

## MYSTIC LIGHT

### *Your “Double Life”*

**I**T COMES AS QUITE A SHOCK to discover that you are leading a double life—one during the waking hours, the other while the body is sleeping at night. And the awesome mystery and majesty of life deepens.

Natural reticence in exposing one's innermost experiences has here been set aside in the hope that this discussion may prove encouraging to others on the Path of Service.

One night I had a vivid dream of “flying” through the air with a companion, and without the least difficulty or hesitation we went through a red brick building somewhere in the Midwest. (Next morning I was awed at the statement I had made to him: “Matter is no barrier to spirit.”) As we came to the edge of the ocean I noted he paused, and I realized that he was too materialistic to make the flight. Going on alone, a bit later I said to myself, “This must be the Tigris River!”

In the next dream experience I approached a woman with an ugly suppurating sore on her thigh, at the sight of which I shrank back. My companion said, “You said it was service you wanted.” Abashed, ashamed, I instantly went to her with outstretched hand to heal. (To whom, I wondered later, had I said it was service I wanted? And in what circumstances)

On another occasion a young minister came for me (in the soul body), and we were literally “in no time at all” before a walled enclosure something like an arena, before which an elderly woman stood guard. She looked us over and my glance followed hers: we wore pale blue robes something like denim, faded and well-worn, but clean. Below the blue robe about a foot of white material was visible. Apparently satisfied, the woman permitted us to enter. We were in a huge circular arena, with pur-

poseful persons going to and fro. My friend went on about his own mission, but just inside the gate were two crouching women with emaciated arms pitifully outstretched to me. Unhesitatingly I knelt to heal them.

These, I thought, were dreams, but with others too numerous to be related here, I began to be convinced that I was living a special kind of life at night, while my body slept.

There came a visitor one night to my room in a “ghostly” body, standing a foot above the floor, but whose features were distinct—in fact, I thought her to be Swedish. But instantly, with no words spoken, I knew she was Greek and that her name was Lydia. She asked if I had studied tetrahedron color, and when I said no, she replied I really ought to. As she spoke it was as if I knew all about the subject, as if I were in knowledge itself. I also knew that in my waking mind I had never heard of tetrahedron color, and tried to impress the term on my mind lest in the morning I would have forgotten it.

Sure enough, I had. I went to art stores, libraries, everywhere I could think of, asking if they had heard of tetra-something color. No one had. Finally, after much searching, I came upon a small volume by Alfred Munsell entitled “Color Notation.” In a footnote in very fine print, I read: “Unaware that the spherical arrangement had been used, I devised a double tetrahedron for the classification of color.” (Munsell is still considered an authority on color.) And just to round off this incident with a touch of incredulity, shortly after that I was reading a book by John Donne. A chapter began: “Her name was Lydia. She dwelt on a Greek isle and manufactured and sold color.” Remember Lydia of Thyatira, a “seller of purple” in the Bible? (Acts 16:14)

One very impressive dream: I was standing in a

circle of about seven or eight persons; we were being “charged.” A circuit of a pale rose color was passing through us, plainly visible, and a humming sound could be distinctly heard. Suddenly, because the pain in my jaw from the extraction of a wisdom tooth was excruciating, I was torn from the circle and found myself back in the body, with the pain clamoring for attention. This later brought to attention the responsibility we may owe to others of whom, in our waking hours, we are not aware. Surely those in the circle must have felt a distinct shock as they were “short-circuited”!

As the “dreams” continued, sometimes with proof on the physical plane, I came to believe they were real experiences, not fantasies. A friend told me I ought to get in touch with the Rosicrucians, and one Sunday she took me to the Easter service at Mt. Ecclesia. A short time later I was employed there, and the “dreams” took on a more specific quality.

In due time I became a Probationer, and although almost every waking moment was devoted to the humanitarian work of the Fellowship, my efforts seemed woefully inadequate in the face of the terrible need of the world. I yearned to know I was an Invisible Helper, able to work in the soul body, which is tireless, while the physical body slept. Max Heindel wrote that a Probationer who lives a life of service during the day is “automatically borne to the side of the Teacher for instruction.” I am somewhat skeptical by nature. I heard accounts of various ones who made claims of inner plane experience which seemed unconvincing to me, and I continually prayed I should not be self-deluded. But I passionately wanted to be one of those Probationers!

One evening in our village I saw a film showing children with abdomens distended from persistent hunger. Walking home, I wept into the stars at the plight of these little ones, and before going to bed I knelt and prayed that, worthy or not, I would be permitted to be an Invisible Helper, and if I were, that I might know beyond doubt.

About 3 A. M. I woke with this picture etched on my mind: I was in a large room in which men and women were quietly going about their work. Seated before a woman lying on an examination table, I saw her urethra, white and swollen, obviously dis-



Foretean PicturLibrary

eased. A man came, took one brief glance, and said succinctly, “Bichloride of mercury.” And at that, maddeningly, I woke.

However, I knew the woman who had been examined, and later that day asked her if by any chance she had kidney trouble. She said she had, and extended her hand, the fingers of which were puffed as with dropsy. She said she had to go to the bathroom three or four times during the night. This seemed one evidence of the truth of the dream, but not enough. What about the bichloride of mercury? I asked a nurse what it was and she said, “An antiseptic.” At this point I realized painfully that if one aspires to be an Invisible Helper he had jolly well better know a few facts about a lot of things! I went at noon to the village and asked a pharmacist about bichloride of mercury. It was an antiseptic, he said, to be used externally only.

What was I to do? I hesitated suggesting to the lady the obvious use of the antiseptic, and that night looked up in the book *The Human Body*, by Logan Clendening, M. D., the section devoted to the “Urinary System, diseases of, 241. “This is what I read: “A second class of destructive substances are salts of the metals, the commonest one found in practice being *bichloride of mercury*. Death from *mercury poisoning* is in most cases due to kidney-epithelium destruction.” Further down the page: “If that part of the kidney which controls water and salt excretion is affected, these will accumulate in the tissues in the form of *renal dropsy*.” (Italics mine.)

You can imagine my astonishment when faced

with the fact that the man who said “bichloride of mercury” was diagnosing and not prescribing! (Max Heindel said we have to dig for our discoveries.)

Even for skeptical me this seemed sufficient proof. In the “dream” I had seen the diseased urethra; the lady admitted kidney trouble and showed me the evidence of renal dropsy; and I found the term “bichloride of mercury” (the meaning of which I had been totally ignorant) in a medical book, giving the cause of her disease: mercury poisoning. (I was later able to help her change certain food habits, and she lived to a grand old age.) And I had, out of a heart aching with the sorrows of the world, prayed to God to be allowed to help.

Max Heindel said: “The divine pattern of the path of progress is never given to anyone who has not first made a covenant with God that he will serve Him and is willing to offer up his heart’s blood in a life of service without self-seeking.”

If we thus love God and have dedicated our lives to Him, nothing can prevent our spiritual progress. We may find our dreams are actual experiences, and even if we do not remember them, if we are joyfully serving during our waking hours we may be sure we are serving on the invisible planes. □

—A Probationer

### THE INVISIBLE HELPER

“...[C]an you understand what it means, to be a free Spirit and have to draw consciously into a certain vehicle of limitation? Perhaps that is impossible for anyone who has not experienced the feeling, but we assure you that when the Invisible Helpers who retain their consciousness while out and away from the body return to re-enter it in the morning, the body which we prize so highly, which we look upon as being so precious, creates in him who views it from WITHOUT a sense of the most intense disgust. He feels repugnance in having to enter that cold, clammy dead thing there on the bed, and only the very highest sense of duty can compel him to enter. As soon as he enters, that feeling leaves him, for the viewpoint has altered. Nevertheless it is there as a memory all through the day.”—*Rosicrucian Philosophy in Q&A*, Vol. 2, p. 308

“...[S]o long as the archetype of the physical body persists, it endeavors to draw to itself physical

materials which it then shapes according to the form of the vital body. Thus it is difficult for the invisible Helper who passes out of his body to refrain from materializing. The moment his will to keep away from himself all physical impediments is relaxed, materials from the surrounding atmosphere attach themselves to him as iron filings are drawn to a magnet, and he becomes visible and tangible to whatever extent he desires. Thus he is enabled to do actual physical work wherever it is necessary, no matter if he be thousands of miles away from his body. On the other hand, what really brings about death is the collapse of the archetype of the dense body. Therefore the Spirits who pass away from this earth life are unable to materialize save through a medium where they extract her living vital body, drape themselves therewith and thus attract the physical substances necessary to make themselves visible to the sitters.

There is a third class, namely, the initiated Invisible Helpers who have passed out of this life. They have learned to attract or repel physical matter by their wills, as stated previously, and therefore they are able to materialize despite the fact that their archetype has collapsed.”—*ibid*, 336-337

“...[P]eople who have passed into the invisible worlds differ radically from the Invisible Helpers who leave their body at will. The silver cord is intact in their case, and this gives them a continuous connection with the physical seed atom. Its magnetism is therefore exerted and it requires a subconscious effort on the part of the Invisible Helper to keep the physical particles from flowing into the etheric vehicle in which he travels. On the other hand, when he desires to aid anyone who may be in distress, or to perform a certain work, he materializes a hand or an arm with the greatest of ease simply by consciously allowing the physical atoms in his closest environment to flow into the etheric matrix. When he has performed the desired task, another effort of thought scatters the strange atoms and dematerializes the hand or arm. Thus, for instance, when working inside the body of a patient to manipulate a diseased organ or stanch the blood in an artery, fingers are made temporarily from the flesh of the patient without causing him the least discomfort, and are as readily dissolved when the work is done.”—*ibid*, p. 407 □