

ASTROLOGY

Astrological Anecdotes

From Scoffing Skeptic to Ardent Advocate

IT IS SURPRISING how many people sneer at that which they do not understand. The writer himself was no exception to that rule in respect of astrology when that subject was first presented to him a number of years ago while he was still in the orthodox belief and had no knowledge whatever of occultism.

A friend who lived in the same house as the writer read an advertisement of an astrologer, so called, who offered to tell the fortune of anyone for the magnificent sum of ten cents. No one was louder in his denunciation of this fraud, superstition, and foolishness called astrology than the writer. It was preposterous to think that the stars had anything to do with us. However, our friend sent one dollar with ten names of persons who were then present, and in due time the so called horoscopes came back.

We still remember the curious feeling wherewith we opened the package and started to read the mystic scroll: Half defiant, half frightened, but sure, very sure, that it was all humbug, the whole lot of it, and that reading this horoscope would vindicate our cocksure assertions. But then, statement after statement in this outline read true, and gradually all the blood in our body seemed to surge toward the head. Could there really be something to this foolishness? We were puzzled, mystified, and also somewhat frightened at the thought.

Later the rest of the friends came in and each took up his horoscope. Some admitted it was true to a certain degree, others said it was not, but no one seemed deeply impressed.

Then someone asked the writer. "Well how did yours come out?" And that was the hardest part of

it, to have to admit that after all our scoffing, everything tallied. They were all curious and wanted to see the thing, so we showed it reluctantly. Then someone said, why this is not yours at all, it belongs to so and so, (who had not yet come.) What? Our sense of relief was almost indescribable. The other horoscope, so called, intended for us, was produced and did not fit at all. And, naturally, we railed louder than before over the fallacy, superstition, and foolishness of this so called science—astrology.

Having gone through this experience ourselves, we do not wonder that others are skeptical when confronted with the idea of stellar influence; moreover, there are so many charlatans who desecrate the sacred science for even a paltry penny that it is no wonder that astrology is in ill repute.

THE USE AND ABUSE OF ASTROLOGY

Genethlical astrology, the science of judging events in the life of a person from a figure of the heavens erected for the hour of birth, is often degraded by being made the basis of fortune telling. Horary astrology, which judges the outcome of a certain matter from a figure erected for the time when the event transpired, or when a definite question was asked regarding the outcome, is nearly always a degradation of the sacred science, and one who studies and guides his life according to planetary hours, as some do, is certainly dragging the stars into the gutters.

It is nothing short of a crime against selfhood to consult the horoscope every other day, or to cast a horary figure for every move we make, or to look up the planetary hour for a favorable influence on

every slightest occasion.

There are times, however, when it is right to use the “logic of the stars” to ascertain the outcome of an event. Each must use his judgment in the matter, for abuse of the sacred science will bring retribution as certain as contravention of any other law of nature.

In the following instances where the writer used it he had, and has, misgivings, and therefore wishes to warn others not to do it because “Mr. H. did it.”

SQUELCHING A SCOFFER

Once we were invited to a picnic where there was considerable discussion of occult subjects and astrology also came in for its share. A certain Mr. X, who was president of an occult society, was particularly vehement in his denunciation of astrology, though he admitted that he knew nothing whatever of it, never having studied the subject. We were very much surprised at this attitude of mind on the part of a man who by virtue of his position, ought to be open minded, and we sought in the presence of a number of others to show him that his position was altogether untenable, but without effect; he continued to scoff.

A few weeks later the writer happened to enter his place of business and was at once greeted with a sarcastic request for information concerning some mining stock in which Mr. X had just invested. Would he win or lose? A number of people were present, and we were much nettled at this manner of interrogation, so we answered: Well, Mr. X, it is dragging the stars into the gutters to consult them on such subjects, but there are occasions when the end justifies the means. Your position is so unwarranted and it may do much to influence adversely a considerable number of people; therefore perhaps it may be well to let you know what the stars can do. Pulling out our watch, we took the time, stating that we would give him the result of our investigation in a few days.

Having cast the horoscope, we found that the money was going through the hands of the directors at an exceedingly rapid rate and it was also manifest that there would be no returns. We therefore so stated on a small slip of paper which we handed to Mr. X about a week later. When he had



Mosaic pavement, sixth century, Beth Alpha Synagogue, northern Israel

Hellenistic Zodiac

The Sun, personified as the Greek god Helios, is surrounded by the twelve zodiacal signs (with Hebrew names). The four figures at the corners personify the four seasons at their midpoint.

read our message he laughed and sneered. Ha! Ha! Ha! Mr. Heindel, You don't know anything about it, or the stars either. I have another oracle, and it tells me that this stock is exceedingly good, that it is going to be a fine investment, and I can sell it now for a great deal more than what I paid. To this we remarked that it would be to his interest to do so at once for it would not be very long until developments would prove the truth of the stars.

There were others present on that occasion who had also invested in the same concern. One lady had invested all she had. She became frightened and sold her stock, making a good profit thereon, but Mr. X kept his. He was not going to be fooled by such nonsense as the stars.

About a week or two later, the writer had occasion to visit Mr. X's place again, and that gentleman met him with a somewhat more serious face, stating that “there are indications that you may be right, Mr. Heindel.” We told him we knew the stars were true, and that eventually our judgment would be vindicated, A few weeks later the soap bubble burst, and Mr. X admitted that “it seems as

if the stars are right, but that was probably a coincidence.”

This is always the impregnable stronghold of the scoffer, or the skeptic. When anything happens that they cannot explain, it is handy to have the word coincidence to juggle with.

CONVINCED

Sometime later we had again occasion to visit Mr. X at his place of business. He then said, “Mr. Heindel, I am very anxious about a certain matter. I am executor of a large estate and have been administrator for eight years. During that time I have sold a number of valuable parcels of land to private people, banks and institutions. Now comes a claimant and I want to know what is back of him, they have entered suit. How will it come out?”

Though loath to again degrade the sacred science of the stars, we felt that if this gentleman could be converted it might do a great deal of good for astrology on account of his position, and we therefore pulled out our watch, looked at the time, and told him that we would let him know. After about a week we went down to his store again with a letter stating that there was nothing back of the claimant at the present time, that the case would be immediately thrown out of court, but that it would be to his interest to arbitrate, for as a matter of fact there were grounds for the claim. Later it would come up and cause trouble and the judgment would be reversed in another court.

On our arrival at Mr. X's place of business, we found it closed, but as we knew that he rarely stayed long away, we waited, and he came after a while. We then handed him the letter, which he read, and then he said, “Mr. Heindel you have struck it just right, as far as I know. I was called away from my store just now by order of the court because this claim clouds about fifty valuable titles, and the judge wanted it settled at once. When I arrived in court, we found that the attorneys for the claimant had not even proper authority, and the court at once nol-prossed [from *nolle-prosequi*, to be unwilling to prosecute-Ed.] the case.”

THE OTHER EXTREME

A few months later we happened to enter Mr.

X's store one Saturday night and were greeted with the words, “I have been telephoning for you all afternoon. The claimant has come back again, and I want to know what the outcome is going to be?” At once we pulled out our watch and told him that later on we would let him know, for we saw that now the iron was becoming hot and here was a chance to get the skeptic thoroughly converted.

Upon casting the horoscope it developed that if the writer had entered the store at an earlier hour than he did, a certain prediction which he made from the position of the Moon could not have been made. It is one of the most remarkable facts about horary astrology, this method of divination by taking the time by the watch when a question is asked, that the question always reaches its destination, the astrologer, at the time when the stars are ready to answer.

We have had letters come to us delayed for weeks and marked by the stains of water, having been submerged, or in railway accidents, etc. Sometimes they have been missent and then forwarded after the writer had left his previous address, yet the writer has never failed by taking the time when reading the question, to give the correct answer, showing that whatever delay there had been certainly was the outcome of design. So also in this case, the time to tell the tale was when we entered the door of Mr. X, and the fact revealed by the position of the Moon at the moment was that the opposite party had made overtures for a settlement to Mr. X and his advisors, which they had refused.

This he admitted, and we then told him that the stars of the claimant were in the ascendant, that his stars were in the descendent, that this case would go from the Judge, who now had it in hand, and was favorable, to another judge who would reverse the judgment and take the estate away from him, giving it to the claimant.

Several years elapsed and we had forgotten all about the case, having traveled to Germany, written the *Cosmo-Conception*, etc. But upon our return to the city where Mr. X lived, we were told by mutual friends that Mr. X now swore by astrology. He knew that it was an absolute truth, if properly interpreted. He knew that Mr. H. could tell the

truth, and asserted that if Mr. H. would tell him that his house would be destroyed by an earthquake the next day, he would endeavor to sell it if he could only get ten dollars for it, for he knew that the event would happen.

Later on, when speaking to the gentleman about the case, he said that he was only sorry that affidavits had not been made at the time when the predictions were given, for they were so absolutely true to the smallest details. "Why," he said, "Mr. H. the first judge was very friendly, as you said, the second Judge was the very opposite. He was antagonistic in the extreme, and we had absolutely no show. I tried to get my lawyers to arbitrate the case, because I believed in your prediction, but they absolutely refused and pooh-poohed the idea that we could lose.

Thus the sneering cynic became a sincere advocate and is now as anxious to get people converted to the truth of astrology as he previously was to tear down that which he knew not how to appreciate. □

—Max Heindel

DOING IT

Somebody said that it couldn't be done
But he with a chuckle replied
That "maybe it couldn't," but he would be one
Who wouldn't say so till he'd tried.
So he buckled right in with the trace of grin
On his face. If he worried, he hid it.
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done—and he did it!

There are thousands to tell you it can't be done,
There are thousands to prophesy failure;
There are thousands to point out one by one
The dangers that wait to assail you.
But just buckle in with a bit of a grin,
Just take off your coat and go to it;
Just start in to sing as you tackle the thing
That "cannot be done," and you'll do it.

—Edgar A. Guest

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