

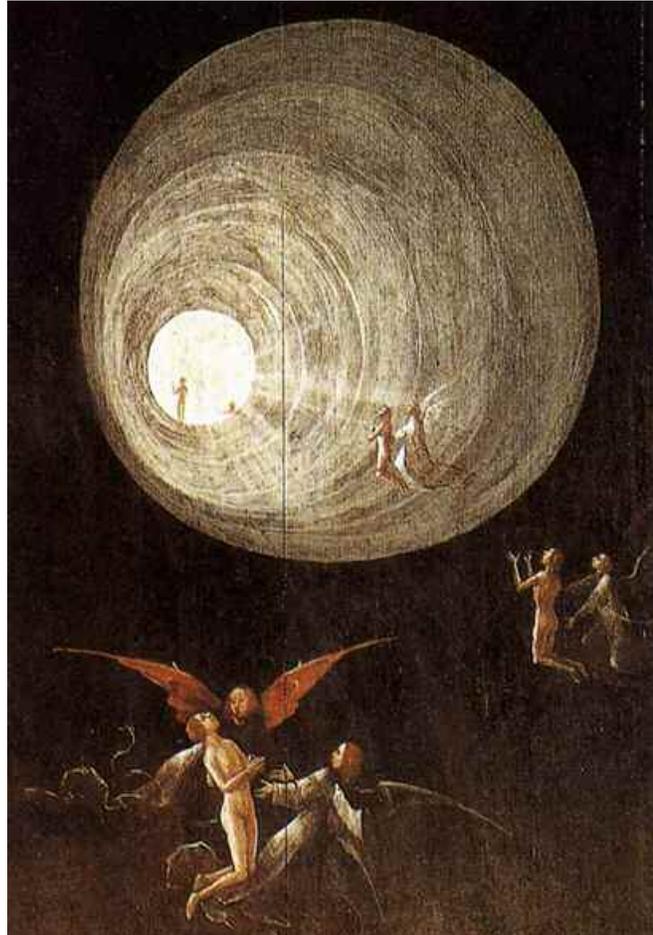
A Doctor Witnesses a Transition

I WAS EDUCATED in ordinary materialistic medical methods of caring for the sick and paying attention to merely physical health. But in spite of this training, which stunted and pushed back the finer sensitivity of the spiritual part of myself, I longed for knowledge and happiness that no material means or method of living had offered me.

All my life there has been the pulling to things of the occult. I seemed to absorb, unconsciously at times, the positive knowledge that man lived after he threw off his material body and winged his way to realms unknown. I clung to this belief in spite of my material-based, scientific education which only aimed to more highly develop the five physical senses, and entirely omitted any thought of things beyond what the eyes and ears and intuition might tell us. So that, though I was able to witness the flight of the spirit from the body at the moment of physical death, I am unprepared to go so far as to say that there was not some doubt in my mind as to continuous living, whether in or out of the physical body.

Therefore the following incident changed the entire course of my reasoning and knowledge of life, for I now know that our limited life here on earth in the physical body is but a moment's duration compared with all the time in which we may continue to develop that indestructible part of ourselves—the soul.

I had been called in professionally to see my aunt on what became a most momentous evening. With no idea of her immediate passing, I had merely called because of personal interest and love for this



Oil on panel, 1500-04. Hieronymus Bosch (1462-1516). Palazzo Ducale, Venice

Ascent of the Blessed

A vision confirming details of many recent accounts of a soul's transition (without breaking the silver cord) to the heaven world.

woman who represented all I had left of my mother's family. So that evening I stopped in to assure myself that all was well with the patient, at least for a few days.

Of course I did realize my aunt's serious condition. She was seventy-three years old and presented very decided symptoms of cancer. While she had been suffering severe pain, she seemed unusually hale and filled with vitality for one in her condition, so I had not thought of any immediate danger. My sister and I were alone with her on that evening.

When I first dropped in to see her she appeared

rational and strong. Her heart was beating rhythmically and normally. She seemed in quite good condition. But after I had been there for a short while I seemed, entirely by intuition, to sense a change in her physical condition. I became aware that her transition was not many hours away.

I saw the growth of the spirit body from a vague indistinct foglike substance into the living beautiful angelic body of my aunt in the vigor of her life.

Then the symptoms of physical dissolution presented themselves so that the physical part of me, the educated five senses, might know and understand that physical life was in danger. I am happy to notice now that the spiritual perception was the keener, and I knew first, without intellectual reasoning, that her span of life was finished, entirely through spiritual perception.

I detected the rapidly failing pulse, irregular shallow breathing and all the attendant symptoms of a failing organism. I saw that the physical expression was changing, the tired lines in her face seemed to increase in prominence, and the violent lashing to and fro due to pain commenced to diminish in intensity. Thus the physical part of me knew that “death” was imminent.

Then we called those who were near and dear to us and sat at the bedside awaiting that inevitable angel whose visit we have learned to fear and dread. We awaited—Death!

The transition, the act of the etheric body separating itself from the physical body, covered a period of many hours. The process of “dying” was long drawn out; the process of death on one plane and birth into a higher one was a thing which progressed very slowly so that I was indeed much privileged at this time to watch, with the physical and spiritual eye, the many details of the change.

Beginning signs of death occurred at ten in the evening. The last travails of the physical body did not cease until seven the next morning, so all that

night was spent in the borderland between the physical and spiritual, during which time I underwent one of the most amazing experiences of my life.

For I saw the vital separation of the spiritual element of the body from the physical envelope. I saw the formation of the cord that joined together the ethereal body with the physical. I saw the growth of the spirit body from a vague indistinct foglike substance into the living, beautiful, angelic body of my aunt in the vigor of her life. I saw the pulsating waves of spirit course through the spiritual cord that connected the two bodies, and then, at the exact moment of the birth of the soul into the spiritual plane, the cord was severed and the new life in the new world had begun, even as death in the physical plane had claimed the physical body.

I watched closely each process of the “death” which miraculously turned into a “birth.” Life was there, and still is; I saw not death but merely the transition from one plane of life to another.

The first thing I detected with my spiritual eye as I sat at the bedside of this loved one was the gradual formation of the etheric body apart and separate from the physical one. Immediately above the pain-wracked physical body I detected a vague hazy outline of mistlike substance which resembled nothing physical so much as a fog or a bit of condensing steam. I watched this form with interest and amazement. For it seemed to possess life that was apart from any outline of cloud that I had ever witnessed before.

This substance seemed to form itself about two feet above the bed and over the physical counterpart. It seemed to elongate itself until it was as long as the physical body. And then it commenced molding itself into definite outline. I saw first the coarse general outline of a body. Then I saw the growth of spiritual draperies. Then I saw the beginning of features and the outline of expression upon the face. I was seeing a mirrorlike reproduction of my aunt’s physical body, except that here was expressed youth and beauty and peace and content. The eyes were closed in unearthly sleep. There was nothing suggested to me but peace and repose.

As I looked at the emergence of this spiritual body it all seemed such a natural thing, as though there could be nothing of the struggle and pain that

I had seen. My eyes opened wider in wonderment as the spiritual form took on more vividness and life.

Then my spiritual vision seemed to be transferred, through no volition of my own, to watching the physical body, whereupon I saw the “silver cord,” which was still connecting the two bodies, giving life to each and furnishing the means of transferring life from the physical to the spiritual. This cord was about two feet in length, composed of a soft, glistening, silver radiance that was almost luminous, so bright did it shine out before me. It protruded from the physical body at the base of the skull at the occipital protuberance. Then it passed up and away from the physical body where it joined the spiritual counterpart at the same place at the base of the head in the spiritual body. The cord itself seemed to be composed of small silverlike strands, each separate and distinct and yet all molded into a ropelike substance. Where the contact was made with the physical body I could see that the strands had separated and become flat so that they attached themselves to the physical body as a single flat surface.

As I watched this miraculously grow before me I could see the pulsations of spiritual energy that coursed through the cord to give more life to the spiritual body. As the energy was transferred into the immortal part, so was life lessened in the physical. The freeing of the spiritual essence from the incumbrance of the physical constituted death of the inanimate clay. Thus was given to me the knowledge of the primary attribute of spiritual matter which is essentially the Activator.

At this time I opened my eyes more fully to the spiritual life which was round and about me—before it had been ignored and unseen. For I glanced up and saw the spiritual actuality of my beloved mother who had years before made the transition out of the physical. Then I saw the form of my uncle, the husband of my aunt who was about to cross over and meet her loved ones. I saw too, the son, my cousin who had long ago gone on to new adventures. I saw others, also, round about me, gathered into that little room that had suddenly become for me a shrine, a sacred place, where I might more nearly come into the presence of Life eternal. I was awed and pleased with the presence



Line engraving, 1808, William Blake, Yale Center for British Art, Paul Mellon Collection

Death's Door

Blake illustrates the transformative effect of death, whereby the spirit, upon being liberated from its material casement, manifests in full radiant vigor, even as the rising sun.

of these unexpected visitors.

Again my attention was called to the spiritual body of the one who was about to enter the new dimension of existence. Now the spiritual counterpart was more real than the physical. A radiance hovered over the etheric one now and life was more definitely manifested there. The expression of the face had changed and the mouth had assumed a radiant smile. The draperies were bright with the soft light of the astral. The cord connecting the two bodies glowed more brightly. I knew that the transition was almost completed.

I watched the group of spirit loved ones gathered there. They seemed happy beyond any happiness possible in the material world. I saw them place a wreath of etheric flowers on the head of the bed. This was a wreath of dark red roses of a hue and tint impossible to accurately describe. No material flower could compare with their beauty. Each blossom radiated a splendor superior to anything I had ever before beheld.

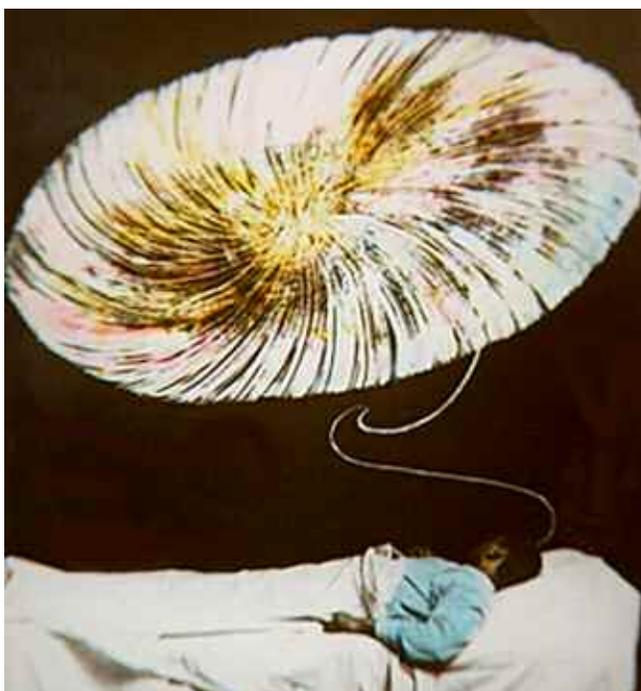
As I looked at the scene before me I was struck by the extreme naturalness of it. I did not wonder at the developments. It all seemed so very logical and ordered. I had watched and assisted at physical births before, and the comparison came very naturally to me.

The death on the physical must certainly mean birth to a new mode of life. All nature led me to believe that. And the birth into the new life would be just as natural, or more so, as a birth into the physical. Then what could be so strange about the fact that those who were vitally interested should come and be the assisting inspiration? I accepted all of this then in a conviction of absolute knowledge. For me the horizon of life had lifted. Again I looked at the picture before me. I now heard joyful voices chanting. I knew it was the welcoming song calling the loved one into her new home. Then, even as I looked at the bed where lay the poor pathetic picture of pain and worldly defeat, the white covers of the bed vanished as there came into my vision the sight of soft dark red rose petals as they were scattered there by those who were waiting with the heavenly welcome.

And then a voice, quite softly at my ear, said, "Only twelve minutes more!"

I repeated those words to the watchers at my side. I held my watch expectantly as the minutes ticked off recording the twin processes of birth and death.

Again my attention was called to the silver connecting cord. I watched the strands of which it was formed. I saw the first strand snap and curl back, just at the connection to the physical body at the base of the brain. Then another strand snapped and curled back even as does a taut string when it is cut away from its support. Thus during those long twelve minutes was the preparation made for the loosening of the final earthly connection with the



A simulation of the coruscating vital body and the positively structured desire body (clockwise currents) outside the physical body at the moment of death, a condition that occurs each night in sleep. The silver cord does not break at the point where the "sixes" unite until the vital body can no longer sustain the ego's conscious review of its past life's panorama.

freed etheric body.

And now the time was almost up. The actual time for the severance of the last connecting link between the two bodies was at hand. I was about to witness the final casting off of earthly ties and the winging of the soul onward and upward into new experiences that she could not gain as long as she was held fast to the physical body.

Then I saw the severance of the last strand of the cord that connected the soul of this one I loved with any tie of earthly origin. There was produced before my sight, symbolically, a pair of golden shears. These shears opened and closed and the spirit body was free.

The spirit body slowly righted itself and floated to an upright position. The expression took on a look of consciousness and animation. The eyes slowly opened and glowed with life and love. The face now was transfigured with joy and radiant happiness. The spirit robes softly draped themselves about the newly freed spirit body.

And then the true spirituality began to present itself. Where before there had been retained some

of the appearance of old age and care, now this part seemed to drop away. I was looking at a soul in all the majesty of its prime. I was seeing youth and yet the full maturity of experience. I was seeing the zenith of the soul who had completed a life of service and self-denial for others. I was seeing the spiritual reward for a well-spent life.

Never could I sorrow or wish her back with me to fight again the bitter battles of earth-life. Never could I grieve over the absence of the physical presence. Never could I allow the picture of the spiritual birth and awakening to dim itself in my spiritual eyes.

Always would I have the knowledge of this transition with me. My burden would be lifted and my thought would be upon the intangible knowledge which was mine, which intellect could never purchase. I would have before me the living example of the grandeur of God's great universe, and mankind's sad lack of spiritual knowledge.

I will vouch for the authenticity of the above picture as I have described them. Since these experiences I have been honestly trying to learn more about life. I want to discern more of the reality of things and not be misled by deceptive appearances. Therefore I have studied Rosicrucian teachings. And many questions have been answered. My eyes have been opened to some of earth's guarded secrets. I know that I wandered afar, at first, from true reality when I limited my vision and searched only for material knowledge. Then I avoided seeing the underlying causative factors and only judged from the reflected effect which I mistook for reality.

But since that time all is changed. I have developed that positive clairvoyance and clairaudience which promote mastery over material conditions and reveal positive realities of the universe.

When but a little lad, as I recall it now, I was constantly being brought up against facts in the occult world. But at the time I was entirely ignorant of that. I know now that I was privileged to look into the various realms of nature and view the fairies and elves and little folk at work, but I was scoffingly told that I imagined it all.

Many a time at night I awakened and peered fearfully down under my bed in the dark, to watch

the wee ones dancing near me there. But the unseeing world, the world of blinded, materially-minded men and women ridiculed me into silence. Thus was submerged a natural faculty which was rightfully mine because I had earned it.

But the great cosmic Force behind this would not be pushed back into obscurity. This longing for the occult, the hidden, asserted itself all my life. I read, ravenously, all that came to me concerning that mysterious life beyond the senses. Until at last one day there fell into my hand some literature belonging to the Rosicrucian Fellowship, and then that gem, Max Heindel's *Cosmo-Conception* came to me.

Since that time many things have cleared for me. Through the knowledge gained from those sources I have brought back into activity that suppressed sixth sense. I view life as a grander, greater thing now. My horizon of life has been immeasurably expanded. I know, whereas before I only longed to know. Today I try consciously to work in harmony with the desire and etheric forces. I see more clearly, I know more truly, I understand more deeply; and the Rosicrucian Philosophy has helped me do that. Therefore I feel much indebted to this school of thought which has put me right with the universe.

Each one of us is placed here to secure experience and enlightenment. Each person learns according to their individual needs. I would learn by positively aligning myself with natural forces and by working in harmony with natural law.

I find that I must depend upon knowledge beyond the physical plane of life if I would glimpse Reality. I find that I must tune in to higher vibrations if I would even guess at the grandeur of God's great universe. I find that I must give up preconceived opinions that have been arrived at by hearsay, if I would know the heart and soul and truth of things.

For I find that it is impossible to live contrary to the laws of God and the laws of Nature and not suffer thereby. I find that clearly positing ideals and striving to live them constitutes the real purpose of life. Then are our experiences transformed into the living gold of permanent soul growth which prepares us for service in the higher spiritual spheres. □

—Dr. Riblet B. Hout