

READERS' QUESTIONS

There Is No Death

QUESTION: IS IT POSSIBLE to establish direct communication with the departed ones and to convince ourselves that they live?

Answer: “And ever near us though unseen our dear immortal spirits tread.” We do not need the trivial devices of materializing cabinet, slate, or ouija board to attract to us those whom we wrongly call the departed.* Our loved ones who have laid aside their earthly-bodies are not “dead and gone.” They have not been removed from our lives but merely from our limited physical vision which cannot respond to the high rate of vibration peculiar to the atoms composing their celestial bodies. They have not vanished from our space, for the celestial space inhabited by them is all around and within our terrestrial space. It is we who lack the finer senses, the four-dimensional perception necessary to make us cognizant of the heavenly spheres that encompass and interpenetrate our earthly spheres.

There is no dark and sinister curtain shrouding the land of the dead from that of the living; the veil behind which our dear ones seem to have disappeared is only a deception formed by the incapability of our physical senses to be impressed by vibrations *beyond* a certain rate. This is the meaning of the Great Beyond into which our loved ones have passed. Not a poetical meaning at all, but quite literal and explicit—and comforting. They are not beyond nor above in some vast unapproachable distances of the starry dome; they are right here, right near. The atoms of their heavenly

*Mrs. Heindel took over the editorship of the Rays magazine upon Max Heindel's translation January 6, 1919. The present answer to a reader's question appeared in the April '20 issue of the Rays. Based on the certitude, explicitness, and fervor with which Mrs. Heindel responds, the reader has good reason to believe that she speaks from first-hand evidence in describing contacts with the “living dead.”



Watercolor, James J. Tissot, Brooklyn Museum of Art

Mary Magdalene Questions the Angels in the Tomb

“He is not here, he is risen!” This is the great light that lightens every tomb, that flames with celestial radiance against the background of our deepest sorrow: ‘Christ is risen!’ and because He lives, our Elder Brother, we shall live also.”

bodies are only vibrating at a pitch beyond that of our physical bodies.

Matter is no more and no less than a rate of vibration. The difference between the lower and higher, the denser and the finer forms in which the glory of life eternal manifests is a difference in the speed at which the atoms spin. As the Apostle said, “All flesh is not the same, there is human flesh and flesh of cattle, of birds and of fishes. There are

bodies which are celestial and there are bodies which are earthly, but the glory of the celestial ones is one thing and that of the earthly is another. There is one glory of the sun, another of the moon, and another of the stars, for star differs from star in glory.”

The atoms of celestial matter vibrate with a rapidity far beyond that of physical matter, and the division of celestial matter into ethereal, desire and thought matter is based on a corresponding difference in vibratory rate. The higher planes to which our dead have risen are not higher in space, but a higher rate of vibration prevails and regulates the conditions of life upon them.

The old Latin hymn is literally true, “*Media vita in morte sumus,*” which Luther translates “In the midst of life we are encompassed by death.” The regions of the dead are within the regions

of the living, only the dead function in celestial bodies, the living in physical bodies.

Where the New Testament speaks of the resurrection of the dead it uses synonymously the expressions “they arise” or “are raised” or “are lifted up,” all three terms indicating not elevation in space but exaltation of being. The Greek verb used by St. John to report the women and Apostles seeing the risen Christ is one denoting not the outer process of perception through the physical eye, but an exalted vision by means of a sublimated inner sense.

The Bible has been given to the Western world by the Recording Angels. It contains exhaustive information, convincing proof. It is *our* book, and we are blessed and fortunate in the possession of the joyous Easter message delivered by the Gospels. Yet, as if we were “heathen without hope” we turn for consolation to dreary and confused accounts of doubtful physical phenomena and waste our efforts on contrivances of mediumship which are futile as they are profane. Have we no

reverence for the dignity of our dead nor for that of our Master, Christ Jesus? Are we a Christian nation? Is the Western world to which we belong a Christian world? Why then revert to unwholesome practices which were rampant amongst the decadent nations of antiquity before the time when the pure Christ spirit in the pure body of Jesus came to purify the earth?

The ignorance amongst us is amazing, or else we should know that Babylon and Egypt, Greece and

Rome, in their last stages of devolution, were practicing necromancy; that is, trying to conjure and hold converse with the dead by means and devices quite similar to those which have become the fashion among many so-called Christians of today. Only on the grounds of ignorance can this dabbling be

excused, though it must not be tolerated —this desire to imitate the dark and dangerous follies of a corrupt pre-Christian society.

In an Egyptian tomb of the last century B. C. there was found a planchette. The tomb enshrined a lady of fashion, and in all the capitals of that time fashion decreed that society should gather around the sorceress, play at necromancy, and court black magic. That was two thousand years ago and among “heathen without hope.” But we have received the Easter message, “Christ is risen.” If we will only find quiet from the din of the material world and listen to the meaning of the Easter news, gladder and grander than that of Christmas, we cannot help but respond in triumphant rejoicing, “He is risen indeed.” And with Him arise all our dear ones! “Death, where is thy sting; grave, where is thy victory?”

Since the one reason which prevents us from consciously mingling with the celestial world of our dead lies in the inadequacy of physical matter

In order to reach the dead we must rise into the celestial, and it is a sad confusion indeed that whirls so many of our contemporaries in the opposite direction, and rushes them into frantic endeavors to drag our dead down into the physical.

to respond to the requirements of that world, it is obvious how ignorant and futile the attempts are to communicate with them through physical means. In order to reach them we must rise into the celestial, and it is a sad confusion indeed that whirls so many of our contemporaries in the opposite direction, and rushes them into frantic endeavors to drag our dead down into the physical. Let us listen not to the lying trivialities of the ouija board but to the solemn rhythms within us. The ouija board, as other appurtenances of mediumship, including crystal balls and mirrors, is of the physical, and all its spellings spell but one word, *death*. The rhythms *within* us are the Easter song of Life, for they indicate the quickly growing vibratory speed of our inner, celestial vehicles by means of which alone we can raise ourselves to the level of our *risen* dead.

“He is not here, He is risen; why do you seek the living amongst the dead?” Thus spoke the Angel to the women on Easter morning when they came to look for the beloved Master in the tomb. There is an atmosphere of death surrounding mediumistic seances repellent to sensitives, and those who play at communication with the dead by physical means play in a tomb where the truly dead congregate—soulless elementals, vampirizing entities, galvanized shells. But our dear ones, our living dead are not there. They have risen above base, gross physical matter, the low vibrations of which are equivalent to death, into a state of being never to be contacted by groveling in the physical.

And behold, after the women had turned their faces from the darkness of the grave to the light of the rising sun, they saw the risen Master walking toward them and heard the voice loved above all greeting them as of old. The tomb, the dark house made of earthly matter, was empty; the physical form was relinquished, given to disintegration. The Ego which they loved was no longer connected with dense matter; the sublime individuality which they revered had risen above physical confines and clothed itself with the celestial raiment of a



Oil on canvas. Carl Bloch, 1834-1890. Frederiksborg Castle Chapel, Copenhagen

The Supper at Emmaus

“And it came to pass, as he sat at meat with them, he took bread, and blessed it, and brake, and gave to them. And their eyes were opened, and they knew him; and he vanished out of their sight.” The artist has painted a solid-seeming Christ just prior to His dematerializing.

finer form.

The Master’s physical body had disappeared, yet the women on Easter morning, and later the Apostles, Disciples, and five hundred of his followers, *saw Him*—saw Him in a body resembling the dear familiar one but raised above it in glorious beauty. In this radiant, translucent, celestial form, free from the limitations of three-dimensional space, He appeared almost simultaneously in Judea and Galilee and entered the locked rooms where his faithful assembled.

The Christ arose by having his vehicle of consciousness lifted up or raised to a rate of vibration higher than that of the relinquished physical body, and it is after His manner that the resurrection (which means rising) of all the dead takes place.

The poet says “Heaven lies about us in our infancy.” In fact, it lies about us all the time, but in

infancy alone, when we have just returned from the heaven worlds, do we still possess the finer senses by which we contact it. Later in life our perceptions become so dulled that the forms of the heavenly playmates with whom our children hold converse are not visible nor their voices audible to us. To the child they are as real and natural as the inhabitants of the physical world, and it wonders why mother and father are not aware of its visitors. These come and go at will through locked doors and solid walls, since the atoms of their rarified bodies, owing to their enormous rate of speed, find no obstacle in those of dense matter, through which they easily pass. The apostles had secured their doors in fear of



From *Die Bibel in Bildern*, Julius Schnorr von Carolsfeld (1789-1853)

The Resurrected Christ Appearing to His Disciples by the Sea of Galilee

Their search for "meat" was unsuccessful until the Risen Christ appears and tells them where to cast their nets. So ever shall it be when the inner Christ directs our lives.

the Jews, yet they suddenly found the Master Jesus who had "died" on Golgotha sitting amongst them.

If we had the pure, child-like vision of those pious men, we could also see the loved ones who apparently left us forever, smilingly sitting in our midst. When the risen Jesus appeared to the two apostles on their way to Emmaus, they had been quietly and lovingly talking of Him, and on other occasions when He showed himself to the Twelve, these were gathered in brotherly communion, single hearted in their devotion to the Master, ready to listen, not with excited eagerness but with a deep, strong yearning, their minds attuned to the benediction "Peace be with you."

When He appeared to John and Peter and their companions at dawn on the shore of the Lake of Galilee, there was the silence of Nature about them, the hushed expectancy of early morning, the pure breath of the waters and the hills. The casting and raising of nets as reported in the Gospel according to St. John is entirely symbolical. Not in

the depths of the lake but in the hidden recesses of their own souls were those patient fishermen searching for something—something wonderful, great, and mysterious. They were waiting for something, working for something—something new and triumphant which they felt must come if they but persevered. The Master had said, "A little while and ye do not see me, and again a little while and ye shall see me." Not to hoist fishing nets filled with creatures of the water had they come to the silence of Lake Tiberias, but to collect and gather in the strong net of self-control the erratic emotions inclined to dart hither and thither as the fish of the uncertain deep, and to raise their own inner natures—raise them nearer to Him. The Christ had risen; if they wanted to meet Him they must raise themselves. Their self-discipline, their trust, their hope, were rewarded when they saw the Master standing on the shore. "My children," he said unto them.

If we are but quiet, calm, and serene, if we neither

give way to lamentations nor seek distraction in the turmoil of the world, nor stoop to the indignities of mediumistic devices, if we just wait and work and trust, and love and listen, our dear ones will come to us. They will come with the tender light of the dawn or the soft after-glow of the sunset. They like the silent time of dawn and twilight. They like the gleam of the morning star and the mellow tints of the early evening when earth and heaven merge into one. If we are at home to them at those hours they will not fail to visit us. They like the fragrance of the hills, the pure faces of the flowers, the clear notes of the birds. They like the solemn sound of the sea, a child's voice, the strain of a sweet melody, the harmonies of great music. They like all that is in accord with their own heightened rate of vibration and all that has an uplifting effect upon us. They have been raised; if we wish to commune with them we can only do so by raising ourselves. To be at home for them means to attune our pitch to theirs, and the closer the approach of our vibratory rate to that of their supernal world, the clearer will be our perception of their presence, until from a shadowy impression it rises to a glorious vision, face to face.

What is meant by the assurance that our dear ones are ever near us is the comforting fact that they are not separated from us through miles of space never to be bridged, or to be traversed only by weary journeys. It would be erroneous, however, to suppose that they hover around us, as it were, anxiously waiting for our beck and call. They love us still with a love raised both in intensity and purity as becomes their raised state, though they have their own lives to live, filled with the pursuits of their own peculiar spheres, their own progress to make, their own opportunities to seize. Raised above the necessity for rest and sleep, the Ego functioning in a celestial body is free to take its share in an activity which is as ceaseless as the effulgence of the never-waning heavenly light. But when in my sleeping hours I go home to them, I may again take part in their lives. And all through the day the most marvelous communications system, namely that of love, keeps me connected with them.

The scientist knows much about the great law of vibration, but the Christian knows more. He knows

that pure Love is the highest vibration in the Universe. He knows that thoughts of this love are the most powerful transmitters of wireless messages into all planes of being. No matter how quickly ethereal matter or desire matter vibrates, the vibration of loving thought is more rapid still and reaches immediately the consciousness of my loved ones on their heavenly plane. In answer to the call in my heart they will stand with me by the ocean and walk with me over the hills; they will linger with me on the garden paths in the sweet company of my flowers, and with the cadences of inspired music they will glide to my side. They will join me in prayer at the place of worship; the sound of the organ will bring them, the master musician's symphony or the simple song of childhood days sung in a home where harmony reigns. They come with the breeze that wafts in through the open window and mingle their fond whispers with those of the summer air. And when after the day's faithful work I rest by the fireside where once we used to sit hand in hand, the wonderful, the indescribable happens:

*I feel their touch a breath of balm,
My spirit sees them and my heart
Grows comforted and calm.*

They do not come in a physical body nor make their presence known by physical means, but we will feel their nearness with an intensity which is far more real than any experience in the physical world—feel it as something so sweet, so tender, so wondrously gladsome that the delight of it remains a sacred mystery never to be resolved in words. We do not know what love is until we have lost the loved one and then experienced the immensity of feeling, the infinity of happiness, the beatitude of perfect peace in such moments of reunion. The mere memory of them leaves our soul filled with rhythms of transcendent beauty incomparable and unknown to us before—the rhythms of a higher vibration which, if we not only maintain but constantly increase it, will make the contact with our dead more and more conscious, the happy moments more frequent and of prolonged duration, until the last illusion of the enemy called death has vanished in the triumphant certainty of daily resurrection. □