

# **PSYCHIC ROULETTE**

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**Printed by**

**SIGNS PUBLISHING COMPANY, WARBURTON, VICTORIA, 3799, AUSTRALIA.**

**Australasian Conference Association Limited**

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## **1. Typewriter in a Trance**

Evidently Arthur Ford didn't waste any time, once he was dead. Before the day was out he had sent word back from the other side that he was feeling—as young as the merry month of May. The next morning he was on the line the typewriter line himself, chatting with an old friend. And hardly were his ashes scattered over the Atlantic when he began dictating a book that was destined to become a best seller. So says the book's earthbound author, Ruth Montgomery.

Arthur Ford, of course, was America's foremost psychic medium when he died of a heart attack on January 4, 1971, at the age of 73. He is perhaps best remembered as the medium who conducted the televised seance, aired on the Canadian network, in which Bishop Pike allegedly talked with his suicide son.

The book claims to be an inside, first-hand, eyewitness account of what the afterlife is like. And its phenomenal sale is a witness to man's eternal curiosity about the other side of death. Everybody wants to know!

Ruth Montgomery says that she did not write the book, that Arthur Ford did. Her part was only to sit at her typewriter for fifteen minutes a day from January 4 to May 7, 1971. She simply placed a sheet of yellow paper in the typewriter, meditated, and prayed for protection. Then she placed her fingers on the keys in touch position, and Arthur Ford, from the unseen world, typed the messages single-spaced without punctuation or capitalization.

That's the way it happened, she says. And she remarks that the spirit-world spelling is better than her own. The book is spiced with bright and breezy talk concerning the whereabouts of famous names, from Jack Kennedy to Winston Churchill to Marilyn Monroe. But, strangely enough, Arthur Ford doesn't seem to know just what has happened to either God or Jesus.

Never has so detailed a description of the afterlife been available for \$5.95. It attacks many previously held notions and beliefs about the hereafter. Some who read it are pleased. Some are disappointed. Newsweek comments, By comparison to Ford's bland busy bodylessness, the heaven-or-hell-of traditional Christian doctrine looks downright exciting."

At this point it might be appropriate to assess what the book has accomplished thus far, or may be expected to accomplish—other than some sizable royalty checks. Ruth Montgomery says that letters have come in by the thousands. People have told her that the book saved them from divorce and suicide and despair.

Perhaps so. And, on the plus side, the book does contain some clear admonition about giving up cigarettes and drugs and drink. Mrs. Montgomery was still smoking, however, when she came to Los Angeles to plug the book in April 1972.

Leaving such tangibles as royalties and cigarettes, the results are more difficult to tabulate. One thing is certain. The man or woman who wishes to be assured that there is no death, no hell, no judgment, and no devil to worry about would find the book comforting. The man who doesn't want God looking over his shoulder, either now or later, the man who would prefer a future life in which both God and Jesus keep themselves out of sight, and so remote as to scarcely intrude even upon his thoughts—that man would be reassured. And the man who either doubts or neglects the ancient Book that Christians have long believed to be divinely inspired would take comfort in the fact that Arthur Ford scarcely mentions it.

If all this is the kind of assurance needed in this hectic generation, then it is there for the reading. And if a man prefers a vague, confused picture of a meaningless, less-than-half-real, sure-to-be boring future, this is it. If he wants an entertaining, breezily written tranquilizer for his serious thoughts about God and His claims upon a man, this is the book.

Put it this way: If this book is authentic, if it is a true picture of the world beyond, then it is the biggest story of all time. If it is not, then it is difficult to estimate its potential for damage to the human spirit. The big question, of course, is this: Did Arthur Ford write it? If not, who did? We intend to find out.

## **2. Playing Dice With the Universe**

Is man playing dice with the universe? And if he is, is it safe? When he knocks at the door of the unseen world, who answers? Who originates the strange messages that type themselves, without human guidance, on waiting typewriters? Who paints the pictures in the crystal balls? Is somebody running an answering service for the dead?

What about this accelerated feedback from the unseen? What about the games that people play with the mind? Are they harmless pastimes? Or questionable passports to psychic addiction?

Man is tossing balls across the wall of the unseen world. And somebody is tossing them back. Who? And is it dangerous? Maybe we ought to know.

Picture a man lying on the battlefield, wounded and alone. He sees a figure coming toward him in the semi-darkness. But is it a friend or an enemy? Suppose he should whisper, "Who goes there?" What would be the answer? Would it be a bullet, a friendly word, or silence? Should he gamble? Or would it be safer to make no sound?

It is not unlike man's dilemma today. He desperately wants to know what is on the other side. He wants to know who goes there. Should he toss a ball over the wall and see if it comes back? Is it safe to initiate the game without knowing the identity of his opposite player? Or is he gambling with destiny?

I was passing through London the day that King George died. Princess Elizabeth and her husband, the Duke of Edinburgh, you remember, were in Africa en route to Australia, and little Prince Charles and Princess Anne were vacationing with their royal grandparents at Sandringham.

On the morning of the king's death immediate news of the bereavement was withheld from the children, who were playing in the nursery. However, little Prince Charles noticed that the maids who came in to care for the room were weeping.

"Why is everyone so unhappy?" he inquired. And the nurse told him quietly, "Because Grandpa has gone away. The little prince was soon asking for Granny. When at last the Queen Mother came into the nursery, Prince Charles climbed up on her knee. Then, looking intently into her face, he asked, 'Where has Grandpa gone?'" The Queen Mother was silent. At the moment she could think of nothing to say.

What would you have said? Death, from the day it first coldly introduced itself to man, has been a forbidding enigma. But it has been reserved for this generation to probe deeper into the mystery of death than any other. This is a generation that wants to know. It is satisfied with nothing less. It is little wonder, then, that we find ourselves surrounded by a psychic cinerama that defies description. No man can close his eyes to it. It is here. We can see it, hear it, feel it. And every man must decide what his relationship to it shall be.

Do those who turn to psychic phenomena find the answers? Are the voices they hear out of the silence the voices of the dead? Can we reach out into another world with our fingertips? And if we can, is it safe to do so? Here we meet an issue that comes very close to the inner man. For who can fail to understand the loneliness, the silence, that settles down upon the person who has seen some tired life slip into the shadows of death? Yesterday life was complete. Doors were open. Good-byes were followed by reunion. But today life has broken in two. Doors have slammed shut. And it all seems so final. No wonder the lonely seek comfort from whatever source. No wonder the lonely cry out, "Tell me it isn't so! Tell me there is no death!"

We can have only compassion for those who knock on the door of the unseen and listen for an answer. But do the voices that answer back show the same compassion? That is the question. You see, the appeal of the spirit world lies largely in its claim that communication with the dead is possible. If that claim is true, then it is one of the most welcome messages ever to reach the ears of those who have loved and lost. But if it is not, then it is the cruelest fraud ever perpetrated upon lonely, grieving men and women. The claim is either true or untrue. It cannot be both.

The accelerating tempo of the times, the pace of change, the intense interest in the hereafter, our deep hidden hunger, our thirst for love, our spiritual loneliness, our fear of death—all these both challenge and demand that we investigate the claims of the psychic world. For death is our greatest problem. Until the problem of death is solved, until we find a way to conquer death, we stand helpless before it. The widely told legend says that it happened in the streets of Baghdad.

A merchant sent his servant to the market. But soon he returned trembling and greatly agitated, and said to his master, "Down in the marketplace I was jostled by a woman in the crowd, and when I turned

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around I saw it was Death that jostled me. She looked at me and made a threatening gesture. Master, please lend me your horse, for I must hasten away to avoid her. I will ride to Samarra and there I will hide, and Death will not find me.

The merchant lent him the horse, and the servant galloped away in a cloud of dust. A little later the merchant himself went to the marketplace and saw Death standing in the crowd. He said to her, "Why did you frighten my servant this morning? Why did you make a threatening gesture?" That was not a threatening gesture," said Death. "It was only a start of surprise. I was astonished to see him in Baghdad, for I have an appointment with him tonight in Samarra!"

Only a legend-out of the streets of Baghdad. But it paints a graphic picture of the fatalism that is gripping countless minds today. For every man has an appointment with the death angel. And they say there is no way to avoid it.

Frustrated man tries to forget. He goes to the marketplace for pleasure and profit. He falls in love with toy land. He rebels against a future that he cannot control. But sooner or later, even in the busy marketplace, man is jostled by the death angel, rudely reminded of her presence. And what else can he do but begin a wild ride to Samarra, hoping to find some place to hide, some barrier behind which death shall forget to look?

What shall the barrier be? Will it be a barrier of science? Within laboratory walls technicians are even now tampering with the riddle of the human cell. Will they yet find, in the test tube, answers that will push death to the wall? Will it be a barrier of modern medicine? A vaccine for every ill that curses mankind? A way to retard aging? And if the discoveries are late in coming, might the body of man be frozen to await the day when magic cures are available? Will it be a barrier of space technology? Will man yet soar on wings of weightlessness to some distant world where he might find the secret of never-ending life?

Or is the barrier against death available, even now, in the area of the psychic? Is death only the door to realms of existence much to be desired? The truth is that, with all these suggested hopes, man still fears that all his barriers will fail, and that one day the lights will all go out, never to come on again. So what else can he do but continue his wild ride to Samarra? What else-except to deny that death exists? No wonder he calls out in the silence of the lonely night, Tell me it isn't true!" And listens for an answer!

### **3. The Haunted Bishop**

Bishop James A. Pike didn't believe in life after death. So he said. But his convictions were rather easily uprooted as a train of astonishing phenomena seemed to draw him like a magnet into the realm of the occult.

The tragedy that triggered it all was the suicide of his son Jim on February 4, 1966. Just before Jim took his life in a New York City hotel room, he had spent several months with his father in Cambridge in the happiest period of their father-son relationship. The sudden death brought great sorrow to Bishop Pike, especially because drugs had been involved. Quite naturally the grieving father wondered if he had failed in giving guidance to his son.

Soon after Jim's body had been cremated and his ashes scattered over the Pacific Ocean just beyond the Golden Gate, Bishop Pike returned to the same Cambridge apartment he had occupied with his son. David Barr, the bishop's chaplain, and Maren Bergrud, a secretary, occupied the flat with him.

Then it began to happen. And the incredible thing about the mysterious phenomena was that all were in some way reminiscent of young Jim. Jim, while he lived, was always buying postcards of the places he visited, though often failing to mail them. Now, without explanation, two of these postcards appeared in front of the nightstand in the bishop's bedroom, placed at a 140-degree angle. Naturally they thought of Jim.

Two days later, Maren Bergrud appeared at breakfast with a section of her bangs burned off as if cut with scissors. Jim had not liked her bangs.

The next morning she awoke with a cry of pain. Two of her fingernails had been injured as if by a sharp instrument pressed tender them. And then, when she returned from applying a Band Aid, David Barr cried out, Maren, the rest of your bangs are gone!" But that was not all. Maren had been disturbed by another astonishing incident during the night.

The bishop had retired earlier than the others the night before. After he had fallen asleep, Maren remembered that a book she needed was on the dresser in his bedroom. Tiptoeing into the darkened room, she was startled to see the bishop sitting tip in bed and speaking into space. But strangely, his words were not an expression of his own philosophy, but rather that of his son. The bishop remembered nothing of the incident. David Barr then recalled that he had awakened in the night with a nightmarish sense of anxiety, a feeling that the future was utterly black and hopeless. It was not unlike the way Jim had felt when coming out of a drug trip.

When the three returned to the flat the next day after a quick trip to London, they were met by a whole array of unexplained phenomena. In front of the bishop's nightstand, where the two postcards had been placed, were now two books-at the same 140-degree angle. Then Maren noticed that two photos of Jim and his father had disappeared from the bishop's mirror. They were found in a disordered heap of clothes in the closet. They also found there some blank stationery they had never seen, and more postcards. But only one side of the closet was in disarray. The other side was in perfect order.

Then David searched the living room. Almost immediately he noticed that the clock on the bookshelf read 8:19. It had been stopped at 12:15 for weeks. But now the hands formed the same enigmatic 140-degree angle. Could this be Cambridge time for Jim's death in New York?

None of the three believed in life after death. But now they changed their minds. And they began to watch for the unexplainable every time they entered the apartment. Venetian blinds were closed as Jim would have closed them. The heat was turned up as Jim had liked it. One morning all the milk in the refrigerator, including what had been delivered that morning, was sour. They found a Bible in front of the bishop's light stand, and a book behind the electric heater.

They now had definitely decided that death does not end all. What should be done? The bishop called on Cation John Pierce Higgins of London for counsel. He suggested the name of Eria Twigg, a famous British medium. The three tried a Ouija board first, but it was not completely satisfactory, so a time for a seance with Ena Twigg was set.

On the day before the seance, and again just as they were preparing to leave, there was another flurry of the unexplained. There were closed windows opened, books moved, clothes misplaced, safety pins scattered about, and a broken cigarette in front of the nightstand-Jim's brand. A mirror slid off a closet shelf as Maren watched. And a lock of singed blond hair, clearly Maren's, turned up in front of the nightstand. To top it off, open safety pins in the bathroom were found arranged in the now familiar 140-

degree angle.

The bishop now looked forward with eager anticipation to the séance. Maren accompanied him to take notes. Ena Twigg lapsed into a trance and then announced. "He's here.-The bishop sensed Jim's presence. A message followed. He was into it now. There was no turning back. There was a second sitting with Ena Twigg. The bishop wanted the name of a good medium in America that he might contact. While in trance, she mentioned -Spiritual Frontiers." Neither he nor Ena Twigg knew anything about Spiritual Frontiers. But Jim was to be with his father in August, she said.

Several weeks after returning to the United States, Bishop Pike was preaching in New York City. At the conclusion of one service, a minister, a stranger to the bishop, told him that he had seen two figures behind him in the pulpit as he spoke-one a tall young man named Jim, the other a patriarchal figure named Elias. How did this stranger know that Jim's maternal grandfather was named Elias? The minister turned out to be Arthur Ford, of Spiritual Frontiers, who was to figure prominently in the bishop's life.

The bishop returned to his diocese in California and took up his administrative duties there. August was approaching. On July 31 the strange appearance of a misplaced book reminded him of Jim's promise. The next day, August 1, he learned that George Daisley, a medium connected with Spiritual Frontiers, was in the area. The bishop telephoned him as soon as possible, only to learn that the medium was expecting his call. Jim, he said, had contacted him two weeks before.

There followed five sessions with George Daisley, and then the famous televised séance with Arthur Ford. The bishop was now irrevocably committed to the occult. Even before he left Cambridge he had remarked, If he [Jim] is trying to get my attention-well, he's got it!" And the shadowy world of the occult had drawn him like an irresistible magnet ever since.

The bishop was not an emotional type of man. He prided himself on the logic of his decisions. His decisions, in this matter, had been based on his personal formula of -facts plus faith.-The facts-the unexplained phenomena. The faith. Well, doesn't everything have to be accepted by faith?

The facts, to him, seemed adequate. After all, who else could it be but Jim? Who else could have known all the intimate details of Jim's life that were everywhere evident in the strange succession of phenomena both in Cambridge and later? Facts plus faith? Or facts plus fraud? There were facts all right. The phenomena really happened. But was it Jim behind it all? Bishop Pike lost his life in the Jordan desert where he had been searching for the -historical- Jesus.

His wife Diane, while waiting in a Jerusalem hotel room for word of her husband, had a vision. She reports that she saw him leave his body in a filmy, cloud like substance. She saw it slowly rise between two rocks up toward the brim of the canyon. She could tell he was smiling, she said, though his form was featureless, and she felt a sense of peace. She remembered how she and Jim had made so much fun of the idea of people ascending to heaven as the Christians believed. But she readily accepted this as fact. She saw her husband ascend to heaven, where he was greeted by Jim and by his old friend Paul Tillich.

Here is a strange reunion. A bishop who did not believe in Christ. A suicide son who wanted a religion that does not "force God and Jesus down one's throat." And Paul Tillich, the renowned theologian who was called "the father of the death-of-God school.-Yet all arrive in heaven. And the bishop is alleged to have sent back word through the medium Ethel Johnson Meyers, "I have overcome, overcome, overcome, overcome!"

Was Diane's vision genuine? It must be admitted that it contained one element of truth, for it was in the Jordan desert that the bishop's body was found. But can it be accepted as an authentic revelation from the world beyond? Or was it all a planned, polished, supernatural fantasy staged just for Diane? It might be important to know!

## **4. Psychic Pastimes**

A group of American parapsychologists visited the research laboratories at Leningrad University in the summer of 1971. They came home with tales of a psychic holding her hand near an object and making it hop across the table without touching it. As clear-cut a case of psychokinesis as ever I saw," enthused one of the returning parapsychologists. His wife listened with a frown. Then she asked quietly, "But, dear, couldn't you have picked up the object and moved it just as well?"

To her, a senseless pastime. To the parapsychologists, serious business.

Almost from his earliest days man has played games with the unseen world. But late in the 1840s he heard some knocks on the wall of a wooden shack and answered them. His games have been stepping up in intensity ever since. Those isolated rappings in the home of the Fox sisters, at Hydesville, New York, have crescendoed into a veritable thunder of feedback from the unseen world.

Innocent pastimes? Well, once in a while a prank was involved. The psychic David Bubar relates that during his student days he used to play pranks with his psychic abilities. Sometimes during church he would direct thoughts through mental telepathy into the mind of the preacher, or a layman who was leading in prayer, and they would repeat the words he would give to them.

Eileen Garrett is a medium and president of the American Society for Psychical Research. She speaks of the -shabby trade of the soothsayer- and says, "On the one hand [America] is hardboiled enough to sneer at anything it cannot see or understand. On the other hand, it is gullible enough to patronize the fortunetellers who infest our cities. It spends large sums of money to hear such astounding revelations as 'You're a good friend but a dangerous enemy,' or 'Don't argue with your boss next Wednesday.' Such is the lure of the psychic, the pull of the unseen.

A Berkeley, California, underground magazine recently made a survey and discovered (to no one's surprise) that 94 percent of the kids read magazine horoscopes and 68 percent scanned newspaper astrology columns. However, only 6 percent believed that the predictions regularly come true. Three fourths of those questioned admitted to having participated in some sort of occult phenomena. Over half believed in flying saucers, 65 percent thought they had extrasensory perception yet only 14 percent thought it was possible to communicate with the dead. Most of them believed in reincarnation and-quite importantly-85 percent believed that drugs were not the definitive answer to reaching psychic goals.

Some experts in the field believe that for most people this interest in the psychic is only a fad. People are romantic. And they want excitement and adventure. They find statistics about card guessing and laboratory experiments dull, so they gravitate toward more entertaining phenomena-s6ances, Ouija boards, table tapping, tarot cards, and crystal balls. As for the world of show business, it is said that seventy-five out of every hundred actors have had psychic experiences.

But if you think that the occult world consists of nothing more than the old and familiar brands of spiritism and hypnotism and astrology, a quick tour through the state of California alone would convince you that we have seen only the tip of the psychic iceberg. For there you will find astrologers and mediums of incredible varieties, reincarnation and karma, tarot cards, palmistry, and crystal balls. You will also find Indian medicine men. And Zen Buddhism, Tibetan Buddhism, and Yoga-the latter in the disguise of health and reducing classes.

And that is only the beginning. There is a movement called Subud, a far-out combination of philosophy, mysticism, and noise whose unearthly sessions are said to frighten away many first timers. There is the Church of Satan with its Anton LaVey, and his Satanic Bible. There is a Tibetan Meditation Center, a Jesuit Catholic church that has rock mass and offers study groups in the occult, and a traditional United Church of Christ that holds a weird Wednesday-evening service where pews are removed and rugs laid down, with strobe lights illuminating psychedelic posters on the walls. On Easter a young girl portraying Jesus stumbles across the floor with the weight of a cross on her shoulders, while sound effects simulate the crucifixion nailing. There is black and white magic. And in at least one high school, students are turned onto psychic phenomena on week-long field trips to the mountains.

One psychic alone teaches such a wide range of subjects as parapsychology, Tibetan Yoga, Polynesian Huna, the teachings of Gurdjieff, Ashvagosha (Awakening of Faith), past life perception, self-hypnosis, age regression, fountain of health, and steps to higher consciousness. That's just one psychic. And even in his tiny suburban town he packs them in.

Another psychic has a spirit guide who says he received his teaching directly from Jesus. She uses

this guide for anyone who wishes to try him-to locate lost children, recover misplaced documents, or cure people about to have surgery. And there is the Universal Receivers Prayer Group, said to be the most powerful psychic group operating in northern California today. Their prayers work, they say. They direct them to anyone who is listening, apparently, hoping that-God or the Higher Self or the Spirit World" will hear them and listen to what they have to say.

There are the Rosicrucians, of course, and their big Egyptian museum. And there are the numerologists. And there is a graphologist from Seattle who breaks handwriting down into something that looks like a fusion of an astrological chart with a Rorschach test. Doctors, psychiatrists, and even the police have called her in on difficult cases. There is also a licensed physician who uses both astrology and hypnosis to cure his patients. And a Jesuit priest is said to be the authority on hypnotism in northern California. He started out by teaching people how to relax.

Also in California is the man who is toying with extrasensory perception between plants and people. He says plants will reaction a lie detector apparatus-if you say you are going to burn them, or even think about it. There is a man who has X-ray vision. He looks into a person's body, sees what is wrong, and makes a diagnosis. They say he is always right. And there is the psychic who runs a youth rehabilitation center and tries to show his students that a psychic trip is better than a drug trip. What's more, it's free.

But you haven't heard anything yet. A Sacramento group believes that spacemen were responsible for the creation of the human race and that they come back to look in on us from time to time. There is nothing particularly psychic about the city of Placerville, east of Sacramento. But several mediums claim that it is what is going on above Placerville that is important. A great city is allegedly being built directly over Placerville. The city, they say, is being constructed by beings from other planets who are working feverishly to finish it in time. When our planet gets so polluted that it is uninhabitable, those beings supposedly will reach down and pick up those humans who have the best vibrations. This select group would be placed in a state of suspended animation for twenty or thirty years until the earth's atmosphere is cleared, and then dropped down again.

And then, north of Oroville, on five mountainous acres, the City of Jesus is rising slowly but surely. It is to be a meditation center free and no questions asked.

But the tales about Mount Shasta are most unbelievable of all. It is said that there are two cities lying beneath Mount Shasta. Its secret inhabitants are supposed to have hollowed out great masses from the center of the mountain, using incredible bells that sliced and burrowed like a laser beam, with vibrations on a frequency too high for humans to hear. There are supposed to be twelve Masters who come down on the slopes of Mount Shasta and give instruction there. One medium claims she met Jesus on Mount Shasta. And she says He told her He was born and lives on Orion.

The psychic healers are scattered through California. There is one who heals by sticking his fingers, along with facial tissue, right into the patient's body. Another uses an eerie mixture of massage and regression to past lives. And there is the Scottish physician ghost that told a wife whose husband was ill to cut off the top of her husband's head to relieve the pressure. And she did-with her finger.

Well, there are the witches-black and white and gray. And the warlocks. And wiccacraft, which is different. A man who plays an orange. A psychic who reads sand. One who talks to animals. There is psychometry. There is Krishna Consciousness. And for some reason one writer has included the Jesus freaks with the psychic crowd.

The extent of psychic activity in the one state of California is beyond all tabulation. This in spite of California's anti-fortune telling law, which says that mediums and fortune-tellers can't operate. The same law, however, says that churches are free to do anything. So many psychics buy clerical titles. This means a thriving business for Bishop Kirby Hensley, of the Universal Life Church, Inc. He ordains ministers for a price, and sells them Doctor of Divinity degrees. Bishop Hensley can neither read nor write.

What shall we say of all this frenzied flurry of psychic involvement? Are these simply pastimes? Not one of the principals involved, the psychics and the mediums, would agree to that. Nor would most of their clients. Most of them are dead serious. To them they are not pastimes, but altars. Are they harmless diversions, then? The innocent hunger for something beyond computers and commuting? Or are they dangerous games played with unidentified opposites in the unseen world? One thing is certain. Something has touched a sensitive nerve of public interest. And it is not over yet. The weird and eerie world of the occult seems to be a huge submerged magnet pulling the explorer into it, almost against his will, and demanding verification by the physical senses.

Man likes the psychic ball game even if he doesn't know the identity of his opposing team. He has

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no intention of calling it off. His enchantment has overcome his fear. The distant thunder of those raps on the walls of a wooden shack is now crashing dangerously near. But is anybody running for cover?

## **5. Helter Skelter**

It was an insane story of corpses, rituals, and weirdness. Ghastly tales of sacrifice on the beaches of California. Stolen dune buggies and hypnotized girls. A deluded drop-out who convinced his followers that he was both Jesus and Satan. The weird beyond weird.

Unfortunately, the story is not a best-selling novel. It is the real-life tragedy of Charles Manson, who through some strange power welded his so-called family into a warlike clan that killed. What was the background that made such a tale of horror possible? Where did Charles Manson get his ideas? Are others playing games with the same dangerous sources? Perhaps we ought to know.

Through most of the 1960s he sat in jail. Outside in America much was happening. There were various liberation movements, riots, assassinations, the beginning of Vietnam, peace rallies, sexual liberation, rock and roll, the Beatles, the Beach Boys, napalm, Hare Krishna, and more. He monitored it all through magazines and hearsay-and thought.

It was during those prison days that Charles Manson began studying magic, hypnotism, warlockry, astral projection, scientology, Masonic lore, ego games, and subliminal motivation. He was particularly fascinated by hypnotism and subliminal motivation. He was determined to use these to control others. And he was also hooked on the new thing called scientology. He reasoned that it would enable him to do any thing he chose, or be anything he chose.

He read up on the techniques of psychiatry-especially group therapy. These he could use in the plan that was formulating in his mind. And black magic. He particularly liked a book called *Stranger in a Strange Land*, the story of a power-hungry telepathic Martian who roamed this earth with a harem, proselytizing for a new religions movement. He borrowed many of his ideas and considerable terminology from this book. Hopefully, he didn't intend to use the ritual cannibalism it described. But who knows what was stirring in his mind?

One thing is certain. When he walked out of jail on March 21, 1967, he had a plan in mind. And America, with its new doctrine of love and flowers, was ready to be kind to wounded, mixed-tip kids who walked its streets.

Right away he collected the first of his girls and moved to San Francisco and the Haight. Then came drugs. It seems that it was an LSD trip that first gave him the idea that he, Charles Manson, was Jesus. And on the Haight, of course, he encountered the entire collection of sub-cultural currents that had been building up through the decade. Acid music-dope-sexual freedom-peace rallies-astrology and the occult. Turn on, tune in, drop out. Underground newspapers-crash pads - communes-long hair. And the concept of the underground superstar.

Control. That was what lie was into all along. He whose life had been an ugly mixture of poverty and jail and boredom, now could have his own universe. And he seemed to attract those who thirsted for a leader. They were ready to accept him in whatever role he chose to cast himself. At the end of the summer of love they set out to roam the coastal highways, collecting more girls as they went.

It seems there was a year of flowers and nomad-community living. But sometime in the spring or summer of 1968 a change occurred in the family. In walked Satan, witchcraft, devil worship, and violence. It was probably on Sunset Strip that lie first made contact with far-out motorcycle groups with names like *The Satan Slaves* and *The Straight Satans*. He kept up his association with these during the year of violence.

Undoubtedly Manson borrowed his ideas from plenty of sources. He prided himself on his vast range of weird information. But there were some specific inputs that led to his death trip-three groups in particular that were active in the Los Angeles area. There was *The Solar Lodge of the Ordo Temple Orientis*, a magical cult specializing in blood-drinking and sex-magic. And there was an obscure occult group of forty or so which has been called the *Kirky Order of Dog Blood*.

And then there was *The Process Church of the Final judgment*, an English organization dedicated to blood, weirdness, and end-of-the-world slaughter. The Process, as the group is known, was active in Los Angeles in 1968 when Manson abandoned flowers, and in the summer of 1969 when murder reigned. Its leader believed himself to be Christ-which probably only strengthened Manson's idea that he could be Christ too. And the group teaches that Christ and Satan have abandoned their differences and now work together.

At any rate, somewhere, out of some combination of psychic inputs, Manson evolved a plan. He

*PSYCHIC ROULETTE – George Vanderman*

would go out with his dune buggies and his girls and his knives to create his own Armageddon. It was this unification of Christ and Satan that appealed most to this disordered mind. He, Charles Manson, could be both Christ and Satan. He, Charles Manson, would pull off the second coming-and his own Armageddon with it.

There was still another influence in Charles Manson's life that, in his weird thinking, seemed to tie all his activities together and give them a name. It was Helter Skelter. The Beatles had put out a new white double album. On it was the song "Helter Skelter." Evidently Manson did not know that a helter skelter is nothing more than a slide in a British amusement park. He began listening to that song, and he seemed to hear the Beatles telling him to call them, or send them a telegram. He heard all sorts of things in that song.

Now it is true that the album was made at a time when the Beatles were locked in bitter quarrels. and that that was reflected in the album. "Helter Skelter" is an insistent rock and roll number. And it is very weird sounding especially the long final section which sounds like a -universal march of wrecked maniacs.-

Manson already had an Armageddon in mind. Now he had a name for it. It meant violence. It meant killing. It meant a fleet of helterskelter dune buggies armed for attack. It meant a hide-out in Death Valley. It meant helter-skelter maps and a helter-skelter escape route plotted all the way from Death Valley along the fire roads to the sea, avoiding major highways. An Armageddon trail.

And Manson was serious. He gave his girls lessons in knife throwing and in throat slitting. He had visions of decorating their hideout with human skulls. And Helter Skelter was to happen soon. But enough of that. We are repulsed by everything about the Charles Manson story-the killing, the witchcraft, the Satan worship, the sacrifice rituals, and all the rest. And probably we would agree that some of these extreme occult groups, judging by the effect they had on Charles Manson, must be at least potentially dangerous.

But these are the extreme. Not all occult groups advocate violence. Many are highly respectable. Certainly we are not classing them all together. On the other hand, could it be that some element of danger extends throughout all the occult? Could it be that the entire psychic world is riddled with a degree of danger? Where is the borderline between harmless cults and dangerous cults? Or is there any?

Untold thousands of sincere people are searching for the truth in this matter. They have lost loved ones. They are desperately lonely. It is only natural that they should look for comfort from whatever source. Surely this innocent searching for comfort cannot be classed with participation in cults of violence. Of course not. But could it be that there is an element of danger in both however hidden? Is there a connection-however remote? What could be more important than to find out?

## **6. Psychic Ice Is Thin**

After four months of automatic writing, fifteen minutes a day, the book was complete. Arthur Ford had ended his predictions. And now Ruth Montgomery wrote an epilogue for the volume. What she said there may be as significant as anything in the book.

She asks, "Can automatic writing be dangerous?" And she says, "The answer is Yes. Unless a person is well balanced mentally and physically, he should not open a door through which mischievous or malevolent spirits can enter." Automatic writing can be dangerous. Why? Because mischievous or malevolent spirits might enter. And she feels it important that the person who attempts spirit communication should be well balanced mentally and physically.

I ask you, "Have you ever known anyone who did not consider himself to be well balanced? The other fellow may be a little off the beam, but not me! You know how it is. Hans Holtzer, another devotee of the psychic world, has something to say along the same line. He agrees with Mrs. Montgomery that to seek contact with the dead, therefore, is a matter for only well adjusted individuals to undertake. It is particularly ill suited for the unbalanced or too strongly bereaved, at least without proper instruction by a psychic researcher."

Again we ask: "Who is to decide who is well balanced and who is not? It is usually the individual himself who decides whether or not to attempt contact with the dead."

Hans Holtzer continues, "Some of these channels are and some are not. Most people under emotional stress are still incapable of distinguishing the true from the false. Moreover, the desire to communicate and the hope that men will succeed are powerful inducements to make a person overlook the earmarks of fraud or self-deception."

Certainly it is most natural, most understandable, that those who grieve should reach out for some contact with the one they have lost, if such a possibility is held out to them. And certainly it would not be surprising if a person under the emotional stress of a recent bereavement is not as discriminating, does not reason as logically, does not sort the evidence as critically, as someone else might. But Hans Holtzer also says, "Those driven only by idle curiosity should stay away from contacting the living dead."

It is implied that only the researcher is informed enough, balanced enough, to safely attempt spirit communication. But by what standard does the researcher decide which channels are safe and which are not? What are the earmarks of fraud? If there are such earmarks, ought they not to be made known to all, including the bereaved and the curious, so that those very groups who are most susceptible to deception may be protected against it?

There are true and false channels, he says. Evidently psychic ice, at least at times, is thin. Now here is something interesting. It comes from a sixth generation witch. She says, "Being sensitive and psychic is an abnormal condition, and those who are have a distorted viewpoint. Professional psychics have done more harm to the advancement of psychic research than any other group in the world. Getting advice from a psychic is not the thing to do! Having come from a family of psychics, I feel qualified to express my opinion."

Well, what do you think of that? Those who attempt spirit communication should be well balanced, we are told. But this same witch, who ought to know, says that being psychic is an abnormal condition. Yet the professional psychics are the ones who routinely make contact with the unseen. At least there is agreement on one thing. There are dangers in the psychic world.

Now this from a well-known medium: "A person who wants to become a medium must realize the tremendous responsibility which this places upon him and also realize that there are dangers in it as well. There are spirits on the other side who are willing to come back to a medium and take possession of him . . . There are spirits who are impersonators and will come back through a medium and make claims that are not truth." (Emphasis ours.)

If you visit a medium, then, there is the possibility that evil Spirits may take possession of that medium. And the spirits may be impersonators, claiming to be what they are not and telling you what is not true. What else can her words mean? What infinite possibilities for confusion and fraud and danger are opened up here!

Another warning comes from a serious and dedicated psychologist and parapsychologist who teaches and researches the occult at the University of California in Los Angeles. She feels that cults can be dangerous and that black magic and witchcraft are very tricky and unpleasant fields to dabble in. Even the

Ouija board, she says, can be harmful, because most people don't realize that it can lead to a dissociation, and even a serious split in the personality.

Evidently psychic ice is sometimes thin. That's what the psychics say. And they ought to know. Most important of all, however, and most frightening, is the suggestion that the spirits who communicate may be impersonators, and may not tell the truth. Diane Pike, when Bishop Pike was lost in the desert, contacted a number of mediums in an effort to locate him. But she made a significant statement:-Of course my husband and I both know that the information obtained through mediums is not always accurate.-

I ask you, if information from the other side is not always accurate, then is there not always an element of danger? Are we ever safe when truth is absent? Do we really want to play games with sometimes-lying spirits when destiny is involved? I understand that Bishop Pike was once asked if he had considered the possibility that he might be involved with the world of evil spirits. He replied that the thought had crossed his mind, but that it was too disturbing and he had buried it.

He was already too involved. And that's the way it happens. That's the pattern. Karl Jaspers said it so well:-I recognized too late that murky elements had taken a hand. I got to know them after they already had too much power. There was no way back. I now had the world of spirits I had wanted to see. The demons came up from the abyss.-Already too much power.

Raphael Gasson, once a practicing medium, says, "The way into spiritualism is extraordinarily easy; the way out is extremely dangerous." Why is this true? Why is the psychic world so easy to enter and so difficult to leave? It is because the pull of the supernormal is greater than we think. Once we have embraced it, it may be almost impossible to let go. But there is another reason. The deep loneliness within, the desire to be reunited with a loved one, makes it extremely difficult to turn away. The grieving one is haunted by the thought that by rejecting spirit communication he might be rejecting his loved one. And that, of course, to him is unthinkable. He wants to know, and know for sure, before he risks rejecting one he loves.

It would be cruel not to understand.

But is it kind, is it loving, to be silent in the face of danger? Is it kind, is it loving, to see someone who is in the grip of loneliness taken advantage of-and say nothing? We see racketeers who scheme to get a widow's money while she is still caught in the first deep hurt of separation. And we say: How cruel! But could it be that psychic racketeers are taking a like advantage, and one far more serious? Are they slipping into lonely lives under cover of their tears and offering them false comfort?

If the psychic world can offer the comfort that it claims to offer, if it is able to put the living in touch with the dead as it says it can, if the spirits produced in the darkened room are who they claim to be and not impersonators-then it is cruel even to raise the question.

But if there is some reasonable doubt about the credentials of those psychic comforters from the spirit world, then the question must be raised, no matter how deep and seemingly unkind may be the temporary hurt. Otherwise, the day is sure to come when someone will cry out too late, "You knew! Why didn't you tell me?"

Lifeguards, as they rescue drowning persons, may be rough. They don't handle them gently. But they are saving their lives. The surgeon's knife is drastic treatment. But it is kind, because it is the only way.

A mother may seem harsh as she snatches her child from the path of an oncoming automobile. But she loves her child. A passerby may pound unceremoniously on your door. But you don't care-if your house is afire. It isn't easy to question the safety of a drug on which a patient has come to depend. But question the physician must.

And question we must in the case of psychic attachments on which lonely people have come to depend. Question we must. Until we know that psychic ice is safe enough and strong enough to hold our weight. Or until we discover, in time, that it is too thin, too treacherous to travel at any speed. Question we must. No matter how many have traveled it before. No matter how well grooved the psychic trail that appears to safely bridge the lonely gulf between us and those we love.

## **7. Who's Tossing Them Back?**

Man is tossing balls across the wall of the unseen world. And somebody is tossing them back. Who? Man thinks he knows. Ruth Montgomery thinks it is Arthur Ford. Bishop Pike thought it was Jim. A lot of people think it is Uncle Joe. Others are not completely sure.

Jess Stern, author of a number of best sellers in the psychic field, has some interesting things to say: Many times, in discussions with mediums, I have questioned whether they were getting their extrasensory information in a special pipeline from the great beyond, as they thought, or as a dramatic exercise of their own subconscious.

And he continues, The most celebrated of American mediums, the late Arthur Ford, who claimed spirit contact with thousands, including the magician Harry Houdini and young Jim Pike, the bishop's son, was not quite as sure toward the twilight of his career of the authenticity of his spirit guide as he had once been. Like other guides, Fletcher was a friendly entity or spirit which presumably attached itself to the medium's subconscious, but which the medium considered a force outside himself through which the spirit world conveniently communicated, being on the same wavelength.

'Wouldn't it be amusing,' Ford said once with a wry smile, 'if what I thought was Fletcher all these years was actually my own subconscious dramatizing a purely clairvoyant experience?' However, before his own death, the medium's faith in Fletcher was reinforced by a reassuring message from young Jim Pike for his father." Notice what reinforced Arthur Ford's faith. A message from Jim.

Jess Stern again raises the question.-In the search for evidence of survival, any subjective experience is suspect on the grounds of wishful thinking. With my imagination I can visualize anyone I know who has passed on, and by sinking into the subconscious invoke conversations that are clearly offshoots of this imagination. What assurance did I have that the psychics weren't doing pretty much the same thing?"

He speaks now of Douglas Johnson, the psychic healer. Recognizing the problem of distinguishing reality from fantasy, Douglas Johnson felt the test lay not in the vividness of a presumed communication, but in the nature of the information, information that could have come from only the other side. Notice the evidence-"the nature of the information, information that could have come from only the other side.

But Jess Stern says, As had Arthur Ford, Johnson had learned to question the spirits that spoke to him, realizing he might only be dramatizing a clairvoyant experience.-He says Douglas Johnson -is very demanding of himself-and his spirits," and quotes him as saying, "We psychics and spiritualists must constantly make sure that we are not fooling ourselves as to where the information is coming from. That's why I always try to demand proof of Spirit." What would the proof be? The nature of the information.

A medium who is considered one of the most reputable in Los Angeles, also has questions. She says, -I know I receive direct communication but who is to say where that communication is coming from? How do we know that it is coming from the actual person whose name we are receiving from spirit? Suppose I see an entity build up beside you and I get the name John and then there will be some sort of message. But is this really coming from Uncle John? Only you can be the judge. There are so many things about the spirit world and mediumship that we don't know! I've been in this work for years, but I still feel as if I'm in kindergarten.

The medium says she has received and transmitted hundreds of messages later verified as being from people who have passed over into spirit. But she asks, How do I know if that message has come directly from a particular person named or another authority?"

Her husband tried to help. He said, She constantly gets accurate messages both clair-audiently and clairvoyantly. She will get them as being from so-and-so and she'll repeat them and, as happens with all good mediums, she finds out later that they contained information that could be checked out as being true. Again, what is the proof? The accuracy of the message. But she still wonders if it came directly from that person or from some other authority. The question persists. Who is tossing back the ball? The voices we hear may be from the other side. But whose voices are they? Are they telling the truth? And even if they are, what is their purpose? Have they come to enlighten us, or to delude us? To inform, or to invade?

Ruth Montgomery sincerely believes that her book originated with Arthur Ford. How does she know? What convinces her? The nature of the information. Information that only he would have. One individual, after visiting a psychic, enthused, "When he saw where I had gone to that day, and when I

would be back, I knew then he had a pipeline to God. How else could it be explained?-

That is the consistent reasoning. That is the evidence. That is the proof that seems to be almost universally accepted. If the information is right, if it checks out, then there must be a pipeline to God.

A pipeline to God-if the information checks out. That seems to be the only criterion of genuineness. No other test is applied. If the information checks out, even some of it, then it must be genuine. There is no thought of checking these spirit messages by some dependable standard. To thousands of sincere minds the thought has never occurred that something can be supernatural and still not be from God. It has never occurred to them that a miracle can be a fraud. Countless messages from the spirit world are accepted simply because-no one else would know that."

What convinces Ruth Montgomery? The nature of the information. What convinced Bishop Pike? The nature of the information. What convinces the mediums? The nature of the information. What convinces the thousands who visit the mediums? The nature of the information. If it is information that no one else would know, then there must be a pipeline to God.

A pipeline to the unseen world? Yes. A pipeline to God? Not necessarily. Ruth Montgomery tells us that there are mischievous or malevolent spirits on the other side. Then no question could be more appropriate than this. How does she know that she herself has not been taken in by these very spirits of which she speaks? Impossible Don't be too sure! Let me ask you, Are you sure no one else knows those family secrets, those intimate details that are so convincing to many thousands of sincere seekers for truth?

What about those mischievous spirits that Mrs. Montgomery talks about? In her book it is repeatedly emphasized that the spirit world is not distant, but right here, all about us. If that is true, if evil spirits are right here, out of our sight but watching us all the time, don't you suppose they know some of the family secrets as well as we do? And if there are impersonators in the spirit world, and spirits willing to lie, as psychics themselves have suggested, do you see what can happen? Talented impersonators-plus unlimited information plus a willingness to lie-plus the cover of being invisible!

Is the individual who checks only the accuracy of a few pieces of information being sufficiently cautious? Is he being cautious at all? Or is he making himself an easy target? Do you see now that an experience may be supernatural-and not be from God? That it may be a miracle-and still be a fraud? Correct information doesn't prove a thing so long as mischievous, lying, impersonating spirits are lingering nearby.

And so, if you toss a ball across the wall of the unseen world and it comes back with a family secret written on it, it doesn't necessarily mean that Uncle Joe tossed it back. It may only mean that spirits can write!

## **8. Has Anybody Told Arthur Ford?**

An actress jumped from the fourteenth -story window of a New York apartment building carrying a Bible, a crucifix, and a note that said, -Signing off for heaven.

Was she? Where does a man go when he dies? Or does he go anywhere? Will he be calling back to leave his number? Do the dead come back? Do the dead communicate with the living? Are they aware of what is going on? Does Arthur Ford know that lie has written a book since he died? Has anybody told him?

Everybody wants to know about the other side. That's why the scence is so popular. That's why men and women are so captivated with the idea of spirit communication. That's the pull, that's the allure of the psychic world. That's why people buy books like Ruth Montgomery's. Here is a chance to get the answers from somebody who is there-wherever it is. So they reason.

Undoubtedly Mrs. Montgomery is sincere in her belief that the book originated with Arthur Ford. It is her settled conviction that communication with the dead is possible. And millions agree with her. You could fill a truck with books that promote, in some form or other, the idea that the dead do not die when they die, that they are alive somewhere, and that they can communicate with the living. That's the popular belief.

But here is our dilemma. There is one Book that disagrees. It is an ancient Book that we call the Bible. And what complicates our dilemma is this: This ancient Book, unlike the other books, claims to be inspired from start to finish. It claims to be the Word of God.

You will have to decide what it is to you personally. You may choose to call it a good book, but not an inspired Book. But strange as it may seem, the Bible cannot be simply a good book. Why? Because it claims to be inspired. It claims to have originated in the mind of God. If that is not true, then the Bible is a book of lies. And a book of lies is not a good book at all, but a very bad book.

If its credentials are genuine, then its batting average must be one hundred percent. There is no room for any misses at all, if the Bible is what it claims to be. It must be able to stand through the ages against every attempt to destroy it. It must be able to change behavior. Multitudes say it measures up. And tapping insistently at the minds of thousands more is the persistent question, Could it be that the Bible is right after all?

On the other hand, these other books on our shelves make no such claims as does the Bible. Ruth Montgomery claims that her book is written by a dead medium. Many a volume includes counsel and advice supposedly from the spirit world. Some books come from the minds of great theologians, and some from lesser lights. Some dazzle their readers with the wonders of psychic phenomena. Some profess to bring us the wisdom of men from other planets. And some relay messages allegedly from spacecraft hovering over our earth. All have one underlying concept-that men do not die, that men cannot die. But not one of these books makes any claim to be the product of the mind of God.

It would seem reasonable then, since the Bible makes the unique claim that it does, that any serious researcher would want to be aware of its side of the story. Can a man be satisfied with anything less-if he really wants to get to the heart of the matter? Is it a fair investigation that probes the one and not the other? Is it consistent to consult the books that lay no claim to inspiration, and completely ignore the one that claims to be God's special word to man? Do we really want to stake our eternal destiny on the words of a dead medium and never open the Book of books?

Who is tossing back our balls? The ancient Scriptures might yield some surprises. I will never forget a certain Sunday a number of years ago. It was just two days after that memorable Christmas Eve when the astronauts of Apollo VIII read from the first chapter of Genesis while orbiting the moon. This Sunday evening I was watching the Joe Pyne show. And Bishop Pike was a guest. The bishop was promoting his new book *The Other Side*, and of course they were discussing the possibility of communication with the dead.

Now you may recall that Joe Pyne was not always as courteous to his guests as he might have been. But on this occasion he listened very attentively. And then finally he turned to his guest and said quietly, -Bishop, doesn't the Bible say somewhere that the dead don't know anything?" The bishop, obviously taken back, replied, "I don't know". He reached for a pencil and said, "I'll go home and look it up.

A little later Joe Pyne opened the show to questions from the studio audience, and a young man stood in the dock. "And what is your question for the bishop?" I don't have a question for the bishop," the

young man replied. -I just want to tell him where the text is that he doesn't know is in the Bible. It is in Ecclesiastes, the ninth chapter and the fifth verse." And then he quoted it correctly from memory: -For the living know that they shall die: but the dead know not anything."

The verse that follows is also interesting, for it says, "Also their love, and their hatred, and their envy, is now perished. But evidently, all through his experience with the occult, the bishop did not feel it important to learn the Bible position on the matter.

You recall that he was very perplexed about the haunting of his Cambridge apartment. I wonder what his reaction would have been if he had returned to the flat one day and found in front of his nightstand a Bible open to job, chapter seven, verses nine and ten-and perhaps marked in red: "He that goes down to the grave shall come up no more. He shall return no more to his house. But then, an apartment-haunter would hardly want to call attention to a scripture that says the dead do not come back to their house!

You recall that in his perplexity about what was going on in his apartment, he asked counsel from Canon Pearce-Higgins. And he was advised to consult a medium. If, however, the bishop had turned to the Bible for counsel, the advice would have been strikingly different, especially if he had come across Isaiah, chapter eight, verses nineteen and twenty. Here it is in the wording of The Living Bible, Paraphrased: "So why are you trying to find out the future by consulting witches and mediums? Don't listen to their whisperings and mutterings. Can the living find out the future from the dead? Why not ask your God? 'Cheek those witches' words against the Word of God!' He says. 'If their messages are different than Mine, it is because I have not sent them; for they have no light or truth in them.'

One gets the impression that God is not on very good terms with the world of the occult. And it is difficult to get away from the startling statement that the dead do not know anything. Certainly the dead would find it difficult to carry on an intelligent communication if they don't know anything. But could this be an isolated statement? No, evidently it is not. It seems to be consistent with the rest of the Book-surprising as this may be to many who have thought otherwise. An equally strong statement is found in Psalm 146, verse four, which says, "His breath goes forth, he returns to his earth; in that very day his thoughts perish.

According to this, when a man's breathing stops, so does his thinking. Was Jim Pike really hovering near, and worrying about his father, after lie (lied? Was Arthur Ford chatting with friends even before his funeral? Is Jack Kennedy even now working on some project somewhere? is his peace being disturbed, wherever he is, by concern for his country and his brother Ted? If you ask the Bible, the answer is No. "He passes off the scene. ... He never knows it is his son; are honored; or they may fail and face disaster, but lie knows, it not.- Job 14:21, LB.

But don't men go to heaven-or somewhere-when they die? Isn't that basic all through the Scriptures? Where else did people get this idea? No. Surprising as it may seem, die Bible appears to have the dead, good and bad, simply sleeping in their graves until the resurrection of the last day. You may recall that Jesus of Nazareth spoke of Lazarus, when lie was dead, as being asleep. And Lazarus, when he was called from his tomb four days later, seems to have had no story to tell about where lie had been during those four days. Evidently he hadn't gone anywhere.

And did you know that the disciple Peter, on the day of Pentecost, said that David hadn't gone to heaven yet? He said, Let me freely speak onto you of the patriarch David, that he is both dead and buried, and his sepulchre is with us unto this day.... For David is not ascended into the heavens." Acts 2:29, 34. David! Centuries after his death! And he hadn't gone anywhere yet!

Actually, this idea of going to heaven, or anywhere else, immediately at death, if we think it through logically, has some very serious problems. You see, the Bible speaks repeatedly of three future events to take place at or near the end of time. They are the resurrection, the judgment, and the second coming of Christ.

But why would a resurrection be needed if people through the ages, one by one, have gone to heaven or hell immediately after death? And why should Christ come back to get His people if they are already with Him? And why have a judgment at the last day if everybody has already gone where they are supposed to go? Are we to suppose that at the judgment, when all the facts are in, when every man's case is decided, an angel may have to be dispatched to tap someone on the shoulder, down in the hot place, and say, "I'm sorry. There's been a mistake. You've been in the wrong place all these hundreds of years. You're supposed to be in heaven.-

I know what someone is thinking. Am I forgetting about the thief on the cross? Didn't Jesus tell

the thief that he would be with Him in Paradise that very day? Let us suppose that you are a writer, but that you use no punctuation whatever. And then, after you have passed from the scene, somebody comes along and puts the punctuation in. In some spots it may not be completely clear what you mean. He will have to punctuate it according to what he thinks you mean. And he may make some mistakes.

Well, that's what happened with the story of the thief on the cross. It was about twelve hundred years later that the punctuation was supplied by a man named Stephen Langton at the University of Paris. And he did the best he could. Tell me. If you were in his place, and if you had always believed that people go to heaven immediately at death, wouldn't you place the comma accordingly?

Jesus was not saying, -Verily I say unto thee, Today shall thou be with me in Paradise," as it reads in most Bibles in the twenty-third chapter of Luke, verse forty-three. He was saying, "Verily I say unto thee today, Thou shall be with me in Paradise.

It couldn't be any other way. Death from crucifixion was usually a long, slow process. The victims often lived for several days. That's why Pilate was so surprised that Jesus was dead so soon. That's why soldiers broke the legs of the two thieves when they took them down from the cross. Otherwise they might have escaped. Undoubtedly the thief didn't die that day, so he couldn't go to heaven that day. And evidently Jesus didn't go either, because on Sunday morning He said to Mary, "Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended to my Father.-John 20:17.

Evidently the thief knew when it would happen. It didn't look as if Jesus had much of a kingdom that dark Friday. But the thief looked far down the corridors of time to the day when Jesus would receive the kingdom that rightfully belonged to Him. And he said, Remember me when You come into Your kingdom. Jesus, cheered by his faith-the only expression of faith to reach His ears while He hung on the cross-replied, I say to you today, you will be with Me in Paradise.

Today, when even My own disciples have forsaken Me. Today, when My own people have crucified Me. Today, when it appears that I shall never have a kingdom. Today, when it looks as though I could never save anybody, I say to you today, you will be with Me in Paradise.

No, if we are to accept what the Scriptures say about death, we can only conclude that death does not mean to go to heaven. Death does not mean to go to hellfire. Death does not mean to go to purgatory. Death does not mean to go to the spirit world. Death does not mean to go anywhere. Death simply means a cessation of life until the resurrection.

Now the question. If the dead do not know anything, if they cannot think, if they cannot love or hate or envy, if they cannot come back to haunt their house, if they do not know anything about what is happening to their loved ones who are still living, then how can the dead possibly communicate with us in any way?

It can mean only one thing. It wasn't Jim who haunted the Cambridge apartment. It wasn't Arthur Ford who wrote the book. It isn't Uncle Joe who sends back messages from the unseen world. But somebody is tossing back the balls!

## **9. Answering Service for the Dead**

Is there some sort of psychic telephone by which we can talk with the unseen world? Yes, there is. But if an ancient Book is telling the truth, then the dead never hear the ring of the phone. Nevertheless, the psychic lines are kept busy by those who prefer the evidence of their senses. Calls are getting through. But would they be shocked if they knew who was on the other end of the line?

They dial the other side. Someone answers. It sounds like a loved one. It looks like a loved one. They want it to be a loved one. They want it so desperately that the matter of credibility escapes them. They may be talking to another world. And it may be the spirit world. But who is on the other end of the line? Who has picked tip the psychic telephone? Who is taking the calls? Is it possible that someone is running an answering service for the dead? An answering service that the dead know nothing about? That is the question.

Police departments suggest certain cautious. Don't open the door to a stranger. Keep a chain on the door. Watch out for suspicious actions. Don't believe all you are told. Don't be fooled by a uniform. Ask to see credentials. Keep in mind that credentials may be fraudulent. A failure to observe cautious like these too often results in needless crime and death.

Now you may keep a chain on the door of your apartment, and buy the most secure locks, and carefully check the credentials of strangers who come to your door. But what happens when some resident of the spirit world knocks at the door of your mind? Are you as careful then?

Did you know that the Scriptures suggest that we check the credentials of the spirits? Evidently some are not who they say they are. It says, -Believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God." I John 4:1. But aren't they all the spirits of the dead? Doesn't the spirit leave the body at death and live on, even though the body dies?

That is the popular belief. However, the Bible says this, Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it. Ecclesiastes 12:7. Here is the Bible description of what happens to a man when he dies. But what is this spirit that returns to God? A New Testament scripture gives a clue.-For as the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead also.-James 2:26. The spirit, then, is what keeps the body alive.

Have you ever noticed the notes down the center of the page in some Bibles? In these notes, opposite this text in James, you will discover that the word "spirit" may also be translated "breath." For the body without the breath is dead. The two words-breath-and-spirit-are used interchangeably in Scripture. Here is an example:-All the while my breath is in me, and the spirit of God is in my nostrils.-Job 27:1 The spirit that a man receives from God and which goes back to God when he dies is what God put into his nostrils.

It will be interesting now to read from the record of man's creation. What did God put into man's nostrils? "And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul." Genesis 2:7. Evidently God breathed into man's nostrils at creation the breath of life. Then at death that spark or breath or spirit of life returns to God who gave it. The reverse of creation.

"And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground." Picture man as he came from the hands of his Creator. There he is-complete in every part. There is a brain in his head ready to think-but it isn't thinking. There is blood in his veins ready to flow-but it isn't flowing. There is a heart in his breast ready to beat-but it isn't beating. He is ready to live, to love, to act but he isn't living, loving, or acting-yet.

Now listen.-And breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul.-From that moment man possessed an identity, a personality, a character. Man became a living soul as the result of the union of the body with the breath of life. Then when a man dies, according to Ecclesiastes twelve, verse seven, the dust returns to the earth as it was, and the spirit of life, or breath of life, or spark of life, whether the man was saint or sinner, returns to God who gave it. The identity is not lost. The character is preserved. The personality is safe in the hands of God. But man is no longer conscious, because the life-maintaining union of body and breath has been broken.

In other words, if the union of the dust of the ground and the breath of life made man a living soul, what happens to that soul when these two are separated at death? It simply ceases to be a living soul until the Life giver reunites the two on the morning of the resurrection. So the Bible has it. Suppose that we have here a pile of boards and a pile of nails. That is all we have, just a pile of boards and a pile of nails.

Now we take these boards and nail them together in a certain way. We no longer have a pile of boards and a pile of nails. We now have a box.

Where did the box come from? It didn't come from anywhere. It is simply the union of the pile of boards and the pile of nails. Now let us suppose that we no longer want a box, so we pull out the nails and put them over here and place the boards back there. Now where did the box go? It didn't go anywhere. It simply ceased to exist as a box. The boards still exist. The nails still exist. But there can be no box until the two are united again.

Just so, in the beginning, Genesis tells us, God formed man of two things—the dust of the ground, and the breath of life. As a result of the union of these two, man became a living, loving, acting soul. When he dies the two separate. The living, loving, acting soul—the combination of body and breath—doesn't go anywhere. It simply surrenders its consciousness until the resurrection morning when body and breath are united again. The Bible does not have a man nonexistent between death and the resurrection. It has him sleeping.

So evidently, if we can believe this ancient Book, we do not go to our reward at death. Evidently death is simply a cessation of life until it is restored at the resurrection. And in between death and the resurrection a man doesn't know anything. He cannot think. He cannot communicate. So when a spirit, any spirit, claims to be the spirit of a man who had died, that marks him immediately as a fraud, an impostor. Whatever and whoever that spirit is, he cannot be the spirit of a dead man. That is one thing he cannot be if we are to believe the Bible.

Incidentally, it seems that neither do people become angels when they die, as some have thought. No man or woman or child has ever become an angel. How do we know? Because angels existed long before ever a man had died, or even been created. Angels sang at the time of creation. And angels guarded the gate of Eden when man was shut out because of his rebellion. But not a single human being had yet died. Angels are evidently a special order of being created to inhabit heaven. David said, What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visits him? For thou have made him a little lower than the angels.—Psalm 8:4,5.

So, according to the Bible, men become neither spirits nor angels. Between death and the resurrection they simply sleep, and know nothing of what is going on. Then who is answering the phone on the other side? Who is writing on the slates? Who is transmitting messages through the typewriter? Who is making the pictures in the crystal balls? With whom are men playing these psychic games?

I would agree that the mischievous evil spirits that Ruth Montgomery talks about must be prime suspects. But she might be shocked if she knew that the very spirits she has considered genuine, the ones she meets at her typewriter, the ones she counts on to protect her, are impostors like the rest—only perhaps more clever.

The last book of the Bible has something to say about spirits that deceive. It says, "For they are the spirits of devils, working miracles." Revelation 16:14. Miracles. Not tricks. We have no adequate conception of the cleverness, the subtle treachery, and the frightening power of these spirits that are bent on one purpose—to deceive and to destroy. Another scripture says, "Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light." 2 Corinthians 11:14.

Satan does not come to us as an uncouth being with hoofs and horns. He comes as an angel of light. And his helpers have learned their lessons well. They do not divulge their true identity. They come as comforters and helpers and protectors, gaining our confidence, the better to deceive. A friend of mine was making Christian calls in Scotland. But in one home she was surprised to be met with cold and icy reserve. The conversation, however, seemed to invite the lady's confidence, and soon she explained her bitterness toward all religion.

It seems that during the World War 1 years she had received a cable from the government stating that her husband was missing in action. For many long months she waited with no word. Then well-meaning friends urged her to attempt to contact her husband through the séance, for they reasoned that no doubt he was dead.

She felt that a measure of comfort might be hers if she could make contact. And to her amazement she saw the likeness of her loved one. She recognized his voice. They talked over many personal things. But months later her husband, alive and well, walked unannounced through the front door. He had never been dead or even seriously wounded. Unfortunately, this disillusioned woman became bitter because of the evident deception, the shameless advantage taken of her sorrow by masquerading spirits. Remember? They are the spirits of devils, working miracles.

*PSYCHIC ROULETTE – George Vanderman*

We must be kind. How could we have anything but understanding for those who have been sincere in their attempt to find comfort in the realm of the psychic? But evidently the powers behind these phenomena take unfair advantage of men and women. They come with caresses and words of love when we are weak and sorrowful. That is why I feel compelled to speak as I do.

Who are these spirits? Who are these clever impersonators that masquerade in the garb of those we have loved and lost? What is their background? How did they get here? It is a drama of intrigue that could involve every one of us.

## **10. Hijacked**

While I was fighting traffic on my way home from a Washington television studio, a new kind of war was in progress on a remote runway at nearby Dulles Airport.

A disturbed gentleman had been angered over a recently lost job and the non-payment of nineteen days of sick pay from seven years before, along with the Internal Revenue's demand for \$471.78. And now, further enraged by the failure of all his lawsuits to correct these supposed grievances, he had carried his appeal one step higher, into the skies.

Armed with a pistol and a razor and a can of gasoline, he had hijacked the sleek 727 just out of Phoenix, and demanded that the Supreme Court pay him a hundred million dollars. Airline officials scraped together a hundred thousand. But the hijacker ordered the plane back into the air and sent out the message, Tell the President I don't like playing games. Somebody doesn't know how to count.-

And now forty decoy money sacks stuffed with paper had been placed on a distant runway and the jet had landed a second time. Police sharpshooters shot out the tires, the rifle fire muffled by the whine of the jet engines. And when the hijacker sent two of the crew out to collect the money, FBI men crashed into the cockpit and overpowered the air pirate. You remember the story. Just a disturbed mind? But it meant eight and a half hours of terror for fifty-seven innocent people.

But this was only the beginning. On September 6, 1970, the hijack war turned professional. Within a space of minutes, you recall that three jets were hijacked over Europe. A fourth attempt, on an Israeli jet, failed. Suddenly there was chaos in the skies. The big Pan Am 747 was landed at Cairo and blown up only

minutes after the passengers, told that the fuse leading to the explosives had already been lighted, scrambled in panic down the escape chutes.

The TWA and Swisair jets were brought down on a lonely, sun baked Jordanian desert, where they were joined on September 9 by a BOAC plane. One of the guerrillas boasted. -This is a very good airport. We will fill it with planes if Allah is willing. Three days later, just after the passengers were removed, a chain of thudding explosions shook the desert shelf and the planes were a memory. But it was weeks before the battle of the hostages was over.

Here was a new kind of terror. Bargaining not with jets, but with the lives of innocent, uninvolved men and women and children. Where would it end? Had civilization itself been hijacked? Yes, that was only the beginning. The war in the skies, with its ransom demands, its D. B. Coopers, its parachutes, its bombs, its threatened air lines, its toll of death, seems to have no end.

But while all this is taking place, there is another hijack war in progress-one of even greater consequence. Three and a half billion people are riding a planet that has been hijacked-taken over by a defiant dissenter crazed with power. Ordered to fly his way-on his terms-at the point of his weapons. And now fuel is running low. The planet soon must make the critical passage from time into eternity. The cosmic keepers of the peace are waiting-and the hijacker knows it. Mad with rage and fear, he paces the planet like a roaring lion, threatening to destroy the passengers-down to the last man.

We are approaching disaster at 67,000 miles an hour, with the universe tracking our flight and cosmic escorts streaking beside us to shadow our course. Hijacked! And millions wonder if rescue will come in time! The story begins with a war not on this planet. "Then there was war in heaven; Michael and the angels under his command fought the Dragon and his hosts of fallen angels. And the Dragon lost the battle and was forced from heaven. This great Dragon-the ancient serpent called the devil, or Satan, the one deceiving the whole world-was thrown down onto the earth with all his army.-Revelation 12:7-9, LB.

Why this war? What was it all about? The prophet Isaiah tells us something of the background of this first rebel: - How you are fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! How you are cut down to the ground-mighty though you were against the nations of the world. For you said to yourself, 'I will ascend to heaven and rule the angels. I will take the highest throne. I will preside on the Mount of Assembly far away in the north. I will climb to the highest heavens and be like the Most High.'-Isaiah 14:12-14, LB.

The prophet Ezekiel tells us more: "The Lord God says: You were the perfection of wisdom and beauty. You were in Eden, the garden of God: your clothing was bejeweled with every precious stone . . . all in beautiful settings of finest gold. They were given to you on the day you were created. I appointed you to be the anointed guardian cherub. You had access to the holy mountain of God. You walked among the stones of fire. You were perfect in all you did from the day you were created until that time when wrong

was found in you.... I cast you out of the mountain of God.... Your heart was filled with pride because of all your beauty; you corrupted your wisdom for the sake of your splendor. Therefore I have cast you down to the ground." Ezekiel 28:12-17, LB.

Here is the picture. Lucifer-heaven's top angel officer-next to the Son of God. Brilliant-intelligent-beautiful-but proud. Proud. That's how it started. Proud. Restless. Dissatisfied with his own high position. Wanting the place that belonged to the Son of God. And then-the universe had its first rebel.

What was the issue? Authority. The authority of God's government. Evidently this proud leader thought that angels, those perfect and sinless inhabitants of heaven, an order of being a little higher than man, and created long before man the rebel reasoned that angels needed no law. He thought he could improve upon God's government. And God said, Go ahead and try. God must act. Rebellion must be dealt with. Heaven must be rid of its infection. But it must be done in a way that would not reflect upon the character of God. It must be done in a way that subjects of his kingdom, with no background or acquaintance with rebellion, could understand.

And so the charges were heard. God explained, the best He could without the laboratory evidence then still future, the sure results of Lucifer's strange revolt. The angels listened. They formed their opinions. They took sides. War followed. Lucifer, with his sympathizing angels, was cast out. Rebellion changed theaters. Satan was cast out. The theater of conflict moved to the earth. And he was not cast out alone. The wording of Revelation twelve, verse four, suggests that a third of the angels were involved in this rebellion against God.

Think of it! Lucifer, son of the morning, has become the devil. And his angels-all brilliant intellects, powerful spirits of light have become demons of darkness. Little wonder that the apostle Paul warned, We are not fighting against people made of flesh and blood, but against ... the evil rulers of the unseen world, those mighty satanic beings and great evil princes of darkness who rule this world: and against huge numbers of wicked spirits in the spirit world. Ephesians 6:12, LB.

Here are the mischievous spirits. Here are the spirit impersonators. Evidently here are the lying spirits that answer the phone on the other side. They are angels turned demons, the fallen angels, the rebel angels that were cast out of heaven. These are the deceivers of the occult world. And they bring to their unholy career of deception the intelligence of former angels of light.

The idea that Satan is only a myth-or only a lone demon escaped from beneath-leaves us totally unprepared to confront the intelligent being he actually is. The Scriptures make it plain that the enemy of God and man has great power and that his activities have now been whipped into fury because he knows that his time is short.

-Rejoice, O heavens! You citizens of heaven, rejoice! Be glad! But woe to you people of the world, for the devil has come down to you in great anger, knowing that he has little time.- Revelation 12:12, LB.

Hoofs and horns and pitchfork? No, that time-worn, misleading caricature out of the Dark Ages will throw you off every time. That isn't the rebel's background. He started out as an angel of light. He still operates that way. And so do his helpers. But you ask, If Satan is a created being, is not God indirectly responsible for evil? Did He not create a devil?

At first thought it may seem so. However, the answer can only be, Certainly not. God created Lucifer a magnificent angel-perfect, the record says. It was Lucifer who made a devil out of himself. He corrupted his own way. And why did not God destroy him when first lie rebelled? I think you see why. There was only one way to handle the emergency. Lucifer must be given every chance-until lie reached the point of no return, and until the watching universe understood all the issues involved. The results of his course of action must be demonstrated.

And what a demonstration it has been! And so rebellion changed theaters. This world became the stage. Satan is cast out of heaven-with his sympathizers. What would he do now? Where would he turn up next? Earth had not long to wait. Banned to this planet. And he promptly hijacked it-with Adam's consent.

It is unfortunate that the tragedy related in the third chapter of Genesis is seldom taken seriously. The Garden of Eden, and Eve eating the apple-these have been consigned to the vocabulary of the facetious.

But when you read the story, you find no mention of an apple. And what happened that day in the Garden of Eden is no joke. Neither is it myth or legend. Rather it is the story of the hijacking of this planet-the most serious day this world has ever known.

Maybe we ought to be taking Genesis more seriously-at least if we are interested in knowing the

real background of this planet's troubles. Incredible as it may seem, the hijacking was carried out not by force or threat, but by subtle intrigue. While this spaceship Earth was hurtling through space at 67,000 miles an hour, Adam, the first man, in a moment of weakness, turned it over to the hijacker. And you and I were signed away in the bargain.

And so you and I are caught in the vortex of the rebel's multi thousand-year experiment, his challenge of God's authority, his proposed improvement upon heaven's law and order. I don't like it very well. Do you? But God is not unaware of our plight. He knows the hijacker's schemes. There will be a confrontation at the right time.

Why does He wait? Why does He let the hijacker live? For the same reason that the United States did not go into Jordan to rescue by force the hostages held on that desert airstrip. Because the hostages might be endangered by such a maneuver.

That's why God lets the enemy live. Because of the hostages. Not the lives of the hostages in this case, but their understanding of God's dealing with rebellion. God knew that until rebellion had run its course, until it had convicted itself by its own fruit, millions might misunderstand. God is waiting to overthrow the hijacker in a way that not one mind can question. But act He will-and in time. In fact, He has already taken the crucial action.

I find a parallel in the story of the ancient Queen Esther. You remember that she was called to the kingdom in an hour of crisis. The ruthless Haman had maneuvered the king into signing away the lives of all her people. And she said, So will I go in unto the king ... and if I perish, I perish. That's what Jesus did. He said, I will go into the cockpit. And if I perish, I perish.

He walked up the hill to Calvary with all the guns of rebellion trained upon Him, and gave His life to pay the ransom for every hostage. And one (lay soon there will be a final confrontation. The hijacker will be overpowered at last. He has not brought God to His knees. Nor will he ever!

## **11. Flight Plan**

Hijackers with disturbed, unbalanced minds often bungle the job. They play it by ear. They change their minds. They are not too sure where they want to go or what they wish to accomplish. But the hijacking of this planet was not the work of a psychotic mind. It was strategy carefully thought out by a brilliant intellect. It was not to be played by ear. The hijacker, now banned from heaven, angry with God, sworn to enmity against the divine government, knew exactly what he wanted to accomplish, and how he intended to go about it. He had a flight plan for the planet over which he now claimed control.

And that flight plan was so carefully charted that it has not been basically changed in all these thousands of years. Its basic strategy, its general plan of attack, and its underlying philosophies, have worked so well through these millenniums that they have never been radically changed-only expanded and enlarged. His strategy today is more subtle, labels have changed, his deceptions have been tailored to fit the times, but his favorite lies have not changed since Eden.

This means, fortunately, that the man or woman who wishes to be aware of his devices, the better to avoid them, needs to read no farther than the third chapter of Genesis to discover not only the strategy but the basic philosophies that mark the work of the deceiver until this day. You will see what I mean.

"And the Lord God commanded the man, saying, Of every tree of the garden thou may freely eat: but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shall not eat of it: for the day that thou eats thereof thou shall surely die." Genesis 2:16, 17.

Get the picture. In all the garden, man is forbidden access to only one tree. There must be a test of loyalty. Adam must have an opportunity to choose. Otherwise he would not be a creature of free choice. If there were no opportunity to disobey God, then how could obedience prove his loyalty? There must be a test. Adam could bring joy to his Creator by obeying, or he could play into the hands of the great rebel by disregarding a direct command of God.

Keep in mind that God could have made angels, and He could have made man, as He made the stars-without the capability of disobeying his laws. He could have made man a machine, an elaborate puppet. But no. God wanted man free. Therefore He gave man a mind and a conscience, with the power to think things through and decide for himself. God forces no one!

This means that when God created angels, when He created Lucifer, when He created man-He took a terrible chance. He took a tremendous risk when He made His subjects with the power of choice. There was always the possibility that someone, sometime, might choose wrong. But only with that risk could there be a kingdom where love is voluntary, where obedience is not by instinct, but by choice. God, back in eternity, took the risk. Someone might choose to disobey. And Lucifer did.

And now Adam might. There must be a test of loyalty. There must be an opportunity to choose. And so God restricted but one tree. In His compassion, the test was not difficult. just one tree. And man was sufficiently warned of the danger. So now the stage is set. What would Adam do?

Now the serpent was more subtil than any beast of the field which the Lord God had made. And he said unto the woman, Yea, hath God said, You shall not eat of every tree of the garden? And the woman said unto the serpent, We may eat of the fruit of the trees of the garden: but of the fruit of the tree which is in the midst of the garden, God hath said, You shall not eat of it, neither shall you touch it, lest you die. And the serpent said unto the woman, You shall not surely die: for God does know that in the day you eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened, and you shall be as gods, knowing good and evil." Genesis 3:1-5.

Be careful, Eve. You shouldn't have wandered away from Adam. This is the tree God warned you about. You shouldn't be here. You'd better go back. And if the rebel outcast had stood by the tree in his true character, obviously an angel recently shut out Of heaven, certainly Eve would have fled in terror. But surely the enemy would not be speaking through this beautiful serpent. Think of it! A serpent talking! Could it be that the serpent was right? Could it be that God didn't really mean what He said? Could it be that God really is withholding something good from you? Besides, would it be possible to die?

Be careful, Eve. You are doubting God's word. And that's the first step in being deceived. You can never be deceived without first doubting God. But the serpent is eating the fruit. It isn't hurting him. It must not be poison. She touches the fruit. She hasn't died yet. And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her; and he did eat."

She eats the fruit. She doesn't drop dead. For a few moments she feels the strange exhilaration of

rebellion. Maybe she is entering into some higher existence. She hurries to Adam. And Adam eats. It is all over. Adam and Eve didn't drop dead. There was nothing poison in the fruit. It was the poison of rebellion that meant death for the pair. At the moment they ate of the fruit, they were separated from God, the source of their life. Never again would they be permitted to eat of the tree of life, the tree that would have perpetuated their existence. At the moment they ate, they began to die.

Eve was honestly deceived by the serpent. She really believed what he said. Her sin was not in being innocently deceived, but in first doubting God's word. As for Adam, he was not deceived. He was struck with terror at what Eve had done. He knew she must have been talking with the very tempter against whom they had been warned. Why had he let Eve wander from his side? But now he ate, deliberately-because he could not bear the thought of being separated from his lovely companion, who now must die. He did not realize that the loving Creator who had given her to him in the first place, could provide another to replace her.

And so the deed was done. The whole human race has passed under the power of death. And there would have been no way out-if the Son of God had not consented to die in man's place. But now. It is simply amazing how clearly outlined in what we have read is the overall plan of the hijacker. From that day until now, Satan's basic strategy has been the strategy of disguise. He who spoke through the serpent has used countless mediums of communication through the ages. And the number and variety of these channels is constantly increasing. But always it is a strategy of disguise, covering up his true identity, pretending to be what he is not, masquerading as anything but the tempter he is.

And then, his basic philosophy is just as clear. The lies he told in Eden he is still telling today. They have worked so well that he has found no occasion to change them. The evidence of his success lies in the fact that he has almost the whole world believing his two favorite falsehoods in some form or other. Those two basic lies are these: -You shall not surely die," and -You shall be as gods. "You shall not surely die. A direct contradiction of God's plain statement, Thou shall surely die. Today that basic philosophy runs through many of the churches, all through the Eastern religions, all through the world of the occult. In one form or other it is always there-that man won't die, that he can't die, that he is immortal, that he will go on living somewhere, no matter what he does or is.

You shall be as gods. Again, this basic idea crops up repeatedly-that man has a spark of divinity within him that needs only to be developed, that he is a part of God, or even that he is God. Watch for it. You will find it in the most unexpected places. The occult is riddled with it. Why this strategy? Why these particular falsehoods? It is not difficult to see the strategy behind the idea that men will become as gods. It suggests that man can disobey God with impunity, without any fear of punishment. He won't die. He will become as God. He will move to a higher sphere. And this philosophy, of course, places man completely on his own, to work out his own progress, his own salvation, his own karma. It recognizes no need of a Savior.

But what is behind the insistent claim that man does not die when he dies, that man can't die? It is simply this. If Satan can convince men that there is no death, that they can't die, that they go on living somewhere-then it is easy to suggest that communication with the dead is possible. And once men believe that communication with the dead is possible, then the enemy has a direct line to the minds of men. All he has to do is to impersonate some loved one, some dead philosopher, some medium who has passed on, and propagate through those unsuspected channels anything that he chooses. And never forget that he has but one motive-to deceive in order to destroy. He would lure the whole human race into the fires of destruction with himself, if he could.

Those high-sounding messages that come back from the spirit world are not so exalted as they seem. They are not meant to comfort. They are not meant to guide. They are not meant to protect. They gain men's confidence only that they may deceive and destroy. They mix truth with the error to make it more readily accepted. And they work best through whatever channels are least suspected. Their high-sounding phrases do not originate in any temple of wisdom. They originate in the mind of the evil one. So says the Bible.

Is it any wonder that God, from the earliest days, has expressly forbidden all contact with the occult? Listen to this: "Thou shall not learn to do after the abominations of those nations. There shall not be found among you any one . . . that uses divination [fortuneteller], or an observer of times [astrologer], or an enchanter [magician], or a witch, or a charmer, or a consulter with familiar spirits [medium possessed with a spirit or a 'guide'], or a wizard [clairvoyant or psychic], or a necromancer [medium who consults the dead]. For all that do these things are an abomination unto the Lord." Deuteronomy 18:9-12. Is this an

unreasonable restriction?

We cannot be too alert. The evil one and his helpers in the spirit world are never at rest. They are constantly practicing their unholy art of deception and seeking to find ways of making it more subtle, with labels that will make it more difficult to recognize. Be careful-watch out for attacks from Satan, your great enemy. He prowls around like a hungry, roaring lion, looking for some victim to tear apart.-1 Peter 5:8, LB. This is what we face!

But is it a one-sided conflict? Have we no help? Have we no protection? Are we fated to be deceived, like it or not? No. God and all His loyal angels are in this controversy too. The angels are assigned to protect us, so long as we want to be protected. God would sooner send every angel from heaven than to let one individual pass under the power of the enemy against his will.

The good angels, the loyal angels, also operate in the invisible world. Sometimes they have appeared to men. Often they have miraculously protected us from danger, without our ever knowing it. They are constantly guarding us, so long as we keep off forbidden ground. But while both good and evil angels operate in the invisible world, there is no need to confuse them. You will never find the loyal angels involved in the world of the occult. You will never find a loyal angel promoting doctrines of demons. They never lie. You will never find a loyal angel claiming to be the spirit of a dead person.

The hijacker still holds out for high stakes. But an ancient Book unmasks the enemy's strategy, with the telltale marks of his flight plan, for all to read who will.

## **12. The Wheel of Karma**

The karma thing. One of the most fascinating games that people play with the unseen world. If life gets dull, or the conversation lags, it can do wonders to brighten things up. How can life be humdrum-now that you know that you were an English knight in a past life-or a princess?

Your allergy to dust is no longer a mere nuisance-now that you have it explained. You were trapped in a coal mine last time around. Or that strange ache in your forehead? You were shot between the eyes in a past life. And you still feel the pain. And you don't need to feel guilty about spending so much on expensive clothes. What could your husband expect-if you were once Cleopatra?

It is no secret that we all have a little of the drum-major instinct within us. We like to lead the parade. We like to be important. Perhaps this is one reason that the idea of reincarnation appeals to so many. If we are just ordinary people here, then at least we can comfort ourselves that we were pretty important a life or two ago. The reason we are just ordinary folks today? We're working out our karma.

Ruth Montgomery was delighted to be told that she was once a Himalayan guru-and that Arthur Ford was the guru with whom she studied. More exciting, however, was the news that she had once been the sister of Mary and Martha and Lazarus, and that Arthur Ford was their father. During meditation she saw herself as a girl of five or six watching some wise men arrive not far from their cottage in Bethlehem. She pleaded with her father to let her follow the crowd to see the baby bathed in a pool. And as she slipped her hand into her father's, she realized he was the same soul that would become Arthur Ford. By way of her typewriter she learned that as a young woman she had run away from her husband to follow Jesus, and that Jesus had sent her back home. She says that Arthur Ford explained, - We were not quite as high-minded as Lazarus and Mary and Martha, so they left us out of the Good Book. Who says that isn't excitement?

The whole idea of reincarnation brings up certain questions. How is it that there are so many more chiefs than Indians in these past lives? How is it that Arthur Ford was a Buddhist monk, a Dominican monk, an Indian guru, and the father of Lazarus, but never a street-sweeper or a worker in the mines? How is it that a young woman who visits a psychic is told she was a princess-not an ordinary unknown girl? Are the psychics, or the spirits that speak through them, simply appealing to human vanity?

How is it that so many people think they were Marie Antoinette? Jess Stern says he has been told by life readers that he was the English writer Robert Browning in a previous life. He has also been told that he was the lesser writer Branwell Bronte. He finds this confusing, since both lived at the same time in Victorian England.

How is it, too, that out of all the billions of possibilities, some souls succeed in finding each other again and again, in life after life? Ruth Montgomery relays the information that the Kennedy brothers-have strong karmic ties and have been so close in many previous lifetimes that without the one the other seems less than whole. The close-knit family group was by prenatal choice, each wanting to share again his life with the others, for they were one family in early England in such pleasant surroundings that they pledged then never to be separated. Such pledges are not always easy to fulfill, but in the twentieth century by earth time they were able once again to find the proper vehicle so that all could again be one family in blood. Ethel [Kennedy] had been a part of that original family grouping, and when not able to come in this time to the same mother, there was never any question but that she and Bobby would find each other in the flesh again. They are as one soul, so close are they one to another since eons past. Jackie [Kennedy Onassis], was the outlander, but a queen whom they had known in England and were therefore able to pay homage to, while at the same time not accepting her quite as one of them."

One thing is certain. The spirit world knows how to produce best-selling reading! But one question demands an answer. Running all through Mrs. Montgomery's book is the claim that the spirit world is a very happy place. Yet also, repeatedly in her book, one gets the impression that these so-called happy residents of the spirit world are practically standing in line for a chance to come back to this life as real human beings. Some are granted the privilege right away. Others, seemingly as some sort of punishment, are made to wait.

I ask you, if the spirit world is such a desirable place, why are they so anxious to come back to the reality of this life? Another question is most important. The East, which has long believed in reincarnation, considers this wheel of destiny, this coming back again and again, in life after life, a real burden. There is no happiness in it for them. The Hindus consider it a terrible ordeal, and would do anything to escape rebirth. The Tibetans, their lives through, wish that there were some escape from this eternal wheel of

destiny. They find nothing glamorous in coming back again and again, endlessly working out their karma.

Why do we in the West want something that the East would be so glad to get rid of if it could? Why do we embrace something that to them is the inescapable burden of their lives? I wonder if the answer may be that the West, when it tires of the idea of reincarnation, when it ceases to be glamorous, when it is no longer good party conversation, can cast it off and take tip with something else tomorrow. The East, because it really believes it, can't.

But doesn't the Bible teach reincarnation, or at least infer it? Doesn't it say that Elijah would come back? The last few verses of the Old Testament do speak of the return of Elijah. The disciples of Jesus asked Him about it, and He said that Elijah had already come. They understood clearly that He was speaking of John the Baptist. Yet when John the Baptist was asked if he was Elijah, he said he was not. The key is in the words of the angel to the father of John the Baptist before he was born:-And he shall go before Him in the spirit and power of Elias [Elijah], to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the disobedient to the wisdom of the just; to make ready a people prepared for the Lord. Luke 1: 17.

The wording here is strikingly similar to that of the original prophecy in Malachi 4:5, 6. And the meaning is clear. John was to fulfill the prophecy. But he was not to be Elijah. Rather, he was to give a message of preparation-a message to prepare men for the first coming of Jesus to this earth. And he was to give that message -in the spirit and power" of Elijah. It was not the man, but the message, that would return. In that sense Elijah will return again before the second coming of Jesus Christ. Just as the message of John the Baptist was given to prepare men for the first coming of Jesus, just so there would be a message, given in the spirit and power of Elijah, to prepare men for the second coming of Christ. But it would be the message, not the man Elijah, that would return.

Mrs. Montgomery, by way of the typewriter, was told that-Jesus was the greatest of a long line of embodiments of one soul created in the beginning and from time to time incarnating in human form. He was the Buddha, the Messiah, the all-in-all ... God's son, to be sure, but aren't we all sons and daughters of God? ... Today we speak of the various incarnations of that Christ whom we remember in the form of Jesus. He had been a number of different men before that incarnation.... Sometimes we forget that Jesus was a man like the rest of us.-

No. Jesus never claimed to have been anyone but Himself. He claimed to be the Son of God. He claimed that He existed with His Father before the world was created. He claimed that as the Son of God He existed before Abraham. There is no reincarnation here. Jesus was not a wandering soul created in the beginning and touching down to earth occasionally as one man after another. He was the incarnate God. Nothing else-if we are to believe what He said. Remember the counsel of the Scriptures? -Believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God: because many false prophets are gone out into the world.-1 John 4:1.

And the next verses say: -Hereby know you the Spirit of God: Every spirit that confesses that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God: and every spirit that confesses not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is not of God: and this is that spirit of antichrist, whereof you have heard that it should come; and even now already is it in the world."

Is it really difficult, with these scriptures as a guide, to assess the real origin of messages that would rob Christ of His divinity and make Him a man like ourselves? You may be asking, What about these hypnotic regressions, these past lives that are remembered under hypnosis? How can they be explained?

We need keep only this in mind to answer that question. The mind that is under hypnosis has been yielded to another mind, another force, another power. That other mind, that other power, can feed into the hypnotized mind anything that it chooses. Then do such regressions prove past lives? Or do they prove only the cleverness of the powers that are at work to deceive?

And this is relevant too. The whole idea of reincarnation fits in perfectly with the original Eden falsehood: -Ye shall not surely die." Many lives. Uncounted lives. But no death. But now we come to the heart of this karma thing. What is really wrong with karma? What is wrong with the idea that we come back again and again, in life after life, to atone for our sins? Simply this. It is another way of salvation-a way that is completely foreign to the way set forth in Scripture. Karma is a substitute for the cross of Calvary. It is a man-made way to salvation in which man saves himself. Christ and the cross are left out.

Man is naturally proud. He likes to think lie can save himself. He would like to be saved any other way except the way of the cross. The cross means forgiveness. And forgiveness requires the admission of guilt. But man doesn't want to admit guilt. He is too proud. Karma is a way to escape guilt by seeming to

acknowledge it and yet not acknowledging it. He is willing to acknowledge guilt so long as he can take care of it himself-no matter how many lives it takes him to work it out. But he isn't willing to prostrate himself at the foot of the cross and admit that he is lost, forever lost, except for the death of the Son of God in his place.

Karma is also a way to escape responsibility. Whatever happens, whatever goes wrong, it can be blamed to failure in some past life-not in this. And if a man has faults, bad habits, sins in this life, he is under no compunction. He can work it out in some future life. He doesn't need to worry about it now. Karma is a way of putting off both responsibility and punishment. He can just go merrily along and let time repair it all. He can just keep coming back, as one of the Beatles suggested, until he gets it straight.

But can there be any substitute for forgiveness? Can there be any substitute for the miracle of the changed heart? Did Jesus die on the cross needlessly? Could man just as well save himself? How must the Son of God feel? He died for man because evidently there was no other way. He paid for man's sins-all at once. They don't have to be atoned for over and over, in an unending pursuit of a mind at peace with God. All a man has to do is to accept the sacrifice made on the cross of Calvary. He can have forgiveness now, at this moment. He doesn't have to wait. He doesn't have to be burdened with the weight of a thousand lives over his head, a wheel of destiny that he cannot escape. There is a better way. Man doesn't have to seek salvation by the long, long road of karma. He doesn't have to keep trying, over and over, to do what Jesus has already done. That is the message of the Book.

But there are those who say, No, I'd rather pay for my sins myself, through ages and cons, even if the installments never end. What strange attraction could lead a man to make a choice like that?

### **13. Light Beams and Hearsay**

The future life, as described by the spirit-controlled typewriter, is highly entertaining to read. But it would be boring beyond words-and sometimes terribly frustrating to live. Consider the man with the fish. He arrives in the spirit world after a brief but severe illness. Awakening, lie sees a grassy plain and a brook. It looks like good fishing. He wishes he had a fishing pole, and instantly he has one in his hand. He pulls in a beautiful fish, and then more and more until he has more than he and his friends can eat.

He wonders where he left his car. Where is lie? How did lie get here? He wishes terribly to be home. Instantly he is in his hometown, and sees strangers bending over his body. What are they doing? Giving him medicine? No. This is a morgue. What's wrong? He rushes home and sees his wife wearing black. Some terrible mistake. They seem to be mourning him. But lie is right here waiting to show them the best catch of his life. He talks to his wife, but she won't answer. Nobody pays any attention to him or the fish. –He might as well be dead," he says. And instantly he is back on the grassy plain beside the brook. Does that appeal to you?

Repeatedly in the Montgomery book similar situations are described hypothetical perhaps, but meant to describe the afterlife accurately. People arrive there despondent, not knowing where they are, not understanding why wives or relatives will not speak to them. One man visits a funeral, looks in the coffin to see who died, and sees himself. He feels trapped. Nothing that a fellow spirit can say can convince him that it isn't some horrible nightmare. He will be buried alive if someone doesn't listen to him.

But now this-concerning a new arrival who had expected death to be the end.—After a few days he begins to stir and show signs of life on this side. He gradually opens his eyes, so to speak, and beholds activity. He is astounded, for he remembers that he died and feels that this is a nightmare, like the last floppings about of a chicken whose head has been wrung.-

Another new resident returns to the patio of his home, only to see his wife planning marriage with another man. Hardly a happy experience. There seem to be many unhappy things about this supposedly happy spirit world. There is the account of an epileptic child who arrives there terrified. A famous doctor works with him. And finally he discovers that-he himself had volunteered for those seizures because in a previous lifetime he had been unfeeling toward the physical suffering of others." Karma again.

But these typed revelations from the spirit world are not unique in picturing the afterlife as less than desirable. One psychic, in another book, describes the hospitals on the spiritual plane. Another account is of a psychic who complained that when she was trying to read a book, she would be interrupted by spirits coming through the doors to ask where they were. She would carefully explain to them that they were dead, and tell them how to get onto the astral plane they were looking for.

Still another psychic-only received the spirits of dead children who were lost and confused. Children who failed to realize they were dead. They would always ask, 'What's this place?' or, 'What are all these people doing here?' One little boy said: 'You must be witches, it sure looks like some Rosemary's Baby stuff' to me!' Another boy knew he had died and told father: You sure are a funny-looking St. Peter!'-

And one psychic suggests that when you pray for a loved one who has passed on, you should give the person's name and at least the city where death occurred. She explains, "The spirit of a poor child who has no one to pray for him over here and no one waiting for him over there, can hover around this old earth for a year or even hundreds of years until he discovers the way into the astral plane. Usually they will stay around their home, because this is the only familiar surrounding for them. It's what we call 'earthbound' in Spiritualistic circles but what others refer to as 'ghosts.'-

What happened to the God who notes even a sparrow's fall, who knows our names and even numbers the hairs on our heads? Wouldn't you rather have a God like that? Wouldn't you rather know that those who have died are simply resting in their graves, unaware of all that is going on-not enduring the frustrating agony of finding their way in the spirit world?

But back to the revelations of the typewriter. Even the happier side of the spirit world seems not to be what one might think. The afterlife, described allegedly by Arthur Ford, is admittedly entertaining to read. But the grassy plain and the brook and the houses and the temple of wisdom-none of them are real. They are only thought forms. And the people, too, are only thought forms including Arthur Ford. In another place he says they are a light and energy pattern. He says they do not touch or smell or hear. And they converse through a sort of osmosis.

Evidently these souls on the other side have not lost their earthly cravings, for Arthur Ford admits,

Yes, I sometimes hover around someone who is on a heavy bender. And he warns Mrs. Montgomery, You, Ruth, with your heavy smoking will not be able to shake it over here unless you first kick the habit there. Does such a future appeal to you? Later Arthur Ford explains, We are rather more like ideas. He says that in the realm where he spends most of his time lie is a beam of light. And still later he says, We find ourselves in a state most nearly described as fluid."

Mrs. Montgomery says she asked Arthur Ford if other planets are inhabited by physical forms similar to those on earth. And he replied, No, not life as we recognize it in the flesh form of earth. They have many species of interesting thought forms, such as radishes with wings, turnips with tails, lettuce that laughs, and animal forms which walk on air as well as water, besides many grotesque shapes of mineral life which would frighten an earthling out of his wits.

As for the ultimate on the other side, Arthur Ford says that when souls finally decide that they have atoned for all their misdeeds, when they finally have their karma straight, they simply meld with God and never come back. He says, This is hearsay, of course, as those souls will never return or resume the wheel of destiny when that perfect moment comes." There you have it. The best the spirit world can offer. And all ending tip with hearsay. Wouldn't you revolt against being nothing but a beam of light? How much better is that than feeling that you are only a number on an IBM card?

Would you really want to spend all eternity trying to please a God-or appease a God-that is absent, that you never see? How much better is that than the pagan worship of idols made of jade of wood or stone? Is it any more personal? How much better is that than the nothingness of the Buddhist Nirvana? What would you be in such an afterlife? A light beam with a number? Only vaguely conscious of a God absent, never seen, residing somewhere known only by hearsay? Does such a God take any interest in those beams of light-or even know they are there? Where is the God of love? Where is the God who cares, the God who dwells with His children and wipes the tears from their eyes?

Can a universe filled with beams of light and thought patterns and lettuce that laughs-ever satisfy? Personally, I would rather have reality. A garden and a spade. And a God that I can call Father.

## **14. Wouldn't You Rather Have a Garden?**

A man was never intended to be nothing more than a beam of light-flitting about like a butterfly. He was created for a far higher destiny than that. He was made to be a person. And the future, if it is to satisfy, must be something more than a state of mind. It must be real. The Russian cosmonauts say they were out there and looked all around and didn't see heaven anywhere. Therefore it doesn't exist. In just a few orbits they were able to dispense with both God and heaven.

Astronomers, on the other hand, as they look deeper and deeper into space, are becoming less and less dogmatic in their statements. They are discovering things in the heavens that absolutely boggle the mind. Recently six scientists reported a new astronomical phenomenon, a sort of quasi-quasar. And they say that one of these mystifying discoveries may be among the brightest objects in the heavens. They are neither distant galaxies nor classic quasars. But what are they? Unashamedly the scientists say they don't know.

But fortunately we need not wait for our astronomers-or our astronauts-to discover heaven. The answers that men so eagerly, and so expensively, seek are already available-in the ancient Book that we call the Bible. We already have a dependable source of information. The heaven pictured in that Book is not a ghost land or a spook country. It is not a figment of the imagination. It is not a dream. It is not a filmy fiction made of harps and clouds. And it isn't a stop-over between reincarnations. Evidently heaven, though it hangs yet beyond the reach of our telescopes, is a world as real and tangible as our own.

Listen. Repeatedly Jesus said that He came down from heaven. Did He conic from nowhere? Did He come from an unreal heaven to a real earth? Repeatedly He said that His Father was in heaven. Repeatedly He spoke of the angels being in heaven. Was His Father-and the loyal angels of which He spoke-were they in some sort of non land?

Jesus said that He saw Satan fall from heaven. Anyone who walks the streets of our cities at night knows that Satan is real. Did he fall from nowhere? And what about the war in heaven about which we have read? It sounded real to me. War in heaven. You can't have a real war in an unreal place. But evidently this was a real war in a real heaven. A real Satan was cast out into a real earth where he deceived a real Adam and Eve and got us all in real trouble. That's how it all started.

Is the future life real? Think it through. Why did Jesus come to this earth? Why did He die? Repeatedly He said that He came so that we might have life, eternal life.-For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believes in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

I ask you. Would Jesus go through all that He (lid to give us something that we would riot want? Would He die on a very real cross, His hands and feet wounded with very real nails, His heart broken by the very real guilt of the world-in order to give us something that is not real at all? Was the cross real and heaven not? Would Jesus go through all that He did so that we could become a thought pattern or an idea or a ray of light? Or so that we could merge into an unreal, incomprehensible God and never be heard from again? Is that what He came for? Hardly!

You will find it an interesting experience to read the twenty-first and twenty second chapters of Revelation-the last two chapters of the Bible-and decide if you think the future life is real. You will find there a city-a city with a wall and gates and streets and foundations and dimensions. You will find a river-and a tree-and fruit. You will find a real God with real people-wiping real tears from their eyes so that they will never weep again.

Evidently some things there will not be real. That is, they won't be there at all. There will be no death, no sickness, no pain, no heartache. And no rebellion ever again. The heaven of the Bible, to which Jesus promised to take His people, is a very real and tangible place. He said, In My Father's house are many mansions.... I go to prepare a place for you. And ... I will come again, and receive you unto Myself; that where I am, there you may be also." John 14:2, 3.

But it seems that heaven is not to be the permanent home of God's people. As you read those last two chapters of Revelation, you discover that there is to be a new earth. God will make our planet new. And the city of God, with His people, after a thousand exciting, wonderful years, will descend to this earth. Wouldn't you like to be along on that space trip? And then the Bible pictures this planet-not scarred and ravaged as it is now, but this earth made new-as the permanent home of those who are loyal to their Lord. And that makes sense. Because Jesus said, "The meek shall inherit the earth.

*PSYCHIC ROULETTE – George Vanderman*

It is interesting to read the description that the Bible gives of this new earth-to see how real and practical and satisfying it sounds. For, behold, I create new heavens and a new earth: and the former shall not be remembered, nor come into mind." And they shall build houses, and inhabit them; and they shall plant vineyards, and eat the fruit of them. They shall not build, and another inhabit; they shall not plant, and another eat. Isaiah 65:17, 21, 22.

Evidently it will be an own-your-own-home proposition. A garden and a spade! And it will all be real. No wonder the apostle Paul said, Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for those that love Him.1 Corinthians 1:9. It sounds exciting to me!

## **15. Watch Out for the Stars**

A lot of people are watching out for the stars. But are the stars watching out for them? The editor of a large daily newspaper was forced to publish an outdated horoscope one day when new material failed to arrive in time. Not one of his 100,000 readers complained. So he reasoned that he might as well save himself the cost of new horoscopes and continue to print old ones. For three months he used the outdated reprints. Finally a reader complained that the sign of the zodiac did not check with the month. Since his reputation-and his income-were now at stake, he placed an order for fresh horoscopes. All fake? Don't be too sure. There is another side to the story.

A certain man paid an expensive fee to have a detailed horoscope cast for himself. He intended to prove that astrology was nothing but superstition and fraud. He was astonished, however, to see the predictions coming true, down to the smallest detail. He pondered the situation for some time. How could this be? He was not even a believer in astrology. He finally concluded that he had stepped on dangerous ground in tampering with the occult. He immediately renounced all connection with astrology. And now, suddenly, his horoscope was no longer correct!

Had something happened to the stars? Or does this sudden switch mean that the same unseen powers are active in astrology that operate in spiritism under other labels? There seems to be no clear distinction between astrologers and psychics. Not all psychics are astrologers, though many of them include astrology in their bag of psychic tools. But most, if not all, astrologers have sensitive abilities. Astrology, then, is another game that men play with the unseen world.

And the horoscope obsession is sweeping the country. But to millions it is not a game at all. They are (lead serious. They follow the stars wherever they lead-and drop in or out accordingly. It takes some of the humor out of those newspaper horoscopes when you realize how seriously they are followed. One astrologer says, "Intellectually I find that I can't believe how a bunch of planets far far away are going to affect us.... I don't believe in astrology, but it works."

Carroll Righter, southern California astrologist, is said to be the richest of them all. There is a story around that he once collected a thousand dollars from Robert Taylor for drawing up a chart. He reaches the widest audience of any living astrologer. He was interviewed by a writer in his pink Hollywood Hills mansion and was asked how he came to start reading the stars. He replied, "When I was fourteen years old I was introduced to the famed astrologer Evangeline Adams. She told me I had the perfect chart to be an astrologer. I didn't believe there was anything to it at all and actually started studying with her to disprove it all. Here I am a half century later still trying to disprove it."

He was asked, "Why is it that certain planets thousands and thousands of miles away influence humans back here on earth?" "I really don't know how the sun or the moon influences us, but the theory of some scientists is that there is a vacuum between the planets until we get into the atmosphere of the earth or some other planet but they say that the distance is a vacuum for the reception of the influences of the other planets. That may be the reason."

The interviewer said, "Uh-Uh." What else could you say to a vague answer like that? Carroll Righter continued, "You see, I don't care about the reasons.... When I find something that works I don't try to figure out why." It doesn't matter why. Just so it works. But tell me. It may work. But doesn't it matter who is at the controls? If an electronic machine were involved, it would matter very much.

The Watergate affair will be remembered for a long time. Democrats were very disturbed at the thought of Republicans listening in. What would have been the furor if they thought Republicans were not simply listening, but actually controlling Democratic activities through some mystery of electronics? It makes a difference who sits at the controls. Why is it that we are so cautious about who operates a machine and so fearless when it comes to the unseen, unidentified powers that operate in the occult? Why do we see a threat in one and not in the other?

Some say that modern astrology, most of it, is not at all like the original astrology of the Egyptians. One astrologer believes that it was never meant to be a religion as it is today. Rather, he says that it was originally set up to be a timing device. It started in the valley of the Nile and was used by those old guys to tell the people when to expect the floods.... Before all this mysticism ... got mixed up in it, it was an agricultural thing. It told people when to plant and sow. It was a practical thing.

Ivan Sanderson, who debunks modern astrology completely, thinks he has stumbled upon the real origin of the zodiac. He has traced the zodiac, in his research, back to the ancient Sumerians. He says it had

nothing to do with ancient astrology, that it was nothing more than a road map such as you might get from an oil company today. In other words, it was simply traveling directions for anybody setting out in any direction from the head of the Persian Gulf.

He explains, If you copy the zodiac wheel, as used today, on a piece of clear plastic; stick a pin through its hub, and then stab that pin on to the home-base of the Sumerians [and he supplies a map with the zodiac superimposed] you will immediately see what this is all about....Imagine therefore that you are residing at the head of the Persian Gulf about 6,000 years ago. You will find that whichever way you might have wanted to travel from there-except down the sliver of the Gulf itself-you would have to traverse several hundred miles of desert before hitting a coast. Now, all deserts look alike, and especially flat ones. Unlike maritime navigation, there are no steady winds, currents, coasts, tides, or other even fairly stable natural phenomena to aid one. On deserts, where the winds can come from anywhere and at any time, and where there are no landmarks, the only things you have to guide you are the stars. So, the Sumerians devised a star map for desert travelers, divided it into twelve segments, and gave each a simple symbol so that illiterate cameleers, horsemen, donkey-drivers, or plain foot-sloggers could keep going in at least the correct general direction that they desired.

And the Sumerians were consummate astronomers, geographers, and also most knowledgeable students of international affairs. He says that Sumerians seem to have been basically an economic empire, interested in trade and commerce. So they designated each land by its principal product.

He proceeds to illustrate. "So, take your zodiacal wheel and center it on Sumeria, and then arrange it so that the north-to-south line runs due north between Capricorn to the west and Sagittarius to the east. Imagine then that you are a merchant starting out from Sumeria to prosecute trade to the northwest-of-north. You will point tip the left-hand side of the Mesopotamian valley and you hit the mountains and, if you get there, what will impress you most? Goats-both wild mountain goats, ibexes, and domesticated goats, since the last were the first animals to be domesticated and by just those people you will find living there. Thus, the land of the 'Capricorns', or 'Goat-horned Ones.' Further, to aid you in your travels the scientists back home have given you a pretty picture of a bunch of stars that you must find at night and which they have linked together by straight lines to form a goat.

He covers the other eleven sectors in equal detail, and then says, "Thus, having come around the full circle of the so-called zodiac, we find ourselves holding but one conclusion. This is that the original zodiac was, to early land travelers, what the later wind roses were to mariners.... However, the travelers who used this map were illiterate and so had to be given simple symbols-a mountain goat seen in profile for Capricorn; a ram seen from the front for Aries; and so forth. Having done this, the priests of Sumeria, who were true astronomers, took a bunch of stars that could be recognized in each segment, joined them tip arbitrarily with lines to look like goats or sheep or oxen, and then trained these travelers to spot them, and so to send them safely on their way. Then they did something else.

"They integrated, as far as was then possible, the most propitious dates between which said travelers should arrive at their destination. And this is where the astrologers have most surely gone off the rails, because they have never realized that the distance to the desired destinations, and in each of these twelve sectors, from the point of departure, varied widely and wildly; and they make the monumental mistake of trying to start their assessment from the center, when those who devised the whole thing were only trying to put on record the best time to get there. It is useless to head off for the headwaters of the Euphrates just because you were born between late January and mid-February. That was the time you had to get there.

Well, it sounds reasonable. And it is highly interesting. I am not qualified, of course, to assess the accuracy of it all. But there is another problem with astrology. It has to do with fatalism and with free choice. Astrologers may say that it is not fatalistic. But certainly that element is there. One prominent astrologer, asked by a leading magazine to draw up Charles Manson's chart right after the Sharon Tate murders, concluded that Manson was fated by the stars to be a killer.

For many individuals, it seems that to be armed with a prediction is to be relieved from the responsibility of making decisions. That's the danger. Initiative is paralyzed. It is all left to the stars. And disorder and despair are a frequent result. The horoscope game is not a harmless pastime. It may seem to be. But the individual soon becomes dependent upon his chart-and that means dependence upon the unseen powers that operate behind the chart. And to them it isn't a game at all. Not the way they play it. The stars were created without the power of choice. They are bound in the orbits in which they were placed. Isn't it strange that a man, born to be free, should choose to place his destiny in the dubious care of stars that

cannot think?

## **16. The Spell of the East**

The year was 1855. Lhasa, the mysterious Forbidden City of Tibet, was in turmoil. The Dalai Lama had been murdered. It was believed that a Mongolian hermit, the young ruler's last visitor, had slipped poison into his butter tea. But the hermit had escaped. And must be punished. Could the Mongolian have been only a paid agent? It was late at night in the temple room of the Potala the thousand-room palace of the Dalai Lama. A séance had been called. The Oracle, the state prophet of Tibet, would invoke the gods to reveal who had killed their supreme lama.

Tempu Gergan, the wealthy and respected minister of finance, stood nervously at the edge of the group. He had been warned that afternoon that he might be named as the culprit. And he knew that it was not unlikely. For only recently he had accused the Oracle of being unreliable. Would the Oracle pass by an opportunity for revenge? He had secretly sent his wife and servants away from the city, before nightfall, in case it was necessary to flee into exile. But he knew that he must be present at the séance himself-or be suspect.

All was now ready. The Oracle sat on his throne, wearing the robes. On his head was a massive helmet of silver and embellished with five human skulls.

A high lama wafted incense into the seer's face. Behind him a choir of priests chanted weirdly. Facing the Oracle, a living Buddha, in a spine-chilling chant, was calling upon the three headed, six-armed demon-god to take possession of the seer.

Come hither, mighty Pehar. Tell us who slew the Dalai Lama." Tempu's breath was choking him. He wanted to scream. But a hypnotic spell kept his eyes riveted on the Oracle. Now he saw that the face of the Oracle had undergone a terrifying change. It was no longer the face of a priest. It was the leering face of Peliar. The Oracle was now fully demon-possessed. Tempu stood cold but perspiring. The ground seemed to sway beneath him. He still hoped that his name would be cleared by the demon-god, but he could take no chances. Seeing that all eyes were on the Oracle, he slipped toward a side door where he could watch the proceedings from behind a pillar.

"I see a golden cup with a demon dancing upon the brim," muttered the Oracle. "There is a strange priest offering the clip to the Dalai Lama. He wears a high-peaked hat and tattered garments." Tempu felt relief as he heard the Mongolian described. But only for a moment, for the demon voice went on. I see around the holy one bags of gold and silver. A hand offers the silver to the strange priest. The face I cannot see the face. Yes, it is coming."

Tempu's legs felt as if they would collapse. He knew instinctively whom the Oracle would name. He flung himself out the door and down the passageway. Pausing for a moment in a small room, he discarded his rich brocades and strode out as a peasant pilgrim. But even as he started again, he heard a crescendo of voices, -Tempu Gergan is the man! Seize him!"

He fought the mounting panic inside. He wanted to dash madly away. But he must look like a poor pilgrim. Would the eternal stairs never end? Finally he was clear of the building, and headed for the city wall. He heard a shout behind him, Block the stairs! No one must leave the palace!" He had escaped just in time. Silently he slipped over the wall where a trusted servant waited with two horses. He had escaped. But he would never see his beloved city of Lhasa again. An innocent man would spend the rest of his days in exile-all because of an unreliable priest, aided by lying demons. The strange spell of the East!

Have you ever wondered how it is that people, century after century, can bow down to gods of wood or stone-gods that cannot think-hideous gods that no worshiper could love-gods that they would escape if only they could? Have you blamed it to the backwardness of the people?

No, it isn't all backwardness. The power of those Eastern gods is not all wood or stone. It's not in the idols. It isn't their hideousness alone that inspires fear. It's the demons that inhabit them. The Scripture says, What say I then? that the idol is anything, or that which is offered in sacrifice to idols is anything? But I say, that the things which the Gentiles sacrifice, they sacrifice to devils, and not to God. - 1 Corinthians 10:19, 20.

That's the explanation. The demons behind the gods. Is this the pull of the East? Is this the spell that is even now reaching out to the enlightened West?

The West was caught up in the flurry of the greatest technological program ever known to man. But while the West was absorbed with marching forward, the Beatles took the hippies by the hand-and soul, who were not hippies-and led them backward to the East.

Here were strange contrasts. While forward-looking Catholics attempting to bring the mass out of a dead language, the hippies were gathering in public to recite Sanskrit prayers. And while clerical reformers were trying to update their costumes, the hippies were parading in colorful symbolic dress. While the modern churches were reordering their priorities, the subcultures were reshuffling the sins of society in the order of their importance. The constantly shifting face of the new morality was seen in a rash of would-be gurus. Drugs were giving first place to meditation-not drugs were immoral, but because meditation was said to be it better high.

The trek to the East was not a difficult one. The Maharishi, made famous by the Beatles, is said to have assured an audience of four thousand in Berkeley, California, that to enjoy the fullest measure of blessing from meditation, they were not required to have faith or to drink liquor, women, or riotous living. Wits this restless drop-out culture seeking a Savior from sin? Forgiveness? A changed life? Or were they looking for a pantheistic love that would mask at their corruptness?

The philosopher Allan Watts described the appeal of Eastern mysticism in this way:-The Hebrew-Christian universe is one in which moral urgency, the anxiety to be right, penetrates everything. To be wrong, therefore, arouses a metaphysical anxiety and its sense of guilt. The appeal of Eastern philosophy is that it unveils behind the urgent reality of good and evil, a vast region of which there need be no guilt or recrimination."

Perhaps the subcultures really were looking for a Savior from guilt after all and didn't know it. Perhaps they, really thought the way to silence guilt was to kill the watchdog. A small girl was walking along Fifth Avenue with her mother in the Christmas rush. She kept looking down, with her eyes fixed on the sidewalk.-Why don't you look at the Christmas windows?" "I'm looking for something ... .. What?" "I'm looking for something to find."

Isn't that the trouble with this generation? Looking down. Looking back. Looking anywhere. Looking for something to find. Pushovers for anything it hasn't already tried. Says the writer-editor Peter Cohon, -Wherever you want to go everything revolves around profit and private property. . . . But there's passion for religions meaning, for spirituality that's just been squelched for so long: Me, I'm dying ... for new frames of reference, different ways of putting things together. The I Ching, astrology, magic, the East, schizophrenia ... anything!"

And so we have a rash of new religions. Substitute religions. Old heresies updated. But none of the bothersome moral demands of Bible religion. We are a pushover for the East. J. Wallace Hamilton remarks, Isn't it odd that here in the West we are reading Eastern books because we are looking for peace of mind? But in the East they are reading Western books because they want to wake up."

But the spell of the East is strong. East and West have now met at the Hindu altar. The appeal of Hinduism is no longer a mere fad. Many of today's idolized youth leaders are outspoken converts of Hinduism. Rock music had long been a medium by which the general public could be indoctrinated. Rock groups had extolled the virtues of drugs. But now the music began to change. Rock and roll began to take on an Eastern influence. The dissonant strains of Eastern tone intervals became familiar to Western ears. Then came the introduction of Hindu religions concepts, the influence of Hindu gods. The religions structure of an entire Western generation was being altered-by rock and roll.

Meditation was in. And chanting. The worship of Shiva. And the mantra. The mantra, according to one writer, is essentially all invitation to a demon spirit to take possession of one's faculties. One swami is reported to have said, If I had concentrated enough ... I would have become Shiva myself. But enough of that. Why should we be so enamored with that which has burdened and bound the East for so long? What is the appeal of a religion of despair, where hope is not even counted a virtue? Is the nothingness of Nirvana the answer? Do we think that we can find peace of mind by sitting motionless as a gooseberry bush? What saving power can there be in a religion that has no living Christ? Will we pass by the living water to drink from rusty wells?

One evening in London I was accosted by an intelligent Britisher who said, I am on the verge of decision. When I leave this building tonight I will have chosen between Buddhism and Christianity. You have a half hour to present your case!"

A half hour! What a challenge! No time now for nonessentials. In that half hour I must lead him to an empty tomb outside Jerusalem. For I have stood, on several occasions, beside the Garden Tomb which many believe to be the most like that in which Christ was laid, I have been profoundly impressed with the essential difference between Christianity and every other religion. The tomb of Christ is empty!

Other great religions worship at the tombs of their founders. The grave of Mohammed is at

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Medina in Arabia is not an empty grave. The tomb of Confucius in China is not an empty tomb. Parts of Buddha's body are enshrined as relics in different places in the Orient. But isn't a shrine in the world that claims one bone of the body of Christ. If the record of Scripture is true, then He left death forever behind that day and left an empty tomb as a witness!

The spell of the East can be broken. But only by a living Christ. Only a living Christ can interrupt the strange infatuation of gods and gurus so that a restless generation may hear another voice. Only a risen Christ can offer forgiveness, a lifting of guilt. Only a living Christ can offer escape from the fear of angry gods. Only He can offer life and keep His promise. Because only He can say, I am He that lives, and was dead; and behold, I am alive for evermore ... and have the keys ... of death."

The spell of the East is strong. But it meets a mighty challenge in an empty tomb!

## **17. The Day After Hypnosis**

Dorie worked at psychotherapy in Toronto. There were no spirits involved in her work. just exercises and routines to reduce tensions and to aid in relaxation. Then one day she sat in on a hypnotism session. There she witnessed a "spirit going off some place and returning, telling what it saw and that it had cured a man in a hospital. And she said, Well, right there, that was for me!"

She moved to Carmel, California, and set up some therapy classes of her own, with a few patients. Then it happened. It was Christmas Day, and her husband, who had complained of headaches for weeks, suddenly became seriously ill. She was sure he was dying but was unable to reach any, doctor. She placed her husband on her massage table and stood there caressing his temples with her fingertips.

She looked up and saw a strange man standing beside her. He told her not to be frightened-that he had come to help. She looked at him closely and knew that he was a ghost. But she was not afraid.

"I am a medical doctor," he said with a Scottish accent. "Your husband will die unless we operate. Now, I have not the energy to do this by, myself. That's why I must work through you. I will use your forces and vibrations. And then, in a commanding tone of voice he said to her, "Cut the top of his head off.-

Dorie stared and hesitated. He repeated the command.-Cutoff the top of your husband's head to relieve the pressure."

Then she felt her finger being pushed in a circle around the crown of her husband's head-as if she were using a knife. Suddenly she could see inside his skull. The ghost ordered her to move some pieces of bone that were pressing on the brain. After a half hour she could find no more bone particles, and the doctor ordered her to put the top back on but-not too tight. Leave a quarter inch for pressure, and we'll do this again tomorrow.

Her husband was much improved that night. The ghost doctor returned the next day and the procedure was repeated. After several sessions her husband was free of symptoms. A friend sat in on one of the sessions. Now, when someone is ill, the friend says, "You'd better go to Dorie." And people come to be healed-by her Scottish ghost.

Eerie? Extreme? Far-out? That is why I have shared it. Most people know something about the entrance of the hypnosis trail. But not everyone understands what may happen along the way. The trail may begin at a party or in a dentist's chair-or just watching from the sidelines. But a mind other than your own decides what happens after that. Dorie was asked, "When he gives you orders, does he do it brusquely or pleasantly?"

And she explained, "When he is operating, he treats me just like a doctor treats a nurse in the surgery room. He's quite definitely in command. That's one of the reasons he says it's so easy to work through me. I'm always willing to take orders. There's the key. Willing to take orders. One hypnotism session-plus an unguarded mind. And now she works for a Scottish ghost. What is the truth about hypnosis? Is it a safe anaesthetic? A good way to kick an undesirable habit? A harmless way to probe the past? Or is it a dangerous passkey to the mind?"

We abhor brainwashing in the prison camp. We shudder at the thought of some mad dictator bending the minds of the masses to his will. But we manipulate the mind with drugs, and willingly yield it to the whim of the hypnotist, and glibly tamper with the brain waves. Is it ever safe to tamper with the mind and let somebody else do the driving? You decide. The man or woman who thinks of hypnosis only in terms of parlor games and dentists' chairs simply has no conception of what is going on. These may be the beginning. These are the wedge. These are the first breach of the mind. But would the powers behind hypnosis use a wedge without something more in mind? Would a salesman put his foot in a door if he had no thought of entering?"

By the way, hypnotism operates under a variety of labels. It is not a bad idea to consider suspect even such harmless-sounding terms as scientific relaxation" or "psycho-sedation." There is no terribly clear line between so-called scientific relaxation and hypnotism and spirit control. One moment it may be a friend or a trusted physician giving you orders. The next moment it may be an intruding spirit from the other side.

De Witt Miller, a researcher in this field, spotlights the danger: -When the subconscious mind, under hypnosis, becomes susceptible to outward suggestions, how can we be sure that sonic astral interloper of the spirit world will not intrude upon the subconscious mind, in its hypnotic trance state, and ply its occult

arts, as it does with an entranced medium?"

Ever since the days of Bridey Murphy, men and women have been playing games with hypnotic regression-and thought it was fun. But the powers on the other side weren't playing for fun. They were playing for keeps. The person who submits to hypnosis, for whatever purpose, surrenders his mind to that of another, including his conscience. The conscience is the guardian of the soul. And when yoti kill the watchdog, anything can happen. This is the danger.

No doubt you have heard the claim that conscience does continue to function during hypnosis. Unfortunately, this is not all the truth. Some of the most experienced authorities, even sonic connected with the Nancy School in France, only smile at the claim that it is necessary for hypnotic suggestion to fit in with the subject's moral code. They tell us that, on the contrary, it is possible through deep hypnosis to force normally conscientious individuals even to commit crime.

You can see that this is completely logical. The hypnotist recognizes that he cannot expect a subject to carry out his suggestions while in full command of his reasoning faculty. Therefore, as one authority says, the therapist must partially inactivate, temporarily, the center of conscious reason in the individual." He must silence the watchdog. And that is dangerous business. A writer in Life magazine says, "As for the possibility that hypnosis could be used for unscrupulous ends, researchers have come to no clear conclusions. There is fair unanimity on one point: a person will do nothing during hypnosis that sharply violates his own conscience or his sense of self preservation. If, for instance, he is told to murder someone or to kill himself, he will respond simply by waking up front the trance.

But then he negates what he has just said by continuing, "But this to some extent begs the question. . . . Conscience itself can be manipulated. An obvious example is the man who would be horrified if asked to commit murder but who, upon becoming a soldier in wartime, not only kills enemy soldiers but actually gratifies his conscience by doing so. Through hypnosis a clever and unscrupulous operator might be able to achieve the same manipulation of conscience."

A startling French experiment shows the weird power of posthypnotic suggestion. The laboratory hypnotist told a young woman under hypnosis that when she came out of her trance she would poison a young man on his staff. She protested, "He hasn't done anything to me. I am not a criminal. The hypnotist persisted. He argued that the young man was really her secret enemy. Finally the girl agreed, and she was given a glass of harmless fluid which she was told was poison. When she was restored to consciousness, she walked tip to the young man and remarked that it was unbearably hot and he must be thirsty. She offered him the glass. She even pretended to drink from the glass first, and then watched him sip the supposedly lethal drink.

Only an experiment. Could such dark deeds be duplicated in real life? Considerable evidence says that they can. I think you can see that any breaching of the mind, any deliberate weakening of it, any control of it by another-even temporarily and for seemingly worthy purposes-can sabotage the vital defenses without your knowing it. The mind belongs to God. And to surrender that citadel of reason and of conscience to a human being, for however commendable a purpose, may have long-range devastating consequences.

And these consequences are not to be considered lightly. Evidence is mounting daily that spirit powers are actually able to manipulate the human mind. They are experts at it. And they are after only one thing. Control. Is it any wonder that the wise man said, "Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life"? Proverbs 4:23. Keep your heart. Can Solomon be speaking of anything other than the mind? Keep it with all diligence. To allow it to be invaded by another intelligence is incompatible with man's inherent and personal responsibility to God. And it is more dangerous than you think!

Why is it that we are horrified at the thought of being kidnapped? We don't want a stranger holding us captive, telling us where to go and what to do. It is high crime. But there seems to be no law against kidnapping of the mind. Strange, unknown entities from the unseen stand suddenly beside people and are permitted to take over without protest. If a strange man walked in the door and said to your wife, "Don't be afraid, I've come to protect you," she would probably scream for help. She wouldn't want to be protected by any intruder. But psychic intruders get away with it all the time-and not just with women. Men are often equally gullible in accepting strangers from the other side.

The Medical School of the University of California, in San Diego, has a program to teach students hypnotism. The university feels it can train doctors to help people kick such afflictions as smoking, gaining weight, alcoholism, and not being able to sleep. But there is a high price tag for such so-called help. You may have kicked a habit, or lost twenty pounds. But your mind has been made more susceptible to outside

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control. The locks on the door of your mind have been jimmed. And they can't be repaired. You'll have to live with the situation. You trusted a friend or a respected therapist to tamper with your mental powers. But now strangers have easier access too. And the second time, these strangers from the unseen may not be courteous enough to ask permission to enter.

The day after hypnosis you are not completely your own. You have sold a little bit of yourself into slavery. And it will be easy to sell more. The apostle Paul said, -The one to whom you offer yourself-he will take you and be your master and you will be his slave. Romans 6:16, LB. There ought to be a way to kick a habit, or lose twenty pounds, without forfeiting a piece of your freedom. Fortunately, there is. The One called Jesus said, If the Son sets you free, you will indeed be free."

## **18. The Brain Games**

Is man ruled by the laws of science? Or are they controlled by him? Does he discover the laws of his own biology? Or does he make them? Questions such as these are stimulated by a new development called biofeedback training." Call it science or call it fad, it is quietly sweeping the country. It is said that we are at the entrance of an -entirely new culture where people can change their mental and physical states as easily as switching channels on a television set. One writer has described this new -systematic exploration of man's inner being- as "no less epochal than man's first step on the moon.

Biofeedback promises clinics or centers where patients will be wired to machines, watching flashing lights or listening to electronic squeaks. These patients will be learning to relax by listening to the amplified sound of their breath, learning to reduce anxiety by listening to their forehead muscles, or trying to calm down by regulating their brain waves. They will be attempting to regulate the heartbeat-or trying to raise the temperature in the hand to abort a headache. And all this is not entirely fiction. For these techniques are already being used in laboratories around the country.

One thing has already happened. Since biofeedback research involves electronics, it has already created what one outspoken critic calls "a huge 'sucker' market for the kinds of gear that are supposed to permit easy recording of bioelectric signals." And of course such research and such machines are a bonanza for the instant salvation groups that see in them an opportunity to offer the public everything from marital bliss to professional success-at a price. Exactly what is biofeedback?

Well, suppose that you are a public speaker. You record your voice and listen to it back on tape. This feedback of your performance helps you to improve your presentation. The same with a television performer who asks for the videotape to be rolled back to see what he has done. The slow-motion replay in sports is essentially the same thing. This type of feedback of performance is all very helpful. Then what is biofeedback? It is simply a particular kind of feedback-feedback from different parts of the body. Feedback of the performance of the heart, the circulatory system, the brain, the muscles. The reasoning behind biofeedback training is that once a person can hear his brain waves, or see his heartbeats, he can, with that information, begin to control them.

For instance, many people, when reading silently, have the tendency to subvocalize-that is, to mouth the words they are reading. This, of course, slows the individual's reading speed to the speed at which he could read aloud. There is no speed reading for him. But how do you know when you are subvocalizing? You try not to, but you still do. Here is where biofeedback comes in. Small microphones designed to pick up the minute bioelectric potentials generated by the movement of vocal muscles, are placed on the reader's neck. These potentials are fed into an amplifier and translated into a signal. And, of course, if the reader knows where he is subvocalizing, he can more easily overcome it. It is said that many learn to kick the habit in one to three hours.

So far, so good. But biofeedback training does not stop there. Its possibilities fairly explode. Men see in this new research the opportunity to start out on their own magical mastery tour-to control their own minds, their own nervous systems, perhaps their own fate. A yogi learns to control his own brain waves. But it takes years. With biofeedback training the average person can learn to control his brain waves in a matter of hours. One researcher has been working with rats. One rat actually learned to blush in one ear at a time. And the researcher comments, I believe that in this respect men are as smart as rats.

The danger in all this new research lies in its endless possibilities for exploitation. Already the news that man can alter his own brain waves has led to a cult of the alpha high. An alpha high is hailed as a substitute for a drug trip. Students have been seen on the streets of New York City with headset and earphones, monitoring their own brain waves.

However, a swami tried alpha and reported, "I've got news for you. This is nothing. Some people find in the alpha experience what they expect to find. One individual reported to the laboratory for alpha training, knowing that alpha was supposed to be associated with special experiences. He was soon producing alpha waves, and began telling the researcher, "I'm losing track of space and time," and "There's a rabbit in here so real I can almost touch it.-The scientist became suspicious and turned off the signals the young man was monitoring. He was still in alpha, but reported no more extraordinary experiences.

Incidentally, this tendency of people to see what they expect to see, to find what they want to find, shows up all through the occult. Professor David Lindberg, who teaches a course in the history of the

occult at the University of Wisconsin, emphasizes this tendency. His course is extremely popular with students. Yet while his classes may appear to promote interest in the psychic, in a strange paradox he warns students in his very first lecture that one of the objectives of the course is to make them more skeptical in the area of the occult.

Professor Lindberg does not ask his students, "Is it true?" Rather, he asks, "Why do you believe what you believe?" Presumably, many beliefs rest solely on the evidence of the senses-what people see, hear, or feel. "We hope," he says, "to show students that the senses cannot be trusted-that the capacity for self-deception is nearly infinite." He attacks the reality of the occult on the grounds of the "amazing" ability of humans to see what they believe. And he adds, "Modern psychology has shown how much our perceptions are conditioned by our expectations, but we underestimate how true that is."

But back to alpha. There is a question as to whether the alpha state is always a good thing anyway. It may be all right for lounging, but hardly for driving a car. People produce alpha waves, of course, without the aid of a machine. Some do it by simply closing their eyes. Some do it by staring at an object, or carefully focusing on a moving target-which smacks of self-hypnosis. One student does it by holding his breath, and another actually shows alpha bursts as he scores touchdowns on the football field. One psychologist recalls a patient who could produce alpha only while he was talking. "As soon as he shut up, there was nothing there."

Two kinds of organizations are capitalizing on biofeedback research. Those who manufacture and sell the electronic instruments are taking full advantage of its popularity. And there are, springing up everywhere it seems, groups who use the terminology of biofeedback, with or without equipment, to promote their own brands of instant salvation or what-have-you.

For instance, there is a group known as Silva Mind Control. Its claims are not exactly modest. It offers, by way of its training in mind control, better memory, better health, better sleep, better attitude, better learning ability, better self-image, better time management, better intuition, more success, more happiness, more self-confidence, more creativity, more energy and vitality, more productivity, more capacity, and more friends. A lot of people are willing to pay for a package like that. The group claims 10,000 graduates.

Then there is Mind Dynamics, an organization whose demonstrations are more spectacular than its ads. The president of the company says he doesn't really like the circus-show approach but considers it necessary to reach the public. The hostess at these meetings says that the president of the group spent years in synthesizing the most important material from different religions and philosophies into one system-Mind Dynamics. The testimonials are enthusiastic in the extreme. For instance, one girl insisted joyfully, "Besides finding that you can have anything you want, that you are the reason for everything, you also find that you can't be sad or depressed anymore.-A few more assertions like that and the guests are ready to sign up."

Some scientists have dismissed these groups as charlatans. That is not for me to say. Undoubtedly there are many sincere and dedicated people in these groups. I am most concerned about the very evident connection of these groups with hypnosis. Dr. Elmer Green, an outspoken critic who has even debated one of the groups on television, points out that most of these companies use nothing more than variations on hypnosis. What bothers me about the whole thing, he says, is that I am much more in favor of voluntary control than . . . hypnotic control. [Students in these organizations] go through a four-day program of intense hypnotic education in order to do the things they demonstrate.

Do you hear the alarm bell? One television reporter talked with students in these groups and concluded that since they felt they were being helped, there must be nothing wrong with it. But I am reminded of the punch line recently used to advertise a movie called "Asylum." It said, "See Asylum! You have nothing to lose but your mind!" An appropriate punch line for these brain games that are springing up like mushrooms? Perhaps so. You have nothing to lose but your mind. There are those who pride themselves on being open minded, ready to experiment, ready to try any new thing. But an open mind is not always a virtue. There are times when it can be downright foolhardiness. An uninhibited mind is an unguarded mind. And an unguarded mind is susceptible to incredible exploitation.

There are some things to which the mind should be irrevocably, closed. There are some games too dangerous to play. And brain games, any kind of brain games, any games that tamper with the mind, are on that list. It is said that Robert E. Lee, after the Civil War, was approached by the managers of the infamous Louisiana Lottery. He sat in his old rocking chair, with his crutches at his side, and listened to their proposition. He couldn't believe his ears. He asked them to repeat it. They told him they wanted no money.

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All they wanted was the use of his name. For that they would make him rich.

Robert E. Lee straightened up in his chair and buttoned his old gray tunic about him. He thundered, "Gentlemen, I lost my home in the war. I lost my fortune in the war. I lost everything in the war except my name. My name is not for sale. And if you fellows don't get out of here I'll break this crutch over your heads!" A man's name. A man's mind. Neither ought ever to be negotiable. This generation is restless. It is searching. It is looking everywhere for an unwieldy list of things it doesn't have. That's why it's a pushover for the sellers of peace of mind. But while we are turning here and there, confused by the babble of voices that would sell us their psychic wares, another voice is speaking. It is the voice of the One who made the mind and set it thinking. He says quietly, Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

None of the circus show. None of the hoopla approach. But could it be that in that simple invitation is all that we could ever need?

## **19. The Return of the Witches**

It was probably the most bizarre chapter in the annals of air piracy.

Few took any special notice of the friendly little group of eight men, women, and children who boarded Delta's Flight 841. Fewer still were aware that two of the men, high over Orlando, Florida, had forced their way into the cockpit with a concealed pistol. It was not until the jet landed at Miami that the passengers learned the news. The captain's voice came over the speaker, while a .45 automatic pointed at his head, -We have a problem. We're being hijacked for one million dollars.-

This was no spur-of-the-moment caper. In their home on Detroit's East Side, a sort of witches' commune where all lived together, they had taken drugs, toyed with voodoo, and talked endlessly about escape from an oppressive society. One wall was decorated with a big travel poster that said, Fly Delta's Big jets." They talked of Algeria, and waited for the stars to be properly positioned.

Then, before setting off, they conducted an elaborate ceremony. It included plunging a penknife into a small white doll on a dirt altar. Nearby were a Bible, a plate of food, an astrological chart, and pennies laid out in two circles.

Up until a couple of decades ago, and for previous centuries, there were no admitted witches anywhere. Most people have thought of witchcraft as something that only the superstitious gave any credence to. Witch hunts and broomsticks were filed away together in a little-used corner of the mind.

Today, in a massive spin-off from the culture-wide interest in the occult, this has all changed. Tens of thousands across America some of them with university degrees-are dabbling in witchcraft,

Satanism, voodoo, and other forms of black and white magic. Witches appear openly on television. Every high school is said to have its own witch. In Cleveland you can rent a witch to liven up a party. There are some eighty thousand persons practicing white magic in the United States, with six thousand in Chicago alone.

Some of this is a fad. But unfortunately, much of it isn't. Murder after murder has been linked to the craze, with the murderers openly admitting to police or to reporters that they worshiped Satan. Police, more and more frequently, are finding grim evidence of both animal and human sacrifice.

In a quiet New Jersey town, Mike Newell, who was twenty, drove out to a pond with his two best friends. After conducting a brief service to the devil, his friends, at Mike's own request, bound him. Mike looked out over the pond for a moment, and then said, Proceed as friends.-They pushed him into the pond and watched him sink. His body was found three days later. Mike believed that dying in Clear Pond would make him the leader of forty legions of Satan's horde.

It is estimated that between fifty and a hundred people in this small town of 48,000 were involved in Mike's cult. And Mike's town is not unique. It seems that everywhere the worship of Satan is coming into the open. Some claim to have actually seen the evil one himself in their ceremonies.

Thumb tacked to the waiting-room door of a church in San Francisco was a bank check. It was made out to the Central Church of Satan in payment for fifteen souls.

The church, of course, is the First Church of Satan, founded in 1966 by Anton LaVey, who made himself its black pope. He looks the part. He helped to direct -Rosemary's Baby, and appeared as the personification of the devil in that movie.

LaVey claims that the Christian church owes much to Satan, since he has kept the church in business for two thousand years by giving people things to feel guilty about. Since 1966 the National Church of Satan, which now has branches in almost every major American city, has added at least ten thousand converts-some say twenty thousand. LaVey's Satanic Bible has had much to do with the growth of the cult. There are also correspondence courses in Satanism.

His church, says LaVey, represents indulgence instead of abstinence. It urges members to indulge in the so-called seven deadly sins, since they all lead to physical and mental gratification.

He claims that he is in league with the devil, that he represents Lucifer, that when people join his church they become more evil. He says he can command Satan to do anything he wants him to do. And he says, We are trying to convey the impression that Satan is not the bad guy who causes pain or hardship, but rather that he is the only deity, the only savior who cares."

But communication with Satan does not have to be as open as this to be equally destructive. There is repeated evidence that, at least in some instances, LSD trips, meditation trips, and rock-and-roll dancing have opened the way for actual demon possession. Evidently there is truth in the old Christian adage, Stand

against Satan or be invaded by Satan.

Listen to this from Bob Larson, who spent five years as a rock writer and performer before his conversion:-I am not alone in my experimental knowledge of the influence of demonic powers present in rock music. One of the most uncanny stories I have ever heard was related to me by a close friend of mine who works among the hippies. For several weeks he dealt with a sixteen-year-old boy who by his own admission communed with evil spirits. One day he asked my friend to turn on the radio to a rock-and-roll station. As they listened, this teen-ager would relate, just prior to the time the singer on the recording would sing them, the words to songs he had never heard before. When asked how he could do this, the sixteen year-old replied that the same demon spirits that he was acquainted with had inspired the songs. Also, he explained that while on acid trips he could hear demons sing some of the very songs he would later hear recorded by psychedelic rock groups.

Many 'heavy' rock groups write their songs while under the influence of drugs. Some of them admit to receiving the inspiration for songs from a power that seems to control them. In 1968 Ginger Baker, the drummer of The Cream, was interviewed concerning his emotional feelings while he performed. He replied, 'It happens to us quite often-it feels as though I'm not playing my instrument, something else is playing it and that same thing is playing all three of our instruments [referring to the rest of the group]. That's what I mean when I say it's frightening sometimes. Maybe we'll all play the same phrase out of nowhere. It happens very often with us.'

King Saul, of ancient Israel, got himself involved with witchcraft at the end of his reign-with tragic results.

It was the night before a critical battle, and the king felt the breath of approaching doom. He needed counsel. But the prophet Samuel was dead. And, because Saul had persisted in acts of rebellion, the Lord would not answer him. So in desperation he sought out a witch living in seclusion at Endor.

Even though Saul was disguised, his stature and kingly bearing made the witch suspect his real identity. This could be no ordinary soldier, and his lavish gifts confirmed her suspicions. Asked to perform her incantations, she was afraid. She knew how zealous the king had been in carrying out the divine command Thou shall not suffer a witch to live." Exodus 22:18.

The sorceress feared that this could be a trap. But Saul assured her that no harm would come to her. He asked that she call up Samuel. The witch saw an apparition-an old man with a mantle, she said. And Saul believed it to be Samuel. There followed no comforting assurance of victory. Rather, the prediction was that the king would die in battle on the morrow.

Did Samuel really appear to the witch? Would Samuel, a prophet of God, be present, even if he could, in this haunt of evil spirits? Hardly. Samuel was sleeping in his grave and knew nothing about the episode that borrowed his name. But the spirit that appeared to the witch could as easily impersonate Samuel as anyone else.

Doesn't the Scripture say that Samuel spoke to Saul? Yes, in the same way that you or I would speak of an actor in a play. An actor in a play portrays Abraham Lincoln. In recounting the play we say that Lincoln did or said so and-so. Does that mean that Abraham Lincoln himself was there?

In fact, to bring it closer home, repeatedly in these pages I have quoted something or other that Arthur Ford said- by way of Ruth Montgomery's typewriter. But you are well aware before now, if you have been reading carefully at all, that I do not believe Arthur Ford had anything to do with it. It was simply a spirit impersonating Arthur Ford.

As to the prediction of Saul's death, it was not a difficult prediction to make. Satan well knew that by visiting a witch, in such flagrant disregard of the divine command, Saul had broken the last tie with his God. God had said, "There shall not be found among you . . . an observer of times, or an enchanter, or a witch, or a charmer, or a consulter with familiar spirits, or a wizard, or a necromancer, for all that do these things are an abomination unto the Lord.-Deuteronomy 18:10-12.

Saul would have no help from God in the battle of the morrow. BY consulting with the spirit of darkness, Saul had destroyed himself. In the horror of guilt and despair, he could hardly be expected to inspire his army with courage. It was a prediction that was sure to work out. It indicated no supernatural knowledge of the future except as the enemy of God could reason from cause to effect.

Picture the scene. As the king, already weary from travel and from lack of food, hears the fearful prediction, he sways and falls to the earth as one dead. The witch is in panic. What would happen to her if the king should be found dead in her retreat? She urges him to eat. And finally he agrees. What a pitiful scene! The once noble king of Israel, forsaken by his God, sitting down to eat in the wild cave of a

sorceress!

It is all so typical of Satan's strategy. It is his habit to make the path of rebellion appear easy and inviting, to blind the mind to the divine warnings. By his bewitching power he had led Saul to justify himself in defiance of the repeated reproofs sent through the prophet Samuel. But now, in the king's extremity, in his hour of utmost despair, Satan turns upon him, presents to him the enormity of his sin and the hopelessness of pardon and goads him on to destruction. Nothing could have accomplished it more effectively.

The next day, on the battlefield, Saul fell upon his sword and took his own life. It is all so typical of the enemy. Kind words so long as lie can use a man as his tool. But deserting him at the end. So Saul died for his transgression ... and also for asking counsel of one that had a familiar spirit.-1 Chronicles 10:13.

It seems that Arthur Ford once visited Mrs. Montgomery in Washington and lapsed into a trance so that she could ask Fletcher, his spirit control, for some advice on his own behalf. He was moving and wanted to know what to do with some of his things. But Fletcher seemed totally disinterested in his problems. And when Mrs. Montgomery asked if Ford should visit a clinic for a checkup, Fletcher snapped, "He'd better do something. If he doesn't, I can't work through him much longer."

Think of it! He had voluntarily submitted his person to Fletcher's use for nearly half a century. But Fletcher couldn't care less about his problems or his welfare. Unfortunately, the psychic world is filled with Fletchers!

Do you remember the words of Satanist Anton LaVey?-Satan is not the bad guy who causes pain or hardship, but rather ... he is the only deity, the only savior who cares.

That's what the controversy is all about. That's the way it began in heaven. Lucifer represented God as a tyrant who didn't care, who had no love or self denial for the creatures He had created. On the other hand, Lucifer styled himself as the advocate of mistreated angels. He was the one who cared. And so it had to be demonstrated before the universe, and especially in this world. Who is it that hears?

Satan set about to prove his case. He brought rebellion and murder into Eden. And the world, by the time of the Flood, under his influence, was so corrupt that it had to be destroyed. He went about setting up his false religions. He had most of the world worshipping angry, temperamental gods that didn't care. The world reached a new low.

In the meantime, God was setting up His own demonstration. He knew that the only way to show men what God is like was to come Himself, in the flesh, and let men see His character, and His government, made up into a life.

And so Jesus walked the dusty roads of Palestine-to show what God is like. He healed the people of their illnesses-to show what God is like. He shared their heartaches and lifted their burdens-to show what God is like.

But Satan stole their minds and got them to crucify the Healer. The universe looked on in horror as Satan goaded men on to take the life of their own Creator. And all the watching universe knew who it is that cares. No wonder Satan hates the cross. There, in stark contrast, side by side, you see the Son of God dying because He cared-and Satan unmasked as the murderer of his God.

No wonder he doesn't want the world to look at the cross. No wonder he leaves it out. No wonder he turns eyes away to psychic phenomena-and tells men that psychic healers and Scottish ghosts and spirit pretenders are the ones who care about their problems. But one day soon every man will know. All the evidence will be in. Every man will see, side by side, the cross of Calvary and a ravaged, ruined world-and decide who it is that cares!

## **20. They Call It Protection**

Is it true that lions will protect you from other lions? Demons from other demons? Impostors from other impostors? If you pray? There are those who seem to feel it permissible, and even safe, to walk on dangerous ground-just so you pray for protection.

Would Ruth Montgomery be an example? You will recall that she says that automatic writing can be dangerous. Then she speaks about safety precautions, and says, "Always pray for protection before beginning automatic writing, and practice it no more than fifteen minutes each day, at exactly the same time, when your own guides are available. If evil entities come through, or foul language is used, give up the automatic writing instantly. You are not ready for spirit communication. "

Pray for protection. But pray to whom? Who would answer such a prayer? If spirits who pretend to be the spirits of the dead are only impersonators, as we have seen that they must be, there is no protection there. And would God be hearing such a prayer when He has expressly forbidden all contact with the occult?-A man also or woman that hath a familiar spirit, or that is a wizard, shall surely be put to death.-Leviticus 20:27.

And about the foul language. Could not an impostor who wished to deceive you accomplish his purpose far more easily by using smooth, respectable language? Would he ruin his chances by using language that would cause you to turn him off at the start? Remember that we are dealing with entities whose cunning can scarcely be estimated. They have the intelligence of angels, and the experience of millenniums in the art of deception. Is it reasonable to ask the very spirits who are deceiving you to protect you? Mrs. Montgomery also suggests that there is safety in numbers. Is there? Is that the experience of the past? Do not numbers make it only the easier to risk walking on forbidden ground? Uncounted lives are ruined because of the influence of numbers, of the crowd.

Members of the Universal Receivers Prayer Group, the most powerful psychic group in northern California, evidently feel that it doesn't matter whom you pray to. They just pray that "God or "the Higher Self- or the Spirit World- will bear them and listen to what they have to say. Does it really make no difference whether it is God or a spirit world full of impostors answering your prayer? A group like that is a setup for deception. The spirit world is delighted to answer prayers like that. Spirits will gladly do favors-if it helps to tighten the net.

But the Universal Receivers feel that they are in good hands. It seems that a spirit came through to the group one day. He said his name was Matthew, that he was from a higher realm and that he had been assigned to the group as protector. They were to have protection both in the group and in their private lives. A reporter, discussing spirit communication with the leader of the group, asked, "But isn't this dangerous? Can't you call down an evil' spirit as well as a 'good' one?"

And she answered, "if you are protected the way we are with Matthew, it's not dangerous. But do they know who Matthew is? Or only who he says he is? Think of it! Praying to it-doesn't-matter-who. And accepting without question the dubious protection of a spirit who says his name is Matthew!"

Satanist Anton LaVey is critical of white magic-and for a most interesting reason. Listen to this: "During white magical ceremonies, the practitioners stand within a pentagram to protect themselves from the 'evil' forces which they call upon for help. And now notice. To the Satanist it seems a bit twofaced to call on these forces for help while at the same time protecting yourself from the very powers you have asked for assistance."

Could anyone have said it better? Do we get the message? There was once a man named Daniel. He was cast into a den of lions. But he didn't pray to the lions for protection or expect one lion to protect him from the other lions. And one thing more. Daniel didn't cast himself in. He was cast in!

## **21. What's Wrong With the Spirit World?**

For a long time Frank Knittel, a conservative college president, had known that someday he personally would come face to face with spirit phenomena, with spiritualism in some form. He wondered whether it would be rappings or whether it would be a table suddenly rising and floating through a door. On the other hand, it might be more frightening-perhaps a clammy unseen hand about his throat, as some stories went. Someday would conic the big surprise.

But then he was never one to experiment. Ouija boards were not for him, a key in the Bible never tempted him, and fortune-tellers disgusted him. It always turned him off to hear someone make sport about Satan, and impersonations or caricatures of the devil had always repulsed him. He never felt himself much of a willing candidate for spiritualism. Someday he would meet tip with it. He knew that. But he was prepared for it. He expected it. So how could it be a surprise?

And so as time went by, his terror of spiritualism gave way to a state of unconcern, and finally lie put the whole matter onto a shelf in the inner closet of his mind for future reference when the supernatural would begin to occur. And then it came-the surprise. It was all so unexpected and so undramatic that lie almost missed it. When it finally hit him full force, the clarity was nearly overwhelming. He came to a full mental stop. Arid when his thinking went into gear again, he felt possessed of the revelation of a lifetime.

The setting was calm enough-a quiet evening at home, the children asleep, his wife quietly playing the organ. And he reading a favorite book. Once in the forgotten past he must have read these pages that were open before him, because portions were underlined. But never before had comprehension come through. But now it suddenly burst to life-spiritualism!

This is what the book said: "Spiritualism asserts that men are unfallen demigods; that 'each mind will judge itself; that 'true knowledge places men above all law'; that all sins committed are innocent'; for 'whatever is, is right,' and 'God does not condemn.' The basest of human beings it represents as in heaven, and highly exalted there. Thus it declares to all men, 'It matters not what You do; live as you please, heaven is your home.' Multitudes are thus led to believe that desire is the highest law, that license is liberty, and that man is accountable only to himself. So this was spiritualism? He had spent so much mental effort in considering what spiritualism would do that he had never given much thought to what it said. He saw now that infinitely more is involved than rappings and knockings and seances. The impact of this live-your-own-destiny philosophy staggered him, and in the quiet of that hour he leaned back and listened to his mental tape replay what so many people are saying so frequently:

Oh, come on, now! You mean to say that if my conscience is clear, I can still get on the wrong track?" Look at it this way. I can go in there and see that for pure entertainment. If I'm sure it won't rub off on me, there can't be any harm." Again the pages caught at him. "Spiritualism asserts ... that each mind will judge itself; ... for 'whatever is, is right, and God doth not condemn.'-With kaleidoscopic intensity everything began to fit into the picture. This was the surprise! His mind tumbled and turned, searching, groping, pondering. This was it-the philosophy of spiritualism declares we may do our own thing, and if no one is hurt by what we do, there is no wrong in it. Spiritualism declares that sin occurs only when we hurt our fellowman. It insinuates that we should only please and gratify ourselves.

Surprise indeed. A surprise because he, like everyone else, had been caught tip in it, bombarded with it, immersed in it-and never known it was spiritualism. He had thought it was something new the new morality. His thoughts began sorting themselves out. And everything fell into order. It matters not what you do. Spiritualism. -All sins committed are innocent. Spiritualism. -Live as you please, heaven is your home.

Spiritualism. And it hit him as he had always known it would-an overwhelming surprise! Hey, wake up! What are you staring at? A ghost?" His wife had turned from the organ and distracted him from his reverie. Bringing her into focus, he replied a bit abstractedly, "Well, yes, in a manner of speaking."

His answer produced a question on her face that deepened as he continued, Strange you should ask that. That's the way Frank Knittel tells it. Strange, isn't it, that untold time and effort has been spent in the investigation of spirit phenomena. Were they genuine or were they fake? Did they happen or didn't they? And few have ever thought to probe the basic philosophy of spiritualism.

Strange, too, that the book from which Frank Knittel was reading was first published in 1903. But you couldn't find a more accurate summation of spiritualist teaching today. it hasn't changed a bit. The most recent books in print, Ruth Montgomery's among them, echo and reecho the same claims, the same

assertions. There are a lot of things wrong with the spirit world. And they have been wrong for a long time.

Live as you please. Heaven is your home. Doesn't that sound familiar? Maybe they call it heaven, and maybe they call it the spirit world. But isn't it strange that Karl Marx and Marilyn Monroe and Bishop Pike and Paul Tillich and Jim Pike and all the rest end up in the same place? No difference at all. It doesn't matter whether you believe in a personal God or an impersonal force or no God at all. It doesn't matter how you have lived. You get there anyway. Isn't there something wrong here?

Isn't there something wrong with a spirit world where all the big names of politics and show business arrive-but God and Jesus and the angels are nowhere around? The Bible says of God's people in the future life, They shall see his face. Revelation 22:2.

Isn't there something wrong with a religion that recognizes no sin and no guilt-a religion that makes a man his own savior and his own judge? Isn't there something wrong with a religion that discards the Bible because it cannot control it and substitutes a blind of phenomena because it can control that?

There is a lot wrong with the spirit world described by the psychics. But it can be summed tip in this-it is a world in rebellion against its God. Listen. Our world is coming up to its ultimate crisis. It is almost upon us. Every sober man knows it. You can feel it in the air.

What is spiritualism doing to prepare men and women for that day? What refuge does it offer its followers when the burning falls? The Scriptures answer that question. And it's absolutely shocking!

"Because you have said, We have made a covenant with death, and with hell are we at agreement; when the overflowing scourge shall pass through, it shall not come unto us: for we have made lies our refuge, and under falsehood have we hid ourselves.- Isaiah 28:15.

What does the spirit world offer as preparation for the crisis? A refuge of lies. There is no death. You shall not surely die. You shall be as gods. The master deceiver has made an agreement with death and hell and the judgment by denying that they exist. He wants men to trust in his refuge of lies so that he can see them swept into eternity unprepared. Satan isn't a savior who cares. He's a deceiver obsessed with the destruction of mankind along with himself.

What will happen to the refuge of lies? -Judgment also will I lay to the line, and righteousness to the plummet: and the hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies, and the waters shall overflow the hiding place. And your covenant with death shall be disannulled, and your agreement with hell shall not stand; when the overflowing scourge shall pass through, then you shall be trodden down by it. Isaiah 28:17, 18.

No preparation for the crisis. Nothing to help men stand in that day. And that is not only the problem with the spirit world, but the purpose of all its activity. Satan's one aim is to keep men and women from being prepared for the final crisis, to push them unguarded, unaware, busy with their psychic games, up to the final precipice and over it-without a chance to reconsider. That's what the deceiver's so-called words of wisdom are all about. That's what his phenomena are all about. That's the game he is playing. And he plays it all too well!

## **22. The Chill That Might Have Been**

It was May 21, 1946. A young and daring scientist was carrying out a necessary experiment in preparation for the atomic test to be conducted in the waters of the South Pacific atoll at Bikini. He had successfully performed such an experiment many times before. In his effort to determine the amount of U235 necessary for a chain reaction-scientists call it the critical mass-he would push two hemispheres of uranium toward each other. Then, just as the mass became critical, he would push them apart with his screwdriver, instantly stopping the chain reaction. But that day, just as the material became critical, the screwdriver slipped!

The hemispheres of uranium came too close together. Instantly the room was filled with a dazzling bluish haze. Young Louis Slotin, instead of ducking and possibly saving himself, tore the two hemispheres apart with his bare hands, interrupting the chain reaction! By this instant, self-forgetful daring, he saved the lives of the seven other persons in the room. He realized at once that he himself would be bound to succumb to the effects of the excessive radiation he had absorbed, but he did not lose self-control. Shouting to his colleagues to stand exactly where they had been at the moment of the disaster, he drew on the blackboard an accurate sketch of their relative positions so that doctors might discover the degree of radiation to which each had been exposed.

And then, as lie waited beside the road with Al Graves, the scientist who except for himself had been most severely exposed-as they waited at the roadside for the car that was to take them to the hospital, he said quietly to his companion, -You'll come through all right. But I haven't the faintest chance myself. It was only too true. Nine days later he died in terrible agony. Almost twenty centuries ago the Son of God walked directly into sin's most concentrated radiation, allowed Himself to be touched by its curse, and let it take his life. The accumulated guilt of the ages released its deadly contamination over a hill outside Jerusalem. And He who made the atom permitted Himself to be nailed to the tower at ground zero, allowed unfeeling men to trigger the cruel device we call Calvary. But by that act He broke the chain reaction. He broke the power of sin.

And the people said, He saved others; himself he cannot save. Matthew 27:42. Never were truer words spoken, for to interrupt the chain reaction of sin, to stop its deadly fallout, the Son of God must give His own life.. He could not save Himself and save others too. It is as if He spoke to every man, -You can come through all right. But I haven't the faintest chance Myself.

He could save man. Or He could save Himself. One or the other. It could not be both. Did it ever occur to you that Jesus might have chosen to save Himself instead of man? He could have. Here He was, the Creator, about to die for a world that He had made. But it was a world that couldn't care less. He didn't have to do it. He could have called ten legions of angels to His side. They would have swept Him heavenward out of it all-at just a word from Him. He didn't have to stay in a hostile world. He could have left it to its chosen fate. Why didn't He?

He didn't have to endure the cruel taunts of little men. He could have come down from the cross in a blaze of fire that would have consumed them all. He could have staged the most spectacular demonstration of divine power the world had ever seen. He didn't have to save men. He could have wiped His hands of their peril and let them (lie for themselves. He could have gone back to heaven and left this little planet to spin itself out. And been without blame. Why didn't lie?

But what if He had? Have you ever considered what life on this planet would have been like? Cold. Cheerless. Without a ray of hope. The life force gradually dwindling, running out. Nothing to restore it. Nothing ahead but a reckless hurtle into the deepest degradation-and the final death that man deserved. No pardon. No reprieve. No savior.

I shudder at the thought of what it might have been, could have been, would have been-without the Savior to take our place. But it staggers my mind even more to understand how any man or woman could want it that way! And yet that is exactly what the spirit world is. Cold. Cheerless. Without hope. Because the spirit world has no Jesus. A spirit claiming to be Jim Pike told his father that he hadn't heard anything about Jesus, and that none of his companions seemed to talk about Him.

"Have you seen Jesus?" another spirit was asked. And the spirit replied, "I have not seen Jesus over here, nor have I met any who have. Spiritualism may talk about Jesus. There may be hymns in its sbances. It may speak of Him as a great man, a great teacher, a great example. But it leaves His blood

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behind. And any supposed hope for the world that leaves out the blood of Christ is an empty hope, a cold hope. Sherwood Eddy, though deeply impressed with psychic phenomena, said, "One sometimes feels in such writings the pantheistic chill of the arctic night."

Think of it! A world with no Jesus-no cross-no forgiveness and no hope! As if the Son of God had gone back to His heaven and left us to our fate! Satisfied with a future that offers nothing better than the frigid, isolated chill of outer space! And all by man's own choice! When it doesn't have to be that way! How cold! How lonely! How forbidding!

## **23. Light for Lonely People**

Rising from this troubled planet like an incense of doom is the cry of lonely millions, Why? Why? Why? A sweet, innocent child dies of leukemia while we stand helplessly by. A plane loaded with somebody's loved ones plunges to the earth in flames. A submarine turns its nose to the bottom of the sea and never comes back. Why? What does God see as He surveys this earth? What reaches His heart? Is it a riot of color and song? Certainly not. It is a symphony of tears.

Doesn't God care? Is He unconcerned? Are we only a forgotten cinder out on the edge of His universe? A world that doesn't really matter? It was Goethe who said, If I were God, this world of sin and suffering would break my heart. It did. A father had lost his son in battle. And he said bitterly to his minister, "Where was God when my son was killed?" The minister quietly replied, He was in the same place He was when His Son was killed." Do you see?

On one of my visits to the old city of Jerusalem I was shown the place where it is believed that Abraham once stood with his son Isaac, atop the mountain. I tried to picture it. There stood Abraham, his knife raised, ready to give up all he had for his God. And then an angel stayed his hand.

Fifteen centuries later, almost on that very spot, the God of the universe watched His own Son die. And there was no angel to stay the hand of death. No voice to cry out, "It is enough!" Was it that way with you? Did you hope till the last that the hand of death would be restrained? Only to be finally disappointed? I say it reverently. You and God have something in common now. The cross He has given to you is one that He first bore Himself. You can never look at Calvary and say He doesn't care! You can never look at Calvary and say He doesn't understand!

I picked up a little book the other day, a book prepared for those who mourn. I was somewhat surprised at its content. It tells the bereaved one when to weep and when to restrain his tears. It tells him what to think. It tells him whom to talk to, and how often and how long. Well and good-perhaps. But God has more for you than that. He offers you more than psychological formulas and an explanation of life, however helpful. He has more for sorrowing hearts than an analysis of their emotions and a how-to-do-it manual for their tears! Rather, I bring you hope from the Scriptures. I bring you comfort from an ancient and often neglected Book. But I bring you even more than that. I bring you a Person.

You see, you have lost a person. Nothing but a person can fill the place left empty. It's one thing to be strong when a companion shares the load. But it's quite another thing to push on when you can no longer feel the lift on the other side of the burden. But said David, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me." And God said through Isaiah, "When you go through deep waters and great trouble, I will be with you. When you go through rivers of difficulty, you will not drown! When you walk through the fire of oppression, you will not be burned up-the flames will not consume you.-Isaiah 43:2, LB. Can't you trust a God like that?

Grief, you see, is sometimes so violent in its attack that we are tempted to reach out to stay God's hand. But don't, friend. Don't! Said the poet,

**DON'T TOUCH HIS HAND!**

A Master Artist paints. What you have thought to do Would only blur the picture That He makes. You cannot see That which His mind intends To make of you. Your awkward touch might easily Upset the colors, and the easel too. Don't touch what He is doing. You fear that He might spoil it all Unless you hold Him back.

But wait! Don't touch His hand! For He is God And He is wise And He is love! Yes, wait! You can trust a God like that! One day we shall see that sorrow is sometimes only the veil with which God covers His presence as He stands close by. Where now we see only confusion and loss and broken patterns, then we shall see perfect and beautiful harmony. We shall see, one day soon, that God knows best how to answer prayer.

I wonder if you have heard the parable of the three trees that lived in the forest long ago. John Ellis Large tells it in his book *Think on These Things*. Listen: "The first tree prayed that, when it was hewn down, it might become part of the timbers of a noble palace, the most magnificent building ever shaped by the creative hands of men.... Instead, it was faced with the bitter fact that its lovely grain was being used to throw a rude stable together. But it was the stable in which the Christ Child was born!

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The second tree petitioned God that, when the ax should be laid to its roots, its planks might be fashioned into the hull of the lordliest vessel that ever sailed the seven seas.... Instead, when it was chopped down, it was used to form the hull of a lowly fishing vessel, and the tree resented the insult to its grandeur. But that insignificant schooner was the one from which Jesus preached His incomparable words at the edge of the little Sea of Galilee!

The third tree beseeched God that it might never feel the bite of the cruel ax, but that it might go on for years pointing its proud finger toward the sky.... instead, the dark (lay came when the woodsmen arrived and laid the sharp blade to its resisting roots, and it cried out against God with every blow. But the shaken tree was fated to become the cross arms and the upright of the cross of Calvary, destined to point its noble fingers toward the sky forever! Not a single one of those trees lived to see its fondest wish come true. Not a single one got its deepest prayer answered, nor its own will fulfilled. But God, in fulfilling His will for those three trees, granted them a fulfillment infinitely beyond anything they could have desired or hoped for!"

You can trust a God like that! I discover that there is far more than sympathy in the Word of God. Jesus did not say, "Blessed are they that mourn," and then pass by on the other side. He met death head-on, and did something about it! Watch Him as He walks nineteen hundred years ago along a rocky path outside a little Palestine village. Approaching Him, moving slowly along the cobblestone street and out through the gates, is a funeral procession. A mother walks beside the now still form of the son who has been her pride and her support.

Jesus and the grieving mother are about to meet. Will He stop to offer her comfort? More than that. He calls the son to life and restores him to his mother. Jesus was like that. His love was stronger than death. No one ever died in His presence. No one could. Lazarus could never have (lied if Jesus had been at his side. His sisters knew that. That's why each kept saying, Lord, if Thou had been here, my brother had not died.

But now, four days after death had dealt its blow, Jesus had come to cheer the sorrowing sisters. How would He do it? How would He deal with death? What would He say to bring comfort in an hour like this? He said simply, "Thy brother shall rise again. And Martha understood. She knew what He meant. They had talked of these things before. And she replied, "I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day. The resurrection at the last day. That is the hope of the Scriptures. There is no better news in all the Book than those simple words, -Your brother will rise again. But He couldn't wait. Jesus couldn't wait. He was like that. He chose to demonstrate then and there what the resurrection would be like. He called out, Lazarus, come forth!" And he came forth!

Someone has remarked that it is a good thing Jesus specified that He was speaking only to Lazarus. For if He had not, every grave on earth would have been torn open. Yes, Jesus continually urged His followers to look beyond this life, to look beyond the grave and death. And then, in one of the most profound and miraculous demonstrations of all time, He laid down His own life-and after three days rose from the dead. At that moment the power of death was broken. And now, for the first time in human history, there surged in man's breast the living conviction that his fondest hope, so long cherished, had at last been made certain. Our dead could be seen and loved again!

The prophet Isaiah, long centuries before, had written it. He had said, Thy dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they arise.... And the earth shall cast out the dead." Isaiah 26:19. Your (dead men will live. Does not that mean, Your dead, too, will live? Wonderful news! Isaiah had declared it a possibility. But Jesus demonstrated it as a fact. Let me ask you, Do you believe that Jesus rose from the dead? Then remember this. The resurrection of your loved one is as certain as the resurrection of Christ. But someone is saying, This is all so wonderful. But this is not for me. You see, my son, my daughter, did not believe. I ask you, How do you know?

I think of a mother who did her best to train her boy in the ways of right. But he turned out to be a thief. And at last he was executed for his crime. His was one of three crosses on a hill outside Jerusalem. His mother may well have stood by weeping, her sobs caught up in the noise of the crowd. She may not have heard her son's words as he turned in those last moments to the One dying at his side and said, Lord, remember me when You come into Your kingdom. She may never have known. Don't be too sure, then, that someone dear to you is without hope. Can you not leave it in God's hands? You too can turn to the Scriptures and share in its comfort and its hope. Listen to this:

For the Lord himself will come down from heaven with a mighty shout and with the soul-stirring cry of the archangel and the great trumpet-call of God. And the believers who are dead will be the first to

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rise to meet the Lord. Then we who are still alive and remain on the earth will be caught up with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air and remain with him forever. So comfort and encourage each other with this news.-1 Thessalonians 4:16-18, LB.

I ask you. Could there be any better news-any better comfort? Picture it if you can. The Son of God piercing the vaulted heavens, moving down the star-studded procession way of the skies, attended by myriads of angels. And then He calls out with a voice of thunder, "Awake, you that sleep in the dust of the earth. Arise to everlasting life.!" And your dead too will hear!

That voice calling our beloved dead will be heard the world around. Families will be reunited. Children snatched away by death will be placed again in their mothers' arms. What a reunion! What does this mean to you? What does it mean to me? It means that there is something better beyond this day! Think for a moment. Think what that day will mean to the crippled, to the blind, to those weakened by disease, to minds confused by fear. God says, He will open the eyes of the blind, and unstop the ears of the deaf. The lame man will leap up like a deer, and those who could not speak will shout and sing!" Isaiah 35:5, 6. LB.

But think what it will mean to the able-bodied and the strong, to those who love life and want to live. You see, death may even seem welcome to a body ravaged by disease and pain. But to the strong and youthful, death can mean only disappointed hopes, disillusionment, shattered ambitions. But here is the answer to death's sting. Not in the discoveries of science, not in the exploration of outer space, not in anything man can do, but in the promise of the resurrection made by One who Himself demonstrated its possibility-here is our hope!

I find an intriguing parallel in the story that is told of one of the most significant battles in world history-that of the Duke of Wellington and Napoleon Bonaparte. The old verger of Winchester Cathedral never tired of telling the story of the day when the news of the battle reached England. It came by sailing vessel to the south coast and was carried overland by semaphore to the top of Winchester Cathedral and on to London. The populace eagerly waited as the semaphore spelled out the words, "W-E-LL-I-N-G-T-0-N D-E-F-E-A-T-E-D". Just then a dense fog settled down over the harbor, as this incomplete message was waved on to London. A pall of gloom and discouragement settled over the land. Streets were barricaded. Women and the elderly prepared to defend their country in the streets and in the fields if necessary. But finally the fog lifted, and the semaphore signals came through again: -W-E-L-L-I-N-G-T-0-N D-E-F-E-A-T-E-D T-H-E E-N-E-M-Y.

Can you imagine the wild delirium of joy that spread like a prairie fire, made all the more exhilarating when contrasted with the earlier news so grossly misunderstood? Need I draw the parallel? Does not this experience illustrate the meaning that the disciples read into Christ's crucifixion? The sun refused to shine on the scene. Darkness covered the earth. The resounding peals of thunder reduced the slender faith of the disciples to just two words: -J-E-S-U-S D-E-F-E-A-T-E-D." As they laid His limp, lifeless body in a borrowed tomb, their depression deepened. Hear them reasoning, 'We trusted that it had been He which should have redeemed Israel.-They thought they had made a mistake. Surely Jesus must not be the long-awaited Savior after all.

But then as the light broke on that resurrection morning, the message which should have been understood by His closest followers began to be clarified. And the world has ever since been able to read the life-giving and glorious message: -J-E-S-U-S D-E-F-E-A-T-E-D D-E-A-T-H.

I ask you, Is there any better news? Tongue cannot tell it, pen cannot write it the hope that this completed message brings to the human breast. Take courage, friend. There is hope beyond this day. Its good-byes are not as final as you may have thought. For on the resurrection morning your dead too will live! Here is light for lonely people. A light that won't go out. It may mean waiting just a little while. Not long. But it's a hope that is real. It's a hope that won't let you down. It isn't the false hope of the darkened room. There's no darkness in it.

Rather, it's a land where there is no night. A country lighted by the throne of God. Loved ones together, with never again a goodbye. And no one will ever be lonely. For God will wipe away all tears. And when God wipes away the tears, could they ever need wiping again?

## **24. The Script in the Crystal Ball**

It was in 1965, in Brazil, that a self-styled prophet named Aladino Felix began making some uncanny predictions. He warned that a disaster would soon take place in Rio de Janeiro. Sure enough, only a month later, floods and landslides struck the city killing six hundred. Then in 1966 he said that a Russian cosmonaut would soon die. It happened. In the fall of 1967 he appeared on Brazil television and soberly discussed the forthcoming assassinations in the United States. He named Martin Luther King and Senator Robert Kennedy.

It was only natural that many people should be impressed by the accuracy of his major and minor predictions. So when he began predicting an outbreak of violence, bombings, and murders in Brazil in 1968 it was no surprise when a wave of strange terrorist activities actually began. There was a rash of bank robberies. An armored payroll train was robbed. Police stations and public buildings in Sao Paulo were dynamited. Brazilian police worked overtime and rounded up eighteen members of the gang. They had planned to assassinate top officials and take over the entire government of Brazil.

The leader of the gang turned out to be-Aladino Felix! In the United States, in 1967, a man named Fred Evans had set himself tip as a prophet and was predicting major black uprisings. In the spring of 1968 he moved into Cleveland, Ohio. And then, on the night of July 23, 1968, rioting broke out in Cleveland. Snipers dressed in African clothing had killed ten and wounded nineteen by the time the police could gain control. The leader of this ring of well-equipped and well-organized snipers turned out to be-Fred Ahmed Evans!

Am I suggesting that these men originated the predictions and then carried them out? Am I hinting at a pattern here-that those who make predictions often, or at least sometimes, engineer their fulfillment themselves in order to establish their credibility? Yes. And no. I am certainly not suggesting that when Jeane Dixon predicts an assassination or a plane crash she has any plans secretly to help along their fulfillment. Certainly not. But even in the case of Aladino Felix and Fred Evans it is doubtful that when the predictions were made they had any thought of participation in their fulfillment. It is more likely that, in their case, they simply became so caught tip with the prophecy that they found themselves drawn into it, as into a whirlpool.

You see, I do not believe that Aladino Felix or Fred Evans or Jeane Dixon or any of the psychics are the real originators of their predictions. The evidence is that these predictions come from a source outside themselves, in the unseen world, and that they are all tuned in to the same source.

For instance, Jeane Dixon has said that the vibrations of the Kennedy family are very strong. She was not the only one who predicted the assassination of the Kennedy brothers. It seemed to hang in the very air. The assassination of John Kennedy was also predicted by Ernesto Montgomery. Anne Gehman predicted both tragedies. We have already mentioned the foretelling of the Robert Kennedy and Martin Luther King tragedies on Brazil television.

R. D. Smallridge was an Arkansas truck driver. But a wide variety of strange and inexplicable things happened to him, and eventually he gave up truck driving and became a minister. December of 1967 found him in California. Late one night he put aside the book he had been reading and strolled over to the clock on the mantel. It was exactly 12:05 am. Suddenly, he insists, a bright blue light materialized and drifted toward him. Just as it touched him, he says that the room faded away and he found himself in another room surrounded by a group of strange but humanlike beings. He says they were conversing in an odd language, but that he was able to understand it. Allegedly they told him that Martin Luther King and Robert Kennedy would die suddenly in 1968 and that there would be widespread rioting and civil unrest.

Mr. Smallridge claims that after about two hours he was transported back to the living room. The clock still said 12:05. In the summer of 1963 comedian Red Skelton was lounging on a California beach. He later told a reporter that he lapsed into a semi trance for about an hour. When he recovered full consciousness, he discovered a terrifying message, written in his own hand, in the notebook that he always carries with him. He does not remember writing it or even thinking it. But here was the message: "President Kennedy will be killed in November. Probably there are others, of whom I am not aware, who predicted these tragedies.

Now, all this evidence points to one conclusion-that evidently all these people were tuned in to one source. They got the information from the same place. The prophecies did riot originate with them, but with entities in the unseen world. And we have considered only the evidence concerned with these

tragedies. When the overall evidence is assembled, it is absolutely overwhelming.

And so I ask, Is it possible that the spirit originators of these predictions had something to do with carrying them out? Were the minds of the assassins encouraged and influenced in some way? Did the spirits broadcast these predictions over the psychic wires because they felt at least relatively confident that they could engineer their fulfillment and thus establish confidence in psychic forecasts of coming events?

In other words, put it this way. Are the pictures in the crystal ball, and all the rest of these psychic predictions, really glimpses of the future? Or are they simply scripts that spirit entities in the unseen world intend to follow if they can, in order to establish credibility among those who follow their ratings? What is behind all this? Again and again the same psychic intelligence is released to mediums, psychics, automatic writers, crystal ball readers, flying saucer enthusiasts, and what-have-you. Often the predictions are wrong. But sometimes they are uncannily right-often enough to get a lot of people wondering.

Said one psychic buff, If a psychic can pick tip on my past and present, telling me things about my life that nobody but myself could possibly know, then he may be sufficiently tuned in to forecast my future. A writer who was gathering material for a book visited Rita Brown, a psychic medium who specializes in numerology. She took his name, added the new first name he had adopted as a writer, and included his birth date. She arranged some numbers into a chart. Then she started to read it.

When you were seventeen you left home for good." True. Then between 1950 and 1955 you were living in a big city trying hard but accomplishing little.-He gulped. True again. "In 1956 you broke the patterns of the previous years and started traveling. Uncanny, but true. "You traveled until 1959, when you decided to take a permanent residence." Absolutely right. "You stayed in one place, were ill in 1962, made an important decision in 1965, and uprooted yourself once more in 1970. He was absolutely bewildered.-But how can you tell me this?" he exclaimed.—It happened just as you said it did!" Of course it did. Numbers don't lie. Two and two makes four every time.-

But if you've hit everything perfectly in the past, without ever meeting me before, then you must be right about the future." "Aha," she smiled, -that's exactly why I did your past. Now you will be convinced that what I say about the years to come is also correct." And I seem to hear a chorus of voices from the spirit world echoing her words.-Aha! That's exactly why I did your past. Now you will be convinced that what I say about the years to come is also correct. That is exactly the game the spirit world is playing. That is the strategy. To be right enough times that they will be believed. And the end of the game is control. And deception.

And so the psychic predictors have their batting averages. If the batting average is high, people pay attention. People get scared. If the psychic was right about a suicide and a plane crash, isn't there a good chance that he will be right about the state of California slipping into the sea?

You may recall the California earthquake fiasco of 1969. The nation's clairvoyant community had predicted that sometime in April a large slice of California would slide into the Pacific Ocean as the result of a cataclysmic earthquake. The forecast frightened millions. Several hundred fled the state. Some took to small rented planes and flew high over the threatened landscape. There was a good deal of jocular speculation as to why Governor Reagan happened to leave the state just at that time. But the next morning California was still there. The swamis had lost by a landslide.

Ernesto Montgomery, of Los Angeles, who predicted the Sharon Tate murders, sent out the word that California would be destroyed by earthquakes and fires on April 22, 1972. But again, it didn't happen. It is interesting that in the Scriptures God points to His ability to foretell the future as an evidence that He is the true God. For instance, He says, I am God, and there is none like me, declaring the end from the beginning, and from ancient times the things that are not yet done.-Isaiah 46A, 10.

And He throws out this challenge to false gods, Show the things that are to come hereafter, that we may know that ye are gods. Isaiah 41:23. The God of heaven leaves no room for error when it comes to His own prophets. He says, "When the word of the prophet shall come to pass, then shall the prophet be known, that the Lord bath truly sent him." Jeremiah 28:9.

A true prophet, with God as his source of information, does not operate on the basis of a batting average. He must be right all the time-not just some of the time. The only exception is in the case of a conditional prophecy. The prophecy concerning Nineveh, given through Jonah, is an example. The city was to be destroyed in forty days. But because Nineveh repented, the punishment was not carried out.

But now comes the interesting thing. While a prophet's predictions, if he is genuine, must come true, yet a false prophet's prediction may also come true-and it doesn't mean that he has the divine credentials. The first few verses of Deuteronomy 13 describe this situation: -If there arise among you a

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prophet, or a dreamer of dreams, and gives thee a sign or a wonder, and the sign or the wonder come to pass, whereof he spoke unto thee, saying, Let us go after other gods, which thou hast not known, and let us serve them; thou shall not hearken unto the words of that prophet, or that dreamer of dreams: for the Lord your God proves you, to know whether ye love the Lord your God with all your heart and with all your soul."

A prediction, then, even though it turns out to be uncannily correct, does not stamp a prophet as genuine. A prophet must be known, and evaluated, not by his batting average, but by his public statements, the tendency of his teaching. If he is involved with other gods, if he is not in harmony with the government of God and the law of God, if his statements are found to contradict any part of the Written Word of God, then he is not a true prophet. For a true prophet will never contradict another true prophet.

Evidently God is willing for psychic prophets, unconnected with Himself, to play their prophecy games-up to a point. He lets them be right some of the time. He lets them tamper with the relatively minor things. But the psychic world has no power to predict the great crises in world history, the march of nations, the converging of Bible prophecies in the final days of earth's history, and the return of our Lord to this earth. These are reserved to God. And not even a prophet of God will predict the date when time will end, for Jesus said, But of that day and hour knows no man, no, not the angels of heaven, but my Father only.-Matthew 24:36.

And so the pattern that is so evident in psychic prediction makes sense. Sometimes, many times, they miss. But again and again they are uncannily right in the things of lesser importance-the plane crashes, the weddings, the suicides, the assassinations. The things over which the spirit entities hope to have some control. The things in which they can influence minds. The areas in which they have some hope of engineering fulfillment. These predictions are evidently not glimpses of the future at all, but rather a script they intend to follow if they can.

The earmarks of divine revelation are not there. Marriages, suicides, plane crashes-are these God's message to men? Is God to become nothing more than a dependable reservation agency? Where are the broad lines of prophecy?

Predictions are being fulfilled. Yes. And sometimes lives are spared or some good is done. But are we to depend upon the crystal ball in an hour as serious as this? Are psychic predictions the hope of mankind? Has the dramatic impact of a psychic forecast taken the place of the stability of Scripture? Has it replaced the stately march of divine prediction?

This, then, is the way the psychic game is played. Several minor predictions come out uncannily correct. Then just when people are convinced that whoever is behind these predictions has complete knowledge of the future, they introduce a joker into the deck. They prophesy something big. And it doesn't happen. This is the tiger behind the door. And we'll meet the tiger again!

## **25. How to Tell a Fake**

It was on December 19, 1887, that the San Francisco Daily Examiner reported a most unusual story. It was banner lined: -Sealskins in heaven. Lady spirits with a taste for ulsters and diamonds. Clothes for the stars. A suit sent to Saturn seen on Kearney street. An amazed old gentleman.

It seems that a Mrs. Patterson frequently held seances at her boardinghouse at the corner of Mission and Third. She had two lodgers, Mr. Clifford and Mr. Wild, who helped her to make contact with spirits that lived supposedly on the planet Saturn. One of her steady clients was an elderly carriage maker named McTavish. The spirits gave him business advice, and Mr. McTavish was planning to be taken to Saturn himself when the "next celestial rays were solid enough. The old gentleman was liberal with his money and his gifts, and the medium told him that these gifts had been sent on to Saturn.

Then one day it happened. Mr. McTavish was walking along Kearney Street, when he noticed in front of him an expensive tailor-made suit. He recognized it as the very suit that the spirits had asked him to have made and sent to them. The spirits had even specified the size and the color that they wanted. And this was it!

He tapped the wearer of the suit on the shoulder, and discovered, to his great surprise, that it was Mr. Wild! The Examiner printed the conversation word for word.

-What does this mean, sir? These clothes are the same that I bought to be sent to Saturn."

-Well, they've been sent to Saturn.

"Sent to Saturn!"

"Yes sir, they've been there more'n a week."

Then how the devil does it happen that you have them on your back?" "Mr. McTavish, said Mr. Wild in a tone of great pity, -you surprise me. It knocks me cold it does, to bear a man with your light talking like that. In one sense, this is the Saturn suit-in the same way that when you're dead your body will be you. Have I got to tell a man with your light that the speerits don't take to the speerit world the actyil things you give 'em, but only the essential semblance of them? How do you suppose they could pack a real suit of clothes through eighteen-hundred million miles of space? Don't you see?"

"It-it begins to break upon me," said Mr. McTavish, mopping his brow in bewilderment.

"I thought it would," said Mr. Wild. "I saw your spirit guide dematerialize these here clothes with my own eyes in our rooms. She carried away the soul of these togs, and the dross, the dead body of 'em, was left behind, and I took it. Wasn't that right? You wouldn't want me to throw the clothes away, would you, after the spirit guide had made 'em sacred like?" No, no; certainly not," murmured Mr. McTavish. "I see it all now.

He shook Mr. Wild's hand heartily, as if thankful for the new insight, and departed on his way. We smile, and pat ourselves on the back that we are not that gullible. We are more sophisticated, more discerning. But what if today's hoaxes, today's deceptions, are not that crude, not that easily recognized? What then?

Like many people, you may have seen just enough of obvious fraud to lead you to cast all psychic phenomena aside as trickery and hoax. You may have dismissed it all from your mind as fraud. But while some of it may be trickery and even its own adherents admit that within the psychic circle there is much fraud-yet the person who dismisses it all as trickery or fraud has not had the slightest glimpse into the real drawing power of these movements which had their origin in ancient times and which have left indelible marks on all the centuries. Today no man or woman can be oblivious to the impact of the psychic.

Unfortunately, if you think that the reports of psychic phenomena are all fake, you are a perfect setup for exploitation by the spirit world. Why? Because when one day some of these things happen to you-things you were sure couldn't happen to anybody-you are likely to be a pushover. You aren't prepared. You were too secure in your belief that these things were impossible, that they were just the imaginings of weak minds. You have no defense.

On the other hand, he who has the mistaken idea that everything that is supernatural must be from God, that if you can't explain it God must have done it-he is already an easy mark. Both groups are equally in danger. Those who say all is fraud. And those who say all miracles are from God. Evidently in a day like

this it's stay awake or perish. You have to be able to spot a deception and spot it quickly. Then what is one to do? Where is the safeguard?

Take the matter of psychic predictions again. Many psychics build up a following with an impressive list of fulfillments. They also make long-range predictions, far into the distant future-far enough to be safe. The prophet himself by then will be safely off the scene. You and I won't be around to check. There seems to be nothing a man can do with a prediction like that but to wait and see. But there is. There has to be. There isn't time to wait and see. We have to be able to test the validity of these predictions, and these prophets, now. It is now that men and women are deciding whether or not to trust these self-styled predictors of the future. There must be a better way to check them out than wait-and-see.

And there is. It is simply this. The character of the message gives away the identity of the sender. It may not be obvious at first. But sooner or later the telltale marks of a hoax will show tip if it is a hoax. For instance. Most, if not all, of the messages that come from the other side, are involved with the one basic claim that the dead are not really dead, that they are alive somewhere and can communicate. It is the echo, the unmistakable echo, of the words of the serpent in Eden, You will not surely die. Is it difficult, then, to know, to be sure, that such a message does not originate with God but with the serpent?

And there is another telltale idea straight from Eden. The serpent's other lie you will be as gods-may not be quite so easy to recognize at first. But if you watch for it, you will find the psychic world absolutely riddled with it. This from a swami in Calcutta, the seat of meditation:-The basic teaching of the Vedanta says that the real nature of man is divine, and the aim of every individual on earth is to try to unfold the divinity which is inherent in him. The swami continued, Remember, God is in you. God is in everything. The idea of God as a personal deity is the result of ignorance of one's own real nature, which is divine.

This from the Beatle George Harrison: The ultimate thing is to manifest divinity and become one with the Creator.-

This from Satanist Anton LaVey:-Say unto thine own heart, 'I am mine own redeemer.-

This from chanting hippies high on LSD: "Let's all be Jesus till it starts to hurt."

This allegedly from Arthur Ford in the spirit world: "Curtsying before him, she asks to be taken directly to God. The man replies, 'But, madam, all of us are god.' " "Bosh! There has never been a time when we were not, and we always will be, even though in constantly changing forms and stages, for we are as much God as God is a part of us."-That is why I would have you picture each of us as God, as well as a part of God, for you and we are the gods who decide whether we grow or remain as embryos.-"Thus we are as much a part of Him as He is of us, and ... we must strive ever onward through many earth cycles until we achieve sufficient perfection to rejoin God as co-creators. It is the law, for no imperfect thing will ever have the opportunity to become a part of the Godhead... Thus our ceaseless attempts to return to the physical state in order to erase our rough edges and be able to fit into the Godhead.-

And this from a teacher of witchcraft: - When this oneness with the universe takes place, you become one with God. That means you become as powerful as God. You have the same creative potential God has." Do you hear the echo of the serpent's voice? Could it be plainer? It doesn't hurt to remember that it was Lucifer's desire and determination to be like God, to have the place of God, that got him cast out of heaven in the first place.

If the mediums, the crystal-ball gazers, all these tamperers with the unseen-if they would just compare the messages they get from the other side with the plain, understandable Word of an ancient Book, they could tell where their messages are coming from. And they would be shocked unless they are hopelessly hooked on the deceptions of the father of lies.

We have at our fingertips, if we will use it, a dependable, reliable, never-fail test for the validity or non-validity of the messages and the phenomena of the psychic world. Here it is:-To the law and to the testimony: if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them." Isaiah 8:20.

The Living Bible, Paraphrased says, If their messages are different than mine, it is because I have not sent them; for they have no light or truth in them."

Yet, strangely enough, few psychics have ever even thought of checking out their work by the Bible. Jeane Dixon, appearing on television, was asked by a member of the studio audience if her predictions agreed with those of the Bible. She responded, with a look of sincere but complete surprise, -I don't know. No one has ever asked me that. Mrs. Dixon, by the time her second book was published, was evidently more familiar with the Bible.

It is a good thing to remember, however, that the words of a messenger of God will be in complete

agreement-not almost agreement-with the written revelation of God. To know Scripture, to quote it liberally, is not enough. The New Testament says that Satan quoted Scripture to Jesus in the wilderness above the Jordan. The fact is that the more truth is mixed in with error, the more treacherous the final blend becomes. To cover error with a halo of truth is one of the devil's favorite tricks. And I believe we are fast approaching a day when truth and error will appear so nearly alike, so almost parallel, the false diverging so slightly from the genuine, that it will be impossible to escape deception without a knowledge of God's written revelation. Our defense will not be in studying the counterfeit, but in a working familiarity with the true.

Rene Noorbergen, a best-selling author in the field of the psychic, makes some devastating comments. Speaking of the psychics, he says, "However, all of them, without exception, will gladly open their Bibles to show how similar their extrasensory gift is to that of the biblical prophets. They proudly refer to it in trying to justify their ability, and this is the worst thing any psychic can do. It opens up the way for the use of biblical references to test their ability, and if they regard the Bible as authoritative enough to be utilized as an absolute standard, then it should also be qualified enough to judge-and if need be, condemn.

"And it is precisely on this point that true prophets and psychic mediums can be separated." He continues, -Comparing all those who profess to have the extrasensory psychic gift (astrologers, mediums, clairvoyants, clairaudients, palmists, crystal gazers, telepathists, etc.) and submitting their abilities to the same basic set of biblical standards, one arrives at the mind-shattering conclusion that all psychic mediums-and this includes such greats as Edgar Cayce, Jeane Dixon, Daniel Logan, Gerard Croiset, Peter Hurkos, Arthur Ford, etc. without exception not only violate many basic biblical principles, but also more often than not act in stark contradiction to the biblical norms for a true prophet."

No wonder the disciple John was led to give this caution, "Try the spirits whether they are of God. 1 John 4:1. And John suggests one way by which the counterfeit may be separated from the genuine.-Every spirit that confesses that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God: and every spirit that confesses not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is not of God."

What does the psychic world do with Jesus Christ? What is its relation to Jesus who claimed to be the Son of God? It is important, and revealing, to ask. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle said it as straight as it could be said. "Spiritualism will sweep the world and make it a better place in which to live. When it rules over the world, it will banish the blood of Christ. The spirit world is willing to say that Jesus was a great medium. That, of course, He was not. He had nothing to do with the occult world except to challenge it and set some of its captives free.

The spirit world is willing to speak of an ethical Jesus. It may say very commendable things about Him. It may praise Him to the skies-as a man. It was while looking for the historical Jesus that Bishop Pike lost his life out in the Jordan desert. But Jesus as the Son of God and the only Savior from sin? That is something else. Edgar Cayce even claimed that Jesus sinned. And of course if Jesus did sin, He could be no man's Savior.

The psychic world has no room for a Savior. It has no room for sin. Karma is the closest it gets to it. You can read a lot of psychic literature without even encountering the word "sin." I am thinking of one book that covers a wide range of the psychic world. But in its more than three hundred pages I cannot recall once seeing the word. And this is typical of the psychic.

To recognize sin would be to recognize the need of a Savior. And that is something Satan is not about to do. What does man need of a Savior? He can't die anyway. That's the reasoning ever since Eden. And as for man's fall, in the perverted logic of the serpent it was a fall upward. If a man can't die, and if he is constantly progressing upward, how could he possibly need a Savior? Satan prefers a gospel in which man saves himself. And this, in view of his hatred of the cross, is not really surprising.

Error sometimes so closely parallels truth, for a time, that it is difficult to detect. But error, sooner or later, will show the tell tale marks of its origin. When a prophet talks about a child born in the East in 1962 eventually becoming the Savior of the world, it ought to ring an alarm bell. And when a prophet changes his mind and says the child will not be the Savior but the antichrist, the bell ought to jangle again. For would a true prophet of God change his mind?

One writer, moving around the wide and exceedingly varied circle of psychic activity, has included Jesus freaks in his book. One wonders why. Perhaps he felt that some fringe elements of the Jesus movement are an expression of the same dissatisfaction with the status quo, the same search for spiritual ecstasy, that has led some youth to drugs and others to the East. This generation, it seems will climb any

stair, pay any price, to find the emotional involvement that a cold, intellectual world has denied it.

In fact, this search for an emotional anchor may account for more than we realize. Not only the turn to drugs and mysticism and far-out sounds, but the spirit of protest in the streets. The trend toward informality in worship. It probably lies in the background of the current popularity of speaking in tongues, or glossolalia, as it is called. Evidently multitudes have failed to find the answers in traditional religion. And so they have been intrigued by charismatic claims, drawn almost irresistibly by the promise of ecstasy that they have never known.

It adds up to this. There is a craving for something. There is a vacuum. That vacuum will be filled-either by the fresh breezes of a new faith in Christ, or by the contrary winds of other gods and other saviors. It seems only reasonable that those who claim to be Jesus people should be submitted to the same tests as psychics. How do they measure up, as individuals, to the yardstick of the written revelation of Jesus Christ? They are Jesus people so long as they follow Jesus. But talking about Jesus is not enough. Talking about the cross is not enough.

Some Jesus people bear the marks of a visit to the cross. Others do not. A group so flexible, and so loosely organized, as the Jesus movement, cannot be accurately evaluated by looking at the whole. We must look at the individual. Has he met Jesus? Or has he not? And there is one sure way to tell. The person who has visited the cross, and who understands something of what happened there and why, will come away with a new and deeper respect for the law of God. If in his witness for Christ, no matter how emotional or how otherwise convincing, he belittles the law of God or minimizes its importance, then we have a right to question whether he has ever been to the cross at all.

Jesus, while on earth, had a lot of followers-until the going got rough. Jesus was popular enough when He was feeding the multitudes with miracle bread. He was popular enough the day He rode into Jerusalem at the head of an excited crowd. But some of the same people who joined in the fanfare of the parade, turned silently away from the loneliness of the cross. Some of those who had shouted His praise the loudest were among those who joined, only days later, in the wild, deafening cry, Nail Him to the cross!"

It's the same today. It isn't difficult to follow Him now. It's easy to ride the bandwagon of His current popularity. There is no persecution involved, no ostracism from society, no burning at the stake. But one cannot help wondering what will happen when the bands stop playing, the fanfare fades into the distance, and every drum is silent. Bandwagons, whether their passengers are astrology buffs or Jesus freaks or just habitual hangers-on, are not really the safest transportation. Bandwagons have a disturbing habit of breaking down. And what then?

## **26. Do You Care Who Heals You?**

A patient appeared at the door of a healer who had been making some rather striking claims in newspaper ads. She told the healer that the doctors had diagnosed her as having a serious blood disease, possibly leukemia. The healer replied, "I'm not a medical doctor. I treat with the mind and use hypnosis. The medical profession doesn't have a cure for leukemia. But we have cured leukemia. We have cured cancer, even terminal cancer. Then she outlined the procedure that she would use.

"Lend me your mind," she said, "to remove the debris and get your mind functioning properly.- She explained that the mind must be put into a passive state through hypnosis so that it could be cleansed of all the negative -garbage. Positive thoughts would be injected, the mind would purify the blood, and the body would then function as it should.

The patient turned out to be a policewoman who had secretly recorded the conversation. The healer was later arrested. But notice. Lend me your mind." The mind must first be surrendered as part of the price of healing. Maria Moreno, the Mexican marvel, differs from the majority of psychic healers in that she often prescribes specific remedies by means of a mediumistic corps of medical guides.

A young woman named Judy visited her one day for a reading. Dr. Derinas, one of Marfa's spirit guides, said that a faulty thyroid was Judy's problem. Judy nodded, not quite sure whether to be impressed or amused.

You want Dr. Dermas to help?" asked Maria.

And Judy said politely, "If he will. Maria seemed to be holding a private conference with Dr. Dermas. Then she said, All right. Dr. Dermas is going to give you a transfusion. Don't worry, it will not hurt. This was unexpected. But Judy said, "Fine, give me the transfusion."

Marfa took Judy's arm, held it as if preparing for a transfusion, and then grimaced as an imaginary needle pricked her skin. Judy wanted to know where the blood was coming from. And Maria said, Dr. Dermas says the blood is coming from your husband." Judy could hardly restrain a smile as she thanked Dr. Dermas through Maria and made her departure. But strangely enough, her husband, who knew nothing about the transfusion, came home with all the symptoms of a man who had lost too much blood. He was chilled to the bone, and so weak he could not stand. But Judy felt fine. Several other "transfusions" followed. A wild story. Wouldn't you say?

It is reported that in London a duodenal ulcer was removed by a being from the spirit world who identified himself as the spirit of a certain Dr. Reynolds who was said to have died more than a century ago. Here is a case where a "materialized" spirit actually worked at a surgical table.

Describing the incident, Ellaine Elmore said, The hands of the spirit seemed to disappear inside the patient's body. While performing the operation, the materialized spirit declared he would bring the ulcer through a temporary hole in the stomach. After the ulcer was removed, it was sent to a laboratory in Manchester and identified as 'an acute duodenal ulcer. The medical authority performing the analysis certified it as an acute ulcer and commented on the freshness of the tissue and also the fact that there was no trace of modern surgical methods having been used.' "

How far will all this go? Already, in various parts of the world, there are spiritualistic hospitals, staffed with spiritualistic - doctors- and "nurses." There are more and more husband-and-wife teams, with the husband a physician and the wife a medium. Even a twelve-year-old boy, after a course in Mind Dynamics, was able to diagnose bone cancer in an eighty-year-old man a hundred miles away. And the psychic David Bubar unreservedly predicts that "toward the end of the 1970s, many medical doctors will join the ranks of the faith healers." Think of it-medical doctors as faith healers!

Is it possible that people today are so anxious to be healed, and so unconcerned about who does the healing, that they are willing to surrender their minds to hypnotic healers, or be treated by spirit doctors, or operated on by materialized spirit surgeons? Evidently a lot of people just aren't particular. At any rate, Ruth Montgomery says that she has received ten thousand requests for the services of a magnetic healer of whom she wrote in one of her books.

But doesn't God heal today? Isn't there genuine healing? Yes, He does. And yes, there is. But God does not make a publicity thing out of it. And He does not heal indiscriminately. In true divine healing there is a recognition of the fact that men often bring about their own illnesses by their disregard of the laws of health. True healing is combined with teaching men how to live so that the affliction will not return. And true healing takes into account the will of God that healing may or may not be in harmony with

His plan.

But much of today's faith healing takes no account of the will of God. Rather, the healer demands healing. He commands God to heal. He makes of God a publicity agent and a tool. The prayer of many a faith healer today is not the submission of a child of God, but the arrogance of magic. And the fact that it works, that undeniable miracles result, is no proof of divine origin.

Then who does the healing? Many people find it difficult to believe that Satan can actually heal. But consider the experience of the ancient job. Who was it that caused his boils? Satan. Then could not Satan take away the boils that he had caused in the first place? Evidently Satan and his helpers are able to bring on disease, and then to take it away and make it appear that a healing has taken place. And if devils can cause and cure disease, it should be no surprise that, with the intelligence of fallen angels, they can diagnose, and diagnose correctly. This maybe evidence of supernatural power, but it is not evidence of divine power.

It is evident that in the final days of earth's history miracles, including healing, will reach their lowest abuse. Listen to the words of Jesus as He describes the day of reckoning to come. "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that does the will of my Father which is in heaven. Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name have cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from me, you that work iniquity. Matthew 7:21-23.

Consider this judgment-day scene. Men reminding God of what they have done. Wonderful works. Miracles. Undoubtedly healings among them. Done in His name. But Christ, in whose name these miracles were worked, will have had nothing to do with them. And they are sent away, rejected, in spite of all the miracles they have worked, because they did not do the will of God, because they thought obedience didn't matter.

Devils can heal. Devils can cure. There is no question about it. But there is a price tag. And the price tag is high. The price tag begins with surrendering the mind. The malady may be only shifted from the physical to the mental or emotional. Occult oppression may follow, or psychic disturbance. And the one healed often falls a prey to doctrines of demons. Is it worth it? Exchanging a physical malady for psychic bondage. Paying for a physical cure with a psychic disturbance. Paying for physical relief with enslavement of conscience. Paying for temporary healing with permanent involvement with the delusions of demons. Again I ask, Is the bargain worth the price?

God's healing is free. But Satan's is not. It always involves a compensation. It is a surreptitious exchange. It demands the individual's emotional dependence. And it often leads not only to intellectual disorientation but to spiritual ruin. The enemy offers healing. It may be spectacular healing. But in payment he asks that you believe his falsehoods and follow him to his ruin. The day is coming when every man may have to decide how much he wants to be healed, how much he is willing to pay. Psychic healing is available-for a price. But how much is a man willing to lay on the counter?

Every man may yet have to decide which is more important. Will he choose temporary healing, no matter who does it, even if it makes him forever a slave? Or will he choose to leave his physical need in the hands of a wise and loving God who is able to heal, and will heal, when He sees that it is best? Will he choose to remain an invalid, carry on as a cripple, continue on with pain, all his days if necessary, rather than accept healing from the enemy of his God? Will he choose to die rather than betray his Lord by accepting gifts from such a source?

The price tag of spurious healing is clearly written. It is identity with the enemy of God. Healing-if you will fly his flag. Healing if you will bow down to him. Healing-if you will worship him, just a little. The serpent, looking like an angel of light, appeared to Jesus in the wilderness above the Jordan. He took Him to a high mountain and showed Him all the kingdoms of the world. He tried to bargain. I will give it all to you. . . if you will only kneel and worship me. And Jesus said, Get out of here, Satan.... The Scriptures say, 'Worship only the Lord God.-Matthew 4:1-10, LB. Wise is the man who knows when to echo those words of abrupt farewell!

## **27. Flying Saucers Aren't Finished**

John Keel was a typical hard-boiled skeptic when he decided, in 1966, to launch a full-time investigation of UFO's. He had sneered at the occult and scoffed at many of the reports of saucer sightings. He determined to bring to ufology" a strictly scientific approach. It was not many months, however, until the phenomenon began to zero in on him, as it had with so many others. Things began to happen. First it was his telephone, with mysterious strangers calling day and night with bizarre messages allegedly from the space people. He kept rendezvous with black Cadillacs that disappeared on dead-end roads. He was called out in the middle of the night to go on silly wild-goose chases to-rescue-some contactee in trouble.

Luminous objects in the sky seemed to follow him like shadows. They seemed to know where he had been and where he was going. He would check into a motel to find a reservation already made in his name, with a string of nonsensical messages. Even his friends began to have strange experiences. And more than once he awoke in the night to find himself paralyzed with a huge dark apparition standing over him.

At first he questioned his own sanity. But then, as he traveled through some twenty states to check innumerable UFO reports, he saw a pattern emerging. He talked with many silent contactees people whose stories had never been published. But while their stories were varied, they all suffered from the same physiological and psychological symptoms. Through these contactees he actually entered into communication with the entities behind the phenomenon. He talked with them by telephone, sometimes for hours. He wasted months playing games with these entities, searching for UFO bases that didn't exist and trying to find ways to protect frightened witnesses from-men in black.-

He was led, step by step, from skepticism to belief. And then, surprisingly, from belief back to unbelief. John Keel's research took four years, seven days a week, without a vacation. But he discovered some things that we need to know. In fact, our destiny could depend upon knowing them.

The first thing he discovered was that the phenomenon was far more widespread than he, or probably anyone else, had thought. When he began his work in March 1966, he subscribed to several newspaper clipping services. He often received as many as 150 clippings in a single day. But he soon found that literally thousands of sightings were being reported by ordinary citizens but never published at all. More than 10,000 clippings and reports reached him in 1966. Yet the Air Force claimed to have received only 1000 reports during that same period. In March-April 1967 published UFO sightings outstripped all previous years. He received more than 2000 clippings and reports in March alone and investigated many of them firsthand. Yet the major news media simply ignored the flap, or didn't know it was happening. The official government position may have been responsible for this general indifference.

Now it was easy to explain away the sightings by attributing them to stars and meteors and swamp gas. These explanations might satisfy most people except the five million Americans who., in a 1966 Gallup poll, admitted personal sightings. You might question the reliability of some witnesses. But what about all the pilots and police officers and other known reputables? For instance, on the night of August 2-3, 1965, an estimated quarter of a million people in the Great Plains states stood outside and watched formations of unusual lights maneuvering overhead.

These were seen with the naked eye and with a variety of instruments. They were tracked on radar. They were photographed by amateurs and professionals. They followed planes. The next morning came the official explanation. They had seen four stars in the constellation Orion. A pilot commented wryly, last night was the first time in my life that I have flown across Nebraska with three stars under my right wing!"

On another occasion a police car chased a UFO from Atwater, Ohio, to Freedom, Pennsylvania, a distance of eighty-five miles. The chase lasted about fifty-five minutes and involved personnel from seven police departments before the object was lost in the fog. The object had appeared to be about the size of an airliner, with blinding lights when turned toward the viewers. It flew at an altitude of about one thousand feet and changed course from time to time. It appeared to wait for the police cars when it got too far ahead.

Air force reserve pilots at Youngstown, Ohio, were scrambled to chase the thing, but could not because it was traveling at low speed relative to the speed of the jets. The explanation? The air force said the police had been following a satellite, and that when it got down close to the horizon they had picked up the planet Venus. Says Frank Edwards, It was probably the first time anyone has been able to keep any man-made satellite in view for fifty minutes, and the first time the national guard jets at Youngstown have

had an opportunity to fly around above the planet Venus.

He comments concerning a later flap, Some of these sightings which aroused so much interest and attracted so much attention during January of 1967 may indeed have been the planet Venus. But there were many sightings, then and later, which could not have been Venus because of the time at which they were seen, the movements of the object, and the directions in which they were seen. Venus is very bright, but she is also very stable. Her location is well-known, and she can be depended upon not to go roaming around, changing course, and chasing automobiles." Can all these people be lying? Hardly!

But now to some patterns. Some pieces of the puzzle. And some amazing conclusions. And let me say right here that in this chapter I am deeply indebted to John Keel and his research. First of all, since UFOs follow intelligent patterns, they must be controlled. They are seen more often on Wednesday night than any other night of the week, with Saturday ranking second. They seem to prefer the less populated areas, the hill country, the remote areas. Some studies show more sightings between 7:30 and 9:30 PM - a time when rural Americans are at home and planted in front of their TV sets. Other studies show the majority of sightings late at night. Farmers, of course, are early risers and in bed before 10:00 pm. It is after 10:00 pm that the saucers really cut loose. On those occasions when they are observed on the ground, it seems to be either by accident or design. Obviously they don't want to be caught-except sometimes!

The most popular theory has been that the UFOs are extraterrestrial visitors from other planets. This idea has had strong emotional appeal to the cultists. The government has rejected this theory, making itself the bad guy in the eyes of the cultists. It has seemed that the sky was full of flying objects with the cultists trying to let them in, and the churches and the government trying to keep them out.

Unfortunately, the extraterrestrial theory, however charming, is negated by the mass of evidence now available. But this has in no way weakened its hold upon the cultists. The truth is that this generation, with its present space orientation and with its technological advance is a setup for the idea of visitors from other worlds. And some evidence has seemed to fit into that theory. For instance, they seem to know everything about us, even the intimate secrets of our past lives. The "ufonauts" have repeatedly claimed to be from other worlds. And, just as in the sceance, these "ufonauts" have urged this supernatural knowledge of the contactees as proof of their claim. They know the geography of the borders of our states. They speak our language. However, in some cases they speak a strange language which the contactees have never heard but seem immediately to understand. This strange language turns up again and again, and seems to be directly related to the religions phenomenon of speaking in tongues.

At the beginning of his research John Keel had hoped that sound scientific evidence might support the extraterrestrial theory. However, by early 1967 he began to hint in print that something more complex might be the answer. His rejection of the outer-space hypothesis made him a target for the wrath and suspicion of the cultists. Rumors were circulated that he was a CIA agent. Contactees began to whisper that the real John Keel had been kidnapped by a saucer. And some of his correspondents even checked his current signature to see if it was genuine.

But back to the patterns. Sightings can be divided into two class identifications-hard- and "soft." Sightings of hard objects seemingly solid and metallic-have always been quite rare. The majority of all sightings throughout history are in the-soft-category. They are luminous, transparent, translucent. They change size and shape before the eyes of the witnesses. They appear and disappear suddenly. The "soft" sightings are far more numerous and appear to be the real phenomenon. Not only do these multitudinous objects change size and shape, but they sometimes seem to split into smaller objects, each going off in a separate direction.

Witnesses, again and again, have confided, "You know, I don't think that thing I saw was mechanical at all. I got the distinct impression that it was alive!" These "soft" objects seem to be able to assume any form they choose, from giant cylindrical spaceships to little green men! On the other hand, there is evidence that seemingly hard solid objects do exist. Bullets have been fired at them and have ricocheted off. They have left imprints on the ground. They have an astounding habit of losing pieces of metal. They seem to be poorly constructed, always falling apart. Hundreds of witnesses say they have stumbled upon these hard objects, grounded, being repaired by their pilots. One wonders if these incidents are not deliberate intended to promote the belief that UFOs are real and mechanical.

But here is the problem. While many descriptions of the soft, luminous, flexible objects are exactly the same, it is extremely rare to find two descriptions of a hard, metallic object that match. And the variety of types and descriptions of these hard objects is of such a quantity as to be absolutely staggering. Are all these people lying? Or are we to believe that people on other planets are manufacturing literally

thousands of different types of spacecraft and sending them all our way? Hardly!

Then when you add the sightings of soft, luminous objects, which are infinitely more numerous, the scope of the phenomenon becomes so overwhelming, the sightings so unbelievable in quantity, that it negates any possibility that UFOs have come from other planets-or even that they exist at all! How can you investigate something that does not exist? You study the contactees, the people that see them. You investigate them not by checking on their reliability, which has been done for years and proved to be a dead-end street. In most cases their reliability is beyond question. These people really believe that they have seen spaceships and talked with space people.

When you forget the sightings, which individually are unimportant anyway, and put the witnesses under a microscope, the mystery begins to clear. When you stop questioning their truthfulness and study the medical and psychological effects of their experiences, the pieces begin to fall in place. For immediately it is evident that -strange things happen to the contactees. For one thing, the contactees are continually receiving messages. The endless stream of messages from the space people would now fill a library. And while the senders of these messages claim to be from other worlds, it is significant that the content of the messages is identical to messages that have long been received by mediums and mystics.

And strange things happen. The lives of contactees are disrupted by nightmares and hallucinations. Their telephones and TV sets go berserk. They are frightened by poltergeists-noisy, invisible ghosts. Objects vanish and are found in outlandish places. Stones may fall from the ceiling. Some contactees begin to experience a personality deterioration soon after their first contact.

One fact seems to emerge. The UFOs, and the entities, can apparently be seen only under certain circumstances. And it may be that only certain types of people can see them at all. Specific types of people seem to be more susceptible to involvement. And often these people seem to be hooked, and actually manipulated, by the phenomenon. It is no wonder that investigating the reliability of witnesses accomplishes nothing. For only rarely is a contactee being untruthful. Evidently it is the "ufonauts," not the contactees, who are lying.

The clues multiply. And the conclusion that a relationship exists between UFO activity and the occult is inescapable. The messages are the same. The literature is parallel. There are the same simple-minded descriptions of life on other planets or other planes. The UFO entities are strangely like those that operate in the scence. The same forces seem to be at work with the same patterns, the same hoaxes, and the same underlying purposes. Contactees suffer the same medical and emotional symptoms as victims of demon possession. The devils and demons of yesteryear seem to be appearing now as long-haired Venusians. The entity who appears in a scence is regarded as the spirit of one dead. But if the same spirit strides out of the bushes in a metallic skullcap, lie is considered a spaceman.

Is the UFO phenomenon simply an updated, space-age manifestation of the occult? It would seem so. How else do you account for the fact that charts of UFO activity and of poltergeist manifestation in the nineteenth century are strangely parallel? In some cases the activity was simultaneous. In some instances the poltergeists preceded the UFOs by a few months. Why is it that one of the greatest concentrations of UFOs ever reported was over the home of a South American psychic healer?

Why is it that mediums and UFO contactees receive the same messages, and make the same predictions? Is it only coincidence? Or are they tuned in to the same source? Evidently the real UFO story is a story of ghosts and phantoms, of unreality that seems hauntingly real, and of strange forces that are actually able to manipulate the minds of the contactees. These contactees are not the liars. They are the victims. They believe what they are told. But much of the information is deliberately false. Why? Possibly just to confuse us. Possibly to imbed the extraterrestrial belief more deeply in the minds of the contactees at the same time disarming the rest of us into a conviction that it is all a hoax that never happened. It is a question which group is in the greater peril.

These unseen powers are somehow able to manipulate the circuits of the mind so that people see what the entities want them to see, and remember what they want them to remember. The contactees are not insane. Far from it. But some are being driven insane by the frightening, ruthless powers that have taken over their lives. They fall prey to all sorts of strange experiences, and may eventually suffer a complete deterioration of personality. This manipulation, this possession, this hypnotic control, results in some strange tales. There are wild accounts of interrupted journeys, rides on spaceships, visits to other planets, experiences that seemed to take hours but registered no time on the clock. These nonevents are of no importance. It is possible that an outsider coming silently upon the scene of a UFO contact would see the contactee standing in a rigid trance.

We can reach only one conclusion—that UFOs do not exist as tangible, manufactured, solid, stable machines. They are not real in the sense that this book is real. They do not require fuel or maintenance. Often the witnesses have described the-ufonauts- as walking right through the sides of their craft like ghosts. And evidently that is what they are—ghosts, apparitions, a part of a massive cosmic put-on tailored to the space age, and with a motive more sinister than men have dreamed.

What about the hard objects, the metal objects, the obviously real? Evidently these are materialized for the occasion, temporarily, for minutes or for hours just as in psychic phenomena, seemingly solid physical objects are materialized and dematerialized. Evidently we are dealing with a staggering cosmic joke that isn't a joke at all, but a part of an unbelievably sinister plot.

And UFOs can be dangerous. Even investigation of them can be dangerous. People have received skin burns. They have been made ill. There are well-documented cases of people being seriously injured, even killed, by flying saucers. Dabbling with UFOs can be dangerous. A mild curiosity easily turns into an obsession. Even suicide can result and has in a number of cases. Is it possible that our government is not so disinterested in UFOs as it might seem? And not so naive as its explanations make it appear? Is it possible that government agencies, years ago, caught a hint of the real nature of the phenomenon and wisely wanted out?

Flying saucers are not new. They are simply an updated version of something that has been going on for a long time. There were dirigibles in the sky. Airships in 1898 - before airships had been built. Giant cigars. Helicopters. Conventional planes that flew about in blizzards. jets. And now spacecraft of all descriptions. The phenomenon has gradually tailored itself and adjusted itself to the technology and the credibility of the times.

And while the phenomenon has been entrenching itself more and more deeply in the minds of the cultists, with their numbers growing at a staggering rate, it seems to have been playing games calculated to discredit its own existence in the minds of the more skeptical. Messages and anchors and half-peeled potatoes and all sorts of junk were dropped supposedly from the airships. More recent craft have dribbled tin. There was even the chicken farmer, in 1961, who was given four outer-space pancakes.

The believers eagerly played the artifact game. But these supposed evidences only made the skeptical scoff the more. And that seems to have been exactly what the "ufonauts" had in mind. They themselves seem to have been the engineers of much of the ridicule of their own activity. It seems to be to their advantage that the intellectual community should largely discount their existence.

The repair game has also been popular with both the "ufonauts" and the contactees. Beginning in 1897 there has been an endless stream of stories and reports—all uncannily alike. Grounded UFOs, with occupants making repairs of some kind. In many cases "ufonauts" would get out of the craft and inspect the underside with a flashlight. The details of these stories are so similar that it almost seems to be a carefully rehearsed procedure. Why? Always breaking down. Pieces always falling off where they can be grabbed up by eager investigators. If UFOs were real, wouldn't they seek out an isolated hilltop for repairs? Instead, they want to be discovered. They must have something in mind. Is it to further hook the believers, while at the same time hardening the skepticism of others?

There are even accounts of mini people, only a few inches high, complete with spacesuits and transparent helmets. Many contactees admit they have seen mini people dancing on their furniture. And then there is the game of the air force officers. Many contactees claim that air force officers have visited their homes. One of them didn't know how to eat Jello. He tried to drink it. Yet, strangely enough, these air force officers all looked alike. And the air force knew nothing about them. It's a complex game.

But back to John Keel. Early in his investigation he found himself caught up in these games. And he soon found out how complex, how addicting, and how incredibly tricky they could be. Fortunately, he recognized the danger in time. In May of 1967 contactees were told that a big power failure could be expected. On June 5 there was a massive power failure in the northeastern United States. Then, throughout the month, they were warned of an even bigger power failure, nationwide in scope ' to last three days. And New York City was scheduled to slide into the ocean on July 2. By mid-June most hardware stores in the flap area had sold out their supply of candles and flashlights.

Also, late in May, had come the prediction that Pope Paul would visit Turkey and be assassinated. So when the Vatican announced that the Pope would indeed visit Turkey in July, panic prevailed among the secret contactees. John Keel was astonished to learn that the same rumors were sweeping New York's hippie community. But he refused to join the exodus. And Manhattan didn't slip into the sea. Other predictions, however, were coming true on the nose. And the amazing thing was that trance mediums and

automatic writers were getting the same messages, sometimes in identical phrasing.

Keel started to get nervous. Finally he packed up his equipment, rented a car, and drove out to the flap area on Long Island to await the assassination and the blackout. He took with him three quarts of distilled water, thinking he would need it in a three-day power failure. On the way to Long Island he stopped to visit a contactee and found a message waiting for him from a UFO entity. It said, -Tell John we'll meet with him and help him drink all that water. The water was in the trunk of the car, and the contactee knew nothing about it.

The Pope was not assassinated. John was stuck with the water. Through the autumn the predictions continued, many of them coming true. In October Keel had a long-distance call, allegedly from a UFO entity. He was warned of a major disaster on the Ohio River in which many lives would be lost. Also something startling was to happen when Lyndon Johnson turned on the Christmas tree lights. A huge blackout was implied.

Around Thanksgiving time Keel spent a few days in West Virginia. He was disturbed to learn that a number of people, who knew nothing of the Ohio River prediction, had been having horrible dreams and nightmares of a river disaster and drowning people. A friend of his had dreamed of brightly wrapped Christmas packages floating on the dark water of the Ohio.

During his visit Keel sensed an air of foreboding in Point Pleasant, West Virginia. He saw more eerie lights in the sky and heard more tales of monsters and ghosts. He stayed in a motel on the Ohio side and every day drove across the seven-hundred-foot span which joined the two states. In December Keel had more fulfilled predictions to check off. And on the morning of December 11 he was awakened by a mysterious caller who said there would be an air disaster in Tucson, Arizona. There was. The next day an air force jet plowed into a shopping center in Tucson.

On December 15 President Johnson held the usual Christmas tree-lighting ceremony. John Keel watched it on television with friends. The switch was pushed. The tree lit up. But nothing happened. No blackout. But just thirty seconds later, an announcer came on television with a sudden flash.-A bridge between Gallipolis, Ohio, and West Virginia has just collapsed. It was heavily laden with rush-hour traffic. There are no further details as yet." It had happened. There was only one bridge in that area. Christmas packages were floating on the dark waters of the Ohio.

A few hours after the bridge collapsed, the prime minister of Australia vanished from his favorite beach. It had been predicted. That weekend, in Soviet Russia, a series of explosions rocked Moscow. That, too, had been foretold. Says John Keel, This is the tiger behind the door of prophecy. Some of the predictions are unerringly accurate; so precise that there are no factors of coincidence or lucky guesswork. The ultra-terrestrials or elementals are able to convince their friends (who sometimes also become victims) that they have complete foreknowledge of all human events. Then, when these people are totally sold, the ultra-terrestrials introduce a joker into the deck. They had me buying distilled water and fleeing to Long Island in the summer of 1967, fully convinced that Pope Paul was going to be assassinated and that a worldwide blackout was going to punish the world for three terrible days.

I was lucky," he says. I didn't cry their warning from the housetops. I didn't surround myself with a wild-eyed cult impressed with the accuracy of the previous predictions. Others haven't been so lucky." What is this game of saucers and prophets and ghosts all about? The Bible warns that near the end of time this planet will be overrun with false prophets and workers of miracles, with strange wonders in the sky overhead. Is this it? — Fearful sights and great signs shall there be from heaven.-Luke 21:11.

What can the game-players have in mind? What final play could require a complex and elaborate build-up of centuries? What giant hoax must follow a conditioning, a softening of minds, a weakening of resistance like this? And why are the game-players deliberately scattering nonsense and confusion in their wake? Are they trying to divert our eyes and our minds from the big play? Is this wild, uncanny, spooky strategy of decades and centuries all for nothing? Hardly!

## **28. The Ultimate Hoax**

It happened in Seattle, Washington. One morning in the latter part of August 1965 a young woman awoke about 2:00 am, frightened to discover that she could not move or make a sound. Her window was open. Suddenly, as she watched, a dull gray object about the size of a football appeared. It hovered over the carpet near her bed. Then three tripod legs lowered from the object, and it settled to the floor. And then, believe it or not, a small ramp descended from it, and five or six tiny people came down the ramp and appeared to be repairing the object. They wore tight fitting clothing. When the job was finished, they climbed up the ramp again, and the object took off and sailed out the window. Then she was able to move.

She says it happened. She is certain she was wide awake. The case was carefully investigated. You don't believe it happened? Good. It helps me make my point. Because I want to ask, What if it happened to you? I am not vouching for the accuracy of this or any other wild story. I am not suggesting that this or any other particular experience will one day be yours. The point is that sooner or later something is going to happen to you that you didn't believe could. Something you have smiled at. Something you have scoffed at. A psychic experience that you didn't believe could ever happen to anybody-much less to you. And disarmed, thrown off guard by the ridiculous nature of some of the stories you hear, you may be caught unprepared.

Sooner or later every man will meet what is, for him personally, the ultimate hoax. He will confront, before this is over, a deception that has been precisely tailored to his particular weaknesses and sensitivities. It will be a custom-made hoax that takes into account his personal temperament and background, his preconceived opinions. It will be the very thing best calculated to sweep him off his feet. It will be something that might not shake another man's faith at all. But it will be the thing, the one thing, that a clever enemy knows is most likely to shake his.

I have no idea what this ultimate hoax might be-for any particular man. But the enemy knows, from a lifetime of observation where a man is vulnerable. And that's where he will strike. He will shatter a man's faith in God, and in the Scriptures, all in one blow if possible. And when a man's faith in God and in the Scriptures is gone, he is absolutely defenseless!

I don't know what it will be. It might be, for one man, an apparition in the night. For another, a convincing message from the unseen world. For still another, it might be something he sees in the sky. It might be a telephone call seemingly from a loved one who has died. It might be some scientific discovery that appears to negate all he has believed. It might be some stone tablets found in Peru or elsewhere. It might be a visitor who says he is from the planet Venus. Or it might be-for many it will be-a counterfeit Christ.

In September 1971 a group of this planet's leading thinkers, some of them Nobel laureates, met on a remote hilltop in Soviet Armenia. Their purpose-to assess the possibility of communicating with other inhabited worlds, and to explore the necessary techniques. The conference, held at an observatory in sight of snowy Mount Ararat, carried on its discussions in relative privacy because of their sensational nature. Says a dispatch to the New York Times, As noted by one Soviet astronomer, the experts here sitting around a U-shaped line of tables were playing a game with some other hypothetical team of intelligent beings in some distant world. Only in this case the purpose of the game was not to beat the other team but to help it win.

That is, the goal was to seek out the most logical and economical means of attracting attention and communicating and then to hope that the other team had come to the same conclusion. The game, in this respect, is just beginning. There was no agreement here on the most logical approach. The attempt to pick up some message from distant worlds is not new. Four serious attempts have already been made to intercept

radio signals that because of their narrow frequency band, rhythm, or other unnatural properties, might seem to be artificial in origin. The first was Project Ozma, in West Virginia, in 1960. Two nearby stars were monitored on what then seemed the logical frequency for making contact. But no signals of distant origin were observed. Dr. Frank Drake of Cornell, who conducted Project Ozma, said that within a few years the upgrading of the giant bowl antenna in Puerto Rico will be finished. That instrument, he said, would be able to communicate with a similar instrument on any planet in this half of the Milky Way.

A number of possible techniques were discussed at the Soviet meeting. The firing of a hydrogen

bomb within a planet's magnetic field was discussed and rejected. One suggestion was the use of automated messengers. These messengers could carry flares to attract attention and pictures to tell about our world if they should encounter intelligent beings.

Dr. Marvin Minsky, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, one of the world's leading authorities on artificial intelligence, 11 proposed that a more advanced species could first tell us how to build a computer and how to program it. By speaking to us through the computer, he said, the advanced species could tell us 'how things are done in a way that would be close to impossible via coded signals alone.'

Walter Sullivan concludes his dispatch to the Times, Dr. Minsky's computer theory reminded one participant of the Fred Hoyle novel, 'A for Andromeda,' in which instructions to construct a biological complex are carried out, whereupon the product turns out to be an organism that multiplies and takes over the world. It was suggested that it might be wise to think twice before carrying out instructions sent by creatures whom we do not know very well." Good advice-for all of us!

Now that men are seriously listening for intelligent signals from outer space, is it possible that spirit impostors might take over the frequency and do some communicating of their own? Would a cunning and desperate enemy miss an opportunity like that to take advantage of man's scientific curiosity and turn it into what might be, for millions, the ultimate hoax? This is not spiritism. This is science. So men would reason.

One can only wonder if the rappings on the wall of the wooden shack in Hydesville may soon be duplicated on a cosmic scale. And if rappings in an isolated shack have led to the psychic floodtide in evidence today, what would be the result of rappings in the atmosphere of our planet? The game seems to be headed for a grand climax. Evidently we will soon reach a time, if we haven't reached it already, when we cannot trust our senses. A time when we cannot believe what our eyes and our ears tell us. A time when miracles will lie. A time when we need some more reliable yardstick than our own judgment. A time when the counterfeit will so closely resemble the genuine that it will be impossible to distinguish just where error diverges from truth except by divine revelation. A time when the enemy of us all will work with-all power and signs and lying wonders.-2 Thessalonians 2:9. It may be that we have already reached that time! Evidently we are being conditioned for a monstrous deception that will sweep the world. This subtle but powerful softening of the minds of men is not without purpose. Where is it all leading?

In May 1967 a man named Knud Weiking, in Denmark, began receiving some telepathic flashes, including a number of predictions that came true. He was then instructed to build a lead-lined bomb shelter and prepare for a real holocaust on December 24, 1967. This was done, believe it or not, in the space of about three weeks, at a cost of more than \$30,000, the money supplied by donations that poured in.

In the meantime, mediums and psychics and UFO contactees throughout the world were all receiving identical messages. These messages were all phrased in the same way, no matter in what language. All carried the same warning. There would definitely be an unprecedented event on December 24. The stage was all set for doomsday. Thousands, perhaps even millions, of people had been warned. An American researcher received a strange phone call saying that at midnight on December 24 a great light would appear in the sky, and then from all over the country came the same message. Christmas Eve would be it!

The Danish cult locked themselves in their bomb shelter that night and waited for the end of the world. But nothing happened. The next day the American press ridiculed the frightened Danes. It seems that Mr. Weiking, however, had received a message that explained it all. The message said: "I told you two thousand years ago that a time would be given and even so I would not come. If you had read your Bible a little more carefully, you would have borne in mind the story of the bridegroom who did not come at the time he was expected. Be watchful so that you are not found without oil in your lamps. I have told you I will come with suddenness, and I shall be coming soon!" Just a dry run! just a rehearsal! But with a worldwide network of sensitives participating!

So this is it. This is where it is all leading. And why not? The enemy of God has impersonated lesser personalities-dead people, space people, air force officers, and all the rest. Why not go for the big one? Why not impersonate Christ Himself? The world is looking for the second coming of Jesus Christ to this earth. The world is expecting it. Why not engineer a second coming of his own, with all the celestial trappings available to him-and have the whole world at his feet? That's exactly what he is after!

And while the enemy may use stand-ins for the dry runs, he won't trust the job to his helpers when it comes to the real thing. He will star in the real show himself. Allen Noonan, in California, doesn't

consider himself a stand-in. But he is. He says that soon after World War II he went to work for an outdoor billboard company. One day, according to his story, he was working on a billboard when suddenly he was taken in astral form to a strange place. He found himself in a huge white building where a group of "elders" were surrounding a glowing throne. He says that a great voice boomed out from the throne and asked him, "Will you agree to be the savior of the world?"

Of course he agreed. And others will agree. They are only stand ins. Satan is saving the real role for himself. But in these rehearsals we get a hint of what the real show is to be. One of the leading spiritualists in England has actually recorded a voice purporting to be from a spaceship hovering about the earth. It is a voice that makes your spine tingle—the sweetest voice you ever heard. And it says, "My little children, I am about to return according to my promise. Do you see what is going on?"

Jesus plainly warned that He would be impersonated in the last days. He said, "Then if anyone tells you, 'The Messiah has arrived at such and such a place, or has appeared here or there,' don't believe it. For false Christs shall arise, and false prophets, and will do wonderful miracles, so that if it were possible, even God's chosen ones would be deceived. See, I have warned you. So if someone tells you the Messiah has returned and is out in the desert, don't bother to go and look. Or, that He is hiding at a certain place, don't believe it! For as the lightning flashes across the sky from east to west, so shall my coming be, when I, the Messiah, return." Matthew 24:23-27, LB.

Evidently this is no crude or clumsy delusion. This is no trick. This is something big. Something big enough to deceive almost everybody. Everybody that isn't fortified with the knowledge, obtained from Scripture, of the manner in which the real Christ will come. For when the real Christ descends from the blazing skies, it will be visible from east to west, as visible as the lightning. Every eye in the world will be watching as He comes close to the earth, calls the dead to life, and catches His people up to meet Him without His feet ever touching the earth. It won't be an isolated event. God will permit Satan to go a long way with his tricks and his games. But He will never permit him to duplicate the way in which the Son of God returns to this earth.

Now, I have no inside information whatever as to just how the enemy will try to pull off his second-coming stunt. But I don't think he is simply going to appear somewhere in a seance. Or rent a hall and advertise a meeting. Or pick up a few million followers somewhere. How many people does that fool? Most of us would only smile and forget it.

I do not know that a space ship will be involved in this final hoax. I do not have that information. But I ask you, Would an enemy so intelligent, so cunning, so angry, and so desperate, fail to take advantage of a build-up like this? Would he pass by such a conditioning of minds and simply turn up out in Death Valley or on the streets of Minneapolis and announce that he is Christ? Would he bypass all the careful preparation? Would he try to fool a generation like ours—so oriented to space travel as we are, and so saturated with talk of UFOs—without any tie whatever to those things which fill so many minds? Hardly!

Why all the buildup? Why the decades, and even centuries, of orientation to the idea of ships from out there? Why the ready network of sensitives and contactees with their part already rehearsed? It seems incredible to me that all these, so prominent in the preparation, should be left out when the show runs for real. The world today is a pushover for a space-related deception. The cults, ready to believe anything that smacks of the supernatural, are already in the bag. And those who have scoffed at the saucers and the prophets and the ghosts are just as easily snared. For their scoffing has left them unprepared. They find out too late that devils can work miracles after all.

Who is left? Who is safe? Not very many. Only those who have read the Book, and believed it more than their eyes and their ears—even when the storm seemed to be sweeping everything stable away. One discerning writer, many years ago, described that critical day:—As the crowning act in the great drama of deception, Satan himself will personate Christ.... Now the great deceiver will make it appear that Christ has come. In different parts of the earth, Satan will manifest himself among men as a majestic being of dazzling brightness, resembling the description of the Son of God given by John in the Revelation. The glory that surrounds him is unsurpassed by anything that mortal eyes have yet beheld. The shout of triumph rings out upon the air, 'Christ has come! Christ has come! The people prostrate themselves in adoration before him, while he lifts up his hands, and pronounces a blessing upon them, as Christ blessed his disciples when He was upon the earth. His voice is soft and subdued, yet full of melody. In gentle, compassionate tones he presents some of the same gracious, heavenly truths which the Savior uttered; he heals the diseases of the people, and then, in his assumed character of Christ, he claims to have changed the [law of God].... This is the strong, almost overmastering delusion.

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There he stands, this being of dazzling brightness. If men ask their eyes, who is it? Jesus. If they ask their ears, who is it? Jesus. If they ask their feelings, who is it? Jesus. And so almost everybody, will bow down before the master impostor, victims of the ultimate hoax toward which centuries of cosmic games have been leading!

## **29. What About the Year 1999?**

Evidently people among the intellectual are not spared, and may even be given special attention, in the game of here-comes-the end-of-the-world. Dr. Charles A. Laughead, an MD on the staff of Michigan State University in Lansing, Michigan, began, in 1954, to communicate with a number of supposedly outer-space entities. These entities included the famous Ashtar who has been around a long time now and has a lot to say in the world of the occult.

Dr. Laughead carried on his communication largely through trance mediums. A number of minor predictions were relayed to him, and, as seems to be the pattern, they all came true on the nose. Then Ashtar tossed in the big one. The world was going to end on December 21, 1954. And Ashtar was very specific. North America was going to split in two. The Atlantic Coast would slip into the sea. And England and France and Russia would suffer a similar fate. But all was not gloom and doom. A few people would be rescued by spaceships. And naturally Dr. Laughead and his friends would be among the favored few.

Impressed by the accuracy of the previous predictions always the first play in the game-Dr. Laughead took this one very soberly. His declarations of coming doom were carried in the press. And then on December 21 he and a group of his followers gathered in a garden to await rescue. They waited. And waited. And waited. But rescue never came. Neither did the end of the world. Again and again these doom dates have been set, leaving disillusionment and ridicule in their wake.

But many of the end-of the -world predictions point not to a contemporary fulfillment, but to a time far in the future, far enough to make it difficult to prove them inaccurate. The year 1999 seems to be a great favorite in the psychic world. Just what is the strange attraction of the year 1999? We do not know. But it seems to have drawn the psychics as with a magnet.

The French astrologer Nostradamus pointed to the year 1999 as the termination date for the conflict between good and evil. Most of his predictions reached hundreds of years into the future. And in his time many regarded his psychic forecasts as genuine revelations from the gods. He was skyrocketed to fame. Rene Noorbergen says that "even today most of the world's best-known psychics have built their reputations on a carefully contrived rehash of his major prophecies."

Jean Dixon, in her first book, told of a child born in the Middle East in 1962 who would become the answer to the prayers of a troubled world. She said we would begin to feel the great force of this man about 1980. His power would grow until 1999, when there would be peace on earth.

But in her second book she had changed her mind. This child was not to be the savior of the world, but the antichrist predicted in Scripture. In her third book she predicts a nuclear holocaust for the year 1999 and moves what she calls the true second coming of Christ to approximately 2020-2037. After that, all peace and happiness.

Many mediums and some astrologers say that at the great conjunction of planets in 1962 a new messiah was born. Carroll Righter, probably the world's most-read astrologer, says that there is no doubt that such a child is living today. He thinks he was born in Peru. It seems that psychics without exception fearfully await the year 1999. All agree on its importance. Will it indeed be the end of the world?

A careful comparison of psychic utterances leaves no question but that these predictors-of-1999 are all tuned in to the same source. But that source cannot be God. Because Jesus said, But of that day and hour knows no man, no, not the angels of heaven, but my father only." Matthew 24:36. If even the angels of heaven don't know the date, is it reasonable that mediums and mystics and astrologers would have that information?

Reason it out. Would it be a good thing for men to know the date of Christ's return? What would they do with such information? Absolutely nothing until the date was almost upon them. Then, just before examination time, they would try to cram in some brownie points and get everything straight. What does a 1999 date do for a man except to tell him that he doesn't need to worry, he has plenty of time, he can sleep?

Jesus felt it necessary to caution, "Watch therefore: for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come.... Therefore be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man comes. Matthew 24:42-44. A little different philosophy, isn't it? Just what does the great rebel hope to accomplish with this end-of-the-world game? Is he attempting to program into the minds of millions a desired reaction to predictions of the second coming?

Does he want men to reason that since the world has never ended before, since all the predictions of that event have turned out to be wrong, it never will happen? Is he trying thus to immunize men against

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any concern about the return of their Lord? Or is he trying to get men to say, Not coming till 1999. I've got plenty of time. Whichever strategy he has in mind, it really doesn't matter. Either reaction on the part of men will serve his purpose. And both will serve it doubly.

One writer has suggested the possibility that in all this focus of attention on the year 1999, Satan might be announcing the date of his own -triumphal entry" into the world as the predicted antichrist. This may not be the case. But even so, it would be a clever trick. It would lead men to look for the final push of deception in 1999 and miss the fact that we are already in it.

The enemy does not care which strategy works. He wants only that men should be unprepared for the final crisis. He doesn't care how he accomplishes that purpose. Little by little, strand by strand, he is weaving his multicolored nets to catch men any way he can.

One thing is certain. The enemy is conditioning minds little by little for the appearance of a great spiritual leader-a new messiah. The date of the performance doesn't matter. It can be changed at his whim. But he wants to be sure that when he steps upon the stage to play his role in the ultimate hoax, as he impersonates the Son of God, he will have the greatest audience of all time. And in that he undoubtedly will succeed.

Not too long ago a strange episode took place in a Mexican prison. Under the watchful eyes of armed guards, and without any interference from them, a helicopter landed right in the prison yard, took on several prisoners in a daring drama of escape, and flew away. The guards, thinking them to be VIPs, simply saluted! Are we doing any inappropriate saluting of our own?

### **30. Rescue From Orion**

It was September 23, 1922. The old U.S.S. Mississippi, now flying a Greek flag and bearing a new name, lay at anchor in the harbor of Mitylene, an island in the Aegean Sea. In the gray morning a young American civilian, new in that part of the world, had come out to the ship in a borrowed rowboat and asked to see the captain. And now, a few hours later, he had just delivered an ultimatum to the Greek government!

The story had its beginning not many weeks earlier when Asa Jennings, with his wife and family, was sent by the YMCA to the Turkish city of Smyrna. His assignment-to study what might be done to smooth relations between the Turks and Armenians and Greeks and Jews of that troubled city.

Things had happened fast. The Allies had given Smyrna to the Greeks as a reward for their participation in the war. The Greek Army had moved into Smyrna and pushed inland toward Ankara. But Ataturk had rallied the Turkish people behind him in a daring drive for independence. The Greek Army, confident of victory, pushed steadily toward Anatolia's heart. Then suddenly they retreated before Ataturk, burning and pillaging their way back to Smyrna.

The Greek troops forced their own countrymen, as well as the Armenians, to abandon their homes and flee to the coast-until every road to the sea was choked with refugees. And then the Greek soldiers, thinking only of their own safety, simply took ship and sailed away, leaving the refugees to make out as best they could. And then suddenly-no one seems to know just how-Smyrna was in flames. The great mass of refugees were pushed toward the sea, the fire behind them.

Asa Jennings, while the city was still burning, put his little family aboard an American destroyer and then stayed behind to see what he could do for the refugees. Somehow he had arranged for huge quantities of food to be sent in from Constantinople. But now this suffering mass of humanity that choked the quay, caught between fire and sea, needed more than food. They needed ships!

He had persuaded an Italian ship to take two thousand refugees and land them at Mitylene. And grateful people had fallen at his feet to express their thanks. But this was not enough. What could be done for those many thousands still back on the quay, helpless without rescue from the sea? Now providentially, it seemed, the twenty Greek transports that had carried the Greek soldiers away to safety were anchored at Mitylene. Surely Greek ships would be willing to save Greek people. But General Frankos, in charge of the transports, hesitated. He knew that twenty ships would be a prize for the Turks who had no navy. He couldn't make up his mind.

It was then that through the early morning mist Asa Jennings sighted a familiar looking ship in the harbor. It looked like an American battleship, yet there were no American battleships in those waters. He learned that this was the old U.S.S. Mississippi, sold to the Greeks and now called the Kilkis. He had a strange confidence that he would find help on that ship. And he had decided now to go over the head of General Frankos and make contact directly with the Greek government in Athens. He told his story to the captain, then asked that a code message be sent to Athens, asking for all ships in the waters about Smyrna to be placed at his disposal. It was four o'clock in the morning.

- message came back, "Who are you?"
- natural question. He had been in that part of the world only about a month, and no one had ever heard of him.

He sent word back, "I am in charge of American relief at Mitylene." He did not explain that he was in charge only by virtue of being the only American there. Athens outdid General Frankos in caution. The Cabinet would have to decide. The Cabinet was not in session. A later message advised that the Cabinet would meet in the morning. But what protection would be given the ships? Would American destroyers accompany them? Did that mean that American destroyers would protect the ships if the Turks should attempt to take them? And so it went.

Finally, at four in the afternoon, the American's patience was exhausted. He wired Athens that if he did not receive a favorable reply by six o'clock, he would wire openly, without code, so that all the world could know, a statement that the Greek government had refused to rescue its own people from certain death.

It worked. Shortly before six o'clock a message came through: -ALLSHIPS IN AEGEAN

PLACED YOUR COMMAND REMOVE REFUGEES SMYRNA." Those ten words meant life for many thousands. They also meant that a young, unknown American had just been made Admiral of the Greek Navy! The captains of the twenty ships were called together and asked to be ready to leave for Smyrna by midnight. And the new Admiral chose the Propondis as his flagship because the captain could speak a little English.

And so at midnight he ordered the Greek flag run down, an American flag flown in its place, with a signal flag that meant, "Follow me.-He mounted the bridge, and now, Admiral of the Greek Navy, he ordered full steam ahead.

When the ships were still quite a distance away, Asa Jennings could see from his station on the bridge the smoking ruins of what had once been the business section of town. Directly in front, gaunt brick and stone skeletons of once fine buildings pushed themselves up dizzily from the charred debris. And at the water's edge, stretching for miles, was what looked like a lifeless black border. Yet he knew that it was a border of living sufferers waiting, hoping, praying-as they had done every moment for days-for ships, ships, ships.

As the ships approached, and the shore spread out before him, it seemed as if every face on that quay was turned toward them, and every arm outstretched to bring them in. It seemed that the whole shore moved out to grasp them. The air was filled with the cries of those thousands, cries of such transcendent joy that the sound pierced to the very marrow of his bones. No need for anyone to tell them what those ships were for. They who had scanned that watery horizon for days looking wistfully for ships, did not have to be told that here was help, that here was life and safety. Never had he been so thankful, so truly happy, as on that early morning as he realized that at last, and thank God in time, he had been able to bring to these despairing legions a new hope, a new life.

It was Asa Jennings's son who made the story live for me. I can never forget it. And I can never forget the striking parallel that I find in the day soon to come when the Son of God will honor His promise, "I will come again."

It is a promise of rescue not from the sea, but from the sky. involving not three -hundred-thousand refugees on a single shore, but every man, woman, and child who watches for His return. Trapped on a shaking, burning, convulsing planet. Pushed to the brink. And no way out but rescue from the sky. I never tire of the way the apostle Paul describes that day.-For the Lord himself will come down from heaven with a mighty shout and with the soul stirring cry of the archangel and the great trumpet-call of God. And the believers who are dead will be the first to rise to meet the Lord. Then we who are still alive and remain on the earth will be caught tip with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air and remain with him forever. So comfort and encourage each other with the news." 1 Thessalonians 4:16-18, LB.

Good news. Encouraging news. Rescue. Like the ships moving in to Smyrna. A way off this planet. And in time! This isn't gloom. This isn't doom, as some have thought. This isn't something to spoil your plans. This isn't something to fear, or dread, or wish you could postpone. That is, unless you don't want to be rescued. And who wouldn't want to be rescued in an hour like that?

Who would have chosen to turn back to the smoking ruins of Smyrna-with ships in sight? And who would want to turn back to this smoking, shaking, convulsing planet with rescue on the way? And yet, strange as it may seem, when the Son of God descends the corridors of the sky, some will want Him to come, and some will not. Some will be ready, and some will not. That's the tragedy of rebellion.

Think of it! He gives them a promise, and they make it a threat. He offers them life, and they call it doom. He comes to rescue. But some, because they are unprepared, will make it the last night on earth. I like this picture better:-In that day the people will proclaim, 'This is our God, in whom we trust, for whom we waited. Now at last he is here.'-Isaiah 25:9, LB. Picture it if you can. Like the ships at Smyrna. A vast mass of humanity pushed to the edge of a smoking, ruined, convulsing world. Caught between the fires of time and the realities of eternity.

Desperate for a way off this planet. Scanning the skies for the first hint that rescue is on the way. Staring into space. Straining their eyes for the first glimpse of their Lord as He emerges from the corridors of Orion and rides the cloud closer and closer to the earth. Every face is turned toward the sky. Every eye filled with tears of irrepressible joy. Every voice shouting His welcome. Every arm outstretched to bring Him in. As if the earth itself reached out to grasp its Creator.

No need to tell them why He has come. They who have scanned the heavens wistfully for days, while a planet burns behind them, don't have to be told that here is rescue from the skies. Rescue from the skies! Rescue from Orion! And rescue in time! But some will miss it. The human race seems to have an

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uncanny talent for being entranced with trivia when big things are happening.

And so some will be surprised. Surprised because they have other things on their minds. Surprised because they are benumbed by some strange infatuation. Surprised because they are tranquilized by the inconsequential. Surprised because they have been tricked into worshiping another god. The mysterious, final tragedy of surprise! God forbid that, when the King breaks through the skies upon a stunned and startled planet, He should find us entranced with tossing our balls across the wall-still playing games with the unseen world!

## **Special Acknowledgments**

The author wishes to acknowledge the help of all who have in any way contributed to this book. It is impossible to write on a subject such as this without relying to a large degree on the research of others.

For much of the background information in the chapter-"Flying Saucers Aren't Finished," as well as a number of incidents related in other chapters, the author is deeply indebted to the research of John Keel in his book *UFOs Operation Trojan Horse*, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1970.

For details of the Charles Manson story, in the chapter-"Helter Skelter," thanks are due to Ed Sanders in his book *The Family* published by, Avon. Special thanks are also due to David St. Clair and his publisher, Doubleday, for incidents, information, and quotations from his book, *The Psychic World of California*.

The author has quoted from and frequently referred to Ruth Montgomery's *A World Beyond*, published by Coward, McCann and Geoghegan, Inc., New York.

In addition the author also extends grateful thanks for material quoted from the following books and authors:

**Investigating the Unexplained**, by Ivan T. Sanderson, Prentice-Hall, Inc.

**Miracle Workers**, by Jess Stearn, Doubleday.

**Flying Saucers Here and Now**, by Frank Edwards, published by Lyle Stuart.

**Ellen G. White: Prophet of Destiny**, by Rene Noorbergen, Keats Publishing, Inc.

**Biofeedback**, by Marvin Karlins and Lewis M. Andrews, J. B. Lippincott, Co.

**Rock and Roll**, by Bob Larson, published by Bob Larson, McCook, Nebraska.

**The Haunting of Bishop Pike**, by Merrill Unger, Tyndale House Publishers.

**Life After Death**, by Hans Holzer, the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Inc.

**The Weird World of the Occult**, compiled by Walter L. Knight, Tyndale House.

**Demons in the World Today**, by Merrill Unger, Tyndale House Publishers.

These special acknowledgments are by no means exhaustive. Nor are they an adequate indication of the extent of the author's debt to others-or of his gratitude.

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