

Mystic Light

After Dying

Part 2

JENNY TAUGHT SAM how to glide. It took him a while to get into the gliding mode, for the habit of walking was still very strong indeed. He would take a few steps before remembering that it was much easier to glide—and much quicker. He could travel a great distance in almost no time. It felt great to glide without the need to carry the heavy dense body around. He enjoyed the freedom it gave him. He could go anywhere without passport, visa, or car.

He found this lower invisible world to be quite a strange place. He was surprised to discover that he felt no heat nor cold. Nor were there days and nights, just unceasing light everywhere, and glittering colors flowing in all directions. Everything was moving and changing shape. There was no need for sleep or for clothes, though everyone was wearing some. Sam was still in the clothes he wore when he fell off the cliff.

He realized he could change his shape or his clothes by a mere thought. As soon as he remembered playing soccer on Sundays he instantly saw himself in shorts and running shoes. He remembered his dog and immediately there it was, before his eyes, ethereal and devoted as always. He nearly lost consciousness when an enormous crab appeared in front of him.

“Ha-ha-ha,” the crab laughed mischievously in Paul’s voice and slowly merged into the shape of his friend. For a while his large belly jiggled with laughter.

“You have to get used to this Sam,” he said, wiping his eyes.

As Sam soon understood, Jenny was appointed by a higher authority to be his official guide. She

had a role to play in his life now. The next day she gave Sam a tour of the area.

She put a bandage on his eyes, took his hand, and off they went through the clouds to the “special place” Jenny had said they would visit. When they arrived she made him sit on a large cushion of cloud and open his eyes.

“This is Government Square,” she clapped her hands with excitement and pirouetted. “Grand parades and festivals are held here. Have a look.”

Sam had never seen anything like this. Below was an enormous square, much larger than Red Square in Moscow. Four big boulevards were leading to it, giving the impression of a gigantic cross with the Square in its center. Most impressive were the ever-changing colors, glittering waves of light, brightness, gradation of tones and sounds, and the movement of everything, as if every part of it were a living entity.

In the middle of the Square was a splendid gigantic fountain. The splashing of the water sounded at first like crystals dropping on marble stairs, then variously like an ocean breeze, wind in the forest, waves churning around rocks, a harp in the moonlight, or angels singing in Heaven.

Sam was astonished. It was the loveliest sound he had ever heard. It was not constant or steady, but reminded him at one moment of deer running in the savanna, or of the flapping wings of birds.

The water itself was changing colors. At one moment it looked like burning flames, the next like mist, then like colored air or frozen ice. Inside this transparent marvel a flamingo was performing the most beautiful and gracious ethereal dance.

Sam couldn’t move for the wonder of it all. It was heavenly, gorgeous, and peaceful. He didn’t

even know or notice that they had slowly descended to the fountain. He looked into the pooled water. The bottom was covered with shining gold coins, which somehow seemed to be tiny smiling faces.

“Just like people do on Earth,” Sam thought.

The central building far in front of them was the Parliament. It was massive and majestic. The very structure suggested power—heavy strong walls, through which colors circulated, and a peristyle of powerful columns. The building had twelve sides, each presenting huge gates, rounded on top and decorated by one golden sign of the zodiac. In front of each gate stood an Angel with a flaming scepter.

Jenny told Sam to sit under a graceful linden tree, facing the buildings. “The one on the left is the Universal Bank,” Sam heard Jenny’s voice.

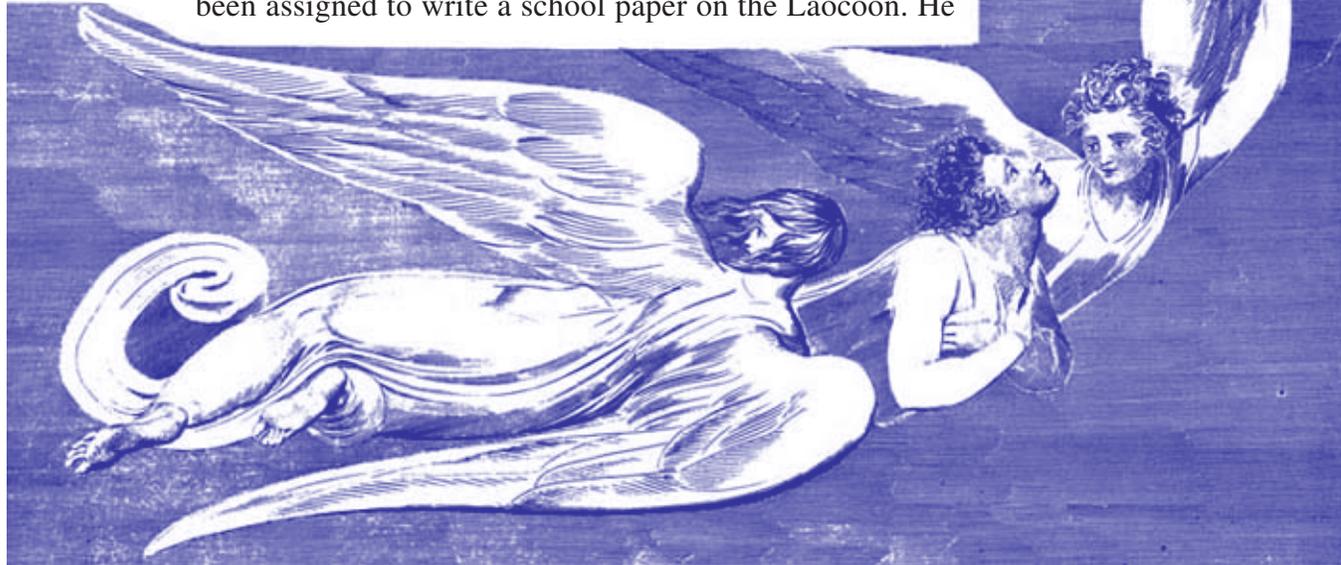
It was an stunning sight. The building was floating in the mist of a cloud. Its sides were constantly moving, while keeping the overall shape intact. Waves of glitter and colors were passing through the walls as if they were alive. The olympian-size structure was in the Corinthian style, with marble columns and statues outside and inside. The roof looked like it was on fire with glorious flames leaping high in the sky.

“And this one on the right is the Art Palace.” Jenny clapped her hands again, fluttering and animated as a bird.

The building was entirely transparent. Sam could see clearly the plays being performed in it, a variety of concerts offering many styles of music, and spacious art galleries. The building seemed composed of formed air, a mirage above a desert’s plain. Simultaneously he was hearing all the music, all the recitation, all the singing, without one medium interfering with any of the others, so that he was able to enjoy them all at the same time.

“Incredible!” he exclaimed.

Positioned around the facade were history’s most famous statues—the majestic figure of the Apollo Belvedere, the harmonious Venus of Melos, Athena Palladium, Michelangelo’s David, the heroic Laocoon. Sam had been assigned to write a school paper on the Laocoon. He



William Blake, Illustration for Edward Young's *Night Thoughts*, Dover Publications, Inc.

had studied it in books. Now it stood full size and in three dimensions before his eyes.

Sam remembered his strong desire while on earth to see all these marvels of the world in one place. Here they were. He stood entranced before the bust of Nefertiti and the mask of Tutankhamun.

Then his attention was directed to a play.

“It’s *Faust!*” Sam jumped. “And this is the great Geranowsky himself!”

Sam could not believe his eyes. When Geranowsky recited in the third act Sam fell to his knees. His whole being was immersed in the drama. For his mother was German. She had often spoken of German art and literature, for she was an art teacher in her youth. She had nurtured in Sam a love for beauty and culture.

The plays never ceased. Sam saw his favorite play by Oscar Wilde. Then he listened to Mendelssohn violin concerto in E minor, played by Yehudi Menuhin. Oh, Sam was really taken in. When Richard Burton opposed his king in *Thomas à Beckett*, he moved with him and recited with him. How many times he had seen this film on Earth! His soul was lifted into the sublime. It was joy beyond recognition. But when Sam heard the voice of Stephen O’Mara in Verdi’s *Aida* he felt he would never leave this place. He sang along, danced along, and played his violin in accompaniment. This was the beauty of it, he could participate without interfering with the progress of the opera. It was marvellous.

How long he was there he had no idea. For when Jenny touched his shoulder, she said:

“Sam, you have been sitting here for thirty eight hours. Let us move on. You will have years ahead to listen to the plays and operas. But you have to get familiar with other important things. I am going to take you now to the Universal Bank.”

Sam left unwillingly. He now learned that in Purgatory there is no need for sleep, or food. He felt no fatigue at all, even though he hadn’t eaten or slept for a long time.

A marble path surrounded by poplars led to the Universal Bank. Walking along it Sam saw a flock of most unusual black and white birds which kept appearing and disappearing.

“This has a secret meaning,” Jenny whispered in

his ear. “They represent our debts which can be transmuted into credits by good deeds.”

There were many steps to climb, shimmering quartz-like steps. The gold doors were figured with extraordinary skill. Once inside, Sam saw enormous crystal chandeliers hanging in the halls. As the two friends approached the entrance to the main hall, a heavenly bell rang. The marble here was glowing in all tones of green. The colour had an immediately soothing effect. On the walls strange images formed and dissolved. The sound of the bell echoed, passing back and forth in time.

“This is where the accounts of human lives are kept. Every good deed is deposited here as a credit. Every bad action is a debit. The words we speak, the feelings we emanate, the thoughts we create—they all go into our accounts as credits or debits, depending on their charge. Our state on Earth is closely affected by the state of our heavenly accounts. People who have good (credit) accounts here, are fortunate on Earth. And people who have no deposits in this bank are poor and unfortunate.”

“You mean that everyone on Earth receives only what is his by merit? That people alone make their fortune or lack of fortune?”

“Exactly. Nothing can come from nothing. Everything in the Universe is materialized from its invisible and prior counterpart. The swear words, lies, bad behavior, ill feelings, and destructive thoughts—they are all actual energies which are deposited in the Universal Bank and at the end materialize as losses, impoverishing the people who produced them. This law is especially applicable for people who have broad public influence, such as TV programmers, movie stars, writers, and musicians. When they promote ideas or language that corrupts, they will suffer the consequences from introducing the negative influences into the world. People are responsible for what they say, what they do, what they think...”

Sam was deeply moved. He wanted to see his account. Immediately a Recording Angel appeared as if from nowhere. He was wearing a luminous silver mantle and a diadem with a red gem in the middle. Wisdom and compassion radiated from his whole being. The Angel pointed to the wall and instantly it dissolved and a moving ethereal picture

from the clouds in front of them appeared, showing a list of transactions long enough to circle the Earth several hundred times.

“This is the Records of Nature. You will examine every transaction later under the supervision of your teachers,” said the Recording Angel. “You will do this for several years.”

Sam looked at it. Some of the transactions were in different colors. Some were in different accounts, sorted by year, by kind, and by importance. Browsing through them Sam noticed a long list of withdrawals, each for 50 cents.

“Wait. What is this for?”

The answer appeared on the Records immediately. He saw himself as a teenager during a school recess. He was with his classmates. When he spoke he peppered his speech with the commonly accepted crude expletives. As each swearword was spoken, the bank’s autocashier clicked a 50 cent debit.

“Oh, my God!” Sam was aghast.

Holding his head in disbelief while looking at his accounts, he saw small monkey faces accompanying some of the entries.

Sam addressed one particular monkey which was making fun of him. “Why are you sticking out your tongue?”

The monkey started laughing loudly. The living wall, dissolving time and space, pictured Sam lying to his best friend, whose girlfriend Sam wanted for himself. He wanted the two to break up.

“Come on, Dave,” Sam was saying, “I saw her with Mark the other day.”

David’s face turned red as a tulip. He was hurt. He looked hard at Sam, the silence between them filled with trigger-sensitive explosive power.

Sam hadn’t meant to say such a thing. But it was said somehow. It slipped off his tongue. And it had a horrible consequence. The bond between David and his girlfriend was strong and they married later on. But Sam lost his best friend. Ever since Sam regretted this incident. But he never apologized or showed his regret.

“I wonder what will be the payment for this?” Sam thought.

The monkey replied: “Someone will lie to you in the same manner in your next life. Ha-ha-ha,” the monkey’s laughter filled the entire hall.



Pen and ink, Marcia Malinova-Anthony

Freedom Rising from Sorrow

Embarrassed, Sam looked around. There was not a soul in the hall. Even Jenny wasn’t there.

Feeling already quite uncomfortable, his blood simmering and his heart beating faster, Sam saw in his accounts a withdrawal of \$12,000. “What is that for!” Sam’s eyes flashed, troubled.

The Records showed him selling the house of a widow. She had financial troubles and had to sell her home. But Sam didn’t care and cheated her of \$12,000, which he put in his pocket. He was very happy then. But the poor widow couldn’t pay her debts and struggled for many years thereafter.

“Remember me?” asked the widow from the Records.

Sam jumped backwards. She was not only a picture image, but more alive than ever.

“You thought then that we would never meet again,” she continued, “but here I am now.” Smiling, she disappeared, adding, “See you soon, boy.”

Sam needed time to think. He lost his wish to look further at his accounts. He realized that soon he would have many unpleasant encounters. How many times had he cheated, secretly robbed the company he worked for, manipulated contracts and deals to suit himself, often at the expense of

others.

He only wanted to see the final balance. And here it was, right before his eyes: Seventy-nine million, five hundred thousand units debt, for which one million dollars is to be paid!

“It can’t be!” he shouted, his arms waving angrily, his face flushed and contorted. “Seventy-nine million, five hundred thousand units...one million dollars! It must be a mistake! I am sure there is a mistake!”

The Recording Angel appeared again looking at him sympathetically. He waited for a while, then he spoke calmly:

“Heaven never makes mistakes. People have no idea how they transgress the Cosmic law.” He could not continue though, for Sam impatiently interrupted Him.

“But how did the debt become so big?” Sam still did not believe it.

The Records of Nature from the clouds answered again: “Almost three million life units for killing animals by hunting; one million units for unkindness; one million pollution units for lewd and vicious words; five million units for smoking; twenty nine million units for flesh eating...

“Flesh eating! Everybody eats flesh.” Sam was raving.

“That doesn’t make it right,” The Recording Angel smiled.

At that moment the astral screen displayed thousands of angry domestic animals shouting at Sam: “Murderer! Murderer!”

Sam shivered from fear.

The display continued: “...seven hundred thousand units for dishonesty; nine hundred thousand units for pride and overbearing; three million units for selfishness and prodigality; five hundred thousand units for cruelty and severity; two million units for laziness and avarice; one million for resentfulness, suspicion, vanity; eight hundred

thousand for abuse of power; one million for unforgiveness and revenge; four and a half million for passion; five hundred thousand for raising your son....”

“My son!” Sam jumped. “I have no son!”

“Oh, yes, you have, but you don’t know it!” The Recording Angel’s face was stern.

Immediately the Records displayed a house and a child playing basketball in the back yard. He had blond hair, his eyes, nose and lips were exactly like Sam’s. He was about seven years old. A young woman with curly hair and a slim figure was ironing inside.

“I don’t know her!” Sam’s face was distorted by his unwillingness to accept the situation.

“You met only once. Do you remember, the night club in Berlin?”

The computer responded, displaying a smokey hall, dim lights, and a dance floor. There she was, sitting at the bar, smiling at him, her white teeth shining in the mist.

It was too much for Sam. He was silent. Staring at the child, torn by pain, his mind brooding, the voice of the Angel broke into his self-absorption, “This is not all, Sam.” The Recording Angel point-

ed to the wall. “Look at the amount of your total account for all your lives so far.”

“682 billion grand units! What the hell is this?” Sam’s face now was ghastly pale, even though he had no physical blood. Fear engulfed him.

“How much is one grand unit?” His voice was weak, almost inaudible.

“100,000 ordinary units,” the Records so indicating.

Sam felt that there was not enough air to breathe, not remembering he didn’t need air. His hand automatically touched his left breast. His heart was aching.

“I have to remind you, that this is not all, for Christ payed fifty billion grand units of your



Engraving, William Blake, Illustration for Robert Blair's *The Grave*, National Gallery of Victoria, Australia
The Soul Explores the Grave

debt when he took the sin of the world upon His shoulders.”

Now Sam sank in his seat. When finally he was able to continue his inquiries his voice was broken: “How for goodness sake am I ever going to pay all this?”

“For the moment you have to worry about your last life only. A time will come when everyone will be required to pay his entire debt. But for now let us concentrate on the debt of your last life.” The Recording Angel smiled.

For the first time Sam felt some kind of relief. “Wait a minute. How did I end up with one million dollars debt?” Sam still wanted to know.

“Let us see. Do you remember that you dropped out of school so you could be eligible for social security benefits, which you received for three years?”

“So what? Everyone does it. The government pays this money. I didn’t steal it!”

“Yes. But don’t forget that humans are answerable first to the Cosmic law, and here in Heaven that action is viewed as transgression. You were young and strong and capable of working for your own keep. But you preferred to slack and live on the dole at the expense of society. In this manner you incurred about a \$50,000 debt. Let’s see further... Here you claimed compensation by simulating disability and received nearly a quarter of a million. That is another debt to be paid.”

“How can I possibly pay one million dollars!”

“You will pay part of it in your next life.” The Recording Angel was gentle, but firm. “You will work hard but will have to go through bankruptcy and experience many losses throughout your life. You will have several court cases, including one involving the poor widow, and you will be forced by law to pay back everything you took from others. You may also be sent to a labor camp and forced to stay there for...let’s say fifteen years with no compensation whatsoever. You will have to do a lot of good to transmute part of this debt.”

Sam felt angry, frustrated, and ashamed. Somehow Jenny was still out of sight. He was very confused. He started remembering some not very dignified events of his life. How many times he swore at his mother, his friends, and strangers. “Oh, poor me!” Offensive words and heartless

REST IS HARMONIOUS ACTION

Rest is the storage battery that supplies the power to run the dynamo of action. Life is perpetual motion and too high tension soon snaps the circuit. High tension is often necessary for brief periods of time, but there must be frequent respite for resuscitation.

Everybody must rest, recreate, vacate once in a while. This rest should be actual, not imaginary. Keep up some activity, but let it be different, invigorating, harmonious. So many people take a vacation, so called, but it is really of no benefit to them. They fret and stew and worry, make hard work out of what should be pleasure.

A real vacation, real recreation, actual rest, is found so easily. Surcease from thought of business, and earnest, enthusiastic interest in doing something or going somewhere different—out of the ordinary; no worry, no trouble, only willingness and capacity to see everything from the bright side, and perfect harmony in every thought and action; that is rest, real rest, true storing up of power and, energy to again jump into the rapid stride when necessary. We all gain so much from our vacations when we know that rest is harmonious action.—Max Heindel

deeds, acts of anger, of hatred—now they all surged forward, vividly real, cutting into his awareness, each with its judgment of wrongdoing.

Reading his thoughts the Recording Angel said, “Some of this you will pay for here in Purgatory. You have to live the effects of your conduct on Earth. You will be feeling the hurt and harm you caused others by your words and actions, and even your thoughts. The pain you feel, *their* pain, will balance out your wrong and teach you what *not* to do.”

Sam remembered how tricky he had been and what pride he took in his deceptions. But he felt no pride right now. He wished he had never done these things.

Jenny reappeared, but stood aside for a while. She knew what was going on in Sam’s soul. The Recording Angel said gave a farewell and vanished. □

—Marcia Malinova-Anthony