact, to such an extent that Bob was in a state of great joy most of the time. When he wasn't in this thrilling state it was because he had, for a shorter or longer period of time, slipped into a higher state -- ecstasy. But always, ever always, he never for a moment forgot while in the body of flesh, that no matter how thrilling was his inner life, he must not radiate more of it in this physical world than "present company" could approve of.

One reason why he enjoyed the "hut" in the hidden valley so much was that there he could be as radiant outwardly as he was inwardly without causing some poor soul, still groveling in the foetid thrills of this physical world, to think him "eccentric", and probably cause the infant soul to sternly vow "never to become that joyous, lest it displease God". Those not too far on THE PATH are always afraid of being exceedingly joyous, because they feel they are not worthy of such joy. And if they should experience it, they always fear the "consequences". Bob knew from many a past experience with great happiness, that the more thrilling the experience



the greater the next experience he encountered would be.

When Bob returned to the large living room of the "hut", the fire in the fire-place had burned down to a glowing mass of golden coals. Placing himself before the fire-place, half-reclining in a most comfortable, old, "contour" chair, he began to meditate on the Great Work. Soon Bob began to feel quite sleepy. Then he felt himself slipping out of the physical body. For an instant he was unconscious of his surroundings, and in the very next instant he was wide awake, standing in his astral body, and looking at his physical body now soundly sleeping in the comfortable old chair.

All of that part of the Sub-conscious that is required to maintain life in the physical body, and to repair it, remained with the physical. But considerable of the Sub-conscious went along with Bob, especially the Nine Sub-conscious Faculties -- memory, belief, imagination, affection, emotion, conscience, intuition, inspiration, genius.

Bob long ago had mastered the ability to see into the physical world from the astral world, a thing that requires quite a little time for the average person who is still in the land of the flesh. The average person seems to have difficulty in taking along with him sufficient "matter" with which to view, with psychic sight, the physical world and its many objects, including human beings.

At this moment Bob's old-time friend, Ronald, came into the room. He came through the wall as though it wasn't there.

"It's wonderful to see you again, Bob," said Ronald, as the two lads shook astral hands. "It is especially wonderful to meet here again in this delightful old home which radiates so many happy memories."

"Although we have been seeing each other so often for brief moments in the Other World," Bob answered, "nevertheless it does seem especially thrilling to meet you here, as you say, Ronald."

Previous to placing himself in the easy chair and going to sleep before the fire, Bob had placed two other chairs before the fire-place. "I put these chairs here for us, before slipping out of the body," explained Bob. "Won't you have a seat?" Ronald thanked Bob and both lads sat down for a short visit.

"You have built such a powerful barrier between this wonderful old home and the lower astral world," commented Ronald, "that the forces of evil are never able to penetrate that



impregnable Blue Cosmic Fire that protects it. This is one place that the Forces from the Higher Other World can come on earth and it still seems like Heaven."

"We had intended it to be just like that," replied Bob. "Of course, if it hadn't been for you and many other friends in this world and the Next contributing assistance, this could never have been accomplished."

After a joyous half hour of conversation, Ronald remarked, "We had better depart this earthly paradise and make ourselves at home in the Astral. Due to this last war on earth, a great many new-comers have arrived Out There, and like the arrivals from any war, who have permanently passed out of the physical body, they are in a state of confusion.

"However," continued Ronald, "a very good friend of mine who has been a chaplain Out There for a long time -- he was killed in one of the Napoleonic Wars -- informed me that the new arrivals there, especially from America and other parts of the English-speaking world, have obtained some knowledge of what to expect immediately after death. Thus, he said, they aren't nearly as confused about their existence Over There as were the boys who departed the flesh in World War II, and especially those from World War I. He informed me that there are dwellers Over There from World War I who are just now beginning to realize they passed out of the flesh over three decades ago, and that they are actually 'dead', as they call it."

"To what do you attribute in particular this greater understanding among the boys who have been recently slain in battle?" Bob enquired.

"The friend I mentioned," Ronald replied, "informs me that during and since World War I there has been a much greater interest in 'life after death', due to the fact that a number of interesting books were published on this subject. These books were, of course, mostly read by those who had lost loved ones in battle. From then on those people have felt impelled to tell others something of the after-death conditions that everyone passing out of the physical body permanently, experiences in the Other World. To those coming across the 'Great Divide' at this time those 'stories' as they call them, are found to be true -- true enough to make it fairly easy form them to realize they are no longer in the physical, but from now on have a New Life to which they must adjust themselves.

"But come, Bob," continued Ronald, "I would like you to come and meet some of them."

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## MEETING OLD FRIENDS AND NEW

### Part 2

Once out of the "hut" and away from it some distance, Bob and Ronald paused. "You see, Bob, how well the 'hut' is protected from evil entities and forces? See that shaft of Cosmic Blue Fire coming straight down from Heaven and completely filling and surrounding the house? Not only that, but look into the earth beneath the house and you will see the Blue Flame even descends below the house. Is it any wonder that the 'hut' is so completely protected from evil beings? Fact of the matter is, an evil person, still in the flesh, would find the house anything but inviting. The only reason they can tolerate the terrifically high Blue Cosmic Vibrations is due to the fact that their physical body lessens their ability to feel the Cosmic Fire by seven times."

"I had suspected something of the sort," Bob replied. "I have on a number of occasions brought friends over here. Some enjoyed the old house immensely, and I could hardly 'pry them away' when it came time to go. Others, evidently with low vibrations, were hardly in the house when they felt impelled to go outside and, as they remarked, 'look around' or 'take a smoke'."

"Yes, that is the explanation," replied Ronald. "And now, let us be on our way. I want you to meet some of your old-time friends who have been Over There for some time, and meet others who have arrived recently." With this remark, Ronald suddenly disappeared, leaving Bob standing there at some little distance from the "hut", with no idea of where Ronald had disappeared to.

Suddenly Bob heard Ronald laughing, and the next instant he was back in plain sight again. "I'm sorry, Bob. I forgot you can't change vibrations as quickly as I can. In order for us to travel swiftly to where we are going it is necessary for us to raise our vibrations considerably. With you still attached to the flesh and blood body, that requires a moment's time. But it is very simple. Put your hand on my shoulder. Through this contact I can raise your vibrations to mine, and then we'll be on our way."

Almost immediately after Bob put his hand on Ronald's shoulder he began to feel a sensation like some sort of high frequency electricity. In another moment his entire body had the same vibration as Ronald's.

"Keep your hand on my should," suggested Ronald, "and we will be on our way." Almost instantly, it seemed, they were



in another world. Nothing much could be seen as far as Bob was concerned. "We have just arrived," explained Ronald. "Now we'll lower our vibrations from traveling speed to match this environment." This was done in another moment's time. As Bob's vibrations began to lower, he could begin to see objects and things quite clearly. Still another moment, and everything about Bob was clear and distinct. He still had his hand on Ronald's shoulder.

"For a spirit," laughingly remarked Bob, "you seem terribly real. Are you sure you aren't still in the flesh?"

Ronald explained. "When the vibrations of two people out in This World are the same or nearly the same, they feel as real and solid to the touch as they do in the physical world from whence you have recently come. However, if either of us should raise or lower our vibrations, I would no longer feel solid to you, although you could still see me. I'll show you. Squeeze my arm real tight. All right, keep squeezing."

Suddenly Bob's hand closed. Ronald's arm was plainly visible but Bob could not contact it. Bob reached up to put his hand on Ronald's shoulder again. "Surely that is real," he remarked, but Ronald's shoulder, too, was "as thin as air". With no effort at all, and feeling nothing, Bob put his hand completely through Ronald's body.

"I've been out in the Astral many a time," commented Bob, "but I never experienced this before."

"That's because I've always seen to it that my vibrations were the same as yours," answered Ronald. "Now put your hand through me."

Bob attempted to do this, but in the mean time Ronald had lowered his vibration to Bob's, and so once again Ronald was as real to Bob as Bob was to him. With this Ronald put his hand on Bob's shoulder and remarked, "now we'll lower our vibrations a little more, and see if there are any friends here." Suddenly the place, which had seemed to be entirely devoid of human beings, was peopled by any number of them.

"Glenn," called Ronald to a young soldier in uniform some little distance away. Glenn saw Ronald and came over to greet him. After the two had shaken hands Ronald remarked, "You remember your old friend Bob Workman, don't you, Glenn?"

"Bob", Glenn exclaimed with delight. "It is certainly good to see you."

"It's good to see you, Glenn," Bob replied with complete



sincerity, for he had always liked this splendid young man.

"How long have you been Out Here, Bob?", Glenn asked.

Bob felt at a loss to know how to answer this. Turning to Ronald, Bob was about to speak, but Ronald understood and explained to Glenn.

"Bob hasn't come Out Here to stay, Glenn. Bob has the ability to pass out of his physical body at night, or at any other time he may choose, and come to this place or wherever his friends happen to be. He is one of those fortunate people who can live in two worlds -- the earth world and This World -- at practically the same time."

Glenn looked at Bob somewhat puzzled. After awhile he seemed to understand, and with a smile remarked, "Well, then, Bob, you aren't dead after all."

"Yes, that's true," Bob replied slowly. A strange feeling came over him. For a moment he almost felt like an intruder; he almost felt he would like to have been "killed in action". Then he began to feel his vibrations rise. Ronald had put a hand on his shoulder, and the morbidness of the situation disappeared. With this, Bob's countenance changed. Once again he radiated confidence and friendliness. Glenn noticed this and began to vibrate on a higher "wave length". Soon the two lads were talking about pleasant things back home. In a little while a buddy of Glenn's came by, and the two started away together. "Be seeing you, Bob, the next time you are Out Here," Glenn said cheerfully.

"Glenn," remarked Ronald, "will not experience any great difficulty in adjusting himself to the Life Over Here. You see, he's had a little training in the after-death life. His father became very much interested along these lines when he lost his best friend in a World War I battle. He used to tell Glenn about the Other World when Glenn was just an impressionable boy. Later on, when Glenn grew up, he thought what his father had taught him as a boy was 'pretty crazy', as he told me not long ago, but then he quickly added, 'I guess after all Dad was right and I was the "crazy" one'."

At that moment Bob felt someone grip his elbow in a friendly way. Looking around there was an old friend of his, a captain in the Air Force. He had seen this man just previous to his departure from physical embodiment only a few weeks ago.

"Well," remarked Bob, "if it isn't my old friend O'Grady. Where's your plane? Don't tell me, I know. You have been 'grounded' again -- talked back to the 'Old Man' once too many



times. I warned you about that, you remember," he laughed.

"You must be psychic, Bob," laughingly replied O'Grady. "That's exactly what happened. I talked back to the 'Old Man', but he never had an opportunity to talk back to me. The enemy shot the 'kite' I was flying all to pieces about a mile up. Of course, I came down, too, but I am the only one who knows exactly where ... and I'm not going to tell." He and Bob and Ronald all laughed.

After O'Grady drifted away, Ronald complimented Bob. "You did fine, Bob. He never knew for a moment that you weren't here permanently. You see, the 'dead' Over Here, for some strange reason, are a bit fearful of folks in This World who are still attached to a body back on earth. Not all of them are that way, but there are those who are. Another thing. If some of them thought for a moment you were returning to earth, they would not only want you to carry messages back to loved ones, but they would insist on receiving messages from them ... your entire time would be spent as a messenger boy.

"I realize," Ronald continued, "that you have never had an opportunity to work among soldiers recently departed from the earth life, but I am confident you are entirely suited to the Work. Of course, it isn't for me to say. That is up to you and the White Forces. However, I have been informed that the purpose of our visit here tonight is for the express purpose of helping you decide whether or not you feel called to this very, very important Work. You do not have to decide now, but you should decide as quickly as possible. For the need Out Here is great, and understanding workers from the earth-world are few."

Just at this moment a mutual friend of both Bob's and Ronald's came up. "Hello, Wayne," Ronald greeted. "It's been some time since the three of us were together, but here we are, as big as life."

"It was only a month ago," replied Wayne, "that I was 'as big as life' in a physical body. But it wasn't at all pleasant. I hung on as long as I could after the injury, then one night all my pains left me, and I thought it was mighty funny. Some time later I found myself Out Here, hale and hearty, with not the slightest sign of a wound, and among some of my best friends. However, it kind of worries me a little. I keep on wondering if I'm going to wake up some morning back on earth and find that this was just a wonderful dream."

"Don't give it another thought, Wayne," soothed Ronald. "You are going to stay Out Here, and the wonderful dream is going to become all the more wonderful as time goes on."



## WILL THEY EVER STOP WEeping FOR ME?

### Part 3

There is only one Astral World, but it is divided into two spheres -- the Lower Astral World and the Higher Astral World. The two divisions blend so perfectly into each other that there is no way of telling where one begins and the other leaves off. The Astral World is like early morning in its divisions between lower and Higher. Early morning is part night and part day. Or, it is like late evening, part day and part night. Either way, there is a "twilight" period that represents both.

New arrivals in the Astral World -- also known as the Other World -- usually arrive and "come to life" in this twilight zone between the two of them -- between the lower and Higher. Of course, there are many exceptions to this. Some souls arrive in the Other World in almost darkness, while others arrive in the golden glow of bright morning.

Just where a discarnate soul arrives in the "twilight" zone of the Other World depends entirely on the nature of that newly-arrived soul. In the case of mass arrivals of soldiers who were well acquainted with each other and all killed at one time or about the same time, they arrive in a group. This is due to the fact that men who have fought together have a great deal in common -- a natural affinity has been built up between them through sharing hardships together. Mutual regard and feeling for the safety of each other has formed a strong bond, and so when a group of friends arrive in the Other World it is the combined Positive qualities that attracts them to their particular plane in the Astral World.

Sometimes there are only three or four in the group. In a military organization that has worked together for several months under fire, and then been sent en masse into the Other World, there may be as many as two hundred souls in the group. These larger groups, however, do not stay together for any great length of time. They usually split up into smaller groups in a short period of time. Each of these sub-divisions then rise or descend in the Astral World according to their combined negative or Positive vibrations.

Through the passing of time, longer or shorter, these lesser groups sub-divide again and again. Some of each group who went into higher vibrations in the first sub-dividings will rise still higher. This continues on and on until there are but two in a group.

When a "group" becomes only two in number, quite often it will continue that way for a long, long period of time. That



is, because of the fact that their original vibrations were very much alike, and any changes they made in their vibrations in the Higher Astral World were more or less planned together.

There are exceptions to "group migrations". This is due, sometimes, to the nature of a person. They may have some peculiarity that makes them anything but "social", and it isn't until they have rid themselves of this defect that they are able to rise to any great height in the Other World. Others are not anti-social, but they are so earth-bound, or so attached to loved ones on earth, that it is often years and years before they are at liberty to become the wonderful people they really are.

When we say "years and years" we, of course, are referring to earth time. As far as time in the Other World is concerned, it is practically non-existent. If a person is EXPANDING into the Greater Life with even a small amount of rapidity, time passes quickly. If one is EXPANDING with great speed, an earth year would seem as "a day or two". On the other hand, those who are away down on the lower "twilight" level of the Astral, and making no apparent upward progress, will experience a moment of earth time as a miserable eternity. For this reason, it is not too hard, after a soul has experienced a few "eternities" of time, for it to become interested in Upward Progress.

Ronald had now taken Bob Workman to a place in the Astral World that was known as the "Vale of Tears" among those who were unfortunate enough to be "incarcerated" there.

"I don't quite understand," Bob remarked to his friend, "why they call this the 'Vale of Tears'. It is true I don't see any joyous faces, but neither do I see anyone shedding tears."

"You are correct in your observation, Bob," Ronald replied. "These people, and you will notice most of them are young soldiers, who have recently passed out of physical embodiment, are held here not because of any sorrow they may have for having passed into the 'Great Beyond', but because they are earth-bound. They are 'earth bound' due to the fact that loved ones still in the flesh on earth, have chained them to themselves with weeping and wailing for them. The departed certainly do not enjoy this sorrow that holds them in this dreary unpleasantness. They would like to be free of it, but the sorrowing relatives and close friends have cast a psychic spell over them they feel they cannot break. Not only that, but if they did break it and go higher, they would be deserting loved ones and friends in an hour of deep sorrow. This loyalty is laudable, and if it was of any benefit at all to either the departed or to those who remain behind, then the



White Forces certainly would in no wise interfere with it. But because it hinders the progress of those who should be EXPANDING into the Greater Life in the Higher Astral World, it is, as far as the departed are concerned, quite vicious, to say the least.

"The tears and sorrow of close friends and relatives are still holding thousands upon thousands of departed souls, casualties of World War II, earth-bound. There are still thousands from World War I who are 'bound to earth' by chains of sorrow of loved ones.

"Now, Bob," continued Ronald, "there isn't much we can do about those on earth who weep over their departed loved ones, and hold them 'earth-bound'. But there is considerable we can do Out Here among the recently departed, in breaking them away from the spell of 'earthly tears cast for them'.

"A little reasoning with many of them, by a person like yourself who has been under battle fire for months, as you were in the Medical Corps, could have a tremendous effect on these who sorrow for those who sorrow for them. You could, in a very short time, rescue many of these from this 'vale of tears'. In no time at all they would be up there in the brighter Higher World. Also, while you would be working here when it is night on earth, there would be a wonderful opportunity for you to work among the sorrowing on earth when it is day-time there. Out Here you would work with small groups; on earth you would work with large groups -- meetings, lectures, and by the printed word. You should tell them that while it is natural to sorrow because their loved ones are no longer with them, they should rejoice because those same loved ones have now graduated to the wonderful promise of the Greater Life in the Higher Other World. That their continued 'weeping and wailing' harms not only themselves -- by taking their minds from their own ADVANCEMENT -- but actually holds back their loved ones from enjoying the full wonder and joy of the Greater Life.

"You are wonderfully equipped for this WORK, both here and in the earth world. By the way, Bob," remarked Ronald, here comes another old friend of yours, Harold Jones. He has only been Out Here about six weeks, but from the sorrow his folks have put him through since his demise, you would hardly know him. Speak to him as he approaches us. Don't be too cheerful, it would make him feel that you are not acquainted with sorrow."

"Hello, Harold," Bob put out his hand as Harold approached. "It is good to see you." Harold was in deep gloom, but when he saw Bob and Ronald and heard Bob's voice, he came out



of it momentarily and replied, "It is good to see you fellows." Then with a bit of puzzlement he continued, "I knew you were Out Here, Ronald, but I didn't know Bob was, too. When did you come?"

"Harold, if you don't mind," Bob replied kindly, "I'd like to answer that question a little later. Right now, I must confess I don't know my way around, but you and Ronald can assist me and I'm sure I'll be all right before long."

"Bob, it will make me very happy if I can be of any assistance to you here in this world of gloom," Harold answered. "I have been informed that one isn't doomed to this infernal dark forever; that there is a place where the sun shines, and where people are actually happy. I must be going now. My wife and mother are calling ..... will they ever stop weeping for me?" With this he was swept away and out of sight into a grey, low place that seemed filled with the "marsh fog" of weeping sorrow.

"Poor Harold," remarked Ronald, "he is torn between a sorrowing wife on the East Coast, and a deeply grieving mother on the West Coast. He is drawn back and forth constantly. When he is not listening to them weep, he is here in this gray fog, a gloom the weepers on earth have unwittingly created."

"I am amazed at the vastness of this place," commented Bob. "It seems to run on and on."

"'Vast' is the correct word for it, Bob," Ronald replied. "It completely extends around the earth, in every direction. Whereever people continue unreasonably in their grief for departed ones this vast, gloomy cavern is very much in evidence. During and after each great war this morbid place is filled for many years with those who are bound to unreasonably sorrowing relatives and friends. If earth folks could be taught not to weep for the dead, but instead to visualize them in bright, joyous surroundings, this miserable place would shortly vanish."

"Just how does a soul get out of this gloomy region?"

"It is very simple. It is exceptionally simple for those of us who haven't anyone on the earth plane holding us back by chains of sorrow. All one has to do is just walk up this slope which leads to yonder mountain, then travel up through that dense-looking, low-hanging fog-bank. It is created by the unreasoning weeping and wailing for the departed by those still remaining in physical embodiment. By the way, Bob, that fog bank isn't nearly as thick and dense as it appears from here."

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## OUT OF THE GLOOM AND INTO THE LIGHT

### Part 4

"Let us," suggested Ronald, ~~"walk up this slope and climb~~ that mountain just ahead. In our Astral bodies it is no effort."

With this Ronald walked over to two young soldiers who had just a few minutes before come up out of a fog-bank of gloom in a ravine just below where Bob and Ronald were standing. He said to them, "Pardon me, Gentlemen, but my friend and I are going to stroll up the mountain. Perhaps you would like to join us. It would be interesting to see what is up there, especially above that dense fog."

After looking up the mountain at the fog, and then looking back to the much denser fog which they just came out of, the two young men, recent arrivals from the Pacific war front, decided it was a good idea. After informal introductions had taken place, the four started up the slope which led to the mountain.

"It is certainly good to get away from the folks," quietly remarked Steve, the lad who was walking with Bob. "I love my folks, but all this unreasonable sorrowing they are going through is having a most miserable effect on me. Will they ever stop weeping for me?"

"Of course they will, Steve," Bob answered. "But you will have to help them. There is one good way of doing this. Don't be around them when they weep. It is usually when the day is over and evening comes, when they are more or less free from duties, that they weep for you, isn't it?"

"Yes, that is right," Steve replied. He was beginning to brighten up a little. He felt Bob was an understanding soul.

"Well, that is the answer to the problem," Bob spoke with just enough enthusiasm to lift Steve into a little higher vibration. "Be around them during the day when they are busy and haven't time to weep, but of an evening you and your chum start up this ridge and climb the mountain just ahead."

"It is hard for me to tell when night is coming on," remarked Steve. "I mean, night at home, due to the fact that it never gets dark out here ... it just stays sad and gloomy. I never know when to lay down and go to sleep, except I try to get a little sleep after the folks at home have cried themselves to sleep."

"From now on, Steve," explained Bob, "you must not stay



around your folks when they weep. I'll tell you why. When they weep they draw you to them, and when you are close to them they feel your presence, and when they feel your presence you have a most miserable effect on them. Actually, Steve, you are the cause of a part of their outbursts of tears. Of course, their weeping is the cause for your hovering about them ... it is a vicious cycle. If they knew, they could easily break it by not weeping, but they don't know. You are the only one who knows, and it is up to you to break this vicious, vicious bond between you and your folks."

"But," protested Steve, "if I leave the folks when they are sorrowing for me, wouldn't that be like deserting them, like cutting all ties between me and then?"

"You only cut the ties of sorrow," Bob replied. "You do not cut the ties of love. In fact, the bond of love between you and your people will become much greater once they stop their unreasonable weeping for you, and you can go to them, see them, be with them, and experience the thrill of true love without any morbidness. Actually, Steve, weeping and sorrow belong to a region far below this one -- the region where there is constant 'weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth'. That is, a place where people go when they die, who have had no true Spiritual training."

"I hope I am not one of those people," quickly replied Steve. "I used to go to Sunday School, and later on to church a little. I finally stopped going because I thought I was better than most of the folks who went to my church, especially after I started going to college. I felt that the church people at home were pretty dumb to believe a lot of things that sounded silly after I became acquainted with 'science'. The fact of the matter is, I began to seriously doubt if there was an after life. I doubted this until I got right up close to the enemy, with bullets flying all around. Then I began to feel there might be something to it after all. After I 'knew' I wasn't going to come through that last battle alive, my faith was suddenly restored, and when the bullet came along that 'finished me off', I realized that Heaven was my home after all."

"What baffles me is, I thought that when a person died he went either to Heaven or Hell at once. But this doesn't look exactly like Hell, even though I am miserable, and it certainly isn't anything like I thought Heaven was going to be. I hope I don't have to spend all of eternity here ... that would be Hell."

"I don't know what church you attended, Steve," Bob said earnestly, "and it doesn't make any difference now, but if they had known what you know now, and had taught even that



much, you wouldn't be here in this region of gloom. You would never have come here in the first place, and if perchance you did, you would have walked right up out of it as we are doing now.

"Since the first century A. D., the church and churches on earth have always been at a very low ebb. Their teaching and preaching simmered down to just one thing, 'Be good or be damned'. And so we had a lot of unhappy people attempting to be good in order not to be damned. They weren't being good because they were getting any joy out of being good. In fact, they secretly despised being good. So we don't find them here, but, we find them in a lower region, the one I told you about, where there is constant 'weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth'. All the preaching they ever heard was either a bribe or a threat -- 'the bribe of Heaven, or the threat of Hell'.

"Of course, in the last few decades, a kind of ecclesiastical revolt has broken out among the churches. There is now a group in practically all of the denominations known as 'Modernists'. They have gone to the opposite extreme, and while there is no more 'bribe of Heaven or threat of Hell', in their preaching and teaching, there isn't anything else either ... other than a lot of insipid nonsense about the 'fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man', which of course means exactly nothing. Exactly nothing to anybody on earth, and positively nothing to anyone Out Here.

"Let me ask you, Steve, did you ever hear that expression while on earth, probably while you were going to college?"

"Oh, yes," replied Steve. "The preacher who conducted the chapel services at college was always saying things like that, and that one especially."

"Let me ask you, Steve, did that phrase or any of the other cut and dried 'Modernistic' teachings and preachings from that minister mean anything to you, or to any of your close friends?"

After some moments of meditation, Steve answered, "Come to think of it, you are right, nothing he ever said ever meant anything to me; in fact, nothing to any of us. Yet he was an entertaining speaker."

"You were very fortunate you were not inoculated with 'Modernism', Steve," replied Bob. "If you had been, you would already have passed into the 'Modernist's Heaven', a place no more pleasant than this, where everyone spends all his time explaining away the teachings and the miracles as recorded in the Bible. Most of them are so anxious to 'explain' that they



haven't any time to listen to the other fellow and his ideas.

"You'll find some very good people among them," continued Bob, "but here is the catch. It is their own selfish goodness, not the goodness of the Higher Other World. It is a form of self-righteousness, referred to in Scriptures as mere 'filthy rags'."

So interesting had been the conversation between Bob and his new-found friend, and between Ronald and his, that neither of the soldiers had noticed how far they had climbed up the mountain. They were nearing the dense fog-bank that hid the top of the mountain. It extended out in every direction as far as the eye could reach.

The four men stopped for a moment. Other soldiers were coming up the mountain, with special guides like Bob and Ronald.

"Well fellows," Ronald said after a moment, "let's continue on. This fog is pretty dense, but by staying close together and keeping on climbing, it won't take very long to get up through it, and when we do ... well, I'm not going to spoil it by telling you, but you are going to be plenty thrilled."

The fog-bank was chilly, miserable and repelling. It gave a person the feeling he should break down and weep. This is not to be wondered at. As indicated before, this oppressive "fog-bank" was actually created by those on earth unreasonably weeping and sorrowing for those who have passed on.

After traveling a short distance, one of the soldiers said, "I feel terrible. I'm afraid I must return to the valley below, it is much more pleasant there."

"We only have to go another hundred yards, fellows," Ronald replied quickly. "Then we'll be up out of this ... let's go."

Those final words were a great trial to the soldiers ... they wept every foot of the way. But suddenly all four men came out of the "vale of tears and sorrow", and into the most cheerful, golden light imaginable. Traveling some little distance further up the mountain, which was now easy and joyous, they came out upon a vast plateau. It was beautiful beyond description ... a literal paradise.

"This must be Heaven," gasped both soldiers almost simultaneously.

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## SUBURBS OF THE SUMMERLAND

### Part 5

Ronald, Bob and the two soldiers ~~walked some distance for-~~ward. There were great lawns, beds of beautiful flowers and shapely shrubs with brilliant blossoms everywhere, and at the same time these were laden with lush fruit.

"If it is all right," said Steve, "I'd like to try some of this fruit ... you know, Harold and I haven't had anything to eat for a terribly long time."

"Eat all you like," urged Ronald. "That is why it is here, for fellows like you who haven't had food for a long time."

"I never tasted fruit like this before," Harold exclaimed with enthusiasm.

"It's simply 'out of this world'," Steve remarked. "How the fellows down in the 'valley of weeping' would enjoy this."

"After you fellows get rested a bit up Here," explained Ronald, "you can go back 'down there' and bring up your friends; you can bring up just as many as will come."

When the two young soldiers had had their fill of celestial fruit, Ronald suggested, "How'd you fellows like to go swimming and clean up a bit? There is a beautiful lake not far from here that is intended for 'new-comers' like you."

"Nothing would suit us better," agreed the boys. Soon the four arrived at the lake. It was as clear as crystal. The golden sand making up the beach extended all the way under the lake. In no time all four were swimming, diving and having the time of their young lives.

"This water," explained Ronald, "is different from earth water. You can actually breathe this water and it won't choke you. Try it and see."

Steve and Harold tried it gingerly, and soon were amazed beyond words. "Why," exclaimed Harold, "it is as easy to breathe as air ... and wonderfully refreshing, too."

"Everything 'Over Here'," explained Ronald, "is invigorating and rejuvenating. That is due to the fact that everything here has a tendency to overcome the lethargy and weariness of earth that you brought here with you. Now," he continued, "what do you say to dressing and looking about?"



"A splendid idea," agreed Steve and Harold.

In coming out of the water they were amazed at how quickly they dried off. In fact, they were completely dry before they reached their clothing. Another surprise that almost baffled them was, their clothes were clean and immaculate. Ronald noted their amazement and explained.

"Out Here, everything is a reflection of your mind. You felt tired and dirty before you took the swim, but after a little while you began to feel refreshed and clean. It was your 'change of mind' that made the change in your clothes. Notice there isn't any mud on your uniforms, no tears, and they are as unwrinkled as the day you first had them pressed back on earth, and put them on."

"This is certainly a wonderful country," Harold said enthusiastically. "I certainly have a great desire to go down into the 'valley of tears and sorrow' and bring all my friends up here. Having them all here would certainly be Heaven."

"That is just what you are going to do," explained Bob. "And now," he continued, "let's look around a bit, so we'll have some idea of what it's all about. Not all of your buddies down in the 'valley of sorrow' can be assisted to come up Here unless you know something about the situation. Let's go over to the edge of the plateau."

Over at the edge where they came up, there were other guides bringing up other soldiers. Many of the guides were in uniforms, some of them were in civvies, and others were in clerical attire.

"Before we proceed," explained Ronald, "let me say that every new-comer to this lower region of Heaven is entitled to come up Here, or he would never have been able to climb the mountain. The problem is to induce those who are entitled to come up to actually make the trip up Here.

"Below the 'valley of tears and sorrow' there is a region that is just the opposite of this, and those who are not entitled to come up Here gravitate 'down there'. Yes, there are evil guides who show them the way down -- down to where they belong -- just as there are guides Up Here showing the way to those who are entitled to 'come Higher'.

"It is what one did or did not do Spiritually while on earth that determines which way he travels after he passes out of the physical body for the last time."

Bob took up the explanation. "Because the Spiritual



Department of Life on earth has been so sadly neglected by most people, even by those who claim to be religious, when they arrive Out Here they are mere babes Spiritually, and thus, quite naturally they arrive in a region near the outer border of the Plateau.

"People, however, who were really EXPANDED Spiritually do not arrive in the 'vale of tears and sorrow', but come directly to this delightful Summerland. Some just to the edge of it, some much further in, others to the very center of it."

"People who disbelieved in life after death," Ronald now explained, "are down there in a place of their own just below this thick fog bank. They are all sound asleep. Some of them have been there for centuries; others for millenniums. The 'land of the sleeping dead' has been greatly increased in the last few decades. That is because of the wide-spread influence of Communism -- the philosophy of atheism. These will continue to sleep there until the end of the Millennium, when they will be awakened for judgment.

"There is another plateau of 'sleeping dead', but it is on a level just above the murky fog-bank down there. Come, let us visit it. Put your hand on my shoulder, Harold, and Steve, put yours on Bob's shoulder. Alright, let's go."

The four glided swiftly a few feet above the velvety lawn and shrubs of the Plateau. This continued for several miles, it seemed, then they passed over the edge of the Plateau and glided down to the "valley of the sleeping dead" just above the vast fog-bank. The "valley" was quiet and peaceful. Here were thousands upon thousands of people lying about comfortably, soundly asleep. There were no children among them, and only a very few young people. Most of the sleepers were middle-aged, and old people.

"These people," explained Ronald, "were very religious, and some of them quite Spiritual, but they believed in the damnable, satanic doctrine of 'soul sleep'. That is, they believed that when a person dies he is dead until Gabriel blows his trumpet."

The two young soldiers were so amazed at this vast valley of sleepers they didn't have words to express themselves. After walking about, often having to step over sleeping folks, Steve and Bob stopped suddenly. There was a buddy of theirs lying at full length, soundly sleeping.

"Why, that is Jack Corson," exclaimed Steve. "It certainly is," agreed Bob. "Is it all right to awaken him?" asked Steve.



"Certainly," replied Ronald. "That is, if you can."

"Jack, Jack, wake up," Steve said in a quiet voice, fearful of awakening others close by. Then in a louder voice he repeated the same words, this time shaking Jack. After more repetitions of "Jack, Jack, wake up, this is your pal, Steve," poor Steve gave up rather sadly. Turning to Ronald he asked, "Will he sleep to the end of the Millennium, too?"

"No, Steve," Ronald consoled, "you have nothing to worry about. He will sleep only to the beginning of the Millennium, then he will awaken. He will be the same person then as he is now. He will have missed many wonderful years for self-improvement, and the helping of others, but one day he will awaken. You will probably be right here when he does -- you were close friends."

Upon Ronald's suggestion the four left this particular place and glided to another. "This," explained Ronald, "is the 'Heaven' of a very fanatical religious group. They believed they were the only ones who would go to Heaven. Their belief that they were the 'chosen few' is fully confirmed, in their estimation, by the fact that they are the only ones here."

Ronald, Bob and the two soldiers traveled to many other "hidden heavens" below the level of the great Plateau. In nearly every church denomination, religious group or sect, they found practically the same conditions. All were happy, in a selfish sort of way, that on earth they had been "right", religiously.

Helpers from the Plateau above were constantly coming down to assist those in the "heavens" who would listen to reason and go up the mountain to the Plateau. Once those in the "man-made heavens" glimpsed the Promised Land above, it did not take them long to make up their minds to reside there. When they were strong enough they would come back and help others up into the real Heaven. Often they were vehemently denounced by the group leaders, but this had no effect upon them.

Having seen enough of this, Ronald said, "Well, fellows, let's go back to the real Heaven." They glided up to the top of the Plateau and soon were back where they started.

"Bob and I must go now, we have work to do," explained Ronald to Steve and Harold. "You fellows make yourselves at home. Go any place you DESIRE to go. Bob and I will see you again before long." Shaking hands with the soldiers, Ronald and Bob swiftly glided from sight.

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## MORE WORLDS TO CONQUER

### Part 6

Ronald and Bob returned to the old adobe house in the hidden valley in their Astral forms. The room was warm and comfortable. The coals had now become embers.

Bob and Ronald discussed certain matters for a short time, then shaking hands, Bob said, "This has been a most wonderful night, Ronald. I'll know before tomorrow night if I am to engage in the New Work Over There.

"You must be fully convinced," replied Ronald, "that it is what you desire to do. It must be your own decision." With this the two lads shook hands again and Ronald was on his way to his Work in the Other World.

Bob slipped into his own physical body which was soundly sleeping in the comfortable old chair. Soon he began to move about, and the next thing he knew he was awake in the flesh. He threw wood onto the embers in the fire-place, and shortly the room was aglow with light.

After having a bite to eat, he made some notes in his diary and then slipped into bed. When he awakened in the morning the sun was shining brightly. He looked out of the open window and everything was as beautiful as a spring morn.

With breakfast over, Bob started to do some work in the garden. All the time he was thinking about the New Work he had been offered in the Other World. The real problem was, if he accepted the New Work There he would have to change to a different Work here ... here in this material world. It meant a complete change of Work in both worlds for Bob.

Suddenly Bob came to a definite decision. "If the White Forces desire me to make a change, who am I to be giving the matter a lot of my personal consideration. I'll make the change as of now," he said to himself in a determined tone of voice.

"I am certainly glad to hear you say that, Bob. I knew you would," replied a voice close at hand. Bob looked up in amazement -- he hadn't heard anyone approach.

Bob was on the verge of asking the stranger who he was when the young man answered the question for him. "I am Elwood Brown, from Pittsburgh. Although I have never met you before in the flesh, Bob, we are well acquainted ... every night we work together under Ronald's direction in the Summer-



land, as well as in the lower Other World."

Instantly Bob's Inner Consciousness "turned on" and he recognized Elwood as a very good friend and co-worker in the Other World, even though they had never met before in the flesh. "Elwood," Bob apologized, "I don't know why I didn't recognize you instantly in the flesh, after all we have been working night after night for several years."

"Think nothing of it," answered Elwood joyously. "It's the material brain cells -- they prevent one from thinking quickly."

"Tell me," Bob asked, "now that I have decided to go into the New Work, are we going to continue working together?"

"Certainly we are," enthusiastically replied Elwood. "That is, if you wish it to be that way."

"Of course I do," Bob's reply was hearty. "What about the others that worked with us? What are they going to do?"

"I am the only one to assist you here in this material world," explained Elwood. "But the entire group in the Other World expressed a hearty desire to transfer to the New Work with you, Bob."

"Say," asked Bob, "how did all you fellows know so quickly that I was going to accept the New Work? It was only a few moments ago that I decided to make the change."

"Bob," explained Elwood. "Anyone who is as far along on THE PATH as you are runs true to form. They do the things they don't care to do, and delight in doing them."

"That sounds a little like flattery. Could it be you are an 'emissary of Satan'?"

"In that case you had better challenge me," seriously replied Elwood. This Bob did, giving the challenge as recorded in I John 4:2. Elwood remained very much in the physical. They shook hands ... and remained fast friends.

That afternoon Bob and Elwood made plans for their Work here in the material world. They were to work among Spiritually-minded people wherever possible. There was no use attempting to do a New Age Work among the "dyed-in-the-wool Fundamentalists" ... they "knew all the answers". That is, they all thought they did, but one look into their "Heaven" in the Other World would instantly convince anyone that they knew very little of anything.



There was no use wasting time among the "wool-gathering Modernists". One look into their "heaven" (beneath the dismal fog-bank) and you would be convinced that they hardly had a "form of Godliness", let alone any POWER. The Work, then, would be among the churches which were between fundamentalism and modernism. They could be contacted, diverted from doing "the dead works of man", and be made into powerful groups teaching the Five-Fold Philosophy of Life, and would practice it as well.

"Just last week," remarked Elwood, "I had an interesting discussion with a minister. He had just preached a funeral sermon for a fine old man who had been a devout Christian all his life. I asked the minister, 'Why did you preach such a sorrowful sermon for dear Brother Jones. Didn't you realize that when he passed out of physical embodiment he would pass directly into the ramparts of Heaven? It seems to me your sermon should have been one of great joy -- or weren't you sure that Grandpa Jones went to Heaven?'"

"I said this in such a way that the minister could not become offended. After he had gotten over the first shock of what I had said he replied, 'I think I know what you mean, young man. To be honest with you, if I had preached a sermon fitting to the old man's reception into Heaven I am afraid my parishioners would never have forgiven me. You see, they have been taught that death is a most terrible thing, and if I had made it the joyous occasion we both seem to know it must be, well ... well, I might have lost my pastorate, and at my age I couldn't afford that.'"

"Well," replied Bob smiling, "the old minister was honest in some ways. There is hope for him. Our Work will be to educate the laity, quietly, to where they can receive thrilling funeral sermons -- as well as other thrilling talks on Life."

It was now twilight. After the evening meal and dishes were washed, more plans for their Work here in the material world was planned. Next came bed time. In a few minutes both the lads were sound asleep.

Quickly they awakened and ascended together into the Higher Other World, into the Summerland where Bob and Ronald had left the two young soldiers. Ronald was there. He greeted Bob with a joyful, "I knew you would take over this Great Work."

Other members of Bob's group appeared. After the necessary "briefing", all descended to the cold fog-bank and then joyously disappeared down through it to their NEW WORK -- the New Work of helping others with THEIR JUDGMENT DAY Now.

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