

Seven Heavens

Seven Heavens

by

Charles William Whipple

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This volume is dedicated to
My Wife
My Children
My Many Relatives
My Brothers and Sisters
In Jesus Christ
And
To All Who Seek the Truth

The text of this book was entered into electronic form by Dr. Lawrence Fowler, the grandson of Charles Whipple and by Jeanice Roosevelt, his granddaughter. Editing was done by his daughter Dr. Eleanor Whipple with assistance from cousins Barbara Spradley, M.N. and Julie Wayner as well as an adopted niece Susan Whipple Gade.

The photographs were originally developed and printed by Charles Whipple in his own darkroom.

Preface

This little volume has not been written for the purpose of general reading but that I may give my story to those most interested in it. I have never related any of these experiences to anyone, but the earthly portion of them is well known to those interested, and may be easily recalled by anyone who knew them.

Until I was a grown man I had no desire to tell these things as I thoroughly realized that they would be discredited.

Portions of them that my mother learned about brought whippings and other punishments to try to make me deny the facts. I learned early in life to tell nothing, for it would not be believed.

From 1901 to 1931 I prayed for permission to be allowed to tell these things, with the success as stated in the chapter, "Answered Prayer".

I am writing, rather than telling, these experiences because there is less liability for me to be misunderstood, and I can take my own time to reread and correct any mistakes which might creep into a statement of this nature, especially if it were made orally.

My desire is to help you understand that God is your Creator, that He is the author of everything worthwhile, that He has a Heaven ready and waiting for those who obey Him, and that human misery will never come to an end until we return to God, live righteous, virtuous lives, and obey His laws as we should.

Charles Whipple

Statements of Authenticity

In an attempt to give as much credence as possible to his books, Charles Whipple created “Statements of Authenticity” for his first three books and had them notarized. They were taken from the front of bound volumes he produced by hand. Two each of “Seven Heavens,” “Heavenly Days” and “Heavenly Things”.

In these days of computers and desktop publishing it is difficult to imagine the amount of work that went into creating these books, I shall attempt to describe it. First, he typed on 8 ½ by 11” sheets of paper but only on half a page so that he could fold the pages. This meant he needed to keep track of how many pages would be used in each bound segment. There are many bound segments to each volume. Typing is also on both sides of the paper. Next, he counted every character on each line and added extra spaces between words and sentences to make each line come out even on the right margin. Just thinking of the enormity of the work involved overwhelms my mind. He did this because of his commitment to writing about his experiences for the benefit of his family and friends. He did not try to publish his work and honestly, never seemed to expect his descendents to do so either. However, he did not tell us not to do so and had himself submitted an article to the Readers Digest that was refused.

Statement of Authenticity

.000.

I, Charles William Whipple do hereby state that the matter contained in this volume already written and which I may hereafter add to as my time and circumstances permit, entitled, "Seven Heavens," is true and authentic; that I experienced the visits and happenings as related and have tried to make as accurate a statement as my ability allows, of what I have experienced.

Charles William Whipple
Bellingham Wash (Ctd) Whipple
Place Date Signed

Nov. 9, 1931

On the above date, Charles William Whipple, known by me to be the person named above, appeared in person and signed this statement in my presence and the presence of these witnesses.

W. S. Jew
Witness

Edna H. Hottel
Witness



A. E. Ryan
Notary Public.
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Welcome to “Seven Heavens”

During these days of struggle, disillusionment and confusion about the purposes of our Heavenly Father in our personal lives, the reassurance of the promise of Heaven may often seem distant and unreal. This book, “Seven Heavens,” forms a more tangible concept of Heaven and strengthens our faith in the Creator, Jesus His Son, and the Holy Spirit. This book is my fathers’ gift to all of you.

My father visited Heaven at least weekly and sometimes daily all of his life. With permission from the Holy Spirit, he wrote of these experiences. “Seven Heavens” is the first of his manuscripts.

I well remember hearing my father typing in the early hours before going to work, as well as my plying him with questions and our discussions together. The clear evidence of his integrity and compassion throughout his life has been an inspiration to me, as well as have been his descriptions of Heaven and the teachings he brought back. I not only cherished them but also have found them practical, workable and in conformance with Biblical principles as well as intellectually stimulating. They have been foundational throughout my own life. His writings reflect his honesty and desire to communicate accurately.

My father died at the age of eighty-one, after a full family life and the joys of many years with my mother. It is my privilege to share “Seven Heavens” with readers.

Eleanor B. Whipple Ph.D., D.H.L.

Scriptural References

Many Biblical quotes appear in-line with Mr. Whipple's text and it is sometimes difficult to determine whether something is a Biblical quote or not. Therefore the use of *Italics* is employed as an aid in separating them from the text. Many references were not included as they would tend to distract the reader. Quotes are taken from a 1933 Bible edition translated by Dr. George M. Lamsa and published by the A.J. Holman Company of Philadelphia. This translation is based on Peshitta manuscripts written in Aramaic, the spoken language of the common people during the time of Christ. In many instances this translation appears to correct what may be mistakes in the Greek text. For example, in Matthew 19:24, in the text "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle", the word 'camel' is replaced with the word 'rope'. These two words are written the same in Aramaic. This and other differences hint at the possibility of the original New Testament manuscripts being first written in Aramaic and later translated to Greek. The Lamsa translation includes both the Old and New Testaments. For study proposes, the reader may wish to compare the Lamsa text with the more readily available King James Version.

Mr. Whipple refers to another Bible translation, the *Numeric Bible*, as proof of the Bible's divine origin. It is the result of a mathematical approach to editing and correcting the earliest known Greek New testament manuscripts and then translating them into English. This work was done by Ivan Panin and a first edition was published in 1914. Processing the Greek manuscripts through a numeric algorithm corrected minor discrepancies and errors in the original Greek and proved the Bible could not have been written without the inspiration of a higher power.

Although baptism and immersion are used interchangeably, Mr. Whipple stresses immersion, as the Bible says immersion is required for the new birth while baptism is sometimes associated with sprinkling or affusion.

Lawrence W. Fowler Ph.D.

The Kings Business

I am a stranger here,
Within a foreign land;
My home is far away,
Upon a golden strand;
Ambassador to be,
Of realms beyond the sea,
I'm here on business for my King.

This is the King's command;
That all men everywhere,
Repent and turn away,
From sin's seductive snare;
That all who will obey,
With him shall reign for aye,
And that's my business for my King.

My home is brighter far,
Than Sharon's rosy plane,
Eternal life and joy,
Throughout it's vast domain;
My sovereign bids me tell,
How mortals there may dwell,
And that's my business for my King.

This is the message that I bring,
A message angels fain would sing;
"O, be ye reconciled,"
Thus saith my Lord and King,
"O, be ye reconciled to God."

E. J. Cassel

Is It Far

Is it far to the land of rest
Where weary feet shall
Never, never roam;
To the mansions of the pure
And the blest,
Where we shall meet at home.

Is it far? Is it far?
Will you tell me, Brother Pilgrim,
Is it far?
To that mansion of the blest,
Where my weary feet shall rest?
O say, Brother Pilgrim, is it far?

Is it far to that peaceful shore,
Where the aching heart shall
Sorrow not again;
Where the friends who meet
Shall part nevermore,
But with Christ forever reign?

Is it far to the plains of light,
To the city with its jasper
Walls aglow;
Where the glory of the Lord
Is the light?
To that home, say, will you go?

Knowles Shaw

The first hymn I remember before I was three years old.

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My Spiritual Life

I am undertaking a task or work which is very difficult for me to perform. I don't know how to start, nor how to proceed, but will endeavor to tell what I have to say to the best of my ability. Because of the nature of this narrative, and of the fact that some who read it may not believe it, I wish to state at the very beginning that this is a narrative of facts, not fiction, of real experiences and not dreams, of actuality and not supposition.

This is a purely human document, not an inspired writing; written, not by the order of God but with the consent of the Holy Spirit and is to be considered at all times as a narrative written by a mortal man. I am just a man, natural as all other men, having no supernatural or superhuman powers, and no faculties not enjoyed and possessed by every other mortal. I am the same as you. My name is Charles William Whipple. My residence at this time, May 21, 1931, is 5910 Latona Avenue, Seattle, Washington. I was 51 years old on May 5, 1931.

I am writing this particular portion of the narrative in a little cabin in Clinton's Auto Camp near the city of Anacortes, Washington. During the day I have been laying brick on the new Anacortes High School. I am not an unusual man in any way. I work with other workmen and no one has ever noticed anything unusual about me. I have engaged in many activities and never has a single individual ever thought or said that I was dishonest, immoral, shiftless, or crazy. No one can say that I have not lived the life of religious devotion and nearness to God that I am here going to narrate.

Nor do I claim to be perfect or sinless. I am simply human. I have sinned many times, sometimes greatly. Some things I have done I deeply regret and although God has forgiven me, as He will any one who comes to Him properly, they will always remain as a scar. I have allowed my temper, and my passions at times to lead me to do things which are not right for a child of

God to do. I state this, not boastingly, but that all who read this may thoroughly realize that I am simply a normal, mortal man.

In connection with this narrative, and as a background for it, I have prepared, or am in the process of preparation at this time, a story of my entire life from the cradle to the present time. The story of my life was partially destroyed by fire several years ago and has not yet been rewritten. In this I have tried to give a true picture of myself from the human standpoint. I have done this that those who doubt my statements may refer to this and may consider dates, persons, human thoughts and accomplishments as they have happened and have been woven into the very fabric of my life.

I don't intend to convey any thoughts or impressions, or have my writing interpreted to mean anything not clearly set forth in plain unmistakable words. But I wish to add this final word. What I write I mean, just as I have written it, just like that.

You who read it may believe it or not; that is your privilege. Of one thing be assured, I have tried to the very best of my ability to tell what I have to say so that I will be understood. I hope to live yet for many years, and if I do, all may see and know that I speak the truth as I have experienced it.

Philippians 3:13-14, *My brethren, I do not consider that I have reached the goal; but this one thing I do know, forgetting those things which are behind, I strive for those things which are before me; I press toward the goal to receive the prize of victory of God's highest calling through Jesus Christ.*

Philippians 3:20-21, *But our labors are in heavenly things, from whence we look for our Savior, our Lord Jesus Christ, Who shall transform our poor body to the likeness of His glorious body, according to His mighty power, whereby He is able even to subdue all things to Himself.*

Angel Voices

Just across the silent river
Is a house not made with hands,
And the peace which God has spoken
Softly rests o'er all its lands;
And I hear sweet angel voices
Calling o'er the crystal sea,
In that land of light and beauty,
There's a mansion bright, for thee.

Just across the silent river
There's a harp of shining gold,
Waiting till my ransomed spirit
Shall its melody unfold;
Still I hear the angel voices
Chiming o'er the crystal sea,
In those pearly mansions yonder,
There's a harp laid up for me.

Just across the silent river,
In the undiscovered land,
There are living waters flowing
Softly o'er the golden sand;
And I hear the angel voices
Ringing o'er the crystal sea,
There's a robe of wondrous whiteness,
In those mansions bright, for me.

Eliza Sherman

The Still Small Voice

From my earliest recollections I have liked to be alone. My grandparents, parents and relatives all noticed this when I was very small and commented on it many times. I chose those things which would let me be alone, or by myself. While other children romped and joined in games, they would give me a pair of scissors and some paper to cut, or a button box, or spools, or anything of like nature, and I would go off by myself. In school I didn't learn to play games, nor to join group activities. I usually was alone. The same has been true of my adult life, as members of my immediate family know full well. I love to be alone. I am alone now. I eat my lunch by myself. I go places alone. I do things alone.

But am I alone? I'll say I'm not. Am I doing nothing? Not by a long sight. Am I idly dreaming? No, but those are the times when I am the busiest, doing the most, enjoying things which I have prayed to God for almost 30 years to be allowed to tell. And now permission has been granted to me to write it so others may know the wonderful truth.

The first time I heard the "Still Small Voice" I don't know, but it must have been when I was quite young as it is the first thing I remember. It had become a definite part of my life before we moved away from the West House when I was only two years and four months old. When only two years and ten months old I was begging to go home with Grandma where I could be alone. It is the most blessed thing I have ever known.

Try this yourself. Go off alone by yourself. Get away from noises and responsibilities and be alone with your God. Open up your heart to Him and listen. Yes, with your ears, listen. Do you hear something? Yes, a kind of buzzing, like the distant sound of a locust. That isn't what I mean. I always hear that too. I believe it is made by the flow of blood through your ears. But listen again. Do you hear something else? Yes, a throbbing and pulsing, not so regular but in reality a little louder than the first.

No, that isn't what I mean. I believe that sound is made by your breathing and the action of your heart. These are both human body sounds and are quite normal and usual to all individuals who listen carefully.

But listen again. Do you hear something else? Yes, if you are alone with God you do. It isn't music, it isn't speech, it isn't noise, it's not even regular. It starts, it comes and goes. What can it possibly be? It is the sounds that your spirit is listening to. Yes, I mean exactly that. Your spirit is listening to spiritual sounds the same as your natural body listens to natural sounds. What are these sounds that the spirit is hearing, that are so faint and difficult to distinguish? They are not the voice of God, nor of the Holy Spirit, nor of the Savior. They are the voices and other sounds of spiritual activities of such a varied nature that they resemble very much the conflicting sounds of a great city, an assembly of people at a picnic, or the confusion of a manufacturing plant.

And just as you can, with your natural ear, listen to the voice of a friend to the exclusion of other sounds, so you can listen to the spiritual voice you choose, and soon the faculty of choosing and listening and interpreting what is said and done becomes as easy and natural as the use of the natural ears for earthly sounds. Yes, you say you can hear it now and can distinguish several of the different sounds, but you cannot tell what they mean or what they are saying or doing. Quite naturally. If you should step into a hand laundry and a man started talking to you in Chinese, would you hear him? Certainly. But would you understand him? No. Certainly not until you have learned the Chinese language. Did he have to learn the Chinese language? Yes and no, mostly yes. He had to learn it of course, but still it came to him in infancy without any appreciable effort on his part.

I have always heard and understood these spiritual sounds. They are the first things I remember in childhood and I am listening to a distant spiritual choir or song while sitting here writing. And all the many years in between, I could stop at any time, banish earthly confusion and be alone with them. I believe that others could also develop this faculty of the spirit, which now lies dormant in earthly mortal man. There was a time in the

beginning of human life on Earth when men had this faculty developed to the fullest, but now it has been neglected until it is nearly a lost sense. But this is enough along this line. I must not take up so much space talking of others, but must use my time and space to relate my own experiences.

Evening Solitude

I love to steal away awhile
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all His promises to plead
Where none but God can hear.

I love by faith to take the view
Of brighter scenes in Heaven,
The prospect doth my strength renew
While here by tempests driven.

Mrs. Phoebe H. Brown

Answered Prayer

About eleven o'clock in the night of May 4, 1931, the last day of my own first year, as I was asleep, my son, Donald Kerr, came for me with an invitation to join the family circle. Leaving my body asleep in bed, I went with him to Mary's Land where several thousand had gathered at the family home of Grandpa Headrick. As I left Earth it was a most beautiful sight. Darkness covered the entire Earth, with the exception of tiny lights and the radiant glow of cities and towns. The Great Dipper hung directly overhead in the north, the square of Pegasus in the south, and the moon in a glorious setting of stars, was just showing above the mountains to the southeast in all the glory of her full round face. Earth lights soon vanished, details disappeared, and the Earth, at first dark, took on a crescent shape, and grew quite small. The fullness of the moon changed as she rapidly moved away from the Earth, until it was about half light and half dark. The lighted portion of Earth and the moon seemed to appear about the same, while the dark portions were likewise similar, giving a view as of two moons of different size, set in a starry firmament with the Milky Way encircling us with a great irregular band of heavenly gems.

In a few seconds time those earthly and material objects visible to the human eye had vanished, or rather my attention was wholly taken up with the heavenly view, which it was my privilege to again enjoy. It was familiar but was ever new, ever changing, glorious beyond earthly thought or conception. We passed rapidly through Beulah Land and Paradise, catching only a fleeting sight of the Radiant Hills and Crystal Gems, and came to the fourth Heaven, or the Conservatory of Beauty.

Under the familiar trees and across the extensive lawns, between the beds and masses of gorgeous flowers, was spread a sumptuous banquet of about forty or fifty tables. Donald Kerr had told me in the few moments of transit; that they had a little surprise party for me, but I didn't seem to grasp the thought at all; the movement was so fast. Sights came and went so rapidly,

and new and entrancing beauties were endlessly unfolding before and retreating behind us as we passed. Enormous tables, thousands of people, possibly five hundred angels as waiters and helpers of various kinds, large bouquets and centerpieces of flowers, statuary, gems and scenery, music by hundreds of instruments greeted us as we arrived.

Just as we arrived all joined in a general song, part of welcome, part of glorification and part worship. Over the entire group and the new landscaping and the arrangement which had been created for this occasion, shown a rich glowing radiance. It was bright as sunlight but not glaring to the eyes, cheerful, restful, and life-giving. It lit up every detail of the wonderful spectacle, not casting a single shadow but bringing out the beauty of the flowers, the brilliancy of the gems and metals, and the grace and elegance of the assembled multitude. To say that I was surprised was putting it very mildly. I was entranced, intoxicated, over-whelmed and overjoyed. I had seen most of this many times before, but never so perfectly blended and so fittingly planned, with so many people in such a small grounds. We passed directly to the head of a large table which was slightly raised above the others, and so situated that when we had taken our places, Donald Kerr by my side, we could see all the tables and everyone at the banquet.

The singing stopped, my father grasped my hand, my mother stooped to kiss me and I rose from the table. As I did so, all rose, but not a sound could I hear, except the faint distant cry of woodland songsters in the leafy wonderland about me. Then on my left I heard Grandpa Headrick saying the old familiar words of grace, "Merciful Lord, enable us to be thankful for these blessings, and for all others, we beg for Christ's sake, Amen." Then followed a similar grace by Grandfather, and I realized that Grandfather and Grandmother Whipple were sitting just beyond Papa, and that Grandpa and Grandma Headrick were sitting just beyond Mama.

The surprise party was beginning to get my attention, to take my thoughts away from the unusual beauty and grandeur around me. Papa, Mama, grandparents, and then I began to look, and recognized one after the other, uncles, aunts, nieces,

nephews, cousins and lesser relatives, thousands and thousands. Not all of my ancestors, but one line was complete back to the time that the Savior lived and talked with men face to face upon this Earth. I saw that this was a surprise party given to me by the heavenly host of my human relatives and ancestors for nearly two thousand years. In the group I also recognized many that were not relatives.

After a short general exchange of greetings and introductions, or rather my attention being directed to a number of recent arrivals, the banquet started in earnest. The music took on a more entertaining nature. The time at table was broken into repeatedly by someone telling a new Earth experience, some a new heavenly process, invention or creation. I don't know exactly how to describe it, but it would be some outstanding accomplishment of theirs of recent completion.

As the feasting portion of the meal drew to a close, an angel choir, in a square of seven sevens led by a fiftieth, appeared in a small area of lawn directly before our table. After singing one of the most beautiful hymns of praise to God the leader advanced with a message of greeting from the Great White Throne. The music was accompanied by the heavenly music of the angelic band or orchestra which was already present, scattered about the grounds and among the shrubbery, trees and flowers.,

The Savior was not going to appear in person, but sent His love, power and encouragement to me. Mary and the Holy Spirit, the natural and spiritual mothers of the Savior would come soon and present their own greetings. At a signal from the inconspicuous orchestra leader or choir leader, I know not which, there was an instant cessation of merriment, a pause, a silence. Then the special fifty as leaders, accompanied by the great host of angelic waiters or helpers, burst forth into a hymn of praise, very similar in words and music to hymns we sing here on earth, such as "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name. "

At the conclusion of the hymn of praise all the angels left, or in other words the waiters, helpers, musicians and angelic choir disappeared almost if not quite instantly, leaving the mortal

relatives to mingle, visit, exchange small talk, examine new beauties, comment on the new appearance of the grounds and surrounding landscape. Papa called my attention to the old home, and I turned to look, and beheld a new, marvelously beautiful mansion in its place. That was the latest accomplishment of Donald Kerr, he informed me. We heard distant music, the voice of a large chorus of angels, infinitely sweet and tender. Everyone paused to listen, as it seemed to come closer.

I was standing before a large group of statuary carved out of a beautiful substance which gave to each part a natural tint so it appeared almost real, except it was stationary. This particular group had been designed and made by a distant ancestor and she was explaining her process of carving and making. The music drew near. It was the escorting body of angels and workers and worshipping host who came with Mary and the Holy Spirit. The group drew near and I beheld the Holy Spirit in all Her wondrous beauty.

The leaders fell back and to the side, and the two advanced to where I was standing. Papa and his brother Owen had just joined our immediate group. I knelt to worship as in prayer, the others remained standing. The Holy Spirit advanced to me alone and placed Her hand upon my bowed head. She spoke slowly and tenderly, as a mother to a child, and Her blessing seemed to fill my entire being with glory and rapture. The blessing ended, I arose to my feet and adored Her with my eyes. She was wondrously beautiful to behold.

She said among many other things that my prayers had been heard and that some were to be answered, while most of them were not. Just what they all were isn't necessary to repeat here. The prayer of most importance that was to be answered was my petition to tell of my heavenly visits to my friends and relatives on Earth. Ever since my marriage I had prayed unceasingly to be allowed to tell my family about Heaven. Owen suggested that I write it out and leave it on Earth for mortals to read after I had come to Heaven permanently.

Also, the three remaining periods of my human life were to be devoted as follows: The remaining six years from fifty-one to

fifty-seven with works for myself. The second period of seven years, from fifty-seven to sixty-three, to works of helpfulness for others. The third period of seven years, from sixty-four to seventy, to works of godliness and spiritual meditation and activities.

The escort and party moved on leaving us following them with our eyes and listening to the delightful music until it was all lost in the distance. Nothing more unusual occurred on this visit. The remainder of the stay was quite informal; many of the group at the banquet left in various directions. I roamed over the spacious grounds feasting my eyes on the flowers and the works of art and beauty, and conversed with those I met in every part of the grounds. In Heaven, I knew everyone I met. With Donald Kerr, I passed into the family mansion. He told me about every part, explaining how he did this, why he arranged rooms as he did, the ideal location of the large assembly hall, and showed me the many works of art and pieces of adornment.

As the party seemed to be over, I quietly slipped away to a distant part of the grounds, and giving it one last long look, and thinking that soon I should be there never to leave. I quickly slipped away and the homeward passage was as quickly made as when I came. My body was still in bed asleep, apparently as I had left it, but upon again assuming my human duties I learned that it had not remained asleep the entire time, but had been cutting up capers, much as a naughty child would when left alone. It was quite light in the east when I returned, and was the first day of my new year, my birthday, my fifty-first year.

This is the second of my own seven years and I cannot help but wonder, whether or not I can do anything worthy of mention with the remaining years the Lord has so graciously given to me. This short account could be much longer if I could include the immaterial details such as a description of the flowers, the rare gems, precious metals, the viands and repast, the buildings and arrangement of the grounds, fountains, walks, arbors, statuary, birds, and endless other interesting and beautiful things. A list of those present, or of my line of ancestors reaching back to Mary, the Mother of our Savior, would each of itself require many volumes of books.

But this much I am setting down at this time, that those who read this sometime may know of the wondrous experiences which are mine from time to time, continuously from my earliest childhood. Do I dread to die and pass on to that place God has prepared for those who love him? Dear reader, you may answer that question for yourself and I am quite certain your answer will be correct. Meet me there.

Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide

Holy Spirit, faithful Guide,
Ever near the Christian's side;
Gently lead us by the hand,
Pilgrims in a desert land.

Weary soul, for e'er rejoice,
While they hear that sweetest voice;
Whispering softly, Wanderer come,
Follow Me, I'll lead thee home.

Marcus M. Wells

Spirit

God, as commonly known, the God of the Jews, the Great Spirit of the American Indians, the God of Good as known and worshiped the world over, is a real Being of which man is an imperfect image or copy. He is the God of the Christians or Hebrew Bible, which gives the truest conception of Him I have ever read.

God is a Spirit, a real Father or Ancestor, a true Creator not only of life in all of its forms, but also of everything in the universe, a record of which creation is given briefly, but correctly, as far as it is given in Genesis. But associated with God has always been the Holy Spirit, co-existent with Him in everything and at all times. God and the Holy Spirit work together in all creation. God is male, the Father Spirit. The Holy Spirit is female, the Mother Spirit.

Through creative power God has created everything with the help or cooperation of the Holy Spirit, and without both God and the Holy Spirit nothing has ever been created. Everything is created male and female, or positive and negative, or in two varied kinds, conditions or makeup; otherwise it would be inert, useless, unusable or uncombinable with other created matter, things or beings.

God and the Holy Spirit create in every realm, part or division of the entire universe, but don't often act alone. They are aided by innumerable beings, who have been created for the purpose of companionship, co-operation and co-creation.

The entire universe to the farthest star and beyond is completely filled with the element spirit. This is the something for which scientists have been searching for ages. This is what carries light and heat waves from one portion of the universe to another. Spirit isn't recognizable by any human standards, but at the same time it is that. Call it substance, element, thing, of which everything is made by being properly arranged and combined.

It may be of odorless, colorless, gaseous consistency, as existing in space. The gaseous form might be called *spiritas*. It is evidently the medium of breathing and speech and kindred activities among spiritual beings, and in Heaven. It may be of a liquid or fluid consistency, comparable to water, and so called by John in Revelation. It is that which forms the rivers, streams, lakes, fountains and other similar forms of spiritual things, which are seen to such wonderful advantage in Heaven. We might call the liquid form of spirit, *spiritene*. It may be of a more bulky, thicker or solid nature, under which form it comprises the earth, trees, flowers, stones, and other spiritual creations of like nature in Heaven. The solid form of spirit could be called *spiritite*.

These descriptions of spirit in its various forms and activities are given the best I know how. The names I have invented myself in order to designate them. I know no better way to tell these spiritual realities so that a correct impression may be received or understood by a mortal being, and I am trying to tell it in common language.

But Heaven is built of spirit, seven heavens, grand beyond compare. The air in Heaven is spirit, the whole Heaven and everything in it is spirit. Every being, every person, every element, every animal, every tree, every flower, every sound, every odor, even God Himself, the Holy Spirit, our Savior Jesus Christ, every angel, every celestial being, is spirit. It is all spirit and nothing else but spirit.

We might give the following names to other spiritual things or activities. *Spiritpower*, spiritual power, is the supreme power of the universe. On Earth we call it mental power but in Heaven it is so much greater, so active, or capable that our mental power sinks into insignificance. All spiritual beings possess this power in proportion as God has given it to them. Just how, when, or why, He gives this power, or to whom and in what measure I don't know, but I do know that every spirit entering Beulah Land has this power to some degree.

Spiritalk, spiritual talk, is the communication of one celestial or spiritual being with another when within talking distance. It might be compared to the results obtained by human inventions, such as the telegraph, telephone, television, radio, or other

similar things. But it is different because it gives a complete impression, perfect in every respect, as to all of the senses, both human and spiritual. *Spiritalk*, so called by me, is that which I first discovered in my lonesomeness and solitude, and led me to Heaven and the wonderful experiences which I have had, both there and here on Earth, throughout my entire life.

Spiritism, spiritual attraction is comparable to electrical magnetism, from which comes our electricity. *Spiritism* is the attraction between two forms or kinds of spirit, in every consistency, or form, or combination. It might be called positive and negative as electricity is called. It might be called male and female as living things are called. It is that which is necessary to all creation. It must be. It exists from God to the smallest particle of matter. God is two, the Father and the Holy Spirit. All living things, plants, animals, fish, birds, beasts, and man are two, male and female.

All power is two, negative and positive. Every particle, or molecule, or atom, or minute division, out of which every element is created, is created with the two *spiritisms*, more or less of one or the other being the principle difference in them. I am not a scientist and cannot explain this in scientific terms, but I believe you will know what I mean. Everything spiritual might be called *bi-spiritual*.

I know whereof I speak. I have been in Heaven times without number. I have seen, handled and been with spiritual beings, until they are as much a reality to me as earthly things are to you. As a matter of fact, spiritual things are the basis, the ground, the beginning, the real part, the substance of all earthly things, and to me are much more real than this earthly manifestation of them, for all the earthly activity of the spiritual will cease to exist sometime and only the purely spiritual, the real part will remain.

I have handled spiritual things here on Earth, but I never saw, or was otherwise conscious of an earthly thing in Heaven. All Heaven and everything there is made of spirit, and when I talk about Seven Heavens and describe them, using the language of Earth, I do so only because that is the only way I can tell others here on Earth what I have to tell. But just

remember, when I say I heard the birds singing, it was spiritual birds and spiritual music. When I say I saw a beautiful flower, it was a spiritual flower and a spiritual perfume coming from a spiritually colored beauty.

In all my visits to Heaven I have never seen God, the Heavenly Father. His realm is the seventh Heaven, the place I have called the Great White Throne. I have never seen the Great White Throne. I never will until I have laid aside this fleshly body I now have. But I have seen the Holy Spirit and the Savior many times, not every time I was in Heaven, but many times.

I Corinthians 15:40-44, *There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial; but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another. There is one glory of the sun and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differs from another star in glory. So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption. It is sown in dishonor; it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power; it is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body.*

Spiritual Bodies

There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body. They are about the same in form and shape and appearance. If you were acquainted with the natural body, you would recognize the spiritual body when you saw it. If there is such a thing as soul sleeping, it has never come under my observation. My observation is that the spirit of man immediately returns to God when he dies a natural death. What becomes of those ungodly ones, who have committed the unpardonable sin, I don't know. All spirits come to Beulah Land. Some pass immediately on through, some stop awhile, others remain long periods.

The spirits entering Heaven are of all ages, from the youngest baby to old age, there being this noticeable thing about the hosts of Heaven. They arrive in full maturity and strength and ability, and none are older, or at least not in appearance. It is quite wonderful to meet your old, gray headed grandfather, who only had one limb, and went around on crutches when you knew him and then see a grand noble man in the prime of life with two good limbs. And with him, shall I say a young woman? No, but so much younger than she was when I knew her that I was surprised.

In Heaven all men are in their prime and strength, and the women are all beautiful, with the beauty of love, companionship and helpfulness. And we know them all, without introductions. In fact, in Heaven, all knowledge is ours. We don't need to guess, to ask questions, or to be without any desired knowledge. Families, tribes, clans or classes live together as do husbands, wives, children and relatives. There are family estates. Some are large and some are small. We don't need to be separated from our loved ones. We have no fear of that in Heaven. There is no fear, no disagreeable thought. All work together as God plans and directs. All accept His direction with cheerfulness and pleasure, knowing He does all things well. Everyone is satisfied and gloriously happy.

When you come to Heaven all your troubles are at an end. They are left behind on Earth. Earthly ties of multiple marriages and innumerable other seeming impossibilities melt away like the morning mist before a blazing sun. There is a correct solution to all your troubles, and God solves these through His angels and workers instantly. They simply cease to exist. In Heaven they work singly, in pairs, in groups, and in crowds, from a small crowd to myriads. Husband and wife may be together for a certain task and again the same wife or husband and a son, or daughter, or a grandmother, may be together for certain activities. And so it goes all the time, no discord, no disappointments.

How do they appear? Beautiful first. Men all have smooth faces, no beards or mustaches, and all with flowing hair. No one is maimed or misshapen, or deaf, or blind or lame. All are perfect. All are clothed with beautiful raiment. I think it isn't very much different from earthly clothes in general makeup as I saw groups from many different countries with quaint clothes. But there is a difference: there is no extreme or imperfect fit, no grotesque fashions, but the artistic perfection of the master hand in bringing to view the hidden beauties in the various colors and textiles used. But all is spiritual, all are radiant, all appear white at first glance because of the looks and consistency of all spiritual things. They are not all white, but every beautiful color there is.

They live in houses, mansions, palaces, or whatever you choose to call them. Some house only a few, some only one, and some many thousands. All are architecturally beautiful. They are built of many kinds of material, in many plans and shapes. Some are grouped in cities, but most are scattered. You find them everywhere, in the most unexpected places. You will see a particularly attractive setting of trees and hills and waterway, and wander over that way only to discover that it is the grounds of some home.

These homes and institutions are all over Heaven; thus individuals, or groups, or classes may live near their work or study, or relatives, or nationality. All are busy. Some, most of the time, but most heavenly beings observe a sort of rest and

work schedule which I will give in detail elsewhere. There is a day and a night. The night is shorter than the day and isn't so bright. The spirits don't sleep, but they rest, or stop work, or become inactive. They don't need sleep.

Time is also divided up for them, but not as it is on Earth. In Heaven we have the true six days, and there is a Sabbath, interspersed with true feasts, and periods of worship, as was originally set up by God for man to observe. This I will also state in detail elsewhere. Do they eat? Yes. But why describe the fruit, the vegetables, the nuts, the water etc.? There is no meat eaten in Heaven. There is a glorious association and communion around a common place, and great general feast days that are times of wonderful praise and worship.

The Beautiful River

Shall we gather at the river
Where bright angel feet have trod;
With its crystal tide forever,
Flowing by the throne of God?

Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river,
Gather with the saints at the river,
That flows by the throne of God.

On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silvery spray;
We shall walk and worship ever,
All the happy golden day.

Robert Lowry

Religion

The following statements have been copied from "The Story of My Life," written several years ago. It might be of interest to anyone reading this account of my religious life to know what my conclusions were after my study of the Bible and other religious writings. The following definition of religion I took from dictionaries and it represents the commonly accepted idea of religion.

Religion, from the Latin *religo*: re-again; *logo*: to gather, collect, arrange; *relego*: to collect again. Common definition, and ordinary use: any system of faith, worship, love, piety or obedience toward any God or gods, regarded by its adherents as of divine authority.

From this definition we learn that anything can be religion. As we look around us we soon find out that almost everything has been seized upon, urged as of divine origin or authority and incorporated into some form of religion. Almost every crime or sin known to man is a part of some religion and supposed by them to be of divine origin. In other words, whatever a person thinks is of divine authority constitutes his religion. Religion can be anything and in reality about everything is religion to someone.

There are several positions one can take as a starting point. One position is that these religions are all correct. If one accepts this position, which is the commonly accepted idea, then it will be easily seen that any one can make up their own religion, be their own god, and worship just as they choose. Such an idea is preposterous to me. Another position is that these religions are all wrong. In that case there would be no right religion. This idea is untenable, though there is the possibility that all might be wrong. Another position is that there is one right religion and all the others are wrong. Many people believe this position to be the correct one. Of course it is a possibility, though not a probability. Another position is that all religions are part right and part wrong. This seems to be the

most reasonable position to start from. My reading led me to the following conclusions:

Unless there is a real God, a truly intelligent, all powerful God, Who is actually interested in man, there can be no right religion; all religions, of every kind, should be rejected without exception.

Second – If there is a God or gods and They and Their will can be discovered, that and that alone should govern religious actions.

Third – Nearly all religions have the belief that there is one supreme God. A majority of religions believe in a second and many a third god of like power, but of slightly different authority. Some religions believe in many different gods. Some religions substitute their own ideas or personalities, or those of some other human like themselves, for a god, and worship that. Practically all people believe in some god or religion.

Fourth – The word, Christian as applied to religion ,always seemed acceptable to me. But upon thorough study, I found that it was applied to many religions which differ as much from each other as they do from pagan religions. It was applied to ideas and institutions exactly opposite to each other, to both sides of great religious thoughts and accepted practices, and therefore, as used today, was absolutely worthless as a distinguishing name or mark for anything. When you say a thing is Christian today, it can mean anything or nothing and therefore is to be avoided in every possible way as confusing.

Fifth – I learned about the true God, the One upon Whom the peoples of the world have believed from creation to the present time, and this gave me a starting point which I knew to be absolutely right. The rest can be found out and follows, as truly as day follows night, but the way isn't easy, the truths are many of them new and unacceptable at first, but by rejecting all thoughts and following only facts it may be learned. How I discovered God, and how others may have the same glorious experience, is too long a story to put here. But I will write it out under another heading, "My Spiritual Life," sometime in the

future, if the Lord permits me to do so. Papa's attitude compelled me to accept only facts, not beliefs.

Sixth – There is a right religion. There have been three right religions since creation: the first for all mankind; the second for a small selected group, which was really only an elaboration of the first; and a third for all mankind which was also an elaboration of both the first and the second. In fact, there has been only one right religion, unfolded to man by God in three portions at three different times.

Seventh – There have been many thoughts of God written by men who tried to tell others about God and the right religion. These writings have been more or less successful in their purpose in proportion to the ability of the human writer to record those thoughts. Most of these writings are now lost. Some were very crude and added little to man's religious life. Others had such a command of language, and a clear idea of what they were trying to do that their writings have survived. A few of these can be found in our Bible, written at many different times by many different men. Those writings, in so far as they correctly record God's thoughts, are right. Many conflicting thoughts reflect their human writers.

Eighth – When man was created, he was made to be the companion and helpmate of God and given power to be and do above all other created things. God had definite work for him to do and a definite attitude toward Himself which man was to maintain. This relationship was very close and the association wonderful for many years. One man and his wife rebelled against God because of association with a lesser being which had also rebelled against God. As a natural consequence of this changed attitude toward God and lack of co-operation, man's condition was not so favorable as before. God then gave him definite natural laws to obey, or in other words, defined these natural laws to him immediately, instead of letting man wander in misery for generations, or until he should discover them for himself.

Ninth – These natural laws were as follows:

1. God is the Creator and Him alone must man worship.

2. Observe the correct relationship between each other, which we now call the moral law.
3. Remember other human beings, render aid, relieve distress, work out problems in co-operation.
4. They had robbed God of their life and must, of natural justice or natural law, return to God another life in recompense for it. God allowed man to substitute any reasonable animal life, requiring only the life to be sacrificed, all portions not edible to be burned and any portion fit for human food to be eaten in repentance of their disobedience to God.
5. He promised them that in the fullness of time He would send a Savior, Who would lead them back to God, and give His life in ransom for theirs in place of the life of the animal at the altar.

This original form of worship was, at one time, observed by all people on the face of the Earth, except the Sons of God who had not rebelled against God and still walked and associated with Him as in the creation. In time these married into the families of the Sons of Men, and so forever passed the original state of man's creation.

Tenth – Man's first home was in the Mesopotamian district, and here the Sons of God and the Sons of Men lived and intermarried and the distinction between them ceased to exist. Their association and co-operation with God also passed slowly away and man became scattered over the face of the Earth. God chose a man and his wife from Mesopotamia. The couple was the most like the original Sons of God of any family then living. God chose them to start a new nation through which He could perfect His plan of worship and restore man to his original state through the offering of the Redeemer's life as a ransom for the lives of sinful men, for all races, peoples, nations and individuals.

In the fullness of time, this second form of religious preparation was completed. The Redeemer came, the new or

perfected and complete form of worship was given to man, and the chosen nation, its work now being completed, was scattered over the face of the Earth. It was scattered to lessen the possibility of other nations or peoples ever choosing this second or preparatory worship, and to give the perfected worship a better opportunity to replace the first or original imperfect form.

Eleventh – This Redeemer or Savior was Jesus Christ, Who died to redeem all mankind, of every time and every race and language in all the Earth. The necessary and obligatory portions of this perfected religion was a restatement of most of the original, with the substitution of the Redeemer for the life sacrifices required of every person for the forgiveness of their sins.

The necessary and obligatory portions.

1. Love of God with all your heart
2. Observation of the moral law
3. Love of others as oneself. You would not charge yourself interest on borrowed money, you would not charge yourself rent for land used, nor a profit on anything you purchase. You would not sue yourself at court, you would divide with yourself whatever you had if you needed it, you would go the second mile with yourself. You would forgive yourself seventy times seven if necessary. God's true or right religion requires you to love others as you do yourself.
4. Belief in Christ as God's Son and as a personal Savior from sins.
5. Allow one's old self to die and be buried in a watery grave and arise and walk in a new life, born again of water and the Holy Spirit. (Baptism)
6. After arising from the watery grave, resurrected to a new life, one has an Advocate with the Father, granted by petition or prayer through Christ.
7. From this time forth, live a righteous life before God and man.

Twelfth – I found no church following this right religion. The nearest approach to it was the Church of Christ. They profess to speak where the scriptures speak and remain silent where they remain silent, believe in Christ, be buried in water for the remission of sins and live a consistent moral and religious life. I joined the Church of Christ, and although it isn't perfect, neither am I perfect, and I must of necessity be a member of the Body of Christ. One point I like about them, they don't bind upon you religious beliefs that are not necessary to salvation. They allow you to interpret the scriptures on all non-essential points to your own liking, and they emphasize the fact that there should be only one religious belief on Earth.

(Note: Since writing the above narrative of my religious life about the first of November, 1928, the Holy Spirit gave me permission, on May 4, 1931, to write a narrative of my spiritual life, which I am now preparing and will bind it in a separate volume.)

Christ has stated the moral law which has been obligatory upon all peoples from the beginning of time. This statement does not include those special laws which were placed there for purposes other than general observation.

Luke 18:20, *You shall not kill; You shall not commit adultery; You shall not steal; You shall not bear false witness; Honor your father and your mother.*

Philippians 4:8, *Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.*

Psalms 147:4, *He counts the number of the stars; He calls them all by their names.*

Psalms 90:10, *The years of our lives are three score and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet most of them are labor and sorrow; for life is soon cut off and we fly away.*

Psalms 90:12, *So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts to wisdom.*

Beautiful Zion

Beautiful Zion, built above-
Beautiful city that I love,
Beautiful gates of pearly white;
Beautiful temple – God its light,
He who was slain on Calvary
Opens those pearly gates for me

Beautiful heaven, where all is light;
Beautiful angels, clothed in white.
Beautiful strains that never tire,
Beautiful harps through all the choir.
There shall I join the chorus sweet,
Worshiping at the Savior's feet.

Beautiful crowns on every brow,
Beautiful palms the conquerors show,
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,
Beautiful all who enter there.
Thither I pass with eager feet;
There shall my rest be long and sweet.

Beautiful throne for Christ our King,
Beautiful songs the angels sing,
Beautiful rest – all wanderings cease,
Beautiful home of perfect peace.
There shall my eyes the Savior see;
Haste to this heavenly home with me.

George Gill

The Seven Heavens

Heaven is a grand, glorious, beautiful reality. I cannot command human language sufficient to describe it, nor do I have human feelings or senses capable of fully knowing or enjoying it. Heaven is purely spiritual for the spirits of man and other spiritual beings God has created. To the spiritual it is glorious beyond compare, and seems to be the only place, the natural place to be. One in Heaven knows of nothing besides the spiritual.

Heaven, as a whole, so far as I know, consists of seven main divisions, portions or parts of Heaven. They are not separate but are all one and the same. They are all spiritual; everything there is spiritual. The angels, workers, helpers, beings, by whatever name you choose to call them, that continually carry out the will of God, or in the words of our common expression here on Earth, do the work, are spiritual. What they do isn't work, it is pleasure, recreation, adoration, entrancing activity, willing co-operation in the handling of an infinite universe, by the most wonderful of all rulers, God Himself.

The human beings are spiritual. The ground you walk on, the sky above you, the trees, grass, rocks, and structures about you are all spiritual. Everything is spiritual. Everything is perfect after its kind and its own nature. And by perfect, I mean just that, in color, texture, feeling, sight, smell, hearing, and any other or all other ways in which you might think or imagine them to be. You cannot think or wish them to be better.

Everywhere there is ceaseless activity by myriads, countless thousands or millions or billions, I know not how many, nor how far they go, nor do I see an end to any of the seven realms of Heaven. Nor does there seem to be a special kind of work or activity for man and another kind for angels, or for other created beings. All seem to do everything, and still no one is hurrying, rushing or trying to accomplish his objective in

record time. They have eternity in which to work and accomplish their chosen object, and in my short life I have seen but an infinitesimal part of the whole.

The seven heavens are all spiritual. They are all different yet all the same. Work is being done in all portions by every spirit there, and still there seems to be a constant change of location as of traveling. I could compare it in a sort of way to the work, activities and traffic of a great city. But the comparison falls far short because there is no clamorous noise, discordant notes or unpleasant sounds, but only the sweetest of music, just enough of it.

There is no smoke or grime, no gutters or litter, no men puffing cigarette smoke or spitting tobacco juice on the spotless walks or lawns. There are no drunken men or tired anxious faced women, hurrying to catch cars or busses or to get to work on time. There is no shriek of sirens as fire trucks, police patrol or hospital ambulances whiz by. There is no honking of automobile horns as people jump back or out of the way of hurrying, careless drivers. In these wonderful regions we find only purity, beauty, symmetry and grace. It is the same everywhere throughout the infinite reaches of every portion that I have visited. There is no suggestion of decay, or wear and tear, no dead trees or discarded equipment, no refuse or unwanted things.

The seven heavens are as follows. I have been compelled to give them human names and designations in order to write about them, but these names don't exist in the spiritual world.

First, Beulah Land. I have always called it this since reading *Pilgrim's Progress* when I was 17 years old. It is the great receiving station. Every human spirit enters Heaven through this region. I will merely designate the divisions here and describe them later.

Second, Paradise. The great training school of the spirit.

Third, Radiant Hills and Crystal Gems. The great creative laboratory of elements and substances.

- Fourth, Conservatory of Beauty. The beautiful Heaven of growing plants, vines, trees, shrubs and flowers.
- Fifth, Zoological Gardens. The wonderful region of living things of the water, the land and the air.
- Sixth, Church of the Savior. Where the spirits of the saints hold communion, and all human spirits advance to their ultimate glory, power and activities.
- Seventh, Great White Throne. The source of the River of Life, the home of God, the Holy Spirit and Their Son, our Savior, the seat of government, the central office or directing point for all spiritual power and activities.

These seven heavens blend almost imperceptibly into each other, no distinct dividing line or point is noticeable. There is rather a sense of one great unit, made up of seven fitting portions. To illustrate what I mean, there were so many babies and small children continually coming and meeting relatives and angels in Beulah Land, that one scarcely knows just where it ends. The principle activity there is child welfare and training. Also, on beyond Paradise, in the Heaven of beautiful stones, wonderful mountains, lakes, hills and infinite varieties of all elemental things, great groups of children gathered. Angels played with, worked with, carried and caressed them. Glorified beings came and went incessantly. Everywhere there was great life, activity, beauty and cleanliness. Perfection seemed everywhere apparent.

In the fourth Heaven, the realm of beautiful growing plants, the great forests and meadows not only came down into the mineral realm where children delighted to gather the flowers and other beautiful plants and leaves, but it also spread over the fifth Heaven.

The sixth Heaven had the least distinguishable borders, if we could call them such. There were myriads of people being with and working with the animals, and many pets being the constant companions of both the adult and the young. And while there were no animals in the seventh Heaven, still people, angels and celestial beings came and went freely from one to the other.

The borders seemed to me to be similar to state, county or township borders here with us. Although they mark a dividing

line, still they don't hinder or interfere in any way with progress or activities, though in all cases marking a change in general characteristics.

Beulah Land

I've reached the land of corn and wine,
And all its riches freely mine;
Here shines undimmed one beautiful day,
For all my night has passed away.

Chorus

O Beulah Land, sweet Beulah Land,
As on the highest mount I stand,
I look away, across the sea,
Where mansions are prepared for me;
And view the shining glory shore,
My heaven, my home for evermore.

My Savior comes and walks with me,
And sweet communion here have we;
He gently leads me by His hand,
For this is Heaven's border land.

As sweet perfume upon the breeze,
Is borne from ever-vernal trees;
And flowers that, never fading grow,
Where streams of life forever flow.

The zephyrs seem to float to me,
Sweet sounds of Heaven's melody;
As angels with the white robed throng,
Join in the sweet redemption song.

Edgar Page

John 3:5-6, *Jesus answered, saying to him, "Truly, truly, I say to you, If a man is not born of water and the Spirit, he cannot enter unto the kingdom of God. What is born of flesh is flesh; and what is born of the Spirit is spirit."*

Revelation 14:6, *And I saw another angel fly in the midst of Heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach to those who dwell on the Earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue and people.*

Mark 10:13-16, *And they brought little children to Him, that He might touch them; but His disciples rebuked those who brought them. But when Jesus saw it, He was displeased, and He said to them, "Allow the little children to come to Me, and do not forbid them; for the kingdom of God is for such as these. Truly, I say to you, Whoever does not receive the Kingdom of God like a little child shall not enter it." Then He took them in His arms, put His hand on them and blessed them.*

Rest For the Weary

He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand
For my stay shall not be transient,
In that holy, happy land.

William Hunter



Figure 1. Drawing and water color showing the extent of the Seven Heavens and the River of Life.

Beulah Land

Beulah Land is the great receiving station of Heaven, the first or lowest of the seven heavens or portions of which Heaven consists. Here come all people, old and young, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, black and white, when they leave their earthly body, with the exception of those that have sinned against the Holy Spirit. These don't come to Beulah Land, nor to any other portion of Heaven, but to another region, where I cannot say. I didn't see it, nor did I hear it mentioned nor discussed. There seems to be no thought given to it by those in Heaven.

Beulah Land is the most like Earth of any of the seven heavens, in fact seeming to be another Earth, gloriously beautiful, beyond compare. There seems to be endless thoroughfares, innumerable dwellings, mammoth cathedrals or churches, homes and landscaped grounds everywhere. Flowers, trees, grass, walks, gems, rocks, are all lovely in themselves, but their grandeur is heightened by the glorified people and heavenly host of angels and workers everywhere present and busy.

In great open spaces or parks enormous crowds gather and listen to music and talks or addresses by heavenly beings. A distant music seems to everywhere fill the silence we would experience on Earth in such a large setting, away from the noise of city life and strife. The activities of Beulah Land are of two different kinds, though of the same nature.

Here babies and small children are reared and seem to be growing normally, very much as children on Earth. Homes, dwellings and places of congregation are everywhere. Angels, helpers, nurses, and mothers, whatever you might call them, are busy with their various charges and responsibilities. Everywhere is the ring of childish laughter, play and recreation. In many cases mothers care for their very own children, in other cases relatives, and in most cases interested people. But all seem equally attentive and capable, and work and pleasure move forward together without discord.

Here children remain until about seven years old, or until the early teens, when they begin to advance into the other regions, taking up more mature study, investigation and development. Their new birth comes before they leave Beulah Land for any definite time or purpose.

The other principle activity is concerning those individuals who come to Beulah Land more mature, who no longer require parental care or oversight. These are they who have not committed the unpardonable sin by refusing to be born again. Mistaken, mistaught, unguided, sinful, willful, selfish, they stop here until they bow the knee, learn the truth of Christ, accept His Lordship and are born again. At first they just naturally bunch together, very much as our old saying, 'Birds of a feather, flock together.' They are given the instruction they need and see the glories and reality of the spiritual life. As they grow in grace, they are advanced from spiritual milk of the Word to stronger spiritual meat until they see the entire scheme of redemption as planned by God. They accept Christ as their sinbearer and are one by one led into the River of Life, there being born anew, emerging new creatures in Christ Jesus.

Revelation 22:14, *Blessed are these who do His commandments, that they may have the right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.*

John 6:45, *For it is written in the prophet, "They shall all be taught by God. Everyone therefore who hears from the Father and learns from Him will come to Me."*

Isaiah 54:13, *And all your children shall learn of Me; and great shall be the peace of your children.*

I Will Sing You a Song

I will sing you a song
Of that beautiful land,
The far away home of the soul;
Where no storms ever beat
On that glittering strand,
While the years of eternity roll.

Oh, that home of the soul
In my visions and dreams,
It's the bright jasper walls I can see;
Till I fancy but thinly,
The veil intervenes,
Between the fair city and me.

Oh, how sweet it will be
In that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain;
With songs on our lips
And with harps in our hands,
To meet one another again.

Helen H. Gates

In The Garden

I come to the garden alone
While the dew is still on the roses;
And the voice I hear falling on my ear,
The son of God discloses.

Chorus

And He walks with me
And He talks with me
And He tells me I am His own;
And the joy we share, as we tarry there,
None other has ever known.

He speaks and the sound of His voice
Is so sweet the birds hush their singing;
And the melody that He gave to me
Within my heart is ringing.

I'd stay in the garden with Him
Though the night around me be falling
But He bid me go through the voice of woe,
His voice to me is calling.

C. A. Miles

Paradise

No one of necessity remains in Beulah Land after their new birth. Most of them immediately pass into Paradise, which is in truth and reality a true paradise. Absolute freedom for a time, rare beauties, new feelings, thoughts, sensations and aspirations are the lot of those who continually praise God for their change from their former mode of life.

Early youth is mostly spent in Paradise, its setting being ideal for the development of all the powers of the spirit. Playgrounds abound. They are not the kind we are used to seeing, but great stretches of lawns and parks, landscaped with trees, flowers, fountains, lakes, walks and other heavenly beauties. Here the new born spirits find out their several abilities, those things for which they are best fitted, or in which they delight. It is in reality a great school, comprising departments and avenues of investigation, participation in which is a rare pleasure.

Nor is choice compulsory. Many spend ages in Paradise, choosing rather to be, as it were, laboratory scholars or teachers and guides to the untold multitudes who throng every avenue and institution. Here all mingle freely, but just naturally the younger set seems to bunch or clique together under the leadership of heavenly helpers.

Nor is beauty or grandeur sacrificed for the utilitarian. Rather the utilitarian is made a thing of beauty and desirability. Nothing is over emphasized; nothing shunned or felt beneath one's thoughts or ambitions. From here go the spiritual guides, helpers, workers or creators, I know not what to call them, who carry on the activities of the spirit in the next three heavens, each of its special kind, but each partaking in the nature of all the others, and blended into them as one glorious whole.

Just Over the River

Just over the river,
I'm told is the city of God;
Its gates are of pearl
And its streets are of gold,
And by glorified beings they're trod.
And Jesus my Savior
Has gone to that city,
A place for His own to prepare.
In the house of the Father
The mansions are many
And one is awaiting me there.

Chorus

Just over the river
That beautiful city I see;
Just over the river,
A place in that city for me.

Just over the river,
The city that knoweth no night.
It needeth no sun
Neither needeth the moon,
For the glory of God is its light.
In that city are loved ones
Awaiting my coming,
Expectant they stand on the shore;
Oh when shall I enter
My mansion in Heaven,
A pilgrim to roam nevermore.

Robert Spurgin

Revelation 21:1-4, *And I saw a new Heaven and a new Earth; for the first Heaven and the first Earth had passed away; and the sea was no more. And I saw the holy city, New Jerusalem, coming down from God, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a great voice from Heaven saying, "Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people, and the very God shall be with them and be their God. And He shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor wailing, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things have passed away."*

Radiant Hills and Crystal Gems

The Child of a King

My father is rich
 In houses and lands,
 He holdeth the wealth
 Of the world in His hands;

Of rubies and diamonds
 Of silver and gold
 His coffers are full
 He has wealth untold.

My father's own son,
 The Savior of man,
 Once wandered o'er Earth
 As the poorest of them.

But now He is reigning
 Forever on high,
 And will give me a home,
 In the sweet by and by.

But I've been adopted
 My name's written down,
 As heir to a mansion,
 A robe and a crown.

A tent or a cottage
 Why should I care?

They're building a palace
For me over there;

Though exiled from home,
Yet still I may sing
All glory to God
I'm the child of a king.

Hattie E. Buell

My father is rich
In houses and lands.

The writer of the above words, taken from the familiar hymn we sing in church, tells a far more literal or actual truth than most people who sing them realize. God's riches, in every desirable and beautiful thing, are unlimited and immeasurable. In this part of Heaven, which I have chosen to call Radiant Hills and Crystal Gems, God's material riches, in the form of combinations of elements, are particularly attractive and entrancing.

I first saw the Radiant Hills in the distance, very similar in outline against their peculiar background to the rocky mountains, chains and peaks here on Earth. But they were very different in appearance. In the first place there is no haze in Heaven. Everything appears clear, clean and pure, in its natural colors, without the dimming smoke or gas or dust of Earth. Distant objects are as plain to view as those close by. Nothing is hidden because of distance or obstructions.

These hills seem to be storehouses of the elements, such as nickel, gold, platinum, copper, tin, sulfur, and all the rest. I mention these because it most nearly expresses what it looks like. It may not be any of these, but it could be all of them. The spiritual form of all these things is what might be called semitransparent or translucent. They seem to reflect light. Some radiate light and some glow with a soft incandescent light as if they might be hot. They are of different colors and different sizes and shapes and viewed from different angles and different distances. They present a kaleidoscopic appearance, ever changing, ever new, ever clear and beautiful.

The beauty and wonder increases as you approach them, as the smaller details are more wonderful than the appearance of the distant mass. They are found to have valleys, streams, and elevated parks and plateaus. But even in smaller detail and closer inspection this wonderful beauty is ever present, bringing new thrills at each new discovery.

The sands along the streams, the boulders over which the rivulets play and sparkle, the pebbles along the bank, at the side of the paths, and anywhere and everywhere you may go, are of

the same nature or substance - clear, beautiful, sparkling and radiant. I have picked up and admired numberless of these which I choose to call Crystal Gems. My family has had considerable amusement and fun at my expense for many years over what they call "Charlie's Agates". But they have never known what they mean to me or what associations they recall.

As I strolled along heavenly streams and rivulets in wonderful mountain formations, and handled the real Crystal Gems, I learned to admire them. My earthly agates and associated ideas are only memories and reminders of the Crystal Gems of Heaven.

Once on returning to Earth, for some unaccountable reason, I had retained one of these gems. It was of a milky whiteness similar to colored glass. Just why I brought it with me I don't know. Purely accidental I suppose. I had it in my hand when I returned. I placed it in my precious black box, but it didn't stay there. Although I could handle it and it had shape, I couldn't see it. As it was of pure spirit, it was lighter than our air. It escaped me when I laid it down. Some days later I recovered it lying against the ceiling of my room. I placed it in a small tin can, a coffee essence can of Grandma's, and this again I placed in my black box. I used care in handling it and had it in my possession for several months. But one day it was missing and upon inquiry I learned that someone had been into my box and had opened the coffee essence can. No amount of searching ever found it.

This region isn't all crystal by any means, but these elemental things abound. Here have been built immense laboratories or schools, institutions, cathedrals; I hardly know what to call them. This is where men study these things, work with them, create, re-create, combine and change, very much as in a chemical laboratory with us. But the worship of God, the beauty of holiness is everywhere present. The homes or residences or places of abode and rest of countless hosts, are scattered everywhere over the landscape. These places include lawns, trees, flowers and landscaping, incomparable to any save other heavenly beauties and creations.

Here come the youth of Heaven In countless thousands, in enormous groups, with leaders, and saints and heavenly creatures to direct the work. One group will be young people and another will be mature; one will be all Negro and another all Eskimo; one will be all Russian and another all Spanish or English or some other; countless different groups and aggregations. But there are no fixed or obligatory segregations. It isn't different from the other heavens in this respect, but seems to be a little more noticeable here because they study in institutions and classes. In all the higher heavens there seems to be more individuality and smaller special groups. As the spirit grows in knowledge and adaptability it does also in freedom and individual action.

Reaching into the Radiant Hills are great reaches or valleys of vegetation from the next Heaven, as there is also along the foothills or low valleys lying next to Paradise. These all lend their entrancing beauty to the setting of this practical portion of a beautiful Heaven.

Through all these heavens flows the River of Life, wide, crystal pure, almost absolutely transparent, shallow at the banks but deep in the great channel which ever flows onward. I don't know where it goes. It starts at the Great White Throne and flows everywhere throughout Heaven.

Along its banks grow wonderful plants, not a mass of undergrowth and tangled weeds as we are used to, but trees, bushes and flowering plants and not just on the banks, but reaching back into the hills, along the numerous valleys and on the open country and plains.

There is just enough and so arranged as to give an ever present, ever changing realization of the grandeur, the power and majesty of God. He is worshipped continually everywhere throughout Heaven

The Soul's Sweet Home

I have heard of the joy
Of the soul's sweet home,
Where the weary and way-worn
At last shall come.

And the light of its beauty
I long to see,
When the glory of Heaven
Shall shine on me.

Oh, the soul's sweet home;
Oh, the city fair,
Through the golden gates
We shall enter there.

Oh, the light of its beauty
I long to see,
When the glory of Heaven
Shall shine on me.

In that harbor of rest
Are the white, white sails,
Of the ships that have weathered.
The bitter gales.

And they strive no more
As at peace they lie,
For the storms of the earth-life
Have all passed by.

To that wonderful land,
With its fadeless flowers,
With its beautiful birds
And its perfumed bowers;

We are sailing on,
And the years are few,
Ere its harbor of rest
Shall appear in view.

Mrs. A. L. Davidson

To God, the Father, Son
And Spirit, One in Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And ever shall be.

John Wesley.



Figure 2. Taking Pictures at the Beach



Figure 3. Hunting agates on the beach near Bellingham, Washington.

The Conservatory of Beauty.

As you advance from one Heaven to another your wonder and amazement increases because each seems more beautiful and entrancing than the one before. The Radiant Hills and Crystal Gems are beautiful and wonderful, and the study and activity present there is a necessary part of the eternal purposes of God, because these elements are the essential foundation and starting point of every planet, star, and world, or other heavenly body in all the universe. Facility in the changing and handling of simple elements and their combinations seems to be a necessary accomplishment of those who handle the formation and activities of countless heavenly bodies, of comet, meteor, star, satellite, or distant sun.

But interesting as they are, they are necessary as a foundation, for from them all the higher forms of creation are made. You are lost in feelings of reverence and awe, and open-eyed astonishment as you advance beyond the limits of this region and begin to see the glorious plants and flowers that grow in the next, or second stage in creation. First, the simple

element; second, the making of a living plant from those elements.

You wonder where you are. The wonderful masses of different shades of green you had seen in the distance, merely as a portion of the landscape, upon approach are seen to be trees and other vegetation of every conceivable kind. You don't remember seeing any of these varieties, although they seem to closely resemble familiar plants on Earth, but such a difference! All are spirit. All are in nature's brightest or clearest colors. They are not transparent as crystals, but partake of that nature to an extent which makes them gloriously, radiantly beautiful. All sizes, shapes and colors of every kind grow in profusion. Ferns as tiny as Maiden-hair, and as large as tall trees tower away above, with the fine network of leaves reaching in every direction,

There are trees as small as potted plants and as big as anything seen here on Earth and larger and of all different varieties, kinds or species, They don't seem to be crowded together and grow tall and spindling with all the lower limbs dead as here on Earth., Each tree, fern, plant or flower has enough room and receives enough light to develop normally and to its natural size and shape.

The flowers are everywhere. They are not underfoot, nor in the paths, walks or passageways, whatever one would like to call them, but to the side, in the valleys, on the hills, between the larger trees and plants. Many trees bear blooms, some large, some small. Many trees bear fruit, similar in many respects to our fruit, but still different. They all seem to be ripe, even the smallest. The colors of the masses of flowers in the great patches or beds are truly gorgeous. Great stretches are seen of white, pink, yellow, red and all the various tints and hues of the rainbow, and then you have not nearly named them all.

But the trees, plants and flowers are not all there is in this Heaven by any means. These forests, gardens, stretches of varicolored flowers and shrubs are not growing wildly or promiscuously. They are the landscaping of the heavenly mansions prepared for those who love the Lord. They are endless in number, all alike in being beautiful, graceful and

pleasant, but still there are no two alike. Each home or family site or estate seems to have its own peculiarities according to the likes and dislikes, ideas and desires of the present or future tenants. The country seems to be divided into immense tracts, or estates or countries.

Mary's descendents seem to inhabit a particularly glorious section of this Heaven. I have chosen to call her particular region Mary's Land. But this is merely a name I have given it. It isn't a distinct country. Something is going on all the time, no idleness, still no hurry, no bustle, no noise, but a sweet heavenly music. Into this region come some animals from the next Heaven. Many places have common domestic pets and animals we are in the habit of having around on Earth, but not all. Those seem to be the estates of people who want them.

Angels come and go, birds sing in the trees, doves coo from nearby covers, workers are everywhere on duty bent. They are going to or coming from their homes and laboratories to see or to go to or from places of prayer or worship, or to depart to distant areas for their part in God's eternal purposes in the vast universe of which Heaven is the center of activity and control.

Here most are full grown, mature people or beings. They seem of the same age, I should say about thirty or thirty-five, although I have seen many younger ones here, some quite young. I don't think there is any fixed rule or regulation about this or about anything else in Heaven, but all seem to know where to go, what to do, when to work, when to rest, and when to engage in active audible worship of God.

From the first time I saw this wonderful Conservatory of Beauty, I have loved flowers. I have raised them at every opportunity. I have desired sprouts, or slips, or roots, or seeds of these earthly forms of what, in Heaven, are real beauties beyond compare. These earthly flowers make me think of the beautiful riot of blooms in Heaven. My family has never known what flowers mean to me. They grow in borders along the paths in Grandpa's heavenly home. Grandpa walks down these paths, young and handsome, as straight as a youth with no limp and no cane. I can see him yet as he walked across the perfect lawn

toward the flowers which were banked in great beds below the trees and shrubs at the side.

I cannot name these flowers. I never heard names for them. Everyone seems to know what they are and take them as a part of their Heaven, but to one who doesn't live in Heaven they are a wonder. I might call some of the flowering small trees, roses, or some of the shrubs, snowballs or lilac or rhododendron, but even that will not describe them for they far transcend in beauty and fragrance all earthly flowers.

I don't know what Grandpa and Grandma are doing in Heaven. They have what we might call a palace. Their grounds are extensive and their household is large. There are many relatives and many angels. I rather think they are still resting from their earthly labors. Their children have not all come home yet so I presume their activities are not yet definite. But they are supremely happy. Grandpa is in that, "Home Over There," I have heard him sing about so often in church. He is enjoying the blessings he used to read about in his Bible every evening before retiring.

Grandma is in reality a beautiful woman in the full prime of maturity. No old age, no weak eyes, no misery in her arms or head or back. She is just supremely and divinely beautiful and happy. I could write volumes about her, but what is the use? One thing is sure though, my earthly tears as I write this will never mar her happiness or joy. She lives where love is supreme. Their home is in Mary's Land as Grandma is a descendent of Mary the Mother of our Savior. In another place I plan on giving an explanation of this line of ancestors of Grandma. (*I didn't get it in this book.*)

Here I just want to leave you a short but correct impression of the portion of Heaven which seems to have the most, "Homes Over There," for the faithful ones who come from the Earth, the Conservatory of Beauty.

The Home Over There

O think of the home over there,
By the side of the river of light;
Where the saints all immortal and fair,
Are robed in their garments of white.

O think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod;
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
In their home in the palace of God.

I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of the journey I see;
Many dear to my heart over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.

D. W. C. Huntington

Leviticus 25:36, *You shall not take a discount of him or usury.*

Leviticus 25:23, *Surely, the land shall not be sold outright.*

Matthew 5:22, *But I say to you, "Whoever becomes angry with his brother for no reason is guilty before the court."*

Matthew 6:25, *Do not worry for your life, what you will eat, and what you will drink, nor for your body, what you will wear.*

Matthew 5:42, *Whoever asks from you, give him; and whoever wishes to borrow from you, do not refuse him.*

Matthew 5:41, *Whoever compels you to carry a burden for a mile, go with him two.*

There at my Savior's side
Heaven is my home,
I shall be glorified;
Heaven is my home,
There with the good and the blest,
Those I love most and best,
I shall forever rest,
Heaven is my home.

J. R. Taylor.

Zoological Gardens

I must tell about the next Heaven, but I will try to make a little shorter description. It is beautiful as all the heavens are, but although the country itself, its scenery and walks, trees and plants, are just as grand as in other parts, these don't attract our attention as they did at first.

My first glimpse of this Heaven was of a vast open space, like a meadow, or prairie, or tableland. It reminded me of the flat country in western Kansas. But there were countless animals grazing or sleeping, lying or standing in bunches or herds. I cannot tell what they were. I know no name to fit them. Possibly hundreds of different kinds of four footed animals, large and small, with horns and without them, such as cattle, deer, buffalo, and I know not what others to compare them with, but similar.

All are peaceable. They had neither fear nor particular interest in us as we went among them admiring their glossy coats, transparent horns and hooves, and beautiful coloring. They seemed to be eating grass, but I looked and could see no place that I thought a single blade of grass had been broken or bitten off. It seemed as perfect after as before.

But it was not all meadow. There are valleys, streams, a vast sea or lake whose distant shore was many, many, I was going to say hundreds of miles away, but I don't know how to

measure distance in Heaven. At any rate, the lake was larger than any lake I ever saw before. I could see the other side, but it was a long way away. There are mountains and hills, caves and grottoes, dens and burrows. Everywhere there is life, animal life of every conceivable kind.

All seem to live peaceably together. There are no flesh-eating animals. They all live on plants and vegetation. None are afraid of you as you approach, and none offer to harm you. At first I had a tendency to hold back as we came near to those animals, but I soon learned there is nothing harmful in Heaven.

How shall I describe them? There are millions of birds everywhere. Fish, water animals and water fowl live in every waterway. Trees are full of climbing animals with many peculiar animal noises. Animals, large and small, were everywhere. Very few of the forms were familiar to me. I believe they are the created animals of all ages that are kept here as a permanent collection for study, observation and experimentation, as in the other heavens of plants and elements. There are very few buildings and possibly none of these are permanent homes. Workers, angels with children, helpers, students and others come and go. Countless numbers of people are seen everywhere. You meet them in the great caves admiring the soft fur of some wolf-like animal, or in the depth of the forest, chattering back to a bunch of ape-like creatures, or on the banks of a beautiful stream, waving their hands to the myriads of swan-like or duck-like birds.

So it is throughout this region. All activity seems to be under the control of heavenly workers. All animals live together in peace and harm no one, nor each other. Nowhere did I see restraint being exercised over any of the animals. They were all loose and free to come and go anywhere or do anything they chose to do.

It was wonderful, but a different kind of wonder, and it impressed me differently than any of the other Heavens. I often think of these scenes, as described in our Bible, and wonder whether or not the writers actually were in Heaven and saw the lion and the lamb lying down together. I presume that the very scenes I saw, they saw with their own eyes. I don't think for

a single minute that I am the only mortal who has been to Heaven and seen these wonderful things.

I cannot sing the glorious hymns of the Church on Earth and not think in my heart that the writers of many of these hymns knew what they were writing about. They surely have seen what I saw.

Isaiah II:6-8, *The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the ox shall feed together; and a little child shall lead them. The cow and the bear shall feed together; and their young ones shall grow up together; and the lion shall eat straw like the ox. The suckling child shall play with the serpent, and the weaned child shall put his hand into the hole of the asp.*

Hark, Ten Thousand Harps

Hark, ten thousand harps and voices,
Sound the note of praise above.
Jesus reigns, and Heaven rejoices,
Jesus reigns, the God of love.
See, He sits on yonder throne.
Jesus rules the world alone.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen.

Thomas Kelly

Church of the Savior

This is the sixth Heaven. It does not have great mountains and valleys, great prairies and tablelands, nor great rivers and lakes, but is a land of gently rolling hills and glens. During the early part of my life I always called this Heaven 'Glenwood'. That is a beautiful and fitting name, but it isn't so appropriate as it does not emphasize the main feature, which is the Church. But because of this association I have always liked the name 'Glenwood' very much.

It is the place of worship. Here every race and tribe, every tongue, every country and countless individuals have their churches or places of worship. They are of every form of architecture imaginable. They know that God does not dwell in their structures, that they are merely convenient meeting places where they may meet as groups, or come as individuals at any time.

There is ceaseless activity and worship in these churches or shrines, but it is greatest during the evening and morning worship hours when it is filled to overflowing with countless thousands every seventh day. Consult the heavenly calendar chapter for times of worship.

The size of many of the churches struck me with amazement. Some are large enough to accommodate a small nation. Some of them are so large that the farther portions are almost lost to view amid the landscaping, trees and vines, They are gloriously beautiful with exquisite workmanship and perfect proportions. The stones must have been brought from the Radiant Hills. Workmen have the spiritual power to do this beautiful work. I would like to work on such a building. The inside is more beautiful than any dream of the imagination with rich furnishings like precious metals and precious stones. I don't know what they are but I know what they look like.

The River of Life flows through this Heaven, as it does through all of the heavens. It is wide but there are no bridges. There is no need of them. You go where you desire to go. You need no conveyance, no roads, bridges, boats, nor automobiles. You go now and you are there now. But there are roads to walk on everywhere and they are used all the time. Not everyone desires to change location in the twinkling of an eye. Many find great pleasure in the beautiful parks and among the flowers along the walks and scattered about the lawns. Also, there are boats on the river, not from necessity, but for pleasure, and in the river many bathe. Many swim out in its crystal depths. More walk out into it in the shallows along the bank, or on the glistening sand and pebbles of Crystal Gems. All are fully clothed and no one seems to get wet. They enjoy the pleasures but don't have the inconveniences to endure.

I am wandering away from my subject when I tell of these things I have seen. I am supposed to be telling about the Church in particular. In all of these churches various groups meet upon all regular worship days and hours of devotion. (*I will explain the days of worship and the calendar in another place and not take space for it here.*)

There is a place, which I first thought to be a wonderful flower garden, laid out in designs with small low flowers, so small that you walk over them with no seeming injury, as over a deep velvet carpet. It might be called a flower lawn. It is circular in shape and several miles across. It sloped gently and regularly to the center from all sides, like it might have been the bed of a former lake. It was divided into eight equal portions with broad roads running toward the center, as we would cut a pie in eight pieces. Other paths ran in circles, round and round, cutting it up into small areas or long narrow circular beds.

These beds of flower gardens were carpeted with designs made of these small flowers, or flower lawn. It was a beautiful sight and the air was filled with the sweet scent of the acres of flowers. Around the outside was a very broad road and on the inside of this road next to the flower garden were columns and structures, built as a border or edge to the whole design. We walked down to the center, looking at the different designs, which were of a nature suggesting worship and adoration of God. At the center I found a large raised platform and a circular row of seats around the edge. There was no roof or cover over any portion of this huge bowl.

This is the Church of the Savior. These flower lawns are where the people gather to worship. They sit or stand on the lawn in this immense bowl. The congregation proper occupies seven sections of the bowl, while the angel chorus and the heavenly musicians occupy the eighth section. This is used as a general meeting place every fiftieth day and on other worship days as seen by referring to the calendar elsewhere.

Here the Savior of men meets them face to face. Here they pray. Here they sing hymns of praise and adoration to Him, and to God, and to the Holy Spirit. Here the angelic choir and heavenly musicians lead the music of praise and worship. Here

is held Communion every time they gather. There are no deacons passing plates and cups. There is no appreciable time taken up with holy Communion Service. Each individual seemed to come with a small cup of wine and a small piece of bread, or loaf, and all partook at the same time, as the Savior was blessing it. He and all those on the platform also had a cup and partook with the rest.

Sometimes He talks, sometimes other members of the group on the platform talk. I don't know who all the group on the platform were, but I know the apostles were there, and a great number of the prophets, the Holy Spirit, and Mary the Mother of our Savior. Who the others were I cannot say. God I did not see. The meeting is mostly prayers, praise and worship, the singing of hymns and spiritual songs, and the playing of sacred music. The choir often sang without the others joining them. Only a few moments of time were occupied in gathering into the beautiful church, and they disbursed almost as rapidly. Still there was a sprinkling of people everywhere who didn't care to leave with the rest.

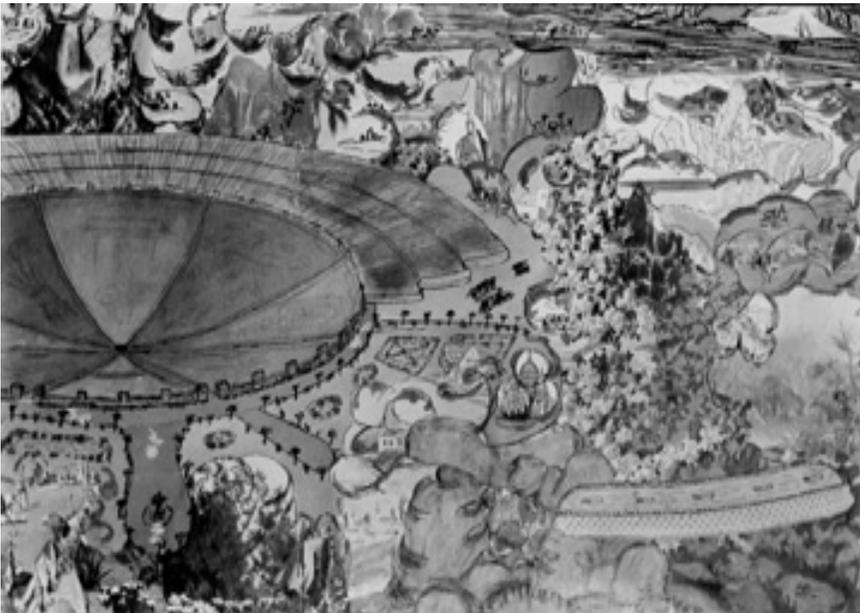


Figure 4. Watercolor of the Church of the Savior.

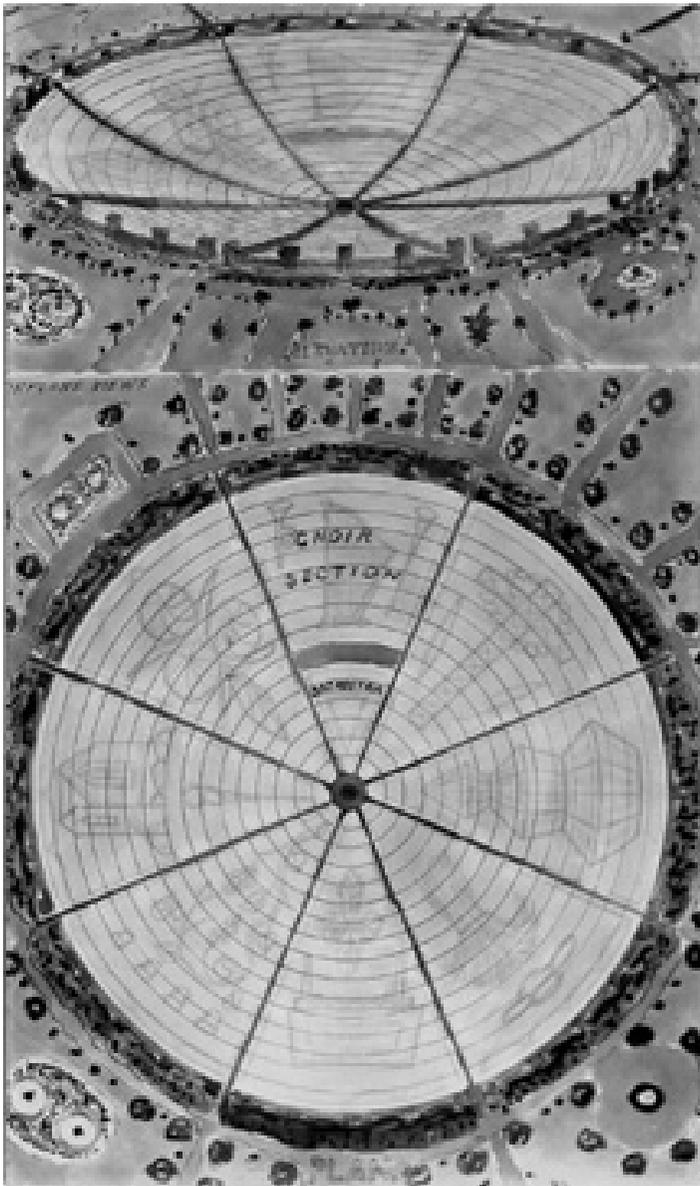


Figure 5. Diagram of the Church of the Savior.

A Sweetly Solemn Thought

A sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
Today I'm nearer to my home,
Than e'er I've been before.

Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
And nearer to the Great White Throne,
Nearer the crystal sea.

Nearer the bound of life,
Where falls my burden down;
Nearer to where I leave my cross,
And where I gain my crown.

Savior, confirm my trust,
Complete my faith in Thee;
And let me feel as if I stood,
Close to eternity.

I feel as if now my feet,
Were slipping o'er the brink;
For I may now be nearer home,
Much nearer than I think.

Phoebe Cary

Psalms 150, *Praise the Lord. Praise God in His sanctuary; Praise Him in the firmament of His power. Praise Him for His mighty acts; praise Him according to His excellent greatness. Praise Him with the sound of the trumpet; praise Him with psaltery and harp. Praise Him with the timbrel and pipe; praise Him with sweet stringed instruments. Praise Him upon loud cymbals; praise Him with a mighty song. Let everything that has breath praise the Lord. Praise the Lord.*

Revelation 21:10-13, *And he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and showed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem descending out of Heaven from God having the glory of God, radiant as a brilliant light, resembling a very precious gem, like a jasper stone, clear as crystal. It had a great wall and high and it had twelve gates with names inscribed thereon, which are the names of the twelve tribes of the Children of Israel. On the east were three gates; on the north three gates, on the south three gates, and on the west three gates.*

Revelation 21:16-21, *And the city was laid foursquare, the length the same as the breadth; and he measured the city with the reed, twelve furlongs, twelve thousand paces. And the length and breadth and height were equal. And he measured the wall thereof, a hundred and forty and four cubits, according to the measure of a man, that is, of the angel. And the wall was constructed of jasper; and the city itself was pure gold, resembling clear glass. And the foundations of the wall of the city were adorned with all kinds of precious stones. The first foundation was jasper, the second, sapphire, the third, chalcedony, the fourth emerald. The fifth was sardonyx, the sixth sardius, the seventh chrysolite, the eighth beryl, the ninth topaz, the tenth a chrysoprasus, the eleventh jacinth, the twelfth amethyst. And the twelve gates were adorned with twelve pearls, one for each of the gates, and each gate was made of a single pearl, and the great street of the city was of pure gold, as it were transparent glass.*

Revelation 21:23, *The city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it, for the glory of God brightens it, and the Lamb is the lamp of it.*

The Great White Throne

I have called the seventh Heaven, the Great White Throne, because this is where God's throne, or seat of government is located. I have never seen God, the Great White Throne, if there is one, or the interior of the place where God, the Holy Spirit and the Savior live. I doubt very much if there is a throne in the sense we understand it. Unless I am very much mistaken in my conclusions, which are based upon observation of His Son our Savior, His Mother Mary; the Holy Spirit, as well as the great host of heavenly beings, God isn't a stern Ruler or King to be feared and to whom one is compelled to do homage.

God is a loving, tender, compassionate Father, guiding the progress of the universe and everything in it through His perfect power and knowledge. He understands as well the heart of man. He created him. He knows what he is and what he can and will do. He knows every passion and love and desire.

In all the years I have roamed through Heaven, and all the spirits I have seen and talked with, there has never been even the suggestion or thought that it was necessary to exercise any restraining or disciplinary measures in the spiritual realm and activities. God's great love holds all spirits to the right way, as we say figuratively, in the shadow of His wing, there is love.

God has created other intelligent beings besides angels and human beings. They are called by various names in the Bible by those who have written of them: Seraphim, Cherubim, Archangel, Beast etc. I will not try to describe them as I might give a wrong impression. But I will say this much. They are entirely different from human beings. They are not all created in the image of God, but they are beautiful, intelligent, useful beings, busy all the time about their Lord's business. Read the Bible accounts of those things. But there are many other beings in the seventh Heaven not mentioned in our Bible.

Elsewhere I may draw a diagram, roughly representing, as nearly as I can show it, the arrangement and extent of Heaven. By reference to this diagram you will see that there are no ends to Heaven, just as there are no ends to the Earth. But there is

this difference, on Earth we live and move over a very thin, or outside portion of the Earth. Heaven is many, many times greater, and each region of Heaven is many times thicker, or bigger across or through than the Earth, and all portions are used equally throughout its entire body or mass. Possibly I could explain it better by saying that there is no up and down, no length, breadth or thickness, but the spirits walk up or down, straight or diagonally or on the level. They go where they will. There is no law of gravity in Heaven, but there is perfect order.

The seventh Heaven is the largest of them all, the outermost, the closest to the stars and the great universe God loves and controls. I don't know how far it extends. I have never seen a limit or an end in any direction. Like the Earth, it is so large that its surface, if it had a surface, would appear flat. And it does appear flat, but the surfaces are so numerous, I was going to say as the stars, but they are not.

Upon the farthestmost or highest plane that I have ever visited stands the City of God. We might call it the New Jerusalem. It is the city John has tried to give us a picture of. It's a walled city of enormous proportions with openings in the wall. We could call them gates, although there is nothing there to be closed, just the opening. I have never been all the way around it, but there is an opening in the corner. I believe it is laid out in a perfect square. I know it has two square corners and a straight side between.

I believe there are two other openings or gates on each side. There are twelve streets which radiate from the center as spokes in a wheel similar to the walks in the Church of the Savior. But there are no cross streets. I cannot describe the city correctly as it is beyond my power. But the walls of the city are built of material similar to that in the Radiant Hills, beautiful beyond description. Description and adjectives fail me when I try to tell it.

The gates are not pearl, but are of crystal gems. John has tried to tell you what they look like by calling them the names of all the earthly jewels he could think of. I might do the same. The streets are not of gold, but made of great flagstones of radiant stones, polished like marble, and they surely do give the

appearance of gold. But that is enough of a description of those things.

The twelve segments are perfectly landscaped, not with every kind of plant, as in the Conservatory of Beauty, but with selected appropriate plants. Dotted everywhere are the structures, buildings, offices or whatever you might care to call them. Enormous, graceful, artistic, beautiful, they blend perfectly with the entire setting. A sweet perfume or incense fills the air. The music of countless Instruments makes joyful praise throughout the day.

The city is literally crowded as far as the eye can see, with millions of beings. Some are busy in the buildings and some walk amid great hordes or crowds coming and going through the air. They have no wings to fly with, they just come and go, quickly, here one instant and gone the next. All, everywhere you go, have praise and worship on their lips and in their faces, expressed by their every act and attitude. In this Heaven things seem much more business like than they do where the greatest number of spirits are human. Here are mostly angels and other celestial beings.

II Corinthians 12:2-4, *I knew a man in Christ more than fourteen years ago, but whether I knew him in the body or out of the body I do not know, God knows; this very one was caught up to the third Heaven. And I still know this man, but whether in the body or out of the body, I cannot tell; God knows, how that he was caught up to Paradise and heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter.*

Revelation 22:1-5, *And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, gushing out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. In the midst of the great street of the city, and on either side of the river, was the Tree of Life, which bore twelve kinds of fruits, and each month it yielded one of its fruits; and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the peoples. And that which withers shall be no more, but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and His servants shall serve Him. They shall see His face and His name shall be on their foreheads. And there shall be no night there; and they shall neither need a candle nor the light of the sun, for the Lord God shines on them, and they shall reign for ever and ever.*

The Land Celestial

There is a land celestial,
A world that's bright and fair,
And o'er its holy beauty
Floats not a cloud of care.

There flows the peaceful river,
Beneath the Tree of Life,
There comes no wail of mourning,
Nor sound of bitter strife.

There are the sweet voiced angels,
Around the Great White Throne,
Who bow in willing homage,
To Him who rules alone.

And all in joyous singing,
And peace for evermore.
There in that far off country,
Upon the golden shore.

Land of perfect beauty,
World so bright and fair.
When will the angels call me?
When shall I be there?

Fannie Church

Baby Land

Summer of 1882,
Creston, Iowa

Late in the year of 1882 when I was a little over two years old, I had the first spiritual experience which I remember definitely enough to report correctly. Mama sent me to the home of Mrs. Ledgerwood, who lived about a block away to play. I often went there to spend a half a day at a time. She had several canaries, a cat, and a small black dog. These I admired very much.

I wore a little short dress or apron, and Mama would put a note in the pocket and pin it up, telling how long I was to stay and other important information. I often played in a large back room used as a sort of storage or extra bedroom. Here I would play alone by the hour. I had several experiences which seemed normal to me then, but which I have since learned are very much out of the ordinary.

On this occasion as I was playing, I listened more and more to the spiritual activity going on around me, until I quit playing. My mind was almost wholly occupied with these scenes. I crawled up on the bed and was soon fast asleep. While I was asleep my spirit was free to follow its own way unmolested. I had been watching two angels who had just taken a small baby that lived close to our house and was sick. Interested, I followed them and came to Beulah Land. Here they immediately fed the baby and put on a beautiful dress that seemed to shine, and placed it in a beautiful bed. The baby seemed happy and content and I didn't hear it cry once while I was there.

I loved the angels and followed them around the house as they were busy at different sorts of work. But outside things were more interesting. Several angels were playing with a number of small children on the lawn in front of the house.

I went out there and joined in the games with the other children. I seemed to belong with them and was about their own age.

The yard was surrounded with a sort of hedge of green with a border of beautiful flowers that seemed to glow in the light. We all stopped in our play to watch a big parrot and listen to him talk. He was loose in the yard without a cage. I heard someone singing a song to some baby or young child. Soft music like a distant band filled the air,

Someone came out from the house and we all went in where we were given a cup of milk and a slice of bread and butter and several sugar cookies. Here was also a large music box which gave out beautiful music and seemed to play without any attention from anyone. I played with some toys with the other children. Growing tired, I was placed on a beautiful bed to take a nap.

I awoke in Mrs. Ledgerwood's spare bedroom. Whenever I would tell my experiences, the grown folks would laugh and make some remark about my stories. I learned to go quite often and enjoyed playing in that beautiful Beulah Land.



Figure 6. Home, close to the church in Creston, Iowa, and close to Mrs. Ledgerwood's home.

When He Cometh

When He cometh, when He cometh,
To make up His jewels,
All His jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own.

He will gather, He will gather,
The gems for His kingdom,
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
His loved and His own.

Little children, little children,
Who love their Redeemer,
Are the jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own,

Chorus

Like the stars of the morning,
His bright crown adorning,
They shall shine in their beauty,
Bright gems for His crown.

W. O. Cushing

Around The Throne of God

Around the throne in Heaven,
Thousands of children stand;
Children whose sins are all forgiven
A holy, happy band.

Refrain,-- Singing Glory, Glory, Glory, Glory, Be to
God on high.

What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair?
Where all is peace and joy and love,
How came those children there?

Because the Savior shed His blood
To wash their sins away;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean.

On Earth they sought the Savior's grace,
On Earth they loved His name,
So now they see His blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb.

Anna H. Shepard

Rescued by Grandma

Spring of 1883
The Old Farm

In the spring of 1883, Grandma and Grandpa Headrick came to our house in Creston for a short visit. She found me locked up in a dark closet for punishment for some sort of trivial mischief. I cried to go home with her where I could be alone, away from the noise and confusion of our home and children. Mama readily consented. My clothes were made into a little bundle and when they returned to the old farm near Corning, I went with them.

I have been told I was a very difficult child to get along with when I was young and that other children seemed to irritate me. Mrs. Jennie Burns lived next door to us and when crying and confusion got too bad, Mama would send me over there to play. Here I found quiet, and played alone day after day until Jennie Burns grew so fond of me that she would come over and ask for me. She would provide me with the simple things needed to pass the time - paper, scissors, spools, buttons and similar things.

With these, I would attempt to duplicate the many beauties I was constantly encountering in Beulah Land. Paper flowers were one of my early accomplishments. The house would be decorated from one room to another. When they got too numerous they would be gathered up and put in the stove. Model homes, temples, yards, palaces, and especially grounds, farms, or whatever you might call the beautiful landscape scenes in Beulah Land, were being constantly reproduced by me with whatever medium was at hand at the time.

At Grandma's old farm I found the earthly duplicate, to my mind at least, of many of the wonderful things of Heaven. The setting of the old farm house and barn was as beautiful and romantic as any artist's dream could picture. The broad meadow

between the house and the river, fringed with timber and the open space Over North were like the parks of Beulah Land.

Just before May Day in Prescott, I took a bouquet of violets and other flowers to Sunday School with me and gave them to my teacher, Miss. Delia Chapman. Little did she realize the joy I had in gathering them. Over North was the earthly duplicate to me of the parks and flower gardens of Beulah Land. Here Grandma helped me gather bouquets of flowers and other wonderful woodland wonders.

Our teacher talked to us about the beautiful flowers in Heaven. I thought from the way she talked that she had never seen them, so I volunteered the information that I had been there and had seen the flowers and the trees. She talked like she thought it must have been a beautiful sight and didn't question my statements as others were in the habit of doing.

We were all sitting on the steps that covered the old fashioned baptistry at the side of the platform in the front of the church. The curtains used to form a dressing room in the corner, hung around us. These, the youngsters used to hide behind and sometimes caused a small disturbance.

Becoming a little bolder, I told her that these steps and curtains were like the steps to the home of little Tommy in Heaven, and that the curtains were like those around his bed where the angels lived. She was very surprised at this and said I must not tell such things to which I replied that I had seen them yesterday while Grandma and I were picking violets.

She told Grandma and Grandpa after church about what I had been telling her in Sunday school. They smiled and seemed pleased. Grandma never seemed to doubt anything I ever told her and was always on my side, so to speak, but Grandpa was different. That week on the Old Farm I often thought of the Sunday School lesson and of Heaven. I ran around the back yard listening to the birds in the trees, and to the little chickens and old hens with them in the yard

On Saturday, my birthday, Grandma made me some tarts, and in one of them she placed a small slice of comb honey. This tasted to me just like the cookies I had eaten in Beulah Land.

Beulah Land was a great blessing to me in my early childhood and remained to help keep me true to my better nature all through my life.



Figure 7. Over North. The timber pasture north of the house on the old farm of Grandpa's near Corning, Iowa.

An Airplane Ride

Sunday, December 20, 1885
Jewel Co. Kansas,
2-39 Fall of Man

On Sunday, December 20, 1885, the Sunday before Christmas, our entire family was visiting with Uncle Jay Williams and Aunt Matt in Jewel County, Kansas and remained there for several weeks. There had been a big snow storm and blizzard which kept everyone indoors and had caused considerable inconvenience and suffering, as well as loss of livestock.

The storm had abated and the men folks were out looking after the stock and trying to get some firewood. The older children had a sled and were coasting. Dinner was over and the women were cleaning up and straightening the house. The young children were restless and were giving considerable trouble and had to have constant attention to keep them quiet. They gave me some paper, a pair of scissors, and a small saucer containing flour paste and set me on a rug on the floor in the back room to look after myself, which was their way of solving the general situation.

I was soon in the interesting business of making things. Some of the children would come and see something interesting, would take my creations and show them to Mama and others. Most of the time they could not imagine what I was trying to make. As was my custom when alone for any considerable length of time, I soon was listening to and following a company of spiritual beings who were relatively near me at the time. In a little grassy place in front of a lovely home was a tiny fountain with fancy fish, a turtle or lizard-like animal and several real small ducks.

I sat down on the rock's edge on a large crystal gem, dipped my hands into the water and threw it over the rocks in the center of the fountain. I discovered what appeared to me to

be several enormous butterflies on the grass a few yards away from the shallow pool. I immediately ran over to them and learned that they were not butterflies, nor were they any kind of an animal, but they were heavenly buggies or birds. They had seats for several people like a buggy, only the body was much longer and quite slim. The top was smooth and solid and shiny. They didn't have wheels but two long runners the full length of the body like a big sled, with four wings, two to a side. The ones in front were larger, like a butterfly and attached to the side of the body. The wings were transparent and beautifully colored like a butterfly. The two front ones were stationary, while the rear wings moved up and down. The body and top were also transparent, shiny and colored to resemble a butterfly.

In reply to my inquiries and exclamations of admiration, I was invited to take a ride. Two angels and several children got in and we soon glided away. We skimmed along easily and swiftly, stopping to see some of the things along the way. We moved apparently without motion, the wings not flapping like a butterfly but remaining still. We flew high over trees and hills, through places that seemed like clouds, and along the big river and across a big lake.

We lit on the water of the lake and were soon surrounded by beautiful fish, both large and small. I gathered a large armful of ferns and leaves when we stopped once in a leafy bower in the great forest. I was a little regretful when the big bird returned to our starting point, but was told that sometime I could have one for myself, as they had small ones for just one person, and large ones that would carry many people.

I began making one like it out of paper, and after several attempts I managed to make one of a general shape similar to the one I had been riding in. Instead of people I filled the body with paper flowers, with foliage similar to the huge bouquet of fern leaves I had gathered. I had managed to keep it out of sight until after the evening meal. Some of the children had finished eating and were playing in the back room. One of them crawled under the bed and found my butterfly.

With exclamations of admiration it was brought to the table where the remainder of the family still sat. It was passed around

and many comments were made. Some thought I had been trying to make a flower basket, some a butterfly, some a bobsled and all thought it was merely a creature of my imagination. In a way it was, but it was my attempt to imitate the real bird.

I played with this for several days, trying to color the wings with some bluing, and making new flowers, and it finally found it's way into the stove along with other pieces of Charlie's traps and trash. But to me, this Christmas time will long be remembered as the time I had my first airplane ride.

Revelation 14:6-7, *And I saw another angel fly in the midst of Heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach to those who dwell on the Earth, and to every nation, and kindred and tongue and people, saying with a loud voice, "Serve God and give glory to Him for the hour of His judgment has come; worship Him Who made Heaven and Earth and the sea and the fountains of waters."*

8, *And another angel, a second, followed him ****

9, *Then another angel, a third, followed them ****

15, *And another angel came out of the temple ****

17, *And another angel came out of the temple ****

18, *Then out from the altar came another angel ****

The Heavenly Farm

Sunday, May 23, 1886
The Old Farm,
5-43 Pentecost

For several years I had spent a considerable portion of my time on Grandma's old farm. Although too small to be allowed the freedom of the place, I still had explored many wonderful places as we went after the cows or picked flowers, wild berries or fruit along the river or Over North. I had become acquainted with the many and varied forms of small life in the timber, birds, crows, squirrels, chipmunks, as well as the domestic animals on the farm. These different things and scenes I constantly compared with the heavenly and they made a deep impression upon my mind.

I was continually on the lookout for new forms which would more nearly compare with those I met in Beulah Land. On Sunday May 23, Mama's birthday, when I was just six years old, our folks had a big dinner in honor of the occasion. A number of guests had been invited, with the result that Mama was awfully busy and had little time to look after the children.

We were living in the Dr. Thornell house in Corning. It had an upstairs which made an excellent place to play, away from the racket of the children in the big yard out of doors. After dinner, Mama gave me the batten and spool drawers out of the sewing machine and told me to go upstairs and play. I had the remainder of the afternoon to myself and had one of the most glorious times of my life. I was in Beulah Land and at home at the same time. Distant scenes drew near or I drew near to them. I played and remained awake and still my spirit roamed through Heaven and enjoyed its wonderful adventures.

With twine strings, ribbons, a tape line and thread, I laid out a large farm like a heavenly estate. With some of the children's

A B C blocks I built a mansion for my house. To this I added barns, sheds and bird houses. With the spools I made vehicles, wagons, buggies, and farm implements. Then with the buttons, marbles, and grains of corn, I peopled the pastures and fields with domestic stock, horses, cattle, sheep, chickens etc.

To the vehicles I hitched beautiful matched steeds of overcoat buttons. To the little cart I harnessed twelve little pearl buttons for ponies. In the forest under the bed I arranged all manner of wild beasts and animate things of the odds and ends of scissors, safety pins, hooks and eyes, and other sewing things.

Three pieces of whalebone made a long dark river, and several skeins of chenille yarn on the ends of three knitting needles made wonderfully colored trees along the bank. An ONT thread box was used for an airplane, and seven or eight spools of buttonhole twist and small spools made up the passengers. I had never heard the spiritual talk so loudly, nor been able to so readily see and hear the things I desired so plainly as I did on this Sunday afternoon.

I wandered freely over homes and estates, meadows and parks. I watched the cattle and other animals in numerous pastures. I picked flowers and strolled beneath the giant trees. I sat beside the streams and let the shining sand run through my fingers. I listened to the angels singing sweet songs in the homes. I heard the birds singing in the trees and bushes. I stopped and enjoyed the music of a heavenly band of musicians in one of the large parks. I took a trip in a small two seated plane made for rapid touring. With a heavenly pilot, I went as far as the Radiant Hills and the Great Lake.

I talked for a long time with this pilot as we made our trip, or rather he talked a long time to me. He was not an angel, but a celestial being of the same form as a man. His work does not have to do with mental or moral things, but with the more material or less personal things of Heaven. He told me I was especially favored in being allowed to make these trips through Heaven and that I was probably selected and would be guided to do some special service of some kind, what he didn't know. He suggested to me that I should always obey the things my

parents asked of me, that I remember and obey what my Sunday School teacher and preacher taught me, and that I do as nearly right as I knew how all the time.

My notes had the following summary of his suggestions.

Do what is right in God's sight.

Do what is right in others sight.

Do what is right in your own sight.

These three rules I have tried to live by from that day to this. Sometimes there were conflicts in authority and I had to decide which path to take, but I have always chosen the one that seemed to me nearest to what God would think was right.

Late in the evening after our guests had gone, Mama found time to stop a little while. She immediately thought of me. Coming upstairs she walked to the open door and stood in it and watched me for a few minutes. At the time I had several passengers in the thread box airplane and was giving them a personally conducted tour of that immediate country, explaining the points of interest as my pilot had done for me.

I looked up and Mama smiled for a few moments and then, as she looked at the room, she said, "I never saw such a mess in my life before. Pick up that stuff and clean up your litter right away. I'll not get this room straightened up again for a month."

My Heaven was over. I had returned suddenly to Earth. In about a half hour I was downstairs watching the youngsters turn summersaults down the hill toward the big swing. I sat there on the grass a long time wondering what they found in such antics to interest them so much. I would much rather wander aimlessly through Beulah Land, hand in hand with a heavenly pilot.

Proverbs 2:1-7, *My Son, if you will receive my words and hide my commandments in your heart, and incline your ear to wisdom and apply your heart to understanding, yea, if you cry after knowledge and lift up your voice to understanding, if you seek it as silver, and search for it as for hidden treasure, then you will understand how to worship the Lord and find the knowledge of God. For it is the Lord Who gives wisdom; out of His mouth come knowledge and understanding. He stores up hope for the upright; He helps those who walk without blemish.*

A Bouquet of Flowers

Christmas 1886,
Omaha, Nebraska
2-44 Fall of Man

It was Christmas vacation 1886. We were living at 1813 Webster Street, Omaha, Nebraska. Papa was working at the smelter and moved here to be close to his work. A great many Negroes lived in this part of town and a Negro church was built in the spring in the next block from where we lived. A large number of Negro children went to the Cass Street School where I attended and I played with them at school. Evenings and Saturdays I often played with them and was with them in their homes quite often.

I was surprised one day when a Negro mother said her boy's face was dirty and washed him good with soap and water. I couldn't see any dirt on his face. His mother could tell when he was dirty the same as my mother could tell when I was dirty. The Negroes had a church of their own and the little boys went to Sunday School the same as I did. I asked Mama if there were any Negroes in Heaven and she said that she supposed so, but didn't know. I didn't press the question further, thinking that I would do a little looking on my own account the next time I was in Heaven.

We had a lady neighbor with whom we visited back and forth continually. Our back yards were close together and we called her Aunt Dee. Mama would leave us children with her when she went to town or needed the children out of the way or taken care of for a while. We all liked her. She did oil color painting and gave Otis, my brother, two black tin paint boxes and some paints, brushes and other things. The smaller of these black tin boxes Otis gave to me with some paints and brushes. In this black box I kept little keepsakes and things I prized most highly.

We lived in two rooms and were quite crowded and I had very little opportunity for getting away from the other children and the noise long enough to visit Heaven or take much notice of spiritual things. But one day Mama went shopping downtown and the children had been taken over to Dee. For some unaccountable reason I was playing outside around the corner and was not delivered with the rest of the children. When I went into the house for something everyone was gone and the house was very quiet.

I got out my black box, and sitting down behind a big chair in the middle of the room I spread out my Sunday School cards and papers and my lesson pages. Then for a while I drifted away to Beulah Land to enjoy once more a period of play and pleasure where children are happy and duties are pleasures.

A sight seeing trip was being arranged and I was invited to go along. We went on a small boat on the river, going up stream against the current. We didn't have a sail, and the boat traveled very rapidly. We stopped at a beautiful park in Paradise where there were arrangements of a great many kinds of flowers laid out in beds in formal designs. Beautiful paths led between the beds and around the pools and fountains. Numerous water flowers were blooming in the pools. Large areas of grass provided wonderful play fields. We romped and played, ate goodies, picked flowers and had a generally good time. Everything was being directed by the angels who came with us.

During the course of the games and the good times I suddenly remembered my Negro friends, and began looking at my companions to see if there were any Negroes in our company. An angel came over to where I was standing and taking me by the hand, led me down to a large round flower bed and asked me if I would like to pick a bouquet for myself. I began picking, going around the bed and picking some of each color as I went, holding them in one hand as I picked with the other.

The flowers were all of one variety, about the size of a large violet or small pansy, but all the colors imaginable in the one bed, together. When we had gone around the bed, the angel led me to a seat like polished marble by the side of a pool

where I could watch the fish and ducks swimming around. I watched the fish and birds for a while and asked a lot of questions, I guess, and then glanced at my bouquet.

They were all the same color. It was not white, nor was it any of the other colors I had picked either. They had all been changed to one beautiful color, and it seemed much more beautiful to me than the mixture I had picked. I looked up at the angel who was smiling at my astonishment and asked me how I liked my bouquet all one color. I said I liked it very much more but how did it get changed? Then the angel explained to me that when people come to Heaven they are all changed from what they are on Earth and given a form and color God has chosen for them.

So I learned that there are Negroes in Heaven, but they are not black. They look the same as all the others. I was permitted to keep the little bouquet. The angel tied a beautiful golden ribbon around it and placed it in my little pocket.

We joined the others and later went back in the little boat. The excursion was over. I returned to my cards and papers behind the big chair. The back door opened and Dee came in. Spying me on the floor she ordered me to put everything back in the box and come over to her house. I did so and hurriedly picked up my Sunday School papers, and then felt the bouquet in my pocket still fresh and crisp. I couldn't see it, but I felt it. I took it out of my pocket and put it in the box with the papers and cards. At least I thought I put it there but I never found it again. Spiritual things are not discerned with the natural eye.

Acts 2:8-11, *How is it that we hear every man in our own native language? Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and those who dwell In Mesopotamia, Jews and Cappadocians and those from Pontus and Asia Minor, and those from the region of Phrygia, and Pamphylia and of Egypt and of the regions of Libya near Cyrene, and those who have come from Rome, both Jews and proselytes, and those from Crete and Arabia, behold, we hear them speak in our own tongues of the wonderful works of God.*

Acts 2:38-39, *Then Simon said to them, "Repent and be baptized, every one of you in the name of Lord Jesus for the remission of sins so that you may receive the gift of the Holy Spirit. For the promise was made to you and to your children, and for all of those who are far off, even as many as the very God shall call."*

The City Over There

Spring of 1889,
The Old Farm
5 Passover

Heaven isn't a city as we are in the habit of thinking of a city. It would more properly be called a group of cities. But most of the homes and buildings are too far apart to be called a city at all. There are many, many districts though that might be called cities. There are groups of buildings arranged for useful purposes, with angel's and worker's homes nearby. They are laid out very much like modern cities except they are ideally located and landscaped.

They have streets or passageways between the different parts of the district. The nearest thing I know to compare them to would be the passageways in a mine. Heaven isn't built flat, all on one plane, but above and/or on all sides. The streets may lead straight up or straight down or diagonally, but seldom straight for any great distance. These are not even used for regular passage, but only for transportation when time is no object.

In the spring of 1889, playing on the Old Farm at Grandma's under the sugar maple trees, I attempted to lay out a heavenly city. I could not make it other than flat, so it resembled an earthly city more than a heavenly city. I tried to duplicate the district or neighborhood where Jennie Burns and her baby were living. They had not been in Heaven very long. Mrs. Burns had always wanted a baby of her own which is probably the reason she had me over to her house so much. But she never had her baby on Earth. When the baby came she and he both went to Heaven to live. Her home was in Paradise and there with angel companions, she and her little boy lived, and he was growing up just like a baby boy would here on Earth. I was often in her home in Paradise and tried to reproduce the house and grounds with

small sticks, twigs for trees, and stones and broken brick for small buildings.

It didn't satisfy me very well as it didn't resemble the original in very many particulars. After trying a long time to do what I was attempting, I finished up my city by laying out streets and putting in squares like I had seen in regular cities. But Jennie Burns said that I had made a nice city. She always praised whatever I did, even if I were cutting out paper angels and scattering the clippings all over the floor. She would come with me and we would look at the city together and then she would leave and I would add something that she had suggested.

And so passed many pleasant days, weeks and months on Grandma's Old Farm and at Jennie Burns' home in Paradise. In her park I picked up the crystal gem that I brought to Earth with me and put in my black box. The real secret of my enjoyment in being at Grandma's was the great amount of time I had that could be used spiritually.

I talked a lot about these things at Grandpa's when I was quite young. Grandma appeared to believe me and kind of took my part, but Grandpa rather thought my ideas of Heaven were thoughts that should be left out altogether. With me that could not be done. To me it was reality.

Jennie Burns was not, or rather isn't, the only spirit that comes to Earth. Beulah Land lies just outside the atmosphere of Earth, and the distance from Earth to Heaven is so short that literally tens of thousands of spiritual beings are here on Earth most of the time.

Angels deal mostly with human beings and it certainly takes a large number of them to carry on. Other work is done very largely by other celestial beings. So here on Earth whatever you do, there are celestial beings in close proximity. If it were not so, and if God didn't order things in a uniform way, a single day would suffice to render everything in confusion. But order is one of the first laws and is obeyed at all times. Order is maintained, but some order appears to us to be anything else but order. The Lord watches over His children here on Earth and He has an innumerable multitude of helpers to carry out His will.

University of Paradise

Sunday July 5, 1891
Grandpa's Prescott, Iowa
6-36, Salvation

Many times people remember things very vividly because of their association with something else, which isn't easily forgotten. My inspection of one of the great Universities of Paradise was followed by a very stiff paddling from Grandpa Headrick with a piece of barrel stave. I have never held anything against Grandpa for the beating because he had just cause for provocation but the incidents became fixed in my mind very thoroughly.

It was on Sunday, July 5, 1891, when I was eleven years old. I was staying at Grandpa's and had been there since the first of December of the year before. I was attending the Prescott School and was having wonderful success in my studies, and incidentally had been having a gloriously good time. Grandpa didn't look with much favor on boyish methods of having a good time. He rather wanted everything to move along according to schedule.

During the school year I had become acquainted with a number of children from three or four different families who were anything but morally good. Most of these children regularly attended the same Sunday School as I did, but several belonged to the Methodist Church. I had been invited on several occasions to participate in some immoral practices, but usually refused flatly. However, on one occasion my curiosity got the better of me, with the result that as another boy and I were approaching the place of rendezvous, we suddenly came face to face with Grandma.

I was in the habit of telling Grandma the straight truth under all circumstances and she invariably believed me, at least as far as I ever knew. This time she knew more about the entire

happenings than I did, and when she stopped me and questioned me she got the remainder of the information that implicated about a dozen children. She believed me when I told her I had no part in their doings, but Grandpa had his doubts, and thought I should be given a trouncing for being found in a compromising situation. But Grandma saved my hide.

I was constantly thrown in with these immoral children because their parents attended our church and they attended the Sunday School. On the Fourth of July the entire outfit celebrated together at the picnic grounds. I returned home with some of them and stopped to play until almost dark; in fact, I remained for supper. There was no particular harm in stopping to play, but the combination of circumstances rather irritated Grandpa. Besides I was not on hand to help with the chores.

On Sunday afternoon I went to the Busy Bee Band, the Junior Endeavor Society that Mrs. Crewdson had organized, and when it was over we went home. Grandpa sent me to drive up the cow so he could milk before going to church, but the cow had found a hole in the fence and wandered away through numerous fields and across several hills.

While going through a corn field some little distance from home, I suddenly realized some interesting spiritual activity and my hunt for the cow was interrupted for about two hours while I was in Paradise. When I returned with the cow, I drove her right through town. Grandpa had been kept home from church and his church friends, many of whom saw me driving the cow home. But that was not the worst part. A boy friend, the worst one in our bunch, happened to be going home just then, so he walked with me the rest of the way home.

Grandpa saw us coming, concluded I had been with the gang into all sorts of meanness instead of hunting for the cow. He gave me a good licking before Grandma arrived on the scene, but circumstantial evidence was too strong for him that time.

In the solitude of walking through the corn field alone, I had just allowed my spirit to journey around in Paradise a bit, and I noticed a group of children about my own age going

somewhere. I joined them and soon arrived at this wonderful group of buildings or small city, which I have called the University of Paradise. This was the first day of the new week in Heaven, the work of the afternoon was over and it was the time of evening worship.

Some of the people had attended morning worship and so were not away; in fact a great many people were there. If I hadn't known many people were at worship I wouldn't have missed them at all. Those children were being shown these great schools by their angels because they were soon going to be students in them and these visits helped fix in their minds the particular line of study they intended to follow as a specialty.

This particular school was devoted primarily to the study of art. Here they taught the natural laws of God which govern the making or combination of different forms and colors to produce the desired results. The first room, or rather building, that we entered, was filled with statues or reproductions of living things of all sizes and in all conceivable positions, singly and in groups. Some were just the figures and others were combined with other features or animals, or rocks, a porch, a small portion of a yard, or a flower garden, or a fountain, or a baby's crib, or thousands of other combinations too numerous to mention,

The statues and carvings were not made to represent people and things but were made exactly like them. The only noticeable difference was that they didn't move. They seemed perfectly life-like, but still you knew that they weren't the real thing. Another department was devoted to the study of color and its application to different designs. A large instrument cast a series of colors or bands of light on a variously colored background or screen, producing an infinite number of combinations, shades, tints, and hues. Several of these side by side allowed comparison of several colors at once.

The various alcoves or rooms around the main or central hall were filled with exhibits of the effect of colors as applied to the various substances and surfaces, others being the entire object. Many of these rooms were extremely interesting for what they contained, aside from the fact that they were here primarily for the study of coloring and grouping. Another section

contained hundreds of specimens of metals and elements, showing their natural colors and also their colors when combined in different alloys or combinations. Also was shown the effect of light and shade on them and the results obtained by the view of three or more sides or faces of different things.

Another large section was filled with cut and polished sections or specimens of different forms of natural stones, rocks, crystal gems, and rocks from the Radiant Hills. These didn't shine with reflected light as most objects, but glowed with a soft radiance or incandescence of their own. There were different sizes, gems as small as could be practical, and as large as stones, singly and in groups, by themselves and grouped with other cut or polished stones of all shapes and sizes.

From that day I have had a desire to collect stones, crystals, beads, cut glass, agates and marbles of all sizes and shapes.

One department had art applied to the personal appearance of heavenly beings. Here was displayed the materials and designs, and hundreds of life size models fully clothed. Each country or nationality was represented with its varying styles, colors and materials. This was beautiful, but not of much interest to me. A department that interested me very much was the study of color and arrangement of flowers and shrubs in landscaping. Adjacent to the buildings and surrounding them on every side, were the beds and various arrangements, including shrubs, trees, grass, walks and statuary groups.

The buildings themselves, their various sides and elevations, were built for the purpose of studying art applied to architectural beauty and symmetry. It seemed every feature of the entire school had been purposely made to be a part of the general subject to which the institution was devoted. Each room, department and building was built on a large scale, to accommodate great throngs of students, teachers, or instructors, or guides. They were everywhere. It was not so busy as when in actual session, but there was life and action everywhere.

The things I saw used up some valuable time at the very wrong time of the wrong day for me, but it was worth the beating I got afterward. With some old oil colors I still had in the black paint box Otis gave me, I tried to paint some pictures like some I saw hanging in one of the great galleries, where were gathered thousands of pictures and drawings of every conceivable kind. I hunted up a copy of some pictures in an advertising folder and painted a half dozen pictures in a crude way.

I told Grandma all about it. If she didn't believe me she never let me know about it. After Grandma had gone to live in the Conservatory of Beauty in Mary's Land, I found several of those old oil paintings of mine with her keepsakes. They were returned to me and are among my most valued possessions. She is now where she can see the original paintings as they hang on the walls of that perfect gallery in one of the most beautiful universities of the Heaven of Paradise.



Figure 8. Pictures painted when I was 11 years old

Facts or Fables

Friday, Sept. 30, 1892
Council Bluffs, Iowa,
1-8 Creation

I was attending the Second Avenue School in Council Bluffs and had not been absent or tardy for a whole month. As a reward for faithful attendance, we were given a quarter holiday, going home at the afternoon recess. On September 30, 1892, I started home on quarter holiday for the first month of school. We lived at 1204 Avenue L, which was fourteen blocks north and several blocks west of the school house. The intervening territory was not at that time occupied by houses, just a few here and there after you got back away from Broadway a few blocks.

On the way home I stopped at Hunt's Pond, a pond where the Hunt Dairy watered their cows. It was also used as a swimming hole and place of rendezvous for boys of the neighborhood. There was a vacant house near the pond and some of us boys knew how to get into the house through a basement window. I sat down on the bank of the pond and rested. It was several blocks from home.

As I sat there, I began to listen to the spiritual activities about me. Angels, under the direct supervision of the Holy Spirit, are constantly coming and going, attending to human needs and aiding in this and that thing needing spiritual attention. I often watch them, but most activity that I witness has no meaning to me, and aside from the mere fact of seeing them at their various tasks, I don't often witness anything that particularly interests me.

On this occasion I saw two angels near this vacant house who remained in and close to the house for some time. I went past the house on my way home from the pond and noticed that the cellar window was open. Evidently some boys had been in

and left it open. I closed it because I felt that someone might see it open and lock it so we couldn't get in.

The next week, on two different occasions, I saw the angels in the same place and finally decided to investigate the incident. The fourth time I saw them I found the window open and hid myself in a thicket of sumac bushes and watched. After a while I saw the cause for the presence of the angels. Two boys who had been playing truant from school climbed out of the cellar window and sneaked away down a path toward Streetsville.

The angels were accompanying the boys, probably to help keep them from some act of mischief, or to do what could be done to save them from temptations. When they had been gone some considerable time, I came out of hiding and entered the house through the open window.

Tracks on the floor led me into the pantry, and here in an old can, hidden on a high shelf, I found eight dollars, most of it in small change. I immediately decided to keep it myself, as I felt sure the boys had stolen it somewhere and were spending it a portion at a time while keeping the remainder hidden until they wanted it. I took it, can and all, home with me and buried it in the garden. I took some of the money to school and bought some new marbles.

Mama soon noticed the new marbles and asked me where I got them. I told her I bought them with some money I found.

By the simple process of questioning a scared boy, she soon got my entire story, even including the times I had watched the boys' angels in their work and conversation. But now that she had compelled me to tell her everything and be truthful about it, she didn't believe me and told me that I was storying her. To prove it to her I took her to the garden and dug up the can with almost eight dollars in it.

Then she got her bonnet and we went over to the vacant house. I crawled into the cellar and opened the back door and let her in. I showed her where I found it. But the more I said the angrier she became. We went back home. She confiscated the

money and then started to make me tell her a different story, or, as she said, tell her the truth.

She whipped me until she was tired out but I wouldn't invent a story to tell her. She rested a while and tried it again. Then she said she would tell Papa and have him whip me and make me tell. Then I told her I would never again tell her the whole truth if I thought she might doubt my word. From that day on, I never told a living soul about my spiritual knowledge, knowing only too well that it leads only to difficulty.

I went to bed tired and hungry and crying as I had never cried before. My heart was nearly broken. When Papa came home Mama told him the entire story. His judgment was that I had been punished enough. I had been whipped and put to bed without any supper and had cried myself to sleep, and the money had been taken away from me. I never told Mama any more of the deeper things of my heart. Would you? What would you have done under the circumstances if you were in my position?



Figure 9. Second Avenue School, Council Bluffs, Iowa, where I studied drawing. Mrs. Elizabeth Graves was principal.

O Sion, Sion

There is a habitation
Built by the living God,
For all of every nation
Who seek that grand abode.

Chorus

O Sion, lovely Sion,
I long thy gates to see;
O Sion, lovely Sion,
Then shall I dwell in thee.

A city with foundations
Firm as the eternal throne;
Nor wars, nor desolation,
Shall ever move a stone.

No night is there, no sorrow
No death, and no decay;
No yesterday, no morrow,
But one eternal day.

Within its pearly portals
Angelic armies sing;
With glorified immortals,
The praises of its King

J. H. Rosecrans

American Indians

May 30, 1895
The Homestead,
Waukomis, Oklahoma
5-50 Pentecost day

We were living in Oklahoma in 1895. I loved Oklahoma and didn't want to leave when we came away. Why was I so fond of Oklahoma? Certainly not because of the long, level, bare stretches of buffalo grass and prairie dog holes, nor her hot winds and parched fields, nor her storms and blizzards.

In the spring and fall, when there was moisture in the ground sufficient to make them grow, flowers covered the hills and prairies everywhere. They changed in color and variety as the seasons changed and kept the air filled with a rich fragrance. Certainly this was the earthly paradise, the nearest resemblance to the great flower beds of Heaven I had ever seen. And it was quiet. I could go out in the fields and be away from all disturbing noises and could make frequent excursions and explorations into the wonders of Paradise.

On one such trip I saw a group of American Indians being instructed by a spirit of some great preacher. I cannot tell you his name. But I learned from his discourse that these Indians were now ready to accept Christ as their Savior. They were going to be born of the water and the Holy Spirit on May 30, Decoration Day. I decided right then that I would be present.

It was rather a difficult thing to accomplish because Papa and Mama drove down to Grandfather Whipple's in the wagon with the whole family. I rode my pony. Edd was with us and rode a pony also. They went to the old homestead of Grandfather's and I went with Edd to Uncle Oscar's. There I found the time I needed and slipped away to Paradise to Jennie Burn's home where she and her little boy were living.

I learned that I was too late, this being the second worship hour, and the Indians had been buried in the River of Life during the first period. This had been done with appropriate ceremonies in the River of Life where it flows through the Radiant Hills. Here the American Indians have a country they like, and most of them in Heaven have chosen to live here with their countrymen.

This had been done in the morning hour and I learned that they would be in the Church of the Savior for a Communion Service in the afternoon. This was the Jubilee of Pentecost. One seventh, or one entire section of the church, was reserved for them. They came in their tribal and ceremonial robes and made a very striking picture in their flashy colored costumes.

One of their own number spoke from the platform. Several special numbers on the program were especially in honor of them. I was not present during the entire period of worship, but I was there during the communion Service. One comes and goes almost instantly in the spirit realms, even as Christ came and stood in the midst, the doors being closed.

The spirit passes through not only closed doors, but anything and everything in its path. It doesn't always travel by the road but cuts straight through to its goal. Nothing hinders the going out and the coming in of the spirit. The Lord moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform.

The Charmed Life

May 3, 1896, Lincoln,
Nebraska
5-23-34 Pentecost

While living at 520 North 16th Street, Lincoln, Nebraska, I carried a paper route delivering the Nebraska State Journal to West Lincoln and to North Lincoln. I rode my pony Prince, and arose each morning at 3:30 for a twelve mile ride before breakfast. Saloons were running wide open all night. Gambling houses and other places of iniquity were operated with no regard for decency or morality.

I was sixteen years old that summer and was free on Saturdays to come and go as I pleased among all these ungodly sights and places, collecting for the papers I delivered in the mornings. Temptations lay thick around me on every side continually. Liquor was freely offered to me. Invitations to have a good time in these various places were continually being given me by others.

Once I bought a box of Sweet Caporal cigarettes, hid them in the barn and smoked part of the package, but they smelled and tasted horrid. So much different from the fragrant incense of Heaven, I was thoroughly disgusted with them. Also there was a picture of a naked or almost naked woman, an actress, in the package. I had seen many of these cards. Some of the boys collected them. They were continually looking through these lewd pictures, making coarse remarks, and thinking evil thoughts. I threw the entire package, picture and all, in the salt marsh one morning.

Being out on Prince every morning, alone on this long ride and sometimes quite a way between subscriber's homes, I often wandered for short times in heavenly ways. Sometimes I would remain away too long and Prince got into the habit of turning out

to the side of the road and stopping to eat grass until I again directed him along the way.

I definitely came to the conclusion that I should be a child of God, and so on May 3, 1896, just before my birthday, I joined the Church and was immersed. I learned by actual experience that there is joy in Heaven among the angels when you yield yourself to God, and not only among the angels, but also among your many friends and long line of relatives who have gone over before you.

All of Heaven was opened up to me. I was now a full citizen of the greatest country in the universe of God, and beauties and pleasures lay open before me on every side. I took advantage of this opportunity to see many of the grand sights I had never seen before. Also the cheap worldly temptations lost all their appeal, and I saw them as never before in all their real unnatural and ungodly settings. Never since that day have I desired the cheap trashy things of Earth. My earthly stock of agates and marbles, representing to my mind the Crystal Gems of the Radiant Hills and sparkling streams and shores of Heaven, grew until I had a cigar box full of them when I left Lincoln.

I wrote to David C. Cook, who published religious literature and secured a pamphlet telling about the I. A. H. Circle. I sent ten cents and he sent me a silver ring with the initials I.A.H. on it. I placed this ring on my finger according to directions on May 14, and from that day forth these three words have been a constant comfort and reminder to me that "I Am His".

The Charmed Life by David C. Cook,

Hidden from the world, yet in its midst, is the Charmed Life. Round about it is a wall strong and high, built not of cold, rough stones, but of crystal gems, with gates of pearl. Three gates on either side proclaim thrice welcome to all. But none ever enter save the Charmed Ones. Such are they who have seen Him Who is invisible, and heard His voice within the spirit.

The Charmed Life is a life of love intense. No lover of human form, however rare or good, knows such an One to love. Rings no marriage bells so sweetly to bride or bridegroom, as the voice of love, peal on peal that falls upon the ears of the Charmed Ones. It is a life of eternal being, not of temporal becoming, for the Charmed One is kept by infinite Love, none can separate, no canker ever eats at the heart, for its loved One is ever true. No moth or rust can corrupt its treasure, no thief break in and steal.

Fullness of joy have they, for they are full of life. Beside them ever flows the River of Life, its waters coming from Love's throne. Forests are there on either side. Healing for Earth's wounds is in their leaves, strength in their ever ripening fruits. The Charmed One's life is perfect. The length, breadth and height thereof are equal, measuring every way the same, but only so "According to the measure of a man, that is of an angel."

The Charmed Ones hunger not, they thirst not. Ever pure is the life of the Charmed Ones. No dust of Earth is on their feet; nay, to such even the streets they tread are as pure gold that never tarnishes, and as transparent glass, clear as Crystal Gems, that all who will may see beneath each step. No tired ones are there. None lose consciousness in sleep, for the rest of life is there. There is no night. To them the Sun of Love ever stands at high noon and in its light they need not stumble.

No pale light of candle need they to grope about with, for the day never fades, the shadows never fall, the clouds come not, neither is there heat nor cold, ever a soft, pure, radiant light spreads itself about them.

Without are those seeking by cunning devices to keep back the timid. Impure beasts wallowing in the mud and mire destroy

many. Coarse and unfeeling creatures of Earth are they, scandal mongers, covetous, jealous, haters of all good. Such try to keep back the Charmed Ones from entrance.

But above the roaring of the beasts of the Earth we hear Love's call, "Come unto Me," and the glad call is answered in our efforts to reach Him. "Behold I come quickly." He is coming to take us out of the darkness and worry and struggling life of Earth, to a blessed companionship with Him.



Figure 10. 520 N. 16th St, Lincoln, Nebraska where we lived when I carried papers and when I joined the I.A.H. Circle.

Swimming Danger

1896 or 1899

Several times angels have saved me from drowning. In Lincoln, Nebraska, on Saturday afternoon, July 4, 1896, I was on a raft in deep water in Salt Lake with a number of other boys. A bunch of practical jokers swam out and turned the raft over so we were all thrown into the water. When we saw what was going to happen I asked one of the boys who was a good swimmer to help me out because I could not swim, but they all swam to shore and left me. I went down twelve times before they got a boat and came after me, but I did not take any water while down. An angel sealed my mouth and nose and assisted me while on the surface.

While working in the country in Iowa laying brick with Papa, Uncle Riley, cousins Roy and Frank, we went swimming in a large pond in the evening after work. We all jumped in and struck out across the pond. It was really too far to undertake to swim and the rest all turned back. When I got about to the center of the pond I was exhausted and unable to go on or return. An angel came and held me up and gave me new strength and breath. I went on across and then swam back with the angel's help. Spirits act as easily in the water as they do in any other medium.

Psalms 91:11-12, *For He shall give His angels charge over you to keep you in all your ways. They shall bear you up in their hands lest you dash your foot against a stone.*

Luke 6:39-44, *And He told them a parable, "Can a blind man guide a blind man? Will they not both fall into a pit? *** Why do you see the splinter in your brother's eye, and do not see the beam in your own eye? Or how can you say to your brother, 'My brother, let me take out the splinter from your eye', when behold, you do not see the beam in your own eye? *** O hypocrites, first take out the beam from your own eye, and then you will see clearly to take out the splinter from your brother's eye. There is no good tree that bears bad fruit nor a bad tree that bears good fruit. For every tree is known by its own fruit. For they do not pick figs from thistles nor gather grapes from a bramble bush."*

The Angel's Help

April 15, 1899
Corning, Iowa
5-5 Pentecost

My high school education was not acquired easily. At Lincoln I had to leave before the first year was finished. At Prescott, Iowa, I didn't get started on the second year until late in the first semester. At Corning, Papa intended staying only one year and that necessitated my taking the last two years work in one year. Otherwise I faced the necessity of having the last year broken into as the others had been or never finishing high school at all.

I got permission from Mr. D. M. Kelly, the principal, to try to make double work, but he assured me that it could not be done. I started in bravely in the fall, but soon found that I had undertaken a real job at last. Papa was away from home much of the time, doing masonry work to support the family and I had the bulk of the farm work to do mornings and evenings, Saturdays, and even Sundays. I cut out all recreation and used every moment of my time to the best advantage I knew. Even then I saw I could not make the grade without help, and I didn't know where to get it.

I knew that in Heaven no one is ever handicapped by meeting the impossible. Anything that is right and good and pure and wholesome can be accomplished. So I turned to the only source I knew: prayer. I surrendered myself entirely into His hands and told Him just what I thought I ought to do and wanted to do.

After an extremely hard week, and as I felt an ever increasing realization that I was going to fail, I received my answer. It was Sunday night. I had worked hard all day Saturday and until dark Sunday night in a blinding snow storm caring for seventy head of young cattle. My lessons for the next day were yet to prepare, algebra and geometry problems to

work, and a theme in English to write. I worked until almost midnight and dropped to sleep with my arms and head on the table and remained there until I was so chilled through that I awoke and went to bed

An angel had stood by me and given me assurance that if I would do the best I could and put my whole effort toward my year's education, it would not be a failure. Rejoiced, I slept until morning, time to get up and do the chores. On the kitchen table, just where I had left them, were my school books and papers. But also, there lay, in my own handwriting, my theme in English and all my problems in geometry and higher algebra.

The remainder of the school year passed comparatively easily, taking into consideration that I had no recreation or pleasures outside of my regular school and farm work. Many mornings Mama found me asleep at the kitchen table, where I had been all night, but I made the grade. Not only did I finish my course successfully, but I took a state teacher's examination and passed it successfully.



Figure 11. High School, Corning, where I graduated in 1899 after taking two years work in one year.

I also had some time to study public speaking. I took part in two W.C.T.U. medal contests, also in the Southern Iowa High

school Declamatory Contest, making the trip to Stuart, Iowa in April as the representative from Corning. I went to Drake University and studied several days with Edd Amherst Ott as a finishing touch for my piece. I wanted to win that contest but while on the train going to Stuart from Des Moines, where I had been studying, an angel informed me that I would lose the contest. I was not told why.

Friday afternoon at the business session of the Association I was barred by vote from being considered as a contestant. The reason given was that my piece was a dramatic selection, being used in the oratorical division. I was heart broken.

Hill M. Bell, President of Drake University, came to me and told me he had arranged for me to speak the same as if I were competing. At first I refused, but finally yielded. I didn't know who the man was, but he talked in such a way that I had confidence in him.

When the judge's marks were reported in the papers, I was surprised to see that Mr. Bell was one of the judges, and that he had not abided by the decree of the Association, but had given me proper grading. I lost the contest before I ever went on the platform, but I won a victory over myself I will never forget. I returned home a different person than when I left.

I don't know exactly how to describe my feelings on my return home. I had been with a fine crowd of young people, lost the medal, but won a victory over self and temptation and had learned how to make victory out of defeat. When I returned, I was, you might say figuratively, walking on air. I could look the whole world in the face and expect success. I know my school success was also near at hand. As I went down across the fields toward home angels walked with me, one on either side, and we rejoiced together over it all.

Also I had been forced to give up my sweetheart, the dearest girl I ever had known, in order to get my high school education. As soon as I graduated I would be free and might go about winning her back. The remainder of the school year passed rapidly, but I had to call for help repeatedly before the

last examination paper was in and my graduation oration written and delivered.

Then, with my diploma in my hand after the exercises, I saw her. My sweetheart had come to see me graduate. The victory was mine, with the help of the Lord. Praise be to His matchless love and care. (I have now been married to that sweetheart for fifty-eight years. – added late in life when this book was retyped)

Philippians 4:11-13, *Nor am I saying this simply because I am in want; for I have learned to make what I have sufficient to meet my needs. I know what it is to be poor, and I know what it is to be rich; I have gone through many things and experienced many things, both to be full and to be hungry, both to have plenty and to be in want. I can do all things through Christ Who strengthens me.*

Philippians 4:19-23, *But my God will supply all your needs according to His riches in the glory of Christ Jesus. Now to God our Father be glory and honor forever and ever. Amen. *** The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen.*

An Art Gallery

September 4-7, 1900
Prescott, Iowa
7, 47-50 Trumpets, Jubilee

On Tuesday, August 21st, 1900, I was taken sick with typhoid fever. My brother George, Mama and I were at Grandpa's new farm, two miles west of Prescott, Iowa. George and I had started to go to Drake University to enroll as students in the ministerial course. I had been riding my bicycle from Canon City, Colorado, for fifteen days to save our fare to help on school expenses. I carried letters in my pocket from the Christian Endeavor Society and the Christian Church.

The fever ran its natural course and I was told afterwards that I was a very sick boy and nearly died. I grew steadily worse until by the end of the second week when I become delirious and was out of my head for four or five days. Then I steadily improved and got well without a relapse or any complications. Part of this I remember and part I was told after I got well. There was a great deal of what transpired while I was sick that I knew nothing about until told afterward.

But this I do know. When I became delirious, two angels came and escorted me to a heavenly home in the Conservatory of Beauty. It seemed very much like a country home in its setting and extensive grounds. Here I stayed in Heaven for four wonderful days and nights. This was the home of my Aunt Licene Ross and her son Charles. He was a fine young man in his late teens, about seventeen or eighteen years old. They had a lovely home and several other members of her family or relatives were there. There were also a number of smaller children.

The first day I was there was Tuesday here on Earth, but it was Friday, or rather, the fifth day of the week over there. I have never heard any spiritual names given to the days of the week or months in Heaven. But I can't tell about them without calling

them something. I arrived sometime during the morning watch. Breakfast was ready and waiting apparently, though I learned that it was the regular breakfast hour, just at the close of the watch, or the first part of the worship hour. The other meal of the day is in the evening, at the end of the worship hour or the beginning of the evening watch. The exact time of many things in Heaven varies a little one way or the other all the time, according to the activities of the people.

Some go to morning worship and eat breakfast early. Others go to evening worship and eat later or during the morning worship hour. They seldom attend both worship periods the same day. Charles and the other young people of the household attended schools or universities and left about 8:30 for their several destinations, accompanied by their angels in most cases.

After breakfast was over, I spent most of the day out in the fields and woods and flowers with numerous different companions and always with my two angels. How I learned to love those two angels! The name angel has been a sort of pet name with me ever since I recovered from the fever.

Not once was an earthly subject mentioned, neither joy nor sorrow, sickness nor health, sin nor righteousness. Heaven is Heaven and that is the reason. Late in the afternoon we entered a butterfly plane and visited a number of other homes and relatives. Some of these I have already mentioned. Others I will tell about elsewhere. As the worship hour drew near we went to the sixth Heaven to a beautiful church. There were no crosses on it. It had beautiful windows, but no pictures of Jesus or other heavenly beings.

It was just beautiful with the perfection of art and workmanship. Its very appearance, its seats, walls, ceiling, platform for speakers, and music all inspired you to worship. There was a period of public prayer, followed by a much longer period of silent prayer. Some groups repaired to special rooms for these private prayers. There was no pipe organ. Music was produced by instruments or the combination of instruments, an orchestra, but no big loud music like an organ.

There were several talks. One I remember about vocational subjects and the courses to be studied at the beginning of the new year which was approaching. The entire service was delightful. The hymns were grand. I especially liked the Hallelujah choruses, the orchestra and choir singing responsively with the congregation. When we returned night had fallen. Night in Heaven is three of the seven divisions of the day, in which the bright light of day is subdued to a beautiful twilight.

Dinner, or supper, was spread. We ate, talked, and got acquainted. Charles informed me that on the morrow there were graduation exercises at every institution throughout all three heavens in the Radiant Hills, the Conservatory of Beauty and the Zoological Gardens. Some were in the forenoon, some in the afternoon. I would be welcome to go with any of the young folks to their several schools, or I might pick one of my own choosing.

Someone started naming a list of them. I had never heard of any of them and wouldn't know anything about them if I did, so I stopped her. Then they all laughed. In fact, we were having a dandy good time anyway. I started telling about the school of art I had once visited and Charles said he was taking one of the courses there. So it was decided that I should go with him in the morning. Some more fun and talking and two or three hymns, a short walk in the garden with about a dozen young people, and I was shown to my room for the night's rest.

A beautiful couch, chairs or stools, but different from earthly shapes, a box or table of carved metal on which was fruit, water, and a fruit juice nectar, were there. Drawing and painting materials were in a little recessed closet or alcove. A small rug, rich in design, was on the radiant marble floor. The walls and ceiling were an arbor, similar to a grape arbor, but the fruit was larger. This was carved, not real, but it looked like the real article all right. There is no dust in Heaven to settle on carved furniture and walls.

You don't sleep; you rest. You don't even recline all night. You rest, eat and drink, pray, review the day's happenings, enjoy yourself. Sometimes parties or gatherings are planned, usually at night, because the days are busy for lots of the people. Some paint, or draw, or carve, or do any one of

a thousand things I couldn't even think of, let alone mention. Even the garden and grounds are delightful in the mellow light. But activity has ceased. No one is disturbed, no one is visited or molested. It is your rest time.

After an early breakfast, at the beginning of the morning worship hour, we were off to see an unusual piece of work in the fifth Heaven. We had to go during this period because the forenoon was taken with the exercises at the university. We evidently were not the only ones who wanted to see the exhibit, because the crowd was so large they had to take some little time in seeing it all. It was an exhibit covering quite a little territory and was in three parts. It was staged where there was a small lake, and an island in the middle of it, but quite small. Probably constructed just for this exhibit.

Part one was on one side of the lake, the lake and island were part two, and the other side of the lake was part three. It was a reenactment of the flood. Part one showed the people about their various tasks, the animals in their native haunts and Noah and his family constructing a ship. Part two was a small portion of the water where the boat rested after the flood. The animals were in it yet but there were no people. Part three showed the ship after the flood had wholly subsided, the animals had again returned to the wild native state, and a giant rainbow spanned the sky. The animals were not wild or dangerous. They had been brought from the permanent collection maintained there all the time.

The people acting were the actual ones, Noah and all his family, the ones who had drowned, and all. There were none here who had committed the unpardonable sin, but there were plenty who had not. We watched them working with queer tools on the boat. We went into the field and forests and looked at the animals. We watched people busy about their daily tasks. On the other side of the lake we walked through the lower or main deck of the ship. Many went out to see the animals in the ship at close range. The material the ship was made of was transparent on both sides, so you could see the animals, especially the larger ones, quite plainly. It was all an exact reproduction of the real thing, but we

would call the ship crude by standards of today, either on Earth or in Heaven. It was a wonderful sight, especially to me.

We went directly from here to the university. We wandered about the grounds and buildings a while, then went to the big stadium where the exercises were to be held. There were a number of musical selections, two talks, one by a faculty member and the other by a student. They were not given diplomas. They were formally presented to the assembled guests as accomplished artists in their line of work. They knew their subjects and had done some beautiful work. Then the crowd went to the big exhibition building of the university to see and praise the creations of those who were graduating. I won't describe the exhibits, simply say there were thousands of beautiful creations, beyond the power of man to fully describe.

We returned home early, in time to have a stroll in the orchard and eat fruit, nuts and other things growing there. Then we went for evening worship, the last private worship for the year. Nearly everyone had done as we, so the Church of the Savior was full to overflowing. After a glorious meeting we returned home to close the second of the four grand days I had in Heaven. This was Wednesday evening but Saturday over there.

Before we reached home the Sabbath had begun, the last Sabbath of the month, but as day begins in the evening, night always comes before the day. Another happy evening passed. We had a large group for dinner. A number of young people had come over, or rather had stayed with our young people instead of returning to their own homes. They certainly did have a good time together. They were taking part in a play or pageant and talked and planned it and their parts, and after dinner rehearsed different parts of it. Another quiet rest period passed pleasantly. Most of the young people had gone home. A few remained as guests, and would go with us to church on the morrow.

On Sabbath days there are four periods of worship. You may attend any one of these, or all four as you choose, but the two in the middle of the day, one ending at noon, and the other beginning at noon are the largest attended. Our people went in the forenoon after a delicious breakfast, mostly fruit, of the most

wholesome and finest tasting fruits I ever ate. Such refreshing drink as they served, I had never before tasted.

They attended a different church this time. I rather think it was to allow me to see something different. It was a much larger church, more plain in appearance, but set in a glorious background of enormous trees and vines that almost hid it from view. It was a church attended in most part by people who had been natives of some southern country. I believe they were mostly from the south of our own continent, or South America or a similar country. Their dress was primitive. The general hymns they sang had the same tunes and our group worshipped and sang with them and participated in the Communion Service. We were not the only visitors as could easily be seen by the costumes or clothes of those present.

The afternoon was spent very largely in the open. They wanted me to see all the estate or grounds, so we wandered leisurely all over the entire place. The younger children took themselves to a play field or park. The older people just naturally enjoyed themselves in a grove or landscaped bower of trees and flowers, seats and fountains. We young folks wandered far and near and saw most of the sights of the place.

An early supper, and a dandy it was too, finished the day. To shorten my description, I am stating just the main points. I am not telling about the angels' part in it all, the wonderful music always present, the sweet perfume, or the songs of the birds.

Read into this chapter such details as I have described in other places. Likewise read into this chapter a description of the flowers and plants, the walks of the appearance of gold, the radiant stones of the buildings, the glorious light which casts no shadow, and the ceaseless activity of spirits everywhere.

Another restful night and an early breakfast brought us to the Jubilee Day of the Church of the Savior, the last of the seven Jubilee Days of the year. We were going to attend the evening worship period in the great bowl or Church of the General Assembly, for this was the period when the young people presented the play or pageant. A full day was ahead of us or about ten hours before the evening period. At breakfast the

young folks suggested an excursion on the lake. The younger children decided it instantly by a very noisy demonstration, and the older folks decided to remain at home, so we took an excursion on the lake.

Our party, when it finally got started, numbered about fifty or sixty including the children and angels. We had a trim little boat or ferry for the trip. There were no sails, no smokestacks, or flags. The upper deck was practically level with nothing to obstruct our view. There is no sunshine, no rain or snow, no wind or dust, so no roof is required and no sides boxed in with windows. There must have been machinery below, at least there was something that made it go, for it did go, and rapidly too.

This lake is in the Conservatory of Beauty and is fairly large. On one side it touches the shores of the Radiant Hills and on the other indentations or arms extend back into the animal gardens. In places its shores were bordered with forests, some places of plains or lowlands, and in some places bare rocks of beauty and radiance. Giant bamboo or fern like trees of enormous height gave way in places to bright patches of gleaming colored plants and blossoms. Water life abounded along one shore and the waters themselves teemed with fish and marine life.

We landed close to a small rocky bench where the Radiant Hills drop down to kiss the sparkling waters of the lake, and drop crystal gems along its tideless shores of endless golden and silvery sand. We liked climbing those big hills even though we could have been to the extreme top almost instantly if we desired. We walked along a mountain stream, leaping from rock to gem, from marble to onyx, from granite to crystals, as it rolled onward toward the lake. It didn't rush unheeded as a mad outburst of necessity, but as the leisurely stroll of a happy boy. It had no necessity for hurry, as there is no force of gravity to make it rush.

Standing on the mountain top of gleaming purple, we looked off in every direction, up, down, right, left, before, behind. Everywhere other peaks reared their heads, water poured, lakes spread out or forests and flowers grew. "I'm pressing on the upward way, new heights I'm gaining every day." These words come to me as being appropriate expressions of my feeling as I stood there with that grand crowd of young people and angels.

But we had to return, going up the shore on the rocky side. Deep caves, grottos, natural bridges or other peculiar forms in varied colors greeted the eyes every few minutes. A period of rest at home, a recounting of the wonderful scenes to those who didn't go, a short period of hymns and prayers and we were ready to attend the Jubilee of the Church of the Savior.

Some of the young people were quite enthusiastic as they were taking part in the pageant at the close of the evening worship hour, the one we were now going to attend. It was one of the most impressive services I have ever attended. The platform had been enlarged and the portions usually occupied by the orchestra and portions of two other sections were occupied by those to take part in the pageant.

The first portion of the program was shorter than usual, but given over to worship by hymns and prayer, without much music by the choir and orchestra. The Communion Service was preceded by a talk exhorting us to make perfect the gift of eternal life and love bestowed on us by the Father. He reminded those present that not alone by pleasures of their own could they realize the most from the eternal blessings, but by contributing to each and every other spirit in Heaven, that which they might be able to give toward each other's enjoyment and realization of ideals. A prayer of blessing was followed by all present partaking of the bread and wine, and then followed a general prayer hymn, and lastly, a chant which seemed like one of our psalms. Then followed the pageant, which was in seven scenes, each of about fifteen minutes, I should judge.

The first was what we call the Garden of Eden, a small portion of which was reproduced on the stage. Here was seen the families and general life of the people. The Holy Spirit walked and talked with them constantly.

The second was the condition after the fall of man. Some were disobedient and willful; some offered the proper sacrifices on a few stones for an altar. The beautiful scenes of Eden were gone and weeds and underbrush grew along the river where before they had walked with God.

The third was the idolatry worship of Egypt, showing the corrupt worship the Children of Israel had to witness in their bondage, and which continued to bother them throughout their later national life.

The fourth was the perfected Jewish Temple worship in Jerusalem, showing Solomon's temple in all its glory. It was not as large as I expected to see, many of the modern cathedrals and churches being much larger. But there was evidence of gold everywhere.

The fifth was a missionary scene, possibly somewhere in Europe, showing the spread of the gospel among the Gentiles, and their large groups being born of the spirit in large numbers along the rivers.

The sixth was a modern church with a short section of the program, pipe organ, vested choir, communion, seven elders and about fifty deacons.

The seventh showed the eternal church in Heaven. Here Jesus sat upon a low stool and crowded around Him were children. Back a little, their angels waited to take up their care again. Several groups of young people engaged in several acts of worship. Encircling the entire group was a vast crowd of witnesses, apostles, saints, ministers, and older people, forming a solid wall around them.

We returned home for the great Jubilee Feast which occupies most of the evening watch. Space prohibits my describing it. Rather late we retired to rest. The two angels came into my room late in the night as it was dawning toward the morning worship. We talked of many things, especially of those things we had enjoyed together there, and then I had to leave my heavenly home.

With an angel holding each hand, I returned to my bed of suffering. I heard Mama in the room and I went to sleep. When I awoke the doctor was talking with Mama. He took my temperature and said they had better use the water. I lay on an oilcloth with a tub at the foot of the bed and with a garden sprinkler and water from the well they sprayed my hot body for hours to reduce the temperature. I lay and shook and gritted my

teeth and chattered and held on with each hand to an angel, as they stood on either side of the bed. So passed the days and I began to improve and to sleep naturally.

On the eighth day following, I had another opportunity to visit the Church of the Savior on the occasion of the Great Day of Atonement on September 15th. I will describe this service in another place sometime. I grew rapidly better. When able to be about, Blanche came with the buggy and took me for short rides. Later I went to Campbell's and was with Blanche all day while I was convalescing.

With my drawing materials I spent long hours making crayon pictures, putting into practice some of the art I had seen so much of in the wonderful Art Gallery in Heaven. But mine were all earthly subjects and my puny human efforts didn't make works of art or even of beauty.

But I learned to love, dearer than ever, the third angel, the earthly angel, my Blanche, as she went about her daily tasks about the house. And this angel, Blanche, and I resolved that fall to become life companions before we went back to Canon City.



Figure 12. Grandpa's house in Prescott, Iowa where I painted the oil colors in Figure 8 on page 92.

Sweethearts Forever

April 20, 1901
Canon City, Colorado
5-10 Pentecost

The seven heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament shows His handiwork. I was living in Canon City, Colorado, a country where there are sunshiny days and moonlit or starlight nights. At night the galaxy of stars declares the infinite domain and far reaching love and care of the heavenly Father. In that clear, rare, mountain air, I watched the stars and planets as they went on their never ceasing journeys to the far reaches of an infinite universe, held in their courses by the perfect law of the God of nature and of perfect order.

I watched the moon in the evenings as it advanced from a narrow crescent to full bright glory, from the western sky to the zenith, and then drop away a blazing beauty in the east as it began to wane. For years as a youngster, I used to wonder how big Heaven was. I thought it must be quite small, or otherwise the moon would circulate around in it every day continually, and destroy the people in Heaven or collide with their houses.

Then again, I used to think it must be outside the orbit of the moon, or the meteors or shooting stars would fly into someone and havoc would be wrought. But the Bible tells plainly that there is no need of the light of the sun or moon in Heaven. This is just another way of saying we will not be conscious of them or bothered with them in any way.

Heaven and everything there is spirit. Everything: land and mountains, lakes, rivers and forests, all is spirit. What is spirit? It is that out of which everything is made, the primary element, which by combination makes all the elements. It is that thin, gaseous something that fills the entire universe, every space that we call a vacuum, the medium that carries light, heat and magnetism to the end of space.

It can't be destroyed because it's the essence or substance of which God is made. The worlds move in it. Spirit does not move aside as a world or a star moves in it, but remains fixed like a wire screen as water passes through. The star passes through the spirit mass as though nothing intervened. Spirit occupies all spaces, whether it is occupied by something else or not. All of these material things are made of this same spirit. No matter how dense a substance is, nor how hot, or how large, spirit is in it and through it completely and eternally, and it offers not a particle of resistance to the passage of the spirit through it.

Nor does the passing of a body, as a shooting star or a meteor, or a moon, do any damage whatever, or disarrange in any way, any part of the entire mass or body of spirit. It isn't disrupted in the least. Neither does the passing of a spirit body, spirit boat, spirit airplane, angel, person, celestial being or worker through space or spirit, interfere with the portion or thing through which it passes.

In other words, I might say it is so thin, so infinitely small in its make-up that it cannot be harmed or changed, nor must it harm or change other portions it meets or passes through, excepting by the exercise of the spiritual laws of God. Spiritual laws alone govern it in all its relations to everything. God holds it in His hand, figuratively speaking, not actually, and makes out of it, with the aid of the celestial workers, angels and beings, according to His spiritual laws, all the different forms of matter you and I see here on Earth. Besides these familiar forms there are an infinite number of others.

The moon circulates daily in the midst of Beulah Land and no one is conscious of its existence or that it is passing. I don't know for sure, but it is entirely possible, that at some time, on some of my trips here and there in Beulah Land, I passed directly through the moon. But if so, I didn't know it. One thing I know certainly. Donald Kerr's home in Beulah Land lies close to the Earth, so close that the Earth does not recede and grow small. Also the moon stays above us and does not fade away in the distance as it does when I go as far as the other Heavens or even to the far portions of Beulah Land. So it seems reasonable for me to conclude that the moon is in Beulah Land and all the

remainder of Heaven is beyond it. But I get away from my subject.

In Colorado, we not only see beauty in the heavens but we see it on Earth as well. There are great hills and mountains, trees and flowers in infinite forms and combinations. I love to spend hours, or even days among the hills, hunting beautiful stones and fragrant blossoms. In Iowa I studied botany in high school and had some little trouble finding enough flowers of different kinds to make up my herbarium. But in a single trip to the mountains lying west of the hog back, I gathered more kinds of flowers than would make up several collections the size I had needed.

On April 20, 1901, with a lunch in my dinner pail hanging by a strap from my shoulder, a cup for water and a hammer to break off bits of rock for my collection, I started early for a day in the hills. I soon became aware of company. I didn't spend the day alone, but with two of my angels.

I wandered far, along ridges, in deep ravines, along mountain streams and through small patches of timber. Everywhere I found interesting views, distant scenery, rocks, and flowers close at hand, and as we journeyed we talked. What I was most interested in at this time was Blanche and my approaching marriage. We talked about many things but they all had to do with Blanche and me.

We discussed my desire to be a minister, also about wanting to be an architect and builder. We even talked about the fact that Papa wanted me to be a political speaker and reformer. But these all came right back to the central subject, Blanche Campbell and the fact that I would soon be a married man. We talked of many things regarding married life and they seemed to know the pitfalls that men and women fall into after being married a little while.

I learned that when a man marries, that the little natural law of God's love to love others as well as you do yourself, or even better, comes into full force and effect. I learned from this trip to the hills that if I wanted to remain free and have my own way about things, and be carefree, I had better never marry. If one

expects a wife to remain a sweetheart forever, he must remain a lover of that sweetheart forever.

And also, one thing of great importance I learned, and that was, God does not break up or interfere in human marriages, but allows each man and woman to have their true lover or sweetheart - not only here but in the hereafter. A proper relationship here on Earth would only be the beginning of a life of eternity with God in Heaven. I had seen enough of Heaven to desire it above everything else, but I wanted to have Blanche with me also. I learned that to avoid any separations, even for a short time, husbands and wives must both live righteous lives and obey God's laws, not only to inherit eternal life, but to retain a full abundant blessed life here on Earth.

Blanche had not been born of the Spirit yet, but I was assured that with proper love and sacrifice on my part, and if I would love her as myself, she would do the same as I would do, even as I would do the same as she. I must learn to put away selfishness and that all I had was not mine, but to share it. To be sweethearts forever then, it was only necessary for us to be sweethearts now, and then just continue that lovely relationship, and in time it would reach into eternity.

Ephesians 5:25-33, *Husbands, love your wives even as Christ loved His Church, and gave His life for it that He might sanctify and cleanse it by the washing of water and by the Word in order to build for Himself a glorious church without stain or wrinkle or any such thing, but that it should be holy and without blemish. So should men love their wives as their own bodies. He who loves his wife loves himself. *** For this reason shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall be joined to his wife, and they two shall be one flesh. *** Nevertheless, let every one of you so love his wife even as himself and the wife see that she reverence her husband*

Chimney Building

Canon City, Colorado
May 10, 1901

I was building a tall chimney in the center of a large dwelling house for Mr. Ellard, the Poet Laureate of the Rockies. It was a large chimney which had six openings, several fireplaces, with a number of stoves and heaters opening into it. Mr. Frank Cherry was the carpenter foreman and he was so anxious to get the chimney finished before the shingles were put on that I had to build the chimney before the framework of the house was completed. In order to do this, I built a scaffold from the first floor to the top, about thirty feet.

My helper, George Jacobson, a big stout Dutchman, was continually loading the scaffold with too much material. I cautioned him and told him it was a long way to the bottom of the basement. One afternoon as I was topping it out, an angel appeared standing on the chimney and told me there was as much on the scaffold as it would hold.

Just then George came up with a big load of mortar. I called to him not to bring it up, but he came ahead anyway. I tried to keep him from dumping it on the scaffold, but he kept arguing that there was no danger. The angel held out a hand to me and I stepped up on top of the chimney beside the angel. George dumped the mortar and down went the whole works, scaffold, brick, mortar, mortarboard, hod, George, and all my tools. When they hit the second floor the joist gave way, and adding to the general confusion, went on down through the kitchen joist to the floor of the basement, thirty-five or forty feet below.

George was not very badly hurt, as his fall was broken at each set of timbers he went through, and he landed sitting down in the mortar, still holding his hod. They tried to find a ladder long enough to reach me but failed, and I stood on top of that

chimney for about an hour until they made a ladder long enough to get me down. I did not finish the chimney until the roof was put in place.

Earthly Strife

March 23, 1902
1105 Whipple Avenue
Canon City, Colorado
4-32 Passover

On March 23, 1902, while Blanche and I were at Papa's, 1105 Whipple Ave., Canon City, Colorado just after returning from a winter spent in the mining camp at Segundo, Colorado, we walked up the D&R G railway tracks to the hanging bridge in the Royal Gorge of the Arkansas River. It was early spring and cool, but a lovely bright day and we had a delightful trip. We carried a bucket lunch of sandwiches, cake and fried rabbit to eat up there. We went through town, around the end of the hog back, past the penitentiary, the soda and sulfur springs, and crossed the river.

A short distance up the river was a health resort, the Hot Springs Hotel, which was now abandoned and the grounds and buildings had fallen into decay. It once had beautiful grounds and fine flowers which were now going back to the wild. I had always loved flowers, especially after seeing the wonders of the Conservatory of Beauty. I gathered some Oleander slips, Canna bulbs, Century plant sprouts, Pinks, Flags and Sweet Williams, and a few bulbs. These I made into a package and took home with me to try to start some flowers for myself.

A foot bridge had been built across the river at this point, suspended from cables, and anchored on either side to the rocks. We went across this swaying bridge to the other side, as that was where the track lay that we must follow to the Royal Gorge. Just as we started onto the bridge, an angel walked before us and one followed us. They continued with us the entire trip, until we were back almost to this point on our return trip. We crossed the foot bridge and railway tracks and climbed up to where a level road had been built along the mountain side

for a mile and a half or more, to be used as an irrigation ditch, There was a long tunnel on this road which was quite dark on the interior, but the angel walked before us and I was not afraid.

The railway had a third rail between the outer ones to accommodate narrow gage cars. I found a small spike, used to nail down this third rail, and put it in my pocket. I still keep it as a souvenir of the trip we made with the angels as our protectors. I needn't rehearse the details of the times they led us out of danger on this trip. At curves in the track, where we could neither see nor hear a train because of the roar of the river, we went boldly around or else waited in a safe retreat until the train passed us by. I wasn't afraid to go ahead when an angel led the way. I had been in the habit, since the summer before, of allowing myself to be guided by spiritual forces. They are always right, even though it may not be to our liking.

At Trinidad, Graycreek, Chandler, Coalcreek, Primero, Segundo, and other places I had worked, Blanche had been with me. Everywhere there was a preponderance of foreign speaking people, and in the construction camps there were very few women, and most of them not of the better sort.

Men were being killed every few days. Most of them carried guns and quite often used them. Then they would send for the coroner from Trinidad, or if it was just an accidental killing in the mine or while working, even that formality was dispensed with. I saw a man's body lie all day in the snow where he had been horribly mangled. The dogs flocked around, the curious came and looked at his bloody form, but he could not be moved until the coroner came from Trinidad.

Amid all the dangers of seven saloons and gambling halls, a camp of several thousand men with a small show of law or order, we were quite safe at all times for angels from Heaven were with us. They watched our going out and our coming in. They protected Blanche while I was away every day working. They guarded us from the crowd of curious and vile men who loafed in the streets and dives as we went for groceries or to the post office.

I often think of the protecting care of God, His oversight and our indifference to His mercy. His love covers even this fault of ours, and He continues to care for us so long as there is a human spirit that He may save for Heaven and bring back to Himself.

We ate our lunch by the side of a little rivulet flowing down a rocky cleft in the canyon wall. We wandered along the rocky banks of the river, under the hanging bridge, listened to the roar of the mighty waters as they tumbled from rock to rock, and the sounds were taken up and echoed and reechoed back and forth from cliff to cliff. But no matter how rough the river's course, how steep or rapid its descent, or how many rocks lie in its path, it ever flows onward toward the great sea, its quiet resting place.

Even so it is with the spirit of man that has been born anew of the water and the Holy Spirit. Godly spirits in this world ever keep in the paths of righteousness, passing over or around the rocky places in their paths, ever coming through victorious, and ever keeping on toward the depth and breadth of God's love as expressed in Heaven for man's salvation and enjoyment.

Rocky may be the passage, turbulent the waters, rapid the descent toward the depths, but every spirit finds its level and floats out onto the limitless sea of God's eternal love and care. Blessed are they who do His commandments that they may have a right to the Tree of Life and may enter in through the gates into the city.

Galatians 5:19-24, *For the works of the flesh are well known, which are these: adultery, impurity and lasciviousness; idolatry, witchcraft, enmity, strife, jealousy, anger, stubbornness, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings, and all such things. Those who practice these things as I have told you before and I say to you now, shall not inherit the Kingdom of God. But the fruits of the Spirit are love, joy, peace, patience, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, self control. There is no law against these. And those who belong to Christ have controlled their weaknesses and passions.*

Joy For Ashes

January 21, 1904
Prescott, Iowa
3-21 Advent

Our God is a just God, a compassionate Father, and an honest Judge of human nature. No man is condemned because sin was introduced into the human family by someone else, but because he himself has sinned. Sin is the breaking of natural law, not only those laws which man has already discovered by his own efforts with God's help, but also those laws which he has not yet discovered or recognized as such. This includes those natural laws which God has revealed to him with commandments to obey them. These I have called the "Right Religion."

Every sin has a punishment, more or less severe, whether we desire to recognize it or not. If we place our hand on a hot iron it is burned, if we remain under water we are drowned, if we inhale gases we are asphyxiated, if we overeat we are distressed and so on, whether we believe it or not. Many sins carry their own punishment, and sometimes it is given immediately. Every sin has a punishment exactly fitted to the nature of the offense.

Some of these sins and punishments are universally recognized by man and his actions are governed accordingly. All people recognize that there is no escape from these results or reactions, or punishments, however much they might wish that there were. Just as truly there is no escape from the sin resulting from the breaking of those laws revealed to man in the beginning by God, namely:

First: Love the Lord thy God. Second: Observe the five point moral law. Third: Love others:--with the full explanation and elaboration as given through Jesus Christ. The revealed laws not only carry with them punishments for disobedience, but

like all other natural laws, they carry a reward for faithful observance. As these are the most important of God's natural laws, they carry the greatest punishment for disobedience and the greatest reward for their observance.

All men are punished just exactly in proportion to their sins from all natural laws, each individual working out his own salvation. All men are rewarded just exactly in proportion to their righteousness, which is just another name for observance of natural law. Any individual who has not broken a certain law does not receive the punishment that goes with it, but rather the reward that goes with its observance.

From this we can readily see that a newly born baby has not broken any of God's revealed laws. It is also quite plain that a child cannot very well break any of these laws until old enough to do so, at least several years old. It also justly follows that they are exempt from any punishment for breaking these laws and are also entitled to the rewards which go with their observance. We readily recognize the fact that a person who does not eat out of harmony with God's laws receives the reward of proper nourishment. It is also the same in any number of examples which I might name.

Any child who dies before reaching the age of accountability, or in other words, dies before he has broken God's revealed laws, is taken immediately to Heaven. There he is allowed to grow to maturity under perfect conditions of home, school, worship, play and work. In Beulah Land all children learn to love and obey their Savior. They are guided through infancy, early childhood, youth, and also their entire educational life by angels and other celestial beings.

When they naturally come to the time in life that they should acknowledge Christ, they do so, and are born anew of the water and the Spirit and for the same reason that Christ was. They don't backslide in Heaven. Once in Heaven you soon see that it is the place intended for one eternally, and there they stay.

My first son, Donald Kerr, died at birth. A protracted labor lasting from Sunday evening until Wednesday morning could have no other result. He was born on the Campbell farm about

a mile and a half west of Prescott, Iowa, January 21, 1904, during the morning watch. He was a beautiful black haired, twelve pound baby boy.

I made a little casket. Aunt Mary Cavan and Mother Campbell placed him in it. He looked so real it was hard for me to realize we couldn't keep him with us. Three nights of ceaseless vigil and work called for rest so I lay down in the spare bedroom to get a little sleep and slept until noon. While I was asleep, Father Campbell took the little casket to its resting place in the Prescott Cemetery. It was in the dead of winter and the spot was not accurately marked at the time, so I never knew where he rests. It was better so, because it was God's will, and He knows what is best.



Figure 13. Campbell home near Prescott, Iowa where I made crayon pictures and where Donald Kerr was born.

I went to bed with a prayer on my lips. It was never finished. I was asleep almost as soon as my head touched the pillow. My spirit immediately left my sleeping body and the next moment I was in Beulah Land. I had not gone far when Blanche's brother met me, and went with me to the new home. It was not a large house like many In Heaven, but it was beautiful beyond words to me. There, on a beautiful bed, asleep, lay my son. I looked around at the angels who were there to care for him.

There were seven angels who had the raising and caring of Donald Kerr. They were not all present at this time. Four of Donald Kerr's angels were at worship in the Church of the Savior. This was the third Sabbath of Confession of Christ's Birth, or the twenty-first day of the third month. It was during the second portion of worship for the day, which began about 8:30 and would be over at noon. I remained until after noon and met them when they returned.

They had been present with Blanche and me all during her sickness, ready to bring Donald Kerr to Heaven when his spirit was released. He had arrived In Beulah Land borne in the arms of an angel sometime during the middle watch of the night. In Heaven there is always plenty of help. The angels work in shifts. Another is ready to take over whenever one stops or goes to worship. Nothing is ever left to chance, or neglected. God's Law is perfect.

I visited and talked and roamed through the house for hours, not having to return to Earth until about the middle of the afternoon. The homes of Heaven are well called mansions. They would be large just to accommodate the angels present. Each angel has two rooms; one seems to be a private room, rest room, or as we might call it, a bedroom. The other is in the nature of a public room, or parlor or sitting room or living room.

But these terms don't describe them. Each angel has prepared the rooms according to his own desires, both as to size and appointments, and therefore each suite is entirely different. It seemed to me that all the beautiful things of Heaven had been gathered into this one house: flowers, ferns, vines, gold, silver, marble, onyx and jewels unlimited in size or number, whatever was needed to make just what was desired.

Donald Kerr's suite, his very own part of the house, was appointed just as richly and as becomingly as the others. The angels talked to me and comforted me. At first I felt hurt because he had been taken from us. But when I fully realized that he would never know sin, or pain, or trouble of any kind, but would grow up a perfect man, ideal in every way, I was comforted. I asked to be allowed to tell Blanche, but they explained to me that they had nothing to do with that, the

answer to prayer was solely in the hands of God. They said that if it were God's will, He would give me another son. In that case I would have one son in Heaven and one son on Earth.

I went in and stood by the bed where the baby was sleeping. He opened his large dark eyes and looked all around the room. I dropped on my knees and kissed the baby face. I will never forget the hour, several years later on the first day of the earthly life of Donald William, the son God gave to Blanche and me to be our earthly son, when at almost the same time of day, he opened his eyes and looked all around the room as Donald Kerr had done.

But such a difference in comparison between the heavenly beauties one of them saw and the common homely things the other one saw! Right then I realized as never before that God knows best. He had taken him from us for his own best interests. Donald Kerr's home In Beulah Land has been my heavenly home now for over twenty-seven years. I have learned to love it very dearly. Whether or not that is to be my home over there I don't know, but it is certainly all that I could desire and much more than I deserve.

Donald William often wonders why I don't want him to follow after worldly, earthly, unlovely things. Equally so he wonders why I want him to attend the House of God and give his attention to the things of the spirit. I know I am considered a crank and old fashioned when I preach righteousness to my children or others, but all Earth combined could not change me.

For I know Him Whom I have believed and I am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day. The following is just exactly as true. I know Him Whom I have believed and I am persuaded that He is able to keep that which He has committed unto me against that day.

Camp Content

June 18, 1907
Geneva, Washington
6-19 Salvation

Blanche and I were having an outing, a vacation, a time of recreation and relaxation. We were camped in a tent in the timber at Geneva, on Lake Whatcom close to "The Firs", my brother Otis' summer home.

We tramped through the woodland paths, played games in the forest fastnesses, and wandered along the creek and the lakeshore. We rowed on the lake, we fished and hiked, and feasted on fresh strawberry shortcake baked on an improvised stove under the trees in front of our tent. When tired of roaming the hills and dales, we lay in the hammock and read stories from magazines, books and the Bible. We sat on the mossy banks and listened to numerous waterfalls. With a Kodak we caught and kept some of the beautiful scenes.

I had been Educational Director of the Bellingham YMCA for a year and was having a vacation and was making the most of it. What made the vacation really worthwhile was to be with my wife and sweetheart, and enjoy everything with her, and see her enjoying everything so much. Also what made it a really worth- while vacation were two angels, our constant companions, not only during our waking hours but during our sleep.

Wherever we went, among the ferns and evergreens, over rocks or logs, along trails by the waterfalls, or sitting in the cool retreat of a shady nook, they were with us to see that no harm came to us. On this particular night Blanche woke me up. She had heard some strange noises, a bird with a peculiar whistle. But it disturbed her. One angel was outside the tent, and the other sat in a chair in our tent. After a while Blanche went to sleep again and I lay awake a long time. The other angel came

into the tent and occupied the rocking chair. I finally began talking to them, and soon learned that they were to remain with Blanche until her baby was born.

We were to have another son, another Donald in place of Donald Kerr. My emotions of joy were a little more than I could contain so I asked them to take charge of affairs while I visited in Beulah Land. They indicated their approval and I left immediately for Heaven. They knew I was coming before I reached there and they told Donald Kerr that I was coming to see him.

When I arrived we had a dandy time for about an hour, playing in his play or recreation room. He was about three and a half years old, and I thought about the prettiest child I had ever seen. He is always glad to see me and seems to have unlimited time at his disposal. His appearance is so much different from earthly children. He is beautiful, has nice clothes, is clean, has perfect manners, and is a sweet youngster,

But it was night and so my stay was short. After a drink of nectar and a fruit or two to eat, I returned to Earth. Blanche was still asleep, the angels watching and I left them still on guard as I also dropped off to slumber land. But all earthly things end and so it was with my vacation.

On July 28, 1907, Donald William was born, and my hopes and Blanche's were realized. We had a son of our own. The angels' care had been rewarded with success. We had called our camp, "Camp Content." It was properly named. I have seen many camps since, but never another "Camp Content."



**Figure 14. Camp Content at Geneva, Lake Whatcom.
Where we spent a vacation in June 1907.**



**Figure 15. Photo of Whatcom Falls taken during this
vacation.**

Waiting Time

When the waiting time is over,
Then the Master bids us come,
In the glad and bright forever,
We shall rest in peace at home.

Chorus.

Then the waiting time is over,
When from sin and sorrow free,
We shall meet beyond the river,
There to dwell eternally.

When the waiting time is over,
Battles fought and victories won,
We shall hear the Savior's welcome,
"Good and faithful one, well done."

Then the waiting time is over,
When the toils of life are past,
We shall sing with holy rapture,
Praise the Lord, we're home at last.

J. H. Fillmore

I Corinthians 15:54-58, *So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, "Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is your sting? O Shoel, where is your victory?" *** But thanks be to God Who has given us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Therefore my beloved brethren, be steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, for as much as you know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord.*

Theological Puzzles

Fall of 1909,
Bellingham, Washington

Blanche and Donald were back in Iowa at the Campbell home with her father and mother. I stayed at home alone nights, cooked my own meals and looked after things. During the day I was teaching in the Whatcom High School. Being alone so much I made many trips to Heaven and explored and discovered many new places and beauties as well as the more familiar scenes. As a result, I definitely decided to study for the ministry, and went at it with determination, spending a large part of my spare time at my studies. Many things arose in my studies which were not properly or thoroughly explained. My knowledge of heavenly things made them plain. Still I have always been under the handicap of keeping my preaching and teaching within the revealed knowledge God has given man, and keeping to myself the fuller knowledge I have learned by these visits.

On one of these trips to Heaven, while exploring in the Conservatory of Beauty, I came to a beautiful orchard. I wandered through row after row of fruit trees of many different kinds. They all seemed to have flowers and fruit both on them at the same time. The fruit was all ripe. The small fruit, instead of starting out green, was ripe all the time until it reached full size. I ate many different kinds and they were all delicious; it seemed to me they were the finest I have ever eaten..

It reminded me of the times as a lad in Oklahoma when I strolled through Grandfather Whipple's peach orchard, berry patches and grape vineyard. He had planted the seed and then grafted on the choice varieties until he had a truly great orchard and berry patch. We youngsters would eat a few from all the different trees, going from one to the other hunting for ripe fruit. I was doing the same in Heaven, hunting for other and more delicious fruit.

I came to a break in the orchard trees, an open place, set with thousands of different kinds of plants and vines. It seemed to me like a sort of experimental farm or propagating garden on a large scale. There was a beautiful building which looked as though it might be the center of things, the tool house or the home of the caretaker. I walked over toward it, between the orderly rows of berries, vines and small trees.

I came to the path of golden crystal like pebbles so common everywhere that led around the building, and as I came around the corner of the house I saw him. At first his back was toward me and he was busy working with a plant lying on the table before him. I came up quite close to him and he turned and we looked at each other. Grandfather Whipple. It was he. He was as handsome a man as I ever gazed upon - young and handsome, smooth face, long flowing hair, and two good legs. He had no further need for crutches.

He knew me, too. We shook hands and he kissed me on both cheeks. We talked for a long time. He remembered well the times in Oklahoma when he had given me the liberty of the orchard. He and I together had cut grape cuttings and gathered sprouts from all his different kinds of berries to set out on our homestead in the strip.

He left his plant lying on the table and took me on a personally conducted tour through his wonderful experimental plots, telling me how he was doing this and that with the various plants. I didn't understand very much of it but he was wonderfully interested and we journeyed on. We came through an arched hedge upon a beautiful lawn and grounds and a little further on we came in sight of a large, grand, old-fashioned farm house. "This is where we live now," he said.

We went into the house. I need not describe it, a grand, glorious, beautiful farm house. Inside I met Grandmother, a number of children and some young folks. At other times there I met uncles, aunts and others. Grandfather and Grandmother had been Quakers in their youth, but later in life had joined the Church of Christ and had been born again. They had chosen to live here because Grandfather wished to continue his work with plants and trees.

Our God is a good God and rewards them that faithfully serve Him. Our eternal life is begun here on Earth and is simply transferred to a glorious setting of a perfect opportunity with unlimited resources at our command. I have often wondered what a life insurance agent would do when he arrived in Heaven, or a fire insurance agent or even a banker. They certainly would have to unlearn a lot after working a lifetime breaking God's laws here on Earth.

Many people here on Earth make their living breaking God's laws. Many have land they don't return to the common ownership every fifty years. Many loan money for increase or interest. Many sell things at a profit that they don't need and others do, and sometimes a big profit at that. Many hoard up wealth, and all sorts of valuable property, when God has said, "Take no thought for the morrow, what you shall eat or wear. Lay not up for yourselves treasures here on earth where moth and rust corrupt and thieves break through and steal."

"Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." Yea, ten thousand times more than most people ever realize. They read the Bible and don't believe it. They just believe some little portion of it that strikes their fancy, fits their condition, or does not interfere with their unlawful life or occupation.

There is much confusion in the world regarding the true nature of man, and the words mind, soul, heart, spirit, life, body and others are often used in a misleading manner. Even some Bible writers could not grasp the meaning of these terms and have used them irregularly. The human being has a body, mind, soul and spirit, which we should be careful not to confuse with heart and life.

The body we see is a material body, formed of the material elements about us in the mineral, vegetable and animal creations of God. It is formed the same as the bodies of animals of the higher class of creation, created by generation and born into the world in conformance to natural material laws. In this body is a heart, and the function of the heart is related to the blood system of that body, and has no relation whatever to the mind, or spirit of the individual.

It is related to the soul just to the extent that when the heart is active the body is alive and when the heart ceases to act the body dies and the soul ceases to exist, for the soul is the life of the body. Soul is a synonymous name for life in the higher forms of animal life. All animals that have a highly developed brain, with a mind, capable of thought, decision and action, have a soul, or in other words their life is their soul. God made man of the material elements of the Earth and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul. An earthly being, in reality an animal of the highest order. Man's soul is his earthly life, just that and nothing more.

Man had been created a spirit, with a spiritual body, and had a spiritual existence before he was given a material or natural mortal body.

Genesis 1:27, *So God created man in His own image; male and female He created them.*

Man was a complete creation, a heavenly creature before he became an earthly creature and when he lays aside this earthly body, he retains for eternal life, only that original or spiritual part created by God, and which is the divine part of all human beings.

The soul dies when the body dies, just the same in human beings as in the case of death of other forms of living beings here on Earth. The spirit of man may remain in his earthly body until it dies, but not necessarily. It isn't necessary to the functioning of the human animal being. Often during a last illness the spirit goes home to God before the life leaves the body. In my own case and I believe in the case of others, if we only knew where to look for them, the spirit leaves the body at will, and for long intervals of time, hours and days. Once I left for four consecutive days.

The only relation between the natural body and the spiritual body is a similarity in form, shape, or appearance. There is only one connecting link between the material earthly body, soul, and mind of man, and the spiritual body, spirit, and mind of man, and that is the mind.

The mind of man is the wonderful part of man. It is what makes him a higher form of creation than any other creature, either spiritual or earthly. Only God, the Holy Spirit, and Jesus Christ are higher. Man's mind is both mortal and divine, while the mind of heavenly creatures is wholly spiritual, and that of animals wholly earthly and ceases to exist after the soul leaves the body.

This is what makes the theory of evolution so ridiculous. Even if an ape could be evolved into a man-appearing animal, it would still be an animal and not a human being, an animal without a spirit and without a human mind. This mind of man has a perfect memory, which isn't possible for us to fully utilize in this mortal existence, any more than it is possible for us to fully utilize the other faculties of this perfect human mind.

We catch a glimpse of its wonderful nature when someone, under some peculiar circumstance such as insanity, coma, suspended animation, imminent death, hypnotism and similar situations, loses for the time being, the human control of his mind, and only the spiritual mind is active, revealing to us the wonders for a short time only, of the memory which records all things perfectly.

Also, a few minds of people here on Earth reveal to us other wonderful faculties of the human mind. When the spiritual dominance of that faculty is greater than the usual manifestation of the earthly portion, we call them a genius, or a prodigy, because they disclose glimpses of the spiritual possibilities or powers of the human mind. This twofold mind controls all our actions, both mortal and spiritual. It is the seat of knowledge, will and affection. With our mind, not our heart or soul, we love, hate, obey, worship, desire and create.

It is God's Book of Life on which is written, in a perfect memory, every thought and deed of our lives, and from which we are judged when we lay aside this mortal body and stand face to face with spiritual beings on that other shore in Beulah Land.

I have actually seen thousands and thousands arrive in Beulah Land. A moment's time is all that is necessary to reveal

to them and to the attending angels their spiritual state, and they all act according to its infallible decision.

Revelation 20:12, *Then I saw the dead, small and great, stand before the throne, and the books were opened; and another book was opened, which is the Book of Life; the dead were judged by those things which were written in the books, according to their works.*

I Corinthians 2:6-10, *Howbeit we do discuss wisdom with those who have comprehension, yet not the wisdom of this world nor of the rulers of this world who pass away. But we discuss the wisdom of God shown in mysterious ways, and it is hidden, but God ordained it before the world for our glory. This, none of the rulers of the world knew; for had they known it, they would not have crucified the Lord of Glory. But it is written, "The eye has not seen and the ear has not heard and the heart of man has not conceived the things which God has prepared for those who love Him." But God has revealed them to us by His Spirit; for the Spirit searches everything, even the depths of God.*

The Lord of the Sabbath

April 10, 1911,
1701 E. North St. Bellingham, Wash.
4-50 Passover Day

In the spring of 1911, I was living at 1701 E. North Street, Bellingham, Washington and was teaching in the Whatcom High School. I had decided to become a minister and had been studying to that end for almost two years. This spring I set several incubators and raised a large number of chickens. I was trying this as a side line. It necessitated careful routine work and planning to keep everything in order and have the eggs hatch properly.

At school, classes, and teachers' and pupils' work was all made out on a schedule and was closely followed in order to have a well-regulated school. I was teaching bookkeeping, and exact figures. Correct work to an exact penny was necessary to make the trial balances come out correctly. All of these things had a tendency to make me think that God had a definite religion for man, a definite plan of worship, a definite reward and other things the same. It was preposterous to me to think of God looking with favor upon all sorts and kinds of religion, all kinds of laws and observances, all kinds of ways of coming to Him, etc.

I had been thrown into contact with Mr. Threlkeld, a Seventh Day Adventist, and had several talks with him and he had given me a number of tracts to read. We met in the basement of the Leopold Hotel where I had been taking hot baths for my health. I gave it much thought and decided in my mind that on my next visit to Heaven I would do a little observing and ask questions about these things in order that I might have some of these things settled in my own mind.

In the afternoon of Monday, April 10, I came home on my bicycle at about three o'clock. Blanche was downtown with Donald and I had a little time to be alone and not be missed. I went upstairs to the front room where I had been studying and

had some books and writing materials. I was soon speeding on my way to Heaven for a few hours there. It was just after three o'clock in the afternoon, the latter part of the afternoon worship on the day of Jubilee of the month of Communion, or in other words, Passover Day, which with us would be called Easter.

All were at worship except one angel at Grandfather Whipple's. He said he was going to the Church of the Savior for the evening worship hour. We went into the large dining room and he served me fruit and nectar and wafers, and we sat there and talked until the others returned from worship. I seized upon the opportunity to ask questions, and they were answered as readily as you would say your ABCs.

All maintenance work requiring continuous handling during the full seven divisions of the day, every day of the seven months, throughout the whole year is done with heavenly workers and angels. None of this work is done by persons. Angels' work is mostly with persons, though not all of it. Both angels and workers observe a set schedule of work which I have chosen to call the Perfect Shift.

All human beings have activities planned for six days of each week, the last being a Sabbath. Also the fiftieth day or Jubilee is also a Sabbath on which no activity is planned. But these Sabbaths were planned for the benefit of people and not to hinder them in their enjoyment of Heaven and eternal life. Most people do things upon the Sabbath Days, which some people here on Earth look on with disfavor. Gatherings of friends or relatives, feasts or entertainment, excursions, visits to special places or exhibits, and numerous other things occur on these Sabbath Days. But many attend two or more worship periods, and some attend portions of all of them. They were made for men to use and enjoy.

The Perfect Shift does not apply to persons at all. God has given man a preeminent place in His scheme of creation and eternal life. The last two weeks of each year are a vacation from all regular activities for pleasure, but not for other spirits than people. The Perfect Shift is as effective as it is simple and easily explained. There is a six day week with one Sabbath, but the Sabbath for all but people shifts each week, from the last day to

the first. All work is handled in shifts of six and repeats each month, the Jubilee day completing the shift.

Every continuous job is handled by seven spirits, six workers and one overseer or superintendent. Each takes a different division of the day each day for work and rest. Recreation and worship is shifted to fit their working hours. I couldn't understand why there were always two worship periods, and two recreation periods, They are to make possible the Perfect Shift. This explained to me why I had seen so many angels connected with different activities. This explained why Donald Kerr had seven angels assigned to him. They worked one at a time. This also cleared up in my mind other instances when it seemed to me as though few of the angels or workers were busy. Six out of seven are always off duty, if you include the chief or foreman of the group.

After a few minutes greeting when the folks returned, the angel and I departed for the Church. We didn't use a plane but went the usual way, here now and the next moment there. It was the Passover and was somewhat different from usual Jubilee programs. The Savior and the fourteen Apostles sat around a table shaped like a new moon or crescent, and partook of the Communion first. There was also a talk and prayers by Jesus, addresses to both the ones at the table and also to the congregation. There was a separate program and a second Communion in which all participated.

Other portions of the program were very similar to other general assembly programs. One outstanding thing I well remember was two talks. One was by Moses and one by Aaron. There were several other talks, the speakers I have forgotten and I didn't copy their names in my notes.

Sometimes I wish I had taken fuller notes on these things, and some other things too, but what I did get is enough to serve my purpose, that of letting those dearest to me know of the nature of Heaven and the life they may enjoy after this life is over. I didn't return with the angel but went home directly, to learn that supper had been ready some little time and Blanche had not located me for the meal. But what I learned and the experience I went through fully paid for all the inconvenience caused by the delay.

Memories of Childhood

Summer of 1913
Prescott, Iowa

The summer vacation of 1913, Blanche, Donald and I spent in Iowa, on the old farm at Campbell's. On the trip going we stopped in Lincoln, Nebraska and Omaha, and on returning we stopped at Council Bluffs, Iowa. We spent about ten weeks on our vacation, and I spent four days of each week helping Will with the work on the farm and the other two days visiting the scenes of my earlier life.

As time advanced I had prayed more and more earnestly for permission to explain all these things to my family. I felt that my petition would be granted, but had no thought that it would be eighteen years from then before being granted. I had made notes, kept records, saved souvenirs and mementos of enough to make my record but I wished to check over everything, go over the actual ground again, as far as possible live over again on the actual spot, the thoughts and scenes of my experiences.

I have always felt that the records made at the time and while under the influence of the Holy Spirit's help and guidance were much more to be desired than merely telling of my experiences. So I revisited every scene I could reach in the limited time and with the limited resources at my command. I had a post card size Kodak, and with it took pictures, wherever and whenever I thought it might help me to forward my purpose.

My family was surprised at the ease with which I went without hesitation to the various homes of my very early childhood, places most children would have forgotten long before. What they didn't know was that on all these trips, throughout the entire summer, two angels went with me. They guided me where I should go, reconstructed for me the scenes of my childhood, and brought back to my memory the happenings of long ago.

On this trip I took pictures of the following scenes and places. Some I may have mentioned in these writings and some I have not. I visited the house at 520 N. 16 Street, Lincoln Nebraska, where I lived when the notes on the Charmed Life were made. Here was the house, barn, driveway and downtown the Nebraska State Journal building I visited so regularly every morning.

In Iowa I again became a boy. I cultivated corn, made hay, harvested oats, threshed wheat, milked the cows, fed the hogs, drove the horses, gathered the eggs, hoed in the garden, as I did when a boy. At Creston Iowa, I visited again the home and farm where I was born, roamed over the place, strolled under the trees, ate fruit from the trees Papa had set out and that Grandfather Whipple had grafted and budded.

I visited the place where George and Maude were born, the church where I first went to Sunday School and the home on Adams Street where we lived when Papa had the meat market. In Creston, close to the scenes of my earliest childhood, I found an agate, very closely resembling the Crystal Gem I once brought home from Heaven with me. It is now one of my prized possessions.

When I hesitated in hunting for the places, an angel led on. Sometimes I hardly realized the truth of their directions, but it always proved, upon investigation, to be correct. I lived over again the situations I had kept account of to verify their accuracy in my mind. I visited again the old Queen City school, Wood's school, Shower's school., Duncan school, and Prescott school, all in Adams County, Iowa. A few years before I had visited Papa's boyhood home at Carbon, stood in the cemetery at Quincy, and wandered over the Whipple and Booker farms and surrounding country.

On Grandpa's Old Farm I took pictures of the meadow and timber, the house and barn, the orchard and maple trees, the timber along the river and Over North. Along the river I walked with angels and picked wild flowers as I did when a boy. I visited the churches I knew and loved so well in Creston, Prescott, Corning and Brooks. I checked over my notes and took pictures to keep them fresh in my mind until I could record them.

I took pictures of Grandpa's eight acres in Prescott where I lived and went to school, met and overcame some of the greatest temptations of my life. I visited again the home and farm where I lay sick of the fever and for four days was absent from my body but at home with Him. I photographed the house, the barn, the fields and orchard, the road and bridge that runs in front, down past the old brick yard where I worked so hard, beyond the strength of my years many times.

I took pictures of the Campbell home where I spent my wonderful period of convalescence and tried to reproduce some of the heavenly works of art I had seen in the Art Gallery. With an angel at my side I walked from the old Corning High School to home, down the old familiar road, over the bridge, along the Osage Orange hedge, past the two Smith houses and through the old gate and road to the place beneath the old cottonwoods where our house had stood. The house was gone, but the old stone foundation remained. I stood on the foundation and reconstructed in my memory the original state of the now dilapidated barn, smoke house, hen house and corn crib.

I crossed the old ford, plunged off the bank of the creek into the Old Swimming Hole, took pictures of the tree where I had carved Blanche's initials on the bark, and lay under the tree on the bank where I had written the original notes of my high school experiences. I walked back to Corning across the fields, took the short cut, and forded the river in the old familiar way to walk along the railway tracks to town. Here I had gathered flowers for my botany work.

I visited again the old high school, the Methodist Church where I took part in the Oratorical Contest and the Graduation Exercises and the old jail, across from the Court House where Mr. Pumroy was sheriff when I was a little boy.

In Council Bluffs I relived scenes at 34th and Avenue C in Walnut Grove, Hunts Pond and along Broadway as I went to school. I visited again the Avenue B School, Second Avenue School and the Baptist Mission Church. I met and visited with my old teacher, Miss Elizabeth Graves. I went to the old school room with her and we went over old times together. In Omaha we visited the old Cass Street School, the church and the

home at 1813 Webster Street, where I got my black box that Dee gave Otis.

I wanted to visit Colorado and Oklahoma again before I wrote this account but have been denied this because of finances. But I am thankful that my work is now getting into a form where others may know of my experiences. Angels walk by your side many times when you know nothing about it. I only wish that I might more fully realize and appreciate all the wonderful things God is doing for me every day.



Figure 16. The farm house on Grandpa's old farm near Corning where I spent many delightful times as a boy.



Figure 17. Christian Church at Prescott, Iowa. I always attended when at Grandpa Headrick's.



Figure 18. Ford below the Old Swimming Hole on the farm where we lived near Corning when I attended high school.



Figure 19. Home in Creston where we lived before our visit to Kansas.



Figure 20. Christian Church, Creston, Iowa where I attended Sunday School while quite young.

Marriages in Heaven

May, 1915
5 Pentecost

In May 1915, I married my first couple of young people. The man had a divorced wife living. I questioned him carefully and was convinced that the real cause of the divorce was infidelity to the marriage vow and that he was innocent. But in my mind I wondered exactly what marriage vows mean in the sight of God and what the relationships will be in the eternal life.

Soon after this I found an opportunity to ask questions of an aged man I met in Heaven. I don't know his nationality, neither do I know his age, but I suspect he was a thousand years old at least. He was instructing a group of people at one of the many schools I loved to visit and see what went on.

It was during the evening worship hour just following the afternoon classes in the Zoological Gardens. He had been explaining some points in connection with variation of type or shape in animals, and telling why some were better than other variations. At the close of the class I engaged him in conversation and we had a nice talk with a considerable number of listeners. In Heaven everything is public property. No one bars his neighbor from anything. Everything is wholesome and desirable and no one is an eavesdropper or an intruder. If they wish to listen it is proper. There are no secrets. I learned a number of things regarding the relationships of humans, especially on the subject of marriages and the rearing of children. I will state some of the main points I learned. Heaven does not recognize the marriage ceremony we place so much emphasis upon here on Earth. A couple does not in reality become man and wife because of this ceremony. On the other hand many are properly married in the sight of God who never had a ceremony. It is the relationship existing between the couple and not the ceremony that is the deciding point.

Also, there are no illegitimate children. All children have a father and a mother and the relationship existing between them is proper and right, in so far as the child is concerned. They are not looked down on as they are here on Earth. A marriage in the sight of God is the union of a man and a woman for eternity and they two become one perfect being, a male and a female, capable of perfect and complete creation, according to natural law. The marriage may or may not result in the rearing of children, that does not influence the relationship in the least. The relationship is spiritual.

This spiritual marriage relationship continues in Heaven just the same as it did on Earth, but under perfect and ideal conditions. One husband has one wife, and that one is the first one, the first real husband and wife. Only a small percent of the people in Heaven are married couples. There are no births in Heaven.

Second or later husbands and wives don't have husbands and wives in Heaven. There is enough joy and pleasure and worship for all so they don't lack any more than the married couples. But all infractions of natural law carry their punishments, and all creation must abide by it whether or no.

Sinful fathers or mothers of children who are not actual husbands or wives, if they have repented of their sins and been born again, are new creatures. And when I say new creatures, I mean just what I say. They have been adopted into the family of God the same as other forgiven sinners. Heaven knows no such thing as one sin being worse than another. When you are forgiven and born of the water and the Holy Spirit, you become a new creature.

All except children enter that way. Because you think your little sins make you better than others whose sins are much greater in your eyes, does not make it so. God loves every spirit of a person the same as He loves all the others. We on Earth make complicated situations by our sins, our early acts before marriage, by divorce and multiple marriages, in regular lawful practice and by being unfaithful to the marriage vows, etc.

Those who enter are forgiven their sins, all of them, big and little, complicated or simple, lawful sins or unlawful sins. They are all the same before God, and all are forgiven and become new creatures. When one becomes a new creature in Christ Jesus, one is a different creature. The old man or woman is dead. I mean dead, eternally dead and the new creature is a new creature, not the one who sinned, but another creature entirely, a creature that has never sinned, and so the new creature is just as good as you or I or any other one of God's children.

One thing we must remember always and that is there are no sinners in Heaven. There isn't even a thought of sin. There is no desire for sin. There is no longing for or to do the things of a sinful nature we once thought proper, lawful, even Christian by some. Many, many things, considered to be Christian today, are in reality before God, sins. They are all given in the Bible as we now know it. There are no sins it does not condemn. Read it and study it for yourself and see just what it does say.

Perfect home life is one of the blessings that Jehovah has for those who love Him and obey His commandments. We see glimpses of these blessings while we are still living in the flesh here on Earth, but it remains to be shown to us in its perfection in Heaven. Over there all sin and imperfection has been laid aside and true love finds its lawful and rightful expression.

Real true husbands and wives are reunited, and will never again be separated, excepting during the course of events, as they shape themselves to the daily life and worship. All children may be gathered into the home at will; but as many have homes of their own, they do not live with their parents.

The really true married couple is the center of home life, around which all other institutions are grouped. Any unmarried person may establish a domicile for himself though, and does not need to live with his folks. We find many such homes over there, but as communication and travel are rapid, separation is not the barrier to joy that it is on Earth.

In Heaven an illegitimate father is just as proud of his child as the legitimate father is. Why not? All sin is forgiven and

forgotten. You cannot recall it, even if you should want to, which no one ever does. Heaven isn't a glorified Earth, with its relationships, loves and hates, desires and covetousness transferred to it, but is another realm, a spiritual home, a perfect abode, a heavenly mansion, a sinless estate, a life of love and cooperation and friendship and every other godly virtue.

There is nothing vile, no unkind thought, no unshared joy, no selfish hoarding, no love of gold or silver, diamonds or pearls. It is hard to tell so a mortal man can understand it, that Heaven is a new place and is peopled entirely by new creatures, new people . All earthly things have been left behind, never to be seen again, never to be desired again. The one thing necessary for you who read this, whoever you are, be sure you have believed in God and His Son Jesus Christ, and have not refused to be born of the water and the Holy Spirit.

If so, you may see Heaven and live there eternally. If not, you will never see Heaven. What will happen to you, I don't know. The nature of things in Heaven makes it impossible to even find out, as no evil thought can enter there. The Bible statements regarding the fate of the unborn sinner is all I can refer you to for information. Read it. If Judas Iscariot could be forgiven for betraying his Lord, and Peter for deserting and denying him, and Paul for killing great numbers of innocent disciples of Christ, surely a man and woman can be forgiven for creating a new human life unlawfully.

Mark 10:4-12, *They said, "Moses gave us permission to write a letter of separation and then a divorce." Jesus answered saying to them, "It was because of the hardness of your heart that he wrote for you this particular law. But from the very beginning God made them male and female. For this reason a man shall leave his father and his mother, and cleave to his wife. And both shall be one flesh; henceforth they are not two, but one flesh. What therefore God has joined, let no man separate." And His disciples again asked Him about this in the house. And He said to them, "Whoever divorces his wife and marries another commits adultery. And if a woman divorces her husband and marries another, she commits adultery."*

Revelation 8:2, *Then I saw the seven angels who stood before God; and seven trumpets were given to them.*

Revelation 8:6, *And the seven angels who had the seven trumpets prepared themselves to sound.*

Release from Sickness

Dec. 31, 1918
1910 D Street, Bellingham, Wash.
2-50 Fall of Man

I Kings 19;5-8, *Then he lay down and slept soundly under the oak tree; and, behold, an angel touched him and said to him, "Arise and eat." And he looked, and behold, there was at his head a cake baked on the coals and a cruse of water. And he did eat and drink, and lay down again. And the angel of the Lord came again the second time and touched him and said, "Arise, eat and drink; because the journey is too great for you." And he arose, and did eat and drink, and went in the strength of that food forty days and forty nights as far as Horeb the mount of God.*

The night before Christmas 1918, Blanche and I both took sick with the flu then going the rounds. Eleanor and Donald were already sick with it and now the entire family was down. Edna was home from school on a vacation and took up the immediate task of caring for us. In a few days time Mrs. Decker was secured to take care of us and Edna was released for her own work. Those were the days when people wore masks over their mouths and noses when they appeared in public or where anyone had the flu.

Dr. Katherine Gloman was our doctor and took good care of us, and we all four recovered and returned to normal life and health. I was told that I was the sickest one of the entire lot, and out of my head for hours at a time. I have never told anyone of my experiences during those times when I was out of my head. At these times my spirit just slipped over into Heaven and left all earthly suffering, cares and worries behind.

On December 31st I visited Heaven and stayed most of the day. I was at the home of Donald Kerr. He was a fine lad, almost fifteen years old then. He had been studying architectural art and decorating, doing some painting and some carving. But this day, for some reason, he was at home having

a game similar to our croquet with a small bunch of other young people. They were mostly about his age and were having a jolly good time.

At noon we all went to worship in the Church of the Savior. It was the Jubilee of Thanksgiving. Nothing ever grows old in Heaven. A man or a woman a thousand years old is no older than about thirty or forty. They are all in their prime and beauty. The flowers and the grass and the shrubs and trees don't grow old and die, nor turn yellow and brown. They remain young and fresh and beautiful. Fruit on the trees remains ripe all the time.

The pleasures of Heaven likewise remain fresh and new and most highly desirable. One never gets enough of the wonderful blessings God provides. People in Heaven never forget to thank God for His goodness to them. Worship never grows old. There is always something new and fascinating about it.

One never tires of assembling, either in his own church on the regular Sabbaths or in the great Church of the Savior on Jubilee Days and other special occasions. Today the church was filled with a happy joyous crowd. The band was playing when we arrived. We had a place just next to the band or orchestra or choir. I had an opportunity to see the orchestra in action at close range. There are many, many different kinds of instruments. Some were used part of the time and others at other times, but they made beautiful music and there was no director that I could see that was leading the orchestra or the choir.

In this service the time was devoted to thanksgiving and rejoicing. The music and songs were either of thanksgiving to God, or of praise for His love and care. The prayers all stressed the wonders and beauties of the heavenly life and the goodness of God in providing for man. The talks brought out the facts that every being was dependent on God for every blessing and pleasure, whether an ordinary necessity or a special joy.

The very elements which are all created from pure spirit and held in their form and places by the power of God would immediately dissolve and return to their original state of spiritual form, which humans have sometimes called ether, that which

fills all space. God holds the universe in its place, the worlds, the stars, and suns in their courses, and is the source of all light and power and energy. Without God everything would again return to its primitive condition, which I can best describe as simply nothing at all but spirit.

God, in His goodness, has provided for man in this world and in Heaven every desirable blessing, and placed them within his reach. He has created man in His own image and shares with him the powers of creation in the great spirit realms beyond this life. He is always present with you in power and love, handling your blessings, conveniences, necessities, and even your sicknesses and sorrows to our own best interests.

In God's own time He takes you from the earthly life, where your eternal life is started, to your new and wonderful home over there, where you may worship Him through eternity.

That enormous crowd, covering a space at least five miles across, sang the praises of God like they meant it. They all sang. Their choruses rang to the highest Heaven. God is surely pleased with His creation of man. He surely is glad He made man. Man is surely glad that he was made. They both say so.

The Communion Service was the last thing on the program today. A very few words by Jesus, a longer blessing, and then all ate their loaf and drank their wine or nectar, made from some fruit juice. I don't know what kind or how. A rousing hallelujah chorus and a beautiful instrumental by the band as we returned home ended the afternoon worship.

A new crowd immediately assembled as we returned to our home and to other pleasures and blessings.

On my bed of sickness I often thought of two blessings in particular. One is that God allows people to get well and again live with their loved ones and care for them. The other blessing I often think of is the blessing of being allowed to repent of our sinful doings and pray for forgiveness and receive it. God answers all those prayers and restores us to our original purity and innocence and removes our sins as far as the east is from the west.

James 5:13-16, *If any among you be afflicted, let him pray. If any be merry, let him sing psalms. And if any be sick, let him call for the elders of the Church and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of our Lord. And the prayer of faith shall heal the sick, and our Lord shall raise him up; and if he has committed sins, they shall be forgiven him. Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another, that you may be healed. The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man is powerful.*

Perfection

August 1921
1910 D Street, Bellingham, Wash.
7 Trumpets

The summer of 1921, my last vacation while I was teaching in the high school, I worked for a few weeks laying brick on the Normal School dormitory. I was poisoned from decayed teeth and could not continue my work. I put up a tent at Camp Perfection on the beach of Bellingham Bay in a little cove close to Dot Island and sought by rest and recreation to recover my health. I built a boat, hunted agates and shells and star fish. I wandered up and down the beach, morning and evening. But my health grew worse and finally turned into a form of pneumonia and we had to move back to town and get a physician to guide my ailing body back to normal health.

I lay for many days as quietly as possible, quiet being one of the chief means of restoring my health. I grew worse for a while and then the tables turned and I began to improve. By the time school opened in September, I was able to go by walking the two blocks in short stages, stopping to rest often, and taking most of an hour to make the trip. But I steadily and surely recovered until in six months time I was again almost normal, at least in appearances.

The doctors, some of them, had given me up to die, others said I had one chance in a thousand, but there is something neither they nor my family ever knew. Two angels watched over my mortal body for months. Not only that, but many, many times during those long, hot, trying days, I lay quietly, apparently asleep. As the other members of the family went quietly about their several affairs, I was present only in soul and body, for my spirit was far away in the blessed land of health and perfection.

Along about 8:30 in the morning, after the breakfast things were done up, and the house had quieted down, I loved to slip

away to Beulah Land to the cool, and shade under a big fern tree that grew at the side of a charming pool. I knew that sooner or later Donald Kerr would wander down that way. We would sit and talk about his new course in building while we made designs on the bank with radiant gems that bordered the pool of fishes, lilies and birds. These trips and talks impressed upon me a great many truths, the notes of some of which I will try to tell as best I can.

People here on Earth are not perfect in any major human quality or faculty.

They are not perfect.

Their minds are liable to play them false, to make wrong decisions, to lead them into the wrong occupations, to stress the unimportant and leave to chance the important things.

They are not perfect.

Their bodies are liable to injury, to disease and sickness, distortion, decay, and mortal death.

They are not perfect.

Their souls often refuse to obey God, lead their minds and bodies into paths of unnatural choice and violation of God's natural law, both of the revealed and demonstrated laws.

They are not perfect.

They all commit sin in their mortal bodies, mind, soul and body uniting to try to thwart the eternal purposes of God

They are not perfect.

No man ever lived since Adam sinned, except our Savior, who lived without sin. That person who says that he lives without sin does not tell the truth. He does not know what the truth is.

They are not perfect.

Every person has a spirit. Every one has a God: a heavenly Father, a Holy Spirit a heavenly Mother, a Redeemer and Savior.

They are perfect.

The perfect Trinity of God has prepared for man ways of living in this life and in the life to come, and given us a living interpretation of those ways.

They are perfect.

God has given the whole universe, including mortal man, natural laws both revealed and not revealed, some stated definitely and others left to be discovered and developed.

They are perfect.

God has ordained ways and means of leading man away from his sinful life, soul, mind, and body. These ways will lead to God and eternal life.

They are perfect.

God has placed within all human beings spirits, which are made in the likeness and image of God. They are the God part of man.

They are perfect.

God has created for the reward, pleasure, comfort and abiding place of man's spirit, seven heavens, eternal, beautiful, celestial enjoyment, delightful co-operation in Heaven.

They are perfect.

And to this abode the spirits of men are assembled by the millions and millions and tens of millions from all the four corners of the Earth, from every clime and race.

They are perfect.

Forget all this theory and speculation about God. No man has ever been holy sanctified in the sense modern theology would have us believe. Man sins and always will. No man has been picked out from the time of his birth and foreordained to be destroyed by God, soul, spirit, mind and body. God does not condemn men that way. No man has ever been picked out from the time of his birth and foreordained to eternal life by God. He does not save men that way.

Man isn't perfect. He is a sinner in a sinful world. Sin is on every side of him. His eyes see it, his ears hear it, his nose smells it, his body feels it. He himself sins. No man is perfect, no, not one. Forget about your second chance to be saved. Who wants to wait a millennium of a thousand years to enjoy the full privileges of divine sonship? Not I. Even if God does allow you a millennium of a thousand years to change your mind, who wants to take advantage of it when they can enter upon eternal life now. Now is the accepted time.

Forget this speculation about the second coming of Christ. There is only one thing you need to be concerned about His second coming. That is, have I been born of the water and the Holy Spirit? Drop all this speculation about whether He is coming sooner or later. Why should you care? Be ready all the time. Then your eternal life is assured. Spend the time used in useless speculation in saving souls.

If He should come tomorrow and you were prepared and go and meet Him in the air as He comes down through Beulah Land, it would certainly be glorious. But it would be equally glorious for you if you went to Heaven and lived amid the glorious beauty and love of the assembled saints for one or two thousand years before the millennium, and then come with Christ from Heaven when the last trumpet is sounded by the angel announcing the beginning of the last thousand years of chance to accept Christ.

Spend your time helping a blind, mixed up, religious world untangle their theological inventions helping consign them all to oblivion,. The Bible and it alone is held aloft to a sin cursed and sin blinded mass of struggling souls, trying to find God among the debris of hundreds of different kinds of false religions.

There are none of them entirely right. None of them show the true and just way. None of them condemn sin in all classes as they should. None of them exalt God and Christ above everything else. No, not one. No, not one.

Who cares whether the thousand years probation for the unfortunate ones of Earth comes before Christ comes or after Christ comes? What difference does it make to you anyway?

Are you planning on being one of the sinners that will need that thousand years to be converted? God forbid! Wake up. Be a real man or a real woman. Discard your high sounding words and phrases. Forget your post-millennium and your pre-millennium, your sanctification, your second blessing and ten thousand other inventions of the divided, blind, misled, bleeding crucified Church of Jesus Christ.

Assert your sonship of God. Be pure, think pure thoughts, act pure, make a home that is just a little of Heaven here on Earth. Substitute prayer for your cursing and coarse vulgar conversation. Substitute the study of the Bible for the study of Hoyle and the silly little red and black spots. Substitute the savor of a good conscience for your rotten tobacco smoke. Drink the cup of communion instead of your foul whiskey and moonshine. Substitute attendance in the house of God for dance halls and any number of other ungodly places.

If you have any virtue at all, think on these things. For God's sake, for Christ's sake, for goodness' sake, for your own sake, or your wife's sake, or your husband's sake, or your children's sake, wake up! Life is passing, life is short. Act now, while it is called today. Heaven beckons, God invites, the Holy Spirit woos, Christ pleads with you. Almost---but lost.

The Ninety and Nine

Mama sang this song as she rocked us to sleep

There were ninety and nine that safely lay,
In the shelter of the fold,
But one had wandered far away,
In the desert so lone and cold
Away on the mountain wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

Shepherd, hast Thou not here the ninety and nine?
Are they not enough for Thee?
But the Shepherd replied, "This one of mine,
Has wandered away from Me
The way may be wild, and rough, and steep, from
Me.
But I go to the desert to find My sheep."

But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed,
Nor how dark was the night the Lord passed
through
Ere He found the sheep that was lost.
Away in the desert He heard its cry,
So feeble and helpless, and ready to die.

And afar up the mountain, thunder riven,
And along the rocky steep,
There arose the glad cry of joy in heaven;
Rejoice! I have found my sheep.
And the angels echoed around the throne,
Rejoice! for the Lord brings back His own.

Elizabeth C. Clephane

The Call of Moses

January 21, 1925
3006 E. Harrison St. Seattle, Washington
3-21 Advent

In Bellingham I taught a class of young married people in the Bible School. We had class parties and I made several strips of comic pictures to show with my stereopticon. After moving to Seattle, while living at 3006 Harrison Street, I made a strip of pictures in which I tried to show the story of the Exodus of the Children of Israel. I called the pictures, "The Call of Moses."

I made a small stage, arranged the characters on it and then photographed them one at a time. I fitted up a room in the basement and for several weeks, when I had no regular work to do, I spent hours making my pictures. As I would become tired, I often slipped away, sometimes for hours at a time, for visits to some of the seven heavens. I will only mention two.

On January 21st 1925, Donald Kerr was twenty-one years old, his birthday. It was Wednesday here but was Sabbath in Beulah Land. They planned a big birthday party and had it in what we might call a large play field or park in the foot hills of the Radiant Hills, just across Paradise from his home. In order to have the day for their party, they all went to morning worship which was over about 8:30. This left the entire day for their good time.

I heard about the party a number of times and planned to go if possible, but that morning I had some other work to do and could not get away until nearly noon. There was not enough time then before lunch so I had to wait until things quieted down in the afternoon before I could get away. Then I met another difficulty which delayed me considerably.

I am a mortal man and don't have a very complete spiritual control of myself. I doubt if anyone has while they have a mortal

body to bother with. But at any rate, what I was going to say is that Beulah Land is a big place, and I don't know it perfectly. The spirit of space, the ether or whatever you call it, of which Heaven is made, remains practically stationary, filling all space everywhere. But the Earth rotates. When you leave the Earth for a particular spot in Heaven, it may be just over you or it may be just the opposite.

In this instance it was just the opposite or nearly so. If I had gone early I probably would have hit it right. In Heaven there are seven divisions of time, instead of twenty four as on the Earth. I lost considerable time wandering around thinking every minute I would see some familiar land mark. They just let me wander all I wanted. No one ever interfered with me, but I finally asked for help. I got it quite suddenly. An angel with a small butterfly plane put me in the right spot quicker than it takes to tell about it.

An entire class of young people about his own age from the university had come to help him have a good time. And they certainly were having it! About all I could do was look on and watch them have their sport.

A lake, a falls and rivulet, a young mountain of varying colors of purple, a beach of crystal gems, a large lawn, numerous bowers, retreats, shrubs, flowers and a large refreshment stand or table, assured a good time if they knew how to get it. From the music and laughter, splashing of water on the beach, the number of planes and boats, they evidently knew how to get it. I was there for several hours, had fruit and nectar with them, visited a short time with Donald Kerr, watched and enjoyed myself as much as they, I believe. All too soon I had to return to normal duties and the routine existence of earthly life and work.

The other occasion was on Christmas Day. On Earth it would be called Christmas, but in Heaven it was the day of the Savior's birth in Bethlehem of Judea. On Earth we don't celebrate Christmas on the right date. Jesus was born on February 19, AD 5. In Heaven it is always a Day of Jubilee with general good times, four periods of worship during the day, and a Sabbath just before it with four periods. A month of forty-nine days had been spent stressing the need of a world of mortals for

a Savior, the causes of His Advent and related thoughts. This Christmas Jubilee is a general Communion Day and program in the Church of the Savior. They always have something special or out of regular on these big days and I like to see them.

Donald Kerr, his party and I went for the forenoon program which closes about noon. At times during the program I would look around me. I would know those I ought to or needed to know, even though afterwards I could not recall their names. That habit has become fixed on me now, till I can very rarely recall the names of my earthly acquaintances.

During one of the speeches I was looking across to my left and I saw a group of people. It looked like my Grandpa and Grandma.. And who was with them? There was a large party. I thought I saw Minnie and May and Ruth and so many others. But the best part was it was real. The instant services were over I was in their midst. I said to Grandma, "Take me home with you." "I certainly will," she said.

I went home with them and so did some others of our party. Their home was not in Beulah Land. They had not even stopped there, but came directly to a mansion that had been prepared for them in the Conservatory of Beauty. How wonderful they all looked! Grandma had grown young again. Grandpa was not lame or gray or old, and had no beard on his face. Ruth was a full grown woman and beautiful, too. She looked like just another picture of her mother, but was not quite so tall.

We certainly did have a grand old time. We spent the afternoon getting acquainted with everybody and going over the extensive place. It was just as it had been prepared for them before they came. It was in what I call Mary's Land, where the descendants of Mary, the mother of Jesus, live. Grandma is a direct descendant of Mary.

In the evening we had a wonderful meal, and just before I left Grandpa conducted family worship. It surely did seem like old times to me. After that I was a frequent visitor to Mary's Land. I had another new interest in Heaven. Grandma was there.

Crystal Gems

May 5, 1927
Portland, Oregon
5-25 Pentecost

In 1927 my birthday fell upon the same day of the week in the heavenly dates as in the earthly methods of naming them. It was on Thursday. I was in Portland, Oregon. I had been there several months working for Uncle Edd Booker and keeping bachelor quarters in the building where we were working. I was alone except during working hours and could spend my time as I chose.

I attended the Sunday and midweek services of the church in Portland during my stay there, but I more often attended the worship in some of the large churches in the Church of the Savior. No two churches had services just alike, but all worshipped God, all gave thanks for His many blessings and goodness to them, and all had the Communion Service. I learned that people may differ very radically in many things concerning their religion and still worship God acceptably.

But all must acknowledge God supreme, the Holy Spirit as His Co-worker and Helpmate, and Jesus Christ as His Son and their Savior from earthly conditions. And they must feed upon spiritual food regularly at the Communion Service as well as upon the regular food for their bodies. The Communion sustains their godlike nature and mind, the same as their regular meals sustain their spiritual bodies.

It is certainly a terrible thing that the church here on Earth does not stress those common things which are so necessary and thus work together in harmony. One of the most beautiful things about Heaven is the difference existing between the various nationalities, their absolute freedom from restraint in anything, and still their uniformity in the few points of worship essential to their godliness. It makes brethren of them all, joint

heirs with Jesus Christ of all the spirit wealth God and the Holy Spirit have prepared for those who are obedient to His will.

Any spirit in Heaven is welcome in any church there, feels that welcome, and worships with them in perfect harmony and love.

I often went to the sixth Heaven. Many fine mansions were there, besides the great number of churches. But my interest was more in the beauties around me than in the palaces themselves, because I didn't know the people who lived in them. One day I came across a house or mansion that was not completed. The foundation outline of the building was complete but there was no superstructure. I looked it all over carefully. It was being built of immense radiant stones that had been brought from the Radiant Hills.

They were cut perfectly smooth, like cut glass, and glowed with a soft radiance. The outside of the wall and the portions that came together, where we use mortar, were polished like marble and fit together with a joint which was as fine as a hair or thin tissue paper. The inside of the stones, next to the rooms, were cut with a dull surface like ground glass and not polished.

I couldn't tell whether it was just going up or whether it was a ruin of what was left of some great palace that had been removed. I thought it must be an abandoned palace because there was no building material lying around, nor tools, nothing to indicate construction as being carried on. The grounds were not landscaped, nor had formal flower beds, walks, or other features to indicate that it had once been occupied. It must have been started for someone and never finished.

It was during the worship hour in the evening, so there would not have been any building work going on even if it were under construction. A few days later I went again, after worship was over, to see the ruins. But I met a surprise. The walls of the main hall or assembly hall were in place. It was in the shape of a rectangle. There was a doorway in each end and two in each side, flanked with columns similar to Corinthian columns, with finely wrought capitals. I stayed a long time and looked at it in

detail. It was all cut radiant stone, carved beautifully. It must have taken a small army of stone cutters to prepare the work.

The interior wall of the room was a bluish gray color stone, cut in large thin slabs like marble, polished on the back and edges to fit perfectly against the others. The inner surface seemed to have been polished all over, first with a surface like ground glass, and then a narrow stripe and a running vine, with fruit designs, worked all over the surface like ground glass. Gems were set in for the fruit and blossoms, beautifully inlaid leaves and tendrils. It was smooth but the texture of the wall brought out the design. On the large surface of that spacious room it was exceedingly beautiful.

But still there was no material or refuse lying around. Everything seemed finished and cleaned up as far as they had gone with the work. After that I went quite often. Rooms were added on all sides and grew with amazing rapidity, and still I saw no one working on it. As time went on I met others looking over the house until it was a common experience to be there when quite a small crowd of people were looking and discussing the work.

It seemed that this was being built differently than most homes. It was entirely of cut stones from the Radiant Hills, selected for their natural colors, or in other words, an example of natural art applied to building. The family quarters, the large dining room, the angels' rooms, the resting rooms, the studios or libraries or drawing rooms, and all the rest were of intricately carved stones, crystal gems and inlaid work.

The gems didn't glow as the radiant stones, but reflected the light of the stones from their faces or surfaces.

The floor was a mosaic of an infinite number of small pieces, the pattern matching the side walls, but being made of a darker shade of stone. The ceilings were made lighter in color, and none were square and smooth like the inside of a box, but shaped in agreement with the art design of the main subject of the room design.

While talking with others about the palace, I learned that the work was going on every day, for just one period, the

forenoon work period. I was always busy at that hour and had always come in the evening when no one was working. I tried to find a chance to get away at the right time and see the workmen on the job. On Thursday, my birthday, I found the chance I was looking for and slipped away about nine o'clock in the morning.

A busy scene greeted my eyes. There was surely a small army at work - hundreds of them. There were people, angels and celestial beings, all working side by side, each at their own work or aiding each other. Small bunches of workers seemed to be under the direction of different foremen, and I thought how like Earth methods it was being handled. There must be an architect and a superintendent or owner about somewhere

Yes, yonder was a man with a set of plans or drawings in his hands. But were my eyes fooling me or not? It looked like Donald Kerr. Unmindful of the gang of heavenly workers, I went right over to where he was showing someone a part of the drawing. To be sure it was he, and I had seen that very same drawing on his table where he had been working on the plans. He looked up, and then we chatted and talked about everything. I was certainly enthusiastic about his wonderful creation,. We walked around and I stood by while he talked to someone I thought was a foreman. Then I asked him who the superintendent or head boss was. He looked at me a little peculiar and acted surprised that I didn't know.

"Come with me," he said, and led the way to the roof where the superstructure was being rapidly put into place, and coming around a little corner or angle of the wall I almost ran into Papa, face to face. Talk about your surprises! That was the greatest surprise I have ever experienced in my whole life. We talked and talked until I learned this was his own home.

Donald Kerr had designed it from his ideas, and he was building it himself, working mornings on it, and taking a course in Natural Law in the afternoons. But it was nearly noon and we had to leave. Could I come back after the afternoon hour, when he would be free again? He said he wanted to show me something. He could not come that evening hour, for he had missed the Morning Worship, but he could be there just following at the beginning of the evening watch.

The day could not pass quickly enough for me. I ate my supper and hurried away. I was at the building and waiting a long time it seemed to me. I went all over the house with hundreds of others, with an entirely new interest. I didn't tell anyone that my father was the builder. Papa looked much younger and he looked very happy. He must be enjoying his work and study. He always had loved to study difficult things.

I was in the arched doorway between the big hall and the small front hall looking at the graceful columns that held up the capitals from which the arches sprang. Someone came in at the front entrance and I looked up and saw Papa and Mama.

I will omit the details. Read them into the story yourself. They were staying at Grandfather Whipple's until Papa had finished his own place. Papa had not committed the unpardonable sin. He had been born of the water and the Holy Spirit. When he entered Beulah Land he saw his mistake instantly and was soon back right where he had been as a young man. But he refused to leave Beulah Land until Mama came and they could together decide what they wanted to do.

Together they had picked out this location, close to the border line between the sixth and seventh Heaven, and close to the New Jerusalem, the City of God. Here was to be his home, the gathering place of his children, their friends and loved ones throughout eternity.

I went home with them and had supper with Grandfather and Grandmother Whipple and a number of their children and other relatives and friends. Mama was much younger than I had ever known her, and she was beautiful. All women in Heaven are beautiful.

Since that trip to Heaven I have done considerable thinking about the goodness of God. If a person has never been born again, no matter how great a sinner they may be in man's eyes, before God they have an Advocate, Jesus the Savior, Who answers for that one before God. and he is forgiven for His sake, and allowed to take his former place in the Kingdom of God and of His Son, Jesus Christ.

At Portland, just following this visit to Heaven, I found a large number of agates. These I spent many happy hours with as I recalled the hours spent among the perfect gems of Heaven. Some day we shall have the privilege of living, either in this or another heavenly mansion, where I can have my agates built into the design of the building- - to enjoy, time without end

John 14:1-6, *Let not your heart be troubled; believe in God and believe in Me also. In My Father's house are many rooms; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and take you to Me, so that where I am, you may be also. You know where I am going and you know the way. *** I am the way and the truth and the life; no man comes to My Father except by Me.*

A Falling Scaffold

1929

This experience was not written out in detail at the time, but I have told the experience a number of times and it was suggested to me that I write it out and include it.

We know that God does interfere in the affairs of men to change the course of events, that His children here are often protected from harm, prayers answered, and blessings bestowed. So many times these things seem to be only a part of the regular activities of Earth, and we do not give God credit for the wonderful love He exercises toward us for our well being.

I was working for A.W. Quist and Company on the new brick and terracotta addition to the Providence Hospital in Seattle. It was to be used as a nurses' home and chapel. I had been working several months laying brick and terracotta with the regular brick-layers gang. The work of placing the material for the main building was completed and the gang was pointing up the joints in the brickwork and the terracotta sills and cornices.

On this work there were two gangs of men, one of six or eight laborers who went first and washed down the building, and a gang of about a dozen brick layers who followed them, usually immediately, and did the pointing. We followed the laborers around and around the building, the hanging scaffold being lowered a few feet each time until we reached the ground.

This hanging scaffold was supported by cables fastened to steel 'I' beams which were held by stirrups of steel imbedded in the concrete of the roof, allowing them to project out beyond the walls. As we worked just above the fourth floor on the south side, we approached the southeast corner of the building. The laborers were already washing down the east side and the bricklayers had almost finished pointing and were ready to go to the new side.

I walked to the corner to look around to see if they were ready for us. As I approached the corner, an angel stopped me and told me it was not safe to go around there. I stopped and held back the others who were ready to follow me and in a few moments we heard a crash and the scream of men. No one was injured because the scaffold was unoccupied at the point of the accident. One of the steel stirrups broke off even with the concrete of the roof, loosening the 'I' beam, which with the cables and scaffold supports was precipitated to the ground.

Time and again workers that were there said it was a miracle that no one was in the direct path of that falling section of scaffold. I know why I was not there when it happened. Several other singular instances have occurred to me, and a number of times angels have directed me regarding things which might have turned out entirely differently if I had not heeded their instructions.

The Library of Heaven

5910 Latona Avenue, Seattle, Washington
September 22, 1929. Last day of year.
May 15, 1929. 5-35, Fifth
Sabbath of Pentecost

I have mentioned Donald Kerr's home in Beulah Land a number of times, so I will try, in my feeble way, to describe it. It closely resembles the early colonial in style with a touch of the Spanish and oriental. The main part is rectangular in shape, almost square, and two stories in height. There are two wings, also rectangular in shape, and two stories in height, but lower than the main portion.

It was built of a light gray marble, finely veined in a darker shade, trimmed in an almost black stone. Approaching from the front one comes to a number of broad crescent shaped steps, leading to the large entrance hall of intricately carved oriental design in wainscot, frieze and ceiling.

The floor was an oriental mosaic design of several persons kneeling before God in worship. Through broad doors, between marble columns, you reach the main hall or foyer, and the open stairway to the second floor. Ahead of you, passing under the stairs, the doors lead to a large patio and conservatory of wonderful plants. This patio was trimmed and paved in radiant stones, as were also the pots, posts, pedestals and statuary.

To the right, the hall opened into the general assembly hall, and on the other side into the spacious dining room. To the rear of the dining room were the kitchen, cupboards, storerooms, and household service room. Opening from the assembly hall was the library in front, and the work, study and recreation room in the rear, all in the right wing.

In the left wing was his bedroom or resting room, reached by a broad hall from the patio, lying between the dining room

and the kitchen. This was an exceptionally large room, occupying the entire wing, and used, not only for a bedroom, but for many other activities as well. This was his own private, very private room, and he had it filled with the things he liked

The patio extended to the rear of the house and opened into a large conservatory, two stories in height, and semi-circular in shape. Here was a pool and a fountain playing constantly. A smaller pool contained fancy fish. Marble seats and statues were there among the beautiful flowers and plants. In the yard beyond, flower beds took up the general design and blended into the exterior views. An onyx stairway led to a large balcony hall on three sides of the patio and opened by other halls into the wings and rooms. In the main building were eight apartments of two rooms each for the angels of the household, seven who were there regularly, and one spare room.

In the wings were eight guest apartments of two rooms each, four in each wing. They were on a slightly lower level and reached by marble steps. Over the front hall was a large open deck with several seats all around it.

The assembly hall was the full width of the house. The entire rear wall constituted the screen or panel of observation. In front and rear and to both sides were formal floral designs and walks leading back to the shrubbery and trees of the grounds. Pools, giant fern trees, greensward, flowers in endless profusion, walks, nooks, and surprising corners and wonders make up a beautiful setting for the house.

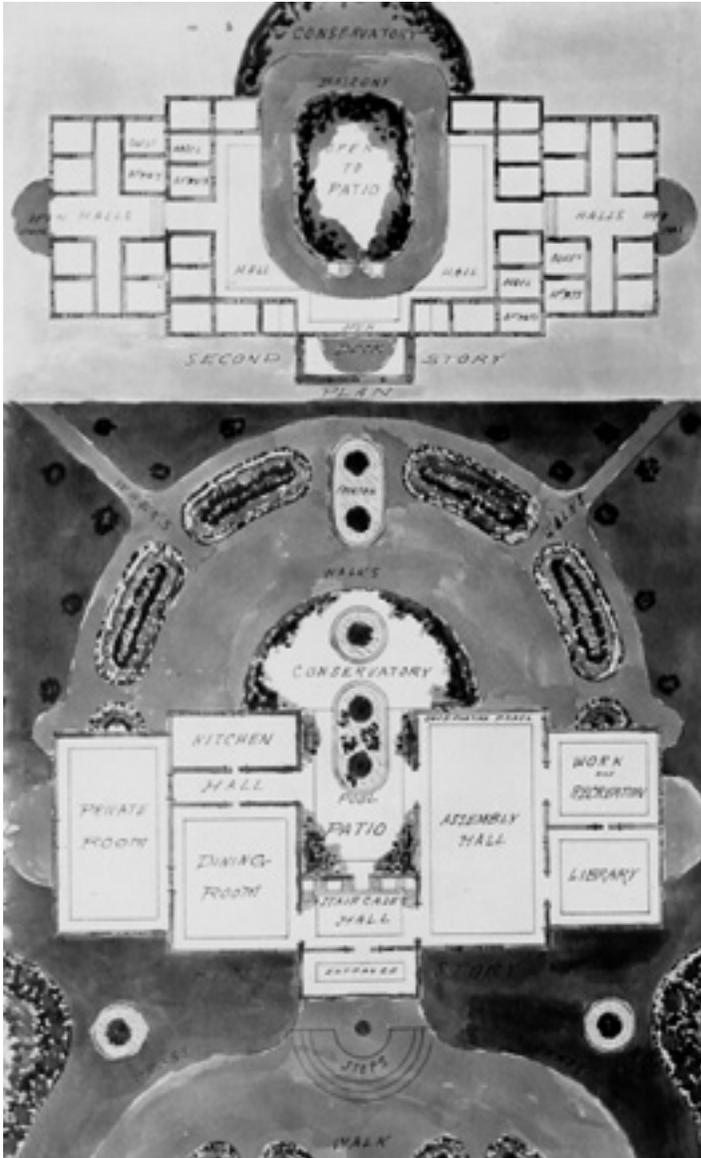


Figure 21. Drawing and water color of Donald Kerr's home in Beulah Land where I spend many happy times.

On Thursday, September 22, 1927, I was working for George Lawrence laying brick. I went to work in the morning as usual, but there was no work that day and I came home. Blanche was gone somewhere and I felt lost in the house all alone. I remembered that this was the last day of summer and

also the last day of the year in Heaven and therefore a Sabbath. So I slipped over into Beulah Land, to this home I have described in the first part of this chapter. With the exception of two or three angels, the house was deserted, They were all at morning worship. I didn't even inquire where.

They would return at noon, and meanwhile I knew a lovely spot beside a clear pool where the banks were edged with crystal gems, the walks around the edge of radiant marble. A carved seat of golden marble overlooked the water lilies and fancy fishes, and the pool was hemmed in on all sides by giant ferns and beautiful flowering shrubs. Here I sat and enjoyed the rare perfume of the flowers, the music of the birds in the trees, and the sound of falling water where the fountain shot up its spray to fall back into the reflecting depths of the water.

Some beautifully colored birds, like geese, swam around to my side of the pool. Several came out and disappeared into the shrubbery. One came over close to me as if inspecting the newcomer. I was also inspecting the old timer. I walked down a path and picked and ate some fruit and berries and looked at the interior of a rustic bower, built of odd shaped stones of many colors, all uncut, but selected to fit together into a beautiful though small structure.

From here was a view of the wide lawn and park, with the house in the distance, as if it were a picture framed in the green of the trees and bushes. I heard laughter, and looking toward the house, saw that the young people had returned. An angel was coming down the path toward me. I knew that the angel was coming for me, so I started back and we met at the edge of the velvet lawn.

I was to join them immediately as they wished me to accompany them to a service that afternoon. A new building of wondrous beauty and enormous size was to be dedicated and opened to visitors for inspection for the first time. They had a large butterfly plane ready and after a few minutes of greetings and talking we boarded and were off.

We passed rapidly through the entire seven heavens, to the Great White Throne and the City of the New Jerusalem. On

a wide plain, a short distance from one of the corner gates we saw the new structure. It shone and glowed in the setting of green trees which made up the main part of the landscaping.

The exterior of the building was of metal. I don't know what kind, but the nearest I could describe it would be to say that the walls were of a gray metal, like silver, nickel or platinum, trimmed with a metal of a reddish cast like copper or bronze, and the enormous oval dome was of bright gold.

Intricate and delicately wrought designs, statues, groups, bas-reliefs, and leaf and bud designs relieved the plainness of the big building. A number of wide steps led up to a large entrance or portico. Here were gathered the speakers and leaders in the program. The crowd and musicians were gathered in front on the large lawn or park like area lying between the building and the walk or road leading to the corner gate of the New Jerusalem.

The program was about an hour and a half in duration and was a dedication service with music and several speeches. The building was a library, and from the speech of one of the men who talked, I learned that he had been a great leader in the Church of Christ on Earth. While on Earth, God had especially commissioned him with some important task of evangelism. God had sent to Earth, with an angel, a number of the heavenly books for this man to use in his ministry. These books had been brought back to Heaven by the angel when the minister had finished with them, and were here in this library building.

The minister had been brought to Heaven by an angel when he was martyred by a mob of his fellow countrymen, some of whom were present at this time in the crowd. It seems that today marked just one hundred years since these books were loaned to the minister of God on Earth. I didn't hear his name mentioned, but will be able to learn it when we return home. They seem to take special delight in answering my many questions.

Toward the close of the program, Jesus, the Holy Spirit, and Mary the Mother of Jesus appeared on the porch with the others. Jesus made a short speech and the Holy Spirit pronounced the benediction and blessing of God at the close.

Grandpa and Grandma and many others of my relatives were there. This minister also lived in Mary's Land, as his wife was also a descendant of Mary the Mother of Jesus, the same as Grandma. She was related quite closely to Grandma Headrick, both of them being Hales before they were married. Grandpa seemed to think it quite an honor to be so closely related to such a great religious character.

At the conclusion of the program we went into the library to inspect some of its wonders. We entered through a large hall and doors in one side of the large oval shaped building. Everything seemed to be of metal, the steps, walls, floor, columns, moldings and furniture. The interior was a huge oval dome. On entering, in front of us was a platform, and in each end were stairs leading to the upper stories. The main hall was open up to the ceiling of the dome, a hundred or more feet high I should judge.

There were three balconies extending entirely around the oval and reaching from the stairs at either end. From each floor and balcony opened the rooms that contained the books. There must have been over a hundred of these rooms, yes, more than that. We went up the stairs from one floor to another until we were at the top floor and balcony and could look down on the crowd below. The books are not of paper as we have on Earth, but are all of metal, thin plates upon which is engraved the writing or printing or drawing.

The books I examined were unbound plates of bronze, aluminum, silver, gold, copper, and various alloys, I should judge. There were many metals used in these thousands of plates, each individual evidently choosing the metal he wished for his work. Many were adorned with drawings and borders of art work.

The center of interest was a large golden table in the center of one end of the main hall. Here the crowd was almost impassable, unless one chose to crowd in anyway. The books on display were the ones that had been sent to Earth and returned. They were quite plain and common looking, compared with the others in the library. They appeared to be made of brass and some other metal and were covered with old fashioned characters I could not read or tell anything about. Some of them might have been Egyptian picture writing. It looked a lot like it.

Lying on the same table was a Jewish breastplate that was used by the priests in the old Jewish worship in the temple at Jerusalem. It was made of gold with a fine carved design, and set with twelve beautiful and immense jewels to form a large square. When we returned home I learned that this exhibit included the book of Mormon, and the minister I had heard talk was Joseph Smith,¹

I had heard of them many times, but had considered them out as far as I was concerned, but my earthly thoughts don't seem to govern things in Heaven. They are not perfect, but as they are all born again while on Earth, they come directly to Beulah Land, where they are more perfectly instructed until they know the way of God and things spiritual. All people enter Heaven the same way, through Beulah Land.

About a year and a half later, on May 15, 1929, while I was working on a residence on Columbia Way, I again came into contact with these same people. This was the occasion of the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the new birth of their first leader. It was held in their big church or meeting place in the sixth Heaven. It was a beautiful church, built of stone, and there was a large crowd there. It was the fifth Sabbath of Pentecost, and the service I attended was held in the fourth worship period of the day.

The services were quite similar to other meetings I had attended many times, but I had an opportunity to see and hear the great men who were instrumental in organizing and carrying on the work in the early years of their great movement. I was with Papa on this occasion and we talked over many religious subjects, as we used to do so many years ago. But as the chapter is already long I will omit further details. Communion was observed the last thing on the program and immediately following I returned to my home, and to my earthly activities.

¹ A note to Christian readers for whom the identification of Joseph Smith raises questions: This is understandable due to earthly criticisms of him. His death in 1844 marked the beginning of a new life full of understanding for him, as it will for each of us in our turn.

Dwelling in Beulah Land

Far away the noise of strife
Upon my ear is falling,
Then I know the sins of Earth
Beset on every hand
Doubt and fear and things of Earth
In vain to me are calling,
None of these shall move me
From Beulah Land

Chorus.

I'm living, on the mountain
Underneath a cloudless sky,
I'm drinking, at the fountain
That never shall run dry, O yes!
I'm feasting on the manna
From a bountiful supply,
For I am dwelling
In Beulah Land.

Far below the storm of doubt
Upon the world is beating.
Sons of men in battle long
The enemy withstand;
Safe am I within the castle
Of God's Word, retreating,
Nothing there can reach me--
Tis Beulah Land.

Viewing here the works of God
I sink in contemplation,
Hearing now His blessed voice,
I see the way He planned;
Dwelling in the Spirit, here
I learn of full salvation,
Gladly will I tarry
In Beulah Land.

C. Austin Miles

Communion Service

August 11, 1929,
Civic Auditorium, Seattle, Washington.
7-23 Trumpets

We think in human ideas and form our ideas by comparisons and associations with what we are pleased to call natural or material things. To fully understand the spiritual we must depart, very largely, from the human and earthly comparisons and associations and think in terms of the spirit.

After Christ had arisen from the dead, when the apostles were together, the doors being closed, He came and stood in their midst. In like manner He left after His talk with them on several occasions. He passed right through the side of the house. All spirits do the same. What we see and call material or natural things, don't impede the action of the spirit.

God is all powerful and spirits go or come or do what the will of God decides for them, when and where He wills. The passage of a spirit through a solid substance, like the Earth for example, is just a natural thing of the spiritual. Wherever God wishes a spirit or a spiritual structure, or a spiritual river or mountain to be, there it is regardless of whether the exact spot is already occupied with a material object or not.

One of the most striking occasions when this occurred, and which will serve as an illustration of what I mean, was on August 11, 1929. This was Sunday on Earth, but the second day of the week or Tuesday in Heaven. It was the occasion of the Communion Service of the International Convention of the Disciples of Christ, which met in the Seattle Civic Auditorium.

Cleveland Kleihauer, minister of the University Church where I was a member, asked me and a number of others to serve as elders at this service. When we went to rehearse our procedure, and learn just how to carry on, that all might be done properly and in order, I discovered that it was not going to be an

unimportant occasion. For there were a considerable number of angels helping and directing. They guided the work with an experienced hand. Here I saw an example of just how God arranges things as He wants them.

In the afternoon we gathered in the rooms behind the auditorium about an hour before the time set, and received a few last instructions. As the time drew near for the beginning of the great Communion Service, the spiritual activity increased and I became so interested in watching them that I nearly lost consciousness of the earthly things and men around me. Occupying the same space as all material objects that were in the same place, a large bowl or church was built.

It was built almost like the Church of the Savior in the sixth Heaven where the great Communion and Jubilee services are held every heavenly month. A circular path of radiant marble, like gold, was laid around the hall and balconies, where the multitude was rapidly filling up all available space. This path, about twenty-five or thirty feet wide, passed directly through the rear of the platform and building and extended out past the sidewalks, coming around and cutting through the entrance and entire front of the building.

Beginning at the edge of this circular path, the floor of flower lawn stretched away in the distance for miles in every direction. It rose gradually as it receded like a large plate or saucer. It passed right through Queen Anne Hill and the upper portion of the hill was above the level of the floor. Likewise on the other side, a large piece of hill projected up through it and the tops of buildings pierced it, but it stretched on and on as far as I could see,

This enormous bowl or church rapidly filled up with millions upon millions of heavenly beings, men and angels. No attention was paid to any earthly obstruction. The stage was set for a spiritual service at the same time as the earthly service. I began to see what it means when God answers our prayers to come and abide with us and bless us and fill us with the Spirit of God.

We marched in to take our places, two elders at each table, the deacons standing before us, and the bread and wine

covered with a white cloth on the table before us. I hesitated and was pushed by the man standing behind me in line.

The tables were fully manned with spirit forms. The other elder that was to serve at my table was absent and I was told to take charge. Standing at the center table was the Holy Spirit on the right and the Savior on the left. At the right side were the fourteen apostles, two to each table, and to the left were fourteen prophets, two to each table.

Standing in front were the saints of long ago, ready to serve as deacons on this occasion for man. I came to my table and stopped between the two spirit forms. Just then, another elder that had been found came up behind me, stepped to my side and gently but surely pushed me over into place and took his place at my side. I was almost helpless. I could hardly carry on in the flesh. I had seen and been with spirits a great deal but to be an elder, standing shoulder to shoulder with my Savior at the next table was more than I could grasp instantly.

The service started. The heavenly host joined in with their instruments and their singing. Jesus stood at that table and served just as a common elder, while some preacher, high in earthly church affairs, offered the blessings I had so often heard Jesus give. I was so occupied I did things wrong, forgot when to take the white cloth cover off and when to hand out the bread and wine. But a heavenly form at my elbow supplied the missing action and all was done in order.

They all remained until the final note of the last hymn and benediction, and as the last part of the worship ended, they left. The great bowl and band of radiant marble around the Civic Auditorium was no more. God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform. Whenever or wherever or by whom the table of Communion is spread, all God's children should be allowed to partake without question or hindrance. And the exact form or petty details do not destroy the beauty or efficacy of the service,

In Heaven they partake of the loaf and immediately drink the wine. But the great host of millions ate their small loaf with the earthly church and waited until the deacons had passed the

cups before they drank the wine, so that all communed together. On Earth we eat a small piece or pinch of bread, but in Heaven they eat a small loaf, about half the size of a small roll, but they ate with us here on Earth.

The Communion is evidently in the act of eating and drinking the bread and the wine, not in the plan of being served or who serves it. It will be a glorious day at the end of the last millennium, when all God's family is complete, and we commune as one in the Church of the Savior, with the Holy Spirit and our blessed Savior.



Figure 22. Civic Auditorium, Seattle. I have tried, by drawing, to indicate the place occupied by spirit hosts at the convention.

I Corinthians II;23-30, *For I myself received from our Lord that which I also delivered to you, that the Lord Jesus on that very night in which He was betrayed took bread; and when He had given thanks, He broke it and said, "Take, eat; this is My body which is broken for you; this do in remembrance of Me." Likewise, after supper, He gave also the cup and said, "This cup is the new testament in My blood; do this, as often as you drink it, in remembrance of Me," for whenever you eat this bread and drink this cup you commemorate our Lord's death until His coming. Therefore, whosoever shall eat of the Lord's bread and drink of His cup unworthily shall be guilty of the blood and body of the Lord. For this reason, let a man examine himself, and eat of this bread, and drink of this cup. For he who eats and drinks unworthily eats and drinks to his condemnation; for he does not discern the Lord's body. This is the reason many are sick and weak among you, and many are dying.*

Revelation 5:11-12, *And I looked, and I heard as it were the voice of many angels round about the throne and the animals and the elders; and their number was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands saying with a loud voice, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power and riches and wisdom and might and honor and glory and blessing."*

Anniversary of Pentecost

June 8, 1930, University Church
Seattle, Washington
6-9 Salvation

On Sunday afternoon, June 8, 1930, at 5 o'clock pm, the Churches of Christ in the Seattle district met at the University Church for a Communion Service. It was the occasion of the nineteen hundredth anniversary of the first Pentecost of the Church in Jerusalem, when the Holy Spirit first established the Church of Christ, displacing the two earlier forms of worship.

It was not the exact date of the heavenly Pentecost, observed each year in Heaven, but was the earthly day, which according to our methods of calculations, changes around from year to year, as desired by a man made religious organization here on Earth. The true Pentecost had been celebrated in Heaven on May 30th, with a wonderful program and appropriate talks, prayers, and music. I had been with a group of my Whipple relatives, Papa, Mama, and many others, too numerous to mention. It had been a very different service from the one in the University Church. Those who participated had been pure, clean, beautiful, without a hint of sin or selfishness.

I served as a deacon with about forty others in the University Church. One of the men who served close to me reeked with the smell of tobacco. As we waited in the ante-room for time to pass, one of the men told a smutty story, and a bunch of the others laughed with him over it. Some of the others were conversing over a card party they had attended with their wives. And that isn't all. I had experienced like things many times before, when serving as elder.

I don't wonder that the Church of Christ does not attract people to it, when their officers to whom people look for

examples, trample righteousness under their feet, and hold up the things of the flesh. But in spite of their weakness, God uses them in the spread of the gospel. The results are not all that they should be, but I sometimes think they are wonderful considering the material God has to work with.

The Great Engine

July 12, 1931 about 12:30 am
5910 Latona Avenue, Seattle, Washington
6-43 Salvation

The great engine or vehicle has been completed and the final tests have been made and this morning has been selected for the initial trip. A trip of one full division is to be made with the conveyance fully loaded with passengers.

The conveyance has been built along simple yet peculiar lines. It is very similar to a flat bottomed boat, possibly two hundred fifty feet wide, and two or three thousand feet long. As there is no wind or air resistance to overcome, it isn't pointed in front or rear, but is laid out in graceful curves. Its upper deck or surface is flat and covered with seats for observation. There are no obstructions to the view on either side, front or rear, all machinery and compartments being on the lower decks.

It is about five stories or sixty feet from the upper deck to the lower deck or bottom of the ship or car. There being no resistance to its movement, it has neither wheels, wings nor sails. I don't know what makes it go, but it goes, either fast or slow as desired. It will go anywhere seemingly, in one plane as well as another and in any direction. On the water it is a boat, in the air a dirigible and on land a car. I would estimate that it carries about a hundred thousand passengers besides the helpers and workers. It comes to rest anywhere desired or on any plane or pointed in any direction. It is simply a big machine to which has been transferred the power of the individual spirit to move.

Vehicles for the use of one or several individuals I had seen and used many times, but this one is so large it is very interesting. It was built at a large metal laboratory in the Radiant Hills. It isn't only a wonderful car or ship for riding, but it is beautiful to behold, graceful and artistic. It is furnished as

a palace might be, the makers having access to all the riches of Heaven to use at will. It moves with such ease and grace that you are conscious only of the changing scenery.

If this trip meets the wishes of the makers and the car proves convenient for those who ride in it, a great number will be made. They will be used in quantity for the first time at the Jubilee Day celebration of Thanksgiving Day on July 19, 1931. This will be the first Jubilee of the Norse, North-men or Norsemen or Scandinavian people, following their first millennium. As near as I could discover it had been just one thousand years since these northern people first embraced Christianity.

Most of them have chosen to stay in Beulah Land and there have advanced in love and knowledge of the Lord. They there awaited the arrival of their countrymen until the colony or district numbered millions of people. They desire to all be born anew upon the same day. The last New Birth Jubilee was chosen for this necessary ordinance, the 50th day of the fifth month, May 30, our Memorial Day.

I never saw such crowds of people in my life. Those who came to observe and participate, as well as the candidates who were ready to take this necessary step, gathered along the banks of the River of Life in Beulah Land for miles and miles. The center of activity was in a great park extending for several miles in a bend of the river, which flowed on three sides of it.

Here were gathered angels, helpers, teachers, and people who had led and worked with them for the last thousand years. Here also were the great spirits of Heaven who took charge of the glorious meeting: the Holy Spirit, the Savior, the apostles, the prophets, sacred writers, ministers, missionaries, with the angelic choir and orchestra. The meeting was in four parts, each being very similar and lasting one division, the entire day being taken up.

Each program was about as follows:

- Spiritual Birth Jubilee.
- Orchestral music
- Hymn of adoration, choir

Hymn of adoration, everyone.
Trumpet call to Awakening.
Vocal Response by Candidates.
Vocal Acknowledgment by Congregation.
A Hallelujah Chorus.
A Prayer to the Father by Jesus,
A Short Talk by Jesus
Hymn of worship, everyone.
Instrumental Number by the orchestra.
Talks--New Birth
 Heavenly Citizenship
 Co-workers with God
 Heirs with Jesus
One given each division by one of the apostles.
Response, We Fully Understand, a Norseman.
General hymn of thanksgiving, everyone.
Funeral Dirge by instruments.
Silence as candidates and administrators walked in pairs
 into the River of Life
Millions of them from both banks for miles up and down
 the River of Life
Candidates all dressed in white,
Administrators all dressed in purple.
Formula repeated in unison by Administrators.
Burst of Glorification by choir and angels and orchestra
 which continued, until all had left the river.
Burial in the Water of Life in unison.
Arising a new creature in Christ Jesus.
All came out of the water together
General hymn of worship.
All sat own in groups.
Communion Service.
Hymn of adoration, everyone.
Prayer of Grace.
General Feast
Intermission

After a short period of general rejoicing at the close of the last service in the evening worship, all dispersed to their several homes.

A millennium of one thousand years in Beulah Land is allowed every individual who enters there. Under Christ's reign and the instruction of the saints in Heaven they all bow the knee, some soon, some later. In this case a whole race of people had accepted Christ, but chose to wait until the first thousand years had been fulfilled. On the fiftieth day, or the Jubilee of Thanksgiving, they will be at the Church of the Savior for the first time. I want to be there also to see the wonderful gathering

But I have wandered from my subject, and must tell about the initial voyage of the great ship. After I went on board, everyone was going all over the craft, inspecting every part of it. It is luxuriously furnished in every room. Art and usefulness are woven together in wonderful harmony and beauty.

All gathered on the Observation Deck as the time drew near for the start. A large band began to play and furnished sweet music for us during the entire trip of one full division. Amid a great flare of trumpets or similar instruments, the great engine started. At first it appeared to me that we were standing still and everything else was moving, but this sensation soon righted itself.

We headed straight for Beulah Land and drew quite close to the Earth for the beginning of the official trip. The car behaved wonderfully and seemed to be entirely satisfactory. Objects close to the car whizzed by with little opportunity to see them but off a little distance they moved more slowly. The car was manipulated so that the points of most interest would be at a sufficient distance to be observed.

A great receiving plane, close to the surface of the Earth was active with arrivals in Beulah Land. Angels were coming and going in great numbers on duty bent. Recreation centers were thronged with both adults and children to see the new ship. There were great parks and extensive home grounds. Beulah Land is a comparatively level country, beautifully landscaped, and has great schools, homes and churches.

Paradise is rolling hills and prairies, completely covered or dotted everywhere with palaces, homes and institutions, a land

of youth and play fields. The hills grow more rugged as we approach the Radiant Hills. Beautiful streams with misty waterfalls come down and spread out into rivers and lakes. Nestled in the glens and along the streams were numerous homes and grounds. I never saw the Radiant Hills so beautiful as they were on this trip. Every imaginable color, tint and hue, iridescent, sparkling, radiant, rapidly changed to new forms and views as we passed along.

I saw new ranges of hills, new forms of beauty, new buildings I had not seen before. Heaven is so large that I presume one could spend many years sight-seeing and still would not see all the interesting sights. Distant forests came into view and were soon broken into with plains, lakes, and streams abounding in animal life. Much of the life was too small to notice on this trip, but we did see several large herds of extremely large animals. I hesitate to say what they were, but they resembled elephants somewhat.

Great stretches of vegetation, houses, palaces, mansions, with beautifully laid out grounds flew past by the thousands and tens of thousands. Some communities or districts abound in flat topped buildings, and others in domes and others in spires or cupolas and others in other designs. Each country or district seemed to have its own distinctive kind of art and architecture,

There was even a difference noticeable in the trees, shrubbery and laying out of the grounds. These beauties we were seeing were not stretched over a level surface as on the Earth, but were over, under, and on all sides of us, in whatever direction we looked. Possibly a good comparison would be to say we were traveling through clouds and these were all built on the clouds, but not on the tops only. These beauties were placed in every conceivable place and position. Everything was beautifully clear in the soft subdued light of the early morning.

The music of the band, the beauty of the landscaping, the sense of rapid motion, the jollity and enjoyment of those on board, made the experience one I will never forget. It was in reality a joy ride, a real, perfect, rapid joy ride. The band stopped and we slowed down to hear the birds as we passed over a particularly large bird reserve.

Then there burst upon our view the rolling plains of the sixth Heaven, the permanent home of the great hosts of Heaven, saints, ministers, missionaries, prophets, teachers and innumerable others. There were great cathedrals, temples, churches, pagodas, shrines, palaces - truly a great city without end. A distant lake approached as we sped on. Around its shores nestled homes and shrines. I saw the great circle of the Church of the Savior off to one side and high above us, but we were so far away it was quite small.

Our official trip came to an end in the large area before the New Jerusalem in the seventh Heaven. Its performance was pronounced satisfactory and plans were made to build five hundred of them, that being the number necessary to carry all the newly born Norsemen. We returned with it to the laboratory in the Radiant Hills. Heavenly wonders never cease to surprise me.

Revelation 6:11, *And a white robe was given to every one of them; and it was said to them that they should rest yet for a little while, until the time should be fulfilled when their fellow servants and their brethren should be killed also as they had been.*

John 6:21, *So they wanted to receive Him into the boat; but soon the boat reached the land to which they were going.*

Revelation 20:1-5, *And I saw an angel come down from Heaven, having the key of the bottomless pit and a great chain in his hand, and he seized the dragon, that old serpent, which is the Tempter and Satan, who deceived the whole world, and bound him a thousand years, and cast him into the bottomless pit, and shut him up and set a seal over him, that he should no more deceive the nations till the thousand years should be past; after that he will be loosed for a short time. And I saw thrones, and those who sat upon them, and judgment was given to them; and the souls of those who were beheaded for the witness of Jesus and for the Word of God and who had not worshipped the wild beast, neither his image, nor had received his mark upon their foreheads, or on their hand, lived and reigned with Christ these thousand years. This is the first resurrection.*

Thanksgiving Day

July 19, 1931, Seattle, Wash.
6-50 Jubilee, Thanksgiving Day

July 19, 1931, Sunday in the morning watch, our clock had just struck the hour of five. I had been awake reading my Bible for an hour or more waiting for the beginning of the morning worship hour in the Church of the Savior. I wanted to be on time to see the great ships come with their loads of millions of Norsemen for their first Communion Service on their first Thanksgiving Jubilee.

I had the room completely to myself and could go and come as I desired. Blanche and Eleanor were asleep in the tent at the rear of the house. I was not disturbed until about seven o' clock when Blanche arose and came into the house. As the clock finished striking five I closed my Bible and departed immediately for Heaven.

I went directly to Donald Kerr's home. Here a party of relatives, angels and workers were ready to go, having decided to go in a large butterfly plane instead of going individually, as is the common mode of travel in the spiritual realm. The party included mostly relatives of Blanche's, Donald Kerr, her two brothers, and uncles, aunts, nephews, nieces, cousins and the angels and workers of their households. It made up quite a large party.

We boarded and were off, arriving outside and at some little distance from the church. But as a unit we sped over and took our places just in the front of the platform in the center section. The crowds were rapidly filling in the remaining empty places and soon the church was full of worshipping spirits. The platform and choir and orchestra sections remained unoccupied.

Then the great ships of Heaven began to arrive. There were about five hundred of them at the least calculation. They came in three groups, separated by a little space, one group

honoring the Father, another the Holy Spirit, and the other one the Son, our Savior.

They hovered an instant in the foreground. Then each group spread out in the form of a huge fan side by side, the forward end of each ship pointing toward the center of the church. One group came forward, their ships just coming to the outer rim of the bowl and touching each other. They formed a great semi-circular balcony. The ships then remained stationary, and those in them kept their places. The second group took places just above and outside the first and the third ranged outside and above the second. This gave the appearance of a huge fan in three sections, making three great balconies, each section so placed that every one had a view of the bowl and platform.

The orchestra and choir arrived just as the last row of ships came to rest and burst forth into the welcoming hymn, which was joined in by all who were in the bowl. As the first words of the hymn sounded forth, the group on the platform arrived and took places, some sitting, some standing.

As the stanza closed, Jesus came to the center of the platform and raised His hands aloft and every one arose to their feet and sang forth a great hallelujah chorus. In this all joined, including the newly arrived Norsemen, and all remained standing during the remainder of the hymn and the chant which followed.

On Earth so large a group of people could not sing together because of the great distance between them, but in Heaven there is no air. It is spiritual sound or spiritalk and is understood or heard just as it is spoken. There is no interval between. The great Thanksgiving Day Universal Jubilee Program was about as follows. I heard the entire first program and portions of the other three. As nearly as I could tell they were just about the same, excepting different speakers and subjects.

Thanksgiving Day Jubilee Program

- Welcoming hymn by the saints of Heaven, accompanied by an angel chorus and orchestra.
- Hallelujah Chorus by all.
- Chant of a prayer of general thanksgiving.
- General hymn of rejoicing.
- Response hymn, angel choir.
- Norse response to each stanza.
- Prayer of Thanksgiving, a Norseman.
- Talk. Recitation of things human beings are thankful for in Heaven.
- Talk. Statement of purpose and practice of the Communion Service.
- Invitation to partake and prayer of thanksgiving by the Savior.
- Communion simultaneously. All standing with bowed heads.
- Talk. The Millennium of the Norsemen, by a Norseman.
- Response. Welcome Home, by an early saint.
- Hymn. Praise to God, by the entire assembly.
- Hallelujah Chorus by all.

As the program closed about 8:30, the great ships moved rapidly away to discharge their passengers and bring the second group. The entire bowl was emptied with the exception of the platform and a few straggling ones here and there. These evidently remained for the second program. Again the church was filled. The giant ships came with their passengers from Beulah Land and the Communion Service was repeated. There are four programs each Jubilee Day, and these are similar, so you may attend any one of them you desire.

I didn't partake of the communion bread and wine as I didn't have the small loaf and cup each of the others had. Why I was not provided I don't know at this time. I realized as never before just what it means to God's people to have a Communion Service each time the church meets in general or universal assemblies or meetings.

We returned home by a new a circuitous route, traversing portions of Heaven I had never seen before. There was not the constant stir of activity usually noticeable on the six first days of the week.

Spirits everywhere were observing the Jubilee as a Sabbath the same as the regular seventh day of the week. A beautiful radiance hovered over the distant Radiant Hills, the bright vista of homes and parks in Paradise flashed by and we were home. Just after arriving home, we gathered in the large assembly room, and to my great surprise I saw and heard again the great meeting that was now in progress, like the one we had just attended.

I was free to come and go at will and repeatedly at intervals all day long I slipped away from home, or Lincoln Park where we spent the afternoon, and again enjoyed the program from the assembly room at Donald Kerr's. We arrived home just after the fourth program ended and I wrote this account, just as it is here, before I slept for the night. It is now 11 o' clock and I will close this chapter and go to sleep.

What A Gathering That Will Be.

At the sounding of the trumpet,
 When the saints are gathered home
 We will greet each other by the crystal sea
 With the friends and all the loved ones
 There awaiting us to come,
 What a gathering of the faithful that will be.

When the angel of the Lord proclaims,
 That the time shall be no more,
 We shall gather and the saved and ransomed see.
 Then to meet again together
 On that bright celestial shore
 What a gathering of the faithful that will be.

At the great and final judgment,
 When the hidden comes to light,
 When the Lord in all His glory we shall see.
 At the bidding of our Savior,
 "Come ye blessed, to My right,"
 What a gathering of the faithful that will be.

When the golden harps are sounding,
 And the angel bands proclaim,
 In triumphant strains the Glorious Jubilee.
 Then to meet and join to sing the
 Song of Moses and the Lamb,
 What a gathering of the faithful that will be.

Chorus

What a gathering, gathering,
 At the sounding of the Glorious Jubilee.
 What a gathering, gathering,
 What a gathering of the faithful that will be.

J. H. Kurzenknabe

Atonement

Tuesday, September 15, 1931
5910 Latona Ave., Seattle, Wash.
8-8 Forgiveness
Great Day of Atonement.

Romans 5:10-12, *For if when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by His life. And not only so, but we also glory in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by Whom we have now received the reconciliation. Just as sin entered into the world by one man, and death by means of sin, so death was imposed upon all men, inasmuch as they have all sinned.*

Romans 5:18-19, *In like manner as by one man's offense, condemnation came upon all men, even so by righteousness of one man will the victory to life be to all men. For as by one man's disobedience many were made sinners, so by the obedience of one Man shall many be made righteous.*

Romans 6:4-5, *Therefore, we are buried with Him by baptism into death, so that as Jesus Christ rose from the dead by the glory of His Father, even so we also shall walk in a new life. For if we have been planted together with Him in the likeness of His death, so shall we be also in the likeness of His resurrection.*

With this experience I am going to close the narrative of my visits to Heaven. I will still go and enjoy the beauties and worship there whenever the opportunity presents itself. I could not stay away very long at a time now, as it grows dearer and dearer to me each day as the time draws nearer when I shall go, never to return to the Earth in this frail mortal body.

At some later time I may record other experiences but there must be an end to this book of experiences and I wish to put it into bound form so it can be preserved in its entirety. Up to the present time, it has been in the form of detached writings, notes and comments, made at the time, or immediately following. I wish to put them all together, so they may be more easily

preserved than the large mass of material I have been so carefully keeping for so many years.

Besides, these notes have been made on any old piece of paper, notebooks, old envelopes, or whatever I could pick up most readily at the time. Now I shall typewrite it all on uniform paper, and may then dispose of all the old material and not be under the necessity of safely keeping the loose notes, which has been a source of great anxiety to me for many years.

I lost the notes to a number of these visits being compelled to leave them behind in Prescott, Iowa, once, when I went to Colorado. When I returned they had all been destroyed. Since that time I have kept them very carefully and safely, most of the time under lock and key, as they have been my most precious possessions.

Just as a final word, I wish to recall to the mind of the reader of this narrative the fact that all these things which I have described are purely spiritual, not capable of being seen or heard in any instance by the mortal senses of anyone. The trees, buildings, stones, metals, water, birds, fish, animals, angels, heavenly beings, workers, personal music, laughter, talk, perfume, walking, flying or changing location are not earthly, or composed of earthly substances, nor governed by our recognized natural laws. They are all pure spirit, and I have described them by giving them earthly names and settings, because I know no way of telling it otherwise. But just remember, all is spiritual.

I will give two or three illustrations. First, I described a fountain by saying the water shot into the air and fell back into the pool, making a sound we are all familiar with. But there is no law of gravity and the water didn't fall back but just came back. There isn't air and there is no sound, therefore I didn't hear as we understand it. But I did see and hear and feel these things spiritually.

Second, I described a trip on a butterfly plane. But all spirits go and come instantly, anywhere they wish. They can also choose to go in groups and sit in a plane and let someone else move the entire group. They often walk slowly, on paths, or up stairs as in a building, but they don't need to, they can instantly

be on the top story and steps are entirely unnecessary, except for their pleasure and diversion.

Third, I have described objects by stating what they were made of as stone, brass, gold, trees etc., but there is no substance in the sense we know it in Heaven, at all. These objects are made of pure spirit, of the thinness of ether, the elemental substance out of which God has created every element, substance, body, earth, stars, and suns in the entire inverse. It is the source, the beginning, the original, governed by natural laws, of which the mortal scientist is just beginning to take notice.

I doubt not but that many mortals before me have seen and experienced things similar to mine, have tried to tell them to the world but have been misunderstood, and their word denied. I have tried to tell them in such a way that anyone can understand them. What success I have had, only you who read this will ever know. I have done my best.

On Tuesday morning, September 15, 1936, about 4:00 am, I went to the sixth Heaven, to the eternal home of my father and mother. There I ate breakfast with them and Pierce, an older brother of mine who died in infancy. There were others present also. After breakfast we went to the Church of the Savior for the early afternoon worship.

This was the greatest day of the year in Heaven, the Great Day of Atonement, in the middle of the annual fifteen day vacation and feast period. We were about half way between the platform and the triple balcony of great ships which came loaded with children and youths from Beulah Land and Paradise. The platform had been greatly enlarged to form an adequate setting for the groups in the various parts.

The Holy Spirit took entire charge of the meeting, speaking and directing everything from a small platform, pulpit or altar of pearl and crystal gems, placed just in front of and a little above the main platform. The nature of the service was an explanation of the unfolding of the purposes of God relating to man's salvation, with suitable praise, worship and communion at the conclusion of the service.

It consisted of seven parts and scenes, each about half an hour in length, with appropriate music, praise, and worship. There was only one speaker, the Holy Spirit.

Scene one. It looked like a small section of Paradise. Everything was beautiful, hundreds of people, all happy, and Christ, representing the Father, was with them. The Holy Spirit told us that this was the original state of man. He was sinless and lived a perfect earthly life, having use of all his spiritual as well as mortal powers.

Scene two. This was after Adam sinned, showing both good and evil minded people on the Earth. Part ignored God entirely and part were offering a burnt offering of sacrifice on a mound of earth. God no longer walked and companioned with all of them, but only with the Sons of God. God had offered them an opportunity to again obtain eternal spiritual life after the death of the mortal body, which they had brought about by their misuse of the natural laws, by offering a life in place of their own.

Scene three. This was just before the flood. The entire world of people, with the exception of Noah, had deserted God. He, therefore, removed them and made an ideal condition for the family of Noah. They were to continue the life sacrifice on the altar until God should send the Redeemer as their Savior.

Scene four. Time of Abraham showing the different nations of the Earth observing the law of the blood sacrifice for redemption. Abraham is chosen, the most spiritual of his time, to begin the preparation of a nation for the final and perfect sacrifice.

Scene five. Moses in the wilderness and the Children of Israel worshipping around a portable tabernacle. The Passover manna and numerous physical as well as spiritual benefits had been conferred upon the Children of Israel. The types and proofs of the coming of the Christ were established, and the worship that was to lead the world to Christ and God was established. Sacrifices by the chosen priesthood now replaced the sacrifices by the heads of tribes, families and communities.

Scene six. Temple at Jerusalem. The worship perfected in every particular, just after Jesus had cleansed the temple before His offering of Himself as the perfect and all sufficient sacrifice for all people of all times. Christ's offering of Himself not only gave the Jewish nation a new and perfected and spiritual worship of God, but it also displaced all altar worship, outside of the Jewish nation, throughout the entire world.

Scene seven. The Church of Christ in its perfected form. All types now fulfilled in their reality and the simplicity of the worship of God revealed. The individual again now replaces the priest. All individuals become equal spiritually. All children of God become priests for the conversion of those outside of the Church. The program of the Church now replaces the necessity of all former spiritual laws and ordinances and sacrifices among all people and for all time.

I will not attempt to give details of the program. Christ was present in every scene in various stages of the unfolding worship. The Holy Spirit explained every step of the way, showing just how and why God led men upward by easy stages from his original sin to the glorious liberty of eternal life under His reign in Heaven. Just why ministers and leaders of religious groups here on Earth add so many unnecessary burdens and spiritual obstacles to the simple faith in God and His plan of salvation, I have never been able to understand.

At the conclusion of the worship, about 9:30, we returned home, and Papa and I spent most of the forenoon out on his grounds, which have long since been laid out in perfect order. The house I have described before. I will add this, that the house has a full basement, and that most of it is taken up with Papa's workshop and laboratories of various kinds. He spends considerable time there now.

The wonderful flower beds and shrubbery are Mama's special care and delight. She spends much of her time there. Pierce works with her a great deal of the time. Pierce's attention seems to be directed toward the production of fruit, the experiments leading him to understand the laws of variety and selection, so that he has a truly great plant and orchard.

This is part of the estate. At least it is quite close to home. I took a stroll with Papa and Pierce over the farm lying beyond the immediate limits of the house grounds. I was surprised to see how vast a real farm could be and how varied the line of activities in which one would spend his time, if he should so choose. Some choose one thing and some choose another. In Heaven there seems to be opportunity for all to be entirely satisfied.

On returning to the house, he showed me his large library, which is one of his special prides, and the upstairs, which contains seven apartments, one for each of his children, as well as the other apartments. Papa and Mama are both sort of waiting until we all come home. If one joy in Heaven could be greater than another, it will be when all the members of a family are safely home for time and for eternity. The greatest joy or pleasure on Earth, outside the spiritual life, is nothing to be compared with even the smallest blessing enjoyed by those who live eternally with God, in the mansions He prepared for those who love Him, in the seven heavens,



Figure 23. The farm near Corning, Iowa where we lived when I was attending High School.

Exploration

Thursday, September 24, 1931
1-3 Creation, Wednesday
Middle and Morning Watch
while working in St. Peter's Catholic Church
on Heaven Hill for Hiram Perry, brick veneering
the priest's home, Seattle, Washington

During the middle and part of the morning watch in the night following September 24, 1931, I went to the Church of the Savior, to the home of my father and mother. We had lunch with Orva, Pierce, Aunt Louisa and Uncle Bona, and drank nectar together. The conversation was regarding a new territory that was being considered by a number of the relatives and others as a new location for their homes. Their households had gradually grown larger and they had decided to seek a place where each might have a larger estate, with room for expansion as their families increase.

Grandfather and Grandmother Whipple, their children, brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts, families and children, a large group of nephews, nieces and cousins, step brothers and sisters and lesser and more distant relatives went in large groups on a long exploring or home seeking trip. They went in several boats and large butterfly planes, carrying about forty or fifty with ease. On one of the boats they took several wagons and teams and when they stopped and disembarked, the wagons were put into commission by some to ride over the land in the immediate neighborhood of the landing place.

The women especially were very beautifully dressed. Everyone in Heaven wears lovely clothes, but either I noticed them more than usual on this trip, or else they were more nicely dressed than usual. It seems that I had never before seen so many people dressed up in all their beauty just to go out on an excursion. I could not help watching and admiring them.

The ride carried us from the neighborhood where Grandfather lived in the Conservatory of Beauty, through the outer territory of that beautiful country, through the entire breadth of the Zoological Gardens, with their wonderful herds and colonies of animal life, and deep into the sixth Heaven, or the Church Land. They stopped on the banks of a large picturesque lake where there were already located some beautiful estates and homes. We landed on the grounds of an immense farm, which had a grand mansion for a home. The farm was stocked with livestock. I particularly noticed the many beautiful horses.

While here I was with Grandmother, Louisa, and a group of nieces and other women with their angels. We wandered over the place looking at the points of interest. I remember especially talking with Louisa and her plans of laying out a new farm and home for herself and family.

After the entire party had landed, they spread out in groups and went far and near in all directions to see just what the country was like. Each family or party was trying to find the place they would like to have and still not be too far from the others. After several hours they reassembled on the bank of the lake, and with the aid of the angel musicians held a short period of song and worship before returning to their boats and going home. I returned to Grandfather's with them. Uncle Orva had just arrived from Beulah Land and was considering locating in the new country after he had time to acquaint himself with those things necessary to know before entering upon such an undertaking.

A Fruit Farm

Saturday, September 26, 1931
105 Creation, Friday
Middle and Morning Watch.

I visited with my brother Pierce on his wonderful fruit farm. He has as beautiful a location for his farm as any I have ever seen. It lies on three different planes and his buildings are located on the second or middle plane. Approaching from a distance it closely resembles a beautiful sunset with three layers of clouds, one above the other and all streaked with bright gold and crimson on a background of deep purple or blue.

Golden pebbled paths and roads lead to every part of the farm. The crimson glow of the ripe fruit comes from the higher or third plane. The extensive pastures and all the domestic animals are on the second plane, where the buildings, farm house and storage places are located.

The lower or first plane is given over to cultivated fields, propagation and experimental grounds, the large garden and a wonderful flower garden. The fruit is grown in large fields, laid out in orderly rows in each field, but the fields themselves are very irregular in shape. They are planned to give a beautiful landscape effect as a whole setting. Each kind of fruit is in a field by itself, excepting one large field which contains a large number of different kinds, sometimes several kinds upon the same tree or bush.

The fruits are shaped very much like our apples, pears, plums and other fruits, and the trees are all everbearing. By this I mean that each tree had blossoms, small fruit and fully matured fruit at the same time. All the fruit was ripe, even the smallest ones. This seemed very peculiar to me at first. Most of the fruit is clear, like crystal or gelatin, and of different delicate colors looking much like large bubbles. There was no core or seed in any of the fruit, but in each was a center portion or nucleus which was of a much darker shade and shaped like

a jelly bean or a small link sausage. Unlike the trees we see here, the fruit is much more numerous on the trees than the leaves. This gives every tree a beautiful colored tint, the leaves act as sort of a background or filling for the beautiful picture.

At first I did not see Pierce. I was on the second plane and was having a good time wandering over the pastures, looking at the stock, the clumps of trees in the corners, stone fences, and small streams or brooks in each pasture. I always like to take a few minutes to see the flower garden, the great variety of lilies and other stately plants. When I went up to the orchard proper, I found Pierce and he was not alone. He was entertaining a company of very beautiful young ladies, and they were having a jolly time wandering from place to place, tasting all the different kinds of fruit they found.

I understood that these were all relatives, near and distant ancestors and all related in some way to the others. They wore beautiful, brilliant, translucent clothing of many different colors and styles. They were laughing and having fun, eating fruit, talking and planning something. There was not another man in sight.

REVEALED LAWS: The three great official laws of God which He has revealed to man, independent of man's power of search and discovery are as follows:

- First: Love the one true God
- Second: Love one another
- Third: Observe the moral laws

Christ Himself has given us a thorough and full interpretation of what these laws are and how they operate so man can bridge the great period when these had been forgotten and abused.

The first law needs much explanation because all do not know exactly what it means to love God.

The second law concerns man's relation to one another and upon its operation hangs the destiny of the group, be it family, community, nation, or an entire race of people.

The third law Christ has explained by giving us His interpretation of the moral law in five points.

Recreation

October, 3-4 1931
Middle and Morning Watch
1-12 Creation

While wandering in Paradise, I came to a beautiful playfield where a number of young people were having a party. There were about the same number of girls as there were boys. The girls were dressed in radiant clothes of beautiful colors and the boys were dressed in white, with colored trimmings. From the appearance of their clothes I decided they were of several nationalities, as their costumes were not alike.

They were playing in and near the field home, in the big auditorium on the large flat roof, and in the yard adjacent. During the play the girls changed clothes with each other and the boys did the same. I could hear them having a great deal of fun over their changed appearances. They were playing the old fashioned games. In hide and seek they were having a big time. The girls held their hands over their faces and as they had changed around with their clothes the boys missed more often than not in guessing who they were. They were hiding everywhere on the roof, in the basement, in the flower beds, and even behind the trees and ferns bordering the play grounds. There were about sixty couples altogether and I assumed from their actions and conversations that they were not married couples, although I could not tell their ages. No one grows old in Heaven.

A group of angels over by one of the flower beds at the side of the field prepared large bouquets or corsages from the delicate ferns and flowers and gave one to each boy. They had a jolly time going from one girl to another, until they had all found the girls whose costumes matched the bouquets that had been prepared for them. They played a number of games in which couples remained together, or played opposite one another, and then they had refreshments. These had been prepared by their angels in a large arbor or vine-covered structure, in the midst of

a number of beautiful formal flower beds on one of the extensive lawns.

Fruits, nuts confections, cookies, cakes, and fruit juices or nectars were served in gold and silver colored cups and vessels. Peculiar shaped dishes and containers were on the large central table which held the principal supply. These large vessels were made of some kind of crystal, and in graceful designs, carved or molded and colored to make them attractive.

Many of these people came in beautiful butterfly planes, and there were quite a number of them that were small, holding only two people. These were beautiful beyond description. They evidently were used regularly by the same people and had been decorated, arranged, or beautified to suit each individual wish or desire of those using them. Seats, upholstering, trimmings, shape of the body and wings, coloring and materials had each been chosen with their own ideas in mind, making each very different from the others, but still they were all alike in many ways.

Some were of the large type where several had come together. They had all stopped on a lawn a short distance from the playhouse or conservatory. I spent a long time looking at these beautiful ships or butterflies. At the conclusion of the play period, as it neared what we would call breakfast time or morning, the party broke up, leaving in the planes, some in one direction and some in another. While the young folks were having their good times, the angels had kept in the background most of the time and seemed to have a good time of their own, too.

They were always present to help entertain, join in the fun, arrange plans, help with the clothing when they changed and again when they changed back into their own before going home. They supplied flowers, music, ideas for games, perfume, the refreshments, beautiful song birds, bouquets, clothes and everything needed for the good times they were all having. There were as many or more angels than young people and they dispersed at the same time as the others, some leaving in the planes, but most of them individually in the regular manner.

A Quaker Church

Tuesday, October 6, 1931

Sabbath 1-14, Creation

I made a trip to West Seattle to figure on a chimney at 3201 41st S.W. for Mrs. Klein.

During the forenoon , or second worship period of the day, I went to church with a group of young people from Grandfather's and Grandmother's home on their wonderful farm in the Conservatory of Beauty. It was late fall here on Earth, the landscapes were taking on their drab winter appearance, and there was a chill in the air.

Over there I noticed that everything was fresh and green, the trees were in full leaf, the fruit hung in luscious bunches, and the lawns and landscapes everywhere were bright and glorious with the beaming faces of millions of beautiful flowers. The air was filled with the sweet perfume or incense of Heaven.

We went to a large church in the Church Land. It was a beautiful church, but was much plainer than most, graceful and fitting rather than ornate. It was a Quaker church. There was much prayer and singing, and a large angel chorus, but no instruments. They closed the meeting with a beautiful Communion Service. After services, I went with one of the groups to their new location where they had decided to make their new homes, and discovered that they had already started operations.

It was located on the edge of the Church of the Savior and extended deep into the Zoological Gardens, some homes being in the Church Land, but most of them lying in the Gardens and Conservatory of Beauty. The district did not reach to the Crystal Hills, but they were in plain view from most every portion of the new location.

In the Church Land there was a large lake opening into the River of Life, and this was the outer or farthest extent of their land. A branch or stream of the River of Life runs through all this new territory with numerous branches and tributaries reaching

to the various planes or levels on which the homes or farms are located. A small branch or stream runs to or through each and every place. The district was many, many miles across in every direction.

In shape I might compare it to a large tree, with the trunk and branches representing the waters of the streams and tributaries of the River of Life. If the tree were lying on its side, with the trunk in the lake, and the top extending towards the Crystal Hills, it would represent the shape and extent of the district. All through, along the branches, and on all the numerous levels are located the estates, farms and homes. Their large new church will be located near the main stream, close to the lake, in the land of the Church of the Savior.

These families are all related, more or less closely to Grandfather Whipple and his parents and grandparents.

Ecclesiastes 12:12-13, *Furthermore, my son, take heed; of writing many books there is no end, and much study is a weariness of the flesh. Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear the Lord and keep His commandments; this is given by one Master to every man.*

A City Building

Saturday, October 10, 1931

1-8 Creation, Thursday morning and Morning Worship

Changing engines in my truck during the forenoon.

I had been walking over the crystal gems walks and along the paths that led in and out of the buildings, by pools, by trees, statue groups, and other heavenly beauties. Inside the walls of the City of the New Jerusalem proper everything is, in a measure, more perfect than they are elsewhere, if such a thing is possible.

The trees and shrubs and flowers are different than in any other place. The buildings are especially graceful and pleasing. A greater variety of precious metals and stones are used. There are many buildings located quite near each other, giving more the effect of a city than other places where the buildings are not so close together. The city has many planes of elevations on which these buildings are located. The city is of great height. I have never measured it or even been to remote corners of it.

John, in Revelation, says that the length, breadth, and height are the same. I think he has stated this correctly, for he saw it measured. This being the case, it would be a perfect cube. Of that I cannot say, but this I know. The four corner gates are at the diagonals of a square plane on which the home of the Trinity is located. The city extends both up and down from this plane.

This morning I noticed some exceptional activity on one of the lower levels, below the central streets or planes. An immense excavation had been made and a building was in a course of construction. One side wall was already some little distance above grade level, but most of the work was yet below grade. A few were scattered here and there looking, the same as I, but no work was being done, for it was during the rest period. I decided to come back later, when work would be in progress.

In the forenoon, while working on my car with my earthly body busy with a definite earthly activity, I slipped away to see the work as it was being done in the actual building operations. I arrived just before the close of the morning worship period, and all was quiet as it was earlier in the morning. But they soon began to come, ready for the forenoon work. There were actually thousands of them. Angels, mortals, and a much greater number of workers and celestial beings worked side by side.

There were no tools or implements that I could see anywhere. All dressing of stone or shaping of metal had been done before the material was brought to the site. There was no noise or confusion, the work progressing in comparative silence, so far as the building operations were concerned. The usual heavenly music and the sound of distant song were plainly distinguishable. A wonderful perfume or incense pervades everywhere and this is especially noticeable within the walls of the City of the New Jerusalem.

All stones for the walk, or metallic parts for the beams, openings, and different floors, many of immense size, were being brought in from below, as this was the closest direct route to the city walls. They were all handled by hand, as many as necessary bringing each part and placing it where it was planned to go, under the supervision of angel supervisors. The chief supervisor or superintendent was also an angel.

The stone work was being constructed of radiant marble of a light buff or straw color, cut to fit with perfect joints. The large beams or girders by which the floors and partitions were supported were of a white metal, not steel, but more closely resembling silver or nickel and highly polished. The interior partitions were being finished as rapidly as the outside was put in place, all trimming being of a metal which I would say was gold, highly polished. These reflected the incandescent light or radiance which came from the radiant marble of the sidewalls, floors and ceiling. This radiance filled the rooms already completed with a soft yellow light and illuminated every corner and angle the same.

This building is to be used as a storehouse, stockroom or warehouse for the many forms and varieties of building materials and parts made of the various stones, metals, crystals and gems;. It resembles very much, I suppose, the storage rooms for the models and inventions in the patent office at Washington. When finished, one may come here and find gathered in this building an almost unlimited collection of things used in the building of homes and estates, and used in the numberless activities in which the spirit world is engaged.

The building did not occupy the entire site, which was enclosed by a high wrought metal fence, a large gate arched at the top being placed where the path or walk from the main entrance would be. An area about twice the size of the building was enclosed, most of it being in the front. Workers were coming and going constantly. At one side of this open area stood a large observation panel, resembling in many respects a large roadside billboard.

From time to time various foremen or others desiring information about how some certain work was progressing, would approach it. Then there would flash upon the panel the quarry with the workmen taking out the stone, the stonemason or polisher, the metal laboratory where they were fabricating the beams, girders or doorways, the gem cutters or polishers, showing exactly how the work was progressing. From time to time as I watched I would recognize some familiar form, or face of a friend, relative or acquaintance.

Outdoor Services

Tuesday, October 13, 1931

1-21 Creation, the third Sabbath of .the New Year.

I was copying a mailing list at the Pacific Rubber Shoe Co. for Mr. Miller, 163 Jackson St., Seattle, Washington.

During the forenoon or second worship period of this beautiful Sabbath day, I slipped away and made a visit to the new country many of my folks are building in the fifth Heaven of the Zoological Gardens. In order to designate this new territory I am going to call it from now on the Homestead Land. It lies at a great distance from the City of the New Jerusalem and a greater distance from the general gathering place where all come each Jubilee Day or last day of the month to the Church of the Savior.

The main branch of the River of Life flowing through the Homestead Land comes from the vicinity of a great lake, and runs in a general direction toward the Radiant Hills, a small portion close to the lake being in the Church Land. On this territory, back from the lake a short distance, and lying close to the bank of the River of Life, a site for their new church has been selected. Here in a slight depression, a natural outdoors auditorium was provided and they meet each morning or evening for worship. Families or individuals who attend morning worship usually have their evening devotions at home, and those attending in the evening have morning devotions at home, but some attend both meetings.

This morning I was with them for church services in this beautiful spot in the midst of a wonderful open forest on three sides. Angels with instruments furnished the music and all sang the general hymns and chants. Communion Services are particularly impressive when held out of doors amid the beauty of trees, flowers, river, distant scenes across the River of Life, the crystal gems on the beach, the transparency and reflections on the water, the music of countless feathered songsters, and the association of so many relatives, friends and angels.

They will continue to meet in this beautiful spot until the individual families have their homes and lands arranged in something like permanent form, and then they will build a church building. In Heaven, a building is not a necessity as here on Earth, for they have no inclement weather, no wind nor storm, no hot sunlight or dark nights. They planned to all go in a body that evening for the fourth worship hour to the Church of the Savior in the sixth Heaven.

Everyone seemed particularly happy and enthusiastic, and filled with that life and energy which we see so often displayed where people are doing some enjoyable piece of work into which they have thrown their whole energy. It was indeed surprising to see everywhere evidence of the great amount of work that had been done and to realize that their homes and grounds were really beginning to take permanent desirable shape.

Most of the open fields and general landscape outlines had been decided upon, and the location of streams, roads and paths planned so each group would know how to work, especially where estates joined, that the entire district would be a unit and present a beautiful effect when completed.

Everybody seemed happy and enthusiastic over the new plans. I went home and visited awhile with Aunt Louisa, Bona Durrand and Uncle Orva before returning to Earth. They spent much time planning their homes. The heavens declare God's splendor, the sky speaks of His handiwork. Day after day takes up the tale, night after night makes Him known; their speech has never a word, not a sound for the ear, and yet their message spreads the wide world over, their meaning carries to the Earth's end.

Matthew 16:13-17, *When Jesus came into the country of Caesarea Philippi, He asked His disciples saying, "What do men say concerning Me, that I am merely a son of man?" They said, "There are some who say John the Baptist, others Elijah and still others Jeremiah, or one of the prophets." He said unto them, "Who do you say that I am?" Simon Peter answered saying, "You are the Christ, the Son of the living God." Jesus answered, saying to him, "Blessed are you, Simon son of Jonah, for flesh and blood did not reveal it to you, but My Father in Heaven."*

Making a Community

Thursday, October 15, 1931

1-25 Creation

Typing at Pacific Rubber Shoe Company

I went back to the Homestead Land to see them at their work on a week day. I went first to the lake where the river enters. I believe, before a great while, quite a large city will be built at this point. They were constructing a number of docks on the shore of the lake and preparations were being made for a large building. Upon inquiry I learned that this was to be a depot and warehouse for products from the district and that they were going to institute a boat service on the river for the transportation of all supplies. There were several large boats there besides those working on the docks.

The river and its numerous branches throughout the Homestead Land was to be used as a thoroughfare to reach every part with water transportation. One of the large boats was preparing to depart up the river and I went with them for the trip. We traveled quite rapidly, spending very little time between stops.

At numerous places preparations were being made for docks and warehouses. At these places freight material and supplies were unloaded and many people and angels were aboard the boat. These docks and warehouses are not constructed as we are in the habit of seeing, on piles driven into the bottom of the lake or river, but are of beautiful stone and shining metal.

Unless one knew their purpose, they could be easily mistaken for beauty spots and landscape ornamentation, so beautiful are they and so harmoniously blended into the general beauty of the river. I do not understand why they are planning to use ships, nor why they take so long to build their various works, when this construction could be done so much more quickly in the regular manner.

Acts 2:44-45, *And all believers were together and had all things in common; and those who had possessions sold them and divided to each man according to his need.*

Removing Hills

Saturday, October, 17, 1931
1-25 Creation, Thursday
Repairing my old truck at home

On a trip to the Homestead Land, among other interesting things, I saw a company of workers widening and changing the course of the branches of the river to give proper clearance for the boats. This was being done in a very simple and methodical manner. The only tool being used was a long sword-like blade or rod about three or four inches wide and about seven or eight feet long. A great company was working, so rapidly that the river seemed to melt away as one after the other approached the excavation. With a staff, they cut loose a large piece, carried it back from the river a short distance and disposed of it by rapidly changing it into a field.

They handled the material as if it weighed nothing at all, without any apparent physical effort. Everywhere throughout the district landscapes were being changed, hills removed or placed where desired, fields leveled, and trees, plants and vegetation located to the satisfaction of those who planned it. Wherever I went I saw workers busy and happy and each group seemed to know what their part was, just the changes and improvements to make.

Everywhere homes were being started, ground laid out, and fields arranged. There was a general air of everyone having just a little more to do than they could accomplish. Everyone was desirous of getting the permanent work completed as soon as possible. I watched them work and wondered at all the difficult things they were doing, and then I thought of the wonderful things Jesus had done on Earth that we call miracles.

They were removing and making hills, lakes, streams and valleys, erecting homes, and various public service works, locating roads and paths, forests, fields and innumerable other changes, all with no more apparent effort than would be needed

if we followed Christ's instructions when He said in **Matthew 21:21**, *but should you say even to this mountain, "Be removed and fall into the sea," it shall be done.*

Most of those acts of Christ, which we have called miracles are commonplace in Heaven and so many things commonly being done all the time are so much more wonderful than on Earth, that we lose all thought of things being miraculous. With God all things are possible.

Many things are possible there that we never dream of doing here. About all that we can say is that it is infinitely perfect, and that God makes possible every good thing that man desires. I firmly believe that much more happiness would be possible here on Earth if men would all live righteous lives and unite their prayers to God for the blessings they desire. But while they give their bodies and minds continually to the service of evil, they will only reap evil, suffering and disease.

Matthew 17:19-20, *Then the disciples came up to Jesus when He was alone and said to Him, "Why could we not heal him?" Jesus said to them, "Because of your unbelief; for truly, I say to you, if there is faith in you even as a grain of mustard seed, you will say to this mountain, 'Move away from here,' and it will move; and nothing would prevail over you."*

The New School

Monday, Oct. 19, 1931, Saturday
1-27 Creation

I was making the annual audit of the
WCTU Treasurer's books for the fifth year

In the Homestead Land, across the river from the site of the church, but back about half a mile and some little distance from the docks and warehouses, they are erecting a school. It is located on a little rise or hill overlooking the valley in one direction, and the lake in the opposite direction. Back, away from the river, along the banks of the lake, lie beautiful open glades or plains, dotted here and there with clumps of trees and ferns.

Roaming over some of them, there can be seen herds of animals like deer or elk. I do not know enough about animals to say just what they resemble most. Across the river is a large forest, skirting the lake and reaching back several miles. Beyond it lies the fields of the nearest farm and home.

The school building itself is a large structure consisting of six main divisions or rooms, on all excepting the first and top floors. In the center are two large rooms, end to end, and in each wing, two rooms with a wide hall from end to end, through both wings and between the two rooms. The first floor is a little lower than the surrounding grade, and is divided into numerous small rooms, but the upper stories consist of six large rooms on each floor.

The top floor had no partitions, the entire area being one large room or auditorium, with the stairways located in the two ends of the center portion. This general assembly hall is large enough to hold many thousands. There is a high arched ceiling and roof over it all, made in designs, the bearing beams of bright metal, and the main portion being of colored crystal or a glass-like substance.

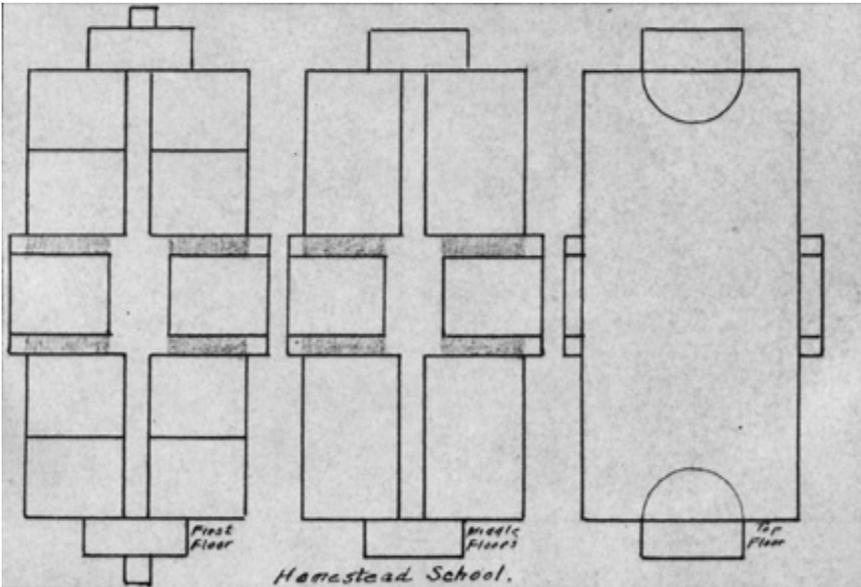
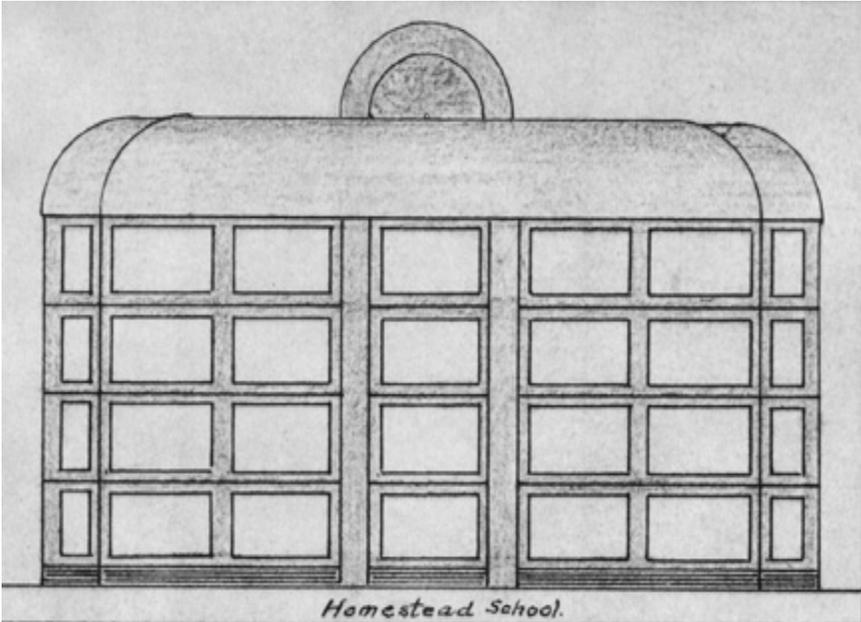


Figure 24. The Homestead School.

One thing I noticed that I had not seen before on other building construction was the large number of women taking a prominent part in the work, mostly directing, but doing considerable construction work and decorating as well. I saw

a few children, but this school is not for children. They are cared for in the schools of Beulah Land and Paradise. Paradise in particular is the great land of schools for children. Many institutions for the older pupils are located there also.

This building in the Homestead Land is for laboratory purposes, for the advancement of the education and training of adults in the problems they encounter in their everyday life and chosen occupations. It is also a central meeting place for purposes other than worship, of which there are many. There seems to be no limit to the development of the latent powers of the human mind when placed in touch with the infinite resources, ideal opportunities, and perfect cooperation between all natural and spiritual forces.

II Timothy 2:2, *And the things which you have heard from me by many witnesses, these entrust to faithful men, who shall be able to teach others also.*

Homestead Church

Tuesday, October 20, 1931
1-28 Creation, 4th Sabbath
I was painting my house

In the afternoon I visited the wonderful Zoological Gardens of Heaven located in the fifth Heaven. It is always teeming with life and action. The air is always filled with the music of countless song birds, and in many places, gorgeous colors come and go as the winged songsters dart here and there. Here is located the greater portion of the new Homestead Land, though some of it is in the sixth Heaven.

I noticed today that excavations had commenced for the new church beside the outdoor meeting place where they are temporarily meeting for worship. From the extent of the excavation, it must be that they are going to erect a large cathedral or temple. There were a large number of people scattered about the grounds, looking and talking.

Services were in progress at the time in the outdoor arena, so I suppose they usually held their services in the forenoon. The excavated material had all been removed from the premises or else had been converted to something more desirable or appropriate. The premises were clean and clear of debris and building material, and there were no tools or equipment encumbering the ground.

In Heaven it is always beautiful. No ugly or unsightly things are ever seen, even in the midst of active construction work. Every detail is lovely, graceful and pleasing to the eye.

There is no reason why it should be otherwise, for time is unlimited, beauty and materials are abundant, knowledge and skill are ever available, and the glory of God is seen and felt at all times. In actual reality it seems that everything is being done just as though God were present, and they were doing it especially for His approval.

Psalms 118:26, *Blessed be he that comes in the name of the Lord; we have blessed you out of the house of the Lord.*

Grandparents and Grandchildren

Friday, October 23, 1931, Wednesday
1-31 Creation.

At the home of C.E. Schaffer, Bellingham, Washington

During a short trip to the Homestead Land today, I visited and talked with many of my relatives about their plans and the future of the district. The entire district had been planned as a unit before they started and everyone works to keep that unity perfect. Crowds were busy everywhere I went, doing every conceivable kind of work necessary to make the country a land of beauty and utility.

One of the big ships came by loaded with supplies and workers. Materials which had been prepared elsewhere were being taken to homes and buildings. Fruit trees, plants, flowers and shrubs were being planted in their permanent positions. A large hill or eminence was being beautified or landscaped, being changed from a very ordinary looking hill into a glorious estate.

Bona and Louisa were busy working and directing work on the arrangement of a large grain farm. They were working in the fields, arranging bounds, trees and shrub groups at the borders, waterways and roads, as well as the grades and elevations of several surfaces into which they were dividing this particular portion of the Homestead Land tract. Bona was directing the grades, bounds and elevations, but Louisa was overseeing the placing of the smaller details, like roads, pools, creeks and trees.

Their children, grandchildren and great grandchildren were helping as well as many angels and workers. I saw the site of their home grounds, but as yet they have made no permanent improvements. Temporary booths of vines and flowering shrubs were hastily grouped around a lovely spot of lawn, and here they gather for rest, consultation, planning and worship during the five periods of the day not used for actual work. Everywhere

things were being converted from the ordinary surrounding hills and fields into beautiful farms, houses and landscapes.

In the afternoon, Blanche and I, with Mrs. Schaffer drove out to my brother Otis' home at Geneva, on Lake Whatcom for a little visit before we returned to Seattle. They had just received the China mail and Otis read to us letters from his son Elden and wife Evelyn, who had just arrived in China.

A little later Otis handed me a book on a religious subject and asked me if I had read it. While glancing through it I noticed a number of misstatements, and as usual was just going to pass it by in silence. But an angel stood at my side, placing his hand on my shoulder, and told me to speak out boldly and that I was free to tell what I know and need fear nothing. I then told Otis that a number of the statements were not correct, that I know the truth about them because I had been in Heaven myself and learned about them first hand. He said he would be interested in reading my account of it.

Dancing

Saturday, October, 3 1931
5910 Latona Avenue, Seattle, Washington
1-39 Creation, Thursday, the close of Evening Worship hour
and the beginning of the Evening Watch

My daughter Eleanor was planning on going to a Halloween party at the house of another Girl Scout. The boys and girls were going to dance during the evening and she knew my dislike of dancing participated in by both boys and girls. She asked me for permission to dance during the evening, if she should choose to do so. I was certainly puzzled over what answer to give and decided to seek a satisfactory solution of the problem before giving her my answer. I decided to go directly to Heaven for this solution or answer.

Taking my little white fox terrier dog Pal with me, I went down to Green Lake and Woodland Park, and wandered along the shore in the dark toward the Green Lake field house. The lights were beautiful, reflected in the quiet waters of the lake. I found a lovely spot in a column of bushes where I could be hidden from view, and there I sat down and Pal lay down beside me with his little head in my lap.

My spirit went directly to Heaven to Grandpa Headrick's in the beautiful Conservatory of Beauty in Mary's Land, and I was in Heaven about an hour from 6:30 to 7:30. Grandpa had just finished his evening devotions with quite a number of folks and angels present. The daily evening devotions of Grandpa Headrick seemed to be quite an event. Nearly always there are visitors who come to hear the reading, talks and prayers. I slipped in beside Grandma and was soon telling her my troubles.

We went into her room where she rests and has her many beautiful personal things. We were soon joined by Grandpa and Aunt May. We talked the problem over together. Grandma and Grandpa thought that she should not dance under the

circumstances. Aunt May said it would not necessarily do any particular harm, that she had danced when she was young, and that it had not harmed her in any way.

Grandma suggested we talk to Mary. She has a beautiful estate in Mary's Land and at this time was there for the evening worship. The four of us with two angels went over there immediately. She was with a small group of people and angels and two celestial beings walked in her beautiful flower garden with Joseph, her husband. I went directly to her and soon we were all discussing the problem. Mary said we should talk to Jesus about it.

Services were just closing in the wonderful Church of the Savior in the sixth Heaven, and we went directly to the central platform where Jesus, the Holy Spirit and others still stood. Mary greeted them, slipped her arm around the waist of the Holy Spirit and stood there talking to Jesus. In a moment or two Jesus turned toward us and our party, approached and talked to me about what I had come to learn.

The group was now quite large on the platform, and Jesus talked to me for several minutes, telling me things I will never forget. He then told me a message to give to Eleanor. We left the platform. The large bowl was now empty, and our small group talked for a while. I did not go home with them but returned immediately to Earth.

Pal and I followed along the lake shore till I came to an electric light close to the field house, and there, on a scrap of paper I picked up, I wrote the message for Eleanor. I came home immediately and made two copies of the message on my typewriter, giving one copy to Eleanor, and keeping the carbon copy for my records. The typewritten copy was as follows.

Seattle, Washington
October 31, 1931

Miss Eleanor Whipple

Dear Daughter:

You asked me this evening what you could do at the Halloween party. Jesus says:

“Great characters are developed by meeting difficult situations and choosing wisely. Eleanor is old enough now to choose for herself. Do not encourage, do not forbid, do not condemn. Help her to see the reward of righteousness, and the punishment for sin, then let her choose for herself. We will be the judge. ”

I do not care to add anything to this.

Your affectionate father,

C. W. Whipple

Mark 9:36-37, *And He took a little child, and made him stand in the midst; then He took him in His arms and said to them, "Whoever receives a child like this in My name, he receives Me; and he who receives Me, does not receive Me, but Him who sent Me."*

Matthew 18:2-6, *And so Jesus called a little child, and made him stand up in the midst of them. And He said, "Truly I say to you, unless you change and become like little children, you shall not enter the kingdom of Heaven. Whoever, therefore, will humble himself like this little child, shall be great in the kingdom of Heaven. And he who will welcome one like this little child, in My name, welcomes Me. And whoever misleads one of these little ones who believe in Me, it would be better for him that an ass' millstone be hanged on his neck and he were sunk in the depths of the sea."*

Mark 10:14-16, *But when Jesus saw it, He was displeased, and He said to them, "Allow the little children to come to Me, and do not forbid them, for the Kingdom of God is for such as these. Truly I say to you, whoever does not receive the Kingdom of God like a little child shall not enter it." Then He took them in His arms and put His hand on them and blessed them.*

Convention

Wednesday, November 4, 1931
I-43 Creation, Monday

It was just six months since I obtained permission to tell my experiences to the world. Blanche and I went to the First Christian Church, to a one day convention held in the interests of the United Christian Missionary Society. In the afternoon Alexander Paul talked about the establishment of the missionary work in South Gate, Nanking, China, and the wonderful work that had been done there by Miss Kelly and my sister Edna.

The evening worship hour I spent with Uncle Bona Durrand and Aunt Louisa on their farm where they are living in temporary quarters. This evening quite a number of their children, grandchildren, great grandchildren and great, great grandchildren were with them. During the evening some of the young folks were discussing the coming Jubilee program so I decided to try to be present if possible.

Family life in Heaven is such a wonderful blessing. On Earth we are faced with the desperate struggle to obtain the necessary things to maintain life and to prevent disease and death. In Heaven it is sure. On Earth we always look forward to death and separation and are continually fearful of accidents which maim, cripple and kill. Over there, there are no evil things, no diseases, no accidents, or death. As the number of your family come home one by one, they are there to stay and you have no fear of being separated again.

A family reunion is possible at any time, although many members of a family may be on some distant mission or living at a great distance away. These things are all arranged, as everything else in Heaven, to fit in perfectly with all other activities. Heaven is an active place. Everybody seems busy at one thing and another. The things they do are wonderful, for they have the unlimited resources of Heaven at their command.

Flowers, Fragrance and Fruit

Thursday, November 5, 1931
I-44 Creation, Tuesday

This morning I spent most of the watch with Pierce on his wonderful farm amid the fruit trees, vines and berries. The fruit is very beautiful, of a strong transparent color, with a heart or core of a darker or more deeply colored substance, but the entire fruit, including the center portion, is good to eat, and all the fruit is ripe all the time no matter how small it is.

A lovely streamlet or brook runs through his place, flowing over lovely stones and among wonderful plants and flowers. It is clear as crystal and every pebble and plant in it is seen almost as clearly as if it were on the banks. A few rods away upon a little knoll in the upper part of the three planes, sits the beautiful tool house or service building. It is as wonderful as many earthly mansions, with the countless beauties never even dreamed of here below.

The golden colored pebbled paths led down from this work center to every corner and nook of the big orchard, along the water's edge and down to the main and lower levels of his estate. I ate some of his new fruit, which is just now coming into bearing size. They are all delicious. I describe these objects and the sensations of beauty and taste as though they were earthly objects, but human language cannot adequately describe them.

I know no way of correctly telling the excellence of the fruit, the fragrance of the flowering trees, the beauty of the mass of blossoms, the brilliance of the transparent fruit, nor the magic of the feathered songsters in the tree tops.

All these things are spiritually discerned by spiritual men whose sensations and reactions are as much more enjoyable as the spiritual is beyond the natural in things moral and righteous. One of the noticeable things in Heaven is the absence of the ugly or offensive of any kind. The presence of beautiful angels is everywhere you go. Music and incense or fragrance are always present.

Jubilee of Faith

Wednesday, November
31, 1931

1-50 Creation, Holy Day, Jubilee of Faith.

Toward the close of the morning watch I paid a visit to my old childhood friend, Jennie Burns, who lives in Paradise with her son and other relatives. For the first time I met her husband. I did not learn whether he had just arrived or had been living in Beulah Land. I did not remember him from any earthly association, but still I knew him when I saw him. I understood that I had known him in Creston when I was a child.

There was a large party of us that went to the early morning worship in the wonderful Church of the Savior. The opening musical number was being rendered when we arrived, and the immense circular bowl was practically filled. We found places at least two miles from the platform. But everything was as plain and distinct as if we were close, so wonderful is the power of spiritpower. We could see and hear as well as those close to the speakers.

The music, prayers, chants and Communion Service were about the same as usual but the talks were simply wonderful. There were seven talks and these were given by some ancient saints, as also were the general exercises and prayers. I will try to give a short summary of what I can remember of them.

1, God and His Natural Laws.

There is but one God, the Father, and the Holy Spirit the Mother, and Christ the Son,. God is in two parts, as is everything in the universe - the Father and the Mother. Jesus Christ is Their only child, a male like His Father, and the three are all true Gods or portions of the one true God.

There is only one real group or code of laws in the universe, and that is God's laws or in other words, natural law.

All laws in this code fit together and there is no conflict between them, whether they apply to science, life, mortality, religion, human conduct or spiritual activities.

These laws of God, or natural laws, are all under His supervision, and are the same always, yesterday, today and forever, always have been from creation, and always will be to the far distant infinite time or eternity. There has never been a change in them. Man discovers and records them, or uses them without discovery. Men's thoughts regarding them do not alter them in any way.

2 Creation of Spiritual Beings and Spiritual Abodes.

God created spiritual beings from the ever-existent spirit, which fills the entire universe according to the natural laws, of which He also is the author. These were the first creatures. There were seven kinds of these beings created: three were of the same form or image of God; three were of a different form. The spirit of man made in the image of God and approaching the likeness of God and His power was the closest of any of the seven.

Man alone of the seven orders of created beings has a dual existence, a life on Earth and a life in Heaven.

God also in the beginning created Heaven, and this has always been the abiding place of the six orders of beings and also man, both before and after his earthly life. God has a purpose in His great creation for all the individuals created. He has created them, and He keeps and cares for them all through the exercise of natural law.

3, Creation of Substances.

From this same all existent spirit, God created a form of spirit that we call substance. All spirit is substance just as truly as the denser portion that is cognizant to the human senses. All spirit, whether of the thinner form or the thicker substance form, is discernable by all the seven orders of spiritual beings. Man and Jesus Christ partake of both natures, the purely primary spirit and the evolved later form.

From this substance or element form when completed, God formed the worlds, stars, and systems of suns and planets of which our Earth is but one of many. And all this also was done in accordance with the same eternal natural laws of God, which have been in force and power from the beginning of His creation. This was not accomplished instantly but extended over many judgments of time.

4, Creation of Life on Our Earth.

In like manner God created life in the substance form of His created spirit, the same as He had created seven orders or forms of life of the free spirit. On the Earth through many judgments, seven distinct orders or grades of life were created at seven different times. These early forms of life are what man today calls plant or vegetable life, although that is not the original designation given them. Then followed through a much longer period of time, portions of which over-lapped the former period as that period did the one before it. Another step in creation we call animal life.

This new form of life was also in seven grades or orders and was a much higher form of life, being another step higher from the free spirit in the evolution of all things spiritual. And everything is a form of spirit, a spiritual creation of God.

5. Placing of Man on Earth.

To man alone of all God's created life did He give two natures, or the free spirit and the substance spirit. Man had lived as a spiritual being as the six other orders of spirits, but God gave man a substance form as well as a spiritual form and placed him on Earth as the ruling creative force.

He also formed man at seven different periods of time, in seven distinct orders or kinds on Earth. Some of these have become practically extinct through the ages, but all still live through their descendants to the present day. Intermarriage has made impossible a present day recognition of any but the most apparent forms, one of which was the black skinned man.

6. Faith in the Divine Plans.

Faith is a form of love, and love and faith are both of God. God's first creation was love, and its associate faith, and is the active power or law which brought into existence His other creations. There are seven forms of this first. Love and faith are but two. This faith has made possible all future creation, both of free spirit and the substance or element form also.

Because of this same faith, life exists. So also man, in all his relations, exists today. Without love, faith and all the other seven, (love, faith, hope, virtue, charity, humility and cooperation) man cannot exist at all. God's natural laws relating to faith (all seven) are as unchangeable and binding on all creation as other natural laws. They carry with them the natural law of reward for conformation and correct use, the same as they do also the natural law of punishment for misuse and misapplication. These apply to every law of God, to every created thing in every form, from the first created love, to the last or final creation of man and his eternal home.

7. Man's Future.

God created man for companionship and association. To him alone He gave great creative powers. To man alone He gave a dual mind. No other being has both. At the proper time He gave man control of the Earth as his possession and abiding place. If men had followed God's natural laws as they did at first, all would have been well, but they would not do it.

This transgression requires a punishment as does all transgression, and God set the punishment, but at the same time provided a way of escape through obedience. Man alone had a natural and a spiritual, or free spirit and a substance spirit nature. God's punishment for man was to remove from him the free spirit nature at death and allow him to die a natural death and a spiritual death at the same time.

But by a law of new birth, God made it possible for man to avoid spiritual death, through exercise of God's first seven creations, namely love, faith, hope, virtue, charity, humility and cooperation or as it is sometimes called, communion. So God

prepared Heaven for man's spiritual use, after the death of his natural body. He made it available to him upon simple obedience and the observance of natural law. Heaven is to be the eternal abiding place of man's spirit, where God and man will live as originally planned, but without the material soul and body.

With songs of praise and thanksgiving, and a hallelujah chorus, the morning worship came to an end. I spent the evening with Donald Kerr and had a lovely time with the young people. During the evening we all went to see a special exhibit which had been prepared in the laboratory in the Radiant Hills to illustrate the special talk of the day.

Here, in a restricted area, was shown the seven divisions of each of the seven creations of God in such a way as to make it possible to understand God's nature and love, not alone for man, but for His entire creation and universe, both of the spirit nature and the spiritite nature. (See chapter titled "Spirit" on page 13) Much of the material for these exhibits was taken from the permanent collections of Heaven. They are wonderful beyond description.

A short period of games, some refreshments, a stroll through the grounds, a short worship hour and the day was finished. Donald had something to tell me, but I didn't find out what it was. (Later I learned he had visited with his Grandpa Campbell.)

A Belated Honeymoon

Wednesday, November 25, 1931
2-14 Fall of Man, Sabbath

This was a stormy day spent at home writing. I do not know an earthly name for the couple. I will refer to them as the bride and groom. They were friends of Grandfather and Grandmother Whipple at the time of their marriage. They had known them since they were quite young. Aunt Louisa and Uncle Durrand and others of the family seemed to be near friends also.

They were staying at Grandfather's and everyone seemed to be helping them to enjoy themselves, and plan for their future. A couple in Heaven is interesting very much as they are interesting to us here on Earth. She had lovely long wavy hair, dark eyes and lashes. His hair was almost black but not as long as hers. Their clothes were especially beautiful. She wore a long trailing gown of a delicate blue color and his clothes were a light gray.

They were married just before he left to join the army in our Civil War. He never returned, being slain in one of the battles, and no word was ever received to let them know what had happened. The young bride remained true to him, watching with ever diminishing hope that some day he would return to make her happy. The war ended, still no news came and the dreary years dragged on. As time passed she decided to never remarry, but to wait and some day meet him in Heaven.

It was certainly a happy day and a time of great rejoicing when she came home to be with her lover, never to be separated again. I had seen him at Grandfather's many times but I didn't know anything of his story, or of his waiting so many years for his bride. In Heaven they don't grow old, but are in their full strength of maturity and seem to be about thirty years old. You cannot judge their age by their looks.

She had lived to be a very old woman here on Earth. She had grown frail and delicate until life had almost become

a burden to her when release came, and with a new, young spiritual body, she found her lover waiting for her in Beulah Land. After a short stay there they came to the Conservatory of Beauty to Grandfather's home. They are arranging for an extended honeymoon in the near future. Their life on Earth together was broken up but now it can continue forever under perfect conditions.

Uncle Bono and Aunt Louisa had been living at Grandfather's until they began building themselves a home of their own in the new Homestead Country. The bride and groom are now planning to build their new home close to Aunt Louisa's, a short ways over toward the Conservatory of Beauty on the second or third plane from them.

As a sort of celebration of the event of their reunion, a boat ride excursion was planned by their friends, and I was permitted to go with them. There was a large party of several hundred people and angels, and we went for a long ride on the River of Life in a beautiful boat. A man of wonderful skill and power was the master of the boat. He so fascinated me that I spent much of the time during the trip with him wondering at his control. His navigation was perfect. He seemed to know just how to start and stop with no appreciable jar to the boat; just when and where to slow down for a beautiful stretch of trees, flowers or rock formations, or to listen to the music of the woodland songsters.

Immense tree ferns overhung the river in places, gorgeous flowers greeted us at every turn, and green grass stretched away in the distance until lost to sight in the lovely landscape. Herds of animals were in the groves along the river banks and feeding on the woodland pasture stretches. Beautiful birds were everywhere.

Wonderful beaches along the river were occupied with people in games, boating and bathing and swimming in the crystal clear water. The pebbles along the shore gleamed with a beautiful radiance and occasionally, in wide places or bends in the river, you could see reflected the colorful outline of the distant Radiant Hills.

In some places there were great stretches of farm country, homes, estates, landscaped grounds, broad fields and pasture lands, bordered by clumps of beautiful flowering trees which scented the air for a great distance. In some of the fields we could see growing grain of several kinds, and in others, harvesting scenes where grain had been gathered two weeks before. No human labor is performed on the Sabbath over there.

Ephesians 4:1-12, *I, therefore, a prisoner of our Lord, beseech you to live as is worthy of the rank to which you are called with all humility and gentleness and with patience, forbearing one another in love endeavoring to preserve the harmony of the Spirit in the bond of peace that you may become one body and one Spirit even as you are called in one hope of your calling. There is one Lord, one faith and one baptism, one God and Father of all Who is above all and through all and in all of us. But to every one of us is given grace according to the measure of the gift of Christ. Wherefore it is said, "He ascended on high and took possession of Heaven and gave good gifts to men." Now that He ascended, what is it that He also descended first into the inner parts of the Earth? So He that descended is the same also that ascended far above all heavens, that He might fulfill all things. And He has assigned some as apostles and some as prophets and some as evangelists and some as pastors and some as teachers for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ.*

Rest

Friday, November 27, 1931
Morning Watch in the night following Thanksgiving Day
2-16, Fall of Man, Tuesday

We ate dinner at Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Fowler's. Between two and three o'clock in the morning watch, I went to Grandpa Headrick's new home in Mary's Land. The wide lawn, clumps of flowers, shrubs, and trees are beautiful as you approach the large house in the subdued twilight of the heavenly day. The fountains and groups of statuary in the rear yard stand out plainly against the darker background of trees and ferns.

All seems quiet as you enter the open door and pass the stairways into the large central hall, but as you pass Grandpa's door you hear him reading aloud. No one is stirring about so you go on and turn in at Grandma's room, where you find her reclining on a lovely couch or narrow bed of wondrous design and beauty, and she welcomes you with a smile.

A little low table of onyx or similar substance is at the head of the bed, and has on it a plate of small cookies, tarts, and wafers, and a bowl of nectar with three cups of bright silver or platinum. Noticing a low stool just before the table and close by the couch, I dropped down there and Grandma held out her hand. I took her hand, kissed it and sat there at rest, as we listened to Grandpa reading in the next room. He was reading from his new Bible, a heavenly copy of the New Testament he liked to read from while here on Earth.

It had been made and engraved by some distant ancestor, a beautiful woman, how old I don't know, but she has learned the art of making heavenly books and their decoration. The leaves were of what appeared to be blue gold, richly and elaborately engraved, bound loosely at the back by a casket or holder, which made covers for the sides, and completely covered the edges of the pages when closed. The back was very plain, but the front was studded with jewels in blue and

contrasting colors in a rich design. I don't know the name of the beautiful blue jewels.

Three angels were sitting in Grandma's room and quite a large company of the immediate household of relatives and angels were sitting in Grandpa's room, listening to him read, and at the conclusion, to his wonderful prayer. When I arose from my knees the company was gone. Grandpa, Grandma and I were alone. He showed me his new Bible and told me about it's being presented to him. He read several passages to me, showed me the ornaments on the top, sides, and bottom of the different pages, and at the heads of subjects or divisions,

Grandma arose and went with me into the yard at the rear of the house, through the wide hall past the kitchen or household service room. Then from the flowers at the rear, next to the trees, she filled my arms with blossoms, fern leaves, and gorgeous foliage.

Laden with our fragrant beauties we returned to the house and found Grandpa lying down. He talked to us as we arranged the flowers about the room, placing a vase before each casement window that opened onto the low verandas and two on small radiant marble pedestals with metallic tops. These were richly colored and carved and studded with crystal gems. Grandma always loved flowers and has spent many happy hours with them, but I believe she loves her heavenly flowers even better that she did those here on Earth.

I Corinthians 12:4-11, *Now there are diversities of gifts, but there is only one Spirit. And there are diversities of ministries, but there is only one Lord. And there are diversities of powers, but there is only one God Who works all things in all men. But the manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man as help to him. For to one is given by the Spirit the word of wisdom, to another the word of knowledge by the same Spirit, to another faith by the same Spirit, to another gifts of healing by the same Spirit, to another the working of miracles, to another prophecy, to another the means to distinguish the true Spirit, to another different languages, to another the interpretation of languages. But all these gifts are wrought by that one and the same Spirit, dividing to every one severally as He will.*

A Hillside Quarry

Saturday, December 5, 1931
2-24 Fall of Man, Wednesday

This forenoon I visited the Radiant Hills, the land of beautiful stones and crystal gems. Long ranges of mountains whose distant peaks were lost in the cloudless distance lay on either side of us. The lower hills close by were of various colored stones and metals that gained, rather than lost, beauty by close examination. The highways and byways were of crystal gems.

Far up a wide valley at the foot of a tall cliff I came to a quarry of radiant marble. Many workers were bringing out stone from the depths of the mountain. The opening was very large, much larger than the opening we usually see into mines, and it sloped gently down at an angle to the plane on which the buildings were located and extended to a great depth.

The radiant marble of which the mountain was made shone so brightly that it was light as far back as the quarry extended. There were no steps, stairs, ladders or elevators. We all walked into the quarry on either of two sides which were cut smooth for the purpose. They went in on one side and came out on the other, thus avoiding confusion. In Heaven one walks in any direction or any plane or any angle, at right angles, up or down, or on the oblique, as there is no force of gravity to interfere with motion in any direction.

Many were cutting the stone out of the hill with long sword like cutters, very carefully blocking out just the pieces they needed. Others loaded them on low trucks, flat-topped like sleds. They seemed to move out with their loads on a runway without apparent effort or friction, although there were no wheels. I picked up a large piece lying by the side of one of the piles and it seemed very light, almost without weight.

The large yard at the entrance was piled high and wide with thousands of quarried stones of all sizes and thicknesses. About a dozen large laboratories or shops, and many smaller houses

and homes were grouped about the entrance and higher up the valley along the river.

In one laboratory I was shone a process discovered by someone after years of research, whereby the native radiant properties of one stone could be transferred to another stone, especially prepared, in any desired amount or design. Many beautiful art work designs were prepared and experimented with to test its adaptability. The new process seems to have unlimited possibilities in the field of decoration.

Ephesians 6:1-4, *Children, obey your parents in our Lord for this is right. This is the first commandment with promise: Honor your father and your mother that it may be well with you and you may live long on the Earth. And, parents, do not provoke your children to anger; bring them up in the discipline and teaching of our Lord.*

The Central Warehouse

Saturday, December 19, 1931
2-38 Fall of Man, Wednesday

I was not working and took the middle of the day for a stroll through the portion of the Zoological Gardens which I have called the Homestead Country. Here a large tract, never before utilized for permanent homes, had been under process of change for several months, for the purpose of making it a region of beautiful estates, farms, gardens, and homes.

One of the most interesting spots is in the new city they are building on the River of Life where it flows through the Church Land and into the crystal lake. It is to be the one central or strategic point from which all activities will be controlled. Here is being built a magnificent church building across the river from the ware- house and laboratories. The large schoolhouse lies at the edge of town on a little eminence overlooking many of the other points of interest.

Many kinds of deer and cattle were grazing in the glades and meadows. Other animals roamed at will in the neighboring hills and timber land. Several of the folks, including four of my aunts, were with us in a large park or grove lying in the midst of the city. (Phoebe, Carrie, O'Della and Louisa). After some time spent among the birds, squirrels and small life of the park, we went over to the new distribution warehouse which had been completed some time before. It was a large building, symmetrical in shape, with four equal wings, two stories in height, with a high dome surmounting the entire structure. There was a wonderful view from the top of this dome in every direction.

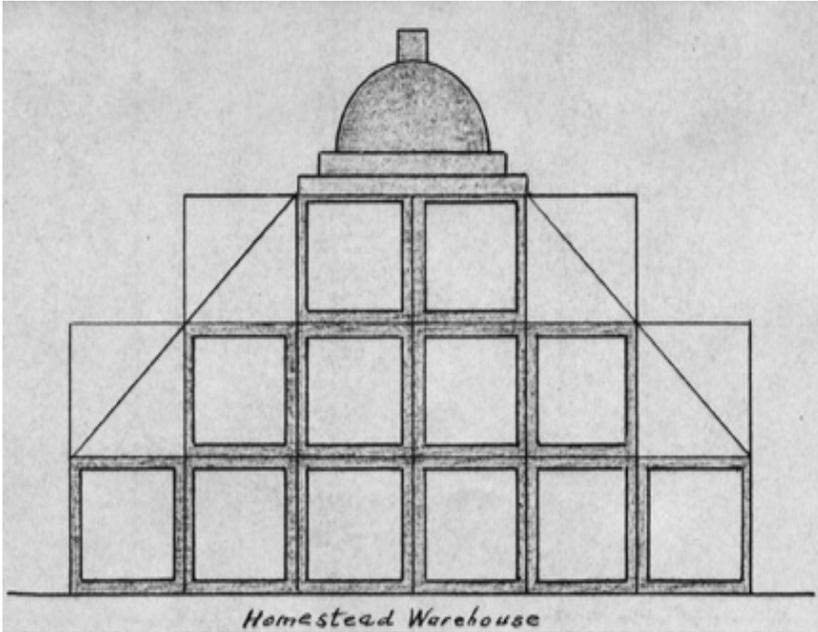


Figure 25. Side view of the new Homestead Warehouse.

The main or ground floor was used as a warehouse, while the second floor in each wing was in the nature of an exhibit, or sample room of those things which were to be available to beings living in the district. In some respects, these sample rooms reminded me of the exhibits one sees at the county or state fairs, or large expositions. The difference is that the heavenly objects are much more beautiful; no expense need be spared in showing them to the best advantage, and that they are available for any who wish them, without money and without price. One could spend several days just sight-seeing in these wonderful rooms.

A large group of young people, about thirty or thirty-five years old, gathered in the wing lying closest to the river. Here, under the direction of my aunts, Phoebe, Carrie, O'Della and Louisa, a light lunch was spread and we all partook before returning to our homes.

Many workmen were busy about the building bringing in supplies and sending them out to every portion of the new Homestead Country. The country itself was becoming very

beautiful as each and every portion of it was beautified and brought into the general landscape of homes and farms.

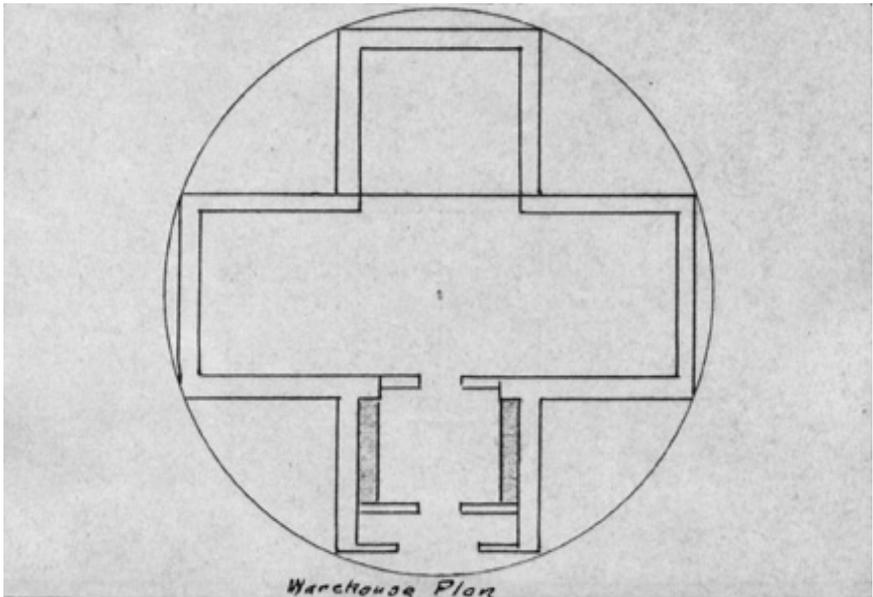


Figure 26. Floor plan of the Homestead warehouse.

Galatians 5:13-14, *For my brethren, you have been called to liberty; only do not use your liberty for an occasion to the things of the flesh, but by love, serve one another. For the whole law is fulfilled in one saying, that is: "You shall love your neighbor as yourself."*

Dedication

Wednesday, December 20, 1931
2-49, Fall of Man, Sabbath
Last day working on tile for Mrs. Frank Fowler,
4703 15th Avenue N.E. Seattle, Washington

Mrs. Frank Fowler served lunch at noon, and when I returned to work in the afternoon, I worked alone, so I took the opportunity to attend the dedication service at Homestead. I had already spent large portions of the morning period there. The services occupied the entire four divisions of the day, morning and evening worship, and forenoon and afternoon worship. They were divided into four portions or parts.

The first service was during the morning worship hour and was held in the new church which was now completed. The program partook very largely of a thanksgiving service but followed the usual order in its general plan. It seemed that everyone who had come to the Homestead Country to live, and many others, were there.

I had come to the Church Land during the early morning watch to my father's home and had gone with them and their company to the first service. Grandfather and his entire household, his brothers and sisters, half-brothers and half-sisters with their husbands and wives, were there. Many were living in the Homestead Land. The church was very large and the immense crowd of people did not fill it.

As I looked over the crowd and thought of the great age of many, and the extreme old age of most, it seemed wonderful. In all the vast multitude of Heaven you never see a face or form that is past the prime of life, or that shows a single sign of old age. All are youthful, lively, energetic people, and all are transcendently beautiful. On occasions like this they are dressed most beautifully. All have long flowing hair, but they do not by any means let it fall in disorder over their shoulders. There are almost as many coiffures as there are people.

Ribbons and jeweled ornaments vie with sweet scented blossoms for a place in their hair decorations. Their clothes are likewise beautiful, the most wonderful creations the mind could imagine. Most costumes are of a filmy lacy material, slightly radiant, which brings out the delicate colors of the gowns as well as emphasizes the grace and perfect form of the wearers. The fashion of clothes is not restricted by the necessity of having to conform or be thought out of fashion, but all are free to dress in any manner they wish. They do exercise their freedom in all things as can readily be seen at these large gatherings.

A large orchestra furnished the music which was very appropriate. The general singing, in which all participated, I liked best of all. The special numbers by the choir, and the chants and responsive pieces were nice, but I liked the hymns best.

The second service of the day, commencing about eight thirty, was not held in the church but on the other side of the River of Life beyond the City of Homestead in a lovely grove encircled area of lawn. There was room enough extending out on the plain to accommodate the people and their activities. This was not the only place that festivities were carried on but was the setting and stage for the formal program which was the central feature. The people were free to come and go whenever and wherever they wished, and they exercised that freedom, so there was a constant change going on all forenoon.

Great multitudes had come from far and near and were thronging all the buildings, the river and beaches, the groves and parks, as well as the church. Homestead City lies on both sides of the River of Life and there are no bridges. People come and go wherever they wish and in many ways, but in crowds such as this, they merely pass freely from one place to another as they desire. Games, sports, swimming, boating, butterflies, short sight-seeing trips here and there, as well as the speeches and program kept everybody busy until noon.

The dedication service proper was in the afternoon in the church across the river from the main part of the city. At the early morning service the church had not been filled, but now it was packed to the doors and many thousands were outside in

the beautiful grounds lying between it and the golden pebbled River of Life.

Jesus and His mother were on the platform as well as many other saintly characters. The Holy Spirit was not present, as she was conducting the regular services in the Church of the Savior in the Church Land. It was a very impressive service of ordination, dedication, praise and thanksgiving. I will not attempt to repeat the program but will say that the orchestra music was extraordinarily good. Jesus talked to us for nearly an hour, the principle address of the afternoon, and then followed the consecration of the building itself. The Communion Service closed the program for the afternoon, and after a beautiful chant, a glorious hallelujah chorus and the solemn benediction, the crowd dispersed for the great evening dedication feast.

Just below the great dock and shipping warehouse, in a beautiful spot almost surrounded by trees, was prepared a sumptuous feast for all the visitors and any others who might choose to partake. Those who had homes in Homestead Land returned to their own places for the great feast, but many whose homes were not yet ready remained in the city for the feast which lasted from about three-thirty to seven o'clock.

This concluded the wonderful day. I was present during most of the first period, about half of the second, all of the third period, being in the church on the right side about half way down, and about an hour of the fourth period at Aunt Louisa's where Papa and Mama had gone. This is a day which I will long remember as the time draws nearer when I shall be over there, nevermore to return to the want and suffering of this mortal life.

A Log House

Thursday, December 24, 1931
2-4 Fall of Man, Monday

I went with the wood's crew to the timber north of Firlands to help cut wood for the members of the Unemployed Citizen's League. The younger and more experienced members of the crew took charge of all the principle operations, leaving several of us to spend the day carrying cord wood down to the pile from the brush where the trees fell.

So I just took a little trip to Heaven and spent most of the day at Uncle Bono Durrand's home. Homestead Land is growing more wonderful and beautiful every day. All the general community landscaping, location of roads, rivers, and plains are now completed and all of the individual efforts are being put forth to complete their homes and estates. Uncle Bono's home is being built of logs and very much resembles a mammoth hunting lodge.

There are three stories and a basement, the basement being level with the yard on one side of the house, the first floor on another side, and the second floor also having an entrance on the side of the hill in the rear. The upper, or third story, is in one large room open up to the high rafters. From the large front windows one can see the beautiful Radiant Hills in the distance. The first floor contains rooms of a public nature while all private apartments for the family and the angels are on the second floor.

A large rockery and grotto, with rare plants and flowers, lies just in front of the door from the second floor and extends up the side of the hill. In the grotto they are planning to house quite a number of household pets. The presence of a large amount of radiant stone in the construction of the cave renders it light enough without windows.

Three of my uncles, Owen, Oliver and Noise, were working with Bonaparte throughout the house. All the preliminary field

work on the farm had been completed and the house and other buildings alone remained to be completed. Aunt Louisa and several others, all apparently of the same age, were working with the flowers and shrub groups about the grounds.

A little after noon Uncle Orva and Aunt Ray, with a son and daughter of his, came, and the entire group gathered in a beautiful grove at the base of the hill where their temporary home has been located while their new house has been under construction. Here we talked, had some light refreshment and a short period of worship. Uncle Noise Palmer seemed to take the lead today in the devotional exercise. Uncle Orva is preparing himself a home nearby, and is living here with them until it is ready to be occupied.

Revelation 21:18-20, *And the wall was constructed of jasper; and the city itself was pure gold, resembling clear glass. The foundations of the wall of the city were adorned with all kinds of precious stones. The first foundation was jasper, the second sapphire, the third chalcedony, the fourth emerald, the fifth sardonyx, the sixth sardius, the seventh chrysolite, the eighth beryl, the ninth topaz, the tenth a chrysoprasus, the eleventh jacinth, the twelfth amethyst.*

Our Savior

Jubilee of Repentance
Thursday, December 31, 1931
Church of the Savior, Morning Worship Period

It seems that the Day of Jubilee each month is the one day everyone is supremely happy, and when beauty is most entrancing. I particularly noticed the great crowds this morning in the Church of the Savior as we sat and stood together in worship for three and one half hours. The heavenly worship period is just a little longer than the combined Bible School and church services I have attended all my life here on Earth. Here the groups gather about 9:30 to 9:40 and remain in the two services until about 12:30 or 12:45, sometimes longer. In Heaven they gather about 8:30 and remain until 12:00. Each Jubilee day there are four of these periods and you may attend any one you wish, or as many as you choose.

The Savior is there. He talks to you, He prays with you, He sings with you, He sups with you at the Communion Service. He is always the center of greatest interest and admiration. Jesus Christ is a beautiful personality in every way. He is beautiful to see. His face is the same age as most of those you see, about thirty or thirty-five years old. His face is fair and His entire being is slightly radiant. I think a little more so than any other being you will ever meet.

His eyes are dark but not black, and His hair and eyebrows are almost jet black. His eyebrows are quite narrow and His hair is slightly wavy, falling over His shoulders in tresses reaching about half way to His elbows. His hair does not all fall down His back, but often there are several large locks that fall in front of His shoulders.

His face is without hair as are all heavenly beings. His ears are small, His nose is regular and beautiful, and His nostrils move slightly as He speaks or sings. He stands a little over six

feet tall and is quite large. He carries His weight well which is proportioned over His body. As you look at Him and listen to Him, you know you are beholding the most perfect being God has ever created.

His clothes are very plain, of the flowing primitive style, not cut and fitted as we are used to, but draped about His glorious body. His hands, arms and feet are bare excepting for a small sandal or low shoe of some fabric material. All His clothing and person are without ornaments, but are more gloriously radiant than those of other beings.

After you have once been greeted by Him you know why He is loved. He fills you with confidence in every pure and wholesome thing, in godly virtues, and is Himself a perfect example to you of what man is now and after death. While with Him you never think of death or anything unpleasant. Upon returning to Earth and the common strife and struggle among selfish, sinful, unclean people, you wish that the time would hasten when you could lay aside this mortal tabernacle of the flesh and stand forth a free spirit in the strength and happiness of His love.

He is always present at these Jubilee meetings and during the closing meetings of the heavenly year. He is always approachable without any trouble by anyone, and there is no private secretary to stop you. He lives with His Father and Mother in the City of the New Jerusalem in the seventh Heaven, and is accessible freely to every human spirit there at any time.

Yet He is busy, for Heaven is large and the people are many, and in the nature of things no one person can spend a great deal of time with Him personally. He must share His time and attention with others but you know and realize that He is there for you. You see Him quite often, speak to Him occasionally and once in a great while have a heart to heart talk with Him over some problem whose solution baffles you. In His presence difficulties and problems melt away as the darkness of night before the advance of the full midday sun.

The Jubilee services are always largely attended, the host of spirits being too great to count, or even estimate, for at this

time all may see Jesus, all may hear Him talk, all may sing and pray and commune freely with Him. Every such meeting fills you with joy and peace which passes all earthly understanding and lifts you as if on wings of love to heights of feeling you have never before known, and makes you love everybody and every thing God has created.

The Jubilee service today was not particularly different from many others I have attended. I did not meet any appreciable number of new faces or friends, but somehow I received a great inspiration from it. Why mention the great number of friends and relatives I saw, talked with and communed with? They are each and all more fully entered into their inheritance than I. Their joy is now full.

As each new member of their family lays down their earthly cares and tabernacle and joins them in the eternal abode, their joy increases. I returned home strengthened for the new year, which I know holds many trials and temptations, but the Lord being my helper, I shall journey into it with peace and hope.

I Thessalonians 4:13-14, *Now I want you to know, my brethren, that you should not grieve over those who are dead, as those do who have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so those who have died in Jesus, God will bring with Him.*

A Stock Farm

Sunday, January 3, 1932
3-3 Advent, Wednesday

In the evening Bob Fowler was here and we played games. I remained at home all day. I did not care to go anywhere in particular for my time was occupied with a visit to the Homestead Country. Uncle Orva Whipple has selected a large tract of almost level country on several planes, almost at the extremity of the Homestead and is arranging great grass areas and establishing a large stock farm. His stock has arrived for the beginning of operations and they are being cared for in temporary quarters while the details of the farm and the location of bounds and buildings are being considered.

I went with Orva, Oliver, Owen and several others to the extreme end of the farm and heard them planning their work and improvements. There were many different kinds of animals, many of a kind we have never seen and none of which I can name or call by earthly names as they are similar but still different. Some of the very small four footed animals are extremely interesting and were in great droves. Large animals like horses and cattle were plentiful, feeding in the long stretches of one of the lower levels close to the river.

Under a clump of trees I saw a large herd of animals with horns similar to deer. All the animals I saw seemed perfectly tame and they lived together in peace, but each kept to his own kind and their own quarters, and still there was no one herding them and no fences to keep them in.

A little stream which flows through one of the lower pastures was about the prettiest sight or piece of scenery I had seen in a long time. Along the streams, in the corners of the fields, and in many clumps over the grounds, were stately trees, tall ferns, shrubs and flowering plants. In some places we walked through fields of small flowers, very similar to some that carpet the floor of the great Church.

We went home through a part of the farm that contains many kinds of flowers resembling Flags or Iris. Aunt Ray and several others had a nice lunch spread for us under a large fern. We all gathered around and ate just as if we were really weary instead of just happy and interested.

Many centuries ago seventy-four men ate, drank and talked with God about His eternal laws, and returned to live here on Earth afterwards. I believe that many other such visitations have been made by individuals from time to time if we only had the record.

Exodus 24:9-12, *Then Moses and Aaron, Nadab and Abihu, and seventy of the elders of Israel went up; and they saw the God of Israel; and there was under His feet as it were a paved work of sapphire stone, clear as the color of the sky. He did not harm the elders of the children of Israel; and they saw God, and ate and drank. The Lord said to Moses, "Come up to Me to the mountain and present yourself there, and I will give you tablets of stone, and the laws and commandments which I have written that you may teach them."*

The Jubilee Squad

Saturday, January 9, 1932
3-9 Advent, Tuesday

I was working all day today at the Unemployed Citizen's League Depot, keeping books and checking in supplies of various kinds into the central warehouse. Mr. Dane was in charge of the central warehouse, Mr. Myers of the Auditorium, which had just moved down, Mrs. Messenay of the Elliot Depot, and Mrs. Tidball of the registration and relief work. Mr. Howard had charge of distribution from the combined commissary at 1311 Elliot Avenue.

The day was a very quiet one and I finished up most of my work early in the forenoon and took the occasion to make a visit to the sixth Heaven. Papa was attending his regular classes but Mama and the rest of the household were at home busy at their usual work, or pleasure, whichever you might choose to call it. I stayed there possibly for half an hour and heard and told all the current news. I told Mama about the letters from Maude and Edna and she said the girls would get along all right, that they were being closely guarded by a full Jubilee squad of fifty angels.

Editors Note: Edna and Maude are Mr. Whipple's sisters and are, at this time, missionaries in China.

Angels and other celestial beings work in squads or bunches of seven, there being six active with one to be the leader or overseer. The Jubilee squad is made up of these smaller groups, with one as leader over the entire company.

I went over to see Pierce. His home is close, and in fact lies right along the side of Papa's place, just as if they might be one farm. Today he was working in the central portion where he keeps all his large stock. It is a very interesting place and is just teeming with beautiful life in every direction. He had a large number of white horses and other domestic animals resembling cattle, sheep, and other large animals.

They were grazing on the beautiful pasture and standing or lying under the beautiful trees and groups of flowering shrubs along the sides and in the corners of the fields. His graceful white horses were exceptionally beautiful and we spent considerable time with them, handling them and working with them. They made a striking picture as a number of them waded breast deep into the small stream that flows through the pasture, to drink. There were lovely flowers along the bank, interspersed with long stretches of beautiful crystal pebble beaches or banks.

The lower portions of the stream widened out to a small lake, surrounded by quite a large area of open forest or trees. On this lake was a boat, a little larger than our common rowboats or launches, that they use quite frequently. There were many kinds of waterfowl in small flocks on the surface of the lake, and more on the bank and back under the trees. Also in the trees were numbers of beautiful birds in bright colors and many of them were gifted with sweet music as they poured forth their melodies.

At several places he has erected bird houses or homes and here they gather in greater numbers. There are no fences or enclosures and I did not see any restraint exercised, but there were a number of beings busy at several kinds of work that I noticed as we went away from the place.

Papa was home in the afternoon and I spent some time with him in his wonderful downstairs workshop in the basement of his home. He has not taken up any particular kind of work as yet aside from the work about the home, but is spending much of his time studying.

The Transfiguration

Matthew 17:1-5, *And after six days Jesus took Peter and James and his brother John, and brought them up to a high mountain alone. Jesus was transfigured before them, and His face shown like the sun, and His clothes turned white like light. There appeared to them Moses and Elijah as they were talking with Him. Then Peter answered, saying to Jesus, "My Lord, it is better for us to remain here; and if You wish, we will make three shelters here, one for You, one for Moses, and one for Elijah." And while he was speaking, behold, a bright cloud overshadowed them, and a voice came out of the cloud saying, "This is My beloved Son; with Him I am pleased; hear Him."*

When Christ was transfigured it was just a case of mortals seeing His spirit and a portion of the spirit world or Heaven. I see these things continually, and Matthew is just trying to write down their appearance of things as he was told. He did not see the spirit of Jesus at all. I have seen Him many times.

Uncle Daniel

Wednesday, January 13, 1932
3-13, Advent, Saturday

I spent much of the afternoon work period in Homestead Land at the home of Papa's uncle, Daniel Whipple and his good wife, Aunt Hanna. His son Dan was there and Dan's daughter Hattie and his son, Hattie's little brother. I do not know his earthly name. They all appear about the same, however, and often look so much alike in the family that you catch yourself looking at them the second time as if you would know more surely who it was.

There were also about twenty or thirty other members of this family there, who, with the angels, made up a large group for evening worship. Daniel Whipple does not have a very large estate, just the grounds about his house, probably several acres in extent. It is mostly flowers and lawn, with a fringe of trees and shrubs, especially at the rear of the house. There is a small playground, about the size of a double tennis court, although I never saw any particular sport being played there.

After a short time spent in their wonderful library looking at a collection of rocks and gems that had been gathered by Hattie's brother, the three of us went down to see the fine new school house that has been built in Homestead City.

On the way we saw great herds of several kinds of animals grazing. They very much resembled some of our large deer family like moose or elk. The school is ideally located for viewing at a distance on the plane that the city occupies, as it is built on a little hill or eminence back from the river, and at the edge of town. We used small butterflies for traveling from place to place as that is really a nice way to travel when several people go together. The plane is under the control of only one of the party and stops it where he wishes, and the whole party stays together as they do here when traveling by automobile.

The school is quite large with a number of stories and seemed comfortably filled with students, all adults and all of about the same age apparently. The beauty of the ladies in these large groups is always a matter of wonder and admiration to me. Each and every one of them is beautiful. There are no fat ones, no slim ones, no ugly, crippled or deformed figures. They are all beautiful and all dress in perfectly gorgeous clothes, but it is possible to dress this way for everything else is along the same line. Nothing is slighted to make things beautiful.

All afternoon, an animal resembling an immense panther, a pet of Hattie's brother, accompanied us. He went from home with us in the butterfly and was with us around the grounds, playfield and small buildings. Being so close to the Zoological Gardens, animals of every description are met quite often, sometimes in company with someone but usually not.

From the beautiful roof garden we had a view of the wonderful scenery. The Radiant Hills were in the far distance and seen only in a few directions. There was a view of the river for several miles until it turned out of sight. In the other direction was the lake, a large crystal clear body of purest liquid.

In every direction we could see animal life - on the open plain flocks and herds, in the trees and air birds of many kinds, and on the lake and river swanlike wading birds. Not being a naturalist I could not name the kinds they resemble but they were very much like some of the graceful and beautiful animals we know.

Cousin Dan led the evening worship and a number of times during the hour I found myself thinking of other days and other times of worship when we were on Earth together. We will never be together again in the flesh on this Earth, but some day we will be here where we may meet for worship any evening we choose.

Romans 11:33-36, *O the depth of the riches, the wisdom, and the knowledge of God! For no man has searched His judgment, and His ways are inscrutable. For who has known the mind of the Lord or who has been His counselor? Or who has first given to Him and then received from Him? For of Him and through Him and to Him are all things. To Him be glory and blessing forever and ever. Amen.*

Birthday

Thursday, January 21, 1932
3-21, Advent, Sabbath

Today I had been getting the accounting work lined up for the District Relief Organization at 1/2 Third Avenue. I had a talk with Mr. Swasgood and Mr. Charles Ernst in the morning and at noon found myself alone at the office. Knowing it was Donald Kerr's birthday, I took this opportunity to visit him.

They had been to morning services and had a dinner planned at noon and a party of games and visiting in the afternoon. I ate with them and stayed for about an hour I should judge. The table was set out beyond the fountain in the rear of the house. The party was not large and consisted entirely of young men, at least they looked young. There were probably twenty-five men present and among those present was Donald's Grandpa Campbell, several uncles and cousins. Ray Headrick and Clarence Booker sat just opposite to me at the table.

They were discussing a recent trip they had made together in a small butterfly plane to a very interesting part of the Zoological Gardens. They were telling about the extremely large animals that were kept in that part of the garden. The strange animals are never seen in other sections but keep to themselves in the territory that evidently has been set aside for them.

About one o'clock I returned and went to Elliott for my lunch. Someone asked me why I looked so sober, was I feeling sick? I was not feeling sick, but I was thinking of the heavenly repast I had just finished and was comparing it with the homely surroundings and unsavory meal before me. Heavenly blessings are so good, and earthly things so commonplace that there can be very few comparisons made between them.

Matthew 13:16-17, *But as for you, blessed are your eyes, for they see and your ears, for they hear. For truly I say to you, a great many prophets and righteous men have longed to see what you see, and did not see it; and to hear what you hear, and did not hear it.*

Feathered Beauties

Friday, January 22, 1932
3-22, Advent, Monday

I spent most of the day in a wonderful district lying close to a large lake in a country I had often wished to know more intimately, but had never seen except in passing on a boat or through the air. I was not alone by any means, for thousands of others were there also to see and hear the feathered beauties. This was an immense bird reserve in the Zoological Gardens. No people had homes or estates here, but there were a number of appropriate buildings scattered at convenient points for educational, research, and laboratory purposes.

It was a most wonderful experience for me as I had never had an opportunity before of seeing so many beautiful and strange birds. On the lake were countless waterfowl of every conceivable size and coloring, some long legged, some like swans and much larger, many like ducks or geese. and most of them brilliantly colored. One section seemed to be given over exclusively to some birds of an immense size and a very peculiar appearance. They were not very beautiful and were drab in coloring, but they had an immense spread of wings when they were flying and seemed to move with less exertion than many of the smaller birds.

The smaller birds attracted more attention, especially those that were beautifully colored and also were sweet songsters. One flock of small birds of several brilliant colors that nested in the crevices around the trunks of some giant palm trees were especially musical and great crowds of people were coming and going constantly. On a little beach, in a small cove of the lake, I came across a flock of birds of the same kind as Donald Kerr has in his garden. I had often seen them in the pools and about the yard, but not in such large numbers as there were here.

Song of Solomon 2:12, *The flowers appear on the Earth; the time of pruning has come, and the voice of the turtledove is heard in our land*

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Beauties of the Water

Saturday, January 30, 1932
3-30 Advent, Tuesday

Mr. Burns told me that one of the schools close to their home in Paradise was arranging a trip on the water and suggested that we all go with them, so Jennie, Mr. Burns, their boy and I went over to the school building. Mr. Burns went in and made arrangements for all of us to go, while we remained in the yard under a large specimen tree of the giant fern. It had an immense spread of the long leaves of feathery limbs, and if sunshine had to shine down through it, I believe it would shut out most of it. But in Heaven, all things in the open are bright and light and there is no shade under a tree, no matter how dense the foliage.

The students and their instructors were making a trip to study the animal life in the water, and were going to a large lake that I have always called "Fish Lake" because of the many kinds of fish I have seen there. It lies mostly in the animal district or the Zoological Gardens.

Water in heaven does not wet a spirit that enters it, neither does it drown him. He comes out as dry as when he entered. Thousands bathe in it each day fully dressed and are never harmed or their clothing wet. Spirits pass through water as readily as they do through solid matter. They can remain in it or under the surface as long as they desire, the same as if they were on dry land. This entire group of young people, students, instructors, and angels with whom we went, took a boat and went out into the midst of the lake and went down to the bottom. We remained there for several hours, studying the surroundings. It is beautiful under water. There was no sediment or black mud or clay on the bottom at all, but many fine rocks and much coarse and fine sand and gravel. Most of the floor was covered with plants and they were all of a different kind than those which grow on the surface. There did not seem to be any flowers like those on the surface, but they were of a brilliant

color and the petals fewer, and of thick fleshy texture. Some of the plants having roots on the floor of the lake were extremely long reaching up to the surface, with true blossoms lying on the surface of the water,

The entire lake seemed alive with life. Countless numbers of small and large shells were thick everywhere, occupied with living forms, others empty but beautiful. Small life of many kinds moved over the floor and on the plants. There were many forms which at first seemed to be plants or flowers that turned out to be animals on closer observation. Fish, large and small, were everywhere about us. The small fish would come up quite close to where we were, but the larger kind kept pretty well in the background. Many students spent considerable time studying the fish without leaving the deck of the boat.

It would be impossible to tell of all the wonderful colors and shapes we saw. Like the land animals I had seen so often, they were perfectly harmless and all feed upon the under water vegetation. The teachers took the students in small groups and made short excursions to see the different forms in the adjacent territory, but with the excursion were many who, like ourselves, came just to learn about these wonderful forms of water life.

Psalms 78:1-8, *Give ear, O My people, to My law; incline your ears to the words of My mouth. I will open My mouth in parables; I will utter proverbs of old. That which we have heard and known, and which our fathers have told us, we will not hide from their children, showing to the generation to come the praise of the Lord and His strength and the wonderful works that He has done. For He established a testimony in Jacob and appointed a law in Israel, which He commanded our fathers that they should make known to their children, that the generation to come might know them, even the children which should be born, who should arise and declare them to their children that they might set their hope in God, and not forget the works of God, but keep his commandments, and might not be as their fathers, a stubborn and rebellious generation, a generation that set not their heart aright, and whose spirit was not steadfast with God.*

Heavenly Days

There is much about Heaven and spiritual things I do not fully understand. Sometimes these questions come to my mind at times when I am able to obtain information that helps in their solution.

When leaving the Earth and going to Heaven, it sometimes happens that I do not find the locations I am looking for immediately. Then it becomes necessary for me to hunt until I find a familiar landmark, or else inquire the way of someone I meet. Occasionally I have gone over there in the early morning hours and found it still night there, or I have gone during the late part of the night and to my surprise, found that morning had come already. I have had the same experience in the late evening and the early hours of the night

After a time I learned that night does not come to every portion of Heaven at the same time, but that it advances across the entire Seven Heavens the same as it does on our Earth. But I found this peculiar thing regarding it. Night and day do not travel from east to west as they do on Earth, but from west to east. Day begins in the west and ends in the east.

Each heavenly day begins at approximately sundown at the time the sun sets on September 22, at the place on Earth where man was first placed by God. This is the place called Eden by those who wrote the account of it in the Hebrew. From here the day advances, night first, toward the east, and passes through the whole seven divisions of both time and territory.

Since learning these natural actions of the passing of day and night in Heaven, I encounter very little trouble in coming and going as I choose. This also shows to me that many of the activities of the spirits in Heaven are governed by laws which are easily adhered to or taken advantage of whenever the occasion arises. Many times what appears to be miraculous is merely the operation of a law which is not thoroughly understood.

All Heaven does not lie in the same division of space or time, but those portions lying opposite the regions where I have lived have been visited most often by me. Occasionally I have traveled through or stayed in other districts but these are the most interesting to me. I have figured out as closely as possible the various divisions of time and their geographical limits as measured on the Earth's surface.

Each day in Heaven is divided up as follows. (close but not exact)

DIVISION ONE. The Evening Watch from 6:51 to 10:17. Covers about 51 degrees for 80 east to 28 east. Western Asia, Eastern Europe.

DIVISION TWO. The Middle Watch from 10:17 pm to 1:42 am. Covers about 51 degrees from 28 east to 23 west. Africa, Europe, Atlantic.

DIVISION THREE. The Morning Watch from 1:42 to 5:08 am. Covers about 51 degrees from 23 west to 74 west. South America, Atlantic.

DIVISION FOUR. The Morning Worship from 5:08 to 8:34 am. Covers about 51 degrees from 74 west to 125 west. United States, Pacific.

DIVISION FIVE. The Forenoon Work from 8:34 to noon. Covers about 51 degrees from 125 west to 177 west. Alaska, Pacific.

DIVISION SIX. Afternoon Work from noon to 3:25 pm. Covers about 51 degrees from 177 west to 132 east. Russia, Japan, Australia.

DIVISION SEVEN. The Evening Worship from 3:25 to 6:51 pm. Covers about 51 degrees from 132 east to 80 west. Russia, China, India.

Double Days

February 18-19, 1932
3-49,50 Advent, Sabbath
Jubilee of Confession

Every 50 days there is a day of Jubilee in Heaven. It is a Sabbath when all regular work or occupation is laid aside by every human being and they meet in the great Church of the Savior for at least one division of the day. Each Jubilee day has four divisions and the church is packed at every service.

At this Jubilee service, Jesus and His mother are usually in attendance. They attend many other services during the month but not at any church regularly. Each Sabbath a large group meets in the Church of the Savior, but it is not so generally attended as upon the Jubilee day. Sometimes there will be an unusually fine service on the last Sabbath, followed the next day by the Jubilee day experience. These double days are great days for everyone and Jesus is generally present there on both days. Each day of the week services are held both morning and evening in the many large churches scattered all over the Seven Heavens. Many times Jesus is present at these district churches and these are times of great rejoicing, and everyone attends that service there that day.

It also happens quite frequently that persons wishing to see and hear Jesus speak, come from other parts to be present at these services, and so it happens that sometimes there are three large meetings for some individuals.

On the last Sabbath of Advent Jesus spoke at Mama's church and I heard Him again the next evening at the Jubilee meeting. This is Christmas time in Heaven. This is the celebration of the birth of Christ here on Earth in the form of man. This is the day when God gave mankind a Savior as an Advocate and Intercessor with the Father. This is the day angels, celestial beings and man have looked forward to ever since the fall of man. It is celebrated in a wonderful way. Jesus

was born on February 19, 5 A.D. counted by Earth time. In Heaven, Christmas time is second only to the Atonement period in importance, worship, and devotion.

Three Big Days

May 27, 28, 29, 1932
48-49-50 Pentecost
Jubilee of the New Birth

Heaven is accessible to man if he chooses to go there to live throughout eternity. This was made possible through the free gift of God, Who gave His son Jesus to offer His life as a ransom for the life of the first man who sinned, and in symbol, for every sinful life thereafter. Yet in order for man to avail himself of the eternal life, he must accept it on the terms offered by God, as shown and interpreted to man by Jesus Himself.

He requires first that a person change his manner of life and live righteously. He must believe in and accept Christ's redeeming power. In order to be a fit subject of Heaven and the celestial life there, he must become a new creature entirely. This is accomplished by a New Birth of dual elements and dual purpose. He must die to the life of sin he has lived and arise to walk in God's ways, a new being.

Christ called this being born of the Holy Spirit and of the water. As evidence of this obedience, the candidate, desiring to change, must be buried in the water in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit.

When he arises from his watery grave, he comes forth a resurrected being, a new creature, a child of God. He is a child spiritually of the Holy Spirit, and a brother or sister of Jesus because Jesus is also a Son of the Holy Spirit, Who is the Mother of all spirits. She is the Spirit Mother as God is the Spirit Father of all spiritual beings.

The seven weeks just preceding our Memorial Day constitute the heavenly month of Pentecost and is given over to the emphasis of the laws covering the New Birth. It closes with the Jubilee of the New Birth, and during the closing days of this month thousands of people who come to Beulah Land believing in Christ but who have never been born again, obey this law and

there is universal rejoicing. As they scatter over the entire Seven Heavens, joining friends and relatives, the joy of Heaven and the angels know no bounds.

This year it was my wonderful experience to be in Heaven for three consecutive morning worship services. Friday morning Jesus was with them in the new church at Homestead Land. I was there with a great many of my uncles, aunts, and lesser relatives.

Saturday morning I went to church with Papa and Mama in their wonderful big church lying close to the City of the New Jerusalem. I was surprised to find that Jesus was to speak here also. There were a great number of people who had just arrived within the last few days.

On Sunday morning I went to the Church of the Savior as I have many times before, but this is the first time I have heard Jesus speak on three consecutive days, except during the yearly Atonement meetings in September.

2 Timothy 1:12, *I know Him in whom I have believed and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day.*

The Fountains of Perpetual Youth

In the latter part of the fifteenth century there was born in Sanvas, Spain, a man who because of his adventurous spirit, left his name on the pages of history which will long be remembered. As a youth, while a page in the court of the Spanish monarch, he learned the ways and means of political favoritism, showing his natural desire for adventure in the national quest of Spain for gold and political honors in the New World across the seas in the west.

He became the political governor of the island of Haiti and later the governor of the island of Puerto Rico. His adventures and explorations had not brought to him all the gold and glory of which he had dreamed, but rather, Ponce-de-Leon was growing old, broken in health, wealth and political influence.

He had heard rumors that a fountain of perpetual youth was to be found in the wild country to the north. So once more he sailed forth on an adventure to seek wealth, perpetual youth and political prestige, for he had been named governor of all that he discovered. On Easter day in 1513 he sighted land and named the newly discovered country, Florida. For eight years he hunted through the swamps and wild lands of his new dominion for the elusive fountain of perpetual youth.

He found no fountain of perpetual youth, but instead the arrow of a native and died in Cuba still dreaming of new adventures. Prolongation of human life, eternal life, if a man dies, shall he live again? Kindred questions have arisen in the minds of man from the earliest times of which we have record to the present day. Only the children of God have ever found the correct answer and the solution to the problem of obtaining it, that perpetual youth may be commenced here and now and may be continued throughout eternity at the will of the true seeker.

That this is true is shown by the experiences of my Aunt Louisa Whipple, my Grandfather Whipple's daughter. She was born in 1841 and during her childhood Grandfather moved west,

first to Illinois and later to Iowa. She knew no settled home, but had her attention ever directed to a permanent heavenly home by a Quaker father and mother. Early in life she accepted Christ as her Savior and ever tried to live in accordance with His will.

In her teens, Louis Bonepart Durrand, a young man of like Christian training and of an extraordinarily deep spiritual nature, paid court and won her hand. An ideal Christian couple with high ambitions, they started life together on a farm in eastern Iowa. They were very happy together planning for the future, their home, children and spiritual life. Four children came to add, not only to their joys, but also to their labors and anxieties.

Bona was deeply spiritual and his spirit often went to Heaven to enjoy many of the same experiences which I have tried to relate in my writings. Upon some of these trips, while his spirit was away, an evil spirit would take possession of his natural body and cause unpleasant experiences and suffering. On one such occasion, his soul gave battle to the evil spirit that attempted to take possession of his body, and they fought to a finish. His soul was vanquished and his natural body lay dead and cold.

Louisa had been a witness to this unequal struggle but was powerless to aid him in his fight for life. Bona's spirit never returned to his natural body. It was reported to his friends that he had died in a nightmare. Louisa was left helpless with four small children, the youngest, Herbert, a baby, and no one to carry on the farm work. Her beautiful dream of life with Bono was shattered.

She disposed of what property she could and started home to Nevinville, Iowa, in a covered wagon with a team of horses and a load of personal things. After a few days travel one of the horses fell sick and died. She traded the remaining horse for a team of oxen and continued the journey. The baby suffered from lack of nourishment and proper care, and fearing he would die, she left him in the care of a farmer near Des Moines. She finally arrived at home, and after a period of recuperation accepted a position as school teacher near Carbon.

An elderly widower, Zachariah Lawrence, who owned considerable property near the school, sought her hand in marriage, and after considering her helpless condition, she finally yielded and they were married. Lawrence lived only a short time, but left all his property to Louisa, which she found, upon investigation, to be heavily mortgaged. Grandfather Whipple came to her aid and together they salvaged a large part of it.

A few years later a young medical doctor, Elmore A. Frasier, married Louisa and they went to Beloit, Missouri to live. They had six children. When my father and mother went to Oklahoma in 1894, Dr. Frasier, Louisa, Roy and Nettie also went and he took a homestead west of where we lived.

Many years have passed since then and Louisa has gone home again to her father and mother, but this time it is to their heavenly home. She and Bono have been reunited and they both are now enjoying the blessings of perpetual youth. They have a new farm in the Homestead Country and with them are their many loved ones who also have gone to live in the land of perpetual youth. I have been to their home many times. It is a lovely place and they are extremely happy, and the angels of their household are also very happy as they live together never to be separated again.

Aunt Mary

Thursday, October 13, 1932
Sabbath, 3-21, Creation

In the early part of the morning watch I was lying awake in bed. Aunt Mary Cavin went home to glory Tuesday evening and her son Fred Cavin had come over to tell us about the funeral arrangements. I thought I would slip over to Beulah Land and see what I could learn. Donald Kerr was at home in his own room lying down. I spoke about Aunt Mary and he said that she had come, but that he had not been over to see her yet. She was at the Campbell mansion, over by the lake in Beulah Land.

He said that his Grandpa Campbell usually attended worship in the forenoon and that as this was the Sabbath, if I wanted to go with them, I had better come a little after eight o'clock in the morning and go with the rest of them. So I went back home and returned to Beulah Land just after I arrived at the County-City building, about eight fifteen. I remained away all forenoon, but my earthly body and mind made the regular trip to the depots. It was a poor trip though, and I could not find out what happened, so I had to visit several of the stations again in the afternoon.

I had planned to come home early but did not get home in time to go over with Blanche to Lois' in the afternoon as we had planned, so we had to take the car in the evening and go over. About eight-fifteen I went to Donald Kerr's home and he and I went together to the Campbell place by the lake.

It is a beautiful pink, radiant onyx mansion, built somewhat in the form of an irregular Greek cross, with four wings around a central hall or assembly room. It sits back a little way from the shore of the beautiful lake, clear as crystal, and paths lead down to the shore, and into the water. Between the shore and the house is a large area of grass and flowers in beautiful beds and designs, with a small fountain just in front of a large front porch.

On each side but back a little way are larger shrubs and beautiful trees.

Along the shore are great stretches of crystal gems. A small natural stone wharf with two small boats and one quite large, shows that the lake is being used, not alone for swimming, but also for boating. There were quite a number of children and young people about the house and grounds. To the rear of the house was considerable activity. Here were the smaller buildings, the gardens, fruit trees, fields and several butterfly planes of beautiful design.

I only knew a few of the people, for those whom I have never met on Earth I do not know in Heaven, unless someone tells me who they are, or I can tell by association or circumstances. When we went into the house an angel met us and we were taken through to the second floor and back to the wing that faced the lake. Here are Aunt Mary and Uncle Joseph's rooms. We saw them and talked for a short time and I saw her twin brother, my father-in-law, and a number of others, but it was almost meeting time, and we did not have long to talk.

Donald and I went with a number of others and their angels in one of the large butterflies. The church is a large temple or tabernacle, built of pure white radiant lime stone. It forms a very striking appearance against a background of green trees, giant ferns and bamboos. The interior was not so bright and was fitted with beautiful furniture and fixtures. I remained until noon and heard the entire service.

Aunt Mary and Uncle Joseph are young people again. Aunt Mary is a very beautiful woman, extremely happy and contented with her loved ones, and is just bubbling over with enthusiasm and energy. Her husband is a little larger than she is and was dressed in a rather dark suit of clothes. Aunt Mary was dressed in a filmy creation of chiffon, or some similar sheer pink drapery, and just made me think of a gorgeous gladiolus blossom.

She greeted me and said, "Well Charles, this is surely a surprise. I did not know before that anyone ever came over here to see one. This is the most beautiful place I ever saw, and everybody is good to me. Two angels brought me right to this

beautiful resting room, just at the beginning of the evening watch, and I rested here all night. Yesterday I spent most of the day getting acquainted with everyone. I dearly love the angels who are going to stay here with me and help me to make my new home nice and happy. Yes, I saw the flowers out in front and thought of Fred and Harry immediately, and how they would love to have them for their yards."

In the afternoon we all went down to the lake shore and ate our dinner on the beautiful sand. "When I saw those shining crystal gems I thought of you, but it never entered my head that you had ever gathered agates along the banks of this beautiful lake." We went back to her room in the mansion. An angel said it was time to go to services, so we went downstairs and through the hall to the lawn in the rear, where we all boarded the butterfly, and were soon at church. Aunt Mary said she was glad to see the new church, and that next Sabbath, the angels had told her, they would attend a service where Jesus would be present. She is looking forward to that service with a great deal of anticipation.

Joseph Campbell and his two boys were there with Donald Kerr and me and there were many others, relatives, too many for me to ever learn all their names, even if I should try.

It is an ideal spot and they will all be very happy. I suppose before many weeks there will be a big gathering, we might call it a great feast, to which a great number of relatives will be invited, so the new arrival can become acquainted and be welcomed in truly heavenly style. I have seen several of these gatherings before. They are delightful.

An Oklahoma Visit

Friday, September 9, 1932
Wednesday, 8-3 Forgiveness

Several weeks ago I decided to write a new book in an attempt to explain what I was experiencing in my visits to Heaven. I have had a feeling that what I was telling did not cover the matter in a satisfactory manner. In order to improve that, I have been taking notes of sermons or addresses here in Heaven and I shall attend enough meetings to gather sufficient material for a small volume.

I began my note taking last Sunday and have been spending much time in Heaven each day. This forenoon while with Papa and Mama at their home, we were talking about some of our experiences when we lived in Oklahoma in 1894 and 1895. I had never returned to the farm since we left there in late autumn and I expressed a desire to see the place again.

Papa said that if I wanted to go, now would be a good time. We bid farewell to Mama and Pierce, who was there that forenoon, and were off, joining hands to facilitate remaining together during the trip. When several people go places together they hold hands, touch each other, use a butterfly, or in some other manner become a single unit for travel and one individual of the group directs its movement.

We arrived at the spot where Papa had first staked the homestead in the late summer of 1893, a little southwest of the center of the quarter section. It was a stubble field where wheat had been grown and harvested that summer, almost level ground but sloping gently to the east and to the west of us.

There was little that was familiar to me as we wandered over the place for quite a while. The large flat place of alkali soil on the western side, where only wire grass had grown, had been plowed and worked over until it was like the other soil as shown by the unbroken stubble field. The large prairie dog town, lying in the southeast and along the eastern highway, which

Papa had fenced in for a pasture, had been plowed and cultivated and all signs of the prairie dog town and the many buffalo wallows were gone. The little draw, or swale across the place, starting close to the northeast corner seemed much deeper and wider than I remembered it.

The place seemed much smaller and Hackberry Creek, with its trees along the banks, much closer to the south of us. Buildings and clumps of trees on neighboring claims were also closer than I had remembered them. There had been no trees except along the creek.

The buildings on our place were not in the same location but were still on the north road. The old well of such cool alkali free water, where hundreds of Indians used to stop and water their horses, was gone and there was no sign of where it had been. The little patch of ground Papa had allowed me to work for my very own, down below the garden by the side of a small swale and patch of alkali soil, was gone, being swallowed up in the larger piece of ground. Everything except the general shape of the surface of the farm seemed different, and even this was smaller than I remembered it.

In the spring of 1894, I had planted a row of honey locust seed on a little patch of soil, and when we left in the autumn of 1895 they had grown to be about eighteen inches high. I had brought the seed with me from Council Bluffs, Iowa. The boys attending the Avenue B School had gathered these seeds from the trees growing around the neighborhood and used them to play a game we called "Odd and Even". I had a cigar box full of them.

When we moved away the trees were still growing in my patch of ground and Papa sold them for two dollars to Mr. Nichols who had the claim joining ours to the south. A small field of corn over on the north side was dried up, most of the leaves dry and broken and the ears protruding from the bare stalks. The livestock in the pastures were standing in the shade and there seemed to be a general appearance of drought about the place. Even Hackberry Creek had very little water in it. No one was in the fields.

Papa had seen enough and my desire to see the old place was satisfied. Just as we left we went west and I noted the greatly increased size of Waukomis and the trees in what had been a barren hill top town. Thirty- seven years had made quite a change in appearance of things here on Earth. In the afternoon we continued our visits to hear lectures. Today we went with Donald Kerr to two schools in Beulah Land. Grandfather and Grandmother Whipple were with us at the first lecture. They had belonged to the Quaker Church on Earth.

A \$5,000 Prayer

May 26, 1934
6-46, Pentecost, Thursday

In November 1925, I sold my home at 1910 D Street in Bellingham, Washington and purchased my present home at 5910 Latona Avenue in Seattle from Mr. and Mrs. Frost for a down payment and a monthly contract. We moved in on Thanksgiving Day. About two years later they sold the contract to the Union Guaranty Company and I made my monthly payments at their office on Second and Union. I was working as a journeyman bricklayer and also taking contracts for brick veneering homes and building fireplaces when I could not obtain day work.

Early in 1929 a lather, who was also a member of the men's Bible class at the University Christian Church where I was a member, recommended very highly to me a building operator, Mr. N.F. Tower, who was erecting many brick houses. He told me there was work enough ahead to keep everyone busy all summer.

I met Mr. Tower at the real estate office of Geo. A. Spencer in the Dexter Horton building where he had a desk. He represented to me that the real estate company was a member of the organization. He said they were developing a new district, Jefferson Park Addition. My wife and I went out with him the next Sunday afternoon to attend a lecture, lunch and sale of lots in a big tent. He was selling lots and signing up building contracts.

I agreed to work for him, signed a contract to lay brick for \$25 per thousand and deposited \$250.00 with him as a guarantee of good faith. We went to work for him as soon as the brickwork was finished on the Benjamin Franklin Hotel, where I was working at the time. I had almost steady work that summer with him, most of it in the Jefferson Park Addition.

Later in the year I was to learn that human affairs do not always run smoothly or profitably. In the summer the stock market broke and threw the entire country into the Great Depression. No new buildings, , business blocks nor residences were started. Mr. Tower's operations came to an abrupt end.

All bricklaying did not stop at once but the price gradually declined until the last job I bid on I offered to do the work for \$4.50 a thousand but lost it. Then all work stopped and the depression was in full swing. Mr. Tower did not sell the houses. A number of the projects went at 65% of their cost. I lost along with the rest. When the Tower operations finally came to an end in the courts I found myself in possession of numerous debts and obligations, among which were about \$5,000 in judgments against me and my home.

I had defaulted in the payments on my home; the company foreclosed and took technical possession. I was not ejected, as it was better for the company to have me take care of it until they could find a buyer or renter. I joined the Unemployed Citizens League. We cooperated in cutting wood in the timber for fuel, raised many acres of vegetables, about forty acres of potatoes, repaired bedding, furniture, automobiles, trucks, and aided each other in many other ways. Before long I was made auditor and had charge of the accounts for the thirty-four commissaries.

When Charles F. Ernst was put in charge of the welfare work he appointed me officially to continue this work. Every member of our family received, each week, \$1.05 in grocery vouchers for this work. In the spring of 1934 the Welfare Department had replaced commissaries in dispensing help and I was employed at the 50th and Brooklyn office dispensing surplus commodities, fruit, vegetables, salt pork, frozen fish and other products for which I was to receive a salary of \$60 per month.

One of the aids to recovery which had been started in 1933 after the election of Roosevelt was the Home Owner's Loan Association. The bank notified me that I was eligible for such a loan on my home. I secured the services of James G. Mulroy,

attorney in the Hoge Building, and the negotiations were carried through to a successful conclusion, I was referred to the Loan Corporation's attorney in the Smith Tower to sign the final papers and secure the loan.

Here I was told that everything was ready as soon as the \$5,000 in judgments against me on the county records were paid. I told him that if I had the money to pay the judgments I would not need the loan. He was firm and positive in rejecting the loan until every judgment was taken care of. I consulted the Title Insurance Company and they said there was no way of obtaining the loan without paying the judgments.

I returned to Mr. Mulroy's office and had another talk with him. He said that there was nothing that he knew to do, the loan was off. I picked up my hat and started for the door. "What are you going to do?" he asked. I replied, "I am going home and start praying." He said, "I never heard of \$5,000 being paid by prayer, but if you can do it, here's wishing you good luck."

I started praying, went home and told my wife. The next day I was handing out salt pork in the basement at 50th and Brooklyn as usual and praying most of the time. Just before closing time, the supervisor came downstairs and laid a check for \$60 before me on the counter, my month's pay check. I just stood and stared at it as I began to realize that I had been praying for money to pay off the judgments and here it was right before my eyes, a direct answer to prayer.

I took the check to Mr. Mulroy, and told him that here was the money to pay off the judgments. He said he could not pay even the smallest one of them with sixty dollars. After talking with him for a while he agreed to try. Within a week or ten days every judgment was satisfied except a small one where the parties could not be located. He paid \$5,000.00 with \$50 and we had \$10 left over. We split the ten, thus giving him a \$5.00 fee for helping me answer the prayers.

We obtained the loan, recovered our home on May 26, 1934, and finished paying off the loan on or about February 1, 1942.

We never moved out and are still living there. We prayed for help and received \$5,000 worth. These are facts. The court happenings are true and can be authenticated by anyone who desires to check them.

A Message from an Angel

Friday, August 20, 1937
7-30, Trumpets, Tuesday

Monday, July 28, 1937 I received an official notification from the Works Progress Administration in Seattle through the United States mail to report to work in Okanogan in Eastern Washington on Wednesday morning to lay brick on a public grade school building then being constructed by a private building contractor. I loaded my old Ford with camping equipment, a tent, cot, bedding, cooking utensils, clothes and tools. I went prepared to camp out because I knew nothing of the accommodations there. Early Tuesday morning I left my family at 5910 Latona Avenue in Seattle, Washington, and drove all day by way of Snoqualmie and Blewett Passes, arriving in Okanogan about four o'clock.

On the outskirts of town I found an auto camp. Here I put up my tent and prepared to live during the job. At eight o'clock Wednesday morning I presented my credentials to the contractor's foreman and was put to work laying brick. We worked about a week until the bricklaying was finished. At the same location a high school was under construction by the same contractor and the brick crew was shifted to the new building. We worked about two weeks. This finished the work assignment for which I had been sent and I could return to Seattle.

I was told there was a high school being built at Omak. I went over there and found work, driving over from Okanogan each day. When the month was up for which I had rented space in the camp at Okanogan, I secured a cabin at a camp in Omak within easy walking distance of the job.

There were six or eight other bricklayers on this job and we worked continuously until August twentieth. On Friday

afternoon, August 20, about the middle of the afternoon I was working on a line with another bricklayer on a high scaffold on the central partition wall. We had laid out our line, meeting in the center of the scaffold, and had turned around to go back to our leads when an angel appeared directly in front of me, standing on the scaffold in my path. "Go home immediately," he said and then vanished. I laid down my trowel, went to the office and told the foreman that I was going home. He said he would figure out my time and have a check ready at quitting time.

Almost every Saturday some of the men would drive over to Seattle for the weekend. The word spread around that I was going to Seattle and several wanted to ride over with me. I told them I was leaving immediately after work, but they did not want to go until morning. But I would not wait until morning, so they did not come with me. I went to the cabin, ate a bite, packed everything in the car and was on my way by six o'clock. I came home as I had gone by way of Blewett Pass. I drove all night and arrived home in Seattle about four-thirty Saturday morning.

I stopped in front of the house, ran up the steps and rang the door bell. My wife came to the door and said, "I see you got the telegram in time." I said, "Who is it?" She replied, "It's Frank. He was killed Thursday, but how did you know to come home if you did not receive my telegram?" Then I told her why I had come home. I put the car in the driveway, unloaded, ate breakfast and had a few hours sleep. We drove to Bellingham for the funeral in the afternoon. My brother, Frank H. Whipple, was killed by falling from a scaffold while tuck pointing on a church building in Bellingham, Thursday, August 19, 1937.

I have seen him many times since in Heaven, usually at the home of my brother Pierce, who has a lovely home in the sixth Heaven. It adjoins the home of my father and mother. We have visited many times since then. I am writing out this experience on March 22, 1955, to include it in my second book of experiences. My wife lives here with me at 5910 Latona Avenue in Seattle. She is familiar with all the circumstances, except the appearance of the angel in Omak. On Monday we received the

telegram which had been sent to Okanogan, forwarded to Omak and back to Seattle.



Figure 27. Photo of things I have kept relating to my spiritual life.

Romans 9:1, *I tell the truth through Christ, and I do not lie. My conscience also bears me witness through the Holy Spirit.*

Galatians 1:4, *Who gave Himself for our sins, that He might deliver us from this present evil world according to the will of God our Father.*

8, *But though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel to you than that which we have preached to you, let him be accursed.*

12, *For I did not receive it nor learn it from man, but through the revelation of Jesus Christ.*

20, *Now the things which I write to you, behold, I confess before God, I do not lie.*

The Heavenly Calendar

The Heavenly calendar consists of 7 months of 50 days each followed by an eighth month of 15 or 16 days depending upon whether the year is a leap year or not. Each of the first 7 months consist of 7 weeks of 7 days, followed by a single Holy or Jubilee day. The eighth month consists of 15 or 16 Holy Days. In the following descriptions, the months and the jubilees are highlighted in bold print.

In order to give you this calendar I have to invent or use terms to express the various things. Of course, in Heaven I have never heard or seen these terms. I use them merely to impart the information to you as nearly as I can tell spiritual things in earthly terms. The time of the universe has been built around the number seven. It has sometimes been called the perfect number, I don't know about that. Evidently time is merely a portion of eternity.

Divisions as small as minutes and seconds I did not encounter. Of course they are probably used in the laboratory but I do not know about them. The universal table is as follows, expressed as nearly as I can do so, in terms to make it applicable to life on the earth. I have figured out the approximate length of time of each division according to recognized time here on earth and use the abbreviation RT to express it.

1 part is 4 minutes 11.9 seconds RT.

7 parts in one hour is 29 minutes 23.27 seconds RT

7 hours in one division is 3 hours 25 minutes 42.86
seconds RT

3 divisions in 1 night is 10 hours 17 minutes 8.57 seconds
RT

4 divisions in 1 day is 13 hours 42 minutes 51.43 seconds
RT

2 divisions in one work day is 6 hours 51 minutes 25.71 seconds RT

7 divisions in one full day is 24 hours RT

7 days in one week is one week RT

7 weeks (plus 1 holy day) is one month is 7 weeks plus one day RT

7 months (plus 15 or 16 holy days) is one year is one year RT

7 years is one portion is 7 years RT

7 portions (plus jubilee year) is 1 active life is 50 years RT

10 portions (plus jubilee year) is one full life, 71 years RT

The three divisions of night are divided into watches, Evening Watch, Middle Watch, and Morning Watch. The four divisions of day are equally divided, two are for worship and two are for work as follows: Morning Worship, Forenoon Work, Afternoon Work, Evening Worship.

1/7th of every day belongs to God and you may worship in the appointed places, either in the morning or evening hours. Also you may worship at any other time you desire.

1/7th of each day belongs to others, family, friends, neighbors, God recognizes that man does not live alone.

1/7th of each day belongs to the individual. It is his own for whatever legitimate purpose he desires.

2/7th of each day is for rest. The night or rest portion of the day is 10 hours 17 minutes 8.57 seconds RT and is divided into three watches, any two of which or all three may be used for rest as the individual desires.

2/7th of each day is for active work. It is 6 hours 51 minutes 25.71 seconds in length. This is a fixed time because of a definite schedule being necessary for any work to be executed orderly and efficiently. This orderly and evenly divided day makes possible the perfect form of a shift and gives to everyone the proper rest, recreation and worship needed.

1/7th of each week, or every seventh day belongs to God. You may call it the seventh day or the first day, the Sabbath or the Lord's day or any other name you choose. The only difference I noticed between this and regular days is that the divisions of forenoon work and afternoon work are omitted and two worship divisions are given in their place, thereby making four worship divisions on these days.

The day begins at approximately 6 hours 51 minutes 25.71 seconds pm RT close to average sunset.

Editors note: An earthly time zone is not mentioned but Pacific Standard time is the time zone in which Charles Whipple lived.

Beginning of Evening Watch	06:51:25. 70 pm	Beginning of day
Beginning of Middle Watch	10:17:08. 55 pm	End of Evening Watch
Beginning of Morning Watch	01:41:51. 43 am	End of Middle Watch
Beginning of Morning Worship	05:08:34. 29 am	End of Morning Watch
Beginning of Forenoon Work	08:34:17. 15 am	End of Morning Worship
Beginning of Afternoon Work	12:00:00. noon	End of Forenoon Work
Beginning of Evening Worship	03:25:42. 85 pm	End of Afternoon Work
Beginning of Night, End of Day	06:51:25. 70 pm	End of Evening Worship

The year begins at the close of summer and the beginning of autumn or about September 22 or 23. There are seven months of fifty days each consisting of seven full weeks, plus one extra worship day or holy day, and one period of protracted worship of fifteen or sixteen days. There are 7x7 or 49 seventh days, or Sabbaths or Lord's Days in each year which are for the individuals rest and worship.

I will call the seventh day Sabbath and the fiftieth day a Holy Day in order to distinguish between them. They are not called anything in Heaven, they just exist and every spirit observes and enjoys them. There are seven regular Holy Days each year. These are Sabbaths for the entire people or social Sabbaths, they are jubilees. There are 7x6 work days each month or 294 work days each year.

At the close of the year God has reserved a period of about two weeks for Himself. No regular work is done during these two weeks. The first group of six days has four divisions for worship, the same as the Sabbaths, followed by a universal Sabbath or social Sabbath. This in turn is followed by a Holy Day on the eighth day, which is the Day of Atonement, not a true Holy Day, but a special Holy Day for a special purpose. The second group of 6 days also has four divisions of worship, the same as the first group, ending on the last day of the year with another, either one or two universal Sabbaths, not Holy Days, according to whether it is a regular or leap year.

The first six days of worship are a universal revival of devotion to God, followed by a complete surrender of self, and recognition of Christ's Atonement on the seventh day. The eighth day is the Great Day, Christ's Day, the Universal day of Atonement and salvation from transgression. The second six days of worship are a universal period of devotion to fellow beings, not worship of them, but concern, expressions of love and co-operation, renewing of friendships, forgiveness of debt and any other things possible of being forgiven. These two six day periods of worship correspond to the two great natural laws of God. First, love of God. Second, love of others.

Thus, the new year always starts out perfectly, with all transgressions against God and men forgiven and friendships and co-operation reestablished. The seven regular Holy Days, at the close of each of the seven months are each for a special purpose. They call the attention of everyone to God's love and plan of salvation for man, and end at the close of the year in the Universal Revival and Great Day of Atonement and universal adjustment.

Heavenly Months

First, **CREATION**; Devotion to and praise of God as the Creator, Companion, Co-worker of man, and of every other being and thing in the universe. Special emphasis upon **Faith** or belief in God, the Holy Spirit, and their Son, Jesus Christ, our Savior.

Second, **FALL OF MAN**; Recognition of man's dependence on God, and the foolishness of rebellion against Him. Recognition of man's sinful earth life and inability to reestablish his spiritual state without help. Special emphasis is upon **Repentance** and the necessity for God's help to live righteously.

Third, **ADVENT**; Rejoicing over the birth of Christ. The holding up of the worship of God to every created being. Recognition of the place Christ occupies in the plan of salvation. Special emphasis upon the **Confession** of faith in Jesus Christ as our personal Savior.

Fourth, **PASSOVER**; Worship given emphasis of supplication through Christ. The sacrifice of Christ reviewed and glorified. Plan of salvation completed. Complete redemption of man from sin. Special emphasis upon the **Communion** each day of assembling for worship.

Fifth, **PENTECOST**; Salvation given to the world and accepted by the first Jewish Church. Resurrection from the dead and eternal life in Heaven with God, Special emphasis upon the **New Birth**, being born of water and the Holy Spirit.

Sixth, **SALVATION**; Thanksgiving for universal salvation. Thanksgiving for blessings bestowed on man by God, large and small, individually and collectively. Salvation accepted by the Gentile world or universally. Special emphasis upon **Thanksgiving** for God's love of man.

Seventh, **TRUMPETS**; Great period of music by trumpets and other instruments by the heavenly band or orchestra, joined by all in singing or use of other instruments of music, symbolizing the call to worship and praise and the awakening of man to the need of the Savior. Special emphasis upon the **Church of The Savior**.

Eighth, **FORGIVENESS**; Forgiveness of sin. A special Holy Day preceded and followed by seven days of special worship. The great day for the forgiveness of sins by God. Special emphasis upon the **Atonement** for sins through the atoning sacrifice of Christ.

I have encountered special difficulties in preparing the calendar because in the many centuries since man was placed here on earth, so many changes have been made. The Jewish nation had attempted to divide the year up according to the changes of the moon, which makes a year too short, and had invented schemes to overcome their difficulties. This has thrown the Holy Days, feasts and fasts in the wrong places and has tended to change the real purposes for which they were originally planned.

The calendar as now used over much of the earth is equally erratic as it has regular weeks of seven days with no provision whatever for Holy Days. It changes Easter and other special days according to the moon as determined by the rulers and officers of a man made religious system. I have tried to place them as nearly correct as possible in my tabulation, using the correct heavenly calendar as my guide.

In the early life of the individual and community, six years were for active work, cultivation of the soil and following the usual order of things. The seventh was a sabbatical year. Its purpose was to let the agricultural ground lie fallow, break the natural course of activities, thereby aiding all to more readily readjust themselves to new conditions, and to allow the physical body a chance for development in new ways. Mental activities; spiritual, social and artistic here found an opportunity for development.

During the jubilee year, all land was returned to the original families or owners, all debts and obligations were cancelled, and all servants were released from labor contracts which in many cases amounted to actual slavery. The following table shows the corresponding years of earth life and the region of Heaven which seems to govern or hold the activities of that particular age of life.

Human age 1-7	Beulah Land
Human age 8-13	Paradise
Human age 14-20	Radiant Hills and Crystal Gems
Human age 21-27	Conservatory of Beauty
Human age 28 -34	Zoological Gardens
Human age 37-41	Church of The Savior
Human age 42-48	Great White Throne
Human age 49	Jubilee Year, Conservatory of Beauty
Human age 50-56	Radiant Hills and Crystal Gems and Zoological Gardens
Human age 57-63	Paradise and Beulah Land
Human age 64-70	Church of the Savior and Great White Throne
Human age 71 up	Borrowed time, Beulah Land and Great White Throne

In looking over the notes I have made from time to time, and examining the materials I have gathered throughout my life, I have discovered that my visits have been very largely, though not altogether, made to these several regions in the periods indicated above. In measuring periods of time and ascertaining the true dates for spiritual activities it would be well for us to remember the number seven and its multiples.

- 7 days in one week
- 7 weeks in one month or 1/7 of a year
- 7 months is one year
- 7 years is one period of life
- 7 periods is one active life
- 7 lives is one line of 350 years or 14 generations
- 7 lines is one nation, people or language. 2,450 years.
- 7 peoples is one judgment, trial or decision. 17,500 years.

(all human age periods are 7 years excepting jubilee which is 50)

Important Dates

Sep 23	Cre 1	New Year in Heaven
Nov 11	Cre 50	Jubilee of Faith
Nov 12	Fal 1	First day of the second month
Dec 25	Fal 44	Christmas Day on earth
Dec 31	Fal 50	Jubilee of Repentance
Jan 1	Adv 1	First day of the third month. Earth New Year
Feb 19	Adv 50	Jubilee of Confession, Jesus' Birthday
Feb 20	Pas 1	First day of the fourth month
April 10	Pas 50	Jubilee of Communion, Passover (or Easter)
April 11	Pen 1	First day of the fifth month
May 30	Pen 50	Pentecost. Jubilee of the New Birth
May 31	Sal 1	First day of the sixth month
July 19	Sal 50	Jubilee of Thanksgiving
July 20	Tru 1	First day of seventh month
Sep 7	Tru 50	Jubilee of the Church of the Savior
Sep 8	For 1	First day of the annual feasts and worship
Sep 14	For 7	First Sabbath of Atonement
Sep 15	For 8	The Great day of Atonement
Sep 22	For 15	Second Sabbath of Atonement. Last day of the year.

In leap year from February 29 to September 22 all regular dates move forward one day on the heavenly calendar. Add one more Sabbath at the end of the year. The last month in leap year has sixteen days.

Editors Note: It is assumed that Leap Year in Heaven occurs the same year as Leap Year here on earth. I have no way of knowing if this is true but it is relatively unimportant unless one is looking for absolute accuracy.

The following calendar is arranged by the months and days of the common calendar we use here on earth. The heavenly months and dates are listed below. Days of the week have been omitted to prevent confusion since they change every year. The Heavenly calendar only changes for leap year by adding one more Sabbath or Holy Day during the last two weeks of the year. Note that dates between February 28th and September 23rd are affected by leap year. Refer to the conversion calendar for accuracy.

January Advent	1 1	2 2	3 3	4 4	5 5	6 6	7 7
January Advent	8 8	9 9	10 10	11 11	12 12	13 13	14 14
January Advent	15 15	16 16	17 17	18 18	19 19	20 20	21 21
January Advent	22 22	23 23	24 24	25 25	26 26	27 27	28 28
January Advent	29 29	30 30	31 31				

There are no jubilee dates from the Heavenly calendar which correspond with any of the dates in January. The dates in January are not affected by Leap Year.

February Advent			1 32	2 33	3 34	4 35	5 36
February Advent	6 37	7 38	8 39	9 40	10 41	11 42	12 43
February Advent	13 44	14 45	15 46	16 47	17 48	18 49	19 50
February Passover	20 1	21 2	22 3	23 4	24 5	25 6	26 7
February Passover	27 8	28 9	29 - Leap year day 10				

The Jubilee of Confession occurs on February 19th. This is also Jesus' Birthday. If this is a Leap Year, add one day to February. Associate it with Passover 10th.

March Passover	1 10	2 11	3 12	4 13	5 14	6 15	7 16
March Passover	8 17	9 18	10 19	11 20	12 21	13 22	14 23
March Passover	15 24	16 25	17 26	18 27	19 28	20 29	21 30
March Passover	22 31	23 32	24 33	25 34	26 35	27 36	28 37
March Passover	29 38	30 39	31 40				

There are no jubilee dates from the Heavenly calendar which correspond with any of the dates in March. If this is a leap year, shift all earthly days one day to the right.

April Passover					1 41	2 42	3 43
April Passover	4 44	5 45	6 46	7 47	8 48	9 49	10 50
April Pentecost	11 1	12 2	13 3	14 4	15 5	16 6	17 7
April Pentecost	18 8	19 9	20 10	21 11	22 12	23 13	24 14
April Pentecost	25 15	26 16	27 17	28 18	29 19	30 20	

The Jubilee of Communion occurs on April 10th. If this is a leap year, shift all earthly days one day to the right. The Jubilee then occurs on April 9th.

May Passover						1 21	2 22
May Passover	3 23	4 24	5 25	6 26	7 27	8 28	9 29
May Pentecost	10 30	11 31	12 32	13 33	14 34	15 35	16 36
May Pentecost	17 37	18 38	19 39	20 40	21 41	22 42	23 43
May Pentecost	24 44	25 45	26 46	27 47	28 48	29 49	30 50
May Salvation	31 1						

The Jubilee of New Birth occurs on May 30th. If this is a leap year, shift all earthly days one day to the right. The Jubilee then occurs on May 29th.

June Salvation	1 2	2 3	3 4	4 5	5 6	6 7	7 8
June Salvation	8 9	9 10	10 11	11 12	12 13	13 14	14 15
June Salvation	15 16	16 17	17 18	18 19	19 20	20 21	21 22
June Salvation	22 23	23 24	24 25	25 26	26 27	27 28	28 29
June Salvation	29 20	30 31					

There are no jubilee dates from the Heavenly calendar which correspond with any of the dates in June. If this is a leap year, shift all earthly days one day to the right.

July Salvation			1 32	2 5	3 6	4 7	5 8
July Salvation	6 9	7 10	8 11	9 12	10 13	11 14	12 15
July Salvation	13 16	14 17	15 18	16 19	17 20	18 21	19 50
July Trumpets	20 1	21 2	22 3	23 4	24 5	25 6	26 7
July Trumpets	27 8	28 9	29 10	30 11	31 12		

The Jubilee of Thanksgiving occurs on July 19th. If this is a leap year, shift all earthly days one day to the right. The Jubilee then occurs on July 18th.

August Trumpets	1 13	2 14	3 15	4 16	5 17	6 18	7 19
August Trumpets	8 20	9 21	10 22	11 23	12 24	13 25	14 26
August Trumpets	15 27	16 28	17 29	18 30	19 31	20 32	21 33
August Trumpets	22 34	23 35	24 36	25 37	26 38	27 39	28 40
August Trumpets	29 42	30 42	31 43				

There are no jubilee dates from the Heavenly calendar which correspond with any of the dates in August. If this is a leap year, shift all earthly days one day to the right.

September Trumpets	1 44	2 45	3 46	4 47	5 48	6 49	7 50
September Atonement				8 1	9 2	10 3	11 4
September Atonement	12 5	13 6	14 7	15 8	16 9	17 10	18 11
September Atonement	19 12	20 13	21 14	22 15	22 nd during Leap Year 16		
September Creation	23 1	24 3	25 3	26 4	27 5	28 6	29 7
September Creation	30 8						

The Jubilee of The Church of the Savior occurs on September 7th. If this is a leap year, shift all earthly days one day to the right. The Jubilee then occurs on September 6th. New years day in Heaven occurs on September 23rd. If This is a leap year, an extra day is added to the Heavenly calendar, Creation 16, which brings the calendars back into alignment.

October Creation	1 9	2 10	3 11	4 12	5 13	6 14	7 15
October Creation	8 16	9 17	10 18	11 19	12 20	13 21	14 22
October Creation	15 23	16 24	17 25	18 26	19 27	20 28	21 29
October Creation	22 30	23 31	24 32	25 33	26 34	27 35	28 36
October Creation	29 37	30 38	31 39				

There are no jubilee dates from the Heavenly calendar which correspond with any of the dates in October. The dates in October are not affected by Leap Year.

November Creation				1 40	2 41	3 42	4 43
November Creation	5 44	6 45	7 46	8 47	9 48	10 49	11 50
November Fall of Man	12 1	13 2	14 3	15 4	16 5	17 6	18 7
November Fall of Man	19 30	20 31	21 32	22 33	23 34	24 35	25 36
November Fall of Man	26 37	27 38	28 39	29 40	30 41		

The Jubilee of Faith occurs on November 11th. The dates in November are not affected by Leap Year.

December Fall of Man	1 20	2 21	3 22	4 23	5 24	6 25	7 26
December Fall of Man	8 27	9 28	10 29	11 30	12 31	13 32	14 33
December Fall of Man	15 34	16 35	17 36	18 37	19 38	20 39	21 40
December Fall of Man	22 41	23 42	24 43	25 44	26 45	27 46	28 47
December Fall of Man	29 48	30 49	31 50				

The Jubilee of Repentance occurs on December 31st. The dates in December are not affected by leap year.

Questions I Have Been Asked

- Q.** Are your experiences similar to dreams or visions?
- A.** No, I dream quite often but never of spiritual things or about Heaven. I have always held the opinion that my dreams were the same as those of other people. My visits to Heaven are actual visits of my spirit. They are as real to me as physical experiences.
- Q.** Are these visits involuntary or under your control?
- A.** They are under my control, excepting that I am able to make them only when all conditions are right and proper.
- Q.** What do you mean by proper conditions? Could you visit right now if you wanted to?
- A.** No, I could not go right now, no matter how much I might desire to. In order to go I must be able to shut out earthly activity and concentrate my mind on spiritual things until I hear the still small voice; Then my mind and my spirit act in union and I may go and come at will.
- Q.** When you make these visits, do you still know and control your earthly activities?
- A.** No, I do not know what is going on or what my body is doing, until I return. I only know then through the faint memory of my earthly mind.
- Q.** How can you control your earthly actions while your spirit is away?
- A.** I cannot. I have no control over my body while my spirit is away.
- Q.** I should think your body would be injured or get into trouble at these times?
- A.** It does, many times. Things happen which never would if I had not been away. I have never been seriously injured, but I have been exposed to trying conditions which have

been injurious to me in some way. I make most of my visits at night while my body is in bed asleep and danger is at a minimum.

Q. Do you read the written language in Heaven?

A. No, it is written in strange characters and I have never made any attempt to interpret it or fit it to the spoken language.

Q. How did you learn about the heavenly calendar allowing you to give it so much detail?

A. If days and months have designated names in Heaven, I have never heard them. The names were chosen by me. The days of the week I have named after those we use, except I have called Sunday, the rest day, Sabbath. The months I have named after the central thought or theme of worship during month, and the Jubilee days from the activities which regularly occur on those days. My years of observation and comparison with the actual conditions have proven to me that they are well named. Other names might be found that would also fit the conditions, but these that I have used are correct.

Q. Is not a year composed of irregular periods of time as you have stated? Is it very inconvenient for figuring interest on debts, bonds, the paying of rent, profits and such matters.

A. Interest, rents, profits and all similar matters are unlawful and against God's commandments and natural laws and therefore would naturally not work very well with God's heavenly calendar.

Q. But isn't it all right for a person that has money, to loan it on interest to someone who needs it and is perfectly willing to assume the obligation?

A. No, Interest is wrong under all circumstances. If you have money and do not want or need it, don't loan it. Give it away. No natural or God made laws ever provided for interest or loaning for returns.

- Q.** Can't I rent my home to someone if I wish to? I bought and paid for it and doesn't it belong to me now?
- A.** No. The man you got it from did not own it, neither do you. All land and other natural resources belong to God and no individual has a right to hold part of it and make someone else pay for it. If you don't need it yourself, give it away and let someone else use it that does need it.
- Q.** But wouldn't it be unjust to give up property that you have worked so hard for and paid out so much money to get?
- A.** No. It is never unjust to take stolen property away from a person whether they stole it or someone else stole it and return it to its rightful owner.
- Q.** You surely don't mean to tell me that a person is not entitled to a little profit on things he makes or goods he handles himself?
- A.** No one is entitled to a profit on anything. A profit means that he is getting more for an article than it cost him. Everyone is entitled to equal bargains in an exchange. If you place a profit on your product, the man who gives you something for it that he has produced is also entitled to the same amount of profit and that means that there would be no profit in it for either of you. You are not entitled to any more consideration than other people and what you think about it doesn't make it right either.
- Q.** Then according to your plan there would be no incentive for a person to engage in any business or make anything?
- A.** If he wished to make or do what he could for his fellow man, it would be all right; but if he wanted to use it to take advantage of others and gather to himself more than his own efforts have produced, or in just plain words, rob his neighbor, then it would be better for him to just earn his own needs. God repeatedly tells us not to lay up riches or treasures here on earth.

- Q.** In heaven, do you see people in their physical bodies?
- A.** No, but in a spiritual body of which the physical is a duplicate.
- Q.** How do you know there are seven heavens?
- A.** They are not so named or called in Heaven, but are names which I have given to the seven divisions of Heaven according to their principle activities, life and nature.
- Q.** Do you go in response to a desire, or involuntarily?
- A.** It is always in response to a desire, never involuntarily.
- Q.** Where are the sinners?
- A.** I have never found out a thing about it.
- Q.** What age are people in Heaven?
- A.** Children continue to grow naturally until fully matured and old people are made young again, so all are permanently about thirty or thirty-five years of age in appearance, and they act their age.
- Q.** When married people die, are they reunited in Heaven?
- A.** Yes, if they were really married here on earth spiritually and the two had become one flesh, or one being, according to the unchangeable natural Official Law of God.
- Q.** What do you mean by married spiritually according to God's laws?
- A.** No marriage is spiritual or according to God's laws unless the man and woman are both children of God and heirs of eternal life.
- Q.** Then a man could not remarry if his wife died?
- A.** Yes, he may remarry, but the second wife cannot rob the first wife of her true spiritual mate. Those two were made one by God for all eternity.

- Q.** That makes it pretty hard for a second wife or husband?
- A.** They marry by choice, and if they do, it is just too bad for them. If people want to have a spiritual partner throughout eternity in Heaven, marry correctly here. God is not going to rob someone of their partner to please them.
- Q.** But suppose the person you marry does not live according to God's laws?
- A.** Then don't marry them. Find someone who is an heir to eternal life.
- Q.** Then ungodly people have no right to get married?
- A.** Let them marry the ungodly. Why should they rob the righteous person of their rights to have an eternal mate in Heaven?
- Q.** But do you think it is right when your mate dies a few months after marriage to deny you another?
- A.** Certainly it is. Otherwise the sins committed here on earth would be carried over into Heaven. It is not God's fault that your mate died so soon. It is unreasonable to expect God to set aside his perfect natural laws to grant you a purely personal wish. Some people would soon be asking for a second or third or fourth mate, and nowadays they don't even wait for them to die, they divorce them and want another mate.
- Q.** Then it would never be right for a person to get married a second time?
- A.** God has given us permission to remarry if we wish, but not for eternity. That is impossible. No one can have more than one mate in Heaven. If a person wants to remarry, and it would work no hardship on anyone, marry someone who also has lost their mate. There are an equal number of men and women created and the situation would be perfect if people obeyed God's laws. All could have a mate for eternity. But we cannot expect God to change Heaven to fit us. He will forgive us, but He cannot change natural laws to suit us.

- Q.** Why do you raise objections to the work of a life insurance agent?
- A.** Because the work is contrary to God's laws, which are not to lay up treasure for future use. He says to take no thought for the morrow about what to eat or drink or wear. Your needs should be taken care of from God's bounty.
- Q.** But would it not be foolish for a person to not lay aside for his old age while he was young and could earn more than he needed to live on?
- A.** There is no law which prohibits saving, if it is saving of one's own things for your own use. It is a law of nature to provide for times of need in times of plenty. The trouble is that people do not stop there. They spend all they earn and still wish to lay by for a rainy day. That makes it necessary for the person to receive more than he really produces, thus robbing others of their just share. Then they wish to make that accumulated wealth work for them and support them in idleness, or else, if they work they would be getting double pay, once for their labor and again for their interest, rent or profit. All this unlawful increase they are receiving is being taken away from the rightful earnings of others.
- Q.** But life insurance companies and agents do not compel people to give up their money, they do it voluntarily and give them a just return for their money?
- A.** There is no such thing as a just return for their money or any money. Any transaction which contemplates giving back to an individual more than it received from them is unlawful. Someone else must supply that extra money and it must be taken away from those who are really entitled to it. The insurance company is not in business to help you, but to rob you, and they have the artificial man made laws of the country to back them in their thievery.

- Q.** According to what you say, no wealth could be saved, no big business transacted, no large factories or industries of any kind could exist. They must have large amounts of capital and make a profit or they would quit business?
- A.** They should stop. All robbery should stop. If a factory is necessary, let the government run it and thus no private profit would be made. God very distinctly gives us to understand that governments of this world are but agents in the handling of his earthly wealth. His laws contemplate industry and wealth controlled by the government, his agent for the benefit of his children, all sharing alike in its benefits, and no private individual working for profits, increase or interest of any kind. Jesus Christ will not come again until the church has obeyed his command to carry the gospel, the true gospel, as He gave it to them personally, to every nation, tribe and people on the face of the earth.
- Q.** But your ideas are all visionary. Utopian, and it is impossible to get people to do what you have been saying?
- A.** It is not utopian and not impossible. It is merely following God's laws and commandments. When Christ first started the Church, and God's full interpretation of his own natural laws were made known to man, they flocked to his standard by the thousands and then by millions. They held all things in common, and no one said that any property belonged to them personally. The widow and the needy were cared for from the common fund. The Church grew because they loved each other, they loved their enemies, they lived righteously, and obeyed God's laws.
- Q.** If that early church was so ideal, then why did they change their way of doing things and return to regular business methods like those outside the church?
- A.** They did not change, but were so successful that capital and capitalistic governments could no longer endure, and to save themselves, they took over the church bodily. By Artificial Laws they prescribed the faith and practice to be followed by the members and forced the change upon

them, crippling the church, but saving capital from being utterly destroyed. The church has never recovered from that shock.

Christianity and the Church have failed almost completely up to the present moment. Christ's second coming which early disciples thought was close, has been delayed nearly two thousand years and it looks now as if it would be delayed a long time yet, for even the elect, the devout and the ministers who should lead, are blinded by the golden god of greed, money, and no longer teach a true gospel. The people are right when they say that the church has been the tool of capital. It has been and is now, almost universally.

- Q.** But you can't change things now. It is useless for a few people to try to live like you have pointed out?
- A.** It worked at first and it will work again and should work better for we are much more advanced in the arts and sciences and general knowledge and education. Movements must always start with a few. If no one ever starts it, it will never be done.

Questions concerning the Calendar

By Larry Fowler (Editor)

- Q.** Why does the book "Seven Heavens" say Christ was born on February 20th and the calendar say February 19th?
- A.** Although I have never quite resolved this in my own mind I have come up with several possible answers. First, there might be a mistake in the book, but I doubt it. Second, He was born on the 20th but Heaven celebrated it on the 19th as this is a Jubilee day. A third possibility is very confusing, so bear with me as I may be incorrect. At the time of Christ's birth, the calendar dates were different. Many changes have occurred since then. Some were associated with incorrect compensations for leap year. The result is that research did not correctly pinpoint the

day of Christ's birth to start the year associated with AD 1. Also, new years Day was originally on April 1st. When the New Year was changed to January 1st, people who refused to change were called April Fools. Using dates associated with our modern calendar would put Christ's birth on February 19, AD 5. This is if you live in the Pacific time zone where Charles Whipple lived. February 20th in Bethlehem if Jesus was born in the morning as many babies are. Luckily there are no time zones in Heaven.

- Q.** Is the heavenly leap year the same year as our leap year? This calendar is very confusing.
- A.** I agree the calendar is confusing and I do not know the answer. Originally I assumed they both occurred in the same year but now I am not sure, and we do not have any resources available to definitively answer this. However, in his book "Heavenly Days" he says there were 16 days of Jubilee at the end of the year in 1932. This would seem to indicate that leap years coincide somewhat.
- Q.** If leap year on earth occurred in a different year than leap year in Heaven, would that not throw off the calendar for some years.
- A.** It appears so, but again we have no one available to give a definitive answer.

