

## MAX HEINDEL'S MESSAGE



### *Attending His Own Funeral*

he here?"

"I have never officiated at a funeral where the so-called 'dead' was not present and an interested spectator," answered Mr. Heindel. He then went on to tell a number of interesting experiences concerning the behavior of the "dead." "Mostly," he said, "they sit quietly in their seat watching what takes place just like any of the people we

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call 'living,' though the meaning of the common term 'the quick and the dead' should really be reversed; for we who are imprisoned in this heavy lump of clay and subject to innumerable pains and ills, are really much more dead than the disembodied spirits we so designate; while they, who know no sickness, who can feel no fatigue, who move swifter than the wind without making the slightest effort, should really be called the quick.

"But at the time of the funeral many of them have not yet found themselves, so to speak, they have just come out of the meditation on the panorama of the past life which passes before them in reverse order, from death to birth, to show them how events in their lives were generated by antecedent causes, and so far as the multitude goes, which does not study *Life*, they are generally hopelessly muddled at the whole proceedings. They very often realize that they must have 'died,' for they see the body in the casket, but they see

**W**HEN word

came to Mount Ecclesia that Frank English, one of our Los Angeles members, had shuffled off the mortal coil, and that the editor was expected to officiate at the services prior to cremation of the body, a party was made up of the workers on Mount Ecclesia and we went to Los Angeles Sunday morning, helped to lay the body away, and journeyed back to Mount Ecclesia, a total distance of 190 miles, in time for Mr Heindel to speak at the evening Service—a pretty strenuous day's work.

But that is only an incident recorded to pave the way for the burden of our story, and bring out the fact that people usually attend their own funerals. This was learned when someone asked the editor after the services: "Did you see English, is

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themselves with a similar form, which to them feels just as solid and real as the thing that is dead.

“Then they cannot make out why they are still in their old home and why they have not seen anything of the judgment seat and heaven or hell—that is if they believed in that. If they have been materialists they probably begin to wonder how they can think or continue to exist. I have met only a few materialists on the other side, and have not asked them about their feelings in that particular respect, but they were all very much put out at being gradually forced to revise their theory that annihilation follows physical death. They wanted extinction of consciousness and were very unhappy.

“People who have studied the mystic teachings promulgated by the Rosicrucian Fellowship, and kindred organizations, differ radically as a class from the majority, for they recognize instantly, upon awakening from contemplation of the panorama of life, the essential facts of the case. They know that they have entered the lower regions of the invisible world and that they are entering upon a new phase of evolution. Most of them are quiet and subdued, feeling the importance of the change, and considerably awed thereby for the time being. They usually go to a part of the room where the services are being held that is as far from everybody as possible.

“But I have always noticed that if the conversation in the room is made to run in a cheerful channel, it has a wonderful effect in brightening the friend. Several times I have had the satisfaction of seeing them come out of their corner and become very bright, with a corresponding raise in the barometer in all the ‘living.’ On one occasion the ‘dead’ man grew so interested and so cheerful that he nearly stumped me in the middle of my address.

“When I first entered the room, this man was sitting in a corner very quiet. He knew the teachings and was evidently fully awake to facts, but it was also clear that the situation weighed rather heavily upon him. So I at once made every effort to administer ‘consolation to the dead’ by a cheerful conversation on the subject of death and the after condition with the widow, relating a number of experiences to illustrate the different points, and very



*Technically, death results from the rupture of the physical body's seed atom, whereupon the heart stops and the vital body and spirit exit the dense body. However, it is still connected to the Ego's higher vehicles by the silver cord until the the panorama of the past life has been etched into the desire body. Then the silver cord snaps, the vital body gravitates back to the dense body, decomposing along with it, and the spirit enters the Desire World. The above picture correctly shows the separation of the soul body and spirit from the dense physical at the moment of “death.” Jesus' situation is unique in that while the seed atoms of his dense and vital bodies were returned to him by Christ immediately after the Crucifixion, the vital body containing the record of his thirty years of experience in the physical world is being held for the Christ as His means of final egress from the Earth.*

soon the “dead” man pricked up his ears and came over and seated himself by his life-companion.

“During the service he remained there sitting bolt upright and alert. He listened carefully while I explained to the audience that that lump of clay in the casket was only as a garment which our friend had used a little while, and that in time it would be replaced by a new and better body in which he would learn new lessons in life's Great School.

“Meanwhile, I had continued to point with the left hand to the body in the open casket, while the right was poised aloft. I was getting ready to quote Sir Edwin Arnold’s inimitable poem that begins: ‘Never the Spirit was born! The Spirit shall cease to be never!’ I started to say, ‘As Sir Edwin Arnold says’:

“Then came a climax which I had not anticipated. Suddenly the “dead” man glided from the couch where he was sitting, in a bee-line through the table at which I stood, over to the casket, where he looked with great interest at the discarded form, evidently regarding it in a light he had never really understood before; and he remained thus, lost in thought for several minutes.

“But to say that I was taken aback by this unlooked-for incident is putting it mildly. Instead of keeping my mind on the address, I involuntarily followed the motions of our ‘dead’ friend to see what he would do, with the inevitable result that I lost the thread of my discourse for a minute, and repeated lamely: ‘As Sir Edwin Arnold says.’ Then, with a mighty effort, I gathered my thoughts and went on.

“There were two remarkable things about this performance. In the first place, people usually walk from place to place for some time after they leave the body, until gradually they find out that they can glide more swiftly than the wind. They also seem to have an instinctive dread of going through a wall or a closed door, even if they know from their studies that it can be done. Above all, they dread having a ‘living’ friend come and sit down in the chair where they are sitting. Perhaps that is the real reason why they usually go and sit down in a corner at their funerals.

“But in this case the gentleman glided across the room, and straight through the table and a vase of flowers, right to the casket. This shows me that he must have become so absorbed in the one idea that his discarded body was just like an old overcoat, and that during that fit of abstraction he unconsciously obeyed the laws of motion of the invisible realm instead of the customary physical method of locomotion.”

“Oh, about English, how does he act?”

“Why, you must remember that he was a mem-

## Song Celestial

Never the Spirit was born  
The Spirit shall cease to be never;  
Never was time it was not,  
End and beginning are dreams;  
Birthless and deathless remaineth  
the spirit forever.

Death has not touched it at all,  
Dead tho the house of it seems.  
Nay, but as one layeth  
A worn-out robe away  
And taketh another, sayeth,  
This will I wear today,  
So putteth by the Spirit  
Lightly its garment of flesh  
And passeth on to inherit  
A residence afresh.

—Sir Edwin Arnold

ber of the deeper degrees where he had been taught to assimilate the life panorama day by day, so that when he passed out of the body there were probably but a few straggling ends that had to be picked up, before the Silver Cord would break and leave him free in full possession of his consciousness. This work had made him acquainted with the invisible world years ago, so that he was quite at home. Besides, four days have elapsed since he passed over, so he probably feels all right, at least he looks it—going about among us and stopping now at this group of friends, now at that. When he saw me, he nodded and smiled as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened.

“I only wish everybody could see the friends after they pass over; and it is always a wonder to me that they cannot, for during the first few days and weeks they seem to me just as dense as the radiations of heat above a steam radiator. But thank God, the day is coming.” □