

STORIES TOLD BY THE SPIRITS

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PRESENTATION

This Work is a collection of personal testimonies from disembodied souls, received in various mediumistic sessions.

They are fascinating because they are real, without a trace of fantasy. They are spirits who come to narrate their trajectory of sufferings and blessings, sometimes riddled with thistles, pointing out their mistakes and limitations, and bathed in the light of hope, they wish to recover through moral transformation.

Moved, we will witness their agonizing remorse about the time lost in uselessness by getting away from Christ and his Gospel.

By opening their souls, revealing to us their wounds and bruises, these Spirits help us to reflect deeply on the blessings of reincarnation and the need to value our trajectory in the physical vehicle, embracing charity and love as sublime ideals of life.

HOW AND WHY THIS BOOK WAS WRITTEN

In Chapter 23 of "*The Gospel According to Spiritism*" - to which he gave the title of "*Strange Morals*" — Allan Kardec gathered his personal observations about determinate parts of The Gospel considered by some as difficult to interpret or understand.

The first of these is the one in which Christ seems to say it is necessary to hate all human kindred to follow Him, as one can see in the text of Luke (14: 25-27 33). Matthew, however, worded the information more succinctly and affirmatively, as it reads in Chapter 10, verse 37: "*Anyone who loves their father or mother more than me is not worthy of me; anyone who loves their son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me.*"

Of course, the Supreme Messenger of Love Doctrine could not demand that his followers hate their family members. If the word written by Lucas is really to hate, so, as Kardec observes, it is necessary to strip it "*of its modern acceptation, as contrary to the spirit of the teaching of the Master.*"

"*The text of Matthew, by the way, — writes Pezzani in a footnote — distances all the trouble.*"

On another occasion, still according to Matthew and Luke, Jesus announces the spiritual rewards awaiting those who have left home, family, and earthly goods to follow him. He later recalled (Luke 9:61-62):

"No one who puts his hand to the plow and looks back is fit for service in the kingdom of God."

To another who had asked permission to bury his father before following him, Jesus warns that it is more important to *"Announce the Kingdom of God"*, for the dead would take care of the dead. Indeed, freed from the body, which is the only matter, the spirit will receive from other deceased ones the assistance it needs and which he did justice to by his behavior during his earthly journey.

Finally, there are the texts in which Matthew and Luke again reproduce expressions in which Christ declared: *"Do not suppose that I have come to bring peace to the earth. I did not come to bring peace but a sword."*

And he continues, in the words of Matthew (10:34-35):

"For I have come to turn a man against his father, a daughter against her mother, a daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law. The enemies of a man will be the members of his household."

Once again, it is Kardec's lucid and objective commentary that places the problem in its exact contours:

"Such words of Jesus — writes the Encoder — must therefore be understood concerning the anger that his doctrine would provoke, in the conflicts moments to which he was going to give rise; to the struggles he would have to endure before establishing, as it happened to the Hebrews before they entered the Promised Land, and not as referring to his settled plan to sow disorder and confusion. The evil would come from men and not from him, who was like the doctor who presents himself to cure, but whose remedies provoke a salutary crisis, attacking the bad moods of the patient." (Highlights by me).

As I write this preface, more than twenty years have passed since I first read Chapter 23 of *"The Gospel According to Spiritism."*

I have never doubted accepting the solutions proposed by Kardec for the apparent difficulties in interpreting the cited texts. Not only are

they logical, but they fit perfectly with the postulates of the Spiritist Doctrine and what we know about the personality of Jesus and his teachings in the very Gospels and countless documents of unsuspected mediumistic origin.

I have returned countless times to "The Gospel According to Spiritism", and surely to Chapter 23, for that is the main book of the Gospel at Home that I have been practicing in the privacy of my household for many years. I have never imagined, however, that for me was reserved the opportunity and privilege to witness vivid examples from situations that would attest to the tragic precision of what so emphatically proclaimed Jesus.

By aiming at sharing with the reader a little of my personal experience, I decided to write this book.

Before proceeding with these brief notes, nevertheless, we need to make a little pact between the reader and me. I explain.

The stories that make up this collection are real. There isn't a fantasy stroke in them, retouching, or embellishment to soften their impact or sweeten their content. It's as if they were cut out, with all the agonies that it implies, of the living tissue of memories, at a time when, for higher than their initial effort to deny and even cheat, the Spirit is compulsively driven to tell the truth, despite how unpleasant and arduous it is. That moment of truth, the point at which the flight ends and the long walk back to spiritual sanity, is achieved by the process of delicate memory regression. Lost in the shadows of his ravings, the Spirit needs to descend into the dark basement of his most secret memories to identify the reason for their anguish and face the reality of their inner ghosts, his remorse, and his crimes.

It is a solemn moment that must be lived and witnessed with dignity and respect for the being there, exposing his most intimate wounds. And also, a moment that demands tireless patience, considerable tact, the correct dose of energy, and, above all, a moving and tender capacity to love on the part of those who accompany the painful process of catharsis.

It is also, and finally, a moment of bright hopes, and due to all this, of the deepest religiosity, for in understanding with his tormented conscience, the being speaks with God.

Therefore, dear reader, do not be surprised by certain reticence and care understandable to avoid revealing identifications, which perhaps added a higher tone of authenticity to the story, but would also lend it an undesirable connotation of cheap sensationalism from a second-rate soap opera.

We opted for deliberate anonymity, which everything and everyone must protect.

The mediumistic group is anonymous, just as its members and manifesting Spirits, anonymous must remain the nature and objectives of the work accomplished. Not because there is at all that something extraordinary, different, marvelous, or that the incarnated and disembodied beings that make up the group are exceptional; without prejudice, however, to the living lessons we glean from such painful episodes, respect for other people pain demands from everyone the charitable contribution of secrecy and discretion.

There are, then, no names in this book, nor pretensions greater than that of conveying the message always new, for it is eternal, of valuing love, the universal force that creates and sustains the Universe, the essence of God, that "primordial element (in which) constellations and suns, worlds and beings, like fish in the ocean", in the beautiful saying of André Luiz, in the initial words of "Evolution in Two Worlds".

I could not prevent my name from appearing as the author of a work that, in reality, is not mine. I have just copied it from life. Somebody needs to sign a book that goes out into the world, and for that reason alone, a name appears on it. My involvement in the dramas, whose fragments are reported here, is explained by the simple reason that I participated, with all the recognized limitations that still weigh me down, from a small and anonymous mediumistic group to which

much-loved Spiritual Friends brought disturbed companions to dialogue with us.

We experience the happiness, certainly undeserved, to share in the infinite joys of rescuing some of those tormented brethren. We were not looking for projection, or sensations and rewards, because the work of love, in itself, pays the server.

There are, thus, no names to mention. Out of the absolute need for expository clarity, we had to fix some simple labels: the manifesting Spirit, the Spiritual Benefactors, the medium, the indoctrinator, the participants, and the group of mediums. Other than that, and the consequent deletion of determinate geographic or historical identifications, as well as a minimum possible grammatical adjustment, the report is a faithful reproduction of the recorded dialogues, from the first to the last word, on long-haul magnetic tapes in specialized equipment.

We even decided to sacrifice a little the grammatical correction of the lines in favor of the dialogue's spontaneity, all developed in the heat of the moment, without literary embellishments, semantic concerns, or any artifice designed to produce an effect. It is a free talk, sometimes emphatic and even passionate, but in all the purity of its authenticity.

Therefore, the reader must note a few inaccuracies, constant repetitions, and a mixture of treatments. Things grammarians look down on disguised horror, but the one that people consecrate in that irresistible way of modifying the language that speaks according to its imagination and taste.

Thence, it is a collection of personal testimonies. The reader will easily notice why these introductory explanations open with an appreciation of Chapter 23 of "The Gospel According to Spiritism."

We will find in some of these stories that for their loving more the father, mother, wife, daughter, or son than the Christ, they thought it was necessary to hate the Master.

We will see those who received their hundredfold reward for having had the extreme courage to break with their people, leaving home, family, and earthly goods, to follow in the footsteps of the Nazarene. We will identify those who put their hands on the plow, but (pages 12 and 13 are missing).

Stories Told by the Spirits

Dear reader:

This volume brings us to meditation stories that constitute lives, which the body death could not consume.

They revive the dramas that culminated in tragedies involving their characters in the vine of wide afflictions, whose effects reappeared in reincarnations that followed painfully, awaiting the regularization of the errors, the ennoblement of these misguided Spirits.

Acts are the judges of us all.

Successful, as unfortunate achievements, are transferred from one existence to another and deeply mark their agents.

Years, centuries, and even millennia pass on Earth, interning these spirits in the body or out of it, without peace being wrapped up in their indebted hearts, unless when love appears as a blessing and sincere repentance gives them the retracing of the previously traveled path with hallucination, now conquered through the realization of liberating good and sanctifying charity.

No one who travels around the world is an exception...

All of us owe debts to Life.

The mediumship task with Jesus, where unhappy spirits are treated is one of the most ennobled commitments with which the Spiritist Doctrine now honors our evolutionary process.

Thanks to this lucid exchange, programmed by the Spiritual Benefactors, countless companions, disembodied or not, in the rear, overcome by despair and pain, find healing psychotherapy and a guideline of happiness to defeat the dissolving passions to which they surrender.

After the blessed dialogue, in which the suffering spirit expresses its anguish through psychophony and receives a friendly word from the

indoctrinator, behold hope dawns in the stormy night in which they debate, urging them to the work of redemption...

However, it is imperative not only for them, but also for those entangled in the plot, although dwelling in a physical body.

We, therefore, welcome in this book a timely cry of warning, an invitation to reflection for all of us, from spiritual and material dimensions, so that, despite all the conquests of human knowledge, in this time of grave responsibilities for humanity, we do not forget that only Jesus continues to be “the Way, the Truth, and the Life”.

Joanna de Ângelis

(Page psychographed by the medium Divaldo P. Franco, in the mediumship session on the night of 01/30/1980, at the Spiritist Center “Caminho da Redenção”, Salvador, Bahia.)

HO-SAN'S DAUGHTER

Let us observe, in this case, the initial reluctance, the real resistance that the Spirit offers to the indoctrinator's effort to take him to the past.

The dialogue is reproduced from the point where he begins to express his refusal to face the harsh reality of their commitments.

-There is no problem. I wanted it like this. It was a choice. I'm tired of men, life, everything.

-You're even tired of yourself.

-I'm done. But then what are you going to do? You have to go on; go ahead. I live in a place where there are no days, no months, no years; there is a terrible eternity, a monotony that doesn't go away, and you don't even have a night to see that the next day the sun will rise, and maybe it will be different. You know that it will not. It's just that.

-Of course; for you have no hope... Who can live without hope? You say there is only today; there is no past.

-That is not a hope, my friend; it is a reality. The reality is that I'm telling you.

-No, my son. It is a total illusion of your Spirit.

-It is a night without day; the day will never break.

-But we are not obliged to remain in the night. We are beings of light.

-It's an eternity, a passivity, a terrible thing.

-And how do you say there is no future?

-You don't know how it is terrible this time without time. And it's awful.

-Of course. You run away from time because you're running away from the past.

-You can't imagine how important a clock on Earth is. With a watch, you have the feeling that you own time. That you can control it. The time. You own the hours.

-I understand, my dear. I know very well what you want to say. And yet, you tell me that it's too late to start over. How can it make sense?

-You can't even start over because there's no time here.

-There is no time while you are in this context, my dear brother.

-There, where you are, you still can say: tomorrow; tomorrow I'll give it a solution. Tomorrow, I do. Here, you have no tomorrow.

-You have a future too. It is at this point, my dear brother, that I have asked, and I repeat here the appeal. Let us help you out of this dilemma, this vicious circle. There are exits.

-My friend, I am in a timeless sphere where there is nothing and everything; at the same time.

-That doesn't make any sense. You are playing word games. Don't you have an activity?

-Yes, yes. But I already said: it is a time without time. Horrible!

-But what about your past? What did it teach you?

-What is the importance of this past that has passed?

-It's from the past that we come.

-Where is that past? If yesterday doesn't exist here, how come you want the past? Here where I live, it doesn't exist.

-My dear friend, let me remind you one more time. You have come here today because there is a little hope. Let's hold on to that hope that you bring to seek to help you. To serve you. Dare to accept the things, my dear brother.

-It's like looking for a needle in a haystack, my friend. You will find nothing.

The Spirit refers to the difficulty in finding the true causes of his troubles.

-Listen. We are children of God created in the same way, "simple and ignorant", as the doctrine of Jesus teaches. We are free, as you said, by free will, to make our choices; we are responsible for our actions. So, my dear brother, at any moment of our lives, like this moment that you are here, in this present, you can decide to change your life. You are not obliged to be a prisoner of time.

-We are all prisoners of time. You are the ones who have the illusion of owning it because you have a watch, one day, one night...

-We are struggling against our prisons of the past. You are not. You have surrendered to them and crossed your arms. You think you cannot do good when that's not true. You are so capable of loving, doing good, and being loved as me, as any of us. It all depends on your mental matrices. Though, if you don't care about the moral aspects of your actions, you will remain trapped in these schemes for centuries and centuries. How long have you been in this organization?

-What is the time, my friend? Well, I have just said there is no time here, and you want me to say how long?

-I know, but when was your last existence in the flesh? What did you do here among us when you were in the flesh? Who were you, and where did you live? Let's go to your deep personality, the real being that you are, not to this hallucination, you live in.

-That's what I am, my friend: this hallucination in which I live.

-Right. That is what you are now, but then you weren't. Why were you led to this? Why have you stopped making decisions in favor of your spirit, and stopped fighting, crossed your arms?

And now you tell me that you are strong? You are weak when you have all the strength of God within your spirit. (A hint of a smile). Yes, my son. Help me, so that I can help you. I want to serve you; I'm here as a companion who also has his difficulties, problems, disappointments, afflictions, and anguish, but we can share the experiences that exist between us. You have something to give me, and I might have something to offer you.

-My friend, you have nothing better than what I've tasted to offer me.

-What have you tried?

-All.

-What do you call everything?

-Everything you can imagine.

-So, you were good too.

Unintentionally, the indoctrinator touches on the critical point of his problem: the deformed conviction that good does not pay.

The Spirit pauses; he has a suffering smile and replies, confirming:

-And what did I get out of it?

The indoctrinator seizes the opportunity, the cue:

-Let's see: how has goodness betrayed you? What was it that traumatized you to this point? How was this story?

Break. He still hesitates. He makes a face and then replies:

-Kindness always causes trauma. Men are not prepared for good, my friend. Maybe they are now... Not even now; in their time, they are; they have never been. They have never known how to understand kindness.

-Have you?

-All those who were good were crucified, one way or another.

Another opportunity:

-So, you think Christ was good. That is right. I believe it is positive, but let's see where kindness left you in despair. Tell me. How was that?

Long pause, then a question:

-Why do you want to know? What interest do you have?

-The interest in my brother, the desire to serve, to help. I have asked you humbly to help me to help you. You can only help me by coming back to that past, to put everything in another context, my dear. You can't simply ignore what you did, what you were, where you have

been, and what you are trying to get. You cannot ignore this. You are a human being with human experiences; you have Spiritual Friends and creatures that love you and are interested in your destiny.

-I know, but where are they?

-You have run away from them! You've locked yourself in a universe where this... this... "*boredom*", (The indoctrinator, though speaking in Portuguese, had this word to speak what he meant.)* as they say in English... (The exact word escapes the indoctrinator. the Spirit says soon :)

-Boring!

-Yes, the word is not very appropriate, but it describes well the situation. You have conformed to it. To escape from it you do all this hallucinatory activity. So, is this a way to escape from the boredom, you call it?

Now comes the exact word from the Spirit:

-It's tedium. Isn't that what you mean?

-Exactly, tedium... Love is not tedium.

-But the reality is constant tedium.

-No, my dear. No. You are wrong.

-This creature — (he had previously referred to someone) is it a woman?

- It's a woman.

-Where did you two meet?

-Why do you want to know so much?

-My dear friend, forgive me. It's not unhealthy curiosity. I don't want to submit you to any humiliation...

-My friend, it was not the only time. Do you think it was? Do you believe a man makes such a decision based only on one illusion? Only with one disappointment? No. They are several.

-You're running away from your reality. Let's face it with courage.

-I need the courage to face what, my friend?

-You still haven't told me where kindness has failed you.

-In several places.

-Tell me one of them. What good did you do that wasn't positive?

Finally, the story begins to unfold:

-It's connected to this girl I thought I'd find here.

-Tell me, please. Trust me.

Pause and sigh, and then:

-It was a story of the many dramas scattered across the universe. It was in a Spanish city. I was a rich landowner, very wealthy. "A Rich Señor" ... (He smiles sadly and goes ahead:) — I had a family. And a daughter who was almost a girl. One day, I welcomed on my farm, on my land, a character who had been chased in another city because of a little revolution he had gotten into. I took him in; I helped him; I made him a member of my family. I gave him everything: social status, up to a title; I got it for him. So it is... And what was the pay I got from this creature that ate beside me, at my table and shared with my family? Yeah... (sighs.)

Break. (The memory is, of course, too painful). Because of him, I lost my daughter.

-How did you miss her? Let's go! Did she run away?

-What she did doesn't mean anything to me, for she was a child, but he seduced her... (long pause, hesitations...) Ah! horrors!... We had, at that time, you know, safes where we kept the goods. There were no banks as of today. He made her steal the family's goods. And he ran away with her. I naturally went looking for her. I looked for her like crazy. She was my only child. In her, I deposited all my hopes and all my dreams. No. I didn't find her. And it passed a long time. I reported him to the authorities but to no avail. The years passed... My wife withered like a flower that you take the water from, the sun, and she

dried and dried... until there was nothing left but surrender the soul to God.

-It is a very sad story. Unfortunate...

-No, but that's not all there yet. Years later, I went to another city alone. Why should land and goods interest me if I had nothing and my greatest possessions were stolen from me?

-Yes, the wife was gone, and you were without the daughter.

-I went to a city one day, and found her in an inn.

-Did you recognize her?

-No. Not that angel who left my home, but I recognized her... Something disfigured...

-Was she alone? Abandoned?

-Yes. He prostituted and abandoned her. And he ran away because all he wanted was the money.

-Did you take her back to look after her? Long hesitation. After:

-No.

-My son, weren't you her father? What did you do?

-I needed revenge. What I did then was looking for him like a crazy, to kill him, to sting him, to make him suffer.

-Did you find him? Still in that life?

-No. I didn't. And I have been looking for this man.

-But have you found him now?

-I don't want to find him in different positions, for my revenge must be immense. (So he wanted a similar situation to that they lived in Spain).

-I understand. And she? Didn't you see her again?

-Then, I returned to that city, but I couldn't find her anymore.

-So, my dear friend, you had a chance to help her, but you didn't want it. It was your daughter! Because you hated him, didn't she deserve

your help? But this question is not so relevant. The most important question... forgive me... Do you think that all this painful drama, this pitiful tragedy. Did you suffer it innocently?

-I found her later, because I kept looking for her, but it was too late. Only was I able to take her back to bury her. She died in my arms, tubercular, rotten, totally; the organism. And with that, you see that the sources have dried up feelings inside me. Everything dried up, my friend, and then I can talk about it coldly. I don't feel anymore...

-Yes, you do, because you hoped to find her here today.

-Tonight... Not tonight... They projected in my mind an image of her. Girl, beautiful, on the days when it was just the three of us: me, her and her mother.

-Just a moment... Forgive my insistence on the question. Do you think that all this suffering was innocent? Didn't you owe anything to the Law of God? Never have you done anything previously to justify this?

Break.

-I don't think so, my friend. I really loved.

-It's not that. You know our responsibility under the Law. The Law charges us for faults because it requires readjusting the universe balance, to which you referred earlier...

-Inés... That was her name.

-Oh! Yes. But suppose that in a previous life you did similar folly to anyone? Otherwise, there is no justification for such a barbarian thing, isn't it? Do you think God punishes the innocent? First, God does not punish anyone; only the laws charge us for our faults. Then, my dear brother, if you have gone through this bitter experience, it is because...

-The priests spoke to me a lot about charity... the religious... Where did goodness take me?

-Wait a moment, my dear friend. In your past, wasn't there anything that justified it?

-Well, my friend, who cares about the past when you have pain in the present?

-The pain of the present is the consequence of our past mistakes. You know it as well as I do.

-But that doesn't justify anything. It's no use wanting to take me to the past to know. It won't change what happened. Even if I have gone through Talion's pain, my friend, that won't take away the one I have felt.

-Yes, my friend, as it could not also take away the pain of those you caused a similar disappointment either. Or could it? Who knows those whom you hurt have forgiven you?

-Did I cause it? But how did I cause it, if I was the victim?

-No. Previously, in another existence. Don't you admit it?

-Now! They couldn't have taken revenge on my daughter. Then why didn't they take revenge on me? Why didn't they kill me? Why didn't he kill me? And did he not plunder the house and leave with the money?

-Because that was not what existed in your appointments.

Break.

-Damn him! A thousand times, damn him!

-Wait. Let's see now what occurred earlier.

-I wish Satan existed and Hell was a reality! Please! It's no use. I'm not going to any past!

-Yes, you are. Go, because you have to..

-I don't care about the past. Why do you want to know about the past?

-It's not me. It's you who needs to know.

-How will that alter my reality, my friend? I already understood. I suffered pain.

-Why did you suffer it?

-It doesn't matter why. Will the pain decrease if I know why? If you cut yourself with a knife or a penknife, does it lessen the pain to know what instrument cut it?

-You've been through this affliction, but you're craving revenge. You want to kill him.

-Killing him is little.

-You want to torture him.

-I want to drive him crazy. I want him to have visions of his crime.

-I understand. And when you had visions of your crime, did you accept them?

Long silence. Then a question:

-You're playing the devil's lawyer, aren't you?

-No, my son. Your lawyer. I want to help you.

Silence. The indoctrinator gets up to help him with magnetic passes.

-You now understand why I came here. I have got disappointed because I haven't found anybody...

-Listen. You want your daughter. It's very fair.

-I wanted to know, at least, if she's alright.

-But you're not okay...

-I don't care how I am. If she's okay is what matters.

(The presence of love, despite everything).

The indoctrinator begins to insist on the memory regression process, trying to lead him to the past, where the matrices of suffering and revolt are. The Spirit insists:

-No, my friend. There is no past. It's a waste of our precious time because there's nothing there to change what happened. I could have

been the worst criminal... (And after a very long pause:) What do you want from me?

-Let's go further back in time. Let's look for the cause of this great pain, in the past, in a previous life. Wherever the problem is, you will find it. Come with me. Trust me, be patient, be brave.

After a long silence, already regressed in time, the Spirit speaks again:

-Laos. I think it's a place.

It is an Asian country located south of China, between Burma and Thailand on one side, and Vietnam on the other, north of Cambodia.

-Do you live there?

-Yes

-What do you do?

-I harvest rice.

-Who lives with you? Are you married? Do you have children?

-No. I don't.

-Let's see, then, what's going on with you. Tell me.

-I live with the old Ho-San and his daughter.

-Aren't you, his son, then?

-No.

-Are you young?

-I am...

-Is the daughter very pretty?

-Yes.

-Do you like her?

-I do.

-And do you intend to marry her?

-She doesn't want it because her father has only her.

-Does he have a lot of money? Is he rich?

Long silence.

-What is being rich?

-Having many goods, a lot of properties, a lot of rice.

-He is rich.

-Aren't you? Are you an employee or a worker?

-I don't (have).

-Let's see, then, what happened. What did you do? Did you ask to marry the girl?

-I, one day, there in the rice, I forced her. She struggled, fell, hit her head on a rock and died.

-And what did you do after that? Did you run away?

- I was afraid. I knew where he kept the riches and needed to run away and... But he was worried about her not arriving, which surprised me when I took it off... And he looked at me without understanding, and said: "My son!" I took a knife and attacked him. I didn't want to do that!

-I know. It is clear. And did he die there?

-And I ran away.

-So, my dear. Now let's get back to our present here. Come with me, keeping the memories of these two episodes so that you can confront them and conclude for yourself.

-I'm cold, very cold. My feet are cold, icy...

-Listen to me. I want you to understand, please, the reason for your difficulties, pain, and agony in Spain by confronting it with the episode from Laos. Confront the two, for you must conclude, not me, to know whether there is no justice in the Divine Laws.

What you have suffered is always exactly the replica of what you have made others suffer. Do you understand it now?

-What does this lead me to, then? Inactivity. To compare...

-No, my son. It leads to the conclusion that you have not suffered innocently; you have only put things back before the Law.

-But I have suffered. It doesn't matter if it was innocent or not. I have suffered terrible pain!

-But do you think he didn't suffer too? And, also the girl, over there in Laos, all this suffering caused by you? Do you think they didn't suffer anything? He created you, fed you, and sustained you. You were a real son to him, and yet you practically murdered the only daughter he had.

Then the episode repeats itself, and you think you don't have...

-No. She was not my daughter.

-Wouldn't she have been the same creature, the same Spirit?

-It wouldn't be fair for her to die twice.

At this point, he remembers, or admits, some relevant detail and says:

-Yes, she was the wife (in Spain) ...

-What about him? Is that understood now, my brother? What do you think of all this?

-But I was good to him.

-He was good to you too. You killed him because you wanted his money.

-He didn't kill me; he killed my daughter.

-You also killed his daughter, didn't you? Is it understood?

-Why did he have to do this to me?

-Why did you have to do that to him? You didn't have to kill him; you didn't have to force the daughter who didn't want you. Can you understand perfect symmetry?

-I'm confused! I'm lost!

-What conclusion do you draw from all of this?

-My mind is confused! I'm very confused!

And finally, painfully:

-I am a defendant; I can't do it justice.

-I agree with you on that. That's the first positive thought you take away from this whole tragedy. If you continue to take revenge, the drama continues. You will have disappointments and think it was because of the goodness you suffered, which is not true.

That reasoning is entirely false, as you have just verified. Is it understood? Now, please do me a favor. I have asked you earlier to help me serve you. Such an offer still stands. We want to extend our hands to you...

-I feel a deep pain here in the heart.

-I know. But I believe this girl's spirit has no grudge against you and wishes to see you. Be prepared to meet her.

-And the wife, my wife? She loved me...

-She keeps on loving you, just the same. The fact that she has physically died does not mean she also died in spirit. Somewhere she must be waiting for you. You liked her, didn't you? She was a good wife.

-I loved her. We were so happy!

- Let's do something. I know this has caused you a great deal of confusion and perplexity. Follow our companions present here...

-I'm guilty. Now I see it. I didn't tell you everything. He wished to marry my daughter, but... he didn't have, for me, position and quality. Maybe if I had agreed, nothing of it would have happened.

-Certainly. But let me tell you something meaningful. This remorse...

-She would have given him back the goods; she was my only heir.

-Thus it is. You would have grandchildren and complete happiness with your wife. That opportunity you missed, but...

-This is all madness! That, you name ethics. And this ethics of Law...

-Listen, my son. We are not going to discuss philosophy now. We are dealing here with emotions and feelings; put philosophy aside. Let's solve your problem. I want to make you a request. Don't let this remorse, regret, agony paralyze you. You have conditions...

-But I have wasted so much time!

-I know, but now you're going to recover it, right?

-But why did they let me fail?

-I know, but now you're going to recover it. Do you agree to come with us, then? My son, we have free will to decide what we want to do. Didn't you want to take revenge once more? You could have done it.

Yet, you know it doesn't suit you. Our Paul said: "*Everything is lawful for me, but not everything suits me.*"

The Law allows you to do this, but does not approve it.

-A defendant cannot do justice.

-You'll have plenty of time to mull these things over, but right now, you'll rest.

The indoctrinator puts him to sleep through passes, and entrusts him to the care of the group's spiritual workers.

There is little to comment on here other than insisting on calling the reader's attention to the absolute security of the divine laws, which from karmic commitments, build with total fidelity and symmetry the situations that we need for the readjustment. Patiently, the positions of each one, are planned, until it becomes possible to gather all the elements that we need to bear witness that we have learned the lesson of love. And, frequently, after everything has been neatly put together, we fail again, wasting another excellent opportunity for redemption. At this point, it starts over again, until one day —

Centuries later? Millennia? —The characters and situations can meet again.

In the case just reported, a young man accepted as a son of a small family already crippled by his wife's departure from Laos, centuries ago.

Out of control of his passion for the young woman, old Ho-San's only daughter, instead of trying to win her over little by little through his dedication and affection or renouncing her, he tries to possess her by force and accidentally ends up causing her death. Before running away, under the justification that he needed money for the escape, he robs the house that was his own home, which perhaps he could even inherit by marrying the girl. Surprised by the act of the old man, he murders the elderly man too.

Centuries later, the murdered former young woman is, after all, the beloved wife of Spain, whom he loves so much. He is rich and happy when the readjustment cycle opens: he welcomes as a son the one whose assets, daughter, and life he stole in Laos.

It's time to restore material goods and spiritual peace. The mechanism was built so that, by marrying the daughter of the Spanish nobleman, the former Ho-San recovered his material goods naturally, through inheritance, by the usual order of things, without violence and afflictions. Even the relationship between the two young ones from Laos was repaired with intelligence and love, for his passion for her now, in Spain, had taken on the hues of the husband's respect and legitimate love while old Ho-San returned as a son-in-law and eventually father of his grandchildren.

In all of this, however, there were testimonies. The wealthy lord of lands and titles would need to overcome irrational pride and accept as his son-in-law the one he was responsible for returning the goods.

He refused the daughter in lawful marriage simply because he did not consider the young man of good social lineage a suitor. As for this one, he would have to sublimate his passion and contain his ambition

and impatience, trying persuasion, that moreover, would not be so unattainable since the powerful noble had welcomed him as a son, therefore having for him a minimum of affection and predisposition to accept him into the family. It was necessary to wait patiently or be prepared even for outright refusal, for he must also have his karmic problems, some of which he would have so painfully rescued in Laos.

By revolting, using violence, seduction, and later abandonment of the girl, he reopened the vicious circle of error that cries out for painful reparations, which, in turn, test our patience, understanding, and humility.

As for the girl, who in Laos had refused tormented passion, now she accepted her father's former aggressor and murderer as her husband in a sublimated relationship. When the scheme fails by reheating the passions, she was consumed, "withered like a flower without sun and water", in her husband's pained expression.

And in the future, what awaits these beings? New readjustment attempts, new tests, new purposes, and hopes. Competent and devoted Spirits, whom we could perhaps call "engineers of love", one day they will study carefully, all these karmic tokens and trace, with the participation of the interested parties, a new work program, everything thought out, adjusted, just right, in its minimal details. From now on, all that remains is to pray so everything becomes smooth and that once incarnated, good intentions are kept, and fulfill the painful testimonies.

THE SLAVE GIRL

This fellow performed with a different technique. Not at all unknown, but not very common. His word was sweet, unctuous, tranquil. He greeted the mediumistic group with great affection and respect, anticipating a "night of accomplishments in the name of Jesus, our good and beloved Master." He praised our Spiritual Advisor's opening words.

He philosophized at length and with excellent rhetoric in well-turned and fluent phrases.

He saw, right away, that it was a "loving and dedicated to the good service with authenticity and detachment group."

Wouldn't it be there, perhaps, an opportunity for him to serve modestly, within his means? As we know, there are companions that "only the verb comes out of the mouth, but it does not come from the heart."

As for workers like him, they were often evilly interpreted or accepted without analysis.

Thus, he had come attracted by the sincerity of our Group and the true Christian sense of serving, which would be ours. He was not, evidently, a needy spirit, as we could see, but one who has something to give on behalf of suffering humanity.

We have treated him with our usual respect, dialoguing calmly with him. Along with the friendly talk, it was not difficult to discover where, how, and with whom he worked, with the help of brilliant intelligence, a lot of culture, and experience. At the service of prodigious ambitions.

Like other companions in such a situation, he tried to convince us, without the slightest success, that, as Spirit that he was, he intended nothing for himself. For what?

He worked only for the good of mankind, for spreading the truth, love, and justice.

Always very skillful, kind, and intelligent, he exposed with greater objectivity to his work philosophy, at the moment when he judged it opportune. Until then, the indoctrinator had limited himself to listening patiently, adding a few respectful remarks. He thought that in terms of Gospel, the man already has enough. The message of Christ would already have reached everyone's heart. The indoctrinator, for example. He was a model of Christian virtues. It was now necessary to develop the scientific aspects that would serve as a point of support for the Doctrine taught in "The Book of Spirits".

When our differences began to take shape ~ because in these cases, it is necessary to let the Spirit speak to have an idea of what brings him to us, and what are his motivations — he became somewhat impatient, and then went to irritation and, finally, threats.

The moment of the liveliest debate had arrived, where the contestation started.

He had to understand that we accepted him as a brother, with all the affection of our hearts, but we fundamentally disagreed with his ideas.

Later on we finally reached the third stage of the work: the one that consists in bringing the Spirit gently, but also firmly, to look

within yourself. As expected, it was not easy to achieve the memory regression. He was pretty experienced in mind matters and was on guard against our magnetic induction methods. When he felt he was loosening his resistance, he declared that the indoctrinator would find nothing in his memories because...

That is where the part of the dialogue reproduced begins:

-They've been swept away... We have prepared ourselves for this task. (He said before that this preparation consisted of what he called "brainwashing").

-To forget?

-So as not to let us be disturbed by unpleasant things.

The indoctrinator tells him that not only the unpleasant memories are in the indelible records of the being, but also the pleasant ones, the good, the benefit done, love, hopes, beings we love ~ There is a pause and he says a name, probably the code word of his file that he thought was "disintegrated" forever.

-Ruth...

-Who's Ruth?

-It's a girl... A Jewish girl. That damn race!

-And who are you?

-Don't you know? Who do you think I am? You look at me and asks who I am? What disrespect is this?

-You say she is of the accursed race. So you're not Jewish...

-Of course not. Can't you see? See if I smell like them.

-What race are you then?

-Don't insult me with such a question.

-Roman?

-Of course.

-And where do you live?

-Where do I live, if not in the great metropolis?

-And how did you find Ruth?

-At the Tetrarch's house.

- In Rome? Asked the surprised indoctrinator.

- No, naturally not.

- And you liked her...

- You don't like a Jewish woman, you use her.

- But love has no racial barriers, does it? Did you love her?

- You don't love a Jewish one.

- Oh! You just used her. Didn't you respect her then?

- What's that? Who spoke of respect for a Jew?

- Doesn't a Jew need respect, then?

- But certainly not.

- And then, what happened?

- Why are you interested in knowing?

- I want to know, my dear friend, what happened to Ruth, who I don't think was a Jew, but a human being, as you are also a human being. No matter what social positions we eventually occupy — we are children of God.

- I was hurt. Those Jews are always making trouble, aren't they?

- Were you injured in the street? Are you a military man? What Jews were these? Were they Christians?

- Who cares about what these Jews are?

- Are you a friend of the Tetrarch?

- Surely.

- And of the Caesar too?

- What absurd questions you ask me! He shouts impatiently.

- Don't you insult me! Who do you think you're dealing with?

-Who are you, then? If I knew who you are I could call you by your name. Am I insulting you?

-Of course you are. Surely... With all these stupid questions. So you look at me and do not see?

-Are you a noble then?

-But look at this absurd question! If you don't know my name, it doesn't interest you. Get that hand off my arm! Take that hand away! Bother. Don't touch a noble!

He keeps saying that nothing else exists, but goes on telling, reluctantly, his story and Ruth's.

There is nothing, my dear. Simply this Jew healed my wounds with a mysterious medicine I don't know where she got it. (Would she have picked up the proud patrician in a street fight to deal with him?)

-Later...

-Now, what do you think you're trying to do?

-What happened to her?

-Now! What happens to all these Jewish women: they show up pregnant and accuse us.

-And the child? Was it born?

-I disowned her, of course.

-Yes, but the child was born, wasn't it? Was it a boy or a girl?

-She was an idiot! She swore revenge.

What does it matter? Daughter of a Jew...

-I know, but it was your child too, wasn't it, my dear? She was the mother, and you the father.

-So she said, but who can trust a Jewess?

-But then you loved her, didn't you? There's nothing wrong with loving a Jew. Have you ever been a Jewish?

-I hope not.

-What happened to the child, then?

-I adopted it and took it to Rome.

-What about Ruth?

-She stayed there.

-Did she stay in Palestine? Was it a boy?

-No. It was a girl.

-And what name did you give her?

-I can't say it, for if I do, you'll know who I was.

-I'm not interested in your revealing your identity, my brother. You will only say what you want to say. I just want to show you that we don't need to be stuck to our disappointments. We can go out of them.

-I have no disappointments.

-Yes, you do. Is it the girl? Did she grow up in Rome? Did she get married? What happened to her?

He sighs, struggles, and takes some time. Finally:

-A disgrace. (Pause) Those damned Christians...

-Did she become a Christian?

-She betrayed me.

-Did you get married in Rome? Why do you say she cheated on you?

-Because she joined that mob! And I disowned her, and turned her into a slave of my house. What interest do you have in this story?

-No my son. I'm interested in you. In order to be able to help you, so you understand how these problems from the past still hurt you

today. You must understand this well: you cannot do things like this to a human being.

-How not? Don't they talk so much about the cross? That they have to suffer?

-She suffered. Where is she today?

-I married a beautiful patrician and gave her as a slave.

-Your own daughter?

-Yes. She was very beautiful. Then my wife thought she wasn't just a slave. She was jealous and poisoned her. And I went crazy in pain.

-You see then, my dear friend, there is a high ability to love in your heart. Pain is a wake-up call.

-I loved her.

-You still love her till today.

-But she interposed that cross between us. That damn cross!

-She did not interpose, my dear brother...

-Her mother's stigma. The cursed cross!

The cross of shame! The cross of curse! And she died holding that cross!

-And then you died too... You went to the spiritual world.

And did you meet her there?

-I met her eyes. I was afraid. I ran away and hid.

-You are hiding until this day. And look: there was no need to run away from her, who loves you, and you love her too...

-Who is this Christ who drives everyone crazy, who blinds all creatures?

He asks, raising his voice.

-They go crazy! Everyone becomes crazy! All of them! Human sacrifices, pyres, holocausts! They surrender; they give themselves. It's crazy!

-It takes a lot of conviction, doesn't it, to do something like that.

-Ruth was also a madwoman.

-Or was it you who didn't want to follow her?

-Crazy! Crazy! You had to see those crazy faces! They seemed to be in paradise at the time of the sacrifice... They could only be crazy... Those eyes! That attitude, that madness before the blood that flowed and the pain they didn't feel! She took the poison, held the cross, and died smiling...

-What a beautiful faith and conviction!

-I love you, Dad! (He has a violent crying crisis and repeats, in crying:) "I love you, Daddy!"

-Forgive me, my brother. It was necessary to awaken this in you so that you remember again that you are a human being. Do not be desperate!

-This Christ who took everything from me! "I love you, Dad!"

-Christ has given her the conviction to tell you she loved you, that she loves you to this day. He didn't take anything from you. She wanted you to go also with her. Following Christ too.

-For a moment, I thought she would turn into a goddess and climb to Olympus, anywhere. A goddess!

-But you're not running away from her anymore, are you? If you met her today, what would you do? Suppose you found her now!

-Who am I?

-You're her father. You didn't stop being her father, and she didn't stop being your daughter. Would you like to be with her again?

-Me... a famous member of the court... Handsome, young, fearless... Who ran all the races... I'm not prepared. I would have to give it all, and I can't: what I am, what I fought...

-No, my dear brother. You have to renounce your disappointments. We are nothing before the One who loved us and keeps doing it.

The example that your daughter left is still valid today. Did you see the courage she faced death without hatred? On the contrary: she left a message of love. Don't you think that's enough resignation? Why don't you learn her lesson? She renounced life with a smile on her lips.

-She never rebelled. She was a faithful slave. She was a servant in my home, my own daughter!

-What was her name?

-Don't make me say. No, please.

-It would be good for you. It's in your heart. She needs to hear her name given by you.

-It would be a sacrilege.

-She needs to know that you love her. By the way, she knows it, but she wants to hear it from you. Say: "My daughter, come here!"

-What power do you have?

-I have no power, my dear. We have no power but the one who comes from God.

- ...That knocks over a rock ...

-You didn't fall; you are getting up today.

-What power do you have? Who are you?

-We are one of those humbler workers who try to rescue companions like you, lost in illusions, in disillusionment, fleeing, blind... From what? From ghosts. Seeking positions because they are afraid to walk

along to the brothers who suffer? You suffer too, my brother. That's enough! Today you start a new life. We entrust your Spirit, at this moment, to the one who one day was your daughter; and she didn't forget you with her love. Go with her. Go in peace, and may God bless you. Be confident. You may count on us in whatever is possible to serve you.

-I can't... I'm confused!

-Now you understand the whole situation, and why you were running away. You don't need to run away anymore. You were fleeing from your own daughter! Why?

-Because I killed her! (Pause) What have I just said? I lost everything. Or do I think I don't need anything? It is an illusion...

-I also think it is an illusion. Now reality begins. And you will rebuild your life, your hopes, your loves. There will be no lack of support and resources. Trust in God. Trust in Jesus, whom until now you had not understood. Accept him on behalf of your daughter.

- Jesus... What does he mean to me? He means the Cross, means thorns, gall.

- No. It means consolation for those thorns, for that gall you will have to endure now due to your own mistakes. He made no mistakes... He only wants to help.

-I have a daughter!

-It's true. And she has a father...

-She is beautiful, very beautiful! Almost a girl... My God! How can pride blind a man!...

That's the story. I don't feel encouraged to add one more word out of respect for that two-thousand-year-old pain.

3
“LA DAMA DEL VESTIDO ROJO”

That is a woman's story. She served as a contact point, seduction and persuasion, skillfully maneuvered by intelligent leaders of the shadows.

Hidden in the folds of the past, a painful drama which, little by little, unfolds before us.

We take the dialogue from the point where the memory regression starts.

She has just complained again about the "injustice" she would have suffered, which she needed to revenge. The indoctrinator tells her:

-I just want to remind you, repeating it once more: you didn't suffer it innocently.

-Suffered what? What did I suffer?

-Oh! You did not suffer anything?

-What I suffered was envy. Is envy something I had to suffer? Envy of others? Envy, envy...

-Were you very pretty?

-Not was: I am. Do people envy the ugly?

(Note the reader in the present tense: I am beautiful. The Spirit has the distant image of himself.)

-And did you have a position? Were you powerful?

-I was an artist.

-Oh! That explains his talent for exposing your ideas and convictions. Was it in Italy?

-No, it was not.

-Spain?

-Seville.

At this exact point she plunged into the past and she begins to talk enthusiastically.

-Seville... Seville... Well, long live Seville! (She claps his fingers imitating the sound of castanets). My life! My dance! My dance; it was all for me. "La dama del vestido rojo". That's how they called me. And with a rosa (pronounced with a Castilian accent as if it were "rossa") here (shows it in the hair) I danced.

-And what happened?

-Can't you see how beautiful my hair is? Do you see? It is beautiful! It is part of my dance.

-What happened? Tell me.

-Don Ramon. . . Don Ramón, who was the richest man. I danced for him. He was going to marry me and give me a whole village. A village! So that I danced just for him. He had a beautiful stage at his house so I could dance alone

for him and his guests.

-And?

-Hence the envy.

-Was it slander?

-No. It wasn't a slur; it was a cup.

-That you drank?

-And... that I drank

The indoctrinator penalizes himself for, sometimes, in his eagerness to unravel the plot, leading the reluctant Spirit, he hastily anticipates conclusions that are not always true, as we have just seen: he imagined that she had been a victim of a slander and she was not. It

was a case of poisoning. Again the indoctrinator rushed, assuming that she drank the cup. This time it was true.

-You died, then. And that?

-And that.

-Well, my dear. We are sorry for this occurrence.

-Are you sorry? For love, I already killed a bride.

I can tell the story now, because now it doesn't touch me anymore. (She speaks with a strong accent, interspersing words in Castilian).

Don Ramon had a "novia", who was of high family, but Don Ramón liked me. "Don Ramón me gusta." Don Ramón liked me, and broke off the engagement. One day, she invited me to visit her house. And I went.

"La novia de Don Ramón" had a beautiful carriage, two black horses. I went. She was treacherous. She gave me a glass...

It doesn't touch me anymore.

There she ended an existence full of hopes, joys, dreams.

Her sole purpose for years and years was to find Don Ramon's fiancée to take revenge.

The indoctrinator tries to dissuade her, trying to get her to a more distant past; when she would have created the matrices of her frustrations. She emphatically refuses, and ends by saying that she found, after all, Don Ramón's former bride.

-I found her there, inside a spiritist center; now contrite... Good girl, speaking of karma...

-And do you want revenge?

-First, I want to help her to be an artist, so she feels pleasure. But then, when she fell... When I gave her the first disappointment... Instead of her getting... That's what annoyed me... Someone came close to her

and gave her a book, this Gospel (According to Spiritism). Do you know what I did? She broke her leg the way she never got it cured. Today, she limps, and an artist cannot limp. She pulls her leg. It's almost inconspicuous, but I know she pulls.

-Are you satisfied with that?

-Yes, but I wished more.

-But, daughter, excuse me... Just a moment, dear. Let's go back in time to see why that happened to you.

-There's nothing to go behind. You will stop right here.

-Let us see the reason for all of this?

-No reason. The reason lies in envy!

Every beautiful woman has a share of envy about her. If I showed myself here, I guarantee that these women who are here... These ladies would be jealous. If they just saw how beautiful I am!

The indoctrinator insists on the magnetization and continues, inducing the memory regression.

A few seconds pass in silence, until she starts to dive into the memories.

As the images of her past emerge in revival of her intimate dramas. At one point, she says:

-What's that? What do you think? You are setting up all a scene there for me...

Is it a scenario? Why are all these women in white? What is the reason for all of this? These women dressed in white...

-Are you there too?

-Yes, I am. I read people's fortunes. In the smoke.

-And what did you read to the girl?

-I didn't read anything to the girl.

-What happened, then, among those women in white? Trust us.

-Yes, you are right. I read a smoke to the girl. What do you want me to say? If I read something to one person, I can't say it to another.

-I want you to tell the truth.

-It's her secret.

-You don't have to tell me the secret. Just say what you did.

-If I say what I did, I'll tell her secret.

-I see. So what happened? I respect your discretion. I will not ask you to speak, to reveal here the secret. I only want you to say, please, what happened.

-She wanted to know why her betrothed didn't come to see her. He had not come for one month. So I lit the tripod and put the essences. You know what it is. And I inhaled the smoke. Then I saw. I saw a house, it looked like a moor, something like this. There was a girl there, very pretty. And there, I saw her fiancé, courting the girl. I said to her...

-What did you say?

-I said what I was seeing.

-Was that all, then? No. It was not.

-And she left. Then she came back. She brought a bag of money for me. Gold. I think it was a... (She hesitates) She wanted me to give her a potion. I gave it. I gave!

-You didn't give it. You sold it.

-I gave it, and she sent it in an amphora of wine to the girl.

-And did she take it?

-She must have taken...

-Must have...

-She must have taken, because then she got married.

-And the other girl?

-The other girl... Oh...! It was a pretty strong poison.

-So, she died...

-And without leaving a trace. It was the blue death. Do you know? It makes the heart mix the blood...

-Or rather, you killed her with (poisoned) wine, --Didn't you?

-I did not! Of course, not. I just gave it to her.

-So, when she came into existence in Spain, later, you think that God has given you the right to revenge. And now you want revenge again?

-No. It wasn't me who took revenge; she was the one who gave me the drink.

-I know. But what about when you gave it to her?

-I did not give it! (She screams)

-How not? Didn't you prepare it? You could have refused.

-But everybody did it!

-So it's justified... You have no responsibility...?

-But you live in a world where, if you want to survive, you...

-Kill! Break the leg! Is it not that? That's how it is, isn't it? Delude. Is it that, my daughter? Please, my dear. It's about time...

-Am I wrong?! She asks in astonishment.

-I think so, but it's up to you to decide. It's not me who will decide for you. My opinion is this.

-And my girlish dreams? And my secret desires? It's all over in a glass of wine...

-But don't you notice that hers also ended up in a glass of wine?

Isn't it time to stop this story of killing each other? Hey, my dear?!

-Do you know what my boss told me? I think he's right. He said that my highest value is that I have a coldness... That I don't feel the emotions.

-You felt...

-I don't feel emotions. You see. I do not feel.

-Not really? Don't you regret anything?

-I made of my heart a watch.

-But how do you hate her?

-Hate is not emotion.

-Oh! I see... What is it, then?

-It's a cold hate. It's a right I think I have.

-I know... That you think you have... And do you intend to kill that girl too? Keep killing, then?

-Me, killing? I have never killed anyone. My hands that care for roses cannot kill.

-They shouldn't have killed.

-I have never killed!

-My daughter, listen to me. I'm not accusing you or saying that you made an irreparable mistake. The error actually existed, but it is not irreparable. But, for God's sake, don't go on making mistakes. You will never leave this vicious circle if it continues like this. Have you seen what happened in Spain when you missed the opportunity to marry that friend of yours? It was because previously you had frustrated,

with death, in the same conditions, another girl who also had her dreams.

-It was not me. It was the rival who killed her. I did not.

-My dear, be honest with yourself. Accept your responsibility. We are here in a moment of truth, trying to help you, but you must convince yourself of your responsibilities for your actions. How is it that you supply a poison to someone who asked for it to kill another person, and you have no fault? Is it true that the companion to whom you gave this poison also has her responsibility, but you could have talked to her, saying: "My daughter, don't do that?" Isn't it? Suppose she had really been your daughter, a relative, a mother...

-I've been told that. They told me... And that's why they took my powers away (mediumistic). I had many powers.

-My daughter, what you had were not powers. They were mediumistic resources. You had the ability to communicate with spirits, but this was not meant to oppress and kill. It's to do good. The resources were removed, so you don't make mistakes anymore. It will reach the point where you will need to come back here, to the flesh, and use your mediumship for good works, to heal, console, love. No more to hate. Do you want to do this for us? This is the request I make to you here, as a brother, as a friend. Do you agree?

Long silence. She hears, meditating. And then, she comments:

-I've lost faith in men.

-Daughter, you have contributed to this, haven't you? Don't you accept me as a human being, as a brother?

-I'll tell you something. I have met so many people who have not asked me to give potions now, but to "manage it". People remain the same. Within your own Doctrine (she means within certain circles that call themselves spiritist), I have met people who ask me to "make it work".

-Well, my daughter. It means that you also remain the same, don't you? You have also failed to free yourself from your deceptions. Who will "manage it" in your life if not yourself? By accepting your responsibilities, seeking to correct yourself. We are here extending a hand to you. We don't want your humiliation, nor that you...

-I'll tell you something. I have worked for some time. I was doing initiation here, in a place that you call... (She mentions nominally one of the satellite cities of Rio de Janeiro, which, for obvious reasons, cannot be identified here). I was doing an initiation there; in a group. But there I was a "Grandma", as they called me. And I have helped... I helped a lot of people to... With their loves.

-Yes, daughter. So help yourself. You have your loves too.

-But that wasn't good, what I did? People went! It does not matter. He is married. I don't want to know, I like him. So I ordered some clothes. There I made bad magnets. You don't know these things...

-I do. My dear, meanwhile, your Spirit is stopped, you are accumulating... (debts).

She interrupts to talk about her new job: Now I'm doing a much better work!

-You are not, my dear. You are doing the same thing, committing the same mistakes, deceiving the same people.

-But if people ask you for things... People are asking you!

-So, if they ask you to kill, you give the poison and say: "Look! It can kill!" Is this how we do it?

-Doesn't the Gospel say: "Ask and it will be given to you"?

-I see. Death, pain, suffering?

-I have never understood quite well this Gospel that tells you to do one thing, and when you do, it criticizes and says you're wrong. (She changes her voice, already on the brink of crying).

-Daughter, Christ didn't ask to kill.

-"Ask and it will be given to you"! (She screams) Then they come, ask and you don't give?

-Did he order you to kill, to distribute poison?

-I didn't kill anyone.

-Yes, my daughter. Let us take responsibility for our acts, please. That is not about accusing anyone; it's to show you must assume your responsibilities to rescue them. The law demands. You know that, my dear.

-How many people went there and I said it was a reunion of the past. It was another reincarnation. So, that explained why she might want that man, or that man want that woman. They always liked much the past. Knowing about the past to justify things.

-Did you really love Don Ramón, or it was just because he offered you power?

-I liked Don Ramón. I really liked him. He was good. He loved me. He loved my beauty, my dancing.

-But did he love you as a human being?

-He loved me, he loved what I was. He loved everything good I had. (By this time, she was already crying). And I was good. I just wanted to dance...

-Yes, daughter. I understand. There was no malice in your heart.

-Dancing the *Sevillanas*... So beautiful! Long live Seville!

She says, crying all the time.

-Listen! And didn't you find Don Ramón in the spiritual world?

-I didn't find Don Ramón because I got so much hate that when I took that cup... Suddenly... I didn't understand why I had died, but I had not died. And then, when I saw her, she was laughing in my face, saying "He is now my *novio*." So I ran at her throat and squeezed it, but I didn't manage to kill that woman because my hands went over her throat! (She continues crying). I tried to poison the other cup, but I couldn't hold things. I didn't understand, and I saw that body that was me, there on the floor... With my black mantilla, so pretty! And the rose in my hair... I was young and beautiful. And I never left her then. And she wasn't happy with D. Ramón, for I didn't leave her. I made her go crazy, crazy...

-And are you happy about that? Of course not.

-That was a long time ago. And it didn't assuage my sadness.

-So it is, and it will never subside, my dear. And that's not how you will reach D. Ramón. It is not through the ways of hate.

-She had a son by Don Ramón, who I drowned (She cries incessantly). It was the only thing that made me feel sorry afterwards. After this I left there, because he suffered so much! I have always loved D. Ramón! And I made him suffer because I had killed his son... That day I left his house. I left.

-And the child? Did you find it? Where is that child today? Do you know?

-I do not know. I was so mad, because if Don Ramón knew, he would hate me. I'm so unhappy! I have always been unhappy, alone... I have never had anybody else after that Seville. I have always felt sorry for that child I... I caused to drown.

-My daughter. I thank you from the bottom of my heart for your so thrilled confession. Your pain... We respect it with all our affection. But, please stop a little bit now. Let's think about all these sad things that happened so we can correct them.

-Will God one day let me have that boy as my son?

-Of course; of course He will. That's right. You can count on it, but it is necessary that you, in turn, give conditions for it to occur, isn't it true, my dear?

-But men are so mean... Everyone is so mean!

-Yes, my daughter, but the evil is in us, not in God. Are all the creatures bad? They are not. There are many good people. You recognize that Don Ramón was a good man.

-Don Ramón was good, he was very good.

-Probably, you will still have the opportunity to be his wife, and who knows? Have that child back, and also the other girl you sacrificed and reconcile all this in one family. Who knows? But it is necessary that you be ready for it.

It will not be easy. It won't be overnight, by a magic pass...

-I've been looking for Don Ramón all this time but I never find him.

-Of course, my dear. You're looking in the wrong ways; you are not looking where he is.

-But which is the right way? What is it?

-The path is that of love, not the one of hate. How can you approach him and say:

"I am here!"

-But I don't know where he is!

-I know, daughter. But, will you go to him and say, "I have killed your son"?

-He is no longer in Seville. There is no one else in Seville. Seville is so changed!

-I know, my dear. But he is an immortal spirit, like you. How long is it? Do you remember the century? What year was that? How old were you when you died?

-I was 18 years old. I was a child...

- When were you born?

- Me? (Break). I don't know...

- You do not know. But there's plenty of time, isn't there?

-Yes. I see number fifteen.

-Century? It doesn't matter. The truth is that it has been a long time ago, and all these centuries, this time, you continued to hate, continued to chase people, blaming them for your own mistakes. I don't mean they are all innocent. That girl also has her faults, but you have aggravated yours by trying to eliminate her life. We are immortal spirits. We answer for our mistakes. Please, now try to understand all this. Let these beautiful emotions of true love you bring in your spirit show you the way.

-I have a number in my head: one, five, eight, six.

-1586. That's right. Eighteen years old, therefore, you would be in 1604, already in the

beginning of the seventeenth century. So, it was more than three hundred years ago. Do you see how much time you have wasted hating? Now, my daughter, try to recover this time by loving. Really loving. A superior love...

-But I'm so alone! Everyone exploits me.

-I have nobody. I have lost them all... I have lost everyone; I'm alone! ...

-You are not alone; you are with us. Don't you know us for a long time?

-I'm not with you; I'm alone.

-You will be with us now. Do you want to be with us?

-I'd like to see my mother!

-What was your mother's name?

-Angelita.

“Angelita!” What a beautiful name! Who knows, maybe she’s been waiting for you all this time, trying to communicate with you? Was she a good mother?

-Yes, she was...

-Did she know how to pray? Did she take you to church when you were little? My darling, she continues to love you too. She’s probably waiting for you. Do you want to remain with us, then? You are not obliged to stay. You are free if you want to leave, but we would like you to stay, at least for a while.

-And what am I going to do with my life?

-Here’s what you’ll do: now you will rest, then we will talk. You’ll probably have a chance to be with your mother.

-Why this weird Doctrine that everyone talks about but no one takes it so seriously?

Why don’t they do it?

-Yes, my dear. Here, we do and try to help...

The little we can do, we do. And we offer you

our affection, our heart, and understanding of your pain. You won’t be disrespected here, nor hurt or mistreated. Have patience...

-I wish I had a garden to take care of my roses...

-You will have your garden and the opportunity to be with your mother. Let’s ask her to receive your spirit so you can have a little peace.

Then we’ll talk again. Is it ok? You forgive me, my dear, for the pains we had to bring to light in your spirit so you could open your heart a little and know that you keep loving. That you have love in your heart. For your mother, for that mate, for that child. But you will also have to learn to love the one you so harshly harmed. Isn’t it?

Accepting her as your sister too. It won't be difficult because you know how to love. You were still a child, and the shock was too great, the pain was too bitter, and it misguided you. But accept your responsibility. Do you agree?

-I'm feeling my heart a little warm. It has been long I haven't felt it. (The voluntary anesthesia of the heart in coldness, which is an escape).

-Go with our companions here. I appreciate your having trusted us.

-But won't they arrest me?

-Of course not. You are free to go whenever you want. What we propose now is that you have some rest.

-But now that everyone knows, won't they lock me up in a cell?

(This threat was probably used by her masters, to keep the poor girl under control in shadow tasks.)

-No, my daughter. You have been arrested in your conscience for more than three hundred years. Now, you must start working to rescue yourself from these pains. You trust us, don't you?

-I do.

-God bless you. Stay with us, then. Go with these friends.

-“They” will say I have failed. But I was so tired...

-I know. Today you had a gesture of courage, of willingness to fight. I know you are a valiant spirit, a sensitive and intelligent woman. You will understand all this very well, and you will accept the new situation.

-I wasn't so angry with her anymore, no. Because after she stayed...

...That she took that book, prayed and asked forgiveness from anyone she had offended... Every day, every day... I no longer had that urge to... I had already regretted what I did to her leg... Will you help me? You seem such a good Dad!

-My dear, you are a child who has made some mistakes. Now, let's start redoing it all. We will help you. You will not lack affection, and the understanding of spirits much better than me.

-You, forgive me. Tell them to forgive me. I said so much nonsense.

-We forgive, my dear. Don't worry about that. Now go in peace, and let's ask our dear Angelita to meet you at the spiritual world.

She corrects the pronunciation, repeating her mother's name with perfect Castilian intonation:

-Angelita...

-God bless you! Go!

THE WINE

We see, in this series, that the disembodied brothers brought to the mediumship group always fall into one of the five or six usual categories, although retaining a determinate personal color. That of this narrative is of the authoritarian genre. Aggressive, used to commanding rather than obeying.

He adds that he was very irritated with the group's interference in his team, for, in his opinion, we were 'coaching' their workers. In fact, some of his more direct assistants had already been with us and decided not to return to the community where they served the hidden purposes of the principals.

He came, therefore, not "to answer questions, but to ask them."

He complains about our "annoying prayers", because along the whole week, we kept "connected" to them by the vibrations of prayer and fraternal love.

At his authoritative opinion, because he was also (he said) a magnetizer and knew the secrets of the mind, such prayers were "dangerous hypnotic inductions", which, unfortunately, influenced his helpers due to frailty of their minds.

You know very well," he said, "that we have to work with weaker minds, otherwise they don't obey.

Should the indoctrinator try, however, to magnetize him, to see if he could! Never!

Then he had his defenses, and knew the tricks and technique employed.

From that harsher tone, he later changed to a more calmed down, proposing a kind of non-interference pact. He thought the field of work was wide enough for everyone: we would go on with our

activities, naturally modified, in order not to create them difficulties, and they would go on with theirs.

Although it is not wise for us to enter here in his permeated philosophy of work, we can say that he was also one of those who rather go directly to God, without the Piety of "subsidiary" doctrines like the one of Christ, for example.

If we could reach "divine science" itself, why wasting time on shortcuts? Moreover, the Spirit that he maliciously insisted on labeling, with obvious impropriety, of "Kardecism" ~ had the grave defect of arising guilt complexes, which only served to hinder the march evolution from the being to God. The error would be a mere instrument of learning.

"I have made a mistake, yes — the man would say — but I keep going on."

He understood that the Spiritist, trapped by the notion of karma, stood still, rescuing his pretense blame.

On the other hand, it was not necessary for the spirits to come to the sessions of disobsession to be indoctrinated.

It was also a backwardness, an already overcome technique, which should be promptly abandoned.

He spoke for a long time, admitting, with difficulty, here and there, the interference and the patient indoctrinator's contestation.

He was a little calmer, but still very aware of his authority, importance, intellectual level and he was very self-assured.

He returned to the participation offers.

We would make a plan of mutual assistance and cooperation, satisfactory to both groups, for, he insisted, there was room for everyone. "They" were messengers of divine truth and naturally accepted what, in the context of the doctrine of Jesus, was in accordance with what he called "divine science".

When we asked him what was not according to divine science within the evangelical teachings, he did not know how to respond with the same vivacity and brightness.

From this point, and after the usual prayer, he began to feel the magnetic induction.

His reaction is prompt and energetic, as he knows that if he gives in even a little bit, he would no longer know what awaited him.

- Stop it! I'm not a child! Would you please act like a man does? I don't want you to treat me like that! It is disrespectful. I'm a person of position. (By this time, he is already giving in). What a weird taste in my mouth! What did you put in my mouth? What a strange taste!... What are you trying to prove with this? That you are strong? A good magnetizer? This I already know... Your viscous fluids... This taste in my mouth... What does it taste? It's weird... A bad taste. Kind of sweet. It's making me sick. It's something liquid...

But that taste should be in another cup, not mine! It is in another cup that this strange, sweet taste is.

-Oh! Yes. It was an exchange of glasses, then, wasn't it?

-I don't know... I don't know what you're talking about!

-I am just supposing. So, there was a cup prepared for someone, wasn't it? Is it true? And you ended up taking it, didn't you?

-That I ended up nothing, boy! Nothing happened. You already want to induce me things. You won't command my mind, no.

Not really!

-Who is with you? It must be one of your relatives: your mother, your sister...

-What a strange taste! Go on!. Aren't you leading me on? Do you want to see the rest? You remain there, inducing me, making me create mental pictures when I have nothing here, in front of me.

Nobody. What are you trying to do? Mystifying? Is it? You are trying to create a frame there and want me to say things?

- My brother! You know. I cannot create anything for you. What is in your spirit, I can't change it, my dear friend.

- There's nothing in my spirit. It is just this taste in my mouth.

- There's a scene, too. Is it a room?

- What scene!... Stop it! What a pain here in the neck... What's that? Take it away.

Get that chain out of here. It is bothering me. Can't you pull that chain? This chain here that I'm talking about. What chain is that? It must be that chain that's tightening around my neck.

- Are you alone there? Where is it? Is it in your palace, in your residence?

- What palace! Oh, my neck... Oh, it's suffocating me...

There! Oh! yes, it's that collar... this collar... of this mantle. It is very in up. Well, I've asked them doing this with the collar a little lower, but they do that with this pipe coming up here. The heat is bothering me.

The indoctrinator talks to him patiently, trying to encourage him to tell the story; when he tells him that he is his friend, he replies:

- What friend! Nothing! I don't have friends here. I have nothing to show nor to speak here. You are mistaken. What poison! It's a liquor...

Whoever takes this will sleep peacefully.

Of course, I didn't take it...

- And why the taste, then?

- I don't know. I didn't take it. A glass.

It's a friend who will get there. He will arrive by that door over there. He'll go in there. That is a small room where I receive people. He will come in there. And we will have some good wine to celebrate. But he

doesn't know. "That place" has to be mine. No one will occupy it. He simply has to be removed. (Long pause full of hesitations). And... so... The bastard changed the cup without my noticing! (Then he screams with indignation) And now he's laughing in my face! Can't you hear his laugh? As I squirm here, he laughs! Look how he laughs! Damn! See how he laughs? Do you see him laughing? I, am over there, I am dying. He doesn't know things will not be left as they stand! I will chase him. I've been chasing him my whole life. And now I know where he is. But,

for a little different revenge, I'm letting him go up, I am making him climb, go up, go up...

He wants to go up... He wants to be important! When he is there on the top... I'm not the one who's going to knock him down, no, my friend. No. It will be you here, those of you who are around him. They'll say he's crazy. He will fall, fall...throne?

-Yes, but didn't you want to eliminate him?

-I had good reasons.

-I know. What are these just reasons? Did you want the throne?

-"That place" was supposed to be mine.

-Where was that throne?

-Where else? Where were there so many thrones?

When the indoctrinator says the keyword, he shudders:

-In the Vatican? Then, would you like to be the successor of our Pedro? Ruling in the name of Jesus? Couldn't you do that this time? Do you think that brother is the one to blame?

-He's cursed. Damn, him!

-And could you manage it the other time?

-What don't you do? I wanted to get it that time!

-And do you think you were prepared to be Jesus' representative on Earth?

Sure... sure...

-But eliminating a mate through poison?

-Of course! Everything was possible. Didn't he eliminate me with poison? And so he had eliminated others; as I had already killed others. The poison was the great secret.

-Yes... Fighting for a soul's shepherd position...

-You, with the poison, solved all the problems.

-Did it solve it? Why didn't it solve yours, my brother? Later.

-It also solved mine because I got my revenge.

-It all in the name of Jesus?

-All in the name of I don't know what...

-Is it so we should dispute the positions we have to occupy?

-Yes, my friend... You know too little of men to speak like this. You would also use the poison if you had been there that time. If you were given occasion and reasons, you would use the poison. The power... Power was everything. Only the mighty had a place in the sun!

-Doesn't conscience matter?

-No. Conscience is bought. Conscience... You confess, you...

-Who forgives?

-Yourself.

-So there's no need to go towards God...

-God is in us; we are in God...

-So, you have the power to forgive yourself?

-Forgiveness is the absence of guilt. I couldn't feel guilty about someone who murdered me. His guilt neutralized mine.

-Then, you owe nothing before Our Father's laws?

-No. On the contrary: he owes me. He took my life. Only God can take life.

-I know. You, then, were God to want to take his life?

-What's that? You are distorting things.

-My brother, you took the divine position and decided to take his life from him. Then he switched the glasses...

-That's a rotten man's den over there... All who are there. Search their sheets. None of them is better than me. Everyone has crimes in their consciences... And yet, they are there.

-Listen, but then, so do you. And you don't need divine mercy too?

-God has already forgiven me because God does not condemn. I have no feelings of guilt. I don't.

-Do you think then that you didn't make a mistake?

-But how? If I was the victim... He killed me and still laughed; while I wriggled there, he laughed.

-Inside the Church, supposedly of Christ?

-Inside the Church, in a private room I had.

-Were you a Cardinal?

-I was the rightful one.

-Let us now go back to look for other reasons for this. I wish you to discover it in your depths — because it is kept inside — why you have abandoned the doctrine of Jesus. Why don't you accept it? That is an isolated episode that does not clarify your position.

-I have nothing against Jesus.

The indoctrinator insists with some energy on regression, on the desire to go to the roots of the problem; otherwise the companion would leave without even be duly convinced of the imperative need to reformulate his false positions.

In a few moments, he falls back into the context of another incarnation and begins the report:

I make wines. Of the best... (The wine again...) All haughty people come to drink at my house, because I have the best wine. I am a rich man. And I have Raquel, who is beautiful. She is my dream. She is the light of this House.

-Is she your daughter?

-Yes. And she is betrothed to a nobleman. I will make the best wines...

-And what happened to Rachel?

-Raquel? She went crazy!

It was an old man, who drove her crazy and promised to a richer noble. It would give power to my house.

-And did she follow Christ?

-Christ? She followed the madness! She dropped everything, buttoned up a sandal, gave all of hers and went to live among the filthy rich, caring for lepers and sick. I don't have a daughter anymore! I never had a daughter...

-And you never saw Rachel again?

-Raquel? Who is Rachel? Rachel was a dream! I lost everything. Her fiancé did not forgive me. He razed my house. It all for one nightmare, a madness! It's all running... running... (He gets extremely distressed and complains of a desperate dizziness). And then... This old, tired out... Raquel... Crazy!

(Then in a louder voice again)

I need to heal Rachel! I sent her some wine; one that would heal her forever, forever...

(Cries of despair, impotence, anguish. The indoctrinator redoubles his attention to him, treating him with emotional tenderness. The dam of his afflictions is at last untied in turmoil.)

I have to heal her! My daughter! She was my dream, my joy! She is sick. She's a crazy! I sent the wine that was going to cure her...

-And her fiancé, you found him later, didn't you?

-Yes...

-And Rachel? Have you never seen her again? Let's review these lives that followed this one.

-Have you ever had a beautiful daughter?

-I can imagine, my brother. And pure. Dedicated to the service of others.

What is wrong with her loving Christ and seeking to follow his doctrine,

healing the sick, abandoning riches?

-It's crazy! Every harvest season, I made her queen of the vineyard. I crowned her with grapes, and she wore a beautiful dress.

It was all white, and with a crown of grapes.

What a divine madness!

-But, after she went crazy, as you say...

-I cured her. I set her free. I sent her some wine.

-Then you killed her... She drank...

-No. I freed her from madness.

- Don't run away from words, my son. You killed her. But the Spirit survives. You know that. Didn't you find her later, in the spiritual world?

- Rachel? Rachel is an angel.

- What if she came here?

- Rachel is an angel. She is in Abraham's bosom. She can't come down here.

- She did not abandon you or stop loving you, just as you did not stop loving her. Would you like to see her?

- Rachel? Who is Rachel? Everything is so far away; everything is running away! I'm far away... far away... the bridge... the bridge. I'm there, so far away...

I can't get through! The bridge... I can't!

The indoctrinator gives him a last word of consolation, encouragement and hope.

Then he is taken away.

There it is. In all its fantastic precision, the mechanism of the divine laws and the disastrous results we reap when we try to cheat them.

The old wine merchant "freed" his beloved Rachel from the "madness" of having opted for Christ. Centuries and centuries later, in high positions within the ecclesiastical hierarchy, supposedly at the service of Jesus, he planned to eliminate a rival, a competitor, who threatened to snatch the so-called "Throne of St. Peter" from him.

The other one, Machiavellian, maneuvers the cups, and the one who dies, under the rival's laughter, is Rachel's father. Again, the poison in the wine and, far, far, far away, behind all those horrors, the serene image of Jesus.

The crime in the small intimate chamber brought about centuries of mutual persecution.

Was it the prelate who nimbly exchanged the glasses, the same fiancé who ruined him because of Rachel's loss? We have the impression that he confirmed this, but we cannot be sure.

However, it is clear that the Spirit had found his former rival once more in the flesh.

He was carrying out a patient work of revenge by helping promote him in order to set him very high and then watch him fall spectacularly. And so, the vicious circle of follies would continue to open up into the future..

SEARCHING FOR LYDIA

Here is another dynamic and intelligent fellow, entirely devoted to the inglorious task of fighting unrelentingly the doctrine of Jesus and neutralizing, deviating, or conquering, with a refined technique of involvement against incarnate workers acting in the spiritist field.

Excellent debater, owner of great experience in dealing with men and philosophical and theological knowledge, he debated at length with the indoctrinator about his ideas, seeking first his adherence, then his neutrality, and finally, declaring him open hostility; with the usual crop of threats. This first part of the dialogue is ignored here for obvious reasons of natural reserve. It was necessary, though, to search his profound reasons for the antagonism to Christ.

In the process of regression using magnetism, it was difficult to reach the best induction condition, for he was also familiar with the techniques employed and previously warned about the conscious resistance that he had to oppose. Thus, it demanded a prolonged effort from our Spiritual Benefactors and the magnetizer.

Nevertheless, when he reached the first stage of the regressive process, he fell back into a more recent existence - we suppose that it was in the 19th century - in France, where he lived a painful family episode, but that did not seem to be - as it was not - the cause of his problem with Jesus.

As a matter of fact, this occurrence was another stumbling block on his journey back to the past, which he had to travel to get to the roots of his greatest maladjustment. We let him narrate the fact and proceeded with the regression.

Again he dwells on a more or less relevant episode, in a life in Naples, Italy, where he seems to have occupied a position of some relevance

in the Church, fascinated by the riches of a powerful religious-political organization.

Nonetheless, the most painful and dense core of his madness, was still not there.

The regression continued until we got there...

Let's look first at the tragedy experienced by this poor tormented brother, in Lisieux, France, in the 19th century. The dialog is reproduced from the point at which some names start coming into his consciousness. He still tries to react, and finally, he gives in to the inexorable course of the memories, however painful they may be.

- It's no use. It's no use putting names in my mind. Names mean nothing.

- What are these names?

- It's no use. You're ridiculous. (And after a pause:) Lisieux...

- What are you doing there?

- I'm looking for Annette. She's my daughter. Annette...

- What happened to her? Why are you looking for her? How old is she?

- Fifteen.

As always, the first moments of the regression are difficult. The Spirit is still reluctant; it hesitates and resists. It tries to flee from the memories, answering that it doesn't know or remember.

The indoctrinator must be patient, tactfully insisting in finding new answers to critical questions.

Little by little, though, the story begins to unfold.

- What happened to Annette? Why did she leave you? Did she go to a convent?

- Yes.

- Why? You didn't want her to go, did you?

- No.

- Why not? Are you not catholic?

- No. I don't believe in priests; I don't believe in anything. I only believe in money. Money can buy...

- What season are you in? What year?

- I don't know.

- How can you not know? If you say she's fifteen... When was she born? So you don't know when your daughter was born?

- Annette needs to get married. I've found her a husband. Some rich one. I must save my honor. I need to replenish some money.

- What did you do then that this money is missing? Did you take it from someone?

- I did. I need her to get married. Otherwise, there will be shame and dishonor, and I will lose my goods.

The indoctrinator takes him a little further ahead, in time, in order to verify what happened.

The Spirit begins to tell the story easier:

- I sought out Annette. She cannot make decisions alone. She is a minor. I forced her to marry.

(The confession is, of course, pretty painful and comes out slowly, with difficulty. Little by little, with enormous hardship.)

She was beautiful! She didn't want it because she loved another creature. A poor man! I don't want to see this! Do you see how beautiful she is? There's a lace on her wedding dress that I ordered from Paris. She has a crown that the groom gave her to put on her head and hold her hair up.

Beautiful! Beautiful! And I lead her, proud, but who could have predicted?

It was a girl. She hid a dagger, and when everyone was happy and when they were going to celebrate (the wedding ritual), she buried it deep in her chest. How beautiful she was!

- And you felt her death very much, didn't you? And you saw that the money was no longer important.

- I felt like the murderer.

- And how did this existence end for you? A few years later?

- I... It was all useless. I went to my superior and confessed my crime. I confessed my disgrace, and he forgave me all my debt. I went home, covered with remorse. Everywhere I saw her. Sometimes I saw her beautiful, all white. I saw her beautiful, with her white stained with red. I couldn't stand it. I rebelled against everything and killed myself.

- Look, my son. I perfectly understand this drama; so painful...

- If it is true that there was a God, a Jesus, He could not have allowed such a tragedy. Where was He who did not hold her hand at that moment?

Where was He?

- Listen to something.

Pay attention; all attention. Let's go further back now. Into the past to find the reasons for your religious problem. Why this fight against God and Christ?

The indoctrinator meekly insists on the induction, patiently leading him to his forgotten memories.

At a certain point, he has a startle. We stopped there.

- Where are you at the moment?

- Where am I? Where am I?

By force of magnetism, he finds himself outside of time. In search of himself and his temporal and geographical location. Finally, he says

- Napoli...

He is a prelate. The instructor feels that the real nucleus is not yet there, but it is convenient to let him speak, to know the reasons why he stopped at that "point."

- I see some gold - he says. All this gold fascinates me. These churches are full of gold... And the faithful bring me... It's all confusing... confusing...

- Yes, my dear man. Forgive me, but that is not yet the problem you face. "It's further back." Let's get it, please.

The regression in time continues, as he complains that he is confused.

A long pause follows. He groans and seems hesitant to plunge into the depths of his intimate drama.

- Get me out of here! - he says. Get me out of this mess. I can't think. You're putting terrible pressure on my mind. My mind has been prepared to resist.

The indoctrinator treats him with gentle firmness. Encouraging him to go ahead while he insists that he has no problems. At last, the story begins to emerge:

- Where is Lydia? he asks. Lydia!

- Why are you looking for Lydia?

- She is my wife.

- Yes, but what happened to her?

- She's sick.

- Did she go out?

- They went to take her somewhere. (And in an energetic voice:) But I didn't allow it! How could she leave without my permission? Why? They are all dirty pigs. Mystics. If she went to the Synagogue to be purified, she would also have cured herself. She had to purify herself.

- I understand. So Christ healed your Lydia...

- Yes, she was impure. Do you know what an impure woman is?

(Hemorrhage) Months and months impure. Nothing could cure her, but she did not want to go to the temple to purify herself. She should have gone.

- Yes, my dear. I get it. But how did Lydia get cured?

- She went there. I don't know where, with an unknown charlatan.

- I see. And what happened?

- Well, well. He cured her.

- And how was the healing?

- She said He looked at her. How was this healing? I don't know.

- How did He do it? Did He touch her?

- I don't know. I didn't want to know.

- What is certain is that she was healed. Did she touch His garments?

- She was healed. It's possible. She is so mystical. She was cured of one evil but was stricken with another. She was cured of a physical ailment, but was seized by madness. Her spirit was taken, imprisoned. He imprisoned her spirit.

- What did you do?

- I went to the temple, and spoke about it. Then, they said she should sacrifice four doves, cover herself for seven days and pronounce her vows in this temple. She did not want it. Then they told me... Do you know how you take away a demon? With a whip. I did it. I can still see the welts on her body...

- And did you cast out those demons?

- No. I beat her. She and my daughter were all I had. But I was not cruel to her; I wanted to free her from the spell of that crazed Nazarene, who had taken possession of her spirit. It was Him who had imprisoned her spirit. But, it didn't stay there. I beat her to drive out the demon, and she didn't even cry out a single scream. And our daughter saw me, knelt, and asked through all the prophets of the Law that I forgive her mother. I loved them very much!

- You didn't love them; you still love them. They have not ceased to exist.

- But I made a terrible mistake, because I forgave her. I didn't cast out the demons. I did not expel the demons. I didn't finish it.

(That is, answering the daughter's appeal; he did not finish the expulsion of the "demons" which, in his view, was a terrible mistake.)

- And do you know what happened? She went away with them; with those people. One day, when I returned home, I found everything empty. No wife, no daughter, no home. And they took nothing with them! Only the clothes of the body. They left the dresses, the jewelry, and the sandals. I went back to the temple and spoke to the priests, and they put out scouts (he cries), but we didn't find them. And that terrible day came, when everything suddenly went dark (the crucifixion). I didn't understand anything.

- And did you understand later the greatness of that Spirit who was there beside you?

- He stole my daughter. He drove my wife mad. The King of Israel would not die on an ignominious cross, crowned with thorns. The King of Israel would not dismantle my home.

- He did not come to dispute thrones. And He didn't do it. Why didn't you go with them, then?

- I owe allegiance to the Law (of Moses).

- And what happened to Lydia afterwards, in the spiritual world, where you all gathered after life in the flesh was over? Did you see her again?

- Lydia? I saw her once, very far away. She was beautiful! And I asked if she had recovered her spirit, cast out the demons. She answered that the demons had stayed at home: they were the evil, ignorance, jewelry, dresses...

- That's right, my dear. So many centuries of suffering, far away from those whom you loved, for a matter of vanity? Pride? Or, as she said, of ignorance?

- I called her to come back to me. She told me that I had to get up first. (And in a loud and forceful voice:) And I stood up. And it did no good...

- But she didn't mean to stand up in positions among men. She said you should stand up spiritually. She didn't ask you to conquer thrones.

- If she loved me, she would not have gone to "Him."

- She didn't stop loving you because she also loved Him. Is that why you hate Him?

- He stole so many women, destroyed so many homes! He made so many people love him. What did He have?

- He didn't; He still does today.

- What did He have, that He could snatch away like that?

- Good. Let's stop here, then. Now you must understand that it is time to stop suffering these illusions, the estrangement from those who love you and are waiting for you.

Abandon these ideas that He has stolen, betrayed, or torn your home apart. Think that He drew to Him, Spirits who were ready to receive His message while you were not, and you continue to refuse His message of love.

- I fought against them all. I joined the Temple army, which pursued them, and helped them do it; I saw many people stoned in the public square.

- And did it satisfy your pride, your vanity? Did it ease your pain? On the contrary, it drove you further and further away from those beings whom you seek even today.

- Now that you tell me this, sometimes, when I whipped one of them, it seemed I was whipping Lydia. And I still don't have her. It's all so useless, in a life like this...

- Would you like to meet her again?

- Lydia is an angel! She was dressed in a shiny dress! And crowned with a strange light...

- And you? What do you intend to do now?

- Now? Now... I don't know. You took me away... You did it like a farmer who prunes a tree. You took away all the branches, the fruit, cut me all down, left me a bare, empty trunk.

- Yes, my dear. Pruning is necessary, so that the tree can produce new leaves and fruits. The ones you bore were bitter of disappointments, afflictions, illusions. Now it is a new life, a new experience, new starting point for you. Stay with us. Come with our companions.

- And all that I have done until today? My work...

- Your work has been inglorious; of lies, hatreds. That is not how you'll get to Lydia, my dear. Not that way. It is not the way to God either. Not how we will find Christ again.

- I never managed to strike Him. Now I recognize that. Strange, isn't it?

I feel like I've been punching the air!

- But He has nothing against you. All these centuries, He has been waiting for you. Allow us now, at this moment...

- Who was this strange Christ who attracted everyone? Who still attracts everyone?

- You too. He attracts you. You also go with...

- It is a force, like a center of gravity, which attracts everything to itself.

- You too. Don't fear Him. He loves you as much as He loves me, as He loves all of us, as Lydia; but you have to make an effort to understand Him...

- I am afraid to burn in His heavenly fire.

- That will not happen. Be patient, be brave. There will be your Lydia and your daughter, too, so that you can start again on a new basis, understanding better your own spirit, forgiving your own disillusion. Right? Do you agree? Do you want to do the experiment?

- I am afraid. Some nights I have nightmares. I see a whip stuck to my hand. I do everything to loosen it, and I can't.

- It is your conscience that calls for repair.

- Sometimes, my own arm turns into a whip. And it is strange...

- What do I do with this immense emptiness? I see no road ahead of me. What have I done? What have I done, my God? Where am I, God? Where am I going to?

Where? Who will receive me? Which door will I knock on? I don't have a friend. Where will I knock? (He cries).

- Listen to me. You have friends. Those same fellows whom you didn't understand then, are here now to receive you. You have the door of Christ, the door of love. Come with us. Trust us. Be patient.

This moment is difficult, but later you will comprehend it all.

- I am a beggar. Homeless, without a house, friends... It seems that I suddenly woke up from a nightmare where I have lost everything. I have nothing left.

- This is not true. You have the friends you didn't understand at that time. You have Christ. You have your Lydia. Isn't it true?

- Yes, but haven't I drawn divine wrath against myself?

- No. God is a God of forgiveness. You must also forgive your own faults to transform this repentance into a constructive force, so as not to remain paralyzed for more than eighteen or nineteen centuries. Isn't that right?

- I felt so clean, and yet look how I am! Look how I am: these dark scabs, these scales on my body... I am impure, I am unclean! Who will take the devil from me?

- There is no devil, my dear. The devil is our own anguish, mistakes...

Do you accept me as a friend? At least until
until you reach your other friends? Do you trust me?

- Yes, I need someone to help me. I am stunned, confused, alone...

- Not alone. You are not lonely. We are here with you. You will find other companions, and certainly our Lydia will also come to see you.

Oh my God! Help me...

Here we have the painful tragedy of a misunderstanding that gets worse, complicates, spreads, and stuns the spirit for the long space of almost two thousand years.

Very attached to the structures of Moses' Law, our dear fellow could not overcome his prejudices, if not to accept or follow the Christ, at least to tolerate that his wife, whom Jesus healed, loved Him and showed Him her gratitude by serving His cause. This is the first misunderstanding, which would be followed by many others. He thought that Jesus changed one disease for another, healing her from a physical ailment to make her mentally ill.

It was, in his opinion, a case of possession, and the method to expel the supposed demons was cruel beating, all according to the instructions issued by the priests of the time.

Though, he was moved by his daughter's appeal, which he considered a terrible mistake, once, by interrupting the barbaric ritual of flogging, he thought that the demons remained in her and ended up dragging her and her daughter into the community of those who were considered the outcasts of the time: the Christians!

He concluded, then, that Christ had stolen the two loved ones he loved most and, thus, had broken his home. From then on, all his forces were placed at the service of hatred and vengeance, in which he tried vainly, through the following centuries, to reach that Nazarene whom he did not understand.

What did Christ have that made everyone love Him? When Lydia, in spirit, told him that their reunion would only be possible when he rose from the abyss of resentment, he understood, wrongly again, that she required him to become great. So, he went out in search of greatness in human terms; the foolish, ephemeral magnitude, which abundant money and positions of prominence provide. The temptation of power has tormented him ever since the gold of the Church, within which he began to work, or by using other people's money, as in Lisieux, France, where he sacrificed his fifteen-year-old daughter and ended up cutting the thread of his existence.

Back in the spiritual world, he returned, more tormented than ever and still farther from his true loves, to the nefarious task of fighting against Christ, the doctrine of Jesus, and His followers. Perhaps he dreamed madly of being as great as Jesus, so that his Lydia would accept him again.

One sees, then, in this storm of unleashed passions, the luminous thread of a love that persists and resists even the most terrible despair.

Until one day, he awakens from a nightmare that has lasted millennia. He feels impure, beaten, abandoned, lost, confused, and dazed.

It is the moment of truth.

It is the moment we stop, contemplate the past, reorganize our thoughts and extend our gaze over the horizon; to where it is possible to scrutinize the time to come with the eyes of hope.

He can't see much yet, but his heart begins to realize that the future is Lydia, is Christ, God, peace...

6

THE BAPTISM

In this case, it is one of those fierce, aggressive spirits.

He talks loud, trying to prevent the indoctrinator from having an opportunity to say something. On the other hand, speaking continuously, he keeps himself in a state of escape, of alienation; he keeps revolving around his ideas and the tasks he tries to accomplish in the shadow of a powerful spiritual organization. Unfortunately for him, our mediumistic group entered his way and gradually took away some

outstanding workers. He states bluntly and with rude frankness that in his country (Spain), such matters were resolved with torture and burning.

He complains about our constant prayers that create certain protections around us. Why so much prayer?

Lack of trust "in the authorities", he says. Ridiculous! Besides, we are never alone: some spiritual companions accompany us; he calls them "babysitters", taking care of us.

In addition, our group uses the Gospel, in his opinion, to create guilt feelings, humiliate, and imprison people in the past already forgotten and overcome. If, for instance, we had met Paul of Tarsus, we would have paralyzed the great fighter, making him stuck on his failures. The same would have occurred to Magdalene, whose past, according to him, was not very recommendable. We would, thus, have blocked these two excellent workers if we had aroused in them a feeling of guilt for the past.

The Spirit alludes, of course, to the technique of memory regression that we use to place them in a realistic context and give them the jolt

that awakens them from the torpor in which they live, committing senseless acts.

After much debating and contesting, with his characteristic vehemence, the indoctrinator's arguments, he begins to feel the effects of the magnetization, which causes him inexplicable discomfort.

Therefore, he repeatedly asks for the presence of a doctor.

We take the dialog at this point.

- A doctor... I need a doctor. Did you go to get a doctor? My mind... I'm numb... What is this? Don't do that. I'm afraid. My mind... Look how horrible! What did you do? Hypnosis... My head... I can't do it. I'm confused. I'm confused. Please! Where is my mind?

Finally, he calms down a bit as the indoctrinator speaks to him. He still complains that two companions have already been gone, and then he cannot leave "the front line." He has his work "there." A very relevant one.

He starts to become incoherent, disconnected from time, space, and consciousness of himself. The indoctrinator tries to take him to the past.

- Spain? What is Spain? The past? What is the past? I don't know that language.

At last, the story begins to emerge, still fragmented, pulled out, little by little, almost word by word.

- Algarves, he says. What's that? Algarves...

- What happened at Algarves? What is your name?

- Alfonso. (They rarely say their names) Dom Alfonso. Prelate.

(Long pause and then:) I don't know... The words ... I can't find ...

He still has initial difficulty articulating his thoughts

to convert it into words through the medium.

The instructor stimulates him and gives him some explanations.

- It rains. It rains a lot. I can't find words... Chapel... Alone. It rains.

-What are you doing?

-Liturgy. Preparing altar, baptism. It's raining...

-Whose baptism? Who is the child?

- Child...

- Is it a boy or a girl?

- I don't know...

- Don't you know? You are going to baptize it, and you don't know?

- It's raining a lot... I don't know... someone kneeling, crying. A woman...

- Do you know her?

- I don't know. It's Aleta. Confusing...

- Why is she crying?

- The baptism... She doesn't want to. Sacrilege...

- Why? Is the child not legitimate?

- Sacrilege.

- My dear, all children are legitimate before the Father. Whose child is this?

- Aleta's.

- Yes, but what about the father? Who is he? Do you know him? Is the child dead?

- Linda... Aleta. Purple. Passion. Church, chapel, purple...

- I got it. You had something to do with this child, didn't you? Is it your son?~

Aleta. He's a boy. In the water...

- Did she give him the poison?

- No. The baptism...

It is pretty hard to put in words all this terrible drama of conscience that he barely manages to schematize, overcoming secular

resistance. As you can see, he was a priest, seduced a young girl named Aleta, and killed the boy with the previously poisoned baptismal water.

- That's right, my dear. Do not despair. This situation is not pleasant to remember. It is always painful to admit our faults, but this does not force us to remain trapped in the world of pain.

We can retrace our steps.

- Aleta... Perjure. Danger. Aleta is a danger. Threat.

- Is she a threat to you?

- Yes. She threatens. Perjurer. Enemy of the Church. Christ... Sacrifice...

Honor of the Christ. Álvaro... Brother Aleta... Don Álvaro... Avenge Aleta.

- And what did Don Alvaro do? He answers softly:

- Enemy of the Church! Don Alvaro. "Don Álvaro is an enemy of the Iglesia..." Don Alvaro, enemy of Christ... I, Don Alfonso, prelate "de la Iglesia. Veinte años..." Don Alvaro. Aleta, "dieciocho", Threat to the the Church. It's raining.

When the indoctrinator tries to bring him back to the present moment, he says:

- It's raining. It's raining. I can't go out. Don Alfonso. ... (The rain on the night he prepared the crime seems a fixation point, of anchorage for his tormented spirit in that regrettable past).

- Don Alfonso D'Agueda. Let's go. Where?
- Time passes. The life of Don Alfonso also ends.
- Don Alfonso... Don Alvaro... Aleta... "El niño. ... Varón..."
- Come now. Wake up!
- Awake? Wake up? Sleepy... Wake up... Wake up... Dizzy head. .

As we can see, not only did he murder his son when he baptized him, but he also eliminated, by the then "legal" processes of Inquisition, the two living witnesses of his crazy gesture: Aleta, the child's mother, and Don Alvaro, her brother.

His first words after awakening from his regression were:

- My work! My work of divulgation!
- And where are Aleta and Don Alvaro?
- Dead.

But he seems to fall back into tragic memories, floating between the present and past.

- Aleta... "El nino... Bello nino!" My work...

Only a few moments later does he regain consciousness of the present moment. He sighs and says again in a firm and coherent voice:

- This is a fantasy! It can only be a fantasy... Something you invented. You made it up! It's the trick of the Gospel. It's what I said. You think you will tie me to guilt, don't you? (With still some accent). You won't. It has been over for so long. They must have had other lives, and they are happy somewhere.

- And you are happy?
- I am happy in my place. They are happy somewhere in space.

Anything, you know? They're there... What do you think you're getting at?

(Then, in a normal tone, as if seeking the opinion of the indoctrinator:)

I did not have the right, did I?

- I don't know, my dear. I'm not accusing you of anything.

- I had no right, that's right... (Shouts again). But you also had no right to mess with it!

- No, my dear man. It's your conscience that speaks. Not me. Listen to it.

- I had no right.

- What do you think? It's up to you. Not me.

- I had no right. I killed the three. No! No! I didn't kill all three: only one! "El niño..." The others, it was the Court, not me. I have nothing to do with it. Don't make me feel guilty!

- Nobody is making you feel guilty, my dear.

- I have nothing to do with it. I have the work of the Christ that I need to ... need to... (He seems to hesitate in his conclusion now that he confronts what he says with what he did). Christ said: "Don't kill! Do not bear false witness. Do not desire your neighbor's wife. Do not kill! Thou shalt not kill!"

(He quotes passages from the Decalogue, but one cannot say he does it wrongly, for Jesus declared several times that he did not come to destroy the law but to enforce it).

The indoctrinator takes advantage of the pause that follows to quote the thoughts of Jesus:

- "You shall love your neighbor as yourself."

"My disciples shall be known by loving very much one another."

"Love one another..."

And he goes on, already in tears: "Whatever you do to any of these little ones..."

- I ask you, my dear, that this pain you have been carrying for so long does not paralyze you in the tasks of disillusionment, lies, and insistence in error.

- Aleta, where is she?

- You don't need to stay there, where you are. There, you will never find your peace, your happiness.

The paths of spiritual realization sometimes have to pass through pain. They forgive you, but you have to stand before Christ with...

- As a murderer? - he shouts. "Cain, where is your brother?"

- Yes, but also as a person who wants to be regenerated, seeks forgiveness, and asks for a new chance.

Today you have got here an opportunity that He gives you. Not me. I have no power to do this, nor am I better than you, but you can be regenerated.

- I am a Cain. Cain doesn't have a chance.

- How could he not? Judas had a chance. You quoted him at the beginning of our conversation. Didn't he redeem himself? How can you not? Why can't you?

Trust in Christ. Allow us to help you. Come with us. Rest, meditate, and wait for your opportunity.

- The ruse...the ruse...that you always use. It got me.

- Forgive me, brother. It was not to hurt nor to

humiliate you. It was to help you. Your conscience got you. Not me. It is

your conscience that calls you to duty, to reality. Why would you lie to yourself?

- You got me... you got me!

- Stay with us, then. We accept you as you are, my brother because we are also imperfect. We also have faults to redeem, but let's not make our pains an instrument of the lie.

- I cannot rescue, I cannot go back... to the past. It's already past.

- We must walk toward the future and should not get stuck in the past. What have you accomplished in all these centuries? What did you do?

- What have I done? I have killed... burned... tortured...

That is what I did! I hated, betrayed, persecuted...

- Now, you are in a different frame of mind. You want to accomplish new tasks.

- Where, how, and when?

- Start today, now. Don't wait any longer.

- I had a task. Sir! Sir! They took away my task... Sir., where am I? Sir! I'm lost... Lord! I don't know the way... Lord!

At this point, the Spiritual Friends take him away to rest, meditate, plan, suffer, and redeem himself one day.

Let us dedicate a fraternal thought of love for Don Alfonso and all the spirits involved in this painful episode.

THERE WAS NO MIRACLE

The case of this fellow has some pretty special characteristics, as we shall see, starting with his previous connections with two of the components of our group. It is not, therefore, a conversation between strangers, nor does it bring, at first, that outburst of aggressiveness and irritation to which we are used, due to the very nature of our work, which interferes with their plans, contests their ideas, forces them to adapt and, above all, removes workers who perform critical tasks within the overall planning.

But not him. He arrived calm, reasonable, and only concerned with absolving himself of the guilt in "what had happened". The group had come under increased pressure from those who sought to intimidate and make us abandon the work.

He honestly said that he could not omit himself completely, which is understandable, for he was part of a group, and together they made the deliberations. I didn't know to what extent the companion we had brought in the previous week had revealed his participation in the scheme they had set up against us.

On the other hand, he had picked up what he named the "mental emissions" of the indoctrinator during the week; in his meditations.

In his opinion, the indoctrinator had come to very objective conclusions, identifying certain previous connections.

From his evasions and the difficulty in reporting his position in the case, the notorious scheme included some pressures on the medium due to the importance of her contribution to the group.

They knew very well that without her, they could practically neutralize our tasks.

We believe he asked his companions for an opportunity to negotiate before taking more drastic actions against us.

A positive sign, by the way, that evidenced in him undeniable affective capacity, decency, and loyalty, despite all his possible spiritual dissonances.

He recognized himself as such, evaluating his psychology with enough realism. He said he had faults but assured me he had always acted with chivalry.

"After all - he said - we are civilized.

The question, for him, was as follows:

Our work "was not well regarded. We could continue with the group, as long as we introduced modifications in our line of action. If the task that he had been with us achieved the success they expected, he would have certain compensations that were pretty valuable to him. However, pleasant memories of a past in which we were included, made him hesitate and retreat.

He was trying, therefore, to find a solution through understanding, through personal and friendly negotiation.

Without wishing to give us advice, he proposed the pure and simple abandonment of our task. He had much experience in life, and was of the opinion that certain sacrifices and renunciations do not pay. Back in the spiritual world, in the inevitable review of our acts, we would have to regret the time lost and be frustrated for not having "enjoyed life".

He let it be known that he admitted, as the instructor had told him, that he was "going around" to reach God, but what did it matter?

Aren't we all going to Him?

- We are," said the instructor, "but why should we go through the swamps?"

He then made a long digression about the Christ, trying to show that He had also been through the swamps, with his sufferings, his struggles, his disappointments and all the roughness of that existence of sufferings.

- Some go through the swamps," he said, "others through the stars.

But what difference does it make?

Christ, in his opinion, had gone through the swamps, with which the indoctrinator could not agree.

The difficulties the Master faced among us were not a detour in his evolutionary roadmap, as the manifesting Spirit seemed to believe. Therefore, the instructor answered him:

- The Christ, my dear, passes through the swamps, illuminates the mud and does not dirty his feet...

But he had several alternatives. We could, for example, replace our medium by another, for there were many in better condition and willing to serve the cause of love and truth.

In this tone, the discussion continued for about an hour. There was time for him to reveal himself with considerable clearness and frankness as an unexpected knowledge of the indoctrinator's psychology, although he saw him through some personal distortions.

In his opinion, the indoctrinator was exaggeratedly emotional, even rapturous, and pretty mystical in his clinging to the Gospel.

Not him. He was a Christian, of course, but not a mystic. He preached what he named "functional Christianity", or pragmatic. Totally devoid of mysticism. Christ, in his view, had been a man of action. He had used love-energy to heal the unfortunate who asked him for help.

"Get up, take your mat, and walk," he had ordered the paralyzed man. "I do! Heal yourself", he said to the leper. That's the way to do it!

Our concept of karma was another enormity. No more getting stuck in the past, feeling guilty, inhibited, wasting time. It was necessary to energize karma.

The indoctrinator began there the task of taking him to regression. "Where was it, and how did you conclude that you had to energize your karma?"

The first memories that occur to him are still in a state of full consciousness, and he relates them naturally. It turns out that the indoctrinator knows a little of his personal history during the period when belonging to the nobility, he was a court member of an outstanding European kingdom.

(The reader will forgive certain reticence here, as it is necessary to preserve identities).

He got involved in complications there and ended up sacrificed in an execution that cut the thread of his earthly existence. He now says that he could have reacted differently to save his life and had the means to do so, but what happened, he means, what has passed is over.

From now on, we reproduce the dialog as in the tapes.

We first refer to the relationship between him and the medium at that time, which he says was "very good." Then the indoctrinator continues:

- Apart from that experience, where else did you meet her?

- I met her at another time that I do not remember. Interesting. She seemed to be... Now, when you are talking, a scene was projected to me.

.. Interesting... Yes, I must know her from there...

But she was very willful. She was always very obstinate.

- Where was it? From where?

- I don't know. From there, in some past there. Aren't you talking about the past? I have a great affection for her. She was my sister, whom I should protect. (Pause). Those things should stay where they are.

- But as long as they stay where they are, my dear, they will be that folding bed we don't want to pick up to walk on. That is your camp bed, one of them; that you have left in the past.

- No. You are overvaluing things. It's your emotional temperament. You have to be colder about things.

- What's that story again? She was your sister, daughter of the same father and mother? Where was that?

- Yeah, sister indeed. I don't know where it was. It must be a long time ago. I saw the picture, but I don't know. All I know is that it looks like I was the head of a group. I think it was my own family.

- Oh yes, you were the eldest son?

- I was. My father died, and she was a younger sister. I don't know what happened. That's not the point. It has nothing to do with it. What difference does it make?

- You're a brave, experienced man. You won't be afraid to remember something like that. It is good for your spirit.

- It's even a pleasant memory.

- And why can't you say it, then?

- I have nothing to say. I don't want to remember it, just as I don't want to remember other things. No, my friend. You won't go on, no.

- I mean, there's a problem there. That's one of the beds you didn't take. You are paralyzed there. Let's get another one further back.

- "Have you ever been an Arab in your life?" He asks suddenly.

- Probably.

- I think so.. (Pause). You, huh? So it was you, wasn't it? You...

You little sheik... Were you an Arab? Then it must have been you. It had to be you... It's better not to find out. You're too impressed with karma.

No, I can accept my mistakes, for I learned from Christ that when we assume our errors, we improve. So I am not afraid. You may speak.

- I have nothing to say, my dear. It had to be you.

- What did you do, then?

- Nothing. The past is buried.

We assume the former sheik took the young woman as his wife against his older brother's will, but we are left without the complete story.

The indoctrinator does not deem it convenient to press to know the fact that is not relevant in the context we are examining. We wish to know the profound reason for his aversion to Christ, although it is disguised as fidelity to the Master in the form of "functional Christianity."

He claims to be a Christian, and he is apparently convinced that he works for the dissemination of the truth. We know, however, that behind all this lurk terrible ghosts from the past that need to be brought into the light of consciousness so that they can be seen as only ghosts. They must be seen face-to-face between the truth and our fantasies, illusions, and self-mystifications.

- Why do you remember the past, then?

- Nothing. You caused it! (And then): That makes no sense, my dear. It's just an invention in my head.

- Ah! It's not right that it should, isn't it?

- It doesn't. You may be the victim of a mystification. Do you know that?

- Of course, I do. From yourself? Are you mystifying yourself?
- A mystification of the environment, of your instrument? Any mind can engineer such a thing.
- Well. That episode has remained unresolved. It's still there inside you. So you have not dynamized this karma. Let's find another one. Further back.

He begins to yawn. It embarrasses him greatly, for it hurts the etiquette of the high society he once frequented.

- You are causing me discourtesy. Talking and yawning. That is horrible. A lack of good manners.

Although he says he has no past, he then declares:

- This hot sand keeps bothering my feet. A hot sand, very hot. What am I doing? I'm walking. I must be on time for evening prayers in the holy city (Mecca).

- And do you have someone with you?

- No. I am alone.

- Who are you?

- Who am I? Well, that's not important. Ali-Ben-Assuf...

. I need to say my prayers...

- Do you have brothers and sisters?

- I have a family.

- Is this the existence where you had our companion as a sister?

- I don't know.

- Why are you put in this situation? What is the fact of this life you want to know?

- Faith.

This answer is extremely revealing. The fundamental problem of this difficulty to believe; is to make religious faith the emotional component of existence, the evolutionary roadmap, the way of living with himself and his neighbor. We have seen how elegantly he argued earlier against what he called "mysticism". He wanted a pragmatic Christianity, functional. In his work, he looked more for reasoning, the calculated firmness of syllogisms and mental gymnastics, rather than an ethic for life.

In short, a process of escape, like any other.

This attitude came from a long way back, as we shall see below. In that existence, however, in the Arab world, he was given the opportunity of an experience with Islam, a religion conceived as an indisputable manifestation of submission to the will of God, and therefore structured on unquestionable faith. (Islam means submission).

We have seen his commitment and concern for time for the prayers in Mecca as he trudged through the scorching sands of the desert.

The Koran prescribes not only rules of worship but procedure, human relationships, and life, shortly. Allah is the supreme and only God, and Muhammad, His prophet. In this context, our brother had the opportunity to incorporate faith into the structures of his thought and his spirit.

Let us proceed.

- And did you not succeed? The Prophet was a man of faith. He made his mistakes, but he believed. Did you know him?

- I am very happy... The Prophet? Yes, but I was young, rich, and handsome.

- And what happened?

The memory is evidently pretty painful, for he mumbles and hesitates.

"Please," says the indoctrinator, "do not waste the opportunity of going into the past to find the reasons for your present escapes and why you are postponing your encounter with the truth."

- No one should give himself up to faith because men are evil.

Another reason for escape and apology. Thus, we had to go further into his past to locate why he needed the experience of faith in the midst of Islam's blossoming.

- In all those centuries since the passing of Christ, have you never been able to have faith?

- Christ?

- In Jesus' time, what did you do? Where were you? Who were you?

- I needed a hero. The Christ was never a hero. He was a failure. I was a wine merchant.

- Were you Jewish too? Roman?

- No.

- What happened? Did you see him preaching? Did you go in search of his teachings?

- I don't know. Everything is so confusing...

- What happened there that you didn't believe in him?

- Because He was weak. He refused my son. He refused the offerings that my son brought.

- Offerings of what? Money?

- Money, prestige.

- And why did you order the offerings?

- Because we wanted a miracle. The vines that year didn't produce. A plague... and we wanted him to perform a miracle...

- And what did He say?

- He told my son something like leave the goods of the Earth, and seek the Lord's vineyard...

Anything like that. That was an offense! He was doing so many miracles! What did it cost to do that one? Filling the barrels...

- You just saw in Him a person who could give more - some money to you? -

- What else was He?

- You wanted, then, to buy a miracle...

- Why not? Everything was bought in Israel.

- And where were you from?

- Cyprus. Why didn't He go? What did it cost him?

- My dear, you wanted to buy him, didn't you?

- Some Nazarene....

- You haven't learned your lesson, have you, my dear?

Until now, you hate him because he wouldn't fill your empty barrels with a "miracle."

Here is the story of a poor spirit in search of faith. He had the marvelous opportunity to be a contemporary of Jesus, although he was not born in Israel but in Cyprus.

And what did he ask of the Master? He had no material afflictions or physical ailments. He did not need to ask for his daughter or wife healing. He wanted nothing but that Jesus miraculously produced good wine for his barrels, annulling the effects of the crop, wiped out by the plague.

He believed, therefore, in his way, in the strength of Jesus, but he regrettably underestimated the Master's ethics and thought he could buy him, like so many things and people he was used to buying.

Jesus gave him back his son, the price of the bribe, and urged him to seek the s vineyard and not the one that the plagues consumed in an adverse year.

Instead of absorbing the lesson, he took it as a personal insult, a humiliation.

Was he, not a wealthy wine merchant? And who was that Nazarene, who refused him a service for which he was paying a high price?

If he had attended to him, Christ would be, in his opinion, a hero, and he thought he needed a hero to believe.

In almost twenty centuries, he had not yet understood that in the absurd hypothesis that Jesus accepted his offer and became a hero in his eyes, an eventual and transitory hero, he would not believe in him either.

"Who? That miserable Nazarene from whom I once bought a miracle?" - Surely, would he state.

The problem was not Christ but his position before Christ. That is why a whole centuries-old rosary of misguided and ignoble philosophies justifying an untenable position, which at least defended him before his troubled conscience.

He had tried other paths and failed every time. In recent times, (since when?) in the spiritual world, as a disincarnate, he engaged in the thankless task of joining the ranks of those who wish to erase Christ from the men's hearts.

He spoke in his name and preached doctrines which unfortunately, seem Christian to many people but bring terrible deformations and subtle poisons.

Failed in other endeavors, they wish once more to use the name of Christ to take possession of any slice of power within their greedy hands and ungoverned minds' reach.

Are they despicable beings, worthy only of holy horror or, at the most, of our compassion?

Absolutely.

They are brothers and sisters in a most distressing state of anguish, desperately hiding behind ruses, artifices, and half-truths, for they think they are not yet ready for a face-to-face encounter with their inner reality.

They are fleeing from themselves, and that is why the moment of truth is so dramatic and devastating when they are brought charitably and with the utmost respect to confront their cores of pain.

THE MASSACRE

That is one of those fearless Spirits, endowed with many talents and experience, unhappily, in the service of evil. He also had a code of honor and chivalry. His opening words were, however, of menace, for he said he would bring a remedy for our ills by extinguishing, as he intended, the mediumistic team.

He knew very well the terrible pressures we were under resulting from our daring impudence in trying to interfere with their plans and put his organization in check.

Shortly afterward, however, he confesses that as he regrets us, he regrets himself too, for he is living the despair of inaction and the humiliation of impotence. He directed and controlled everything.

He commanded the minds of incarnate and disincarnate beings as a trained and firm rider dominates his horse. At the simple impulse of his slightest desire, he made vibrate the brains he had under his power. He no longer felt the same firmness. His hands trembled and wavered, and his constitution was in rapid disintegration. He told us he could not believe his eyes as he wandered the abandoned corridors.

He had, therefore, decided to leave his high command for a while to go personally to "inspect the work in the field", i.e., the environment and conditions of that miserable, insolent little group that dared to disturb the progress of his work.

Thus, he was in despair. Important losses had occurred in his mission. The previous week had been irretrievable, for the group had managed to take an outstanding personage, whom they considered a sort of "spiritual guide" of the Organization, if the expression is appropriate in this context.

Our visitor that evening had come "into the field" somewhat worried. He was now literally stunned after the "inspection." He was impressed by the passive resistance of our very modest work team members and our fearlessness, which he could only explain by attributing to us a high degree of irresponsibility or ignorance of the seriousness of our situation.

- "Who are you?" he asked the indoctrinator. What monster of resistance are you? On what foundations do you stand?

As for him, he had just seen that all his work, which had seemed so prodigious to him, was mere sand castles, and this sand was now slipping through his fingers. What should he do about us at that point?

All possible offers had already been made to us. We had refused everything.

He was, thus, confused, bewildered, disarmed.

- You have won me," he said, "with a simple excursion.

A little later, with his precise word, in the service of an agile and brilliant intelligence, he told us:

- I have met souls with fewer problems and difficulties than you, who have accepted everything.

He was referring to the sinister pacts they made with incarnate and disincarnate people to obtain support, collaboration, or even neutrality.

It was all a vile exchange of petty interests.

In his long experience of negotiating adhesions, he confessed to us that he had refused very few people, for he had, still in his spirit, remnants of decency, honesty, and kindness - factors always undesirable for his plans. They were all venal, unscrupulous.

Once faced with the harsh and loyal frankness of this miseries exposition, the indoctrinator offered him an explanation of the mystery which he could not understand, the only possible reason:

- My dear man, it is simple: For us, Christ is not for sale.

And now that he had lost the one who, as he put it, had been "the soul of his work", he felt himself walking along a narrow plank at the end of which the unknown sea awaited him, where he, a condemned man, had to throw himself without a boat to sail in.

He had personally been with some of his companions in the enclosure to which they had been provisionally collected by our Spiritual Benefactors, to receive the first emergency treatment and rest for a short time.

He was perplexed by all he heard and their attitudes, including the ones of his precious advisor.

He then approached us incarnates. It was aimed mainly at the indoctrinator and the medium. He was struck by what he called the passivity and resignation of the latter. He had come to destroy her. The work of the group was his goal.

Here, he created an image to illustrate what was on his mind. He had imagined finding a wall of steel, which he would rudely strike with the full force of his clenched fist.

And he saw that the punch would go through the wall, as if nothing existed there. Worse, the strike momentum would carry him through too, and cause a shock that would knock him off balance.

In the face of his belligerent attitude, he did not see either the outline of a reaction or the fleeting sign of fear. How could one explain that serenity, that total surrender? It would be like punching into the void! And it was as if he had, because he had been shocked.

"It was," explained the teacher, "the resistance of one who yields because he loves, the one who trusts in him who illuminates our paths."

He had finally given up the planned aggression. They were manipulators of minds and not people given to violence. For tasks of this nature, they were forced to resort to rougher elements, like someone who in the physical plane, hires a professional hitman. Moreover - and this seemed to us the main reason for his retreat, he still had a remnant of manliness inside.

His code of honor would not allow him to assault a being given over to that passivity and resignation, as if helpless, and worse, a woman.

That fearlessness left him perplexed. He had lived through hours of ghostly inner silence. His mind had been emptied. He had no more plans, ideas, or anything to do but listen to the echo of his footsteps in solitude.

And suddenly, screaming and crying, the last fortifications of his valiant spirit collapsed.

- Tell me about Jesus! Speak to me, you who are a man, to see if I understand! He spoke to me (referring to one of our Spiritual Friends), but it sounded like an angel speaking of another. I don't understand his language. Where is the way? And I spoke of Jesus through the mouth of so many!

Who is this mysterious being who gives me freedom but, at the same time, hinders me because He dominates me? I cannot get rid of him! Many are empty like me and do not know... They still don't know.

My conscience is on fire!

He confesses in this torrent that he has no way of stopping it. That he often seeks out drug addicts so that, together with them, he can forget his anguish, to have fleeting moments of artificial euphoria.

He claims to know of Christ only what he has studied, read, and learned from historical documents; he does not know him personally.

The indoctrinator suspects that this is not true, either because he does not want to say it or because that moment, he deliberately ignores him, given having swept into the secret unconscious terrifying memories of a past which he rejects.

This version seems the most likely ~ and it is the true one ~ as we shall see.

At this point, the regression of memory begins, irresistible. Let's follow the dialogue transcription as it appears on the tapes.

- My head is full of visions... Dark visions. Terrible... That torment me. They are screams, pains. Frenzied screams. Despair.

- And what is your role in this situation?

- I sometimes feel like a hunter who would surprise a flock of innocent birds and slaughter them, all in one fell swoop, sacrificing them for nothing, once they were not even good enough for himself... (Referring to Christ).

A slaughter that did not profit anyone.

- It is true. Those beings are still spreading their cries, their lamentations. When the pain is to regenerate, we have to accept it, but what about the pain which places us deeper in pain?

The Spirit cries and listens. The indoctrinator continues:

- But you are not here, please, in confession, nor do we have the authority to submit you to any questionnaire, do you hear me, my dear?

Our idea, our purpose in this session is only to provide you with spiritual support, affection, and the human warmth that you need so that you can find your own way, for only you can find your way, as we only value those things we bring about ourselves. We do not impose

anything on anyone here, least of all, on a spirit of your stature. Do you agree?

He laughs a little nervously and says:

- A spirit of my stature... How little you know about people...

- No, my son. I am being honest. I know you made a mistake because you recognize it. I don't need to tell you. And you made a grave mistake. You have made pretty serious mistakes, but the depth and gravity of your error stem largely from the resources at your disposal. You have misused the talents granted by divine mercy throughout all these lives, but you have to remember that the experience, the knowledge, and all these resources have remained in your spirit. With them, you can rebuild your life and the lives of those whom you have harmed. Is that true or not? So, when I say you are a spirit of wingspan, I am sincere, and you know this is true. But for God's sake, don't use those talents to corrupt again, as the main one corrupted is your spirit. You are the one who suffers most, who delays most his evolution.

Now, you have to do the work of regenerating your fallen fences and go to rescue those whom you have misled. But all this, my dear friend, can and will be done, for despite your incomprehension, Christ has not ceased to love, understand, nor accept you.

We don't need to say this because you know it. Be assured, however, that he is not interested in punishing, hurting, or making you suffer.

You already have enough suffering.

- I don't understand... Why so many sacrificed; so many had to be slaughtered so He would live, survive, so his word...

- But who was slaughtered? In Rome... All those killings?

- Not just there, long before that.

- All over the world, in the Inquisition, in the Middle Ages...

- It seems to me, sometimes, that He has always been cursed.

- Is that what it seems to you?

- Because his very birth was marked by the stain of the innocents' blood, who were sacrificed. How many innocents were killed?

- Do you want to shift the blame from men who failed to the Christ who came to redeem us all?

- But does He, who comes to redeem, to bring a message of peace, waters his path of blood?

- Did he water the path of blood? What does that look like?

- He left a trail behind. A trail of blood.

- Did he? No. Why did they leave this trail of blood behind him?

He didn't shed anyone's blood. He shed his own.

- I've been thrice struck.

What do you mean? Explain that. Let it all out.

- From its cursed birth. Oh, what terror! Why do these scenes appear to me with such clarity? Why can't we get rid of the past? Why do these images remain like torture inside us?

And we keep repeating... repeating... The same things, seeing the same scenes, suffering again, unspeakable torture!

- It's not forever. It is until whenever you want. From now on, you can change this whole picture, but if you are still reasoning that Christ is the one who has spread the misfortune, misery, blood...

Of course, if there is a fight in which everyone is massacred, then, a peace messenger will be slaughtered too. But is He guilty of the fight? If He went there to calm the tempers!

You are his advocate, aren't you? You defend him.

- No. He doesn't need a lawyer. He doesn't need my defense. I am defending you from yourself.

- Have you ever calculated how many grief cases you've examined? Lawsuits of pain and anguish, at the expense of the Nazarene since his birth?

- I am quite aware of it. Many lives I have spent doing that.

- Innocents have been killed, massacred. Why? Why?

- Because of him? Who ordered to kill the innocent?

- It seems that in every incarnation I was born with some evil sign, a curse...

- No, I don't think so.

- ... A curse to make things happen.

- I don't believe it, and you don't either, for you know very well that there is a law of cause and effect. The whole causal universe. Let's go back to our elementary philosophy. (The spirit is very well-versed in philosophy). If you were born with the matrices of pain, then it is because you created them before. Isn't that right?

- Pain and guilt. And uncertainty. And all of this!

- But let's go back a bit. You insist a lot on the killing of the innocent. Let's see. Why that? Why was the order given?

- He... always He. Why didn't He choose another city? Why didn't He choose other people? Why did it have to be our people cursed by his presence?

- No. The people were not cursed. He gave them the privilege, satisfaction, and honor of being born there. It is you who have not accepted it. Why? Why? Why did you have to mark his birth with a massacre?

- Oh, I can't remember! I can't remember.

- Was your role in this very important?

- Yes, of course. I was one of the victims. I had my own home hit.

- Did you lose a child?

Long pause, and then:

- Yeah... But this would be nothing. It is a compulsion that forces me to speak.

- It is good that you speak. Have confidence in us. We will not disrespect you because of this.

The story, after all, around which he has been making endless loops, begins to unfold.

- I was young and I was in (Herod's) palace. I had a young wife.

- Did you have any influence on the issuing of this order? In drawing up this plan?

- Alas for me!

- You did not expect it to hit your own home. It means that some kind of protective mechanism you had set up failed. Is that it? I don't know if I'm getting ahead of myself.

- There were four of us. No, there were twelve of us who discussed, approved, and devised it.

- We had one of your companions here a while ago.

- And on that bloody afternoon, when I returned home to the joys that should await me... My young wife, my first-born son, was growing up strong and beautiful. What do I find? Huh? What do I find?

A poor downed bird and a crazed mother, trying to stick that head on that neck. Can you imagine what that's like? She was trying to put that "body" together, wrapping it in cloths. I'll never forget her crazed eyes. There was not a shadow of pain. It was just a stupor, some incomprehension. And I had to watch her take those rolled-up clothes in her arms and put him in his crib. I had to watch that.

- What failed then? Would you have been home at that time?

- I don't know what failed.
- How had you planned for your child to escape?
- My home was to be respected. I don't know what failed.
- Did you notice what a strange coincidence: there were twelve who solved this massacre, and twelve would later be the messengers of peace?

The Spirit trembled violently and continued:

-... Trying to glue that head! So many times have I seen that scene... So many times! It's been driving me crazy.

- My dear, you told me there were three instances. What others were there? Go on, please. Put it all out.

- There, my friend, I was hit twice, on the wife and the child. She went crazy with pain.

- And you still think it was Christ who was responsible for this?

- After we separated her from the child, she was like another child, cradling clothes in her arms, day and night, day and night. Wrapping cloths in her arms, day and night, day and night...

He cries aloud:

- Day and night, my God! Now tell me if I can understand this Christ who strikes a heart like that!

- Do you mean that it was He who struck? Did He have your son killed? Your son?

- He and his damned sect. I finally came to meet him later. Much later. Not him, but his damned sect! In Rome. What else could I do there? (In Palestine). I went back to my parents with a mad wife.

- Were you then a Roman citizen?

- I was. (Pause) We went to Rome. The wife was always crazy, but happy in her madness because she did not accept reality. And we decided to adopt a little boy, to give her her son again.

- Was it a boy?

- Yes. And that one, later on, my friend... (The outline of a sad smile)
The irony of fate?

- Did he become a Christian? Is that it?

- Yes. (Long pause, then deliberately) And I killed him myself!

- And again, Christ was to blame...

- I am tired... I am really tired. I loved him very much. I made him my son.

- Until what age did he live?

- Until the age a young man can decide for himself what to do.

- Listen: this is a long time ago. So you have had the opportunity through all these centuries to meet them in other lives.

- I guess I have lived all these centuries looking for Christ to behead him.

Blood for blood. And drive his mother mad.

- But what about your son... your children, those two? And your wife? Have you never met them again? In any of those other subsequent lives?

- I don't know. I don't think so.

- You never heard from them? Neither of the wife nor the two children?

- I don't know... I'm afraid to remember this. I took part in another killing, trying to find a rebellious Christian...

- What was that like?

- Ah! You know...

A long time later, in France (Was it the slaughter of the Huguenots in the 16th century?).

- And did you succeed in your purpose? You kept on killing, didn't you?

- I think He's always eluded me...

- Him who?

- The Christ. He kept piling guilt on my head.

- Ah! Yes. So the responsibility is all his, isn't it? All your crimes, the people you killed...

- Yes, but sometimes I think He must not be that.

- Sometimes you think that...

- Yes, because...

Or else, they're all crazy, for so many people have let themselves be killed and still do. They don't revolt. Why not fight to live too, instead of letting themselves be killed?

- But what is living? The Spirit always lives.

- What is the mystery? (He thinks of those who give their lives for Christ).

Long pause. Then:

- In recent times, I seem to have heard her voice. As if she is calling me from afar. As if no time had passed. I still hear her song lulling our son.

- What was her name?

- Why add to the pain? The memory vibrates like a stab in my heart.

- That's right, my dear. So far, you have not taken responsibility for her absence. That is why it continues to hurt. Without taking

responsibility, you cannot correct it. We are bound by Our Father's law. You have committed faults. We all have made mistakes, serious ones, like that. But there comes a day when we feel tired, as you say. The tiredness is not of that moment, and it is not physical. It is a tiredness of suffering, hopelessness, a pain that has no end. You must now face the pain that rescues, the pain that releases... Mustn't you?

- And now I have been caught in the meshes of this net.

- No. You have not been caught. You are still free to go your own way. You can continue to do your crazy things. However, in my opinion, as a brother and companion, that is not what suits you.

- How can I dive into this sea if I can't see the bottom? (He thinks of the terrible difficulty of redeeming so many serious commitments).

- Yes, you can't see, but some can see for you and will help you. Shall we pray, or not?

- Yes, pray, pray as much as you wish.

The indoctrinator prays. The spirit resumes the narrative.

- I haven't cried for a long time. You took everything away from me! Please don't let me go so empty. Give me something. (He refers to the interruption of the task he had been carrying out in the shadows, from which we managed to get him away).

- You say I took it away. First of all, I wouldn't have the strength, the condition to take something from you. I am also a spirit full of faults; I am not better than you, nor superior to you.

- I wish to have hope. Give me hope!

- Of course, you do. Of course, you will continue to fight. And you know that there are pretty deep ties between us, for engaged as you were in an inglorious task, all our affection, desire to serve, awaken your spirit to other realities, was concentrated for a time in a way that made it seem we were adversaries. None of that is true. We are

friends, brothers, companions in faults, in mistakes. Stay with us. We'll give you that little we have.

- And what about all that I have lost?

- You have lost nothing. You have lost despair, disillusionment, falsehood, rancor, and hatred of yourself and all the world beings, including Christ. You have gained, and you recover at this moment, the love of him whom, in your hatred, you abandoned. You have won; you have not lost. Follow us, so you can rest and begin to remake your life.

- Ah! I was in Germany, but not among those who embraced the new cause. I was among those who prepared the reaction. (He now refers to the period of the Protestant Reformation, during which the indoctrinator had lived an existence of participation alongside the Reformers. So the instructor says:)

- That doesn't make us enemies, does it? On the contrary. Christ has granted us the satisfaction and privilege of coming to you to bring to your heart our message of affection and respect, both I, who was also in that context, and the higher companion you know. We also owe this joy to him, which we all owe to Christ.

- A singular thing, I can tell you. I was never drawn to fight the so-called Catholics. I found so little conviction in their midst, and I often took shelter among them to fight the fever... It was the fever of the Reformation, the fever of everything. I think it reminded me of the fanaticism of the first Christians.

You still can't detach yourself from the hatred of the early Christians.

- Were you in the Church of Rome or politics?

- In politics; but I somehow supported it indirectly (the Church).

Familiar with the history of the Stormy period, the instructor identifies the Spirit, who was one of the powerful nobles of the Reformation time.

He tells him his name quietly, and it is as if he received a violent electric shock.

The indoctrinator returns:

- My dear friend, please don't worry, everything is fine. You see, we are friends. After everything that happened, there is something behind it, so we were been granted this opportunity to reach out to you and bring you back to our hearts. Thank you very much for the courage you have shown here in this confession, so painful, so difficult. It is high time to start rebuilding.

- I need someone to tear my hands off so that I don't strike anymore and don't kill anymore. No more.

- No. You will not kill anymore. You will have the joy of being with your children again, with your wife...

- Cut off my hands! Cut off my feet so I no longer move in error.

- Listen to me! No one will cut off your hands here. That's not up to us to decide. You will have to wait for the planning to be done. At the moment, you are not in a position to decide anything definite about your future. Now is not the time. It is time to stop to think and rest. Later on, you will have all this planning carefully designed so your trials and pains are measured according to your resistance conditions.

- Oh, my God, how painful is the odyssey of men!

- It is true. (Pause) You will not lack the courage to jump into this sea, as you say. Struggles await you indeed. Many pains and afflictions, but you will have the strength to overcome them, for every pain will be metered out, and every trial will be planned according to your resources. And you will have, as the affection and understanding of Christ, the presence of your loved ones too. The work is tough, but you can do it.

- Someone has put a basket here in front of me, an empty basket. What shall I fill it with, my God?

- My dear brother. Forgive me. It is not our intention to hurt you or to harm you, but it was necessary to awaken your spirit to those realities from which you were running away. If it were possible to achieve this without making you suffer, we would have done it, but you know this is impossible. We do not have that power.

- He was saying (Referring to one of the Spirits who guide and support the mediumistic work) that I asked you to take something. So, let me take that basket. It is empty, but I can start filling it.

The spirit cries softly.

- There you have a starting point for your hope in the work that awaits you, in what you will have to accomplish. Take courage. Trust in God and ask Him, whom you have not understood until now, to help you comprehend Him.

He understands you, accepts you; He has not refused you. Never. He has not rejected you ever. Follow the path of peace. God bless you! We raise our prayers to Jesus to give you the strength you need at this so critical moment of your evolutionary trajectory. May you always have the strength to fight and overcome the drag of the ills we all carry in us. Go in peace, my dear. May God bless you.

And, finally, the farewell in two words, in which he put all his tenderness and gratitude:

- My friend!

We devote our most profound respect in the face of the pain of this distressing awakening. In the painful story of this companion, we will find the echo of our own mistakes and the agonies of many disappointments.

He was very young; he was present in Palestine and, unfortunately for him, enjoyed certain privileges at the court of Herod who, as we know, got on well with the Romans. As part of a group of twelve, he helped to devise the regrettable and sinister scheme of the massacre which history has recorded as "the slaughter of the innocents." Herod,

who had madly ordered the murder of his own sons, whose rivalry he feared, did not hesitate to authorize the slaughter. Since they did not know the mysterious child destined to be the Messiah, the solution was to eliminate all the boys born during the last year. One of them would be the dreaded leader that misinterpreted prophecies seemed to configure as the King of Israel, liberator from Roman oppression and, thus, candidate to the throne of Herod the Great. There were few who, at that time, knew that the kingdom of that child was not of this world.

Once the fatal order was issued, our companion went quietly to his home, to the gentle joys of family life with his young wife and beloved son.

Something went wrong, tragically wrong, for in the rush of the killing, no one thought to spare that child. It is possible that not even him, for he did not take care to protect his home. Perhaps he did not even remember, as he feverishly contributed his share to the sinister plan, that he had a child of precisely that age.

His wife alienated herself from reality to withstand the blow, but he was condemned to remain lucid to live through the tragedy he had helped to trigger.

Lucid, perhaps, is not the right word, for he was also somehow alienated. In the irrationality of his despair, he needed to find a culprit, and he thought he would find one in Christ himself.

For Jesus to live, he had to kill ruthlessly the innocent. For him to grow up and preach his word, countless young mothers had to go mad with grief. It was, therefore, Christ's fault and not his.

He returned to Rome with his estranged wife and, to console himself for the loss, he adopted a boy, whom he killed with his own hands, when he discovered one day that the young boy also had joined that accursed Christian sect. He must have been, by this time, an aged and embittered patrician. His life had ended in grudges and unresolved revolts.

From then on, in the spiritual world and here in the flesh, in successive lives, his whole endeavor, his fixed idea, was to persecute and kill as many Christians as possible, in the illusory and terrible expectation that

Jesus himself would be among those sacrificed. He wanted to slit his throat and drive his mother mad.

If he could not kill him he would at least destroy his followers.

Many were the lost opportunities, many the disappointments, and the rancor always growing.

Jesus, in his view, is always guilty of everything.

Let us note, however, that in all this very painful process of alienation, love was present.

In his way, mixed with hatred, with the desire for impossible revenge, he continued to love his wife and children, although increasingly estranged from them by his follies.

During the Protestant Reformation, in the 16th century, he had a lot of political, social, economic, and religious power. He was of the Germanic high nobility and once again persecuted Christians because they were heretics. He allied himself with the Church to oppress Protestants, i.e., he used Christians to persecute Christians.

As for the task he was performing in the spiritual world when he approached us, we must keep quiet. Just one thing to note: it was precisely the group of spirits who suffered his relentless pressures during the Reformation who had the privilege of helping him. He fought them tenaciously as long as he could; he surrendered, loyally and nobly, when the time came.

He was received with love and respect.

NOTE ON "THE MASSACRE"

The manifesting Spirit must have been very young indeed when he stationed by the duty of office in Palestine. He speaks of his young wife and first-born son, who would not have been more than a year old, if that; otherwise, he would not have been butchered in the slaughter, which aimed at male children in that age group. We think this fellow would have been about twenty-six or twenty-seven years old, at most twenty-eight, or even less.

He says that as he returned to Rome, he went to his parent's house.

Thus, at sixty, or a little more, there could already be Christians in Rome.

After preaching for about thirty years, Paul was sacrificed in the capital of the Empire around the end of 64 or the beginning of 65, as can be seen from Emmanuel's attentive reading. According to the Encyclopedia Britannica, Acts suggests the summer of 62 as the last historical reference to the Apostle to the Gentiles.

It should be noted, however, that Acts 28:30 implies that Paul still lived in Rome for two years before his execution, which Emmanuel confirms.

All of this leads us to conclude that Christianity arrived in Rome soon after the crucifixion of Jesus and some rarefied echoes even during his life in Palestine, for He sent everywhere the well-known group of seventy. It is probable that the word of the Christ reached Rome even before he departed for the spiritual world.

It is not surprising, therefore, that already in the year 35 or 36, there were Christian nuclei in Rome in a position to influence and obtain the conversion of even the highest society. By this time, our companion would have been, at the most, sixty-three or sixty-four years old, which would have been a perfectly acceptable age for the time. Augustus died at seventy-seven and Tiberius (murdered) at seventy-nine. A word about the Tetrarch. The term was originally

used to designate one who ruled the fourth part of a province, as did Philip of Macedon, Alexander's father, with Thessaly, and as was Galatia before the Roman conquest in 169 BC. In Palestine, lords who were known by the name of tetrarchs were the feudal lords below the ethnarchs.

Tetrarch was, thus, a prince of lesser rank. Herod the Great ~ the one of the slaughter ~ was a tetrarch before becoming king. Two of Herod's sons would also become tetrarchs later, after the death of their father: Herod Antipas, who took Galilee, and Philip, who took Iturea and Trachonitis. The eldest son, Archelaus, was not a tetrarch, but an ethnarch of Judea, Samaria, and Idumea.

Herod Agrippa reunited the tetrarchies, ruling them from the year 41 to 44. The Tetrarch to whom our companion refers is therefore Herod the Great.

MY SISTER'S HANDS

The initial presentation of this Spirit did not vary much from the common ones. The same irritation, threats, arrogance, and truculence we used to see in our long dealings with our dear spirits, alienated by anguish. What was different about him was some martial apparatus, with which he tried to intimidate us right from the start. He came in the company of orders (when he joined, he ordered his helmet to be passed to him immediately). He then spoke of his many decorations and insignias, all earned by acts of exceptional bravery in his arduous "career" as a leader of the shadows, tenaciously applied to the task of manipulating incarnate and disincarnate people entrusted with the task of disintegrating Jesus' Work.

Once his high relevance and position in the Umbral hierarchy were established, he wanted to know about the credentials of the indoctrinator. He examined him

attentively, pretending to be pretty surprised that he did not bear any decoration or something like that. Given his position and since he had no time to waste, he wanted to know immediately with whom he should talk, for the poor instructor did not have the minimum conditions of "status" to speak to him. The instructor confirmed his insignificance; though, as there was no one else, he proposed that he talked to himself.

- Don't you talk to your soldiers? - the instructor asked.

- No. I give orders to soldiers.

- Then give me your orders, was the reply.

- The first order is this: Just listen; don't talk!

In this tone, he continued his conversation with the proud and powerful chief, used to being obeyed and never challenged. He had

only deigned to visit the mediumistic group because of the time urgency. He had come to discuss the terms of a three or four weeks truce, a sufficient period, in his opinion, to implement a plan they were concluding. The group did not have to stop its activities; it should only undertake not to interfere with "them."

In the quaint language of the impertinent "general," we would turn off the power of our fences, allowing the chain of our fences, and their workers to have free transit there. There would be party-to-party respect. Our work could continue, taking care of different things, such as the interesting phenomena's production, in which "they" were ready to cooperate with the highest goodwill. In the same conciliatory tone, while retaining the arrogant nuance of his personality, he proposed to solve the material and personal problems of our very modest team members.

The answer to these offers had to be, emphatically, yes or no. And quickly, because time was short and he had more to do. He was an objective person. He liked to ask objective questions and only accepted equally objective answers.

Taking advantage of the "cue" the indoctrinator asked him at close range, without any preparation or expectation:

- Do you love Christ?

We felt he suffered the first impact but soon recovered from the momentary bewilderment. Of course, he did not answer objectively. He escaped after a sensible pause of hesitation, saying that the question was not at stake.

The indoctrinator naturally expected the evasion, but reminded him that, as he had just ascertained, not all questions can be answered readily with a yes or a no.

Turning then from the proposal of a truce - within his terms, of course - to a threat, he informed the instructor that he was a "difficult and tough" person, and he meant, obviously - and he said so - that, in the

event of a negative, we would have to bear the consequences and be crushed, for "they" had to go through with those plans anyway.

Despite everything, however, the dialog continued and, perhaps to add a further touch of pressure and intimidation, he recalled his last existence on Earth when he had had the opportunity to serve with the "greatest man in the world".

- Who do you think it is? - He asked.

- The Christ," was the reply.

He laughed. Not at all. But he would be as great or greater than Jesus. He was the greatest idealist, the most intelligent, and also the most slandered, because he had not been understood: they tore him apart before he could complete his "marvelous" work, which had been regrettable.

This figure of impressive greatness had only just lived in Germany, and had tried to create a new race. I need hardly say who our companion's idol was that night...

In short, the debate was long and difficult, but our enraptured interlocutor was by then

more restrained in his outbursts of pride and arrogance and was beginning to show some respect toward us.

It was not easy to get him to regress, because he had come heavily "equipped" and warned against our "tricks".

Moreover, he was a spirit with a vigorous, dynamic, and experienced personality. He resisted bravely but eventually gave in.

The narrative begins from the point in the conversation with the indoctrinator when the spirit is already magnetized, on the threshold of the process of memory regression.

The first speech is from the indoctrinator:

- Have confidence in us. Let's go back in time. Come. To that point where you will find the causes of your problem. Where is the most serious core of your spirit, the one that causes you so much anguish, despair, and agitation.

The appropriate suggestions follow. The spirit is already in a state of trance, somewhat sleepy and with a pasty voice. Sometimes he moans and sighs.

Suddenly he begins to expel air through his mouth as if trying to spit out something dry.

The instructor asks what is happening, and he replies:

- Earth! Earth in my mouth!

He's lying on the ground, so it looks like a little bit of dirt or sand is in his mouth. The indoctrinator asks what happened.

- I was hit.

- Who hit you?

- The soldiers.

- Why?

- My whole body hurts. I wasn't doing anything.

- They wouldn't hit you for no reason. What was it? Where do you live? What is this place?

- It's all so confusing. I don't know. They hit me... The pigs, those pigs. Because of "them"... I didn't want to report it.

- Report her to whom?

- My sister. My only sister.

She's Jewish, she follows the Old Law (Moses). His sister had become a Christian, but, after all, after all, she was still his sister. That is why he protected her and was beaten by those who had come for her. He continues:

- She was bewitched by an old man who told her about the "Man of the Cross". And the old man cured her too. She had an eye disease.

- Ah! I know. She got well, so she accepted him whom you call the "Man of the Cross". Is that it? Then the soldiers came for her. What for? Did they want to kill her or arrest her?

- It was a betrayal. She had been raised to serve in the Temple.

- Are you a priest?

- No. I look after her. It's just the two of us.

- After you were beaten by the soldiers, what happened? Let's move on.

- I had to kill one of our dogs so that he would not lead them to her. (She was hiding in another place, which the dog knew). They then saw that I knew. ... They took my property... the house...

- And your sister? What happened to her?

- She went to that house where they treated lepers and the sick.

Converted to nascent Christianity, the girl went to serve in the House of the Way in Jerusalem. That's where she was, for the bureaucrats of the Temple wanted to imprison her to force her to fulfill her religious vows under the ancient law.

- But this was only afterward. I hid her. I was left with nothing, repudiated by everyone, not a home to go to, not a friend. Everyone closed their doors to me.

Yes, but you could have gone to that house too, couldn't you?

- No... They're the ones who harmed us.

- What happened to you then? Go on.

- I got angry. I did something terrible. I must have been out of my mind. I had nothing. One day, I stayed hidden by the well where I knew they took water. But I need to tell you what happened first. I

once found myself in the house of a person, who wanted my sister very much. He told me he would give me the means to go to Rome and start another life... But the price was her!

- So you went to wait for her by the well?

- Yes. When she came, I called her and she took pity on my clothes and my misery, and I deceived her. I ran away with her and sold her to that person. But I... Don't remind me of this!

- You don't have to tell me what you don't want to say. Please. The important thing is that you...

- She was beautiful! Beautiful as the dawn. And he gave me everything I asked for and I then set off for Rome. I thought about how I could win, taking her with me. And I cheated on her again.

That is, after selling her to the suitor and receiving the money, he devised a plan to take her to Rome, where he intended to continue selling her charms.

At this point, he cries out in despair:

- I took her to Rome and made her a prostitute!

- My dear brother. Do not despair. Now I understand the depth of your pain and the difficulty you have lived all this time.

- My God! he cries out. She was my sister! I sold her!

- I am sure that after all this time she has forgiven you. She wishes to welcome you as a brother again. But it is also necessary that you, my dear... The fault is really grave. I don't need to say it, for you understand it well...

- I martyred her to death. She must have hated me. I feared her eyes when they looked at me.

- But, listen. It occurred a long time ago.

- No. It didn't. It is here! It's been with me all my life! ~ He says in despair. ~ It's here now!

- I understand your remorse and pain, but you must comprehend that you should not remain eighteen or nineteen centuries trapped in anguish because of this.

There is forgiveness in the divine laws; there are conditions.

- But you don't know... There is no forgiveness for me. You don't know the sordidness in which I lived and made her live too. I've enriched myself again. And you don't know the worse. She contracted a terrible disease. And I threw her out of the house one day.

- My dear friend. It does not lead us to detest you, nor to despise you.

- She has moved in with the pigs, the beasts. Now tell me, if there is forgiveness for me!

- Yes, of course, there is.

- No. I've been an executioner, I've been a judge, I've been everything. I... There is no forgiveness for me!

- You need to accept your guilt as you have already done, but you also need to accept God's mercy...

- Let me live my life! I want to live my life. I cannot ever risk finding her. I can't. She'll kill me. Because if she doesn't strike me with that look, I'll strike myself. I'll kill myself.

- You cannot kill yourself. You are a spirit.

- No, no. There is no forgiveness for me. How will I replace all that I took from her? How will I replace her very life, illusions, and dreams, that I destroyed; her purity I corrupted, her goodness I tainted? I made her hate, I made her... I made her a beast, I made her an object that I used, pawned to make money.

- But don't you believe that God can forgive?

- No. If I were God, I would not forgive.

- But you are not God, and He forgives.

- Don't talk to me about forgiveness, as it's an illusion.
 - What if she told you that she doesn't hold any grudges against you and that all this has passed? What if she wants to help you recover?
 - I can't go back. I can't put it all back. She was like the star you pick up and throw in a pond. And how am I going to clean up all this mess?
 - If she was a star, she didn't get dirty. It was just your spirit that got shrouded in shadows. She can help with her light to illuminate the shadows of your soul. You know very well... We cannot deceive you. There is much pain waiting for you...
 - What have you made of me? Where am I?
 - Listen: What should I call you?
 - Call? Call me Devil! Call me anything bad.
 - No. I will give you the name you deserve: that of a brother. You are a brother who has a very deep and old pain. We respect your pain and ask you, in a quite sincere, human appeal, since you have lived with this anguish for so many centuries, that you begin to accept God's mercy.
 - Pain? No! It is not a pain. It is a hell of fire! Fire and mud! It's like a volcano of hot lava, burning, burning...
 - Just a minute. Listen. Higher than all of this is the mercy of God, the love of Christ, who did not fail to reach out to you and ask you also to meet your sister. You need to start forgiving yourself too. Admitting that also you can be saved from this situation. We all have made mistakes, glaring failures of misunderstanding, despair, distress, and yet, we all save ourselves in due course.
- It is not through sacraments of lies and rituals, but through our work. And if Christ has allowed us to come to you tonight, He is still waiting for you too. Just as much as your sister.
- This is an illusion. No. I do not want this world of yours. I don't want it! No, I don't wish this dimension of yours (He fears reincarnation).

- Would you rather stay in yours, in this despair? Then let's do one thing. Wait, my son.

- I'm afraid!

- Let's make a deal. You stay with us for a while as you go with our companions to a place of rest and peace, where you can put all this in order in your head, remember the moments of peace and love, the joys you had... Because there were also joys in those moments you lived oblivious to these sorrows, immersed in the flesh.

It is even possible that you have met your sister in other lives. And you will surely meet her in the future. One day you will be in her presence again. You have got to prepare yourself for that. And we will give you this support.

-What do you have in your hands?

- They're not my hands; they were her hands. When she died, that means, when she was found dead, everyone was surprised because she had nail marks on her hands.

- Ah! What was her name?

- Please don't remind me! Please... I'm afraid.

- Listen, my friend. You don't have to tell me.

- I was afraid. They were the same marks as the...~

He hesitates to say the name.

- Of the Christ, says the indoctrinator.

- I was afraid. And they said she was smiling, and her face and body were clean. And she had no more sickness!

- And you think she does not wish to meet you? Of course, she does.

- I don't want to meet her!

- My son. She wants to help you. You are still her brother.

-I'm a reprobate! Leave me with my equals! Leave me!

- Just a moment. I have made you a proposal: to take you to rest, first of all. Then we will talk. After this rest, this meditation, we will speak again.

He weeps abundantly.

- Leave me with my equals. Leave me! No, I don't want it!

The indoctrinator tries to put him to sleep.

- I can't! I have no right to sleep.

- Yes, you do; we are all children of God.

- I have no right to peace. No, I don't.

He falls asleep and is taken away.

There, then, is the acute tragedy of remorse, self-punishment, and the deepest and most desolate despair. The spirit tormented of affliction measures the distance which separates him from the sister, whom he has martyred and died with the marks of Christ, whom she had kept in her heart without renouncing while she lived through that tenebrous physical and spiritual agony.

THE SAMARIA MARKET

Without any preamble, we picked up the thread of the dialog with this companion at the very moment when he, already magnetized and after having reacted bravely to the induction, plunges into the memories of a remote existence.

It is he who begins to speak:

- It is hot today. Very hot...

- Where are you?

- I'm in my house. I'm serving my customers. I'm a merchant. I sell jars, oils, and wines.

- You are rich, then?

- Yes, I am. I also sell carpets, which I have sent from Persia. Furs, I sell furs. I live here in Samaria.

- Are you a Samaritan, an Orthodox Jew, or another nationality?

- I don't care about those things. My father came from far away.

- Were you already born there or here?

- I was born here.

- What happened there? Please tell me.

- I sell wines, oils, silks, furs...

- Is your house on the side of the road? And you see everyone who passes that way?

- Yes.

- And one day, someone passed there, and he was very meaningful for your life, your spirit.

What happened that day? How was it?

- There are no stories. I only hear so much talk... And talk, and talk...

- One moment, you saw him too.

- Yes. So what? You don't just hear about it; you...

- And what happened when you saw him?

I didn't give him any importance. I didn't see him. (Pause).

Sage... My young wife... She is very young. They talk, talk, and she listens to what these women say. Women talk a lot. They get together and talk. They should be busier. I don't like her to help me because she is very beautiful and sometimes she uncovers her face. I don't like these people see her. It was that silk... That came from far away. I gave it to her. It had some sort of substance in it, something that blinded her. She stopped seeing.

- That can't be so. Do you mean that you, an experienced merchant, gave your wife a cloth that blinded her?

- It could only have been that. What else could have blinded her?

One day she appeared blind. Then she heard those stories (about Jesus' healings). I forbade her. I went to the doctors in Jerusalem and took her to the Temple. They gave her baths and baths and oils, but nothing helped. One day when we were staying overnight in Jerusalem, she, as usual, got together with some women; she knew it and, against my orders (she says this with emphasis), she went after a legend and a man who could heal. No man heals...

She went there. (The account comes out in pieces, painfully, as if he was still reluctant to accept the facts and is embarrassed to reproduce them). Well, naturally, the eye remedies....

. All that, you know it, can happen afterwards, can't it? Remote effect. She came back all right, but she thought He cured her. I didn't want her to bring it up because we were staying at the house of a merchant who, besides being a merchant, supplied the Temple and the people

from the Sanhedrin, and I also served people there. We returned to Samaria, but she was never the same again. She lived in the corners, her eyes lost in space, as if she were having visions. And every person who came, every traveler, she would ask for news. And that bothered me.

- And did He pass by one day?

- He did. I wasn't there, as I'd gone to get a set of silks. I think she's gone...

- You never saw her again? Did she go away?

- - She got lost in the crowd that was following him. I saw her; yes, later. After everything had passed (These companions avoid direct mention of the crucifixion).

- In the spiritual world, therefore, as spirits, you and your wife?

- No. I saw her there, in Jerusalem, after everything had passed and the criminal justly punished.

- And what happened? Did you take her home?

- She confessed to being a Christian. She confessed.

- And what did you do?

- I wanted to... I should have whipped her, but I loved her so much. So I defended her, saying she was crazy. And I think she was really mad. Those eyes kept seeing visions.

(Mediumship?) She abandoned the silks. I took her back home and locked her in a room, but when I wasn't there, she would slip out, to distribute our things, to take food to poor lepers. And one day, I... (Long hesitation) One day I... I confronted her. I grabbed her by the hair, slammed her head against the wall, whipped her and, as she said nothing - for I think she no longer loved me - nor did she want to fulfil her wifely duties... She only spoke of that Rabbi, that vision, that Kingdom foreign to me. And she said that the miserable, the poor, the lepers were her brothers.

- But what happened then? You said you grabbed her by the hair...
. Did she die?

- I don't know, for after everything, I dragged her out the door and threw her outside. I pushed her down a piece of the road and dumped her, so that her brothers would take care of her.

- And you never heard from her again?

- I didn't want to know any more.

- But, my dear, if I understand you correctly, it's a story that's, at once, very sad and painful, but if you meditate well, you will find many beauties in it too, because you have seen...

- Only madness... Only madness!

- No. Listen.

- How can you go mad with love for a man who died on a cross? Who couldn't even dress himself?

- Yes, but didn't he restore her sight? Or do you think it was the priests with their balms and oils? Now, honestly, that...

- I never wanted to know.

- Don't you want to know, even now?

- What difference does it make?

- A lot.

- It's been so long! And I never had the son I wanted to carry on with our tradition.

- But is Christ to blame for all this?

- He stole my son from me, my happiness, my dreams of youth. He stole everything from me. I became a rich man. Richer and richer, and more and more alone. More and more alone... It gave me an agony that killed me.

- Yes, but that life also ended one day, and you went to the spiritual world. How did that existence end? Were you very old?

- I was not too old. You know it. That sect spread like a creeping plague, like a terrible fungus. There was a time when everyone was persecuted, and I tried to identify in my tent those who were of the sect. I would denounce them, to take revenge. I never saw her again. She was everything to me. To this day, I don't know if I killed her or not. I feel like a murderer.

- Now let us return here, to the present, bringing back these memories, but especially, my dear, the memory of that spirit you loved and thus continue to love. That spirit who survived and fought for an ideal, who accepted your punishments and pains for the love, not only of a being, but of a new life ideal, which she knew how to understand, and you tenaciously refused. Centuries passed, she walked on, and you did not want to follow her. It is not because she was stolen from you, but rather because you did not want to go with her. She did not lose her interest in you. On the contrary. She has been seeking your spirit all this time, and you have always been running away from her.

- You are causing me a strange thing! Yes, it is true, it's true. She came to help me. Rosa Malena. I lied. (A story he had told earlier in the conversation about an existence he had had in Spain, when his wife by the name of Rosa Malena had betrayed him and he had thrown her down a well). I lied. So beautiful and so pure. But I was still very attached to money. I had hurt because of abandonment. I'm a very unhappy man. I was very unhappy.

- But, my dear, who has the love so pure of a being, who from the first hour dedicated himself to his neighbor to spread the message of Christ, is not unhappy.

Certainly, she is waiting for you again. Please do not disappoint her once more. Stay with us. We cannot promise you the impossible, but

perhaps she will be with you in the spiritual world, where you can meet her again and understand her in another way.

Just because she loves Christ it does not mean she has stopped loving you. So much does she love you that she came back in another life, trying to recover your spirit.

- Rosa Malena was not my wife. She was a sister. I repudiated her because she was too pious. She was rich and beautiful but lived with the dirty poor and wanted me to help her. So, I threw her out of the house. I had a terrible temper.

- Listen, my dear. These are memories you need to face now, to accept this reality of love, which you run away from. We won't demand a total, sudden, immediate acceptance from you of all the Christ preached; you still have a long way to go to accept it.

- Twice I kicked her out of my house....

- Give your spirit a chance, and also to this being so devoted to you, so pure, so loving, to help you as a sister, a companion, a friend. Do you agree? But there is still something to confess, and he wishes to go to the bitter bottom of the cup.

- My father gave her to me on his deathbed. And I threw her out!

- Wouldn't you like to be with her again?

- How? I threw her out twice....

- But she doesn't hate you for that. She will try again and again, for that same Christ, whom she understood so well in the early days, taught us to forgive not just seven times, but seventy times seven. Accept the forgiveness she offers you, and go and meet her. We will help you.

- But if she was human, why did she not want human joys and pleasures?

- My dear, human joys and pleasures are not incompatible with love of God and other beings. We can, as incarnate, lead a perfectly

normal life, serve our neighbor, and try to comprehend our problems and to love our fellow men, as we are just like them.

Do you agree?

Will you stay with us, then?

- After you have reduced me to this, where will I go?

- We don't mean to humiliate you nor bring you useless pain. But it was necessary for you to take this plunge into the past in order to understand all this from another point of view, in a moment of lucidity, of calm....

- Understand what? Christ is still hitting me.

- No, my dear. He has been waiting for you since that time. It is you who did not want to follow him. Your beloved, your Salvia, followed him and became very happy. Why don't you want to be happy with her? Isn't that your pride? Can't you come down from your pedestal? Why can't you come down?

- But Christ is unattainable. He is complex...

- No, He is not. How did she accept him?

- I don't understand him.

- It is because you want to reach him by intelligence, intellect, cold reason. She has arrived quicker than you. How did she understand him? Is she more brilliant than you? No. She is more loving. Don't you realize that the path of love is the shortest? Why have you wasted this time, made so many turns and let so many centuries pass?

- She submitted, let herself be dominated.

- I don't think so. A being with such lucidity, calm and balance, might be dominated? She is more liberated than you, my dear. She is the one who is free. You are stuck to your grudges, disappointments and pride.

- I have had religious lives.

- But you have not loved Christ. Now, you don't need to change yourself promptly into a perfect being, but begin to recognize your faults so you can free yourself from it. Give your beloved a chance to help you.

(Pause). We have to interrupt our conversation here. You, please, stay with us, then.

If possible, we will go to the spiritual world afterwards to be with you, put you at rest and pacify your spirit a little so that you can understand all this. Is that all right?

- Yes.

- Forgive me, right? Don't take it personally if I said some of the rougher phrases we exchanged at first, since...

- I feel so alone.

- You're not alone. You are with us. Those same fellows that you didn't understand at the time, many of whom you may even have denounced, as you said, are the ones who want to help you today.

- I've always felt so alone. I've had so many women and always felt so lonely... I miss something. I miss her...

- That's right. You miss the love you refused but is within the reach of your hand.

The spirit is led with a word of affection, hope and a request to address his beloved in thought.

This story is of another bewildered brother who could not accept Christ even after the healing of the woman he loved. On the contrary, he, instead, fixed his resentment on him and became crystallized in incomprehension while she followed the evolutionary path, serving the cause of love of neighbor.

This all-embracing and transcendent love also included the wealthy merchant of Samaria.

He could have followed the path with her to the places of light.

He chose, instead, to beat her head against the walls and drag her into the road, where he abandoned her. He went back to his riches, pride, prejudices, and loneliness. Christ was to blame for all that misfortune...

Centuries later, when she returned to the flesh as a sister, once more she invited him to the sublime task of charity, and again he drove her out of his house, and turned to his riches, pride, prejudices, and loneliness...

At last, he had come to find attention, and affection, warmth and welcome precisely among those miserable followers of the Christ whom he had tenaciously fought for nearly two thousand years...

ANGELICA AND FAITH

The spiritual companion whose story we relate below declares to be a "servant of the Christ of God, the Way, the Truth, and the Life". With a low voice, almost aphonic, he responded with a contrite "Amen" to our indoctrinator's initial greeting.

He had come to bring affection, understanding, friendship, and desire to serve. And he had found "armed Christians".

- Disarm yourself - he said. - We are one flock. We are brothers!

And he continued, in the pastoral tone of a preacher:

- Come unto me, ye that would serve, and I will give you service opportunity, a hoe to plow the hard soil of men's hearts!

In fact, he spoke only in an oratorical tone, as if he were in front of an auditorium. With the same inflection in his voice, he expressed the most resounding praise for the instructor who was doing, in his opinion, such a sought-after, so well accepted! As for him, he was a counsellor, a preacher. He had come in the name of truth, understanding, and fraternity from distant lands, where he disseminated the Divine Truth. He had been invited to preach to the multitudes in this part of the world, and he needed suitable instruments, i.e., those who could capture and transmit the inspired word.

He wanted the hand of the instructor to write with it and the mouth of the medium to speak for him.

During the conversation, he declared himself a minister of the Presbyterian Church, but he did not wish to speak of the past.

From then on, his fundamental theme, the dominant subject of his entire oratorical exposition is faith. Man is saved only through faith and service to Christ. Reincarnation is of no use.

Although "they" admit reincarnation, they see no need or desirability to spread such ideas.

(This is, by the way, a pretty usual attitude among our dear ex-priestly brothers).

The man had to accept the idea of the resurrection of the flesh in that body with which it would represent itself on the Day of Judgment. Since reincarnation and the Last Judgment are opposite concepts, the indoctrinator drew his attention to the point, and he replied, serenely, that whether the judgment existed or not, it did not matter; the important thing was that man believed in it.

That is, he had his conscience always alerted that one day he would be judged. By accepting the existence of Hell, for instance, one would always strive to act correctly.

But the big idea was really faith. He did not preach the doctrine of reincarnation because it "confused" man's mind. What man needs is faith.

The rest is irrelevant. Love, for example, cannot withstand certain shocks of faith. (We shall see why later).

This whole exposition was full of evangelical quotations applied with invariable precision and propriety. When the instructor asked him if he had always been a Christian, he replied that he was "reborn" when he became a Christian:

"Before that, I was not me. We are all born in Christ. I count my life from then to here when I accepted Jesus". This very relevant event is precisely in his memory: it was in 1675, in the United States.

- And you? - He asks the instructor. - When did you accept him?

- In Galilee - is the answer.

- Were you baptized? Were you confirmed?

A little later in the conversation, the recurring theme of faith comes up again. The spirit insists on the thesis of the absolute sovereignty of

faith, and the indoctrinator reminds us that Paul placed charity above faith in chapter 13 of the Second Epistle to the Corinthians.

As an exegete of the Gospel, he knows the text, but he states that, when writing it, the Apostle was still very troubled in his faith and full of doubts.

It was a recent conversion for him. The instructor recalls that the Epistle is well after the conversion, written in maturity and acceptance when the Author was already very much worked up by the struggles and meditations. The spirit, however, is unshakable: thinks that, in reality, Paul put faith in second place.

He had a hard time coming to the faith; he was attached to earthly problems, for even in his letter to Timothy (and he knows that this is one of his last), he asked for material things, like his cloak, which was left on the way with a friend.

The problem of this companion is, therefore, something unbearable for his conscience, which he hides behind that brilliant oratorical facade he has paradoxically adorned with one of the most beautiful religious concepts - that of faith!

What could be the reason for this position? What would be behind that barrier?

In the context of these ideas, is where the following account should be examined, reproduced from the moment he begins the memory regression.

First, however, the indoctrinator must overcome some persistent resistances.

In response to a remark made by the spirit, the indoctrinator asks the following question:

- How was that story?

- It is better not to go into this story. You want details, and I don't know. I am confused. I'm not sure what I'm saying. (New and last escape attempt).

- This is all recorded in you. The sighs of love, confessions, betrayals, pains, joys, and hopes. We are all that, my brother. We are human beings, fallible creatures. Imperfection is still ingrained in us, but our mistakes are not irremissible. We redeem ourselves in God. Christ has shown us the way and reincarnation is the instrument of our redemption. There are no final judgments. There are no hells. No punishments. We are the artisans of our happiness or misfortune. I realize that your Spirit, so beloved and so brilliant, is entangled in concepts that distort the truth. You have built up around you a truth that suits you, that is, the half-truth, and the half-truth is also a lie, brother.

Will you continue to be entangled in it, inside this cocoon? You need to get out, free yourself from it, fly, fly to God. You believe you accept Christ. Why do you try to mix Christ with your passions and personal interests?

Why do you try to drag other brothers into this tangle of doctrines you know are not true? A spirit who knows, admits, and agrees with the law of reincarnation cannot preach the final judgment, the hell doctrine; it cannot deceive those who wish to enlighten themselves. You do not transmit the light but the shadow with these concepts.

And you have light to give, for you know the Gospel and because you love.

- It's not a pretty story.

- My son, you don't have to tell it to me. I don't want to rip it out any price. All I want you to know is that you don't have to stay stuck in this past of disillusionment, nor continue to be an instrument of the interests and passions of those who manipulate you. You obey your group's interests in the hope that as long as you are there, you are

protected. Protected from what? From love? From evolution? From Christ?

- "They" know! "They" know my secret. I don't know how they knew. She was a very young and beautiful girl. She came on a ship and went to live on a farm nearby. Her name was Angélica. I was married. I had a wife and a couple of children. I fell in love... She came every evening (Wonderful!) for the two children; to teach them the Christ Gospel. which she called catechism. I wasn't interested, but I became interested because of her. We met in the woods. She, always with the Bible in her hand, and I, on the pretext of someone who wanted to learn...

- My dear, you don't have to tell the whole story. I only wanted you to turn a little to your past to understand your present and seek solutions for the future.

But he goes on, in that invincible compulsion to talk:

- I had a boat. And one day... I couldn't take it anymore! I took my wife for a walk and threw her in the water. (Pause)

- My dear companion. We know sorrow and remorse have kept you in this scheme of falsehoods and anguish. We are not here to imprison nor to humiliate you. We are here in the name of Christ, to help you. Not because we are perfect, my brother. We are full of mistakes and faults; we often stumble over our passions...

But he does not seem to hear and continues inexorably:

- That's why I went to her church, singing in the choir with her.

I read the Bible. Blind! Crazy!

- But there are two positive things about these horrors. Now you recognize, repentant, the power of love and bring the knowledge of the Gospel. You have proved the existence of love. But you have lowered it to the status of passion. When it was necessary to renounce it, you followed your impulses. The mistake was made. It is certain...

- Interesting that, now that I've spoken, I feel relieved! It is no longer a secret. You know it too.

- The secret will stay here. I respect your pain, but as I often say, regret needs to be constructive. You need to seek those spirits again and serve them with love and dedication...

- I killed my wife, I made my children orphans!

- And you never met the spirit of the one who was your wife again?

In the spirit world, for example.

- I ran away from her. I don't have enough courage for that! She was a good woman; that's it!

-- Do you think she condemns you or has forgiven you?

- I don't know.

- And the other one? Angelica. Life went on...

- Her father had other plans for her. Deep down, I was afraid that she would get suspicious. I proposed marriage to her.

- And the children, how did they turn out?

- With an aunt, who I think was also suspicious. I don't know. It seems that everyone was suspicious, everyone knew. I took refuge in my belief... Which I could not accept, but served as a refuge.

They ordered me to a minister. My first sermon was at her wedding.

Damn her! She made a criminal of me!

- No, my dear. That's not quite it. What made you commit such folly was your passion, not her. My brother, what can we do here, right now, to help you, to serve you?

- I don't know. I was a tree that was standing, and you cut off my trunk.

- It was dry. When you cut down a dry tree, it sprouts again, with new vigor. That is what will happen to you.

- My roots are in the ground, and my trunk is fallen. What can I do?
- The roots are immersed in life. A new trunk will be born, and you can bear new fruit, flowers, shelter birds, and provide shade..
- Shade for her to come and sit under with her husband?
- Do you hate her then?
- How can one do it? How can you hate the one you loved so much?
- If you search into your remotest past, you will find out why this happened. We are not criminals by compulsion of divine law; we are criminals by choice, by free choice. Now, the divine law is so perfect, so pure, so good, that it always gives us the opportunity of redemption and the means to make amends for our mistakes. But if we continue to attract other spirits to that error in which we live, how can we to correct our faults?

If you allow a suggestion from a companion, from a friend: Stop your follies for a moment. Examine your conscience.

Expel from your heart all feelings of resentment, hatred, and revolt. Turn to Christ. Strip yourself of your pomp, your rhetoric. Speak to him as a being who suffers and who expects love. Ask him to help you discover the path of peace. I know it will not be easy. You have to redo many things, take up abandoned ways again, and go and get each one of those spirits whom you have harmed to bring them back to your heart.

There are so many compensations, so beautiful the hopes and certainties of redemption and pacification, that the pain of redemption is worth it. Instead of this static pain, which builds nothing, and poisons us in such a way that in all you transmit to us, there is also a little of your poison.

You were telling me, a moment ago, that you are tired.

It is true. Tired of deceiving yourself, tired of the pain, running away, anguish, and despair. Stay with us, rest, meditate, recompose your

thoughts. You will then be able to plan new existences of redemption and joy. God is in us, and we live in God, as our Paul said.

It is in the "Acts". Do you agree to stay with us?

- There is nothing more for me to do.

- No, my son. I am not asking you to stay anyway or to oblige you to stay. If you want to follow the alternative of disillusionment, you are free, my dear. But you know that other times it didn't work out. I am offering you an option that we know is positive; the one you followed has resulted in what you see: a picture of desolation, pain, and longing...

- Remorse...

- Yes, but based on this remorse, you will rebuild an existence, you will find love again, and ask forgiveness from those you have harmed. Forgiveness is in the divine laws. God always forgives us, but the Law demands reparation.

- I am tired, very tired.

- Do you have a grudge against me?

- No, I resent myself. How did I get into all this, all of a sudden?

- Let's stop here today. You already have plenty of material for meditation and reformulating your existence, thoughts, and philosophy of life.

- I acted like a treacherous beast. I killed, I betrayed. Have you ever carried a crime on your conscience? I don't forget the frightened eyes of the children, their wide eyes... It was a couple. Eight and six years old. The boy was six.

- And you lived until they became adults?

- I left them too. I went to church. I went to be a minister. I went to live in the Rectory (parish house). They reminded me of her. I was afraid

of remorse. I was afraid of betraying myself. I saw the crime in their frightened eyes, as if they feared me. Afraid of me, their father...

- Have you never had the opportunity to do something for them in the spirit world?

- I was afraid... I was afraid to meet them. Any of them.

He cries at last, unleashing the tears he has held back, for so long, behind that dam of false faith. The indoctrinator gives him his last remarks.

- I believe that all these Spirits have forgiven you; it is your conscience that has not yet forgiven you, but you must remember that the first step towards our recovery is not tolerance of our mistakes, but the decision to forgive ourselves as well, so that remorse does not paralyze us.

We will be with you, by your side, in your difficulties. Whenever you need help with your weaknesses in difficult times, remember that Christ is within reach of our voice. No prayer goes unanswered.

If, at times, we are not answered in the way we would like, it is because it was not the way that suited us. Do you know how to pray?

- Oh! I'm not up to it.

- Not now, but you will be able to.

To overcome his understandable difficulty, the teacher prays for him, as if he were himself, exposing his dramas and asking for help while he cries without stopping.

He only manages to say one final word: "Thank you.

Thank you very much!

That is the tragedy our dear companion has dragged on for three hundred years in his tormented conscience.

That Monday evening after the touching conversation with him, our dear Angelica, the beautiful blonde girl who had once taught catechism to our brother's children.

She calmly told us that, in a way, she felt guilty about that terrible drama. Not because she had induced our companion to commit the crime, but she could not escape the evidence that the passion she had inspired in him was, somehow, if not consented, stimulated, as is evident from those secret meetings in the woods, even if the motivation was the study of the Gospel.

She had now obtained his consent to return to the flesh, to receive him as her husband, and to have as her children the old wife who had been sacrificed, whose frightened eyes had been written with the silent terror inspired by their father, who had deprived them of their mother's presence so early in life.

The future will tell whether such anxiety will be extinguished along with the passions and misunderstandings, or there will be again failures to correct in new attempts, one day, three or four centuries later, who knows it?

I MADE USE OF CHRIST

The narrative begins at the point where the Spirit, already magnetized, begins to become drowsy and, once fearing the plunge into the past, does everything he can to detach himself from the medium.

- I am sleepy. I am not sleepy; I am hypnotized,

I am dominated. You have dominated me. I need to get out of this apparatus, disconnect myself, and disengage myself. Why did you put this thing around me? These waves that you emit. You trapped me inside them. You trapped me... trapped. It's spinning. What a horrible thing!

- What do you have against Christ?

- I have nothing against Christ. I'm past that stage.

- Why is that?

- Because I have adopted the doctrine, I have preached the doctrine. I have represented Christ so many times. Why stand still when you can go on?

- I know it. And when He was here, where were you?

- I'm overwhelmed! How awful! I didn't come here to be overwhelmed. What do you have in here? What's wrong with this device, with which you two neutralize me? I am a cold man, and you two neutralized me. I don't have any more strength. I should have known that.

- Listen, my dear, have I done anything to hurt you in the past? Have I harmed you in any way? If that happened, I want to ask for forgiveness, but please accept me as your brother, your friend, the one who wishes to offer you...

- You have harmed a nephew of mine, a very dear one.
- Have I? How was that?
- You. ... (Quotes the name that the indoctrinator had in an incarnation in the century, when he was a French monk). You make me float... I feel myself floating. I don't know where I am. My head is floating. A cloud, a cloud... I'm overwhelmed. I... I...
- Do you know what happened next, with that nephew of yours?
- I'm not interested.
- Do you know that he was later my son and that, before it, he had been it too? Do you know why we disagreed? Because there were also doctrines...
- Why can't I get away from your influence?
- Because he was trying to preach doctrines in which Christ seemed to be no longer necessary. Who are we to turn Jesus out of our ways? Who are we to try to live without the Gospel? What have you achieved in all these centuries, trying to live without the Gospel? Thinking it's outdated?
- No. I have lived the Gospel many times. The Gospel is a farce. The Church was a farce, all false. In the end, what was wanted was gold, silver, position... All false!
- My dear. You keep repeating the same deception. You are still in the same position.
- Rich estates, decorated, gleaming, so that kings would come in there and admire, kneel, and kiss our hand (It seems it was one of the Popes).
- And the feet, too.
- The feet, too.
- And you think that built something? Isn't that what bothers you today?

- That's why I walked away from it all.
- And you are not repeating the same deceptions?
- No. I now seek the truth.
- My dear, there is your deception. Have the courage to assert. What truth? Outside the Christ?
- The truth, where it is. Faith in God. Outside the Christ.
- You don't need Jesus anymore?
- I need God.
- Does this mean, then, that you no longer want Christ?
- Who is the Christ but a figure? Have you seen Christ?
- Yes. So have you.
- It is a figure of speech. What does Christ mean? A figure of the rhetorical figure.

The indoctrinator insists on regression, while the spirit resists the idea of lifting the memories of the distant past that lie in the cellars of his memory.

- I need to go home. I want to go home.
- At this point, we appeal to you, for you are also the prodigal son of the parable, who, after much wandering, has come again to the Father's house. Come with us.
- I have a job that must go out, stand out. Work of enlightenment, of light, of truth.
- Listen! Your agonies of today are because of those errors of the past that you keep repeating. What truth? You cannot speak of truth in this place you live, my dear. There is the domain of lies, falsehood, disillusionment. Not out of malice, what exists is spiritual ignorance or interest.

- We need to act; don't you want to collaborate?

- Let's talk about something I have already asked you. Where were you at the time of Jesus?

In Jesus' time? I was not there. I was in Egypt.

- What were you doing in Egypt?

- I was a magician (hesitates). I... I... knew of his coming.

- And why don't you accept him today? You, who were given this information and recognized in him this figure, why do you deny him today? Is there someone above him in this world of ours?

- There is God.

- I know that. But I mean the messiahs, the messengers... Is there another equal to him? Can we do without him? Is his doctrine already embedded in our hearts?

The doctrine of love and forgiveness...

- Doctrine! We know.

- Knowledge, my brother, is not wisdom. Knowledge is disillusionment if it is not linked to the feeling of affection, understanding, charity, and love.

You know that. Our Peter said that "Love covers the multitude of sins".

And you, who are capable of loving, why don't you try to redo your spirit, to search the depths of your being for those good things you

And you, who are capable of loving, why don't you try to redo your spirit, to search the depths of your being for those good things you have, the pleasant memories, the loves, those gestures of charity?

- A dark tunnel... A dark tunnel...

This is the passage to the past. There is often some sort of "geographical accident" if we may put it that way, marking the limits

between the territory of conscious memory and the secret archives: a wall, a barrier, a tunnel...

- Let's go through the tunnel. Up ahead, you will see something.

Keep going. Walk. Let's go. Come with me.

- My head is confused. Everything is gray, a cloud.

- Where are you? Who are you?

- I am the power, the strength, the decision.

- You are also the perplexity, the anguish.

- I am sitting on a throne. I have the power of life and death in my hands.

Do you think Peter had it too? Were you a worthy successor to him?

- I can sign any sentence. Kings fear me. They have always feared me.

- But did you serve Christ?

- Christ? I served Christ (Emphasize the pronunciation of the particle). The Christ was too weak an image.

- But don't you think He was the Messiah? Is He not the emissary of our Father?

- I am confused.

- Why, my dear?

- Because you have confused me.

- No, my son. I am only showing you what is in you. No. I am not inventing anything. I am not creating anything for you; I am showing you what is within your own spirit.

- It's all a mess, madness. I mix everything up...

As the Spirit has not yet settled on a specific point in its past, the rush of repressed memories that has suddenly been unleashed on him, puts them at the center of a real inner turmoil. Little by little, he begins to speak on a specific episode and says:

- I hear singing, voices, screams. All at the same time.

- Yes. Suffering, pain, tears. But don't you also see your love?

- I hear them... There's a dark pit and screams are coming from inside. What's that? I'm a good man. I've never committed cruelty. I'm lying. I've never had a throne; I wanted a throne. It was a mistake.

- I know it's hard, my brother, to face your conscience, to go over your mistakes. but sometimes we need a moment of introspection to see ourselves in our true light, in what we are really.

- It's this Christ who says nothing to my mind. It's a name without expression.

- Is Christ an expressionless name for you? Why then use him to oppress?

- I can't understand what that is. Who am I? I am lost. Who am I? Where am I? What's my name? I'm lost. What do I do? I've lost my identity. That was some kind of trick. Who am I? I'm nothing!

He endlessly repeats the same questions, trying to find his lost identity and its location in time and space. He has crossed the barriers and, for a while, struggles in total perplexity, almost alienated.

- You are not lost, my brother. Christ leaves none of us lost. We are sheep in his flock and he will seek us out one by one.

He has allowed us to reach you to bring this message of hope, of consolation. You are also loved by us. We are offering you an opportunity to come back to us; not, my dear, to use the Gospel as an instrument of power and oppression, but to let it become part of our

being. You were just saying "after having mastered the whole Gospel". We don't want to master it. We want to translate it into action, into acts of purity, love and trust. A word of Christ, the Epistles of our Paul, the Acts of the Apostles, the narrative of that epic of light...

- Gospel... Gospel. What is that?

- We don't even know how to practice it properly yet. How are we supposed to consider Christ to have surpassed us? Who are we, my brother? Who are you? Who am I?

He now refers, with a little more coordination, to his existence in Egypt, where he would have been a prophet:

- I knew ... someone would send me to serve the Gospel.

- You've already had that opportunity.

- That's it. I needed to go and serve with the One I had foretold. The day was coming when I would have to go and serve Him.

As we can see, in his remote incarnation in Egypt, the manifesting Spirit prophesied the coming of Christ and was told that he himself had been appointed to serve Him later.

- You didn't do it at that time because you made a mistake.

That you made one of those covenants that you call an agreement. The problem is, my dear, that you can't go on making the same mistake century after century.

- I was... I saw a strange scene: three men and a bag of money to buy the life of a man, a madman.

- Did you contribute with the money or did you just foresee it?

- No, I contributed. I was one of the three.

The teacher doesn't quite understand and asks:

- But didn't you say you were in Egypt?

- Before.

The story, then, is that he saw through mediumship the scene that would unfold centuries later, in which he took part as one of the two people who were buying a bag of money for the life of someone he calls "crazy" from a third party.

They called him a "madman". He saw the tragic transaction with Judas, and he was one of those who paid for Christ's life, with the Temple's money of course.

- Oh yes. I understand now. There was a time when you were a magician and foresaw everything. Then you came to be born in His time. Is that it?

- That's it.

- But look, my brother. That doesn't mean that Christ stopped loving you, that He hates you or doesn't offer you new opportunities. You will have new opportunities. The proof is that He helped us get to you to take this message, from Him to you.

- It was horrible.

- I know, my dear. I know it troubles your conscience. I want you to know, however, that you have not ceased to be our friend, our brother, or a sheep of his flock. He asks us to come to you again and to offer you a new opportunity in his name.

- But he was a man, not a God!

- We know that. Does that change the message we bring you? Does it change its meaning? Isn't it still a message of love, of hope? Faith?

- I see someone who tells me I've failed.

- That's right, my brother. You've failed once, you've failed many times, but that doesn't mean you'll continue to fail.

You have every chance for rehabilitation.

- I went back again to serve within (the Church) and I failed.

- And you're trying to fail again?

Trying again to induce companions to use the Gospel to gain positions, popularity and fame? That, my dear, is what you are trying to do. That's it.

- I feel something cold, icy, inside me, as if I had plunged in. It's late!

- What you feel is cold is your heart. It's not as you think. Because in addition to the affection you have for our Ambrose (a Spirit treated by the previous week), there are other beings whom you love. Has there never been a female figure in your lives?

- I have this woman who I see enveloped in light, who says to me: "Go." She says to me: "Go. You've failed again."

- Who was she? Your friend, your wife, your beloved?

- I don't know. She's far away... I'm afraid to remember.

The Spirit is certainly pointing you in the only possible direction for a new reincarnation, which the compromised being fears so much.

- My friend," the instructor continues, "don't be afraid of the decisions you must make. This is an important moment for you.

- I see a grid. I'm trapped. No one can hear me. Get me out of here!

A grid made of gold. You've trapped me inside it! It's spinning.

I'm taking a dive. My head. What a horrible thing!

This is the tragic profile of a multi-century agony. The unfortunate companion foresaw the coming of Christ in ancient Egypt and was told that he would also be there serving the Divine Emissary. When the time came, he was reborn and, becoming involved in the political-religious plots of the time, he rose to positions of prominence in the then dominant cult, because he had an uncontrollable thirst for power and glory.

He took part actively in the negotiations that resulted in the purchase of treason. He was one of the priests who handed the poor brother Judas the purse containing the price of infamy.

After that, when new occasions were presented, in renewed existences, he used Christ instead of serving him.

The figure of Jesus has always been associated, in his poor and tormented spirit, with the terrible episode of the purchase of a life, which had been shown to him from Egypt.

Successive failures consolidated frustration instead of eliminating his terrors. He understood, too late, the spiritual greatness of the One whose life he had bought for thirty coins. The resource was to run away from himself and from everything. To do this, he invented the personal doctrine that he has already dominated in the teachings of Jesus and having preached those teachings from the highest so-called Christian tribunes, he could consider Him to be a mere figure of speech. and that his outdated wisdom had nothing more to give him.

He had "evolved" to the "superior" position he was in now. He was going directly to God and continued "in search of the Truth".

In the environments in which he worked, however, there were various earthly organizations, continued to use - always in the interests of his personal deformations - the Christ's name, inspiring mediums, orators and psychographers.

Behind it all, the persistent and insatiable thirst for power, the technique of corrupting in order to conquer, and, above all, the ultimate goal, total alienation from Christ, because to the exalted figure of the Master was linked the darkest and most regrettable episode of his entire spiritual trajectory. It was this dark memory that he had blocked from his consciousness, because, forgetting his greatest remorse, he could at least pretend to live in peace. This was the core that had to be unveiled, even if it was, as it was, at the cost of a real seismic inside. He kept other terrible memories in the cellars of

his being... "I'm afraid to remember," he said, as he gazed at the distant, a luminous female figure following him lovingly. He didn't feel strong enough to dive into that other deep, dark pit full of cries of despair. Other dark ghosts awaited him there and he feared.

Next would come the long series of painful incarnations, new tests, new opportunities and, perhaps, new failures, but the final victory would be waiting for him somewhere, certainly next to the one whose luminous figure he could barely contemplate from a distance.

COUP DE GRACE

The spiritual companion this story refers manifested himself with a strong Portuguese accent and greeted us with many compliments.

Showing himself as a humble being, aware of his limitations in the face of such illustrious people. He had come to offer his modest services, his help as a servant of Jesus and a worker for Spiritism; precisely because some tasks are assigned to spirits of lesser means.

He would solve little human problems, recommend remedies for our ailments, and promote the unexpected arrival of money for those who needed it, since, as we know, in this world, unfortunately, you need money to practice charity. In short, he presented himself nicely, humbly, and serenely; he only wanted to be accepted to serve.

After some time, during which he was allowed to speak freely, the instructor asked him nicely to assume his true personality. He still denies it, though, and eventually gives in, and abandons the farce. He laughs, somewhat disconcerted, but soon he recovers and becomes suddenly aggressive, in an entirely different tone of voice, no longer with the fake accent.

From then on, the conversation still goes to his own devices, so that we can better study their motivations and philosophy of life.

His position is, in a nutshell, as follows: he works for the spread of good, truth, and justice. (This is almost a slogan, to which we have become accustomed.)

The prayer must be a dynamic force converted into action. Error does not exist until we admit it in our conscience, for it is part of our the evolutionary process, since we learn through successes and mistakes.

(The pretty dangerous half-truth technique!) When, for example, someone stands in our way and obstructs us, we must summarily remove them, whatever the methods. God placed that obstacle there just to test us. There is nothing wrong with the hindrance. As far as he is concerned, he is a liberated, redeemed spirit) He rejects the word "redeemed." He's a liberal Christian, for Christianity has human flaws. Just as much as Spiritism. The Christianity of Christ would have died with Christ; what exists today is human Christianity.

Then, he has already characterized that he dispenses with Christ since we can all go directly to God. He, therefore, doesn't see much point in praying to Jesus, as Spiritists usually do, which he vehemently condemns.

He then states that many pray to him, and he answers those prayers.

(Did he have an incarnation in which he was beatified or considered a saint, or is he just mystifying? We are more inclined to accept the first hypothesis, but no declaration on his part). He also combats the regrettable tendency to talk about guilt and karma. In his opinion, one must free oneself from these concepts and live like him, who, he insists, is a liberated spirit. The feeling of guilt binds people. Error ~ he returns to the theme ~ is only an image in the conscience; it doesn't exist in itself.

Without a sense of guilt, the error doesn't exist. At this point, we already have his moral portrait, and we can infer the depth of anguish and the weight of his guilt. You have to look for the reasons for these deviations and this painful process of self-hypnosis.

Immediately after the prayer, in which we asked for him and us, the magnetization begins, and within a few moments, he starts seeing a mist around him, as if it were, in his words, "a spider's web".

Then, he wants to leave, proposing that everyone goes their own way, doing their work, and thanking them for the opportunity to talk, which had been "very enlightening." Sleep starts invading his will, and an unexpected, sharp pain sensation appeared in his chest as if a

dagger or a spear had pierced his lungs. The pain radiates through his arm and begins to spread throughout his body, which he complains about, already quiet and perplexed. But he still insists that he has no guilt on his conscience.

It is from this moment that we reproduce the dialog. The opening word is his:

- What a strange thing! What is it? It hurts a lot. It's as if my lung were hit with a spear, but that's never happened to me before. My mental records don't identify it... There was no such passage in my life. But my lung is affected. The left lung... But my mental records don't have any of this cataloged there. I'm an intelligent man, my dear. You're not going to take me easily. No.

- So, how do you explain this spear?

- I don't know. My mental records don't detect it...

- Yes, but your mental records don't detect guilt either and it's there.

- What guilt? I'm feeling pain. It has nothing to do with guilt!

He interrupts to moan and complain that it's hurting more and more, and he has nothing to remember, as the indoctrinator suggests. He moans and complains that his spine feels broken. The pain increases.

- "How can you, as a spirit," says the instructor, "feel a spear through your body? It's because it's in your memory!"

- No, I wasn't pierced by a spear! How absurd! It is some sort of psychosis in me. It's that touch of yours. You touched me and caused all this. You're to blame for all this. If you'd just sit there in your seat... (Pause).

Nobody pierced me with the spear. No one would dare. Not in me, a nobleman (delving deeper into his memories). A Roman nobleman, my dear. A nobleman, a member of the royal house, do you

understand? Oh, it hurts. What an absurd! No one has ever pierced me with a spear. No one would dare!

Even more so in the back, breaking the spine and going through the lung. Do you know what that's like? Only those lousy Christians have suffered that. I'm not Christian. Do you understand? Ouch! I can't even move my head; It hurts here. It hurts! Where is the noble Caligula? (The indoctrinator remains silent). Do you know pigs? Oh, pigs! That's what Christians are: pigs! Pigs in herds that you kill to clean the pigsty of that horrible smell! You were one of those pigs. Your Paul was another pig! We kill Christians, do you understand? Do you hear me? That's what we do!

-You even killed Christ, didn't you?

-Of course, we did! We needed to cleanse the Empire of this plague. Christians, we kill! In droves... What difference does it make in how they die? Doesn't it? What difference does it make?

The instructor asks a question that his intuition tells him:

- Wasn't there someone you loved among them?

- No. Nothing. I would never love a Christian.

- And a Christian woman?

- Not even a Christian woman.

I would never love a Christian woman. It would be a betrayal of all my principles. Never. (Pause). Do you see? Do you see how young and beautiful I am? My tunic, do you see? Garish. I'm here in the tribune of honor (at the circus). I'm a nobleman, my dear. A nobleman. And a nobleman doesn't mix with these stinky, foul-smelling people. A Christian stinks. Then what? Nothing happened! It's just another lot that's there (in the arena, to die). But why am I talking about Christians? I have nothing with them... What was I talking about? My mind is confused. What a mess! No, no. I was preaching a doctrine. I lost the thread (He is mixing up the content of the conversation just

now, with memories of his remote incarnation at the time of the Caesars, when he was watching yet another Christian sacrifice from the platform of honor).

The instructor insists:

- Who did you have there, amid those people who were sacrificed? A woman? What was her name?

- Nobody. . nobody. . . Who? No Roman loves a Christian; you use a Christian; if you want so, you make her a concubine, do you understand? It is an honor for her, but you don't love her. You don't mix your blood with hers. It's a plague... That's it... (Pause). Those eyes stared at me. She'd gone mad. She'd gone mad. I would never utter that word. I'm an orphan, do you understand? I'm an orphan. (We learn that the mother is also there, involved, and that he also rejects her). Don't ask me how she died. A noblewoman, mixing with the pigs... That's what she got. That's it...

- And you never saw her again?

- I don't want to see anything. (He groans in pain, feeling the sting of the spear). She needed a coup de grace. Someone had to give her a coup of grace. It needed... (He moans, screams in pain, and then:) That's over now, my dear. It's in the past. We have many mothers. Other mothers, other fiancées, other wives. You forget about the Christians. You forget.

- Listen, my dear. You haven't been orphaned. A mother never abandons a child.

- She abandoned him. She preferred that lousy Galilee over there; she preferred to mix with those stinking pigs. Christians stink! She received it in her house... (Doesn't conclude. We imagine they were important people, perhaps Caligula himself, of whom the manifesting spirit was a personal friend).

She was also the one who induced the noble Leila. It was her. It was she who induced. Leila Lavinia... Beautiful name! This is crazy! You're creating madness. (He screams again in pain and complains of a violent stabbing in her and the crushing of her spine. He continues the narrative relentlessly:)

What a horror! I need to kill Christ and destroy this doctrine. Christ must die another time. All the filthy Christians. Let go of my hand, if you are a Christian! Filthy! I'm disgusted by Christians... Get me out of here! Ouch! Pain... But that spear didn't penetrate me: it penetrated her! Why am I feeling the pain? You're inducing a feeling of guilt in my mind. That's it. That's evil! You're inducing me. This is morbid. (The admission of guilt). The coup de grace had to be delivered... Wasn't it necessary?

- I don't know, my friend. Do you think it was a mistake or not?

He's confronting his philosophy with the facts of his experiences. As the reader remembers, he thought a mistake only exists when you admit guilt to your conscience.

- Wasn't it necessary? God is the only reality. I am in God. No. I have no pain. (He repeats this several times, trying the self-hypnosis technique again).

I don't have it, I don't have it. Ouch! Everything's broken. . . Everything's broken. . . Stop it! Take the pressure off my mind that you've put there. Remove these webs. (He reacts again and says in a firm voice:) I'm a man; a man doesn't cry, do you understand? He doesn't whine. What are you reducing me to? A Christian pig? You're taking revenge.

- So, let's ask your Leila Lavinia and your mother to come and help you.

- You can pray and ask them to help..

- And remind yourself that they haven't forgotten you and that they've continued to love you all these centuries. It was you who ran away from them, not them from you. Do you understand?

- Stop it! It's all an illusion, my dear. I've even been a Pope, my dear. I've been all that. What good has it done me? I didn't reach the God I was looking for. My dear... my dear... alas... alas... My chariot! My chariot! I want to run over those Christians with my chariot! I've broken ribs, I've broken spines, I've broken bones, I've broken everything! I went through with my chariot. I went over them with my chariot! Why? Why? Why, my God? The bones are all broken! But I'm not broken. I can't cry, I don't know how to cry. I can't cry! I'm scared. Do not do it...

- Listen, you're my brother and my friend. Who are you afraid of? Your mother? Are you afraid of Lavinia? They'll welcome you. Have courage.

He repeats quietly, like a lost and terrified child:

- I'm afraid. I've killed so much!

- My brother, it's over, and you'll have the chance to undo it all.

- Ghosts! Ghosts! Christians shouting! I'm not a Christian! I swore I would never be a Christian. I'll always be an accuser of Christ because He destroyed everything I wanted most.

- No, my dear. It was you who destroyed it, not Christ. Ask them if they consider themselves destroyed.

- My youthful dreams... I was alone in that palace. And my father was banging his head against the walls in despair. He went mad. I was alone.

I have no mother. Everyone is dead. It's just me here, alone, in this house. Alone... I want to be blind; I want to be deaf... The chariot! I'm a hero, I'm a hero! I've killed!

Then the spirit tells us that he went to serve Rome in Palestine and continues:

- I won many decorations.

- Who did you meet there at the time?

- The Tetrarch.

- And also, those who worked with Jesus?

- I don't mix with the rabble.

- But did you know anyone from the rabble?

- They're all little people, foreigners... Inferiors. But now I wish to stay here. I don't want to go back.

- To Rome? Why? There must be a reason.

- I'm not taking this ship. I'm not going! I don't want to go back there! - He says in a loud, almost panicked voice. All I must think about is my achievements, my career.

I don't want to go back.

- So, you stayed, didn't you?

He hesitates and hesitates. The instructor doesn't quite understand what's going on in his mind. Only later does it become clear. He's afraid to continue the story because he still has terrible events to tell, and if he "takes the ship" (which took him back to Rome), he won't be able to escape the truth of his tremendous disappointments. He explains his dilemma in somewhat ciphered words, but it makes perfect sense in the context in which he finds himself now:

- I... no... I came back, but I'm not going back again. You're not making me go back there now! I'm not going back! I don't want to go back! (Back through regression).

The indoctrinator patiently persists, offering his support. He continues, despite himself.

- I.. (Pause) It was horrible! This trampling of horses... I... I'm in a hostel, you know, because I don't want to arrive in the city until tomorrow.

(The reader, naturally, knows that Rome is not a seaport; the passengers left in coastal towns. The rest of the journey was overland). Not until tomorrow, but the news of my return has already spread, and in the middle of the night, this horse.

It's Salustio. He came in, knelt at my feet, and put his head on the ground between his hands. He shook his head and cried, and cried... "My Lord Demetrius," he said. I wanted to know what. I was impatient, about to lash out at him.

That's not the attitude of a slave: to wake me up like that in the middle of the night! I made him stand up, I shook him and ordered him to speak, and he said that misfortune had entered our house.

- What do you mean?

- In my absence, my young sister met a madman representative of that... A man who wasn't even afraid to stand up to Caesar. (He's referring to Paul of Tarsus, who had an audience with Nero, as we know). And they went to hear him. They wore a cloak to hide themselves when those women came. On an expedition - not mine, because I was (outside Rome). It says that they (his mother and sister) had come in chains. He saw them. Both.

- They were two sisters.

- No. My mother and my sister. And he said there was only one salvation: that I should go quickly to the Palace to ask for them. I thought he was mad and threw him to the ground in a rage. I almost stepped on him! What do you mean? My mother and my sister! Never! Never! They have patrician blood! But he was so worried! I said that in the morning we'd go. And we did. But it was so crowded... Soldiers. There was something in the Palace, and I couldn't get in early. When I did, I was told that Caesar wasn't in the Palace. They'd all gone to that damned place.

- To the circus.

- I ran away. It couldn't be. Salustio said we had time. I was wearing a lot of medals, and Caesar knew it. He welcomed me into his

(He interrupts briefly, changes his tone, and speaks gravely:) This was an honor! Do you know what an honor it was? In Caesar's box! Sitting next to Caesar! ... (He interrupts again, shakes himself in a violent spasm, and says in a dry voice:) I'm blind! I can't see! It seems to be another psychological self-defense mechanism: he doesn't want to see). I can't see! My eyes can't see!

- So, your mother and sister were sacrificed?

No. I didn't see that! I didn't see anyone! (And he repeats, shouting that didn't see anyone). Just those hairs... those hairs... that covered his curved face. I went mad with pain and agony. Do you know what I did? I decided that I was going to burn every preacher I could find. . . In oil. . . in oil! And I burned some of them! In oil! In oil! So they could feel the pain I felt. My hatred... Do you know what it's like to burn in oil?

- My son, that's a long time ago, but the marks of that hatred and regret have remained on you. Today you wouldn't do that anymore.

I saw ghosts, I saw them! After the first one I helped sacrifice,

I came home to an empty house, because my sister and mother weren't there - and I thought I saw my mother. It was a ghost. Those eyes looked at me, and she said: "My son! My son! Don't stain your hands anymore.

. . Let my blood wash your hands". How awful! A patrician wouldn't say that! She wouldn't ask for a favor. I said: "No, Mom, I'm going to get even."

Every time I made a sacrifice like that or any other, I heard that voice telling me: "My son! My son! Stop!"

One day I was desperate because I lost one of those bastards. He was running away, and I stabbed him. Can you believe it? When he was falling, who did I see supporting him? My mother! She looked at me, crying, and said: "My son, look!" And I saw my dagger stuck in her heart. I went mad... What does it mean to be a man?

I learned that to be a man was to be rigid, strong, to have a decorated chest, to win, to have a throne, to carry a laurel wreath. What is it to be a man?

- Being a man is what you're going to be now. You will meet your mother, who has been waiting for you for so long. She hasn't forgotten you. She hasn't abandoned you.

- She must still have that dagger.

-She doesn't. The dagger is in you. In your remorse, in your anguish, your disappointments. Now stop for a moment and think. Allow yourself to recover, to redo the things you did wrong. Come with us.

-Stay with us for a while to rest and put everything in place. As soon as possible, your mother will come to see you. Are you okay?

-Send those ghosts away! That stumbling sound keeps repeating itself in my head. Sometimes I smell the smoke of burning oil.

It makes me nauseous; it makes me sick, it makes me vomit, it suffocates me! But it's just a bad dream, isn't it? It's a nightmare!

- Do you think so? Do you want to run away again? You were just asking what it means to be a man. A man is someone who faces up to his shortcomings, his mistakes and fights against them.

- Where am I going? Where did I come from? I don't know anymore. I don't know... Suddenly, something faded, as if a stretch of road had disappeared. I don't know how to go back. I'm confused. I'm scared.

The indoctrinator says a final word:

- Then come and stay with us for a while. We'll help you. You forgive me if our conversation here was sometimes a bit rough and difficult.

It wasn't a lack of respect, understanding, or friendship for you. It was necessary to awaken your spirit to these things you needed to consider. Don't get us wrong. We are all friends and brothers. Now you're going with our companions here. Go in peace! We will pray for you. God bless you. Nobody hates you, nobody has hatred for you.

- I see... Where am I? Where? Salustio! I see you! But ... What is he doing here? He's been dead so long! Salustio. Give me your hand.

The medium slowly extends his hand and the spirit is taken away.

It's not difficult to visualize the terrible scene, with all the impact of that tragedy.

He arrived at Caesar's too late, but from there, from the tribune of honor (it was a tragic honor and a painful irony!

A tragic honor and a painful irony!) he watched as the two creatures he loved and hadn't seen for so long.

They were being mercilessly, humiliatingly sacrificed; the two Roman patricians, in the sight of nobility and the ignorant people, in that sordid spectacle of barbarism.

He still found them alive and sacrificed them with the coup de grace, to which he referred earlier.

After that, it was complete madness, hallucinatory, implacable. The pain he felt in the punctured lung was, therefore, that of the dagger which, sticking in the back of the poor condemned man who tried to escape being fried alive was the spiritual vision in his mother's heart.

These terrible memories lead us to understand why he created a whole philosophical system of "liberation" through the deliberate rejection of guilt, for error only existed for him when it was admitted by conscience.

Let's not forget, however, that deep down, he preserved his love for those two beings, a love that has withstood the passage of centuries,

the avalanche of atrocities, to the rivers of blood and tears he caused to spill over in his foolish pretension of avenging them.

Who was it that said hatred is love gone mad? That is it.

NOTE ON "COUP DE GRACE"

It would come as no surprise if a phenomenon of anachronism, i.e., "confusion of dates, as to events or people"; as Prof. Aurélio Buarque de Hollanda teaches in his Dictionary. Amid a regression of memory, displaced, therefore, out of the dimension, the Spirit could confuse the sequence of facts. That is not the case here. First of all, we need to remember that from Augustus onwards, who ruled from 27 BC to 14 AD until Hadrian, from 117 to 138 all the Roman Emperors were known by the title of Caesar, which had been part of the name of the first of them: Caius Julius Caesar Octavian (who was called Augustus), was born in the year 63 BC.

In this way, when a Spirit refers to Caesar, it could be any one of the twelve who exercised that brutal share of power for 165 years.

Next, let's note that our companion could have naturally been a contemporary of Caligula and Nero, even though Claudius ruled between them.

The sequence is as follows: Caligula was born in the year 12 of our era and was Emperor (Caesar) from 37 to 41 when he was assassinated at the age of 29. He was succeeded by Claudius, who ruled from 41 to 54.

It wouldn't have been difficult for our companion to gain access to the tribune of honor in the circus. He was a Roman patrician of fine lineage; he had been a personal friend of Caligula ~ from the same family as Nero ~ he was a decorated army officer and had important connections in the Palace. Nero certainly knew who he was talking about and undoubtedly knew him personally.

"WHO AM I"

The Spirit story narrated below was also the remnant of a sophisticated community of shadows, which had disbanded after its leader had decided to abandon his task. This brother had remained there, wandering the dark, ruined region. Not so much because he stubbornly wanted to continue his task, although that was also in his plans, but mainly because, in his own words, "the mental thread that connected him to that reality" was now lost, alienated, living in a time, with no present, past or future. He seemed to have suddenly been shocked by a new reality that he couldn't understand.

Where had he been before? What was "where"? What was "before"? Who was he? He obsessively repeated just one question: "Where are the others?" The companions he had lived with until then were his world, reality, and his link to himself. Without them and the thought forms that he was a being without identity, without direction, loose in time and space.

But what was the time? And what was space? Where were his friends? And, where was he? Little by little, the story unfolded in sparse, somewhat disconnected fragments; but which slowly made up the desolate picture of his mind in chaos.

The last event he remembered was the death of Lucrezia Borgia, but when had that been? Yesterday? A century ago?

The indoctrinator patiently tries to locate him in time, to give him an identity, to find a name for him and situate him in physical and mental space. Lucrezia, daughter of Cardinal Rodrigo Borgia, later Pope Alexander VI, had lived between 1480 and 1519, dying at the age of just 39 after an adventurous life on the heights of luxury, power, and beauty. As we know today, she was a much slandered and distorted historical figure. Her family marked an era. The companion

who was now manifesting as a Spirit had been, as he told us, the Chief of the Pope's Guard. He had easy access to the Pontiff and considered him, rightly and understandably, the most outstanding figure of the time, below God, whose undisputed representative he was on Earth.

What was his name? I think it was Licinius. Or was it Lucius? He didn't know for sure. At first, he said he was young, handsome, noble, and rich, but then he confessed he was lying. He was just a soldier with no special "status" who loved or rather lusted after, a beautiful young woman of high nobility and very wealth, which, when combined with one woman put her at the center of many contradictory interests.

He simply wanted her for himself. Did she love him? That didn't matter in the slightest.

Women, in his opinion, were made to serve and couldn't have a will of their own. As for the social barriers of the difference in level, the Pope would remove them, forcing the girl's parents to be the young Commander of the Guard.

The sequence is completely confused in time. Its first memory was Lucrezia's death, in 1519. Rodrigo, the father, i.e., Alexander VI, had died in 1503 when he was succeeded by Julius II, "l'uomo terribile". So, when he says he's going to talk to the Pope, we don't know if he's thinking of Alexander or Julius, whom he would have continued to serve in the Guard. If it's Alexander, then he's got the sequence broken, remembering a time when Lucrezia's father still occupied the so-called "throne of St. Peter". This seems to be the most acceptable, because his confused mind is still stuck on an unexplained carriage accident in which his beloved lost her life. As far as we could ascertain, he was in command of a group of soldiers who ambushed the carriage to grab someone, apparently a woman. Inexplicably, the girl he lusted after was also there. The horses got spooked, lost control, and the girl died. Our brother found in her possession a very rich diamond plate mounted with a head of hers carved in solid gold.

That was one of his secrets because all this time he had kept the jewel with him in the hope of one day giving it to the girl in restitution.

He had first said that he, who was very rich and powerful, had had the jewel made. Only then, he confessed that he had looted it in the fatal accident involving his beloved. Then he said later that he also had a very rich gold crucifix set with stones.

Another opportune plunder.

He was, thus, a typical adventurer of that time, tumultuous by uncontrolled human passions.

However, he insisted on talking to the Pope, who was all-powerful and would solve his problems.

The instructor tried hard to restore his sense of time. My God! Four and a half centuries had passed, and to that poor man, nothing had happened in that long interval in human terms.

The Pope had already died. Didn't he know? And he wondered, alienated:

"What does it mean to die? What are four centuries? What is time?" But that was madness! He could go to Rome any time he wished and was sure to find the Pope there to attend promptly to his whims.

By patiently gluing the pieces together, we managed to reconstitute the fragment of history that remained, but the alienation persisted.

He could only speak with certain coherence of the work in the now shattered spiritual community.

His task consisted of "taking back the matrices". What this means and what is hidden behind this mysterious expression is something terrible, which cannot be discussed here.

Our dear brother, then, was one of the strangest and most curious cases we have seen in what we could observe in a long series of human problems.

Within the alienation in which he had lived for four hundred and fifty years, skillful mind manipulators had managed to find a glimpse of lucidity enough to make him serve the cause of the shadows as a blind and automatic campaign against the work of Christ.

How did they manage to recruit him? He explained: They promised him to that young woman, whom he continued to lust after obsessively. She would be the reward for his task. We don't know how long he served as a robot to this cause in search of his prize, which, incidentally, his bosses could never grant, for it was not in their power to do so. *Never*, however, was a meaningless word for the human automaton that had been removed from time. What were four centuries or twenty centuries?

We should say that these memories of Renaissance Rome were spontaneous, even if tumultuous and confused. It hadn't been necessary to induce regression through magnetization. It was necessary, however, to find some order in that inner chaos, more remote past events that would bring back his awareness of time, space, and personal identity.

The only way available was to take him back to a previous existence, a time when his memories, now hidden, could put together a coherent, rational scenario, within the normal concepts of time, place, and reality. It is, therefore, from the moment that he begins to immerse himself in other experiences that the dialog continues, as transcribed below:

He begins the narrative, or rather, his experience by shouting at someone:

- Get out of here! Get out of here! Dog! How dare you! I'm in charge here! I'm an absolute master!

- Who are you talking to?

- That dog over there.

- Who are you?

- Who am I? How dare you? If you've come in here, how can you ask me who I am?

I'm the one who has to ask who you are. Get that dog out of my sight! Get him out, execute him! What do I care?

- What did he come to you for?

- What has he come to ask? What do dogs ask for? What do dogs ask for?

He came to ask for life, of another dog of his breed.

- And you didn't give it to him?

- Of course not!

- Who are you? Do you have this power?

- I do.

- Are you a god?

- I'm not God, but it's like I am.

- Why are you sitting on a throne?

- Because I can decide between life and death.

- Because you're sitting on a throne...

- Of course. It belongs to me by right.

- And where is that? In Rome?

- Where else? Vile plebeian..

- And what's the name of this person you've come to ask?

- I told you, he's a dog and dogs don't have names.

- Yes, they do. Dogs have names. You have dogs?

- Better than that. They're a herd... Just one herd, with one name.

- Christians...

- Rotten dogs. ~

- And you know me too?

- You must be another rotten dog who comes to ask for him too.
 - And did you deny him the life he asked for and spare him?
 - Of course not.
 - Ah! You had them both killed...
 - I didn't have them both killed. I had them tortured to death little by little, so they'd know that within my circle, the traitor who gets caught...
 - But has anyone betrayed you?
 - They allied themselves with the dogs.
 - Were they Roman citizens, then?
 - Of course they were. Dogs don't have names. He allied himself with the dogs; now he has an acronym and a chain, that they are all linked by a chain.
 - So you had them tortured.
 - It's necessary.
 - But you don't know, my dear, that the power you have is temporary, that it will pass and that you will then be accountable to Our Father for your actions?
 - How dare you speak to me like that! Petulant!
- I can have you tortured. I can have you killed, too. Don't you want a show?
- Does that pacify you? Are you afraid of Christians? What are you afraid of, my brother? Poor people, unhappy from a social point of view, but moved by an inner peace that you lack? You have no peace. Is that what are you looking for in them? The peace they attain?

Do you think that by torturing, killing..., you'll achieve happiness?

He listens in silence to the observations of the 20th century instructor, in the small living room of an apartment in Rio de Janeiro, he talks to a Roman Emperor, sitting on his throne, giving vent to his grudges against the humble and brave followers of Christ.

Unexpectedly, he changes his tune and complains:

What a mess! (Then, trying to be more reasonable) The Christians are crazy. You must understand. You must cleanse this city of

madness. Others have already tried.

You must put an end to the image of that greater madman who created this folly, this civil insurrection.

- But among those you love, there are also Christians, aren't there? right?

- I don't know where you're taking me. I feel like I'm floating from here to there, from here to there... to there...

- Good. In this existence, then, you sat on a throne and did what your passions dictated; you did what you liked and understood.

- The throne is everything.

- But your life in the flesh has come to an end, hasn't it? Let's move on.

While he repeats that the throne is everything - the lust for power! The teacher tries to take him sweetly into the future.

- What positive things have you achieved in this life? Did you take world that power? Did you continue to exercise it there?

- Let me go... My head hurts. Let me go... I need to go.

- And your friend Alexandre? Where is he in all this?

He says quietly, whispering as if mentioning a terrible secret:

- Alexandre! Do you know him? Are you his friend? Then you're my friend! Alexander. Great hope. You too will have power in your in your hands. Whoever is born to power, no one can take it away.

- No one? Not even death?

- No. You remain powerful. (Which is tragically true, in many cases.)

New inducements to move forward in time. Suddenly, he's back in condition, with the same question at the beginning of the dialog:

- Where is everyone? Where is everyone?

- Have you understood, my dear, what happened to you? That's it.

- I had slaves... I had them flogged, I had them sent to the galleys...

- But listen: in all those lives that you've lived and of which we recall a few here, not a single gesture of affection, no feeling of no desire to help, to heal a wound, to give bread to the hungry, to serve a mother or a child...

- Help...

- Yes, help. Give a little love, affection, security, understanding.
Of course, you do, my dear. We're not essentially bad. We make mistakes, but goodness is in us; goodness is the light that God put in us so that we could develop it. God put in us so that we could develop it. .

- Yes, it's true. I once forgave a woman! Because she was carrying a child and was breastfeeding him.

- What mistake had she made? What crime?

- I couldn't condemn her. She was a noblewoman. Oh! the plague... the plague!

- Oh yes, she was a Christian...

- The disease... the epidemic... .

- So you sent her away in peace.

- Am I crazy? I didn't send her away in peace. I had her locked up.

- And did she get out alive, or did you never hear from her again?

- I didn't. I can't know everything, can I?

- My dear, all this pain, all this exhaustion, all this madness must come to an end one day, don't they? Because with these attitudes and passions, you can only build up more pain. What have you done centuries, but increase the separation between you and those you love?

- Killed! Stolen! Tortured! - he shouts and repeats softly, "I seduced young women, to throw them into shame, into abandonment... My God! Who am I?"

And he keeps repeating this terrible question, in a thousand different intonations, screaming or whispering, in the same daze.

- You are a very dear brother whom we have succeeded, with God's grace and Christ's love, to bring here today. Don't despair. All things are possible for those who believe and love...

- I'm a monster... I'm a monster of madness!

- But you can redeem yourself, too. Work, abandon these hatreds and passions.

- How can you? How?

- Don't give up hope; we are all children of God.

- My Rome no longer exists. There is no longer my Palace... I'm crazy, aren't I?

- No, you are not.

- A madman who doesn't know what he's saying, a madman who speaks incoherence. Where is everyone? It was this silence that drove me mad!

- Listen, my dear. The silence was necessary for you to think a little. Before, you didn't even have time to think. You had to be left alone for a while...

- They said they killed Christ on top of a hill, didn't they? On the top of a hill for everyone to see... And the earth shook! - He says, already in tears. And the sun hid itself in shame... Give me a spear so I can kill myself a thousand times! Spears, daggers, clubs! Get me off this road with no destination, no place, no stop! What horror! What torture! This is hell... It's hell and I'm afraid! The demons have tortured me... The demons. . these visions. . These crazy visions. Give me my cloak, I need the dark, give me my cloak! So that I can hide. No one will find me. No one...

- Yes, they will. We found you and your conscience will never stop finding you.

- No one will take revenge on me?

- You are the one who must do the work to recover. You are not a child, you're not feeble-minded, you're an intelligent Spirit who knows the laws. Let's not kid you that your work is easy. You have a lot to accomplish, but you won't lack the resources to do it.

- Why these confusing visions in my head?

- They're the things you carry in your mind, in your memory. It's all so sick.... I'm scared... I'm scared. I don't know who I am, where I am. .

- But you know who you were, the mistakes you made. Those mistakes, please, will you avoid making them again. What you were doesn't matter much, it matters who you're going to be from now on, how, what you're going to do.

- Who I was... Who am I?

- You've made a mistake that many people make, which consists of identifying with transitory power, which is given to us to serve, not only others, but also ourselves, our spiritual interests, not to serve our passions, oppress, mistreat, or condemn. We have no power, but that which comes from God, and if we misuse this power, our conscience will charge us later.

That's what I want you to understand. No one here condemns you except your own conscience. Nobody punishes you. You must do your work through pain and sacrifice. Long, painful, difficult work, but you can do it. You will have assistance, help from your spiritual companions...

He interrupts and says a name:

- Marcos. He's a friend. Where is he? My friend. He was my friend. Where? In Rome.

- And who were you?

- Please don't ask me. I'm so lost that I don't know who I am, who I was.

- Yes, but I'd like to know who Marcos was. Who knows?

Can you help me find Marcos? Marcos... Where is he? Do you know him?

- Maybe. I don't know... Marcos is a very common name.

And now affirming:

- You know him... Marcus Petronius. He's lost to me. He was young, handsome, intelligent... and good, which was rare!

- And when was that?

- I don't know... My mind doesn't tell me anything.

He falls back into despair and screams:

- My God! If I only knew what was going on in my head!

If only things weren't so vague, imprecise! Imprecise...

- Maybe I could help you. Listen to me. What's happening is that you are remembering, at the same time, episodes from several past existences, in which you made many mistakes. Don't worry too much, because we've all made mistakes in the past, but we all are able to redeem ourselves...

- But I don't even know if a name is a friend or an enemy. I don't know... Get me out from this torture!

- Listen: do you know me too?

Pause. Perhaps I'm searching my memory for something lost, distant, elusive, and yet it's there, somewhere in those dark and confusing basements.

- You... (silence) It seems... it seems that you're no stranger to me, but at the same time... I'm so confused in my head!

- I see. But do you feel any hostility towards me?

- No, I don't.

- Do you trust me?

- I must trust someone. I'm lost.

- No, my son. It's not like that. You don't need to trust me, because you think you must trust someone. If you don't trust me, it's

something else. But I want you to give me credit, an opportunity to help you. I'm here to serve you.

- What are you going to do?

- I'm going to ask you to accompany our brothers here, who will take you to a resting place.

- Where to?

- My son, you are not under arrest or condemned, except by your own conscience. God will give you the necessary conditions to pacify your spirit. Christ is present today and will continue to be present for ever and ever in His Gospel, His teachings, His wisdom. Learn to pray, to ask Him for the tools you need to redeem yourself.

You are an experienced being, you have intelligence, knowledge. You can also serve, help, reach out to those who are suffering. But turn to Christ. Ask for help.

- I don't know who Christ is. It's just a name to me.

- It doesn't matter. He knows who you are.

- Oh my God! I've been lost for so long!

- It's true, but now you've found yourself, haven't you?

- How? If I still don't understand things?

- Yes, it's going to take some time; but give us a little credit, trust us a little, because, as I told you, you're not trapped.

- How big is my head that it can hold so much?

- The Spirit indelibly keeps everything that has happened to it. If you don't feel comfortable in our environment, where you're going to be taken, you're free to leave, but for God's sake, stay there for a while.

- Go where? I don't know where everyone is...

- My dear, what's important now is to take care of your spirit, your pain, and struggles. You'll have to unlearn some things in order to relearn others. You are not lost, abandoned or forgotten by Divine Providence. You are a brother to all of us, a companion...

- Will I find my friends?

- Of course, you will. Not those friends who promised you things they couldn't give you, but your true friends, your brothers in heart, the beings who love you. In all the lives you've lived, of course you've had partners, wives, children, mothers and brothers.

- I had a mother...

How often a mother is the first tender memory when one emerges from a hell of afflictions and madness!

- They all live on.

- But where is everyone? I'm so alone. Why has everyone abandoned me?

- No, my dear, you abandoned them. Hatred is scary...

It distances us from God, from our friends, from those who love us.

Often, they are by our side, but passions and spiritual blindness don't allow us to see them. That's it. Do you agree with me? Now you're going to...

- I'm afraid...

- There's no need to be afraid. Of course, a lot of pain awaits you, a lot of difficulties, but also a lot of hope. After these difficulties you must overcome and the pain you must go through, you will find peace. The way to peace is Christ. Pray and ask Him. You don't need a special prayer. Turn to him like a brother, a creature who needs understanding and affection. Talk to him about your sorrows, pain, disappointments, and afflictions. He understands, He loves, He will help you heal your wounds, your ailments. The light of love is

present in all of us, because it comes down from God, and we are all children of God. So, you have somewhere to begin...

- I like your voice talking like that. You're building a matrix for me, aren't you? It is a matrix.

My dear, I'm just trying to show you the way, but I don't want to condition you to follow this or that path, because the choice is yours.

- My mind feels calmer, more peaceful.

- Gathered and united in a single thought here, we ask Christ to receive you.

- I can't make a choice because it's already made up her mind. I have nothing to choose. I have to accept it.

- No, my dear. You're going to go on like this, not because you must accept it; it's because you want to accept it, because you're tired of that life of follies, and you're going to start a new life. It's not because you must, my dear. It's because you want to.

- I'm tired... tired...

The Spirit is finally disconnected from the medium.

Better than any comment we could make on this episode, would be the message we received next, also through psychophony, which is transcribed here.

It reads:

"Thank God, my friends. Once again, thanks to the infinite goodness of Our Father and the patient mercy of Jesus, we have concluded yet another work of where we have seen the living letters of pain on the eloquent pages, where the illusion has written poignant dramas that confuse our fraternal hearts.

Now, as never before, the Master's lessons are the same words of "spirit and life" and enlivening those hearts torn apart by anguish, products of their own mistakes, fed by the deceptive illusions of the

world's transient positions, they come to find the renewing force that will serve as a lever on which the weary Spirits will rely to begin the glorious journey towards the greater good. A journey they once abandoned, still childishly attracted by the deceptive glitter of the jewels of vanity that the world has always waved in front of the proud and who, not strong enough, were attracted and turned away from the difficult path. But the Lord has told us that he is the Way, the Truth and the Life; the door through which we would find the happy fields of spiritual fulfillment.

"That is why, my brothers and sisters, we are called to this work, in the name of the Lord, bringing back, out of love for Him and in His name, the truths with which He honored us, to these brothers hypnotized by power, by the thirst for brilliance, so that now, when they were presented with the proposition made to the rich young man, who had good intentions but little spiritual conviction, can they, forged in the experience of pain, after suffering engraved deep grooves in their spirits, finally understand that no wealth in the world is worth the peace of a clear conscience, the joy of the perennial satisfaction of service.

"Let us keep in our hearts that the Lord has promised to be with us every day, and so he has been with all of us, with those who have already understood and seek to follow him, as well as with those who are still deceived and who are trying to make an impossible detachment, because the attraction of love always ends up overcoming our stubbornness, because we are also Love, and created for it.

"How much did the Master give us in sacrifice, in wisdom and in love so that we would understand by this gift, my brothers, this love and wisdom, by the sacrifice of the Holy Lamb of God who is still with us!

Let us, in turn, remain faithful to the commitments we have made, with the certainty that only service brings the sure compensation of

the love consciousness in us, because when we truly feel it, the companion who until that moment was "the other" for us, becomes us.

Through it, we are ready to renounce ourselves, so that they can also come and the sublime banquet of communion with the forces of good and love, which, from above, follow in our footsteps, supporting and protecting us, guiding us towards the great dawn of the day when we will rise from error to Truth, from hatred to Love, from darkness to Light.

"Much peace and may the Lord remain in our hearts."

Just one final question: can a person, a Spirit, remain alienated from reality for four and a half centuries? We wouldn't say that this is possible, but we have to recognize that this is a fact...

DOMENICA, HORATIUS AND THE BRIDGE

He was the leader of an important and active spiritual organization, made up of intellectual elite, devoted to dark tasks of involvement, in search of domination over incarnate people and human organizations.

The mediumistic group worked with his community for months, but he wasn't alarmed at first. They were too sure of themselves, their methods, knowledge and resources. They let us play, as he told us, like children who have just been given a new toy.

Until one day, an important advisor of his, known in his community by the name of "Captain", came to the group and decided to change the course of his life.

He stopped returning to his post.

The following week we had a visit from the Chief. He was possessed, indignant, he could hardly speak for so much hatred.

He made terrible threats and challenged us if we "freed" him from the "control" they had over him, i.e., security the safety of the medium and our Benefactors. He wanted a decision, man to man, because he had come to end it all that night, destroying everything.

He threatened the indoctrinator's family and ended up even resorted to an appeal, humiliating himself by asking to be left alone with his "work".

After about an hour of somewhat rough and difficult dialog, there began to be a little more understanding. Now came the most critical moment of the tough task part, which was magnetization for the indispensable memory regression, for it was necessary to locate the roots of his despair and his fixation against Christ. He wasn't afraid of this at first either. He was sure of his defenses, because he was

deeply familiar with the techniques of applying magnetism. They were really his specialty, because it was how he manipulated incarnate and disincarnate companions. He said to the instructor:

- On that point, I still have a lot to teach you...

The work continued unperturbed until, after a long time, he began the following soliloquy, taken directly from the magnetic tape.

- Did you put a radio in there? Stop that noise in my ears! Turn it off! Terrible noise... Screams, cries mixed with singing... A terrible noise... swords clanging ... and whips.

Stop it! Stop it! Oh, how awful! These images. I'm not going to talk about them. I'm not... But they're orders. What do you think we have to do?

The narrative becomes explicit. He was a Roman officer and was tasked with descending into the catacombs, commanding a group of soldiers to imprison the Christians). Dig up those rats... .

rats that are there, who have entered the burrows to sing down there, to pray down there. Do you understand? Do you hear me?

Rat. It went into the burrows, into the ground. . And there they sing; there they baptize people. You don't understand these people. They're like garbage that you have to wash, take out and drag out. Do you understand? (Pause)

Madness!... (He then gives orders and instructions to his commanders:) "Let's go! Let's go! Pay close attention. Pretend that you also want to get to know the new sect and then we'll go in and get to know the inside and once we're down there, in those stinking, dark and dirty tombs, we'll then unearth them, tie them together and bring them out in a line." For each one there is a prize of two gold coins... Each one you bring.

- How many did you bring? - asks the teacher. '

- Oh, a lot.

- So, you received a lot of coins. And who did you bring that made a special impression on you?

The instructor uses his intuition here, but there is good logical to elaborate that question. Our dear brother's memory wouldn't jump over almost two millennia to fall into a routine raid on the dark Roman catacombs.

Something happened there and among the prisoners, surely there was someone important to him on that special night.

- Domenica!

- Who was she?

- She didn't have to be there. She was.

- And what did you do with her? Did you hand her over to the guards too?

- I had to. There were several soldiers I commanded.

- Did you know her?

- Domenica.

- You loved her.

- She was my betrothed.

- And what happened to her afterwards?

- She was one of the torches at that party, that terrible orgy!

- And you were there, too, at that orgy?

- There was nothing I could do. I couldn't save her. She didn't want to. She made me swear. She'd have to give up that damn sect. I could have saved her, yes.

- And why didn't you save her?

- So as not to compromise myself. I was collecting all those coins for our wedding. I wanted to become rich for her.

- But she didn't want that wealth, did she? And what happened later?

- I killed more. I had to... my pain, my anger, my hate...

By killing more, you were able to assuage your pain, your hatred?

- I had to take revenge. I wanted to see blood flow... blood flow... in torrents. I'd cut the pieces off to see the blood flow, just like you do with a bird that you kill to sacrifice to the gods. You cut the neck and let the blood flow so you can pour it out to the gods!

(He says this shouting) And I made libations with their blood.

- You were an officer?

- I was an officer and I had a very bright future.

- And did that future come true later? Did you get the position you wanted?

- I got rich, because there were some of those rich pigs and the emperor gave me the spoils.

- Let's continue. So what?

- So, what do you want? I had to avenge my feelings!

- That's fine. You took revenge, you killed and you got rich, but then you came to the end of your existence, didn't you? (He seems not to hear the indoctrinator).

- Do you know what she looked like? She had beautiful golden hair that fell to her shoulders. A beautiful mouth. Sweet eyes. Do you know what color her eyes? Gray... gray. Do you know anyone with gray eyes?

- It's a very rare eye color.

- And her eyes changed color, you know?

- She was pretty, huh?

- Some days they were greenish, others completely gray. And she destroyed all that because of a bloody Carpenter who died on a cross like a common thief.

It must have been a very deep ideal, right? With a lot of conviction, a lot of faith.

- No. She was deluded. She was young.

- But if she was deluded, why didn't you save her?

- Because she didn't want to.

- She didn't want to and you were afraid to commit yourself. You've already told me. But tell me something, my brother. Did you meet her in the spirit world after that existence? Or have you never seen her again?

- Why do you want to know?

- This is important because I wanted to know if she abandoned you.

- I saw her once, but there was a chasm between us. I couldn't get because there was a piece of ground missing. She said I had to go back to put a floor over that chasm. You know, between me and her there was a river of blood. A river of blood! And I couldn't get through. So, I needed to build a bridge. Christ was a plague on the world! It ended everything. Crazy indeed! Domenica...

- Pay attention. That episode is over. It stayed in Ancient Rome, but it traumatized your spirit for many centuries...

- Horatius, me...

- So, Horatius, because of that you didn't become a reprobate, a wretch, a forgetter of fortune and of God. You are still a son of God and Domenica loves you. But enough of this madness. Instead of building a bridge over this river, you're throwing more blood into it, my son!

- That's what I did, what you said. I made the water thicker. I...

But I don't understand... I told her I wanted to build the bridge and then she said I had to defend The Lamb's ideas. But I went to defend them and it got more complicated.

- It got more complicated because you made other mistakes.

- No, no, no. I did have a lot of people sacrificed, but they were against the Lamb. I... I... had to decide against the heretics (Inquisition?), the heretics...

- But you continue to swell the river. Let's go back to the moment when you are here before us, before Christ and before God.

Now is no longer the time for lies or deceit. It's time for truth. You have not been abandoned by Christ. Neither has Domenica forgotten you. So, my son, in this environment in which you were living lately, we were able to build a bridge to you so that her thoughts could reach your heart, in order to prove to you that she still loves you.

- I saw her eyes.

- Now you're going to have an interview with her so you can be sure that we don't intend to destroy you. We're doing it with her, who's with us, did you hear that?

- This is madness and you are responsible. You caused interference in my mental stream. I heard her say: "Horatius, come with me." And I can't, because there's a river of blood between us. I know I'm not going; I'm not going because there's a river. And the work I was doing to build the bridge, you have destroyed it.

- We built the bridge, not you. You were widening the chasm. My dear, why didn't she go to you instead? Because there was no bridge. She was there, in thought, but you wouldn't accept her. It was only after we built the bridge did you see her eyes, which you liked so much. Those gray eyes. That day you saw them, how were they?

- Beautiful... blue... And I suddenly felt young and beautiful.

(Sad smile and adds:) But this is all madness! No, my dear, the Law. I owe a lot to the Law. I do. And she gave itself to "Him" a long time ago. I owe it and I have no coins to pay. And... to collect them, I'd have to be a slave to a sick body, perhaps, a slave...

- Listen. We're not going to kid you that everything is going to be a bed of roses. No, it won't. There will be suffering, there will be pain, but also the work of reconstruction. You are a spirit well-endowed with resources, as long as you use them well. Please don't add to the river of blood you still have there.

You must now go on to rescue those you have sacrificed. Help those who are suffering...

- It's horrible! Do you know what's inside my head, my mind? You don't know... Do you know about the torture they used to do, throwing heretics into a well? I was the one who came up with the idea...

- With snakes?

- No, with water, to drown them.

- But that doesn't mean that you're going to continue committing crazy things. There comes a point when you start to redeem yourself. You can count on her support and the understanding of Christ, who also loves you, who has never abandoned you.

- But I have my pupils. I can't leave them there. I have to go back.

- Wait a minute. In the state you're in, you can't help them.

- How can't I? I'm strong, I have my mind.

- I know, but what about your heart? You can't even help yourself. how are you going to help others? First, you need to rebuild your spiritual world.

- Where's my friend? (The captain).

- He's with us. Will you stay, then?

- He was with me that night. We were together. We've always been together.

- And you'll stay together, but please don't do anything crazy anymore. Do you hear me, my son?

- Can't you smell it? The smell of blood... Horrible!

- Now you're going to go with our companions, to rest and sort out your thoughts, so that you can eventually meet her.

- A date with her? I can't meet her. No

I didn't build the bridge; I can't cross, my dear.

- She'll help you make it.

- I could fall into that river. I won't be able to reach her.

- Yes, you will. It won't be easy, but it's possible. You'll have our support and

you need, but don't kid yourself, the work has to be yours.

- You know that story about the rich man who died and went to Abraham's bosom?

It's that distance. Those who are up there

can't go down; those down here can't go up. I am here

below.

- We're all down here.

- I can't go up. I've been tried and condemned.

- Yes, everyone can. Your conscience does accuse you of

but God will give you all the conditions and Christ will not fail you.

you. Pray and ask for help.

- My mind used to be a power plant, lit up, illuminated; now it's in confusion, with everything in darkness. There's been a breakdown, an oversight... something.

- Just a moment. While your mind is like this, give your heart a chance.

- My mind was an engine room...

- It was... but you won't lose the knowledge you've acquired; you'll be able to use it for good; but for the time being you will be deprived of it, so that you don't fall into new deceptions.

Let the feeling of affection that in your heart for your loved one. Come with us. We'll take you to her.

- No... I can't go to her. I have no illusions...

- Now you go in peace, with our spiritual brothers who will take care of you with great respect and affection. Don't be afraid. We ask your forgiveness for the pain we were forced to inflict on your spirit.

- Please don't let my mind go blank! I'm losing control... it's as if the lights are going out one by one... I... I can't... It's going out... I'm losing control of my memory. Please... please...

The Spirit is asleep and withdrawn.

This is yet another example of how an isolated episode of a purely personal nature, which many would say was brought about by mere chance, can cause an impact that will resonate for millennia and cause such deep and painful maladjustments.

The main lines of the story, which could have had a happy sequence, ended in tragedy.

Horatius loved Domenica, the girl with the shifting gray eyes. He was ambitious and dreamed of glory, riches and power

To offer his bride the material comforts that money provides, he gave himself to the nefarious task of the poor Christians who gathered in the Roman catacombs, the last refuge of a persecuted class. The orders "from above" were to "dig up those undesirable rats" and exterminate them. The incentive set was two gold coins for each one imprisoned. They came out of the dark and deep catacombs tied together and taken straight to prison and from there, to torture.

In one of these raids, Domenica, the girl with the changing eyes, was among the "dirty rats in the dark den." .. She also gave Horatius the two fateful pieces of gold, nor did she wish to be saved (saved?) at the cost of

renunciation of her faith in Christ, nor was he brave enough to expose himself in an attempt to extricate her from the ordeal. She, like her unfortunate companions, served as a human torch to illuminate the orgies of the "greats" of the time.

They were smeared with bitumen and nailed to a cross or a pole, where they burned

while the powerful enjoyed themselves in the gardens, laughing, eating and drinking, hallucinating, unconscious and insensitive...

Horatius was left without his bride, but he continued to get rich and kill, making real rivers of blood, a river that he would later see in the spirit world, flowing thick and dark at the bottom of the abyss that separates him from his beloved.

Who was to blame for all this? Christ, of course, the initiator of that "damned sect", who came into the world like "a plague", lived like "a cursed" and died like "a common criminal"...

Later, Domenica asked him to return to the flesh and try to spread the ideas of the Nazarene, whom she loved and understood from an early age.

He came. He chose the Church as his field of work and, from his position and his immunity, he understood that adopting Jesus' doctrine meant eliminating all those who didn't agree with the Master, just as he himself had not agreed before, and still didn't accept him, except in the externalization of appearances. He exterminated the so-called heretics and even invented a new torture: the well.

After all this, and once again back in the spirit world, he saw that the distance between him and his Dominica had increased, the chasm had deepened and the river of blood had grown dangerously thick. From there, total despair, the conviction that he would never be able to cross that dark river of blood and tears, to reach his beloved and gaze into her gray eyes again.

But even so, he doesn't abandon the desperate race to find the senseless, deeper and deeper. He convinces himself that his task now, in command of a mighty and well-trained group of companions as disturbed as him, will finally enable him to build the bridge and cross the river.

The Christ? It doesn't matter. He would have more power than him, the Nazarene, and then, would go and reach Domenica...

16
DOLORES

The companion whose story we'll tell next had a relevant function in the second echelon of a determinate shadow community, where they developed an efficient technology for controlling incarnate and disincarnate minds within a vast, well-developed work plan.

When he sought out the mediumistic group, its leader had been convinced of the inglorious task and changed the course of his life, which had been unhappy and confused for thousands of years and only aggravated guilt and accumulated deceit.

The community was in total disarray, but some wanted to take charge, reconstitute the teams, and start again from that chaos. That was the companion who visited us the previous week.

Despite his disposition, his unquestionable value, and the initial aggressiveness of his attitude, he also gave in to the loving and firm welcome of the mediumistic group and abandoned his plans to return. The brother of this chapter remained in the desolate community, full of hope, firm to collaborate with the new leader in getting the teams back together.

Instead of returning with the good news, his companion wrote him a note, saying that he had decided to "follow other paths", leaving him free to do with himself what he wished. Frustrated in his final hopes, our dear brother was understandably indignant and, in a state of real despair and resentment, he came to us ready to do anything to avenge the "failure" of his companions. His indignation and anger were such that his usual stammer almost prevented him from speaking, but his thoughts, although obsessed with revenge, were coherent, lucid, and very well elaborated, showing excellent verbal power.

He had loyally confessed to us that his world had collapsed. He had his job, his position, and even a companion whom he loved. At the time he was talking to us there, he didn't know where she was.

His revenge was obviously directed at the indoctrinator, to whom he attributed all his misfortune and the dismantling of his group. To hit him exactly the right way, he planned to unleash a domestic crisis. He said he had people in the instructor's family to whom he had been closely linked for a long time.

He knew everyone's karmic schemes and, according to what he confessed, it wouldn't take much effort - just a "pinprick or even a thorn" would be enough to start the disintegrating process. Nobody committed the imprudence of considering the threat as mere bravado.

His indignation was authentic, he was convinced of the right to revenge, and as for the karmic "fits" for pain, we all have them - all it takes is a well-handled pin manipulated by someone who knows the point of being injured.

As for him, he had nothing to redeem under divine law, for he had always lived among wolves, simply repaying the evil they had done to him over the years. It was "an eye for an eye", and so he understood that he had nothing to redeem. In the present case, he blamed the instructor for his misfortune, thus, he had the right to go free, owing nothing for any action he took. What's more, these charges had to occur while they could and they were there, with the people who hurt them. If they postponed it, they could waste the opportunity.

That, in a nutshell, is his tragic philosophy of life, consolidated throughout many lives of suffering, rebellion, and revenge, once he never got to the root of his problems to discover the causes that provoked all those chain effects.

During an existence in Spain - we believe the last one - it wasn't necessary to use the magnetization process with a view to memory regression. He remembered the events perfectly with all their details.

And how he remembered! So much hatred, which hardly allowed him to speak!

Often in his agonizing stammering and anguish, he reached the medium's vocal limits, and the medium's voice was lost in an incomprehensible noise.

The dialog begins with a line from the instructor:

- And you've never had love? No one has ever loved you? Have you always lived alone, lost in the world, taking revenge and being avenged?

Have all your lives been lived in this agony? Has there never been a moment of peace? Have you never had an existence in which you felt the comfort of a family, hopes of a child, affection of a wife, deep love of a mother?

Has it always been like this?

- I had. I had all that, but it turns out that men, your brothers, invaded my home one day and destroyed everything. How do you feel about that?

- Tell me that story, please.

- No. I won't tell you a story because it won't do you any good to know.

- It'll do me a lot of good since I'm interested in knowing your problem so we can help you, but it's mainly going to help you because for some reason this happened to you. Do you think it was free, that it wasn't your fault at all?

- It must have been, right? It must have been.

- It must have been, but you're not sure, you don't know, you can't say...

- I don't want to go into that!

- That's right, my son. It's precisely because it goes beyond the question's merits that you'll never understand. As long as you run away, you won't understand.

What happens is this: you naturally led an existence in which you were trying to correct yourself, do good, raise a decent family, and have healthy, intelligent, healthy children and a loving wife. We understand all that, but have you ever wondered if, in the past - I'm not saying that's the case - if in the past you did the same thing to another home? That you invaded, knocked everything down, and tore families apart?

- I did that, yes, but afterward. I took revenge, do you understand? I took revenge...

- Are you happy then?

- You're not happy with revenge, once it won't rebuild what you've lost. I admit that. Revenge doesn't make anyone happy, but you feel compensated.

- No... If you don't feel happy, how can you feel compensated? It's contradictory...

- Because the other person went through the same thing. So, he's feeling what you've been through. Do you understand?

- I understand, but let's go back to our problem. Let's say that, in the past, you did the same thing. Then God's law, Our Father's law, decided to teach you this lesson by charging you for a fault you committed.

- Ah!... A fault was charged to me, and it was my Dolores who paid for it, who had nothing to do with it, who was an angel of candor and virtue and everything? Is that it?

- Hold on, my son. Let's go slowly.

- Well done... Your sense of justice!

- Wait, my son. Bear with me. We'll get there. Don't be exasperated.

- I'm not exasperated at all.

- From what I can see, you had great affection, love, and

respect for your Dolores. Did you have children too?

- Yes.

- Where was that?

- Where do you find a Dolores?

- In Spain.

- Of course. Where else?

- Yes. Was she Catholic? (No answer). It doesn't matter. She was noble and pure, wasn't she?

- Yes. That's right. She was.

- Do you think she approved of your gesture of taking revenge?

- She must have. She must have... I wasn't with her after that. How would I know?

- When was this? Was it in the last century? When was it?

- I don't want to talk about it.

- It's been a long time, hasn't it?

- It's been a while...

- A century or more? I only want to get an idea. And you've never met her in the spirit world? Has she never communicated with you, never come to you? You never saw her again, either spiritually or in a dream?

- No... I spent a long time immersed in my hatred, anger, and desire to take revenge.

- I see. But has she never told you to take revenge. Did she tell you to take revenge?

- She didn't have time! How could she have time? She was tri-cked by order of that bastard... (His voice becomes muddled, and he can't finish).

- You say she was a loving and peaceful creature; a noble spirit. And you, steeped in hatred, my dear, separated yourself from her by hate. I'm not saying that you will thank the man who had her killed, of course. The feeling is legitimate, but it doesn't justify another crime, my son.

- But I was an honest man, do you understand? And I had an honest home. And do you know why they did this to her? Because she was virtuous.

- But how was that? Why was that? Tell me this story straight, please. Bear with me. What happened? Why do you say it is because she was virtuous?

- Because she didn't want to agree to a betrayal unworthy of an honest woman who loved her husband... There's still this.

- No, she didn't do it only in the past. She still loves you. She hasn't forgotten or abandoned you. The problem, my dear, is that she went on in her spiritual life, evolving, moving towards God, and you, immersed in your hatred, revenge, and grudges, drifted further and further away from her. She didn't stop existing. She continues to live as a Spirit, she continues to wait for you. Why do you want to stay behind, taking revenge, when you can go and meet her? These beings you want to take revenge on today, causing you trouble (the indoctrinator's family) were also there in that episode? At the same time? Were they who caused it?

- I don't want to return to the past, because that's very unpleasant!

- Yes, my dear. It will be even more unpleasant if you continue carrying this hatred into the future. You will continue to take the same resentment, afflictions, and anguish. Always planning revenge, always wanting to mistreat others. Every time we receive one of these punishments, these reparations, these pains, it is because we previously disobeyed the law. In that life, in Spain, you were an honest citizen; you were interested in living a clean life and raising

your children, as you said, but you don't know the reason for the crime they committed against you.

You did something to deserve it.

- I'll tell you one thing. I would never accept... I hated the titles because I've known nobles who were so rotten inside! I would never accept a title.

- Have you never been a noble?

- Well, yes, but what good did it do me?

- So, you think all noblemen are inferior beings?

- I know many who pass for good people; they are in what you call History. And I know what good biscuits they were...

- But because they were noble, or because they didn't follow the laws of Our Father?

- You've heard of the House of... 4, haven't you?

The instructor confirms this and cites a name which, after all, places the tragedy in time, around the first half of the 16th century. The person to whom he refers was one of the Spanish nobilities. He was a powerful, harsh, and even cruel man. He ruthlessly sacrificed thousands and thousands of people for his ones and the interests of his king. He died at sixty-five, having managed to survive the last year of his existence by feeding exclusively on human milk. For this reason, the American historian Will Durant writes that he "lived one year on milk and fifty on blood".

So, let's return to the thread of the narrative. The Spirit resumes the dialog:

- I'm asking what information you have about him.

- I don't remember the episode exactly. I know he was an important figure in Spanish History. Did you know him personally?

- "I know that he was a scoundrel, of everything bad". He says at the edge of his voice. (Pause) God rest his soul in hell, burning in eternal fire!

-That, my dear, will not ease your pain; on the contrary, it will only make it worse.

-"I want to hit my head until it bursts to see if I disappear," he screamed, desperate and in tears.

-I... me. I'm a bastard! (He can hardly speak) I'm a bas-tard...

- No. You're not. You're a child of God just like us. Wait a moment. Relax a little. We're going to pray. And you're going to stay to accompany our prayer. Then we'll talk again. Relax!

The indoctrinator prays while the Spirit makes the panting medium to remain expectant.

Lord! Allow us that, at this moment, when your peace descends upon us, we can offer him as a balm and soothing to this heart that is so suffering, anguished and marked by tragedy and pain, Lord, may your light be shed on his spirit. Wishing to serve you, we can see from the pain he has suffered for loving, how great the marvelous potential of love is in his generous heart, for all his memories, pain, and hopes are concentrated at this moment, after so many years, still and always, in the friendly and loving spirit who was his Dolores in the past, and whom he continues to follow in his tormented spirit, with tears, hope and love.

Help us, Lord, today, in the task we beg of you once again, taking him out of this painful process of anguish, to return him to intimate purity of his love, to the spirit of his beloved companion. Help us serve you with humility, respect, and all our affection. There is a pause. Then the indoctrinator asks him:

- Are you feeling better? (He nods yes). Thank God! Listen, my dear. Don't take our initial pressure personally. All our work is to bring a message of understanding and affection to each of you.

I know that sometimes these thorns are so painful, so deeply implanted in our being, that it hurts to remove them, but the pain of such surgery without anesthesia is necessary so we can understand our difficulties and begin to glimpse a little hope. You are not abandoned, despised, or lost. You are not unfortunate: you are a being who suffers. And you will continue to suffer until you decide to give yourself to God and ask for the Father's help with your problems. It is not by dominating or taking revenge on those who have made you suffer that you will ease your pain; on the contrary, you will increase it, prolong it in the future, and distance yourself more and more from those whom you continue to love, and keeps loving you. Why, instead of this desperate life, don't you allow those who helped you? To those true friends of yours... Do you agree?

- I spent a long time running away, afraid of I don't know what... I joined this workhouse because they assured me that they would uncover the whereabouts of the miserable man who disgraced my life. And so that I could collect my debt in full.

- Did you manage to find him?

- You stopped me. When I had precise information, you came up with a strange flag and started making everything difficult.

- So, your goal was solely to get revenge? To chase him. Listen to me. Let's do something. I will ask you to relax your muscles so we can do a regression and you can understand your problem with this brother of ours.

I'm not justifying or excusing the action he committed against you. I'm just trying to show you, my dear companion...

- He was my cousin. Much worse!

- Yes, but let's go back in time. Let's see why it got to that point.

That is followed by the induction process and the expected resistance of the spirit, which always has good reason to fear delving into the basements of hidden memories. Let's not forget that they are

competent and skillful manipulators of minds and, thus, know the techniques used and are more able to resist induction. Spiritual support at this point is indispensable.

He begins to complain of mental confusion. From this point, we resume the dialog.

- There's a name in my head, but I can't form it. No, I can't. It's vague.

The indoctrinator patiently encourages him.

- It's a place. (Long pauses, prolonged silences). I don't know where I am. (And suddenly, in a perfectly normal voice, energetic, firm, and without any stuttering:)

I'm practicing the discus throw, of course. I need to beat my brother. Win the game. We're twins, but he's very different from me. He's more handsome. He plays the puck better. But I'm more cunning. We're pretty rich. Our father is very wealthy.

- Just the two brothers? What did you do then?

- What have I done? Well... My brother got married before me.

- He has a beautiful wife.

- Very beautiful! You won't like the sound of that!

- No, my dear. It's not about liking it; it's about telling your story.

- You won't like it! I think she's too beautiful a wife; too beautiful for him. My brother is more handsome, he's more trained, but I'm more intelligent. Come on... what happened... His wife fell in love with me. Come on, you're not going to like that!

- Tell the story the way you remember it. Let's go!

- Our father died. And then the fortune was divided, but my brother, very confident... I wanted to marry her, but we couldn't, could we?

- Of course, we couldn't. So, what did you do?

- One day, when we were playing frisbee, we... well... we played.

Then we'd freshen up and always have a glass of wine. But one day, he had a glass of wine and didn't feel well afterward.

- There was poison in it, wasn't there?

- No, it wasn't poison. It wasn't poison. The doctors said he was tired and his heart wasn't...

- Ah! He died, then?

- Of course...

- What a coincidence! It was only his glass of wine that was poisoned; not yours?

- Of course not. (Smiles).

- But was it from the same bottle?

- Yes, my dear, but I was the one who put the wine in the glasses.

- And he died of the heart?

- That's what they said.

- And you married the widow?

- Of course.

- And you kept the fortune...

- Absolutely.

- And you were happy?

- Something...

- What do you mean "something"?

- Because... (Hesitates) Because she ended up getting upset. I had to declare her insane.

- And you kept all the money?

- Yeah. Without the wife, right?

- And you remarried?
 - Only much later.
 - Had she already died?
 - Yes.
 - And were you happy in that second marriage?
 - I was already old. So, I no longer had the hot flashes of youth. I was rich.
 - You mean she ~ the second wife ~ married you out of interest?
 - Probably.
 - And what happened afterward?
 - Nothing. She was a good wife.
 - How long ago was that? Do you have any idea when it was? Where was that?
 - Where do they play the puck a lot?
 - In Greece.
- He is shocked and says: '
- Sparta... O Sparta!
 - So, you sacrificed your brother, took his wife, and then sacrificed her too, didn't you? Is that right?
 - Sacrificed, you say?
 - Yes; didn't you put her away as a madwoman? And she died there, didn't she?
 - Actually, it wasn't nice to see her suffer.
 - Why did she go mad? Did she discover your crime?
 - Because she felt remorse.
 - Did she also participate in your mistake?

- Yes. But I freed her from madness. You know how? With another glass of wine.

- That was your twin brother, wasn't it? Now you're going back to the time you lived in Spain with your Dolores. Let's go! Come here again. He reacts to the magnetic touches, squirming and begging me not to do that. He went back to his distressing stuttering. The clear voice and fluent words lasted only as long as he was positioned, regressively, in existence in Sparta, Greece.

- Don't do this to me! You're giving me shocks ... What do you want to see?

- It's you, my dear, those characters from your drama in Spain. Why did that happen? See if you can identify the people, the spirits.

Pause. Then:

- You mean my Dolores was my cousin's wife? (Relates his cousin in Spain to his twin brother in Greece).

- I don't mean anything, my dear. It's up to you to say if it's true or not. I don't want to induce you, to dominate you. I don't want to do anything to you that you don't wish. You have to decide that, not me.

- I killed my brother. That's called fra-tri-ci-de, isn't it?

- It's true. Then, after a few centuries, many centuries, Our Father's laws demanded a similar ransom from you. Your wife is sacrificed, and someone destroys your home. Don't you see a connection between one episode to another?

Pause.

- If this isn't some kind of trick you've pulled, I destroyed my brother's home. And my cousin destroyed my home.

- That's right. That's right!

- My cousin was the brother I killed!

- Probably. I don't know. It's probable. I can't say that. Now, all I want you to understand, please, is the mechanism of divine laws; so that you don't go out hating and taking revenge on creatures often related to us in our own past mistakes. Isn't it right?

- But I can't do anything about it now. What's done is done.

- Wait a minute. You can't do anything. You can't undo the wrong you have done. Indeed, the mistake has been made, but you are not obliged to make new mistakes, which will later bring other painful rescues. Then, you can't get out of this vicious circle. You saw that God's laws only allowed you to have your family sacrificed in that life in Spain because you had done the same thing to another family; your own brother's family.

- But Dolores didn't betray me.

- Nor did the other betray your brother, did she? Or did you induce her to betray? She was also a loyal wife at first. She loved him. Why did you mislead her? Don't you think so? Listen, my dear. I don't wish you to be embarrassed in front of us. We're here in an atmosphere of seriousness, of great peace, and it's time for you to open your heart as you did. You said it could be a trick. It really could be. But was it "me" who invented this story? Or is it in your spirit? I offer you the opportunity to meditate on this. Nor am I doing this here with you so that you will stop taking your revenge on those of my family members, against whom you turned to hurt me. I am not begging, asking, or forcing you to stop doing this. You are free to do what you want. But don't forget, my brother, that we are responsible for all our actions, the good ones, and the others.

- I'm not going to do anything to them.

- I expected that from the start, but I wanted you to understand this, not for me, but for yourself. That's what's just happened. You've already seen that revenge solves nothing. In that life in Spain, if you had accepted the pain caused by your beloved wife's loss without

taking revenge, you would have redeemed an important commitment for your spirit.

By taking revenge, you gave back you reopened the cycle of afflictions. Now, no more revenge. The one you hate is your brother.

- So, you did me a benefit by not letting me attack him!

- I think your conclusion is right on one point. The point is that it wasn't me who did that. Our Father allowed us to get to you before you commit another folly. I'm worthless here. None of us is outstanding; none of us wants to humiliate or make anyone unhappy. We just want to show that God's laws are very serious, and that we must have to respect them to be happy. If you understand this now, as you do, you can go and meet your Dolores who is waiting for you. But go with a clean heart. Don't bring her a new revenge, but rather a heart that wants to recover to deserve her again, in another existence where you can be happy. Do you agree? Thank you very much for having trusted me. It was from that point on that you began to see things more clearly. Now, go in peace. Rest, so you can later start your journey again. In fact, you can't undo your mistakes, but you can remake your life. Is that clear?

- I hated my cousin so much and, after all, I'm not better than him!

- No. It isn't about saying who's better or who's worse. It's about seeing that two spirits are fighting.

When he went through that affliction in Ancient Greece, he also had probably his spiritual commitments. Otherwise, none of this would have happened. So, my dear, now is the time for that word of Christ: "Be reconciled with your brother before your offering". You are beginning a new existence. Many struggles await you, but you will not lack support to accomplish your recovery work.

You will probably have... you, your brother, Dolores, and the other spirit too, will have opportunities to live together again.

Keep this grave lesson of life in your mind, which is our actions and responsibility and the message of brotherly love that Christ taught us: "Love one another as I have loved you". Right? Go in peace. God bless you!

~ Thank you...

The Girl in the Bottom of the Boat

In the presence of this "companion," there was neither agitation nor aggression. However, he didn't try to mystify with feigned gentleness of voice and words. He was confident and declared himself prepared for a "fraternal dialog."

Since his team members' plans were proceeding, there was no reason for "parleying." He was there only to converse, bring information, and collect more. The treatment was mild, and he claimed to have all the "lane" covered with the best "fraternal purposes." Although he had records and files, he required essential knowledge that had not yet been explicitly formulated in the mind of our instructor.

This knowledge pertained to an attitude or decision that must be made shortly. After much going around in circles, he asked the question directly: "What does the gentleman intend to do from now on? What is the next step?" The response was straightforward and short: "To follow Christ as far as our imperfections allow." He replied that he had anticipated a similar answer from the man it came from. However, it was too vague since he also followed Christ. Ultimately, there are personal ways of doing it.

In his spiritual state, he no longer had human emotions but rather had ideals. Power was necessary for him to accomplish important tasks. Christ had the most power, which was essential for his role. The Spirit also used his powers to serve, bringing peace and happiness to those who followed him. Although his language was full of metaphors and euphemisms, it needs to be understood precisely. Listeners develop an automatic translation mechanism to comprehend it. However, when the instructor stated that one cannot offer what they don't have, he became upset because he believed that he purchased memberships in exchange for favors.

He was, thus, very annoyed with the instructor when he told him that we cannot offer what we don't have: peace or happiness.

He had forgotten the incident when he expressed confusion as to why our instructor, who had always been involved in reformist movements, was now refusing to update outdated concepts in the Spiritist Doctrine, which would leave him behind.

The instructor argued that past reforms were meant to prepare for the present work of spreading basic concepts of life, such as immortality, reincarnation, and communication between Spirits and humans. However, our companion, who possessed brilliant and agile intelligence, disagreed.

They did not want to reform the fundamental concepts of the doctrine, but rather reformulate people's attitudes towards it. People must rise and grow spiritually using the strength and power of their intelligence, as the Doctrine states that the Spirit is the intelligent principle of the universe. The exercise of incorporation mediumship was considered crude and outdated by our companion. They believed that psychography, which is a much more refined form of mind-to-mind communication, was a better method of working. The medium did not carry harmful vibrations, unlike many others.

Man must abandon his state of servitude and improve it, by taking control of his life and emotions. A man needed to break free from servitude and use the power of intelligence. He couldn't allow himself to be held back by karma - a phrase the instructor heard repeatedly in discussions on the topic.

The key was to turn karma into an active force through the use of intelligence. No longer should he keep his head down and dwell on past mistakes. He needed to take positive action to counteract negative events from his past. Suffering was a form of passivity. Even love requires energy to thrive. Memories of loved ones should bring joy and happiness, not sadness and regret. Intelligence is needed to guide the heart, even in matters of faith. Christianity also needed to

be rationalized. By energizing their minds, people could tap into their resources, just as Christ had done when he healed the sick. Even those with limited intelligence could be cured if they had faith.

Christ had said that even a tiny amount of faith could move mountains. The task at hand was to encourage people to believe in themselves and awaken their inner strength.

He declared emphatically that man will be able to transport mountains. This was the main theme of his philosophy, which he distilled over the course of more than an hour. In certain groups, he even provided explanations on evangelical issues during study meetings. This was necessary to prepare man's intelligence for the second coming of Christ. The promised Christ-Spirit, not man, would be the Christ-Angel and Christ-transcendent who would require intelligent and "liberated" men. This was achieved through the "dynamization" of karma, freeing individuals from past errors.

Here is a brief profile of my brother's philosophical beliefs. He struggled with accepting Christ, His teachings, and the Spiritist Doctrine, despite claiming to be a servant of Christianity. Additionally, he seemed preoccupied with the topic of miracles, and believed that Jesus simply helped people heal through his intelligence rather than any divine power.

I found it curious that he continuously spoke about the virtues of intelligence and avoided discussing historical events. He would often say, "We must prepare for the advent of Christ," but refused to join any movement. When questioned about his beliefs, he explained that he didn't believe Christ would come in a physical form, but rather in a transcendent form. He emphasized the need to prepare for the Intelligent Christ-Principle and the Christ-Spirit rather than the Christ-Man. He referred to it as the Angel Christ, which he believed could be found in the Scriptures. He concluded that we must wait for

the transcendent Christ, and not expect the Christ who walked around in sandals on the banks of the lake ages ago.

As the speaker shares his ideas, it becomes evident that they are drawing from personal memories rather than pure imagination. They vividly describe a lake, heat, and poverty, with an intimate conviction that only comes from memory. Despite his voice becoming slightly tired and slow, he continues to unravel his concepts and memories. He is cautious not to get too lost in the past, as he fears the negative effects of a demented spirit's arrival during an indoctrination session. The negative vibrations and psychic smell can even cause nausea in mediums.

It's interesting that you mention the spirit incorporates itself into the medium's body. Would you happen to know what kind of vibratory shock occurs with that combination of fluids? (Pauses briefly, stumbles over words, then continues) Afterwards, the medium will likely feel tired and unwell. But what is achieved from this? Nothing. Sorry, I'm struggling to stay focused and keep my eyes open.

The individual insists that the instructor cannot force him to participate in the preparation for Christ-Intelligence or Christ-Force, but eventually succumbs to magnetic sleep. During regression, he initially resists but eventually speaks slowly:

"You're going back to Capernaum alone," he tells someone. "You who lived there... I'm not from there. I'm from Cyprus, my friend. Go to Capernaum by yourself. It's not the same place anymore. How did you even get there? By boat? Which one? I can't remember. It's a nice place, but I only recall happy memories. My house is protected against negative energy. Capernaum...what was Capernaum? I didn't lose anything there. I'm from Cyprus."

- What did I learn there? No, I won't. What are we going to do in Capernaum? On the beach? Why on the beach? Get those children

out of there. Why the children? I can't.. My job is... I have to... stamp out the crowd. I can't leave them there. That's political manoeuvring, high treason. I have to leave. Devil Capernaum... What a horrible place! You're all crazy. Who's that child at the bottom of the boat? Is it your daughter, isn't it? It's your daughter! She's yours.

He rejects the memories, the place, the friend, and even the little girl he sees lying at the bottom of the boat. But when the indoctrinator asks him her name, he replies straight away:

- Miriam. (He keeps repeating the name and continues:) She's your daughter. What beautiful! Big, black eyes. The plague... the plague...

- Did he cure her?

- He didn't cure anyone. No! I don't have a daughter! She's your daughter! Miriam. I miss my Miriam... Those big eyes. Miriam. Who's Miriam? Miriam... It's a conspiracy against the Tetrarch. Miriam! Heal Miriam! Heal Miriam! What's wrong with her? She has these spots. What are those purple spots? Stains on her... Get this mess out of my head! Purple spots. Hate... tears... But I can't. I can't. Who is Christ? A man of the people. I'm not a man of the people. He is a sorcerer... Miriam... I should report him. Oh, what a mess in my head...

I can't stop thinking about Miriam and her big eyes. What's the plan? You're headed to Capernaum and bringing Miriam with you, right?

Let's get to the truth of the matter. Now he speaks:

- You're going to Capernaum with Miriam.

- I am, happily.

- Take Miriam with you, even though it's confusing. I'm here and there at the same time, reliving a past argument with an instructor while also being present in the moment. But you're taking Miriam, yes?

- Yes, I am. Why do you want me to take her?

- I can't take her. I can't be seen. Take her. Ruth is desperate. Take Miriam... Is Miriam back? - She is? - Without the blemishes... Miriam

without her spots. How terrible! That's my daughter! Capernaum. It's a nightmare! What is this happening? It's like they're showing me a movie. I have nothing to do with this man. His disciple denied him. Just because he healed Miriam? He's a sorcerer. A sorcerer can heal. He couldn't! He had no order from the king... And why is He there? What do you want me to remember? That I feel regret?

- No. I want you to remember that He loved you and your daughter. He healed her. He reunited her with Ruth. Why do you hate him?

- Do you want me to feel remorse? Then why are you showing him there? In the midst of those people? But the "other" washed his hands of it. Am I going to do anything?

- He did it out of love. He didn't do it to charge you.

- I owe Miriam. But I lost Miriam. I lost Ruth.

- Do you know where they are today?

- They are with him.

- Would you like to go and meet them?

- Don't blame him for them leaving you. It was your decision not to go. But they are waiting for you now.

- I'm not hearing any echoes...

He feels empty inside because he has been suppressing his emotions in order to prioritize intelligence. This has shielded you from emotional pain and suffering for a long time.

- Do you still care for Miriam and Ruth?

- Where are Miriam and Ruth? They are just names to me; they don't mean anything. Love is dead to me. It's a cause, a justification. I saw everything happen to Christ, including him healing Miriam. But I would never tell anyone. I'm lost now. You've bent me, haven't you? You have bent me!

No. You just recognized the existence of love. Are you my friend or are you not?

- Where is Jesus? Where is He? Where is He that I don't see? Where is him?

It is unclear what position this individual held during that time. However, based on his statements, it appears that he was a wealthy merchant with some social influence.

He mentions having access to the Tetrarch, which supports this assumption. The other individual present, known as "the other Pilate", washed his hands and may have been a non-traditional Jew from Cyprus with some resources.

He indicated that he did not arrive in an ordinary boat, stating that "there are boats and boats." When faced with his daughter's incurable illness, he asked his friend, who was also from Cyprus, to take the girl to Jesus. He did not want to be seen associating with the less fortunate, impoverished people.

It is likely that he had already taken his daughter to Capernaum, but he refused to bring her to Christ due to his pride. He vividly recalls his daughter lying at the bottom of the boat with her beautiful black eyes.

Although she was cured, he lost her and his beloved wife, Ruth, to nascent Christianity while he clung to his pride, social status, fortune, and business. This is a familiar story, one that highlights the struggles between those who followed Jesus and those who viewed him as a mere adventurer or a cheap sorcerer, a dangerous subversive, an enemy of the institutions: wealth, the rigid religious beliefs of the time, the glitter and pomp of ephemeral power.

He is so great that many have only been able to contemplate him in the long, distant perspective of the millennia. A curious thing, though those miserable people, covered in rags, hungry and despised, those humble outcasts saw in Jesus something pure and beautiful, which they couldn't define with their minds but which they could love with all their hearts.

THE SOUL MIRROR

At first, our new companion seemed hesitant to communicate with us. It wasn't because he lacked intelligence or experience; quite the opposite, in fact. However, something had clearly shaken him when he first joined our group. It turned out that one of our Brothers, who had been a close friend of his, unexpectedly greeted him upon his arrival.

This emotional reunion had greatly affected our new companion, throwing him off balance and disrupting the work plan he had prepared for the meeting. Despite his initial distress, he gradually regained his composure and explained why he was there. He had been given a delicate mission to neutralize our mediumistic group, which he believed was interfering with his own work.

He complained that if his former colleague Joshua were still with us, the situation would have been resolved more easily. However, he had decided to take a different approach.

They were faced with a difficult puzzle, with only one critical piece left to complete the work. However, no matter how many times they tried, the stubborn piece refused to fit. This symbolized that someone crucial to their plan had refused to get involved, rejecting all offers and approaches. The group was stunned and their bosses demanded swift action with a short deadline. Unfortunately, the person chosen for the mission was not the best fit for the job. But there was a companion from another era, who was waiting for him in the reluctant group. He was serene and friendly, and he owed that mentor of light a personal favor.

During our conversation, he shifted his focus from the subject that brought him to us and began discussing his obsessive bewilderment from the night of the meeting. Despite recognizing his acquaintance, he decided to carry on with a friendly chat. This conversation took place in the spirit world just before our session started.

Our companion listened to him patiently and lovingly, displaying his characteristic calmness that left the arriving brother mesmerized. He described our companion's eyes as serene like a deep lake.

The brother expressed that he had not looked in a mirror for a long time and saw himself as empty when he did so. He then revealed that the shock from their meeting caused him to "cool down" instead of invigorating him. He gained an understanding of why Christ was known as the Lamb, as our companion's eyes had the same peaceful gaze as a meek lamb.

Although he returned to the original topic, he mentioned his old acquaintance a few times, indicating his confusion. However, he held authority, knowledge, and value as he led a brigade in the spirit world. The "shock" had caused him to enter a different frequency. The subject he specifically came to talk to us about, cannot be revealed here, but this was the general tone of his personality and the highlights of his philosophy of life and action.

It wasn't necessary to apply the usual process of memory regression to him, for the reunion with his former companion took him back his remote past in a second, jumping over skilfully prepared blocks.

All the debris that had been collected in the depths of his being, despite the "brainwashing" to which he confessed he had spontaneously submitted.

What follows is the transcript of the dialog after what has been summarized. The opening words are his.

- I'm not going to tell you what I no longer know myself. I've disconnected everything. My friend, I also went through a program, for when my brain was so on fire that I wanted to submit. I wanted to!

- That's why I say you're on the run. You couldn't stand those memories. Why is that?

- That's right. You must be a Superman. You can handle anything!

- No. That's not true, but if we don't face up to our mistakes, how can we correct them? Forget about them, as if they no longer existed.

Shortly before, he had complained about being betrayed, and the instructor tried to remind him that he had also betrayed someone before.

He then wanted to know what kind of betrayal Jesus had committed to be betrayed by Judas. With this artificial and contrived question, he confirms his disrespect for Christ, his sharp aversion to His doctrine, and a negative fixation on this critical point, which needs to be clarified. We continue patiently. He continues to deny he has any grudge against Christ.

- I have another program in mind. There's no point in using these resources, for you'll only get this program you have there.

- Yes, but you need another one because this one hasn't led you to anything.

-Look, my friend. Do you want me to tell you a great truth, with the utmost sincerity? Deep down, I don't believe in any of it. I don't accept any of it, but I need a job, I need action. So I'm going to do it, and I will keep on doing it because all this is nonsense: Christ or any other, any other word, religion, it's all the same deep down. How does that change or improve anyone? That's it! I said. Are you happy to listen to it? That's my real position. Total disenchantment.

- Yes, but how do you justify, explain, and understand your disenchantment with Christ?

- For everything, not just Christ. Even for this miserable immortality, miserable immortality, from which I can't even escape! How many times have I wanted to end being, thinking, to be a stone, something... But you can't destroy yourself. You can't. Even that! It's an imposition. I never wanted to be eternal! It's an imposition!

- I see. So, you don't agree with God either?

Pause. And as if he hadn't heard the question:

- What's in it for me? What do I get out of being immortal? Except day and night being chased by thoughts. And you do it, you move and...

- And remorse is there.

- What good is immortality if I can't profit from it, enjoy it?

- Yes, you can, my friend. As long as you change your orientation.

No. You can't, my dear. It's an imposition: either you stay here or return to a body; you leave the body, or you stay here, or you go back. There's no exit. That's it!

- Yes, there is. How did our brother, your friend, find the way out to peace?

- What way out? This is all crazy!

- Doesn't he have peace?

- That's what you're telling me.

- No. You told me, not me.

- Immortality is a burden. Crazy man... So many people want to be immortal, right there. He wants to stay all his life! If I could, I wouldn't die. He doesn't know that when he dies, it's much worse! That's what being immortal is: it's carrying a weight. It's meeting people you thought you'd lost sight of for centuries. That's what immortality is.

How many times have I wanted to take a narcotic, something that would make me forget, that would make me die, I lost my mind...

(He's out of breath and stops to breathe. His despair is moving, painful, heart-rending).

- The worst thing is to have a mind that won't die - he continues afterward.

- No, the worst thing is to misuse your mind.

- Your body dies, and your mind stays. You can be dead on here, as I sometimes feel, but your mind is there, vibrating, pulsating, and you don't run away from it. You don't get rid of it! (The voice lowers in pitch and becomes crying:) Listen to what I'm telling you: You can never get rid of yourself! Sometimes we're mistaken, all of us. We tend to believe we're exceptional, that we'll succeed in conquering the world. We think we'll be at the top of the tower, and everyone else will kneel before us because we're great! In reality, we don't know if it does any good or not. In the end, we die, and we realize we haven't accomplished anything. We keep striving to conquer, but one day, we'll cease to be. I've wanted to give up so many times, but my bosses would tell me I'm weak. I've asked them to give me medicine so that I wouldn't have to exist. I've wondered what Christ has done for me and where the peace He promised is. He must be in heaven, but I don't know which one. He must be happy, but He also said that people want peace but don't pursue the things that bring it. Have you ever looked for it? Have you only looked for war, conflict, vanity, and passion? It's challenging to find peace when you don't know what you're searching for. I've had many experiences and searched for so much, but I didn't know what I was looking for. In the end, I'm just a man.

- I see. You've failed. And you're leading others into the same mistakes, taking on your responsibilities and some of the others? Don't you realize that you're complicating yourself more and more instead of freeing yourself? Why do you shift the blame for your

faults onto Christ? If you are here today talking to us, it's because He allowed you to come to us and us to come to you.

We are not here to condemn you, reproach, censure, or judge, but rather to reach out to you, to give your Spirit a chance.

You spoke earlier about the times that are coming. That's true. And there is time for you to do something for your Spirit. Don't throw yourself head down into the darkness.

- It's all an illusion, my friend. Tell him it's all an illusion!

- Listen: do you think our brother there is deluded?

- I don't know... I don't know... (He cries again). I fought, my friend. I was one of those people you say "from the first hour". But it was all an illusion! He said: "Go and preach!" And we went out into the world, and nobody wanted to listen! It was only humiliation, repudiation, opprobrium and I was just a man! Opprobrium, humiliation, scorn! How many times have they spat in my face?

- They even spat in his face. Why couldn't they spit in yours?

- I thought He had failed. I said, "He failed!" Well, He did

He did. Why did he send us like this? Sometimes, I stopped and wondered.

(He doesn't dare to go on; the tears choke him, he gets lost in memories.)

- My dear," returned the instructor, "there's no reason to be desperate. The call still stands. The doors are still open to you.

Stay with us once again...

- No, my friend. I'm not trying to justify myself. I left that life and I came back to another life in which I said: "I'm going to be different. I'm not even going to be Christian. I don't want to know that. I went to Rome, I was powerful, and I lived with the powerful. I was rich, I loved

it a lot, but I didn't find ... (Crying barely lets him speak, word for word).

- Listen: you who have had the privilege of receiving from Christ himself the command to preach, the command to love, remember: the fact that you have failed, does not mean that you have to fail for the rest of time. You can start again.

Our hearts are open to you. Come with us for a while.

- My friend: I just wanted you to tell me one thing. Where is sincerity? Honesty? I've been everywhere. I've been to churches of various denominations. I've been with him - with that friend who was here...

(He's referring to his companion who, the previous week, the group had taken away, a great preacher from the Anglican Church).

- Yes, my dear, but you have always used the churches as a source of power and projection, not as sources of love. When He said to you, "Go and preach!" to you and the other companions who were there, it wasn't to go out and reach positions, but to carry the message of love. And you, who had this privilege, do you think He refused you? Is He to blame for your difficulties?

- Many have listened, my friend. Many. Do you think He said it to a select, separate group?

- There have been other companions here with us who have failed. We have also failed.

- But tell me, then, where is the meaning of life? The meaning of everything? When I arrived and saw myself in those eyes, I suddenly found myself so empty, with nothing, nothing. . But where is the meaning, the consistency of things, the substance?

- You know it. It's in love, it's in the Gospel, it's in the search for peace.

- I've been inside Spiritism. Do you think I found honesty, and sincerity, there? No. I didn't either!

- But does that mean there's no one honest or sincere? It's Spiritism to blame, is Christ to blame for our weaknesses? We find what we're looking for, don't we, my son? You don't want to take responsibility for your Spirit to begin a new path?

- One day in France," he said again, still crying, "I was so desperate, I didn't know where to go.

Desperate, not knowing which way to turn, not knowing who to appeal to, more and more confused, for people were fighting for Christ, some for and some against.

But if it was the same Christ, if it was the same God, what difference did it make? I became so desperate one day (he hesitates) that I cut my throat. I cut it because I thought I was going to die.

The instructor invites him to stay with the Spiritual Friends; to rest and get his thoughts in order. But he doesn't seem to be listening. He resumes the memories:

- Ah, my friend. More than once, I've had my family destroyed, destroyed. So much...

- My brother, I'm not proposing that you reminisce about the tragedies in which we were corrected by the Law, and did not accept the correction. Let's find some peace within ourselves. We are all capable of finding it within ourselves. You also have loved beings; you have other hopes than these.

- But I know where it is! It's not there! It's not in love, it's not in the family. No... I know... Because it's IN HIM! Finally, the dam breaks dammed for almost two thousand years: - It's IN HIM.... But I can't conquer it. I can't! I've lost myself!

- No, my friend. You can, He is in you. You who knew the message first hand, who drank the pure water at the fountain, have it all in your heart.

He cries like a lost child:

- I'm just a creature and a suffering creature who can't find...

. I have eyes, and I'm blind because I see, but I'm still blind, my friend. I see that.

- As I was saying earlier, you need to forgive yourself, so that repentance is constructive.

- My friend, I want to shout and hear an echo respond... (The terrible need for friends, for he lives among many companions of folly, but no real friends; only interests that add up or clash).

- But you haven't told me yet if you will give us the chance to serve you. Yes, we want to serve you.

- But I'm the one who has to serve.

- First, you need help. Then you'll help. Accept our support.

- My friend, I want to get out of this mess. I want to rest my mind on fire. (And finally, in a low, whispering voice:) I want Jesus! But I don't know how to look for him... That's why I told you, that's why I was fighting. The religions never showed me. So, what difference do they make?

- My dear, you're thinking in terms of dogmatism, and we're showing you the way of the Gospel, of love. Forget about religions. Come with us. Our companion will take you. Thank you very much for your vehement and dramatic confession. Please accept our deepest respect for the courage you have shown here today. Go with our brother. Go in peace, and rest for a while. Then we'll talk again. Are you alright?

- There was a time when I was happy. I was young and poor, and I loved the birds, the dogs, the cats... the animals, they never betrayed me. Men did.

- No. You're stuck on a false doctrine. What happens to us is a response to what we've done. You know that. You've just said that those who seek pomp don't know what awaits them. Therefore, the betrayals you've suffered were brought on by yourself. Accept them

so you can look for the other way, the way back. We are here. With our faults and our imperfections, try to follow the One who is our Master.

Listen, my friend. That is the last thing I'm going to say to you tonight. For those who don't have a clear conscience, life is hell; it's a real escape. Yes, but now you're not going to run away. You're going to conquer your through the work of regeneration. It won't be easy ~ you know that, but you'll have the full support of those who love you.

-Wherever you hide, the enemy is there..

- Yes, because it's within us. Go, now, in peace!

That was someone who after putting his hands to the plow, looked back and retreated. Let's not be too strict with him. He wasn't the only one who failed. After all, as he says, he was just a man, a suffering creature. The generous impulse to serve was there, as well as the desire to proclaim everywhere the timeless wisdom of that extraordinary personality from whom he received the mandate of love, but the testimonies were beyond their poor human strength. Humiliation, incomprehension, repudiation, and, finally, disenchantment with himself, disappointment, flight, revolt, madness. Deep down, however, the constantly tormented conscience and the permanent call of Christ to speak from the distance of millennia: "Go and preach!" He wanted to serve from the very first hour and was weak in the face of the adversity of the testimonies that the task demanded. He wanted to serve afterward, seeking Christ everywhere, but he couldn't help but see, self-interest, open dishonesty, falsehood, and even oppression in the name of Jesus.

In this search, he got lost, but life went on, the thoughts were there, and even the "brainwashing" he voluntarily underwent, was only a palliative to allow him to plunge into the daze activity, any activity, even if he didn't believe in it, as long as it made him forget himself.

Perhaps if he could erase Christ from hearts, he would silence the voice that called him to fulfill his duty to himself.

Maybe... At that point, he no longer knew or expected anything more than to be stunned into forgetting that he had wasted centuries and centuries in the futile search.

After so many follies, he found his image empty and pathetic in the reflection of the peaceful gaze of one of those old companions who, who, taking up the plow with him, didn't turn his head back and moved on. forward. Somewhere along the way, Jesus would promote a reunion with the friend, with the past, with peace, with faith, with love.

THE THREE DRACHMAS

The main ingredient in mediumistic rescue work is love – as pure as possible, mixed with the denim of our imperfections or degenerated into hatred. I can say, by extension, that dialog with secret pain feeds on emotion. It is never a cold exchange of meaningless words; on the contrary, they move behind the mere verbal expression of thought and burning passions, and we often perceive in the pauses and silences the turmoil that is stirring in the depths of those tormented souls.

When we opened each session on Monday evenings, we never knew for sure what emotions, unforeseen events, and impacts were in store for us.

Though, we were always certain of the infallible divine protection of the constant presence of Christ through his dedicated workers. ("Where two or more are gathered in my name, there am I among them.")

The episode whose account is presented here under the title "The three Drachmas" was exceptionally emotionally charged, not only because of the tremendous release of inner pressures that had been repressed for thousands of years but also because of the unexpected involvement of our instructor.

As for the identifications, the reader already knows our position and understand the reasons that induce us to remain silent, not least because the narrative interest lies in its dense human content, which names, dates and mention of geographical and historical points would add nothing.

We must say that our teacher had a vague intuition of the identity of the demonstrator, but it would be imprudent to start such a dialog with preconceived ideas, which could easily lead us down false trails

and even dangerous paths. It's worth highlighting, in this brief introductory text, the admirable brilliance of his intelligence, the strength of his character, and the remarkable poetic sense of his figurative language.

The Spirit experiences considerable difficulty in incorporating itself. It breathes through its mouth in long, deep gulps, as if it lacked air. During the time that the instructor pronounces the words of greeting, he struggles afflictively. We wait for him to settle into the organization so as not to rush him into speaking before he is ready.

When he finally manages to take charge of the situation, he manifests himself in an acute state of anger, calling the doctrinaire an unfaithful dog and an abject being and imperiously ordering him to bend down to talk to him.

As determinate details are of vital importance in this groping phase, the instructor tries to remain attentive and serene at the same time, without any outward signs of tension, and therefore notices two irrelevant aspects that will prove to be of enormous importance in unlocking that complex psychological mechanism that keeps the Spirit trapped in his afflictions: Firstly, despite his fury, he doesn't consider the instructor his enemy - "I can't be an enemy! I can't say that you are an enemy."

- Secondly, it's clear that the tone of the lecturer's voice resonates in him a secret that agitates him, despite himself, and which will have to be discovered in the course of the conversation.

- "You're an abject being," he says, "if I can put it that way.

Be bent over. An abject being! Don't talk to me! Don't use any of the words I am used to hearing it because I already know you!

The threats continue, and he warns the indoctrinator to get ready "to face what you've wanted for a long time." A little later, he adds: "This is going to be a memorable night for you." The timbre of the voice, however, is the

recurring theme. If he could, he would silence the man, speaking to him:

- There are some beings," he says, "whose tongue needs to be cut out because it's useless. It needs to be cut out.

And further on:

- This voice... this voice that is impossible to tolerate...

The indoctrinator continues the dialog patiently, waiting for the opportunity and trying to probe the depths of their afflictions and the reasons for their spiritual distress.

- There are various ways of reaching (a person) - he insisted again. -

You can hit them with soft speech, like yours, which can be as sharp as a whip.

Little by little, he emptied himself of his initial anger and began to be more reasonable. He talks about his outstanding work and his spiritual position:

- I am a soul who serves, who loves, who supports, who helps, who enlightens and guides - he says, calmer and more convinced of the rightness of his work.

Sometimes, he lets out a phrase or two of discouragement or disenchantment, but he is far from giving in. When the instructor talks to him about his capacity for exhorting, to put it to good use, he replies, somewhat dubiously:

- I have yet to prove to myself that I can win.

However, he attributes the failure of his work on the earthly plane to human shortcomings:

"Man is a constant disappointment," he says. The instructor reminds that "men are us".

Little by little, the panel of his deepest motivations unfolds.

- His Christ is already dead to many people.

In his view, otherwise, there would be only one idea, only one thought: His, and everyone would follow him. Christ, in his view - and here again is the usual "slogan" of the mistaken ones - this message "debases man" and "God wants man to man to get up, shake off the dust of his mistakes and carry on".

- In any case? asks the teacher. By oppressing?

- Any way I can! - is the answer.

Regarding his role, he viewed himself as a shepherd, entrusted by the Lord to lead his people. He believed that he could match or even surpass Christ in his mission. However, he did not see this as a point of pride but as a duty to those who trusted him. He saw himself as someone who could quench the thirst of those seeking guidance. He believed that the root of evil was from deceitful and venal people with their own interests and passions. When the instructor accused him of running from the past due to fear of the future, he responded with a discouraged tone, saying that the instructor made profound concepts sound simple. Despite his initial resistance, he eventually showed respect and affection towards the instructor as a fellow human being, rather than simply as someone in a position of authority. As the instructor continued to speak with a personal tenderness, the speaker became disarmed and stated that the instructor made him feel foolish, like someone trying to trap air.

What a beautiful expression! At this point, the indoctrinator has already confirmed in his mind what at first was just an intuition about the identity of the dear companion.

He just didn't know where, when, and how they had been friends.

Faced with some knowledge that the instructor revealed, he asked, almost completely serenaded:

- Have you been reading about me?

It was true. Through one of those inexplicable "flashes" of intuition, undoubtedly implanted from the spirit world, the indoctrinator had recently acquired a biography of him to study his personality, in the vague, and at that time highly unlikely, the hope of meeting him one day.

- "You hold me in very high regard," he said. "I'm simply a fallible man."

As for that historical personality he lived through, he now recognizes that it was a mistake. It had covered the eyes of many with sand. He saw himself now faced with an immense sea, and he had no boat to sail it and had already drowned there.

- I didn't want a boat; I trusted my own feet. I thought I could walk the waters and cross them, but I couldn't.

At this point, he confirms his desire to imitate and surpass Christ.

When the instructor invites him to retrace his steps to rebuild, he has one of those embarrassing questions:

- Why are you forcing me? Do you want me to strip?

Besides that, he confesses that even if he had a boat, he wouldn't have oars, and it wouldn't be possible to row with his bare hands.

At this point, he confessed that the instructor had diverted him from the objective that brought him to the group.

- You've come - says the lecturer - to talk to an old friend. And you thought you hated him.

- I came here because I had nothing else to do... Because it was inevitable. Because the very force of things forced me, pushed me.

And he keeps asking himself, in a low voice, in a prolonged soliloquy:

- Was it courage? Or was it cowardice?

At that point, we prayed, and when we finished, he began to reveal something deeper:

- Why did Christ have to make us so small?

Then, a revealing confession:

- I am no longer... I no longer know what I am. I came here trying to be something I was no longer.

Once again, this brave and beloved companion proves his deep sense of loyalty and moral courage. He also demonstrates a frequent attitude in the Spirit who attends a session of this kind.

It's not that they usually go in defeat. Far from it. When they come closer to the medium, they have not yet given up the struggle, which is the essence of what they seek to accomplish.

On the contrary, many come to make one more attempt of the many they have made, an effort, sometimes superhuman, to remain what they think they are. They put all the impact of vehemence and even aggression. It is the inescapable mark of despair, the impotent flapping of the fish that was already taken in the nets of regret or has reluctantly allowed itself to be caught by the unequivocal gesture of brotherly love. When they come to us, their prospects of redemption are good, although not infallibly certain.

It depends very much on the way the conversation unfolds and the indoctrinator's often inarticulate responses to their anxieties and his secret desires for peace.

The conversation at this point is perfectly friendly. The Spirit speaks of the disappointments that await the indoctrinator in the spirit world when he sees the real concept certain men, whom he has tried to serve, have about his work.

- My brother - says the instructor - is this enough to make me change course? Do we work for men or for God, who carries us all in His heart?

You know that we live in Him. We can't run away from God. The opinion of men is irrelevant if we are sure that our work praises God. If Christ was to consider men's opinion, He wouldn't even have come

here. His words have been distorted. You'll say I'm trying to compare. I'm not. You've just said that He's too big for us, and yet he's not too big to love us.

The Spirit listens in silence and offers something to the teacher. Something contained in the closed, downward-facing right hand. This is a moment of the most transcendental beauty in this touching episode. Let's listen to what he has to say:

- One day, I received these three drachmas. You don't know this passage.

The teacher thought that the coins had something to do with the fish that Christ ordered to be caught, to pay the tribute.

- I don't know if I can say these are those coins," he said. No

I don't know... But these. Could they have been those? No. . . These three drachmas I received from someone who is here.

He says the words separated by long silences, in which his emotions take on a consistency that makes it a solemn moment, a milestone of a journey, the end of a long walk, and the beginning of another even longer and infinitely more beautiful.

No. It wasn't in payment "of a fee. It was so that one day he would return them.

- I don't know why I've kept those three drachmas all my life," he says as if talking to himself. I received them the day I chose other paths. As a seal of friendship, I would return them one day.

Strange, isn't it, that I kept them?

- No," says the teacher. I don't find it strange. I think it's really beautiful, very moving.

- Why should I return these three drachmas, said... he? (The reader should note the hesitation at the point where the reticence appears), on the day that I found my way again.

- What a beauty!

- Beautiful? I don't know...

A long time of silence and intimate struggle followed as if he was still reluctant. Finally:

- No. It is all very difficult!

- I know it's difficult," said the indoctrinator. - Anyone who tells you it's easy would be lying. And I'm not going to lie to you. Yes, it's tough but necessary.

- What is necessary? That I return the three drachmas?

- No. That you give yourself back to "Him."

- That I return the three drachmas? - He says it again. - I can split them. Who knows, maybe they belong to each of you?

He's still reluctant. The complete truth has not yet come to light.

- Who knows? But is that the problem? That's just a symbol.

It's not the drachmas he wants. - Where were the three drachmas? - (He returns to soliloquy.) He cannot be carrying them for so long. (Stop). The impression you're giving me is that this is a solemn moment.

- Isn't it?

- I'm nothing.

- None of us is nothing, but we all have the potential for perfection. We'll all get there one day, just as others have.

- I was the simoom that passed and formed many dunes, covered many corpses, and suffocated many hopes. Do you know what is a simoom? I will keep on being one.

- No. I don't agree with you on this. Not. Have you forgotten the connections with all those who love you?

Who hasn't stopped loving you, and who will help you now?

- In what way? If there's a whole desert between me and them. There's a desert, and I have no camels. You know there's a desert between me and them. A distance, that's what I mean.

- Distance does exist, my dear. Just as there is between us and our companions up ahead. Don't think that I'm ahead, no. I'm here with you, with others...

- But, my friend, whenever a caravan appears, it never all reaches its destination. Many stay behind, fall by the wayside. Few make it get through.

We draw the reader's attention once again to the transcendental beauty of his language, the certainty with which he uses symbols and images of suggestive power, the poetry of his expressions, the sincerity of his self-analysis, his disenchantment with himself and even his profound and unexpected sense of humility in recognizing his mistakes.

Suddenly he interrupts the conversation and asks:

- Don't you want to keep the three drachmas?

The instructor holds out his hand and the Spirit deposits something (invisible) there. And he speaks, without much conviction, as if he had just accomplished a painful task in a not at all satisfactory way:

- That clears me.

The indoctrinator thinks that the invisible drachmas should be handed over to some Spiritual Friend present, who had come for our beloved brother.

He confirms that his friend was present. Why would he have come?

-To mourn my shame? To look at me and say: "Behold your failure!"

-Is that shame? To open your heart and find friends? No one will say that to you.

-Do you know the desert sun? It can dazzle. Despite everything, I am still the Boss.

They talk about bridges to span chasms, and then the instructor tells them:

- You've had many centuries to meditate on these things. I have a feeling of deep reverence for the anguish you have experienced, even in the daze of action, of your plans, your tasks, because, in the depths of your being, that dissatisfaction was always present, the desire to continue with your companions. And you thought we were far away when we were here with you.

- How can you keep up with your companions? When I had so many to take with me.

- You will take them, but it will be little by little. You'll retrace your steps.

- I've already told you that my caravan got lost in the desert.

- No. No one is lost from God. We are all sheep of the same flock.

- I was the simoom who raised the sand and blinded many eyes.

- Yes. So what? It's not anymore. We've all had our desert, our simoom, and the work we're doing here with you is exactly that my friend because some of Christ's caravan was left behind. And we can't leave them, since we love them. So, we retrace our steps. They're not many steps, they're just a few because, between us and Him, the difference is so great that, between us and you, the difference is none. That's why we return to seek out those who have fallen behind. Why can't you come with us if we will come if we will take yours?

- You brought me here when I had no strength left. That's why this conversation. It's no use anymore. I didn't have the strength to continue.

He's referring to the emptying of his organization, which was committed to destroy Jesus' work. Some of his most dedicated

companions had been taken away and within him remained only the disenchantment of centuries of inglorious struggle, of tensions, of partial victories that were only temporary postponements, and of great intimate defeats.

- I have nowhere else to go. I'm not going to dive back into that sea.

I'm still not light enough to walk on water. I'm going to sink. I don't have a boat, and I don't have oars. (He pauses and says:) I was once so big! Have you ever seen the spectacle of a mountain collapsing? See it all fall to the ground? And you look at it like that and there's no more elevation. Just a plain and debris... the whole earth turned upside down... The mountain that collapses can rise again. The strength of the molecules that kept it there is missing. That force of attraction has disintegrated. There is no way and it would be crazy for you to start with a grain of sand to form a mountain again. It would take centuries to rebuild when the mountain has already fallen. I'm not going to dive into that sea again!

The Spirit is obviously contemplating the magnitude of the reconstructive task, the possibility of returning to remake everything from the initial small grain of sand. But, faced with that sand that their collapsed mountain has become, where do they start?

How do you build mountains with grains of sand? The force that held them together has disintegrated...

If the mountain fell," the teacher argues, "it was because it was false, it was transitory.

No, it wasn't. There was a tremor, an earthquake, something. It lasted for a while. If it fell, it wasn't God's doing. Do you remember the word of Gamaliel? If it is God's work, we cannot destroy it. men, it will be destroyed. Our passions are no use; one day it will fall. And you are the one who believes.

- Gamaliel was an old man who had also lost his illusions. He was deluded.

And suddenly:

- Where did you put the drachmas?
- Weren't you supposed to give them to your friend?
- But you didn't give them to him.
- Do you want me to? Here, you give it to me.

The doctrinaire gives him back the coins (invisible to him) and the spirit receives them back.

- Three drachmas - he says, looking at them. - They're worth nothing today.

- These are worth more worthy than all the treasures on earth, because they bring you back to the spiritual peace that will have to be built.

- There is no peace. No man will ever have peace.

- Yes, you do. I have it, you can have it too. "He" gave us peace. We have the resources to build it.

- We are all living in madness. This moment doesn't exist! Sometimes we feel like we're living in a surreal world, where our current moment seems too absurd or fantastic to be true. It can be like a dream, with either positive or negative emotions.

The instructor notes that facing our hopes can bring us closer to reality. He thanks his brother for doing so and reminds him that having faith in God can bring peace. The brother responds that he doesn't have any hopes or fears. He accepts fate and knows that he was meant to be there in that moment.

- You are here because you built this moment in your past. It is not destiny. We condition our destiny. Our actions today are the reactions of the future.

- You speak a very strange language.

At this point, he makes a few more comments and expresses his desire to leave, promising to come back, because at the moment he claims to have nothing more to talk about. He says that we shouldn't expect anything, because he has nothing to wake up to.

It's only natural that he senses the storms that are beginning to stir within him.

He complains that he doesn't feel well. Something is going on inside him that he doesn't understand.

- I can't believe what's happening here, in this room. I can't believe it. Who am I? (The typical confusion of identity, when the individuality begins to plunge into the field of the timeless in search of the past).

He keeps repeating the question and then:

- That mountain... (Long pause). Who am I? You don't take me there. . You won't take me there...

The tone is more like a request than a denial, almost a plea, but regression is an unavoidable necessity at this point. The strange thing in this case, does the regression lead not to a previous life but to a stage in which he was in the spirit world, disembodied because it was what we call the core of his problem was located there.

And thus, he began to think out loud:

- Suddenly, this was in front of me. What am I looking at? What's the point? To see my image reflected? Do you see the water? They move.

I see shapes in there. I see someone coming: a handsome young man in a white robe next to a figure whose face is covered. They hand this young man a parchment... a parchment that is the symbol. There, are the instructions.

The Spirit reviews the most critical instant in his evolutionary career: the one in which he is entrusted with the mission of carrying out a determinate task of great value among the incarnate. It's time for the indoctrinator to be silent as much as possible, because the Spirit

needs that soliloquy, so the flow of ideas is nourished by its memories, in the recollection and in the long pauses that separate one sentence from another and even one word from another. It is an almost mystical, deeply moving moment, when the soul stands alone in front of itself, under the intense light of the truth.

It's a moment of respect, seriousness, and tenderness when he needs support and understanding. He can only do this, reveal his intimacy to others if he trusts the people there completely.

That's why he tested them in every way, from the initial rude insults to the final word of perplexity, through disenchantment and philosophical speculation. In this case, as in many, the spirit makes sure that the indoctrinator is not scandalized by the mistakes. He also has his own. Just as he does not applaud and admire what he says is his glory or his greatness. In short: the brother is in front of the brother and can therefore reveal his intimacy.

Let's continue.

- The parchment...

- The instructions... for the young man to take. But is it parchment, or isn't it? It's not. (Still trying to get away). Strange! Why is it rolled up?

It is a beautiful symbolism to express the difficulty the spirit has in accomplishing, in the flesh, the tasks it brings with it, not in the consciousness, but in the "rolled-up parchment" of the unconscious, in the form of an invisible matrix, which must and can materialize in action. But he can also fail, either by not carrying it out, by distorting it, or by using the spiritual authority of which he is invested to promote his ambitions and not the well-being of the brother or sister who needs enlightenment, help, teachings, assistance, and guidance.

And he repeats:

- Why is it tangled up? Do you see it?

- You know what's in it - says the indoctrinator, almost in a whisper,

so as not to interfere with the flow of memories.

- They're instructions. Instructions to take to the men!

He shouts as the crisis unleashes and deepens in all its momentum, at last:

- It's "The Book of Life", they say... (And in a lower voice:) It's "The Book of Life". (And again in a loud voice:) It's "The Book of Life"! You do not hear that phrase vibrating? This echo... in here? "Go and preach! Go and preach!" (The last is already being said in desperate tears, as he dramatically repeats the Master's gentle command, which he once heard, among others. His distress is indescribable and impossible to contain).

- I can't hear it. It's vibrating in my head! "Go and preach!"

He repeats the words in varying tones of pain. He cries and writhes, while the indoctrinator tries to calm him down with expressions of affection and support.

- Where is the parchment? Where is it? What have I done with it? What have I done with it?

He dwells for some time on this new question, which he repeats between sobs of despair.

- Where is he? I've lost him. Where? Where?

-Listen: You'll have a chance to get back to your task.

- I can't! I have no task. Where's the parchment? It was so bright! It was a luminous scroll. . No! This is crazy! May lightning strike me! May lightning strike me right now! Take away my understanding! Take away all my senses! Take away this fire! Take this fire out of here! This fire burns... Take it away!

And he repeats the expressions in many forms and tones, screaming and whispering, always crying in despair. And then: The parchmen!. The parchment!...

-The parchment! I'm alone.

When the indoctrinator asks for his hand to strengthen him in the crisis, he refuses: "I can't," he says in a barely audible breath. "I can't. After some hesitation, in which he repeats his refusal, he finally says to the indoctrinator, causing this terrible impact: "The three drachmas . . . they are your drachmas! A silence dense with emotion and tenderness follows. The indoctrinator also has nothing to say, because, at this point, he wouldn't be able to do other thing but mix his tears with those of the friend and brother that the centuries have returned to him. Finally, he resumes:

"What madness! How do you die? How does it end?"

-We are immortal and love is also immortal.

- "I forfeited the right to that. I'm not worthy. I was not worthy of "Him".

- "None of us is worthy of Him. It's not just you, my dear. None of us.

Who among us could come to Him and say, "I am worthy of you, Sir!?"

- I wasn't worthy. . I wasn't worthy. Oh my God. . . . Oh!

The parchment.. "The Book of Life" .. I thought I could..

The task entrusted to him, it seems, was no greater than his strength and ability, but by extrapolating from the guidelines he brought (the instructions), taking the reins in his hands, his spiritual support was taken away and he lost control of the situation.

His Guides tried countless times to get him back. There was no shortage of warnings, messages and instructions. Lost like little wheat seeds in the many weeds that the careless sower planted for so many people to reap. The bearer of a transcendental message ("The Book of Life"), invested with the respective spiritual authority and counting on support from the high spirits, he allowed himself to be fascinated by the resources at his disposal and, instead of being a mere vehicle for the Message, he began to cultivate the illusion of being greater than the One who had sent him, for the second time, with the sublime

call: "Go and preach!" This is the essence of his drama. "The guide was very dazzled by the sun," he said.

The instructor didn't know what else to say. It was time to pray:

- Oh, Lord! It is the end of a long journey of agony and the beginning of a new journey of hope. Here is our beloved companion. Receive him, Lord, into your arms...

In a phenomenon that sometimes occurs, the Spirit begins to have terrible cravings for vomiting, as if expelling the dark substances that have poisoned their feelings for so long and clouded their spiritual vision.

It's a state of indescribable affliction. He struggles and continues to expel the heavy fluids that afflicted him. Then it detaches itself, leaving the medium, as you can imagine, terribly exhausted and dazed.

It is the dialogue, with a minimum of touch-ups, without any glamorization.

As the reader has no doubt understood, the demonstrator and the indoctrinator were companions in preaching the message of Jesus in the heroic times of nascent Christianity. One day, however, they separated, because one of them preferred other paths, other directions and experiences. They remained friends, but it's not hard to imagine the poignant melancholy of that farewell, and the pain that settled in the heart of the one who remained.

It was necessary to mark that moment in some way, with a symbolism that would one day (one day!) serve to demonstrate that the bonds between Spirits are indestructible, unbreakable, no matter how the world turns, no matter how life unfolds throughout the Universe.

So, what was left, he rummaged through the poor, worn saddlebag in search of the symbol. He had little, almost nothing, because the recommendation of the Greater Friend was indisputable: They were to take neither silver nor gold – only their staff, their sandals, and

their poor tunic.

They would eat whatever they were given, because that was the only material salary of that work without borders, in the wilderness of the men's heart.

"The worker is worthy of his wages", He said, so that his poor heralds did not feel ashamed of the food they accepted.

He took out three small coins from his old purse and handed them to his friend.

- Take this, my dear. And, as if prophesying:

- You will give me back these three drachmas the day you find your way again.

God knew. He left there and walked many paths.

He was enterprising, dynamic, intelligent, and gifted with a poetic sense of life. Men followed him, naturally, because he was a born leader.

We don't know where he went or what he did for a while. One day, centuries later, he thought he was ready for the most critical task of his life. It would also be a test, for he longed to catch up with his companions who had followed the main road, despite its roughness.

Some of them had walked a long way, and a long distance was now between them and the others.

Many, however, were only a day or two days' march away, and with a little more effort, it would be possible to catch up with them; they would all go together. But, as the task was also a test, there was a risk of failure, given that this imponderable ingredient is always present in the context of the human being.

He thought he could do the redeeming work. His wounds were healed. He was sure about the indispensable spiritual protection for it to take place, according to careful plans of vast consequences.

The training was intensive, and the spiritual preparation rigorous, as the responsibility was high.

The time for the investiture has finally come. On behalf of the group he had worked with in planning the mission, the mentor came to hand him the parchment containing the programmed instructions. He received it with indescribable emotion, in a moment of solemn and expectant giving.

It was up to him to bring back to Earth "The Book of Life", which men had once again put at the service of their darkest passions. The indoctrinator of love needed to begin its interrupted career everywhere.

It was reborn with the difficulties typical of missionaries. First years in humble obscurity, engaged in the harsh struggle of survival, among the people he had to attract and drag up when he began his spiritual climb. Instead, he slipped and fell with them. The first test to fail was that of wealth. It was the first (and of many and serious) concessions. His Spiritual Mentors still harbored hopes for him, but they were starting to get apprehensive.

Shortly afterward, he realized that he had the gift of leadership with him and that when he gave orders, those around him followed them.

He discovered that it was wonderful to watch his will turn into action.

From then on, it was almost impossible to contain himself, and soon, instead of disciples and companions committed to spreading the light, he had warriors behind him.

Disappointed, the Spiritual Mentors took the luminous parchment that contained a new transcription of "The Book of Life".

In it, against the best expectations of his friends and himself, that negative ingredient, always present in the structure of a being distanced from perfection.

From a human point of view, he returned victorious to the spiritual world, so he would say to his indoctrinator a thousand and so years later: "I was so great!".

But, restored to his true spiritual position, he would also say minutes after those thousand-odd years, to the same instructor:

- I was the simoom that lifted the sand and blinded many eyes...

When he returned, in these conditions, between human greatness and spiritual misery, he saw that the distance he had once wanted to reduce between himself and his companions had grown.

Now, he wouldn't be able to catch up with them any soon.

Perhaps never... never again... And even if he did, how would he present himself to them? With the stigma of failure? The humiliation of defeat? Reading in their eyes, not reproach, nor rebuke, but disappointment?

And in their unspoken words, the vibration of understanding, but also melancholy, for it is always sad to see the spectacle of failure in a sibling in whom so much hope has been placed.

As usual, there was a sequel to this episode.

Or rather, it closed one phase to open another.

As you may know, the rescuing work of these companions follows a determinate strategy. The Mediumistic Group begins its work first in the suburbs, collecting, as far as possible, the workers from less influence.

At this point, however, the organizational structure is giving way here and there.

Minor leaders are missing, and several important commands had already gone. In lack of orders, discipline is crumbling, as it is usually a tremendously heterogeneous group of Spirits, united exclusively by fear and interest in preserving themselves from the dreaded encounter with reality.

On the other hand, the very "physical" environment in which they live a process of disintegration because the minds that created and sustained it were no longer there.

Disorder and panic quickly set in and, not infrequently, revolt too, from all those agonized, difficult people, contained under a strict disciplinary regime.

Once the leader is finally removed, the organization collapses. Those who remain uncollected, escape in search of other institutions, or wander around aimlessly, like disheveled robots.

That was the state of that organization, until recently powerful, on the night after the dramatic and emotional conversation with the leader who sustained and directed it.

The Mediumistic Group also had two visits from that institution: the Chief's main advisor and his wife, a willful young woman, used to having her every whim satisfied. It is obvious that the fury with which they presented themselves was all concentrated on the indoctrinator who had to exercise his patience with redoubled care, tolerance and brotherly love in order to withstand the impetuous verbal assaults.

It would certainly be instructive to reproduce here the dialogues held with both, but we must keep the book within reasonable limits.

We are reminded, however, of the wife's impetuous immaturity.

She was, obviously, desperate at the departure of her husband, who had inexplicably abandoned everything, after so many centuries of fidelity to his Institution, but in that inexhaustible torrent of aggressive complaint, there was much of her discontent at losing her princely as the first lady of that strange universe. She couldn't even dress herself, she confessed to us. She had a well-trained army of slaves to serve her and make her smallest desires and whims come true whims.

In her desperation, and not yet convinced that all the power she held

power had gone out of her hands, she threatened the indoctrinator with a strange idea: she would put a woman in his life to divert him from his domestic and other duties, which certainly didn't happen...

As for him, the advisor, his attitude was a touching fidelity to the leader, which is perfectly understandable.

He loved him like a father and respected him as the infallible leader of so many memorable campaigns, for he had followed him for many, many centuries. One thing in particular stunned him: he never that the Chief kept those three drachmas in some secret place in his most intimate stronghold. Probably, even if he had found them one day, he wouldn't have known why they were there. The secret of those coins belonged to only two creatures in this world, but the fact that one of them kept them clearly meant that he also held in his heart the hope of one day being able to return them to their rightful owner, even if it was almost two thousand years later. The condition to be met was tough: to get back on track. And he had lost his way and his route back! Only if that same companion came to collect him and claim his drachmas...

He came, with the generous grace of God and the loving support of Jesus.

