

VERSES

from the

Beyond

Transcribed by

GORDON F. GALLERT

VERSES

from the

Beyond

Transcribed by

GORDON F. GALLERT

*With heartfelt appreciation
these verses are dedicated
to our Spirit Helpers. . . .*



The Barton Print Shop, Waterville

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
Introduction -----	5
The Infinite Calls -----	7
The Yearning of the Present -----	9
Matter as the Master -----	11
Love Eternal -----	13
Death is the Pathway -----	14
Seasons -----	15
You Wonder About the After Life -----	8
The Murmur of the Great Unknown -----	16
The Coil of the Serpent -----	17
Riches as Riches -----	18
The Vista of Tomorrow -----	19
The Making of a Human -----	20
The Home of the Spirit -----	21
The Abode of the Infinite -----	18
The Destinies of Eternity -----	19
The Boundless Creed of Charity -----	22
The Lessons of Survival -----	23
Just a Little Bit of Kindness -----	24
The Casting of the Shadow -----	25
The Moon Beam -----	32
The Sea -----	25
Lesson -----	24
The Suffering -----	27
Healing -----	29
Doctor Bigelow -----	31
Doctor Frank S. Bigelow -----	30
Your House is My House -----	26
If I Had Only Known -----	28
Was It a Dream -----	33
Sometime, Somewhere, Some Place -----	35

INTRODUCTION

On the following pages appear certain poems which were received by me, some through automatic writing and others by inspirational writing. The majority of these were written in the winter of 1919. At that time, I had no knowledge of Spiritualism and did not care to investigate the subject. Later, because of certain predictions made in prose writing, which came true, I began to investigate, and much to my surprise, found the philosophy contained in the poems coincided with that being taught by the better informed exponents of Spiritualism.

Upon the urging of certain members of the Waterville, Maine, Spiritualist Church, these verses are being printed, with the understanding that all profit will go to the Waterville Church for the advancement of Spiritualism in general, and the Waterville Church in particular.

I realize that many of these poems are not perfect in their composition and that the meter is irregular. This is largely due to poor reception and interruptions. The poem entitled "The Infinite Calls" was the first one received and was written in less than seven minutes. This, as well as the others, was transcribed at a tremendously rapid rate of speed and, in fact, faster than I could normally write. I was fully conscious at the time each poem was received. The words came with such rapidity that they were without meaning to me until after the verses were completely written and I had read them through.

The subject is a broad and deep one. I appreciate the fact that no one of us has more than scratched the surface. To me the Spiritual World is like an un-

known sea. We know that it exists, and have had visits from its mariners, but of the extent of the sea, and of the currents and life therein, we know but little.

“Such an infin’tesimal part of the Universal plan
Is visible or comprehensive to the eyes and brain of
man.”

I hope you enjoy these poems and the message contained therein.

Yours for the most worthy cause in earth-life.

GORDON F. GALLERT,

Waterville, Maine

August 1, 1933

THE INFINITE CALLS

(Dedicated to My Mother)

The infinite calls with voice vibrating
And sends its message to every realm,
'Till now, my friend, with heart palpitating
You glide with spirit at the helm.

You soar on high with arms embracing
Over the Crest fades all desire,
Into Heaven's own blessed casing
You wend your way to the Great Empire.

Here you meet with all the dear ones,
Duties called them from the earth,
Oh, the radiance and the beauties
You rest sublime in this re-birth.

You've travelled far without fatigue
Of earthly comfort you have no need.
Time has vanished from your scope
Space gives place to latent hope.

Energy, nourishment, all absorbed
You feel much closer to your God
As you realize whence you came
He has called you home again.

Your welcome here is short indeed
For every soul there is a need
To carry out the Universal plan
You start with the development of man.

Results are slow, what matters it?
Time and space are infinite.
A year on earth is but a flash
Heaven's time knows not the lash.

Your duties are passed to another
You upward rise to join your brother
And on all successive plains
Your individuality remains.

Until so lofty have you flown
 You reach the apex of the cone
 The acme of all things sublime,
 The Maker of all things all time.

Into the infinite have you merged,
 The embryo has been purged
 Of all impurities and reached its goal
 You are embodied in the all-creative soul.

New worlds you make, new forces shape,
 All beneficial things create.
 Life, love and beauty are your throne.
 Thank God, you are called back home.

YOU WONDER ABOUT THE AFTER LIFE

You wonder about the after life
 And dream about its way
 How we live and love and work
 And where we really stay.

How we come and go and roam
 And what our duties are
 How we develop and expand
 And do we travel far.

Can we change our form
 And why, do we really plan
 All these and many more come
 From the brain of man.

Don't look high, gaze deep within
 And all around about
 Then you'll see the living truth
 Without fear or doubt.

THE YEARNING OF THE PRESENT

The yearning of the present
Is shrouded in the past
Will vanish in the future
Where human life is last.

The ken of all the present
Is such a tiny dot
On the surface of the cosmos
The truth we know it not.

Such an infin'tesimal part
Of the universal plan
Is visible or comprehensive
To the eyes and brain of man.

The unfolding is so gradual
On this earth at least,
That as we rise higher
We enjoy a mental feast.

Oh the wonders and the splendors
So carelessly passed by,
Ever present, ever near us,
Yet missed by human eye.

Oh the pity and misfortune
Of material ties that bind
That hold us just so rigid
That make those here so blind.

And when the trail is opened
Comes the everlasting flood
We inhale the very essence
And understanding is our blood.

Then comes the great awakening
Unhampered by our shell
We start to do His bidding
For everything is well.

We are the earthly leaders,
We shape and fashion things
To inventor and to teacher
We inspiration bring.

And we are taught so carefully
Of the truth of things divine
And of the psychic purpose
Of all things that are thine.

On the threshold of the grandeur,
Just so that you may hope
And soon my own beloved one
You'll throw off the human yoke

And come with thoughts uplifted
With the will to do so rare
And help each struggling brother
And teach him how to care.

Please, my friend be generous
Guard every little thought
Through charity and kindness
Good is ever wrought.

So in closing of this lesson
I just wish to say:
Think as you would wish it
And be steady on the way.

MATTER AS THE MASTER

Where matter is the master
Then spirit is the slave
Laws are just converted
And human passions crave.

The Truth is just reversed
You know the cosmic plan:
Spirit is the master
And merely slave is man.

But such a kindly master
Is all unknown on earth
Who leads you ever upward
To such a pleasant berth.

He aids and cheers and counsels
But does not drive or fuss,
Those who follow kindly
Survive the human dust.

He is the great achievement
Who works through you, indeed
He lays the real foundation
Whatever be your creed.

He brings the right impulses
He stands through thick and thin
And when you start to follow
You know where you have been.

The kindly new expression
The beauty from the thought
He sends the great projection
Which you have always sought.

He sets in steady motion
Just what you do see
He starts the mighty impulses
Which materialize for thee.

He is the great Creator
You learn from those beyond
Which fully you will comprehend
When later you pass on.

And as for you my dear ones
Just fastened to your crust
Don't worry 'bout the after life
Just do your best. You must.

When your vision broadens
As upward you ascend
You feel the right relation
And see how things do blend.

And as for inspiration
Just go deep within
And you will find the light above
Never growing dim.

When the years grow older
Solace will they bring
And the book of life will open
As summer comes from spring.

Life is but a tester
To see how firm you are
The weakling shows his metal
While the strong one goes afar.

Now before I leave you
I have this to tell:
Just be so true and thoughtful
And you with us will dwell.

LOVE ETERNAL

(Dedicated to Lotus Flower)

From the fields of eternity
This message we bring
The summit is near
And the birds sweetly sing.

Their song is far clearer
As its notes unfold
The nature of love
For you to behold.

The love of the Master
The Maker, your friend
That always will be
And never will end.

The love of eternal
Unbounded and free
The love for all things
That always will be.

The love of the great
Transmitted to all
Love's the foundation
Answer the call.

The basis of learning
Is love for the truth
The love of mankind
Comes from heaven's own booth

The seat of religion
Is love for one's God
The yearning of science
Is love for the sod.

The wisdom created
Has its being here
The motive of spirit
Is love ever near.

Good will toward men
And all things so true
Rest firm on the love
Sent by spirit to you.

DEATH IS THE PATHWAY

Death is the pathway to Beauty and Life
Its open portals exclude Care and Strife.
Peace and Understanding dwell within
And Divine Progress starts to begin.

The Dawn is lifted, and morning is come
Material forces fade from the sun
Whose rays shed the light unendingly far
Infinite Being softly raises the bar.

The gateway is past, and footsteps lead on
Grief on the earth is a discordant song
The vision broadens as onward you glide—
Death was only the ebb of the tide.

The waves carry onward over life's dunes
The seashell hums its far-reaching tunes
The boulders are crushed, and turned into grit
While the purpose unfolds of the great Infinite.

In the cauldron of Life lies th' ingredient Death
The mixture on earth is heaven's own breath
Inhaled, but expelled by those in the shell
But cherished so kindly in Spirit's own dell.

The purpose of Life's to prepare for here
Earthly relations must be held dear.
The parting is hard for those left behind—
But the roadway of Death leads to Heaven's pure
clime.

SEASONS

The calm contentment, the peace that we bring
Glories and wonders that come in the spring—
The wakening of flowers and of leaves and of trees,
Spring is the season when one really sees.

The wonder of wonders, the wand from on high
Waves softly o'er the earth from the sky.
The sleeping are wakened by Spirit's soft kiss,
The seer of the seas gently raises the mist.

Summer glides in, and with it we love,
Bringing the blessing of God from above.
Nature, our child, starts to mature—
Our buds raise their heads, to ever endure.

The soft winds bring our voices to you
The rays of the sun waft back the dew
And smiles so sweetly on earth below
That everything opens to bask in its glow.

Autumn blends in with its blessings so ripe
And our neighbor, the moon, smiles on with delight.
He knows from his heart, so warmly beating,
That spirit has sent its heavenly greeting.

Winter soon follows, the best of all,
He comprehends this offspring of fall
And under his coolness, a warmth is concealed
Spirit developed, all are annealed.

Winter enjoys the fruits of each season
Experience gleaned is summed up in his reason.
He knows and loves what words cannot tell,
That Spirit exists in each little cell.

THE MURMUR OF THE GREAT UNKNOWN

The murmur of the great unknown
Is, Oh, so dear to me,
The riddle of the Universe
It is so clear to see.

There's one and only one great force
Name it what you will
That's all embracing and divine
From mountain to tiniest rill.

Its mighty roar is as a song
Its power knows no bounds
Its laws are righteousness and love
Made manifest in nature's softest downs.

The lark, the lily all are one,
Human, mineral just defined
From the wish, the thought, the will
Eminating from His mind.

Laughter, beauty, are the wings
On which soar the spirit.
Nature is the dearest product
Listen and you'll hear it.

Open wide your ears and eyes
Broaden out your very soul
Fill your senses to the utmost
And eternity will be your goal.

Strive with courage for comprehension
Let the material bands be freed
Upward lift your conscious being
Heaven plants in you a seed.

Does it grow as does the weed
Uncared for, and unmolested?
That depends on you my friend
After you've been tested.

If you absorb th' Almighty will
 And work along with righteous laws
 The seed will soon develop
 The bud be without flaws.

It must be sprayed with human kindness
 The watering pot of wisdom's love,
 The blossom will then unfold;
 Produced here but nourished from above.

THE COIL OF THE SERPENT

The coil of the serpent 's a frightful thing
 It's crunching power, then the sting
 The prey is caught, crushed, and consumed!
 Has the flower of Life forever been doomed?

The roar of the beast devouring its prey
 The bleat of the lamb, passing away,
 The cry of the bird when its mate is caught!
 Have the vanquished been lost in the melting-pot?

Has the Will of the man, his deeds, his thoughts
 Disappeared when his flesh in silence rots?
 Has the raindrop vanished, when in the sea it falls?
 Does the echo of Love ring in empty halls?

The coil of the serpent's a strangle-hold
 But lives there a man so bold
 Who will say his mind is not stronger by far
 Than the strength of the serpent that crushes Life's
 Spar?

The Mind is your staff, your comfort, your all,
 So, as you conceive, you rise or you fall.
 Mind lives and exists through all Time and Space
 It's Infinite Being, just put in your place.

RICHES AS RICHES

Riches as riches are heaven sent
 But for the good of mankind they must be spent
 To God's obligation you must be true
 Advantages wasted you'll surely rue.

Poverty of mind is the only curse
 Some first feel it as they ride in the hearse.
 The poor may be rich and the rich, poor indeed
 Who only depend on the strength of their creed.

Under the body deep within
 Lies the seed of spirit untouched by sin
 Not the sins of mankind—artificial things—
 But the sins of denying eternal things.

Man-made conventions, laws and the rest
 Are only restraining influences at best
 They fill the need in human intercourse
 But the true relation comes from the source.

The purpose of all written above
 Is merely a prayer for brotherly love
 The love of the Maker reflected to men
 Must be passed on not deflected by them.

THE ABODE OF THE INFINITE

The abode of the infinite lies near at hand
 Deep within the bosom of every man
 Lessons are taught under intuition's guise
 And truth is dispatched from its home in the skies.

Under the shell ever ready to heed
 Lies God's messenger to help your need
 Its voice is oft raised and in silence rebukes
 When natural laws the human refutes.

The being that's raised to the next plain above
 Is the one who breeds unending love.

THE VISTA OF TOMORROW

The vista of tomorrow has its bearing on today
The progress of the future lies in the next highway,
Not for idle dreamers who sever present ties,
But for the conscious builder who unites earth and skies.

There's a direct relation 'twixt now and after years,
The foundation must be started 'fore the structure rears.
He who builds for present needs works not the Master's
plan,
But he who constructs with foresight, blessed be that
man.

And of the real foundation, of what should it be made?
Love and Faith and Loyalty and Broadness be the grade,
Then will the structure stand 'gainst all storms of time,
And development of Spirit will know no boundary line.

THE DESTINIES OF ETERNITY

The destinies of eternity we simply can't conceive
Our earthly duty is each good thought to weave
Into a spiritual cord upon which to ascend
Then when the call is answered into the soul realm
we blend

Out of the mighty forces, the Guide of guides doth stand.
Ever, oh ever so ready, to lend the helping hand
To each struggling mortal fighting 'gainst natural laws,
The aim of the human species leads to Him without
flaws.

This is just a little lesson which we impart to all
That the trend is ever upward and welcome every call
To help one another and work with nature's plans
False conception is the house that's built upon the sands.

THE MAKING OF A HUMAN

(Dedicated to Zara)

The making of a human is a very simple task,
We take part of the present, and merge it with the past
The future is the great essential, undeveloped still
Yet something, yea, a mighty force, is left to mankind's
will.

Just how he will unfold from his caterpillar shape
And whether he emerges, is left to man's own fate
In fact, his cocoon body is quite an empty shell
When animated spirit has answered God's soft knell.

The projections called matter seem very real indeed,
But the enduring constituent lies within the seed
This embryo so holy, precious beyond compare
Lies in your very soul, forever it is there.

Now just a word of explanation, to ease your troubled
mind,

For truth so everlasting never looked behind
Nature's all about you, proofs lie everywhere;
Life's without ending, shape yours with utmost care.

THE HOME OF THE SPIRIT

The home of the spirit
Is a castle on high
The mind really comes
From its abode in the sky.

And there it returns when
Its mission is done
The reason we'll tell
To your mother's son.

Forebearance and foresight are taught on earth's plane
Also want and anguish and mental pain
To broaden the soul trials must be
Eyes first are opened before we may see.

The purpose is there in this shaping of life
For the mind must be skill'd in coping with strife.
Before taking its place on the next elevation
The soul must discern the Eternal relation.

Man to man is the test and many succeed
The soul is developed by each friendly deed
The duty one owes to each of the others.
We are striving so hard to make men brothers.

The lesson is clear if you'll comprehend
That soul, which is mind, exists without end.
Earth is the place where the tempering's begun,
Those who strengthen themselves rise to the Son.

THE BOUNDLESS CREED OF CHARITY

The boundless creed of Charity
Which comes unasked to you
The consciousness of Charity
And of eternity so true.

The gulf that earthly minds doth raise
Hath long since been spanned
By those whose virtue doth appraise
And spreads this blessing at every hand.

Some are closer than they know
To the will of the Master's plan
And broadcast the seeds they sow
Sent to the spirit in the man.

Realization is non essential
Methods are immaterial as well
But results are Providential
Raising mankind from his dell.

Love and Faith and Righteous deeds
These are all from God's own book
Limited not at all by creeds
Let Charity fill every nook.

THE LESSONS OF SURVIVAL

The lessons of survival
Which we bring to you
Are a basic truth revival
That for all time are true.

Love is all existing
'Tis spirit's strongest arm
That ever is persisting
To keep each one from harm.

Faith is also present
Wherever we are found
It forms the greatest crescent
Of the cycles round.

Loyalty and beauty,
Are expressions of God's own creed
The fulfillment of one's duty
Is the triumph over greed.

Charity is also a projection
Of the Master's plan,
Giving one's protection
Broadens every man.

When conscience calls within you
Heed its every word
Its teachings are so true
You'll know what you have heard.

And into the Master's hall
You'll be prepared to go
By answering spirit's call
On earth the seeds to sow.

JUST A LITTLE BIT OF KINDNESS

Just a little bit of kindness
 To make this old world care
 And be your brother's keeper
 And not with envious thoughts to stare

The mortal without feeling
 For the trials of his fellowmen
 Must toil for long ages
 Until his soul does bend.

And it's not so very hard
 To lend a helping hand
 Be paid by present rapture
 And future peace for every man.

This is just a little prayer
 For the sake of after life
 Please, my boy be helpful
 And ease the toil and strife.

LESSON

(Dedicated to my Brother)

Love and faith and thoughts divine
 Are ever present in spirit's clime.
 The noble charity of brotherhood
 Exists with us for eternal good.

The mortal life is but a dream.
 The reality is in spirit's mien.
 The earthly expression is but fleeting
 Immortality proved by spirit greeting.

What more can we say than we have said
 That life lives and there are no dead.
 Progression is true, please take our word,
 God's laws exist and they must be heard.

THE CASTING OF THE SHADOW

The casting of the shadow is a human trait,
 But basking in the truth light is not left to fate.
 Where the will has been diverted from the natural plan
 There the sill is still uncrossed by the mental steps of
 man.

Oh, fences and boundaries unwittingly he builds;
 Where scenes are unsullied, the rivers are but rills,
 While the span of the man-made chasm gaps still for
 him unpassed,
 But the fan of Love unfolding links us with our mast.

And the beauties of His realdom will to all be known
 When from duties of the earth life one is called back
 home.

The answer to the riddle that we now create is clear:
 'Succeed here for the hereafter and you need have no
 fear.'

THE SEA

Sea, Sea, mysterious Sea,
 Lift up your arms to welcome me
 Your crest, your wave, my pillow be
 May I not abide with thee?

You twist and sleep and thunder on,
 You moan and weep and sing a song
 You build and carry and destroy,
 You're both a mother and a boy.

Your vitals kill and nourish life
 You're calm and yet you're full of strife.
 I wonder now, contradictory Sea,
 If you're yourself, or only me?

YOUR HOUSE IS MY HOUSE

(Dedicated to Little Red Jacket)

At present your house is my house,
Where I visit and stay.
We talk and we walk;
In your house, we pray.

I like your house with its rickety stair.
I like the big windows,
Through which we stare.
I like all the rooms beneath your hair.

But your house is shaky;
Of clay it is made.
The foundation will totter,
And fall on the grade.

My house is solid.
On granite it stands,
Supported by spirit,
In heavenly lands.

My house is your house;
Forever and aye,
It stands eternal,
Our home on high.

We built it together,
Just you and I.
It's homely but homey,
Our home in the sky.

The materials in it,
We sent from the earth.
We've struggled together,
Since your birth.

You've heeded our message,
To some slight extent;
And from your deeds
The structure was sent.

My house is your house,
 Of love it is made,
 The mortar is friendship,
 By Brotherhood laid.

Our house is our house,
 And soon we shall dwell.
 In it together,
 For all is well.

THE SUFFERING

The pain in mortal flesh
 We gladly come to ease.
 The weakness in the human mesh
 Is responsible for disease.

Over-eating, lack of sleeping,
 Worry, care and strife
 We ever tend the keeping
 Of the men in earthly life.

So try a little harder
 Friends of spirit true,—
 Dip in God's great larder
 That we bring to you.

Fresh air ever, and sunshine;
 Pure food only take;
 Then the body will not pine
 And will not pain or ache.

For this we only ask
 That you believe in us,
 It is our holy task
 Please, dear ones, in us trust.

IF I HAD ONLY KNOWN

If I had only known
A voice just said,
If I had only known
'Fore I was dead.

If I had only known,
Mid the toil and strife,
That life was death
And death was life.

If I had but known
How different I'd done.
In the fight for bread
I forgot the Son.

I ignored my Father and brothers, too;
In semi-darkness my waste I rue.
How different I'd lived
If I but only knew.

Earth children list to me,
Here each and all will be.
Some day, near or far,
Everyone will cross the bar.

We live on and on
In different clime in spirit form,
How we have lived on earth's sphere
Grades our position over here.

Please shed selfishness and greed;
Brotherhood's the proper seed,—
Not envy and loathsome fear
Which build for you a restless bier.

Peace and harmony and love
Are the paths to home sweet home,
In heaven's booth just above,
If I had but only known.

HEALING

(Dedicated to Sa-Go-Ye-Wat-Ha)

Of the gifts the Gods bestow,
On you dear ones down below,
Healing takes its place supreme
As a boon from the unseen.

Body pains are hard to bear,
Ask the cripples in the chair.
When they pray to us, sincere,
It draws us, oh, so near.

How we work with might and main
And try to make them whole again.
Their grateful thanks is our reward
We all feel closer to our God.

We love our work divine,
To ease the body and the mind.
Could you only understand
The true brotherhood of man.

When instruments we choose
We are careful whom we use,
And are grateful for their aid.
They hear the angel's serenade.

They are part of us in fact,
And assist us in our act.
Their lot is hard to bear
Taking conditions everywhere.

We ask you to hear our plea;
Extend to them your sympathy.
Please try to understand,
They are agents of our land.

The door is oft opened wide.
They get glimpses from our side,
As well, as taking on pains
From the patient who remains.

Living in two worlds, it seems,
 Life for them has its extremes.
 Often gravely misunderstood,
 In their work of life for good.

One more word and we are through;
 Healing is a blessing true.
 Please send out your helpful thought,
 Cures by God are ever wrought.

DOCTOR FRANK S. BIGELOW

DOCTOR FRANK S. BIGELOW,
 Of Skowhegan, Maine,
 Can cure the sick
 The halt, the lame:
 Our troubles he doth allay,
 Readily serving night and day.

Frank and honest
 Righteous, too,
 And harmony he brings to you
 Now and ever, true blue.
 Kindly words are his just due

Sincere he is through and through.

Bigelow is the last name.
 Indeed, little cares he for fame.
 Goodly deeds bring him their reward;
 Earned by loving man and God.
 Living the brotherhood of man
 On earth, is doctor's plan.
 Welcome he will be, in Eternity.

DOCTOR BIGELOW

The biblical ten and three score years,
Old-fashioned doctrine of ancient seers,
Has no place in ultra modern strife
Where life is death and death is life.

At the youthful age of seventy-nine
Our Doctor Man is still in his prime.
Hale and hearty and useful too,
Without him what, oh what, would we do?

Our pains and cares he eases away.
The sun shines on the rainiest days
When Doctor Bigelow, comes to us
Earthly devils leave in high disgust.

His gracious simple modesty
Is greatness that we seldom see.
In this earthly mundane sphere
He builds a mansion "over here."

Love, Truth and Charity
He lives this Holy trinity.
Like the man of Galilee,
He teaches us humility.

THE MOON BEAM

The moonbeam came with its shaft of light
Reflecting rays from its source to brighten the night.
Mankind came to his earthly abode
Reflection of his Maker, to brighten the geode.

And all who on earth now taste of the life divine
Are those whose hearts yield to the sunny clime;
Happiness and love are synonomous traits
Great is the blessing of adoring mates.

The universe basks on its mirthful side;
Frigid indeed are those in whom laughter has died.
Smile and glide on through this short span of years
Spirit's heart bleeds at the trickling of tears.

True happiness comes through the practice of brotherly
love

This is our message to all from above.
Faith, Hope and Charity lived as a creed,
Plants the true peace, you be the seed.

WAS IT A DREAM?

I dreamed a dream, the other night, so it seems to me, a brilliant light is what I saw, and then a spirit, free, in pure and simple robes arrayed, he offered me one wish, that he agreed to grant, from the universal dish.

Astonishment was too mild a term to express my humble feeling. It seemed so truly marvelous, Heaven's gift—my head was reeling!

"Why should I be thus honored?", with baited breath I asked. The messenger smiled divinely and answered, "One goal post have you past."

Continuing he stated, as if reading from a log—"You have learned one lesson—you love your neighbor and your God."

Still in bewilderment, confused, I said "Let me get this clear—one wish you will grant me?" He replied, "Yes, mortal dear."

In making this momentous choice I asked if I could be advised, by someone who knew more than I—someone from the skies.

Quickly he consented and inquired who my adviser would be. In a flash of inspiration Solomon's name came to me.

He on earth had a similar problem and he solved it, you knew. Wisdom was his choice—the tree on which knowledge grew.

An odd thing happened then, I had only thought Solomon's name—I never uttered it—yet like a flash he came.

Such a dazzling light. It nearly blinded me. In patient voice Solomon asked "How may I serve thee?"

In trembling words I then explained, as best I could, I was to be granted one wish and wanted his advice, so good.

From out of spirit's bountiful store of blessings, so select—which one of the many should I elect?

He hesitated a moment and a peaceful expression on his countenance came. I expected to hear the word Wisdom spoken, but that was not the name.

"Happiness" he softly said and then vanished as quickly as he did appear. Startled, dumbfounded—did I the word correctly hear?

It seemed to me so selfish—a wish such as this. Why should I have happiness and live in eternal bliss?

When my brothers and sisters in earthly life around, were suffering pains and hunger and sleeping on the ground.

Why should I want happiness when in need and want are they? Misery, famine, unemployment, and all the hardships of today?

This line of thought ceased, for suddenly like a meteor bursting before me the truth shown. Solomon in all his wisdom had spoken truly—I could not be happy alone.

Happiness for me meant the health, prosperity, and well being of others. It meant happiness for all and love and peace for my brothers.

Kind grantor of my dream wish, and Solomon, I thank Thee. Happiness is not now my lot but I pray that it soon will be.

I awoke from my dream but the essence still persists. My wish now is happiness for each one that exists.

SOMETIME, SOMEWHERE, SOME PLACE

(Dedicated to my Father)

Sometime, somewhere, some place,
I'll meet my dear ones face to face,
And, then, O God, by your grace,
May that I had gone a righteous pace.

Ashamed I'd be, and crushed indeed,
If I could not say to my parent seed:
"I have lived my life with the love of man
Beating within, I have lent a helping hand
On every occasion; I have done my best
To ease heartaches, and the homeless has been my
guest."

And when I have gone from this earthly race,
And met my friends at the resting place,
I hope they say that I am one
Who on the earth had won—
Not by preaching the Fatherhood of God throughout
the land,
But by being one who has lived the Brotherhood of
Man.

