

INSPIRED BY GOD'S MESSENGER:
THE WRITINGS OF THE COUNTRY LAD

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NOT VALID
ANY LONGER

Translator unknown.

WITH GOD
IN HONOR OF GOD

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INTRODUCTION

Divine inspirations are nothing new; indeed, they are as old as mankind itself. From the days of the first men to the present day, God's world of spirits--also known as angels of the Lord or messengers from God--has come into contact with selected persons. It was, and still is, God's will that His messengers come to this earth to teach or inspire the chosen or to bring healing power.

Without this work of God's messengers, mankind would be exposed helplessly to evil, and thus entirely in the power of the ruler of this world (Satan) and his vassals. Any spiritual higher development of humanity would be impossible.

God created the earth in order to give the spirits that had fallen with Satan (all human beings, with only a few exceptions, fall into this category) the possibility, through the incarnation, to raise themselves spiritually once again and to find and follow the teachings of Christ.

God also constantly permitted spirits of heaven to be born on this earth. In the Old Testament they are called prophets. These prophets were at all times in contact with God's messengers. Through them they received their directions and instructions, in order to pass them on to their fellow men.

The highest-ranking spirit of heaven that ever lived and worked on this earth was Jesus Christ, the Son of God. He also had the greatest missions to perform. He too, however, was always advised and instructed by God's messengers. Through these high spirits of heaven He received His instructions from God. All the apostles, as well as many other emulators of the teachings of Jesus Christ, received a Holy Spirit.

(Only persons of noble character can receive a Holy Spirit.) It was the power of the Holy Spirits of God that empowered the apostles to preach and do miracles, as was the

case with Jesus as well.

Jesus said of himself: "I can do nothing on my own authority; as I hear, I judge; and my judgment is just, because I seek not my own will but the will of him who sent me." (John 5:30)

It is well known that in the evenings Jesus Christ again and again would withdraw to a quiet hill (mount) to pray. During these hours of prayer, God's messengers (Holy Spirits) came to him and instructed him. They gave him the directions of the Father, of God. The New Testament tells in detail of one such instance. (Mark 9:1-13). In this case, Peter, James, and John were witnesses as Moses and Elijah came to Christ. Both had a conversation with Jesus. It was here that Peter said, "Master, it is well that we are here; let us make three booths, one for you and one for Moses and one for Elijah." He was, of course, in a state in which he no longer knew what words to use to express his feelings; for they all were overcome with an indescribable feeling of spiritual emotion. (They felt they were experiencing the divine radiations of these Holy Spirits. These emissions from heaven cannot be clad in words, for earth is not familiar with them and therefore has no words for them. Anyone who has experienced it can only say that it is an indescribable feeling of happiness, divine glory.) The three apostles also heard a voice, saying "This is my beloved Son; listen to him."

On another occasion, the Son of God spoke these words: "SEEK AND YE WILL FIND, KNOCK AND IT WILL BE OPENED UNTO YOU." The world surely knows these words, but not their meaning. The import of these words is that man should search for truth, he should ask for inspiration and knowledge; he should knock at the doors of heaven, and God's world of spirits will open the doors to him, show him the way. The words above are identical in meaning with the following saying: "WHERE TWO OR THREE ARE GATHERED IN MY NAME, THERE I AM ALSO." Thus Christ made it plain that where those who seek truth gather in His Name, He (or his representatives) will appear to bless and teach them.

The apostle Peter, a simple fisherman, said both of the earlier prophets and of those who in his own time were proclaiming the message of salvation, that they preached in the power of a Holy Spirit sent from heaven. Through the power of these Holy Spirits empowered by God, these men were also able to heal the sick and to cast out evil spirits. The healing of body and soul also is part of the true teaching of Christ.

If a man is beset by a baser spirit today, then he is simply sent to a mental institution for the rest of his life. The divine power, the world of Holy Spirits, through which such pitiable persons can be helped, has been excluded from the "modern teaching of Christ."

Paul, the great zealot on behalf of Christ, writes literally (I Cor. 2:12): "Now we have received not the spirit of the world, but the Spirit which is from God, that we might understand the gifts bestowed on us by God. And we impart this in words not taught by human wisdom but taught by the Spirit, interpreting spiritual truths to those who possess the Spirit. The unspiritual man does not receive the gifts of God, for they are folly to him, and he is not able to understand them because they are spiritually discerned."

In I Cor. 14, Paul writes as follows: "Make love your aim, and earnestly desire to come in contact with God's world of spirits. Above all, strive to become agents through which God's spirits speak to you in their mother tongue."

Only in this way is it possible to obtain the pure truth about the innumerable vital questions that no worldly church can answer.

In the Old Testament, Isaiah 45:¹¹~~7~~, men are actually exhorted to question God. There it says literally: "Thus says the Lord, the Holy One of Israel, and his Maker: Question me about the things that are to come! Leave to me my children and the work of my hands. I made the earth, and created man upon it. It was my hands that stretched out the heavens, and I commanded all their host."

The preceding will be summarized briefly once more: All prophets received their

directions and instructions from messengers of God. God's Son Himself was counseled by God's messengers and received His orders from them. The apostles were constantly accompanied by Holy Spirits who led and taught them. Likewise, the apostles instructed their successors in the teaching of the spirits. Therefore, it is a command of God that men let themselves be guided and taught by His messengers. Almost without exception, however, present-day Christian churches reject all contact with God's spirits as something evil. They condemn everything that they are not familiar with, everything they did not learn in their worldly schools. Thus they throw out the good with the bad.

The kind of contact with spirits that is against the wish of God is explained to us in several places in the Bible:

The restriction on asking questions of the spiritually dead is one of the first directions that God gave the Israelites after the Exodus from Egypt:

"You shall not practice augury or witchcraft." (Leviticus 19:26)

"Do not turn to mediums or wizards; do not seek them out, to be defiled by them: I am the Lord your God." (Leviticus 19: 31)

"If a person turns to mediums and wizards, playing the harlot after them, I will set my face against that person and will cut him off from among his people." (Leviticus 20: 6)

"A man or a woman who is a medium or a wizard shall be put to death; without fail they shall be punished with spiritual death." (Leviticus 20: 27)

These mediums themselves were responsible for their connection with evil. They could have averted evil if they had turned in faith to God and come into contact with the good world of spirits.

All those who are separated from God are referred to as dead, all those who are not incorporated in God's plan of salvation. Spirits, as well as men, who seek

to prevent the higher spiritual development of mankind also are included among the spiritually dead. No lower spirit has the desire or the will to help any man in any way whatsoever.

FOREWORD

Pastor Johannes Greber, always so helpful, was busy in the office of his relief organization when a strange man came to him and invited him to a private religious service. The stranger told him that a 16- or 17-year-old boy gave extraordinary instructions to those present during the service, which he as pastor should by all means examine before he could give any opinion on them.

Pastor Greber hesitated at first to go there, but let himself be persuaded and went after all. Only, however, with the thought of rejecting the entire matter as something evil.

Once there, before the service began he had a chance to talk briefly with the participants, above all, with the boy himself. He determined at once that the boy had neither any special knowledge nor a higher education. Shortly after the beginning of the service, the boy began giving his instructions, which he addressed directly to Pastor Greber. What Pastor Greber heard was surely not worldly erudition. He was not able to contradict these instructions, this wisdom, in any way. Soon it was clear to him that it was not the 16-year-old boy speaking, but a noble spirit of heaven who was using the boy's organs of speech to instruct Pastor Greber.

Instead of rejecting the entire matter as something evil, he felt himself compelled to investigate this source of truth more closely. Upon inquiry, the messenger of God gave him his name and added: "IT IS I WHO HAS LED YOU HERE. I WANT TO INSTRUCT YOU ON BEHALF OF GOD, AND YOU IN TURN ARE TO TEACH YOUR FELLOW MEN!"

After Pastor Greber had taken part several times in these instructive prayer hours, the noble spirit told him he should himself begin such a private service with members of his church. God's messenger gave him the instruction in the following words:

"You should not accept everything blindly; rather, you should test whether it is the truth or whether you are being deluded by evil. You should not content yourself with what you hear from Me. You should also gather experience in this area yourself, independently of whatever presents itself to you here."

By these means Pastor Greber was to be enabled to inquire into the speech of God's messengers to men--which is the major content of the Bible--and to learn the requisite preconditions and preparations for so doing. (Moreover, it would be the highest duty of every preacher who wants to preach the true doctrine of Christ to ally himself with God's messengers in order to be truly enlightened.)

In a wondrous way, it happened that the people necessary for his own private service were brought together. After the fourth meeting (prayer hour), Pastor Greber saw the first successes in his own private service of worship. The youngest of the participants, a 20-year-old country lad, was impelled to write for the first time. A short time later he was writing at home also, while he was quite alone. Everything he wrote had the truth of God as its subject. He wrote 17 discourses in prose and poetry, all of which are published for the first time in this book.

For those readers who never before have heard or read of inspired writings, the manner in which these writings originated needs somewhat more detailed description.

The boy did not have the intention to write, nor did he have the requisite schooling or the innate gift for it. Quite unexpectedly he felt impelled to get up early in the morning in order to write. What he wrote, he had not known previously. The words and sentences suddenly were put into his mind, and he felt a compulsion to write them down. What he wrote was not what he knew. Nor had he ever heard or read what he wrote down. IT WAS INSPIRATION.

The training of the boy as a medium for writing and the instructions that Pastor Johannes Greber received about this from God's messenger are described by him, word for word, in his extraordinary book Contact with God's World of Spirits.

Every thinking person should make it his duty to read this book, the greatest

work of enlightenment of all time.

What Pastor Johannes Greber experienced was completely and entirely the will of God. The unadulterated doctrine of Christ was retold to him. Although many so-called Christian churches do not want to acknowledge it, it is only a confirmation of what the Bible teaches us. The incontrovertible proof can be found quite clearly in the miracle healings that were brought about by him. Just as the apostles and many other successors of Jesus Christ preached and accomplished miracle cures in the power of a Holy Spirit, so did Pastor Greber also. Thousands of sick persons, on whom he laid his hands, praying in Jesus' name, were healed at once. Among the healed were blind men as well as many who had been declared incurable by medical art.

No one, of himself, can bring about miracle healings. These miracles come about only through a person blessed by God, to whom holy spirits of God are assigned. They are angels of the Lord who accomplish healings with the healing power they receive from God.

The name of God be praised in all eternity!

AMEN!

J. Greber

Every step you have taken on the way to God, every assistance you gave in God's cause, every hour in which you make your house available to God and his service will be richly blessed by God and will remain blessed.

Therefore be of good courage! Be not anxious, trust in him who can do all things and who guides and directs all things. His special blessing will come upon all of you this evening, and may you take care that it remains with you. Amen.

These words were put into the mind of Pastor Johannes Greber during a prayer hour.

"The Cry of the Heroes!"

In faraway, distant lands a hero's grave lies desolate. I stood beside it, my gaze lowered. From its mound, a quiet murmur issued forth and swept away to Germany's defense.

"We died for you; the enemy's bullet struck. We are safe with God, who once said to us: 'You have suffered heroically, suffered much distress in battle and strife; now your struggle is over; eternity awaits you.

I have called you; distress and suffering are at an end, and may your dwelling place be at the steps of the throne. From here may you proclaim to worlds near and far that they will find rest only in Me, in the Lord God.'"

You German people in need, rise up and be men! The crimson of the morning surely waits for you as well. Back to your God, whom you ridiculed and misjudged. Leave off your mockery, be reconciled, stretch out your hand!

With God's help and protection stand together, man for man, to bid defiance to all enemies! For we are the greatest. Then you may rise without fear, my fatherland, for God has given you a garment as strong as iron.

But should you reject what God says to heroes; should you want to turn your back to Him when He, the faithful one, asks you--then you surely will learn that His command is mighty, and even in late years there will be talk of pestilence and death.

"The Language of Creation"

Have you numbered the stars that are in the firmament? Have you seen the distance that separates you from them? Have you also learned who created them all, many thousands of years ago, with a single cry? It was a God so dear, so sweet, so good, in whose eyes I read these words: "My love does all things for you!" Look at the oceans--they rise up with force, like a wild army, its leaders carried off. See how they throw their waves, wild rapids, up high to heaven--a God rules them nonetheless. A God as strong as iron, a God of great power, of whose nature wise men have told much good. Go and see the meadows in a brilliant blaze of color! Is there no roaring in your ears when you ask of creation? And those golden sheaves, filled with wheat and grain, these many years they have stilled many a hungry cry. A God in whose heart lies sympathy for suffering, He thought of your troubles, He knows "Hunger hurts!" Therefore he created the splendor of the golden ears. The great God of blessings--He made all these things. There is a solemn murmur in the majestic cathedral of the forest! Only You, my God, are known in its still space. There I see the roe deer grazing, the hare leaps full of joy; the small birds, with colored breast, sat cozily there. O man, you do not know what my God, in the murmur of earth, has commanded you to do! You proud citizen of earth, here bend your knee! If not, Death will come--he can do so with ease. Learn at last to pray to the one who created all things; to the one who said "Let it be!" With a single cry! A cry--you must hear it--that should pierce you to the marrow! Thus will say the choirs of angels, if you do not want God: "Revenge Yourself, o God, You Great One!" "Eradicate him from the earth!" "With a single blow, he will go to hell!"

"Hail and Hosanna!"

The heavens praise Thee,
The seas extol Thee,
The angels laud
In mighty choirs:
Hosanna to the King!
Hosanna to the Lord!
Hosanna for ever! --
It rings far and near.
It forces its way out into the worlds
And seas;
Its cry is not about to end
In the raging of the storm.
My God is the king
Whom I wish to praise.
I love Him forever,
He is my goal.
I fall on my knees
And worship Him.--
Oh, let Him forgive
What I have done to Him.
I have despised Him,
Laughed at His command,
And longed
For sinful bread.
I had turned away from Him,
I knew Him no more.--
But now it is over--
Lord, stretch out Thy hand to me!
I fall at Thy feet
And implore Thee.
Long ago I atoned,
I cannot rest.
Oh Lord--Thou my great God,
Thou eternal God!
Do not take away the blood-red rose
Of love!
Give me Thy love
And grace in full measure,
That I may remain always true to Thee.
I do not wish to falter.
And grant me trust,
As much as I need;
Let me rely on Thee,
Do not be hard on mistakes!
It is my will
To be henceforth wholly Thine;
Only Thine in full measure--
Thy heaven my home!

"Your Happiness Will Meet You on God's Paths"

At that bright edge of the woods
On a grassy bank lightly covered with moss,
I found my happiness in a youthful dream.
I lay so still and dreamed
Of a fairytale land of happiness;
Springtime surrounded me--
Gladly I recall it.
A small bird, full of joy, rocks
In the treetop;
And the epitome of the highest joy
Speaks from its breast.
It sings of the honor of the Creator,
Sings Him praise and thanks and glory.
Sings that if it were only possible
It would soar to Him at His command.
It sang with all its might
Until its heart broke
And, on the very spot,
It lay dead at my feet.
Then I fell to my knees
And made a holy vow
That I would make my way through the world,
Faithful only to my God.--
And as I turned to go,
To set out for home,
I thought I saw an angel standing before me,
Its hair, its mouth, so fine.
It was a girl, a charming one,
Surrounded by a gentle radiance.
It seemed to me that she called:
"Come here! I am wholly yours.
I have just learned,"
She began to say,
"That you have begun here
Your walk through life with God.
The vow you made Him,
I made it long ago.
I know that you will not live in want--
Your work begins with God.
So give me your hands,
Be my companion
Until my life's end,
When the millwheel breaks!
I will stand faithfully at your side,
Firm and true in love,
Ask God to guide you--
Need and danger will not come near us."
Then I spread out my arms
And took her to my heart.
I asked not about worldly goods or name,
I directed my thoughts only to heaven.
With her I stepped aside,

Moved before an image of God.
My vow--it was the second one--
Rang through the fields!
In companionship, love, and faithfulness
We will walk hand in hand.
May we never regret
That we met each other here!
I want to guide you, lead you
On this path through life;
I want to fight and struggle for you;--
May my God help me.
With God's grace and care
I will be your companion,
And I will lead you, despite the foe,
Into eternity.

God's Shepherd and His Flock

Then fare thee well, my father's home!
I am going forth to leave thee.
Fare thee well, my good, dear mother!
It is my Father who calls me,
Who tests my faithfulness.
I promised Him not long ago
To always be His own.
And thus the seed of evil
Was broken in me long ago.
I promised Him fidelity;
He is indeed my guide
Although the world's deeds and cunning
Rage round me.
I go in God's grace
Through lands of friend or foe,
Bearing joy and happiness.
His hand leads me.
All men will be brothers
In God's word and teaching.
It roars again in the storm:
"To Thee be praise and thanks and honor!"
Hands will fold
Piously in prayer.
My God will rule again!
Here's to the man who mends his ways!
Let the word of Holy Scripture
Become truth:
"There is one shepherd, one shed
For God's herd and flocks.
And this shepherd will lead
You onward to the great God.
The reward that is granted you
Will endure forever and evermore.
Faithful little sheep, stay only His own,
Do not stray from the path!
Let thyself be led by the shepherd,
Lest you plunge into the abyss!
The depth of the abyss calls thee
With a thousand voices
Just as if calling
To a great festivity.
Do not let thyself be fooled,
It is a game of Hell!
Listen to the guide
Who wants only the best for you.
He will guide you, lead you
On the path to heaven's bliss.
I could almost envy you
Because His gaze is gentle and kind.
He searches for lost little sheep
Often for hours and for days.
How sad He must feel
And how heartsore.

And if He finds one
He joyously lifts it up
And carries it back, unbound,
In triumphant progress.
His eyes shine with joy
And His mouth speaks forgiveness.
He has wrested the prey from the Enemy
Even in the last hour.
Now He leads His flock--
Not one of them is missing--
To Him who said "Let it be!"
He says "Come! Pour in!
For you the race of the sinful earth
Is over now;
And when the sun turns,
Soar up to Me!
Here you shall live with Me
At the throne of majesty,
And reign as good spirits
Now and in eternity!"

The Stronger One

Oh, you golden years of youth,
Why are you rushing at a rapid pace?
Fate's strong wind ruffles my hair.
Who is it, who holds you back?
Many a year has passed
Since the days of my youth.
I stayed with my dear mother,
Liked hearing tales and legends.
Then I became a youth,
Courageous and strong of arm.
Life's springtime came;
My heart beat warm.
Oh youth, oh youthful happiness,
Halt your stormy passage!
My heart beats fast, my eyes glow hot.
Courage! I will hold you back.
Lost in dreams I often reveled
For many hours and days.
I was born only for happiness,
Hoped only for happiness.
Often, in a dream, I pictured
Many a lovely palace;
The sea's wave rocks me,
My horse flies like the storm!
I also took my fill of
The golden time of love.
My heart has not rusted,
I had a young girl at my side.
Alas, the years pass,
They flow swiftly on--
Fate's strong wind ruffles my hair.
Onward, onward! They escape you!
Hard times came,
Without sunshine and light.
And often I asked
"Will they not end?"
These times too are past,
And time moves on.
You must not stand still,
Must wander, gladly willing!
Must wander without rest
On the path of earth's way.
You must not grope in the dark,
Lest life's vessel break.
I could not hold back time
With youth's strength and courage.
And nevertheless all
Will be well.
For a long time they have thought me
Ready for the scrap heap.
Soon my journey
In this vile world will end.

And if they later say
You too once were young!
Then you will complain:
Yes, what a memory!
The years flow quietly on
In rapid pace;
Fate's stormy wind ruffles my hair.
Only One can hold them back.
And this Eternally Great One--
My God--will take me up.
There love's red rose
Will bloom again.

For God's honor
Offer your resistance.

The Spiritualization of the Soul

The man--died. He died a "good" death. The fluid bond that linked soul and body has dissolved and thus parted the soul from the body. The eternal judge has already given his verdict, and the "good" death of which men spoke--is hard.

Do you believe, oh man, that the last hour of your life will yet bring you salvation? Wild and coarse the years of youth! What did you ask about God's creation? The animal world, His birds who praise Him--you took pleasure in destroying their peacefully built home and in destroying them in great numbers. Your young years, you stubborn egotist? What is holy to you? Indeed, you laugh! And with relish you trample woman's honor in the dirt. You supply your body with everything; you lack no luxuries and joys of earthly life. You became a man! You selfish brutal fellow, don't you see the hunger in your children's eyes whilst you grow and fatten? You were good to your woman. She provided for your stomach as you wished of her, although she herself went hungry. And the last hour comes! And you think you could change all this with a merely "verbal" penitence? And come before your Maker in innocence? Yes, men! They give you the appearance of sanctity to take into the grave. But it is another who gives the verdict. And it is harsh--but just.

Down below in the spheres of the abyss your body's sin will torment you. Your whole life--you will go through it anew in bitter, harsh agony. Hundreds, perhaps even thousands of years will not be able to assuage your pain, the moment you neglect to make use of the ray of grace from the Almighty, your creator, to use it like a ladder to climb higher and nearer to your God.

If you have raised yourself from darkness, however, you will be numbered among God's good spirits, and the knowledge of your creator's majesty and greatness will bring you joy in incomparable measure.

On judgment day the Lord will raise you too and surround your spirit with a fluid body, and you will live in splendor and beauty, one with God and Christ, who redeemed you.

* * * * *

In the dark grave, in cold earth, rest from worry and pain. Although your life may cease and your body be dust and ashes, the day and hour will come when the sound of trumpets will roar across hill and dale and echo with power and might, as if from an angel's horn. Then wake from deepest sleep, awake, awake, the time is now. You will be led to eternity to the sound of organ and harp.

The Grace of God

I slow my pace to offer my farewell to the ending day. Once more it flashes in beauty and splendor, only to sink at once into an all-encompassing darkness. Wait, what was that? The last light of the day showed me an infinite country, shining afar, painted in bright colors and revealing lavish beauty. Over it stretched the canopy of heaven, glittering and gleaming. What splendor! I try to penetrate this sea of stars to find the end. I see the blue arch of heaven, but I do not find the foundation stone. Infinite and unreachable, it borders, pale blue, the garment of creation.

If all this is the creation of the eternally unfathomable, then I too am part of this creation. I start in surprise. A voice whispers to me: "Don't be a fool! What are you thinking? Just look at this grandeur and beauty! And now you believe--you who from the endless heights (for the mighty one dwells on high, he who created all this) will not be detected by a powerful microscope--that you are a work of significance? All that you see, you may use without purpose or limit, for your pleasure. Who would forbid you to do so? The brief span of your life is given you to enjoy, like other living creatures, and to revel. For soon you will die, and then you will be forgotten."

Suddenly a secret whisper runs through nature, and the branches of the trees rustle. A quiet trembling fills me and--the cunning speaker is gone. The breath of God is blowing. I feel myself grow, my muscles flex in sinewy strength, and what I previously thought unending now lies at my feet, wrestled to the ground with my own strength. A bright figure comes closer to me and speaks: "Do you not sense the nearness of God? Do you not know that He created you as the greatest work of this creation? Yes, you are puny and small and pitiful and weak in your humanity. But the great God, your creator, puts a staff in your hand that will lift and strengthen you if you accept it from His hand. With its strength and God's mercy you will be uplifted out of humanity. He calls you His child and wants to be a father to you. And you will stand over all He created. He gives you His creation, so that you can be edified by it and recognize His greatness in it, With good will you should lift yourself from the abyss and seek to draw nearer to your creator.

Then Prince Michael with his legions will accompany you at the end of your life to the heavenly Paradise." Once more a quiet whispering--and the bright figure is concealed from my view. I fall to my knees and beg the Almighty, my God, to forgive me the errors of my humanity and elevate me to His obedient child.--A holy tremor passes through my body. I fall upon my face and kiss the seam of a garment--God's robe. Then I rise, and quiet peace has filled my heart--the grace of God.

What Did Your Savior Do for You?

Christ, Kyrie! The great work of salvation--you have achieved it! Humanity in its sin and shame--you have redeemed it! Human understanding has never been able to comprehend what great things you have done. You have raised mankind out of the darkness in which it languished; for God's righteousness did not permit heaven ever to be open again to a sinner without your redemption.

What were men? They were pure spirits, created by the Lord God, unflawed and majestic in their beauty. All earthly good fortune together cannot approach the great happiness and pure joy that were granted them.

Christ Jesus, the highest of these spirits, likewise the representative of God, ruled the host of the spirits with love and joy. This was no reigning as master, but rather an accompanying in brotherly protection: the protecting arm of the stronger over the weaker. The free will that was given them also gave them "the right" to be in opposition. And in what a terrible, shameful way a large part of the spirit world made use of it! Lucifer, one of the highest princes of heaven, rises up with several accomplices, and a whole host join him, deluded by his madness: another intends to take Christ's place, and all are to be raised to the same dignity--unthinkable to reason! The great God is inflamed in holy anger, and Prince Michael is ordered, strengthened by His power and in league with His legions, to topple Lucifer with his mob.

The Lord did not wish to destroy what He had created. His thought itself was enough--and the mob of evil beings was no more. His mercy, which is just as great as His righteousness, wanted to raise to the light again those who had gone astray.

Lucifer, with his accomplices (those who actually helped), was defeated. And the sin of pride will torment him until he reaches the point of awareness. Those who, deluded by him, rebelled with him were also punished. The Lord surrounded them with a fluid body and brought them to a place where they could feel His nearness and also speak with the Lord, but without seeing His greatness and beauty.

Their own will, strengthened by the fluid body, was supposed to tip the balance. God sent them good spirits to lead them back and to show them the impossibility of their idea. He also, however, permitted Lucifer to come with his following and beguile these beings.

Adam, who as prince of these spirits surrounded by the fluid body was supposed to decide the issue, fell victim to the pretenses of the Evil One, and he was punished and with him all those who lived in the fluid body. God's mercifulness thought even now of uplifting the fallen spirits. He surrounded them with a material body and caused them to suffer burden and heat, troubles and trials, sickness and need. He created the (earthly) man. Through the second fall into sin, these spirits actually became the property of the Evil One and stood on the same level as Lucifer. Thus they also could no longer be saved, since the intermediate thing, to be reconciled, was no longer available; there were only two camps: the powers of heaven and the powers of hell.

To save humanity now, there was need of a man who of his own free will would lift himself out of the abyss to God. And this was impossible, since Lucifer had grown very strong. The Lord God could have forced them with His will. But this contradicted His righteousness. He had given the spirit free will, and he had fallen and, with free will, had fallen a second time also. With free will he was again to rise. And this was impossible.

The savior had to be greater than Lucifer. And so the Lord gave His highest spirits the choice, in order to bring about liberation on the path of humanity (becoming human).

Christ, the highest prince, over whom the spirits had warred, wanted to achieve this himself. He was born as a child, and in the years of reason had to decide by His free will the issue of which direction to take. All His life He had to battle the power of Hell. He went His way as a common man, only strengthened by God's grace. Whatever there is of deprivation and sorrow in human life, He had to endure it. His bitter sorrows! The great redeemer had to suffer much on Golgotha, even the great God forsook Him, and He was in the hands of Hell, a man alone. In spite of all, He was not to waver and had to bear even the ultimate--to die the death of man. He accomplished it! There could be no one in the world who has suffered as much as He; otherwise man would not have been redeemed.

Lucifer was to be shown that he who suffered most as a man opposed him, at that time the prince of mankind, and had joined the opposition. Thereby his power was broken and mankind was lifted to the status it had had as spirits with a fluid body, if not in actual material fact, then nevertheless in spirit.

Now if a man falls in his sins and comes into the hands of the Evil One, he is not lost, for there is one who will free him from the abyss. Christ Himself was in the hands of the Evil One and remained steadfast, conquered the Evil One to the very utmost. However deep a man may fall, there still is one who has wrested him from the clutch of the Evil One and will do so again. Even if it takes hundreds and thousands of years, he will be saved.

By this victory of Christ, Lucifer also will someday come to awareness. When at the end of time Christ has taken all his victims from him, he too will become aware of his impotence in comparison with the great God and His Son Christ, and the knowledge of his guilt will lead him and his flock back to the highest creator. This is the great work of salvation of the loving savior, incomprehensible for human understanding and yet so wonderful and magnificent.

But the great God also knows how to value this work. Thrice "Hail and Hosanna to the King!" "To Him who redeemed us!"

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Christ, Kyrie, Lord have mercy; do not deny me your help. Remember me the poor sinner when I have forgotten my duty. The great work you endured in unending, long, hard agony gives rise to mankind's salvation. Wipe out the number of my sins. The crown of thorns on Thy head--may it teach me to be strong, when I, in heavy hours, imagine a thorn is pressing into my heart--Thy cross, whose heavy load oppresses Thee--it is a sign of Thy victory. Lord, grant that I may rejoice in it too and carry it to the finish.

Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter

I would like to take the roaring sound of the trumpet to proclaim the approaching spring and to show the force with which it comes. And I would take the melting tone of the violin to show with what blissful pain it comes into the young human heart. The spring of nature--the spring of life. The firmament of heaven becomes clear and turns light blue, the sun laughs, the first green shoots forth, and spring comes to the twitter of newly arrived songbirds. It comes with brightly shining eyes, a joyous smile on its lips, a mixture of enormous joy and quiet pain in its heart--the spring-time of life. The heart starts a quicker beat. It pounds and gurgles within. The blood's circulation increases in great activity: rushing, chasing, racing, turning--new life in a fresh form.

Take notice and pay attention! You young child of man, ruin is approaching. Control yourself! Pull the reins tighter! Put a vigorous stop to passion! Otherwise you are lost. There is Someone who demands of you an accounting of the spring of your life. See to it that you can supply it with steady gaze and have no need to drop your eyes.

It is summer. Suddenly in the early morning, it is here. The sun is already shining in fierce heat. The forest stretches its green wings and murmurs a song of manly strength and majesty. The meadows are resplendent in colorful glory. The reaper plies his scythe, and golden sheaves line up in great array. Nature is giving with an open hand, in rich plenty. And you, child of man, what are you offering? Sinewy muscles, manly strength, and courage! Take hold with fresh, vigorous hand! Spring's oppressive sultriness is gone. An iron will, the action of a man require that you surround your life's companion, the one bound to you by life's springtime, with love in word and deed. The children granted you, your heirs, teach them reverence and discipline! Make physical and spiritual progress and upward striving their principles! Reign as father in your family with a caring hand, so that your father on high looks at you in love and joy at your just reign.

Autumn is coming. With a howling storm it sweeps across the fields, into the woods, rages and buffets, enjoying its terrible game--howls and bellows and seeks with brute force to destroy whatever does not defy it. The farmer hastens to gather the fruits offered him--apples and pears--as quickly as possible. For this rough companion knows no mercy. The lovely forest is brightly colored, and the wind sweeps the leaves in circles, not resting until it has swept away the last leaf. But wait! There stands one tree, defying even this game with strong force. The leaves of the oak may be robbed of their color, but the tree will not give up one of them--they are her own.

And you, in your manly strength and courage, autumn approaches for you too. Life's storms sweep round, they beat around you with wild thunder, they ruffle your hair--defy them! Don't let yourself be swept away by fate's hard knocks! You, who have ripened into manhood, face it head on! Courageous and determined, confront everything that surges around you, with your eyes steady and open! Stand fast like a proud oak, not swaying in the greatest tempest, even though storm and time have whitened your hair and fate's course carved dark furrows in your brow--He on high will smooth your brow and, seeing your hair's "silvery sheen," reward you.

Winter is here. It came overnight, and with a sheltering cloak it covered what was destroyed by autumn's roughness. The white expanse gleams infinite. Gleaming and glistening, the last ray of the dying sun breaks on it. All of nature is at peace. The birds' song and the forest's murmur--everything is hushed. An icy breath arrives and chills whatever was still enjoying life. The proud oak, which had been able to defy all adversity, also must bend under the power and might and yields what she called her own, without complaint, to one stronger than she. Winter is coming to you as well. But see to it that the winter of life, when it nears

with icy hand, finds you ready, and that you yield your own to him without a murmur. You may resist with force; winter will make you yield. Therefore take care that you, like the sun's breaking ray glistening and gleaming, pass over into another land. There the One who created you and let you ripen through spring, summer, and autumn into winter will be able to value the course of your life, and out of an earthly change of seasons you will enter into unending spring with God, who surpasses all else in beauty.

The Harvest

The seed is ripe. It has ripened through ice and snow, through frost and cold, in storm and rain, and is ready for harvest.

Here and there a portion had to be cut before its time because of the many tares. The seed could scarcely have been regained from them. But the rest of the seed--the ears gleam golden yellow--what richness and splendor! The reaper plies his sickle. Dripping with sweat he stands there, not resting till the job is done. Sheaf joins sheaf in rows, and soon the reaper's work is done. Thus the harvest begins. Wagon after wagon, laden high with fruits, is driven into the barn, and it fills to the roof.

The seed is ripe! Thus the great God says, and you, child of man, be ready for the harvest! I gave you the seed to sow. Show what has become of it! Through ice and snow, through frost and cold, in storm and rain, in sunshine and light you grew, ripened for the harvesting.

I sent you ice and snow to test your trust. Heavy sorrows, anguish, and need weighed upon you and were meant to remind you that there is and will be One, great and mighty. He is your God, and you shall lay at his feet all that weighs heavy upon you.

I sent you frost and cold to see whether you would forget the sun. Sicknesses and woes of all kinds were meant to question whether you had built and hoped in the Lord God--the sun that breaks every frost and all cold.

Storm and rain! Yes, life's storms, they really told on you. In a short time I took from you what was dearest, your wife, your children--six of them--I took them all from you. You stand alone in your old age, poor and forsaken. Your money and property have I also taken. And now, do you still believe that there is a God, good and righteous? Have you kept praying to Him and yielded everything to His will?

In sunshine and light! You spent your youth in untroubled bliss. The sun of happiness shone for you. Contentment laughed from your eyes. Nothing was denied you. You raved about springtime and love. Whom did you love? Your God, who created you? No--that was too trivial for you, bursting with youthful strength. That is only something for weaklings. Now the Great One comes and brings you to the harvest. And what do you offer? "It's not worth it!" an iron voice speaks--"he won't return the seed that was sown!" So I hear Him speak, the great sower, and "Three times woe!" fills the air. He has made his reaper ready to mow, before the harvest, where the weeds have taken over. I almost think all the seed is bad in essence. And with a mighty trumpet blast I would like to urge mankind to return to good seed, to the right path. Woe! Woe! Woe! The great reaper awaits the order. He stands ready. A word from the Almighty, and he stretches out his iron hand to destroy all the seed that did not thrive there and is unworthy of harvesting. You, mankind, ensnared in swamp and sin, do you not feel His mighty arm? Open your eyes and see what God's divine judgment can do. Do not let yourself be overtaken by His reaper before you have ripened for the harvest and, as a golden sheaf filled with fine fruits, are driven into God's barn.

The Night

Dark veils drop. The sun's ray is broken. Once again the sun gleams in purple golden splendor, giving a farewell greeting, and then is gone. Unfolding all its beauty for Him who let it shine for us, making way for the coming night.

Through the branches of the forest there passes a quiet whisper. The proud oak bends her head and murmurs a song of the greatness and majesty of Him who made her grow. A twittering of thousands of voices of birds, paddling in contentment in their nests, speaks of the goodness and mercy of Him who made them grow and be. And the exultant song of the lark rises upward in melting tones in gratitude to Him who on this day provided again for hunger and thirst. Then a silence in peace and quiet. All nature has gone to bed for refreshing sleep. The gleaming canopy of heaven arches in beauty over all. Like a sentry at his post, He has everything in His care.

A brutish bellow rends this holy peace and destroys this quiet with brutality. What can it have been? What can this being be? Has night not been given him for rest? Suddenly the moon steps out from behind its cover and grins at this bold fellow. Hey, says the moon, you must think you're worth more than everybody else, taking the liberty of rudely destroying the peace of nature? Even if your creator gave you the privilege, even if you are the highest being in His creation--you must follow His commandments and orders all the more strictly. A man staggers up like a beast. He roars something about "Nonsense" and "stupid chatter" and disappears. In time-honored peace the moon grins broadly again. He pulls a thick tablet out of his pocket and marks on it. Quiet spreads once more.

But no! What's there in the woods? The oak rears up in a mighty roar and calls for the sentry. He comes at once. He peeks through the branches and tries to catch a glimpse of the disturber of the peace. Dark furrows shadow his brow, and he speaks: Who gave you, as man, the right to disturb this quiet peace though the Lord God commanded you to be still? Who gave you the right to trample and destroy woman's honor? Here, in the quiet of night, you dare debase yourself to the level of the lowest animal! A face distorted by passion appears, tries to speak of "joys" and "enjoying" and disappears. He is chalked up for this in huge letters, and the faithful sentry shakes his wise head thoughtfully. Just as he is withdrawing behind his cover again, a gurgling noise suddenly makes him stop. Yes, it was next to that old wall. What can it be? O awful deed! A red patch of congealing blood covers the ground. With a glad heart he had set out--a man in his prime. Only one more hour of travel, and he would be home again with his loved ones. Through diligence and industry he has good wages in his pocket. Already he is imagining the happy faces when he counts out the coins--then a push out of the night's darkness--and now it is too late. The bare steel has found his heart. A cry from a mortally wounded breast--and his soul leaves him. But this cry was heard. Emitting sparks of rage, with a grim face, the sentry comes for the reckoning. "What is your neighbor's life worth to you? Don't you know that there is only One with the right to dispose over a man's life, and He gave you the highest command to spare your neighbor?! This blood, which cries out for revenge, you must do penance for year after year." A wild fellow steps from behind the old wall. With greedy talons he falls upon his victim, tears his money from him, mutters "Earnings" and "wages" and disappears. But the moon dips its quill in this blood and marks him down in the book in red letters. A fat tear rolls into his beard, and he begins to cry bitterly.

Gradually it begins to grow light, and the moon's job as sentry is done. With heavy heart he steps before the Everlasting and presents his sentry book. Like a stroke of lightning the Almighty hurls it into the abyss, and a strong voice resounds. The great God speaks: "The measure is full! Long have I bided my time

and thought of mankind in mercy. But his crimes and atrocities cry out to Me. I intend to wipe this man, who lives and does not value my commandments, from the earth and let him rot into dust and nothingness!"

Pray to God!

Everlastingly great God! Lord of Hosts! Thou who art, wast, and will be, Thou who reignest over all that is, have mercy on poor mankind, who has so grievously insulted Thee, the highest master, the creator of all. The sin of men is heavy and great. Their hateful deeds and their abominable sins cry out to heaven, and Thy righteousness and Thy everlasting love call for punishment from Thee: Thy righteousness, because Thy infinite greatness and Thy unfailingly just rule cannot permit the works of Thy creation, made by Thy hand, to rise up against Thee, who has given them being and life. Thy love, because Thou in Thy everlasting, merciful fatherly love cannot comprehend that those works of creation, to whom Thou gave everything, the privilege of all that exists, despise this and by way of punishment are given over to eternal damnation. See! And now Thou has given the verdict! Thou, the eternal judge, wouldst wipe them from the earth, so that their sinful body, which Thou gavest them that men might, through the troubles visited upon them and through sickness and need, find a way to the heavenly heights (and which, nevertheless, has become a mortal frame of sinful lust and abominations), may return again to earth, the site of their sin, and become dust and nothingness.

If this sinful life of men were to last longer, Thy righteousness would demand eternal annihilation. But Thy everlasting love will not permit it. Thou wouldst destroy the sinful body and raise the soul to Thee, clarified by sorrows and anguish of every kind.

So I pray to Thee, great God, heavenly father, who hast decided upon the destruction of the sinful mortal body, have mercy and let clemency rule! Shorten the time of terrors for Thy kindness' sake. Remember the pitifulness of man without Thee and forgive, Lord! Once more! Forgive!

See! Lord! What is man in his humanity? A nothingness in Thy hand--and yet made as the highest work of creation. "And therefore, because I chose him from among all others, will I erase him from the earth. And nature, and all that is, shall see and bow in reverence and fear at the many terrors." Thus, I hear, saith the Lord.

All you who dwell at the throne of the Eternal, pray with me for mercy and beseech the Lord to forgive and deliver a merciful judgment on poor, sinful mankind!

But I know the Lord is just, His will be done on earth as it is in heaven!

Blest be the name of God! Remember Him in reverence and discipline! And He will remember you in the time of terrors.

Holy Scripture

Until this time, holy scripture is and will remain incomprehensible and unfathomable by human understanding.

Mankind, delivered up more and more to materialism through sin and shame, resembling a pit of rubbish and decay, had in its loathsomeness reached that level like unto that of Lucifer, Prince of Hell. Had mankind sunk even deeper in its life of sin, there would have been no place of punishment for it any longer, since even the torments of Hell have their certain limit, and thus the guilt would have been greater than the punishment. To put an end to this, the Lord God spoke: "I intend to wipe man from the face of earth, for his sins and wickedness cry out to heaven." But it would have gone against His righteousness if He had destroyed all men, since He intended to wrest mankind from the clutches of the Evil One through the great work of salvation. If He had destroyed them all, all would have fallen into the hands of the Evil One, and redemption would thus have become impossible, since it had to come about by way of mankind.

The Lord had called a man named Noah to find his way again to the right path through special grace and to come closer to God. Noah lifted himself out of the material world and acknowledged his guilt. He regretted the errors of his humanity and found pleasure with the Lord God.

Through the Deluge everything living on earth was destroyed. This was a complete remaking of the earth. The ground and all that had been that had served sin was to be washed away and destroyed.

Noah alone was left, with those whom the Lord God had shown him, out of all that had been before. A new race and a new earth were to arise from the chaos of sin. But how long did these men remain true to the Lord? They had not quite forgotten the miraculous salvation through God's goodness when they too fell again into sin and corruption, since free will to choose another direction was never impaired by the Lord God.

To keep mankind from ever again falling so low, the Lord granted educated, intelligent men and also women special graces, in order to bring mankind through them onto better paths. Some were, for example: Abraham, David, and Solomon; as for women, Judith and Esther.

The more these persons, strengthened by God's grace, lifted themselves out of humanity by free will, the greater were the deeds they did with God's aid. And if we read holy scripture, we will be amazed how the Lord God rewarded them, even in this world, for their faithfulness. That free will was not impaired by the graces granted them specially by God is seen in this example: the Lord God had also blessed King Saul with rich gifts and Saul lived as the Lord God wished, until suddenly envy found a home in him and his ways led to the abyss. If there were any compulsion in God's grace, or any impairment of free will, then King Saul never would have fallen and died in sin and shame.

The Lord God has provided every person with the source of this grace. It is only a matter of who has turned to this grace with free will.

Whoever avails himself of God's grace will receive additional graces in plenty.

It also would have contradicted His righteousness if He had given preference to individual persons.

But all this is still not all that the Lord God did to improve men; He did even greater things. He gave some of His spirits permission, of their free will to go the way of mankind, in order to lift men out of sin and at the same time prepare them for the great work of salvation. Let us take Moses and Elijah and all the other great prophets; how else could they have accomplished such great things? And how would it have been possible for Elijah to go up to heaven? He came from above and returned on high. If his spirit had been that of a mortal, sinful man, then the work of salvation

would have been completed when he went to heaven. In this case a man, of his own free will, would have raised himself out of humanity to God. And Elijah, the great spirit, came back a second time in John the Baptist. And when the latter was beheaded, he went again to heaven.

If these prophets had had to suffer all that the good Redeemer suffered, they all would have fallen. They did indeed suffer persecution and the like, but their sufferings do not approach those of the Savior.

In spite of everything, men sank deeper and deeper, and their sin grew greater and worse.

Mary, the mother of Jesus, was born; she was also was a good spirit from heaven. For only in this way was it possible that she could take on the body of the material without mortal sin. And it is surely clear that the Redeemer did not entrust his human incarnation to a spirit of hell in its mortal frame.

Now the great Redeemer came. And what did He do for men? But where are the love and faithfulness that are His due? And where are the belief and the trust in the Lord God that He taught us?

Mankind once more is following a path that soon will surely surpass Lucifer and his atrocities in horror and heinousness. And I see the great God signing the order for destruction and putting an end to all that provoked His wrath.

Thus Your Creator Works

Holy trembling--quaking of the heart,
Delightful weaving--as if of gentlest hand!
Secret murmuring, a harmonious whispering
In joyful moods, His gently fluttering robe.

Thus your creator works;
He knows you even now.
For He is the potter,
He shapes the clay.

With rustling accompaniment, a whirling rush,
Ceaseless striving for money and baubles!
Sensuous longings--working and shunning the light.
Whether sea or coast--I found no peace.

But someday your creator will come;
He knows you even now.
For He is the potter,
He shapes the clay.

Flashing lightning--a thundering roar
The lance thrown with a keen point
A bursting and splitting, a raging and spitting
Your Lord God now holds destructive sway.

Thus your creator works;
He knows you even now.
For He is the potter,
He shapes the clay.

He will find you too in sin and shame!
Ruin to the child who knew him not!
And thrice destruction to the man of lust!
The number of his victims weighs heavy on his breast.

Your creator is working;
He knows you even now.
For He is the potter,
He shapes the clay.

And though you believe He would not find you,
And though you steal and rob, jeering at duty,
His mercy is great and His patience also,
He remembers the poor in fatherly kindness.

Your creator is working;
He knows you even now.
For He is the potter,
He shapes the clay.

He will shape you too, sooner or later.
With strong arms He walks through the lands,
And if love and heavenly grace do not shape you,
Then lightning will shape you, destroying the seed.

Thus your creator works;
He knows you even now.
For He is the potter,
He shapes the clay.

Filial Love

It is your mother who gave you being and life. Are you able to appreciate this? Do you know what it means: your mother? Mother's love and mother's pain-- I cannot clothe them in words. Mother's love--so supernaturally noble, rooted so deep, so pure and selfless. Mother's pain--so unfathomably sorrowful, infinite in its anguish. Mother's love--how it radiates high above all that is earthly! She gives in abundance, she sacrifices herself, she gives her life, she gives herself. And what does she ask? Not gushing gratitude, no--respect, recognition, a childlike trust.

You should trust her and look up to her in filial love! Yes, filial love! That is what makes her happy. And you should give her this as a present in return. Mother's pain--destroying all hopes and all that she dreamed of you. With loving words she showed you all that was uplifting and taught you reverence and discipline, and you would destroy by your bad deeds the good seed she sowed in you. For this unfathomably sorrowful pain that you cause her, I could imagine nothing on earth to punish you.

Do you perhaps know who loves you even more than your mother? And who has an even greater right to claim your filial love? He dwells on high, reigning over all that there is--your heavenly father, your great God. Why should you show Him even more filial love than your mother? He created you in majesty and glory as a spirit of beauty, seeing only Him, the sun of creation--a joy of incomparably divine measure that enfolded you. No human tongue can measure the greatness and grandeur of your joy and its infinitely deep purity, not even a milligram. And who gave you all this? He, the Great One, your heavenly father, your God. He gave you all this out of infinitely great love, out of a love that is so great that you, to weigh in the balance even one milligram of it, would have to multiply the weight of the globe. Now it was you who opposed this love and went astray. The greatness of this divine love demanded punishment, in order to bring you to the right path again. In punishment you should recognize your error and find your way back to God. But instead you have distanced yourself more and more from the source of love like that naughty child, and shame heaped upon shame became your master. Your heavenly father, to show you His greatness, His might, and, again, His infinite love, gave you your earthly material body. This earthly body is meant to show you how little you are capable of--without heavenly grace, without divine assistance, and how little you are in the hand of the Almighty if He does not give you His love. Have you recognized this, and have you turned again to Him in filial love? Woe unto you, if you still are wandering on the wrong paths! I told you that, in order to punish a disobedient child that opposes his mother, I could not imagine a just punishment for the pain that was caused.

What is to become of you now that you have opposed the infinitely great love of God? I cannot tell you what punishment you deserve. The pain is far too great that you have caused Him who wanted only what was best for you--who wanted to bring you joy beyond compare. There is still time. Fall at His feet and implore Him to forgive your guilt, to accept you again as His child and turn aside the just punishment from you! Give a child's love to Him who is your God, and you will harvest fatherly love such as only your Lord and God can give you. Cause no further pain to love itself, lest His stern judgment overtake you. For His whole being is love--and the Lord God is great!

The Death of the Mortal

Do you see that man there? He goes his way simply and plainly. All men know him. He has been called an underhanded man. Yes, those "dear" fellow men! They say that he can rob and steal in field and woods without ever being caught. He hasn't been to church again since everyone learned of it. For precisely the time of the service suits him just fine for arranging his robberies. Why does he live so cut off from everyone? One never sees him together with anyone. But only because his conscience gives him no peace!--I hear people saying these and many other things about him. And yet he stands above them all. Inside his breast beats a heart high and noble, and it is clad in the finest raiment. He disregards his fellow men's talk with a superior smile.--What do they want of him, after all? He can handle them. He is strong, for he is the victor in battle against the mightiest foe and has conquered the finest fortress and cleared the path to it of enemies. The infernal foe--he has conquered him and taken the citadel of heaven for himself. Yes, heaven, he carries heaven in his heart, clear and bright in light azure.--What men say of him does not disturb him.

Up above on a lonely height stands his house of God. He has built himself a cathedral. There he stands beside the murmuring cathedral of the forest and looks out reflectively over the quiet valley, the magnificent hills, and the clear vault of heaven. Words rush past his lips: "Great art Thou o God, and wonderful are the works of Thy creation. I laud and praise Thee--I adore Thee." He kneels and bends his head in devotion to ask and thank. A roaring organ tone starts up and a choir of a thousand voices sings "Honor, glory, and thanks!" In mighty chords the forest's organ tones resonate, and the merry flock of birds rises up with an exultant choir. Both mingle with the quiet prayer of the pious pilgrim and soar up nearer the firmament, nearer to God, up to His throne.

Down below in the so-called house of God kneel hundreds of pious men saying their prayers. What are they praying? I don't know. The prayer lacks harmony and that soaring and upward striving. And if I perhaps thought I heard the power and might of the prayer that rose up in there from a praying heart when I went down as far as the tip of the church tower, then I was wrong. I did hear talk of honor and thanks and love, but it did not sound like a prayer--it was, rather, the shriek of an excited crow. I wanted to take along something of this prayer in honor of my creator. But it vanished in my hand and faded away in the walls of the church.

Here he comes again, the underhanded man! Where might he have made his haul again today? --Thus they say, mustering him with despising glances. Life's evening is approaching for him. Even now no one wants anything to do with him. But he is not alone. His eyes shine, and a holy smile plays round his lips. There are so many with him. He sees them all. A host of bright figures take him by the hand, their garments like heaven's light blue, the cross imprinted as a symbol. It is the messengers of faith who are accompanying him on his last walk. Then a host clad in the most beautiful green from the noble cathedral of the forest, and as a symbol the anchor. They lead him and fasten to the anchor of hope a golden ladder by which they lead him on high. Up above in the firmament is a host whose garments are like the red of the evening sun--and on a silken pillow his heart, and a flickering sheaf of fire flares up, in which can be read: "Love!"

This host with the sign of love lead him to a great gate--the gate of heaven--and guide him to the throne of the Eternal One. There stands another host, their raiment white as snow and a crown on their heads. They bow in reverence and sing praises to their God. Then the great God lifts His hand and bids him come. He makes him put on a white garment and puts a golden crown on his head. The great God speaks: "Blessed are you who have loved me and have paid no heed to persecution and need; I will reward you richly. Enter into the joys of heaven and take the crown of life!" Verily, no human friends were needed at his death. It was a passing

over into a better land.

Seek your mainstay in faith and find your God! Rise up in hope on a golden ladder and overcome all adversity, placing your hope in righteousness---and hold fast in love to the highest creator! Give Him your heart and your self, and your reward will be great at the end of your days.

The death knell sounds. A dead man is being brought to his last resting place. The priest and some old women accompany him, no one else. Why should there be. It is only the frame of the earthly, material body being borne to the grave. The soul soared up to the light. Requiescat in pace! The solemn words are uttered by the priest, and the flowers and branches bend their heads and whisper of peace and rest--- heavenly peace! Heavenly rest! The storm's waves murmur a lullaby to him and rock him into a refreshing sleep.

But what became of those people who called him an underhanded man---you shall learn this too. One of them is struggling with death. With harsh force he resists the Great Reaper. But to what end? With a bony hand, death pulls back for the last stroke, and he sinks to the ground, dying. They bear him to the grave. A solemn pomp, a sumptuous retinue! Body and soul, bound to each other by materialism and the quest for earthly things, cannot part, and they go together to the grave. He is lowered. Dark figures creep round the grave and greedily stretch their claws. They are the creatures of darkness, rejoicing over their victim. The priest's "Requiescat" echoes hollow and gruesome through the quiet and a raven crows the Amen from a nearby tree! This was no being accompanied to a last resting place. Instead, his soul, searching and roaming, hovers above the abode of greed and can find no rest.

Choose, o man, what spirit's child you wish to be! In the first, misjudged by men, you will nonetheless find life in death. In the second: fame and glory before men, but dead in the eyes of your creator. Seek to earn fame and glory with God, your Lord, and you will find your salvation in death. The crown of life awaits you and will adorn you in beauty and splendor for all time that is and ever shall be.

The preceding proofs that communication with God's messengers is completely and wholly in conformity with God's will are taken from the Bible. Just as in Biblical times certain chosen men communicated with God's messengers, so it also happened in the present day, and it will continue to occur as long as men are made flesh on this earth.

High spirits of heaven came on God's behalf to Pastor Greber. He became privy to the most important teachings. The pure teaching of Christ, which over many centuries has been distorted by men, was revealed to him in all its details, and with the mission to pass it on to his fellow men. The immediate stenographic recording of these unusual communications enabled him to publish everything word for word in book form for his fellow men. What was told to Pastor Greber is far more detailed and accurate, and above all more understandable, than what we can find in modern books or old writings.

Thus it is not hearsay or tradition, but rather (expressed in Biblical language) living water, divine truth, whose origin is God.

No other book or number of books can answer for us so many important questions on the purpose of life on earth as can this unique book, titled:

Die Verkehr mit der Geisterwelt Gottes
seine Gesetze und sein Zweck
Selbsterlebnisse eines kath. Geistlichen

---430 pp.

p. 141: [Information on Greber's translation of the New Testament, his other works, his mission, and the procedure for ordering his books.]