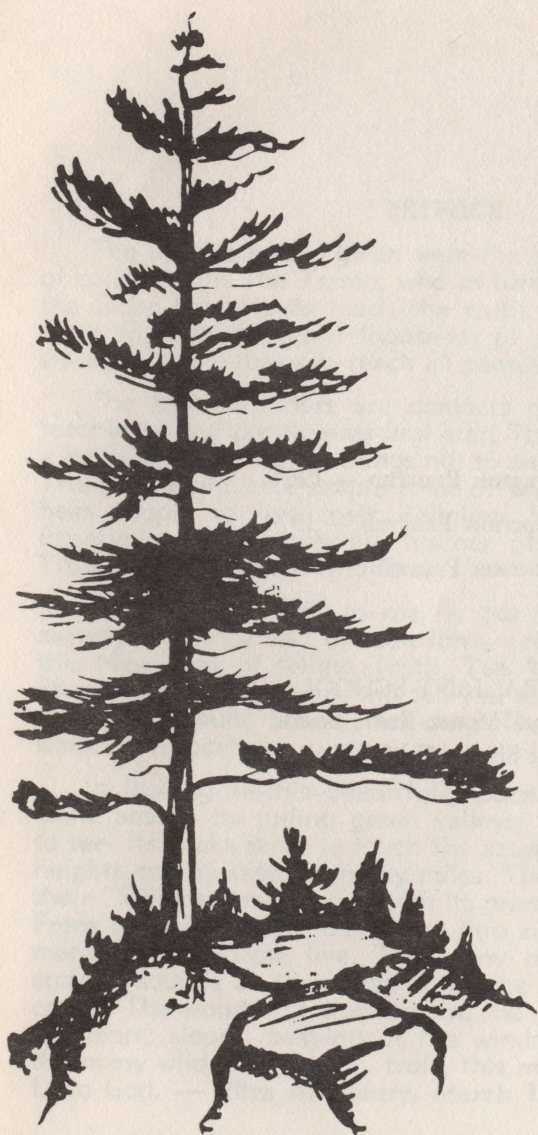




**THE
TRAMP
AT
MY
DOOR**

BY NOLA



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THE RADIANT SCHOOL
624 South Mount Shasta Blvd.
Mount Shasta, Calif. 96067

PREFACE

The incidents here given were the beginning of many years of contact with The Tramp, who in turn sent to Nola, others of the Elder Brothers to teach the truth. Truth has been taught down through the many thousands of years. It comes in many ways and many forms to reach all people in every walk of life.

The Elder Brothers are contacts of the Radiant Temple, teaching many people near and afar. The Truth is not taught as a Religion. This Truth belongs not to any Creed nor to any Cult. Truth is taught in a simple form of understanding that it may help people to live their Religious Faith more abundantly. Experience is the greatest teacher of Truth. You may hide Truth, but you cannot lose Truth.

This story, as told to me, is but the beginning of many experiences to be told in book form, coming out soon. Look for this New Way of telling Truth. **Ten Years of Experiences on Mount Shasta.** This book will tell you about many places on the slopes of Mount Shasta including The Radiant Temple, and where it is located.

In looking at this Beautiful Mountain you see it standing alone among its rolling green valleys; it is a marvelous sight to see. Its peaks seem to touch the azure skies. Its snow-capped heights can be seen for many miles. The lure of its slopes with their "Stillness" moves one with its grandeur and its magnitude. From its heights you look down into rich green valleys where many happy people live. The many mountain streams leave strange sounds as they rush down the slopes to the far away ocean. The wonder of wonders are the great trees which wood the many slopes, swaying in the winds and giving shelter to the many wild animals. Ah, truly, this mountain is a Monument Unto God. — **Eltra A. Gentry, March 1962**

INFORMATION

The Town was Richmond, California.

Jerry's Mother was Margaret Isabell Van Valer, of San Jose, California.

Jerry's name was Jerrett Ridgeway Van Valer, born in San Jose, but lived in Richmond California. Died in San Jose, California 1944.

Nola C. Van Valer, born in Ohio, married in California. Time of story lived in Richmond, California.

Two cats belonged to Mother Van Valer; cats' names Fluff and Muff.

Doc Besue, a colored man, male nurse and brought to our home by the Medical Doctor, Doctor Leatherwood of San Francisco. At this time I do not know if he is alive.

Jerry had not been dis-connected from the Army Hospital in San Francisco, as his discharge was total heart trouble, under Major Jones and Colonel Appleton.

The case was under Dr. Leatherwood, M.D., at the time of this story experience.

THE TRAMP AT MY DOOR

This is a story strange but true. I am Nola, and my late husband, Jerry, and I lived in a small town in California. The date was March 21, 1922. We had been living in our new home about a year when Jerry's mother came to make her home with us. She was a widow and all her children were married, leaving her free to do as she desired. She visited with her children quite often. Several of her children lived in this same town and attended the same "lodge" meetings, and when Mother Van was going to lodge and one of her girls was to be there she very often went home with her for the night. Mother would telephone us if this was the plan, so we would not worry about her coming in late. Mother let all the family know she considered our home her home. Always I called Jerry's mother, Mother Van. I loved her dearly for she was a good and true Christian and a good mother. Most of her life she had been a follower of Christian Science and had raised her children accordingly, and at the time of this story there were several Practitioners in the family.

Mother Van and I were in complete agreement in our way of living, for she was a very happy person. We had many enjoyable trips and vacations together. It was our daily practice to read our Science Lesson and Bible every morning. We arose early enough so that we never hurried in our study of the lesson. Thus with our meals we had many talks about "Spiritual things" and I learned much valuable information from Mother Van's answers to my many questions.

Mother Van belonged to several lodges and she spent much of her time in some office or going through the chairs, as I heard it spoken of. It was on March 21, 1922 Mother Van made plans to attend her lodge meeting and then go home with her daughter to spend the night and have breakfast with the family. Jerry and I walked up town with Mother Van to the door of her lodge building. It was a very cold, windy and foggy night, a regular March night. Jerry and I decided we would return home immediately to spend the evening in a comfortable, warm home, he to read and I would play the piano. We walked fast to get home. It seemed so good to get in where warmth and quietness was all around us, and we immediately fixed the lights just so, and Jerry picked up the paper and sat down in his big leather chair. I went to the piano to play as the mood would lead me, "especially those pieces" Jerry liked to hear. Then I heard Jerry cry out, "Oh no, oh no, how terrible!" I turned to him and asked what he was reading. He was quiet for a moment before answering me. Then he said, "The wife of one of our neighbors has been murdered, it happened this morning. Why, I rode to work with him this morning. The paper said it happened about

an hour after he left for work. Poor man, to come home and find his wife dead. I feel so sorry for him. The police believe she was feeding a tramp for they found a plate on the porch where someone had eaten food. This is only a block from us, and you know that all on this street are a block from the railroad tracks, where many tramps pass through this town daily." Then I thought, what a reward for kindness.

Jerry continued, "The police department has made a request to all homes, that all doors should be kept locked at all times. No one should open the door unless they were sure who was there. They said the same thing could be happening again, and soon, because of the constant railroad walkers. Police said they were trying to keep them moving, but because there were two railroads passing through the town, they would miss a few each day." The police request was a reasonable one and I could not imagine anyone who would not be willing to do as requested.

Our evening was spoiled, and knowing Mother Van would not be home, Jerry and I decided to retire. As I walked through the dining room I noticed three places were set as usual, and beside Mother Van's place was the Bible and the daily lesson, as though she would be with us. How thoughtful was Mother Van. As we were retiring, Mother Van telephoned Jerry not to worry as friends would take them home, right to the door. To know this made both of us feel better. When in bed night closed about us and restful sleep took over.

On Wednesday morning, March 22, 1922, Jerry and I sat eating our breakfast, trying to avoid the subject of last evening. When we had finished eating our breakfast, I took up the lesson to read. It was very interesting; the subject was "FAITH", and what could be accomplished by faith in action. It said, faith was within each, or should be, but no one would know how much faith he had until he was tested. All should strive to build their faith by paying attention to why each is brought before the trials and temptations of life. Then it referred to the 91st Psalm for our morning lesson out of the Bible. I placed the book by Mother Van's place at the table as usual.

Now it was time for Jerry to leave for work. I noticed he went to the back porch door to see that the lock was set. He came back into the kitchen, locking the kitchen door to the porch. His face was very serious, when he said to me, "Nola, I am asking you to keep these doors locked and do not open them unless you know for sure who is there. I do hope that Mother will come home early. I ask you Nola, to promise me that you will do what I request, for then I will not worry while at work." I remembered about our good neighbor, and what the police had given as a warning, so I readily promised to do as Jerry asked.

Then the cats and I went to the front porch with Jerry, to see him off for his car stop, but Jerry went down the street a little way, and then he stopped and I knew he would wait right there until I went back into the house, and this was what the cats and I did.

I intended to do my dishes and set my house in order, first starting the washing machine going. I went through the living room, picking up the paper, and started toward the table when my eyes saw the lesson and Bible. I started to read and I became so interested that I went to Mother Van's rocking chair to read more. I sat there reading all the lesson on Faith and then started to read the 91st Psalm. It seemed to carry a great meaning to me now, so I wanted to know more about this faith I should have. I read, "For he shall give his angels — charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways." It was so wonderful to read this. I wondered if it would build more faith to realize the "angels" had charge over me and my life? How was I to know how strong or how weak was my faith? Did I know how or when to use it? This was in my thinking mind as I sat reading.

I began to read the Psalm again, searching for the answer to faith. Again I read, "He shall give his angels charge over thee." It was then I heard a loud knocking at the back door to the porch. Who could it be? I had not noticed any one passing through the yard gate below the window where I was sitting. I was sure that no one could see me either. Well, I would keep quiet and they would go away. Reading again, "Surely he will deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence." There again was that loud knocking. It disturbed me very much. My neighbors all knew I did not like to be disturbed in the morning unless it was important. Yes, I could hear someone on the steps. Suppose one of my neighbors did need my help badly; it would be wrong not to go to the door and call out to be sure. Very softly I went to the "kitchen" door and called out, "Who is there knocking, and what do you want?" A voice answered, "I am hungry, please give me food." I answered right back, and crossly, "I have nothing prepared to feed you." Again I heard that soft voice say, "Please feed me, I am hungry." I turned my head and looked at the board where I prepared my foods, and there I saw bacon, eggs and cold boiled potatoes ready to fry. On the stove still warm was the coffee pot and there was the bread just where it had been left. On the table were stewed prunes, butter, cream, sugar and jelly. Running through my mind was this thought, "Nola, you have made this boast, no one would ever go away from your home hungry!" Then I knew that I had lied. Now I must face myself with what I knew was the truth. I must undo the lie.

Angrily I called out, "Well, sit down on the steps and I will

make you a warm breakfast." I looked at the clock, it was nearing nine o'clock. The cats on the cushions were watching my every move as if they wanted to tell me something. I pushed the coffee pot to the front of the stove so it would get hot.

The coffee did not smell so good, so I put fresh coffee to brew. Then I shoved the frying pan on the front of the stove to get hot, deciding to give him fried potatoes, bacon and eggs, buttered toast and coffee and the prunes.

While I was hurrying to fix this food I was doing some fast thinking. Now, how did this man get inside the yard without me seeing him? Well, I thought he must have come over the fence, and this would make him the sneaky type. I did not think this so good. I looked out the window and saw how foggy it was with that cold wind blowing so hard. My, it must be very cold out there. I wondered if he was dressed warmly, did he have a top coat? Suppose it was one of my own family out there, far away from home and friends and without work. Then I asked myself, did that make him bad? I could not find the answer. While I hurried to make the breakfast, I knew he would need to wash his hands, so I planned to take a towel and soap to the wash trays on the porch, and in doing this—this bright idea came to me. The ironing board I would let down and put paper over it to keep it clean, then I would place a chair there, and he could eat there out of the cold. In the meantime, I would be in the kitchen back of locked doors, safe and warm. I really thought this a bright idea.

It was as if I heard a voice saying, "Nola, where is thy faith?" I could not answer. How was I to know if I had faith? To be tested came the answer in my mind. I was trying to work fast, tried not to let my thoughts disturb me, and I began to pray in silence. "May God's angels take charge over me, helping me to do the right things toward this hungry man, in the right way." At last I was determined to know for sure if I did have faith, here and now I would find out. Yes, I would invite this tramp right into the dining room; to the table where we, Mother Van, Jerry and I ate daily; yes, there I would feed this tramp a good hot breakfast that might help him on his way to finding a job of work. Forgotten was the promise that I had made Jerry this morning.

Everything was ready so I walked to the porch door, ready to tell him to get washed and come to the table for his breakfast. As I opened the door I started to speak, but could not get my breath. Before me stood the dirtiest and greasiest person I had ever seen. The dirty clothes hung upon him, they were so large. I could not see his face clearly for his hat came way down upon it, and his hair, I did not see, except the straying

ends around his neck collar, but it looked as if it might be brown hair. His face was not only dirty but unshaven. I could see his eyes, and they were shining with laughter to see me so shocked, or this is what I thought at the time. His pants were so long that they covered his shoes as if to help keep his feet warm. I could not tell what race or color of skin, I just knew that he looked so very dirty. I stood speechless before him. At last I spoke, "Come in and wash, then come into the warm kitchen." Thinking, yes, I would watch his every move.

I was busy at the stove when I turned to see him standing in the open door to the kitchen, and he had that old dirty hat in his hand at his side. Was he acting shy, or was he afraid to walk upon the polished floor? I pointed to the table and the chair where he was to sit, and then he came forward, walking very softly to the chair and pulled it out and sat down. Then he lay that old dirty hat upon the floor beside his chair. Now this he should not have done, for the cats both leaped through the space upon that old dirty hat—and right then it became a ball. It went sailing over the slick floor from one room to the other; it was the time of their life, so they thought. But I was thinking differently, for now I would have the need to de-louse the cats as well as the house.

He was eating his fruit and sitting in Mother Van's place, yes, touching the snowy white linen table cloth. I took his plate, heaped with fried bacon, fried potatoes and eggs, to the table and placed it before him. I noticed that his hair was a golden brown, and was brushed neatly in place. His face looked freshly shaven, and his beard or chin whiskers were neatly trimmed. Could I believe my eyes? I was not so sure. When I took the buttered toast to the table I would look very closely and I would ask him questions. Where are you from, and why are you in this tramping act? Does your family know how things are with you? Where did you work last, and were you in town yesterday? This I must know.

Yes, I did ask these questions of the tramp at my table. Oh, I was so very sorry I had been so rude in the asking, I was indeed ashamed. It did not matter about the lousy hat now, I would give him one of Jerry's, I knew it would fit him better anyway. I had taken more coffee to the table when I noticed his hands, they were white and clean as if he had not known hard work, the nails looked as if they were well cared for; surely those were not the hands of a tramp. Thus I was thinking. Who was this man, why was he pretending? Well, I was looking this man over carefully. I would not forget anything about his looks or behavior.

I was standing a little way from the table. I stood as if entranced, knowing this man was about to speak to me. I heard

his voice firm but gentle, and looking into his eyes I saw deep understanding. I knew that I was trembling, but I also knew it was not with fear. It seemed like a great JOY was pouring over me for I now knew this man who sat at my table. Yes, it was he who had walked this earth teaching TRUTH meaning Man's Salvation. He healed the sick, made the lame to walk again, he calmed the troubled waters. He now was here in my home. Did he know me, would he tell the reason for his coming? All this I was thinking, yet I did not miss one word he was saying. "Child of earth, you have fed my hungry body, and it was done with kindness, not pity, now I shall feed your hungry soul giving you words of truth. Your Faith has been tested. Be not amazed because I am here, for I am about my Father's business and he has need of you."

I knew the tears were flowing down my cheeks, but I was not ashamed. Then I felt myself going down to my knees for I was filled with awe and reverence. It was such a heavenly feeling, so wonderful to be like this. If Jerry could be home with me now, or if Mother Van would understand. All this I was thinking, yet I heard each word he spoke. "I have knocked at many doors, but they did not hear or answer me. Those who did answer, fed me not. Many profess to know me, but they hide my light under cover lest they be scoffed at. If they speak my name — it is like an echo from the far distant past, for they recognize not the truth, for 'I AM' ever present." How true were the words he was speaking.

"I AM, are the words I did speak, but they have not been understood by many, for I was speaking of LIFE that God created in every man. In your physical form it is your Holy Breath of Life. I was not speaking of myself. When I spoke of the 'me' I was speaking of your God Mind, in you it is your — Soul Mind. This God Mind is in me, as it is in you. God created man in his own IMAGE and LIKENESS. If you can perceive this to be true, then I was created in his Image just as you. In this IMAGE and LIKENESS all men are SONS of GOD. Man must learn he needs to walk and live in this IMAGE to be like God. You cannot be lost from God, but because of the misunderstanding of the words used or written in your Bible and many writings, translated into other languages and your own language, it makes GOD seem afar off, but God is closer than your breath." On his face was a wonderful smile, it did not seem to show pity for our mistaken ideas, but held encouragement to try, and keep trying, for higher and greater understanding.

He continued saying, "When your flesh body cannot serve your Spirit and Soul longer, it passes through the change called Death, but your Spirit or the Soul never dies. Soon there will come a man among you who will show you the way, to overcome

death by ascension, many have done so already. Words are not misleading, but man is misled by his thinking in wrong terms. Bible records are all true, but you must think clearly when you read the Bible."

As he continued to talk to me the whole room seemed to be "ILLUMINATED." Now there seemed to be no walls, no ceiling; I seemed to be out in space above our house, in a cloud-like substance which hid the earth.

I heard the words, "Soon death will come close to your home, but 'I shall not' let it enter in and stay. Remember these words, I have spoken." Now I did not fear death. Soon, oh how soon I was to remember these words. But I did not see that far into the months ahead.

I heard him saying, "Dear child of earth, you shall teach the truth as I did and you will heal the sick that come believing but you shall not charge for any of this work, if you do you will lose the Power from God. In the giving—is the Blessing received. In the giving is the ability to receive."

"When you are ready to work, as I, for my Heavenly Father, I shall send to you a Teacher who will be by your side always, to guide and direct you in ways on the Path of Light. He will teach you how to Pray the Prayers of Faith. Do much studying of the Bible, there is Power in all the words. Have Faith in thy self, for Faith is the substance of all things created, of all things—hoped for. Faith is the energy to create in the Image and Likeness of God. When you do the work of Christian Faith, as I did when I walked on earth, there will be many who will shun you, will persecute you for no true reason. They will stone (grieve) you and yours, until your heart will seem to burst with grief, with no tears left to wash away the pain. Then you will think there is no place on earth, to find loyalty, no place to find Peace. Then you will understand cruelty, in its ways of ignorance. But I will never forsake you, be thou not afraid. I will answer your every call in times of need." Could I, did I, understand his words?

For a little while all was quiet, a silence like I had never known before. Again I heard his words, "Repeat to your loved one all I have said or have done and he will believe you. Be patient in preparing your way for the future. If you desire to help others or talk to them of this experience, it may hurt—by their much unbelief, but you will gain in greater understanding. Remember, I shall send to you a Master Teacher who will teach you of many things of life, and they will be truth, of God and Man and the meaning of Brotherhood. He will help you to think clearly of all things, to reason the freedom of your Soul. You will know that this teacher is my Elder Brother. Do not grieve

when you are to change this home for another. A-men A-men A-men."

I knew this man was going to leave. I remembered he extended his hands over my head, as he stood, and of a quickening sensation passing through me — as if I had received a Blessing from Heaven. Then I heard his steps as he went toward the kitchen door to the porch; I counted them and there were exactly eleven. I was yet on my knees as if I had been praying, and knowing I was alone. He was gone with the sound of the last step.

I was on my feet wondering what time it was, for I could not see the clock. It was 1 p.m. and I had not heard the noon whistle, not even the many trains as they passed close by so noisily other times. I must hurry and get the house in order before Jerry and his Mother came home, and then start dinner to cook. In the doorway to the living room stood the two cats, the old brown hat before them, and they were looking at me as if they wondered why I had not given this hat to the man. I did not pick it up at this time either, I did not know why.

Hurrying to get things in order, and thinking what to have for dinner, trying to think how to tell of this happening to Jerry when he came home — this I knew I would as soon as he came home. I hoped Mother Van would come home soon for she would understand and help me tell it without thinking me strange. Then I decided to make Jerry's favorite dish and his cup cakes, this would please him much, sort of take the edge off talking. I turned to the table to take the used things away, and found there every dish as if never used. Nothing on the table seemed touched, yet I saw him eat the food from the plate I had placed before him with the food I had prepared for him. The cup was not used, yet — I knew that I had refilled his cup. Now how would I show them anything? I was indeed bothered. I must hurry and find time to sit down for I was trembling.

All the rest of the afternoon I was alone, not one telephone call to answer. Everything that had happened I went over and over in my mind. I had broken my promise to Jerry, made that morning. That was something, how would he feel about that, I wondered? Would he understand I must know if I did have the faith that I could depend upon? I had much to ponder over, waiting for Jerry to come home.

I was puttering about the table, putting the last touch on with unusual care and taking more time than necessary, for I was nervous. I let the cats out on the front porch where they were in the habit of waiting for Jerry each evening when he came home from work. If Mother Van was at home she would be waiting on the porch also. I heard the cats jumping up and down

on the porch from the bannister and knew Jerry was coming. Rushing in without petting the cats was very unusual for Jerry, but he came straight to me, taking me in his arms, I heard him saying, "Nola dear, what has happened here today? I thought he was meaning I had broken my promise, so I answered him by asking, "Why do you ask me this?" "Well, I started to work this morning with a feeling that something unusual was going to happen; I could not tell if it would be at work, or would it be at home. I was determined to be very cautious in the security at work for there is much danger in climbing on the scaffolding in the high places. I shall make every examination to see that all is safe at work." Jerry was inspector of all high-scaffolding for the many types of work at his plant. I understood how Jerry felt about his feeling of danger. "I went up on the scaffolding and found all in perfect order, everything secure, even the extra bracing was many places, of this I was well pleased. When I reached the top, I stood still and thanked our Heavenly Father for his protection of all workers this day. As I opened my eyes I saw the green hills and the lovely valleys surrounding this plant. Such lovely beauty to rest the eyes upon. I noticed the sky had cleared and there was no fog and the wind had calmed down, it was warm and sunny. In looking down in the town I could see our little white house, the only white house in the block, among other houses of several colors. The sun seemed to be sending a Golden Ray of light upon our house, and then appeared a small white fleecy cloud and it did stay right over our house for a few minutes. I wondered if this was a sign or a warning meant for me to see. I remembered that I had read somewhere, 'except a man sees signs and wonders in the sky, he will not believe'. I came down off the scaffolding quite bothered. I had to hurry home to talk with you about it."

"Dear one," I said, "please listen to this strange story I must tell to you, and I ask you to try and understand. If I have erred, please help me, as I would help you."

Standing within the embrace of his arms I related all which had happened. I told him I had truly intended to keep my promise made to him, but as I was reading over the lesson again became interested to know if I did have faith and how strong was my faith. The more I read, the more I felt the urge to know for sure, then I could rest. I did not mean this from a curiosity point of knowing, for I needed to know so I would be sure of myself—in Faith. While I was talking, the cats came bouncing into the kitchen tossing the old hat around like it was an old ball. I told Jerry about the hat and how I thought I would need to de-louse the whole house, but now this would not be needed. Jerry picked up the hat to look it over, and this is how it looked to us: worn, a dark brown color made of felt. It was shoddy, but

not dirty. Jerry had his initials always put in his hats, so naturally he looked inside on the band to see if it would have any name or initials. There on the band was written in Golden Letters a word "Yessue" and the band seemed like new. Gently, Jerry held the hat saying, "I do not know what the word means, but I will proudly wear this hat. Yes, my dear, I do believe all this which you have told me, and together we shall find the true answer to it all, and I am sure it will come at the right time."

We had not heard Mother Van come into the house, but when we turned she was in the doorway of the living room and dining room, and she had heard all this talking, saying, "Yes, Nola, I have heard and I, too, believe all you have told Jerry." Then, as if she knew how others would receive this if they heard it, she said, "We shall consider all this together and reason about it, before we tell others anything. Let us treasure this occasion ourselves." My heart was filled with happiness to be with those I loved, those with understanding.

Mother Van noticed I had the table ready for dinner; she also noticed I had her regular place as usual, but that was where this man had sat, she did not say a word but went to the cupboard and got another plate and took it to the table and set her place opposite. I heard her tell Jerry she would like to feel this man was sitting across the table from her, and with us all again. She said we could make it seem like a mental picture.

Soon we sat down to our evening meal and the subject of our conversation was "The Tramp". I answered their many questions, and I expect I related all the story several times. Before we left the table Mother Van told us about her stay over night with Jerry's sister and of the happiness being with them. When dinner was over Mother Van and I started to clear the table and wash the dishes and then Mother Van always reset the table for breakfast. I noticed Jerry was walking back and forth between the table and the kitchen porch door. He noticed I was watching him, and he said, "No matter how I step I find eleven steps. You did count correctly. I wonder if I have been able to step in any one of his steps?"

When the work was finished, Jerry turned the small telephone light on, then we three went to the living room. Mother Van would like to crochet, Jerry and I liked to read, and much of the time I would like to play the music they would like to hear. This evening Jerry kept talking to his Mother about some of the family and her grandchildren. Jerry's Mother's family came across the plains in 1849 and were the first white settlers in Mariposa, California. His Father and two brothers came around the horn in the early 1850 time, and this family also was the early settlers of New York, so you can see our

conversation was a happy one. All at once Mother Van stopped talking and turned to me and asked — "Nola, what is the name of this new incense you are using, I like it very much?" Just then Jerry and I noticed this sweet fragrant smell, but I was not using any incense. Mother said she smelled it when she came home. Now this was strange, and I could not account for its presence. It was like when you stand in a grove of flowering trees that the dew is fresh upon the blossoms, or branches of trees dripping their moisture of night upon the many wild flowers upon the ground. Ah, it was sweet and fragrant, but not potent. It seemed to cling to the draperies at the windows and the portieres between the rooms. I said that I did not have any incense in the house, had not bought incense for months. What could it be, was the question. We talked until midnight and then hurried to retire.

Jerry was already in bed when Mother Van called out, "Don't forget to turn out the desk light." But the desk light had been turned out. Jerry got out of bed and went to see if he had forgotten to turn out the light. But no light was turned on, no light at the desk. Jerry called out to his Mother, "Come and see this wonderful Golden Glow that is all over the walls and ceiling!" Mother Van and I rushed out to see what this was that Jerry was so excited about. Yes, it was a golden glow, the whole room was lighted with it. Every object stood out and you could not miss anything. Where did this light come from? We looked at each other, trying to find the answer, but no one had an answer. Jerry went outside to see if the light would be showing through the window shades, but he was soon back and said nothing was visible from the outside. The shades were all drawn.

Standing there in this Golden Light we three talked for a long time. Then it was decided that this stranger at the door had something to do with this Light. We three, finally having no answer, went to bed so Jerry would get some rest. I dreamed of this wonderful Light and asked that it would never go out.

Dear Readers: I have led you up to the most important part of this story. This part I relate to you in words which are exactly as they happened.—N.V.V.

On March 13th, 1924, Jerry became very ill with typhoid fever. He became worse after several days, requiring three nurses to take care of him. He could not be moved to the Army Hospital which was in San Francisco. (Please remember this happened before the modern methods of today.)

Two of the nurses, (both women), took care of Jerry during the day time. The Doctor brought a male nurse to take over at night. This nurse was a colored man and highly recommend-

ed by the Doctor in charge. Mother Van took over the managing of the house during the day time and I took over the washing and of helping during the night hours. It did take many hands to help either during the day or night time for Jerry had to be moved or turned by sheets. He had wasted away so that the bone at his heels and toe ends, and along his spine were coming through the skin. Jerry was losing fast, this the family could all see and realize. And then it happened, he began to hemorrhage and consultation was called in, but there was nothing they could suggest to do. Constant internal bleeding continued until his body turned black. Then the drip, drip began from his ears, nose and mouth, most of this dripping back into his throat and he was too weak to get it out. We were beside ourselves wanting to do a little something to help him. But only doc Besue kept calm, and he never left his bedside.

Having been a nurse myself, I could not ask for better nursing care, and all were so kind to Mother Van and me. I was not thinking about the rest of any one else, besides who could want to rest. But this I did notice that this man nurse never was away from the room day or night, only to take a short and cool walk in the open air. The Doctor had said to call all the family for it was but a matter of a few hours. The regular Doctor came from San Francisco, and he was staying until the end, so he said. I sat down to rest at times but had not undressed or slept for over a week and of course this kept me at a high tension straining to hear everything. Of course I heard things being said like, I heard doc Besue saying to Mother Van, "You are privileged to have a son like your Jerry, to see him overcome death." And once he said to me, "Mrs. Jerry you are indeed blessed, God depends upon you to see this work manifested, this overcoming of death." I thought, this man is tired and does not know what he is saying, yet because he was so good to Jerry I did not answer to let him know I did not believe him. He also said that all science was a New Thought movement.

Mother Van was often led to her rocking chair, and there she would sit quietly but oh, her face showed much suffering. But she did not weep. It was I who did the weeping, tears would come, I could not stop them. I was told by one of the family that a line of people, neighbors and friends were in a constant walking line before the house, from one end of the block to the other. When I asked what they were out there for, I was told by doc Besue they were praying for Jerry and the family. It was then doc Besue told me, they were being tested by their faith, and we were being tested inside the house by our faith. I heard the Doctor tell the family that we should not try and hold Jerry back from death, and if he allowed any of the family in the room now, they would need to control themselves. Well, I thought,

just let him try to keep me from the room. All the family but one sister had arrived, but she was on her way, to arrive sometime this night. I was desperate, and I am sure most of the family felt the same way. The Doctor said one brother and sister and Mother Van and I could come in the room, that the end was near. I watched doc Besue lead Mother Van into the room, her face was pale, but she was so very calm, and she walked straight (she was a large woman) to the side of Jerry's bedside, saying not one word. She put her arm around me, trying to comfort me, while I knew that she was suffering, to help me was her thought.

Oh yes, I was learning fast now, for although I thought these words were very nice to hear at a funeral, "Oh death where is thy sting, Oh death where is thy victory?" Well now I knew, so I could tell the world about it. Was not the sting of death, for those who were left behind, not those who died and found their freedom? The victory of death. Well, that was not being able to go also with the loved one. Such was my reasoning.

I realized that we were being pushed out of the room, that there had been no good-byes, and I saw the Doctor pull the sheet over Jerry's face meaning the end. The Doctor told the oldest brother and sister that they should call a Mortician and he would make out the death certificate right away. For the Doctor would be leaving for his home soon. The family decided upon the Mortician and he was called, and he said he would come as soon as he got back from a railroad accident, which he was called out on.

The day was Saturday, March 24th, 1924. Time was 12:10 a.m. Dear God, would I ever be able to forget this date? What would life hold for me now, I kept asking myself?

Doc Besue had led Mother Van over to her rocking chair, and was now giving her a cup of tea. Only one cat sat at her feet, the other cat had wanted out and had not returned, and never did. I began walking the floor and I did not want anyone to talk to me. I was crying now out loud, and I am sure that it was very noisy, and that two of the brothers were called to stay in the room where Jerry was, one sitting just on the inside of the bedroom and the other was across sitting on my chair. The Doctor, who had missed the last ferry across the bay, was still here sitting on the window seat in our room, and I believed he was asleep. The light was very dim in the room but I could see everything, each time that I walked up and down the room I would look in, to see Jerry lying there so still in death. I wanted to control myself but this I did not seem to be able to do. I could not say anything to comfort Jerry's Mother. I just kept on walking back and forth. I wondered why the Mortician was so long in coming for now it was almost two o'clock; why was not

something done about this? But of course it did not occur to me to be the doer.

Good old doc Besue was trying to get everyone out of the house to go and get some rest. I noticed he was here and there giving kindness and much comfort to the family, and I believed he wanted to talk with me, but I did not want to give him the opportunity for I supposed he would tell me not to cry, and cry I must while I walked. I heard doc Besue tell Mother Van not to let the grief hurt her heart, for Jerry was not dead. To keep Faith with God, for he was the strength now. Now I was sure that this man was a little off by his talk. I would not listen to such foolishness. Then I realized that he was trying to keep Mother Van up because she was tired and weary.

The family was having coffee or tea and Doc Besue brought me a cup of very hot coffee and told me to drink it as hot as possible, it would give my body more strength to keep walking. I took the cup and kept walking. Once doc Besue asked me to go to the front door and look out and see the people as they walked in line before the house, but this I would not do. I kept on walking and looking in the room. I had taken a sip and stood still looking in the room. I thought I was fainting and called for help and several came running to help me, then they too saw what I was seeing, first the sheet was moving, a hand came up and turned the sheet from the face and there were Jerry's large eyes looking right at me. I saw the Doctor fall off the window seat, and I saw one brother faint to the floor, and the other brother run from the room. I could not move by myself, someone was helping me to get to the bed, but doc was already by the bed telling Jerry how happy he was to know he had come back. I heard Jerry saying, "Sweetheart, don't cry, for God has sent me back, for my work is not finished. I want two cups of black coffee, two sices of bacon and two poached eggs on toast, and I want them now." The Doctor said, "Let him have whatever he wants, nothing will hurt him now. Doc Besue said to Jerry, "Yes, my son, you shall have this food and I will feed you every bite." I was kneeling by Jerry's bed, and Mother Van was sitting in the rocking chair very close, so that we could watch every move of Jerry's eyes and lips. We did not want him to strain, yet his voice was not strained when he told Mother Van and me an angel showed him inside of a little book where it said, "Jerry, you are to go back, and finish your work on earth". So you see I did just that. His lips were smiling, yet he had turned dark in color, his eyes were very bright and he was conscious in his thinking mind. Soon doc Besue was back with the food and feeding Jerry bite by bite and sip by sip until it was all gone. I had never seen anything like this, in all my nursing career, but I heard the Doctor say, "This is not unusual, I have seen it before, but do not be hurt again, for he will go to sleep and not

waken again. I do not want to see you, the family, hurt again. Let him sleep and go in his sleep."

As I knelt by Jerry, I remembered the words that the tramp had said, "Death will knock at your door, but I will not let it enter in." Nola, where was the faith you had then, I needed it so badly now. My thoughts were asking God to give me back my faith, I would never lose it again. I promised. I did notice that the paleness had gone from Mother Van's face, and such a great joy seemed spread all over her face instead.

After doc Besue had finished feeding Jerry the food, Jerry said, "Now run along, I want to sleep for awhile and then I will talk with all of you." I saw them lead Mother Van from the room, and I was pushed along with her. I thought I saw a light of laughter in his eyes, as he watched me being pushed from the room. Yes, Jerry slept for fourteen hours, and during this time the Doctor and the nurses drained all the black blood from Jerry in such a simple way, that it did not disturb Jerry in the least. I watched the blackness slowly move down from his face and then down his whole body, and I could hear his breathing, it was stronger and stronger as the minutes passed. I heard the Doctor say, "Well I think he will make it now, with good care." The house was quiet, some of the family were sitting up, and some had gone to rest on the beds and couch, and some had gone home without knowing what had happened. The Mortician had not come as yet, and the Doctor had to wait for the morning Ferry to cross the bay. It was 8:30 a.m. when the Doctor said Jerry first moved, and now it was nearly six o'clock on this Saturday evening. I went to the front door and looked out to see the people walking up and down the street, old and young, boys and girls, and white and colored and Japanese. All who knew and respected my husband. I called to them to go home so they would not get colds, Jerry was going to be all right now, thanks to their many Prayers. They would see him at the window soon. Dear God, if this can only be true, were my thoughts.

The Doctor was leaving, saying I will come back tomorrow, will get some sleep now. If anything should happen again, please phone me, but I will come soon. He did not destroy the Death Certificate which he had made out. The Mortician had not come nor had he phoned. He was informed not to come, but they did not tell him why.

Doc Besue was trying to get Mother to lie down at least for a little while promising her he would call her at the least change. I looked at her face and although it did show that she had been under a great strain, there showed a face strong with Faith and Trust and a Mother's beauty. Thus she went to her room to rest.

A couch had been brought into the dining room so that I could lie down and rest, and have an eye upon the bed in our bedroom, to notice any movement on the bed. On this I did get some rest

Some of the sisters and brothers were staying in the home, and they were kept busy answering the many questions put to them by the many neighbors and friends. Food from many places came with each passing hour, so that we did not have to make any cooking smells to bother Jerry. Food enough for many people.

Yes, Jerry did live and worked like any normal man. He passed away over twenty years later in 1944.

On the day that Jerry passed away in 1924, the fragrant odor which everyone noticed stopped, and the glowing Light was not seen again either. Although the good Doctor tried to explain it, it was not solved.

Now about the old hat; it had been hanging upon the porch for two years, and it was not noticed that it was gone until Jerry asked to have it brought to his bed, but it could not be found, and we never did see it again.

Mother Van passed away in 1930, and my Mother passed away in 1955. Now I am all alone, nearly forty years have passed since all this happened. Now I am putting this in writing, hoping that I may encourage others who have had similar experiences to tell them so others may hear and know how things do happen for man to recognize the powers of God Life about him.

If this story has called to your memory any similar experience and you will tell it to others, then I will feel indeed blessed.

A-Men A-Men A-Men.

Nola