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K. B. DOKAS

Ye of Earth Have So Little Time to Accomplish So Much

K. B. DOKAS

25 CENTS

SEPT. 1946

There can be but one form of life . . . one form of expression . . . D. M. DOKAS

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Rev. Konstantinos B. Dokas  
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# CELESTIAL LIFE

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No. 2

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## VEIL OF MYSTERY

by

Rev. Konstantinos B. Dokas

Ps.D., Ms.D., D.D., F.R.C.



By tradition through our parents and immediate associates we are being taught that life begins at birth and ends at death. This tradition is intensified by our academic education and the theological beliefs as taught by the religious faiths in which we are brought up.

But as we mature into adulthood, age brings wisdom; our minds wander into space, and we attempt with our limited knowledge to analyze the evolution of progress as it is recorded in the universe.

As man searches into the unknown the equation becomes complex, but if man will be persistent and prove himself worthy of the trust, nature then will reveal to him step by step the unknown quantity. Thus would man be remunerated for his efforts. Although nature guards her secrets closely and under no circumstances will give the slightest hint to the curious and insincere seekers, she will guide the true seeker to the true path, provided that he prepares the way and qualifies himself to receive the reward.

But, on the other hand, the group that holds the whip over the multitude will make every effort to keep the multitude from searching into the unknown and will prohibit the multitude from deviating from the traditional beliefs and customs. This group knows that enlightenment of the masses will weaken the former's power and prestige; and whenever any individual delves into the mysteries of the universe, he is labeled dangerous and a menace to the community.

It has been recorded that such men and women have been condemned to death; others have narrowly escaped such a condemnation; others have been ridiculed in their early search for the unknown quantity. The reader may check this statement in history's records. Yet, in spite of death, condemnation, and ridicule, today these men and women draw the admiration of the people. To mention a few among countless others, there are Newton, Fulton, Pythagoras, Archimedes, Socrates, Pasteur, Bell, Morse, Marconi, and Joan of Arc.

It is a natural tendency for the soul to seek illumination from the greater light within. The evolved soul delights in seeking its natural path to eternity of which it is a part. The physical organism acts as a vehicle for the soul during its domicile on earth, but because of faulty education it is held in bondage.

However, a few persons succeed in breaking down the barrier by raising its frequency; thus they attune themselves with the Cosmic at will. They are able to attune on any Cosmic frequency; consequently they dwell in the midst of the great masters. To the casual observer, this may appear to be physically impossible and mysterious. The reason is, as stated before, that traditional beliefs and academic education built up a wall which is opaque to the greater light. Man has been taught carefully not to seek what lies beyond this wall.

But the few evolved souls with the aid of X-ray, radar, and other aids break down this barrier and delight to delve into nature's mysteries; thus they solve the unknown quantity in the equation. As the scientist with these aids can pierce the veil of mystery to observe the microcosms and macrocosm in the depths of the ocean and the heights of the sky, so the metaphysician and mystic. By cultivating the psychic faculties, the metaphysician pierces the veil of mystery and dwells in the Cosmic plane which rightfully belongs to the soul.

The manifestations of this unknown quantity are expressed in more ways than one. They prove that life beyond the grave is real and that we of the earth and those of the world of spirit do communicate just as easily as we talk to someone over the wire telephone and radiophone.

Of course, it took many years of painstaking research to solve the unknown quantity in the equation, to bring it to the point where one can pick up the telephone receiver and ask for a telephone number anywhere in the world and talk to the party as is normally done.

There are now engineers working on an apparatus through which, in the near future, one will be able to pick up the telephone receiver and automatically see the party with whom he converses miles away. It also took many years of research so that one might turn a switch and a dial on the radio receiver to hear and see a favorite program.

In like manner it takes many years of study for an adept to become a master and act as a medium or link between the two worlds. The manifestations that prove continuity of life after death are many.

Herewith I am reproducing an earthly picture of Mrs. Dorothy



May Dokas taken in the year 1940. (Plate I). On Plate II , I am reproducing a psychic photograph taken by Mr. Edwin Parkinson in the year 1945. These photographs are genuine. I am presenting these photographs to the true seeker as proof of the continuity of life after death. However, I am aware that there are those who have their own opinion about these things. They are entitled to their opinion for which I have a great deal of respect.

If I cannot add a little light to shed the darkness in the solution for the unknown quantity in the equation of the veil of mystery, surely I do not wish to take away the happy thoughts and the opinion of the readers.

*K.B. Dokas*

Rev. K.B. DOKAS



Plate I

Kondor Plate II

Kondor

Dorothy May Dokas  
Earth Picture taken 1940

Dorothy May Dokas  
Psychic Photo Taken  
1945 by Edwin Parkinson

**MARVEL** - The ignorant man marvels at the exceptional; the wise man marvels at the common; the greatest wonder of all is--the regularity of nature. G.D. Boardman.

## A CELESTIAL CHAT

By

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

(Continued from July 1946 Issue)

"You have laid a foundation that the spirit world approves. War and pestilence have followed each other since my time, but peace will come to your world that shall be everlasting. The land has been filled with mourning long enough."

I then asked if my humble efforts were of any use.

"They are even now being carried out. But if mortals would only make laws so that the spiritual banner might be unfurled! Your only mistake, Mr. President, was not to take stock in life after death and to stand by those who tried to present it," he replied.

As I looked past those beautiful eyes of His --- they reminded me of twin flowers -- I beheld a great commotion among the spirits. As I drew near I heard one spirit contending for his religious beliefs, then another, and then another.

His voice said, "The gospel of everlasting life is being preached. The ideas of the Christians are going through a sifting process and the sieve is called spiritualism. The hand that moves the sieve is a liberal one, and the foundations of church wrath are being stirred, hence the great commotion."

As I looked again, high up I saw a circle formed. It seemed, as I gazed upon the scene that it continued to grow larger until it were as though the circle formed an endless chain around the boundaries of the world. I saw men from every nation and clime.

While I stood admiring the features of these men, my attention was attracted to a silver chord extending from each member of the circle descending eastward. I listened and heard sounds of many familiar voices. I looked again. The commotion of earth seemed to have ceased and the earth people seemed cheerful and happy. Boats loaded with troops were sailing towards home. I asked what had brought this change.

The Voice replied, "You, Mr. President, have made this change. You were sent to earth for that purpose. Peace has now been declared. The minds of earth people are becoming spiritualized. The prayers of all who asked through your death have been answered and all the nations of the earth are congregated under one roof."

I saw Churchill and the king smiling. I also saw those who forgot to smile. I saw the earth plentiful, and I was

overjoyed that I had been able to be of some help to the people of the earth.

While dying my body became black as coal because the life giving force had left it. It was my spirit, I, Franklin D. Roosevelt.

If Mrs. Roosevelt or my sons and daughters should be interested in knowing whether I live or not, I shall be pleased to let them know through this channel. Mr. Dokas, you can reach Mrs. Roosevelt at the Hyde Park address.

It is conceded that each person has inherited powers and faculties that are in harmony with his physical organism and its demands. Those inherited powers constitute and create the individualities of each unit and also guard the individuality of every functional quality each may possess. In this relationship only can man be considered as an independent being.

It is as an individual that I desire to write, not as a spirit -- though I am one. When I come to earth I feel more like myself than ever. The condition of human life was ever to me a study and a duty because there was something connected with it.

While I was in the physical body I could not comprehend. In vain had I searched the records of the past, but alas, no answer came to the inquiry. Again had I sought the sacred volume and prayerfully scanned its pages in search of a light bearing upon this subject of life after death.

No one knew of these deep emotions, but I knew while staying late at the White House I had heard the steps of those of another world. I had felt the presence of forms and had always sensed a tall figure beside me. Again and again I had watched the fleecy clouds as they sped on their way out into the world of space, and yet no answer came. Then turning my gaze inward even into my own being I saw that, like the clouds, I was drifting in space.

Are all things immortal? Is there a distinction in the life powers of man? Is it different from what is seen in the other kingdoms of nature? If man is an outgrowth of living forms below him, then life powers in the lower order must be immortal. Questions such as these often perplexed me.

Again taking the Mosaic account of Man or man as created by God, I found that the same theory must be accepted in relation to all living forms, and hence forces below him must be so linked to the infinite as to make destruction impossible.

Upon entering spirit life these ideas would present themselves before me and I felt moved to search out this mystery

and to satisfy my own mind. Thus I had a deeper side of myself!

Each day after the trials of running a nation I sat in the deepening twilight and my thoughts drifted about to thoughts of life after death. That was always in my soul.

I heard the footsteps so very often -- heard whispers and felt the presence of someone near when my mind was troubled. Now I will be impressing those in the White House as others impressed me. If I could only have a telephone -- what I could tell them in Washington!

I shall stand close to Harry to help him, but I shall not live his life. Harry has a good head on his shoulders. My physical form presented a walled barrier. I shall instill in him that which I left undone.

After death I noticed that I was compelled to step aside from the recognized views of a future life as taught by the church and enter into the sanctuary where the spirit alone was free to investigate and delve into the hidden secrets of nature. First impressions are often the most lasting.

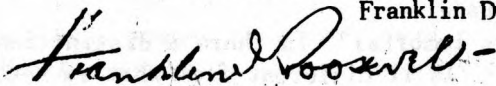
It appears to the world that I am dead. This is the one channel by which I can let the world know that I live. It is possible in this way to lead the nation, but if others won't read what I write, what would be the use of writing?

You can reach Mr. Truman, if you so desire, through Mrs. Roosevelt. She is a welcome visitor at the White House although she says the story is all over. How little she knows that the story has just begun. If I am allowed to bring my story to the nation through the press, what a story I shall write!

"As you know I fell by the wayside I left half finished the work close to my heart, and I am indeed thankful that the meeting has taken place and the foundation has been laid.

(Concluded in the next issue)

Franklin D. Roosevelt



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"MYSTERY is but another name for our ignorance; if we were omniscient all would be perfectly plain" Tyon Edwards.

A RELIGION without mystery must be a religion without a God.

THE TRUTH IS TOLD  
By  
Harry (Wiese) Houdini

(Received through the powers of De-Chard)

Greetings, Brother Dokas:

You are the right sort; you don't swallow spiritualism hook, line, and sinker any more than I did.

Mrs. Wiese, (she stands by me) I shall write. Perhaps my words will be read by the spiritualists; perhaps not. Little do I care whether they, the spiritualists, read or not. Spiritualists called me a rank skeptic. Many a rank medium I exposed. That is what made me rank. Some also called me a rank materialist. I for one do not believe in a God that all through the ages let his children be tortured.

Well, I had cause to be a materialist. I did not believe in a God made with human hands, by the imaginings of despotic, tyrannical, changeable men. Man, using his reasoning faculties and investigating all abstruse and mysterious matters, generally taken of faith, would find some natural law to explain all these wonders.

The world was growing out of the blind faith of childhood into the reasoning state of manhood, and I endeavored to help its growth; for I had seen many idols in my time, destroyed, old beliefs and isms swept away with the story of Noah's Ark and the six day creation. I had arrived at the point as an individual, as all individuals have a right, where I would not believe anything that could not be proved, that had not something to support it, so to speak.

On the stage, when I received the punch of that college man, I knew the time had come for me to find out for myself the great unknown. Future existence had never been proved conclusively to my mind, and I had investigated for years but found nothing to settle my faith in life after death.

As darkness was closing around me, the light of life was fading, and I felt that I was returning to atomic life. I knew that there was one whose heart would suffer: my wife, who is with me now at this writing, although she said she would never return.

As I was going from animate matter to inanimate, my brain that was acting would soon cease to vibrate, and thought and remembrance, the result of that mechanical action, would close with it. And, Mr. Dokas, this was the whole mystery of the last hour.



I reflected thus as life was ebbing away. I wondered what I had accomplished. If I judged wrong, if I seemed unconscious, I was not. I knew I was dying, like a wasted fire, and all that would be left of me would be a heap of dust. The dark waves of shoreless eternity swept over me and the great blank of my life came. How was it a conscious blank? I had felt the cold waves of oblivion sweeping over me. I was washed up by the billows upon some shore.

Yes, hear it! My friendly enemies, hear it! I lived so, following a few moments of insensibility. I know not how long I was in this state.

*(When transition takes place and the soul has been separated from the body, the soul is taken by the white brotherhood to a spirit hospital and is put into what is called cataleptic state. In this state, the mind becomes blank, the soul and mind being treated with certain chemicals which erase earthly experiences or, rather, seal these experiences into a mental storehouse. The purpose is the same as that of our everyday life on earth. How much do we remember of spirit experiences of previous existences? And how much do we really remember of earthly life since we were old enough to experience conscious remembering of incidents; yet, we that have studied have glimpses of the past incarnations. K. B. Dokas.)*

But the time seemed short. I awakened as with angelic shock and became conscious as if looking at the sun through water. As I endeavored to lift my hand to wipe the cobwebs from my spiritual brain, I found a thick, yellow glow of atmosphere surrounding me. I seemed to have no hand, sir, no member but my head.

I appeared as a great round ball, emitting light, like the sun. That was all. Remembrance I had none; but sensation I experienced. There came to me a feeling of hearing music as of smelling the perfume of flowers, a delicious, basking, dreamy sensation of pleasure.

I lived. Hours went by like this. I could get out of my cell, out of my hand cuffs; but this round ball of light I could not pick. After a time, I came to realize that I could see out through the top of this round ball, this luminous globe, which composed the identical trickster. I saw a vast extent of country with distant purple outline of mountains, and over all, a yellow glow, still a remembrance of the past, which troubled me.

I do not know how long this state lasted. After a time, I experienced a desire to move, to roll my head. I commenced to roll it. It was all I had. And as I moved it, slowly at

first, but faster afterward, it began to rise up from the ground on which it appeared to lie, to ascend.

I felt like a boy rolling his ball, running over mountain and moon with his ball. Indeed, I was a boy again. That was, Sir Dokas, my first glimpse of memory. I was a boy and flying through the air; the air was bearing me away from home, from all trouble.

I was free. Oh, how I had strived for freedom. It had come at last. On I moved in spiritual lines, higher and higher, like a bird, rapid and more rapid. Still I seemed to be suddenly unwinding like a child's swing. Objects became cleared and lo, I was in a room, a familiar room, where, prone, in agony, I found my wife weeping as though her heart would break.

*(Here it may be mentioned, that, after the transition has taken place, and after the hospital treatment, the soul is taken back to earth to watch his body and the last ride until after the body is buried. K. B. DOKAS)*

Her hands were buried, her sobs stirring my being. I went to her. I knew it all then. Had she believed what I taught her, she would have seen me standing by her side.

It all came like a flash to me. Spirit return is a fact. After all the past came to my memory and I knew I had left her with plenty to do, with a quarter of a million to be exact.

To my brother, I left some of my tricks. I tried so hard to speak to my wife, to call, "Beatrice, Beatrice," to console her with the knowledge that there was something to it, that we tried to hurt, but I could not make her lift her head. I tried to say, "Oh, my darling, my heart's life, I am not dead, but here by your side."

But I could not make her hear me. Then came upon my mind a rush of feelings of indescribable misery. I had taught her to believe that there was no return. Could I undo that which I had built up with such a care? Should I be like an idiot and pull down the cornerstone of my house?

I had taught her that a man was but the effect of natural causes and would return back to nature like a rotten tree when his short life struggle was over. How could I now convince her I was wrong and that I was sensible and was able to hear her?

I was filled with great sadness to think that I did not believe in a hereafter, and returned to arrange with the only one I loved better than myself, to meet my spirit at some trysting place.

I left a sign which was never brought forth, even though a medium whose name is well known, said so. The trouble was

that too many knew that sign. They broke their trust unconsciously.

I stand today on one of the living points of living soul, a spirit. I was, as you know, a reticent man, not accustomed on the stage to say much to a gaping crowd; but I often unburdened my feelings when I knew there was something wrong. I could not show my wounds to the multitude or expose my pierced feet and hands.

I had not, being a Jew, enough of the Christ principle in me for that. What does it matter now? I passed the conventions of life.

I have thrown off, in other words, my mask; the laws and rules that hampered me on earth, do not reach me here. I am amenable to other laws, and I'm glad I'm over that dark, icy tunnel that all men fear.

My reputation is nothing to me now. The thought of what mediums thought of me does not disturb me a bit. Some go as far as to say I am chained and cannot come back.

*(May I add here that none are chained in spirit. However, those who violate the laws on earth are being isolated and put through an experience so that they may come to the realization of their errors. As soon as this realization has taken place, they are ready for a systematic education of the cosmic laws, we of earth being taught to believe otherwise. K.B. DOKAS)*

Even my wife thought I could not, as each anniversary she tried, but she would not abide by the spirit law. She insisted burning candles alongside my likeness which fact made it impossible to return.

*(Here we again wish to add that there are certain ceremonies to be followed to prepare the path for the spirit to contact those on earth. Furthermore, if the body chemistry of the one wishing to contact the spirit is not of the proper chemical formulae he cannot hope to achieve it, although there are a number of laws governing the means by which direct communication may be attained. Yet it may be summarized to the fact: "Does your radio receiving set receive signals to which it is not attuned? Can it pick up signals that are not transmitted at all? Spirit communication is not confined to spiritualists alone. K.B. DOKAS)*

I am in the world of souls now and my soul is expressing itself on these cards. *(This letter came on a 5:8 inch card which may be examined. Editor.)* I may never come again. It is not likely mortals will believe I am writing this. Perhaps I would not either had I stayed in the flesh. I burn through

with frenzy desire to make all to know it is possible, if the fossil only could speak what life I will live (*meaning metempsychosis, KBD*) perhaps returning gifted to show that life continues and its possibilities of returning.

I am, Mr. Dokas, coeval with all life, with the mastodon and the megatherium and the polyp, with nature in all her stages of progress. I understand now Zoroaster, Pythagoras, Plato, Greece, and Rome. I comprehend all languages.

How childish seem the abstruse over which I puzzled. Solving the tricks was like child's play. If a medium bought a milk can with a false bottom and did that which I also did for money, I'd have him arrested.

Do I live in the air or in the sea, in a house or a cave? It matters not in certain conditions of the mind. I know its locality. In the first moments of grief or of love or hate, we take no cognizance of where we are.

I shall soon begin to use my reflective faculties, and yet, all the affairs of life seem unimportant; its misunderstandings, its conjectures, and assertions look valueless.

All the questions that puzzled me on earth, their place with antediluvian nature, while I soar here free, a spirit in this upper world next door. I will have a chart engraved on these cards some time. Huboldt, Socrates, Goethe, Strauss, Comte, Shakespeare, Lyell, Newton each shall write a chapter for my annals: "My Footsteps of Spirit."

The record of a human soul rises from materiality to eternal life. This atmosphere seems to deaden my analytic powers. I only seem capable of flying back and forth from those I know in life to those I know in spirit. The rest I could not find on earth, I find here. So all I can say to humanity is to dry their tears and mount with me in soul, and they will be taken to a quiet spot where all is peaceful.

I have tried to speak elsewhere but the people made me feel so abject, so dark, that I gave it up. The soul takes on the thoughts and feelings around it and is represented more or less truthfully by the medium who is sitting.

If I have to materialize my spirit through some medium I have visited, I would come out an Indian with his tomahawk, or such would be my mood and the savage destructive attitude of my spirit is all I could manifest through individuals.

Do what you want, sir, with this writing; many will be glad to publish it. Spiritualists condemn it. You cannot make a thing wrong by teaching it is wrong. I am comparatively safe from censure now, and, like Jack's beanstalk, I have pushed through the earth into the sky, through the slates to the world.

If you get a chance on a Sunday edition, put my message  
it. Perhaps I will come again, perhaps not.

*Very Truly Yours*

*Houdini*

Harry (Wiese) Houdini

Watch for Mrs. Houdini's letter in another issue.

---

## WHO AM I?

### GREETINGS TO YOU, SIR:

I brought Tom Paine along with me for company. Maybe he will write, maybe he will not, but many who lived in the old days with me are here. I am not only Franklin, the philosopher who knew wide acclaim in Paris, nor am I Franklin, the simply clad revolutionary and American patriot who inspired a touching faith in countless Frenchmen, nor am I Franklin the wit and writer of hoaxes, taunting my ancient enemy Britain and delighting the subtle witted sophisticates of France, nor Franklin the skillful and patient and keenly alert diplomat that guided the course of negotiations for French aid to a determining climax in the ultimate victory.

It was I who challenged the administration and put confidence in the ablest and the lowest, who were my warm friends. I come just as plain Ben Franklin to say that man's greatest achievement is to understand the mysteries of his own being, to know himself, and in order to do this, he must concentrate upon a search.

I see, my friend, that all the great powers that man has built up in the centuries of which man has been so proud are starting to fall, built as these powers are upon an unstable foundation--like a house built upon the surface sand cannot do other than fall. When the wreckage of all false buildings has been cleared away a new spiritual civilization shall build on a solid foundation of spiritual truth which cannot be broken down. Its mighty walls cannot be shaken. It shall be an eternal kingdom ruled by the Christ Spirit. So I think I'll drop in now and then to write for your paper.

Benjamin Franklin

---

*"ATTEMPT the end, and never stand to doubt, nothing is so hard but search will find it out." Herrick.*

*"Every noble work is at first impossible." Carlyle.*



FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

By

Ella W. Wilcox

They bid the thundering cannon cease  
To tell War's dreadful story,  
The battle's o'er, the song of peace  
Succeeds the notes of glory.

O, think, upon they bloody plain  
Lies many a fallen brother,  
And some whose dear lips ne'er again  
Can greet the tearful mother.

And husbands, whose protecting arm  
And love so kindly hearted,  
Can never shield again from harm  
The wife forever parted.

And where is she who closed their eyes,  
That maiden gentle, kind,  
Who soothed them with her sympathies,  
And helped them peace to find.

O gentle Florence, on thy head  
Full many a benediction  
Shall rest, when thinking of the dead  
In hours of deep affliction.

And when thy latest breath shall fail,  
To earth thy last look given--  
The name Florence Nightingale  
Shall echo up to Heaven.

From the maimed soldier's grateful heart  
The prayer shall rise forever,  
And in the deepest thought thy care  
Shall be forgotten never.

Sweet Florence, such fame as thine  
Shall dearer live in story,  
Than all the names that brightly shine  
In war's brief tale of glory.

(Published for the first time. Editor.)

# WHAT WOULD YOU DO ?

Words & Music by  
Konstantinos B. Dokas

*Valse Mood:*



*Verse.*



*Chas.*



Konkor Publishing House, Old p. o. Box 718, Chicago, 90-III. Copyright 1946. —

1939

you — Our lips should meet in one long kiss One moment of

heaven-ly bliss, — When two brown eyes so bright-ly shine —

When lights are low, all life is di-vine — If I should steal a kiss from you —

What would you do? what would you do? — do? —

What would you do? —

## A GREAT DEMOCRACY

By  
Frank Knox

(Received through De-Chard)

Greetings Doctor Dokas:

This is rather strange, and it's not likely that those of Chicago or the paper (Chicago Daily News) will believe that Knox still lives and would like to write a little as you wish,

A great democracy has to be progressive, or it will soon cease to be either great or a democracy. Our country, your country, your great republic means nothing unless it means the triumph of a real democracy, the triumph of popular government, and in the long run, of an economic system under which each man shall be guaranteed the opportunity to show the best that there is in him.

That is why the history of America is now the central feature of the history of the world, for the world has set its face hopefully towards democracy, and oh, mortals, each one of you carry on your shoulders not only the burden of doing well and of seeing that this nation of yours does well for the sake of mankind; and your efforts should be to raise the level of self respect, self control, sense of duty in both sexes and not to push them down to an evil equality of moral turpitude by doing away with the self restraint and sense of obligation which have been slowly built up through the ages. You of earth must bring them to a moral level by raising lower standards not by depressing the high.

There is a terrible evil in our social and industrial conditions today and unless you recognize this fact and try resolutely to do what you can to remedy the evil, you run great risk of seeing men in their misery turn to the false teachers whose doctrines would indeed lead them to greater misery, but who do at least recognize the fact that they are now miserable.

You Americans are only on the threshold of the campaign for a better national life, you have only begun to consider your duty towards a child, and that child is your nation. Capitalist and wage earner alike should honestly endeavor each to look at any matter from the other's standpoint, with a freedom on the one hand from the contemptible arrogance which looks down upon the man of less means and on the other from the no less contemptible envy and jealousy which hates another because he is better.

Each quality is the supplement of the other, and in point

of baseness there is not the weight of a finger to choose between them. The law is not to be administered in the interest of the poor man as such, nor in the interest of the rich man as such, but in the interest of the law abiding man, rich or poor. This is an era of combination; big business has come to stay. But big business or little business can't stay if three men have the say of all business.

The proper thing to do with business and labor bosses is to socialize them, to moralize them, to make them more an agent for social good and to do away with everything that tends towards social evil. To do this there must be a wise government control, a government control that will check the corporation which is doing wrong and hold each accountable by law and responsible for its deeds and misdeeds, but which shall at the same time recognize that the corporation has its rights just as the union has its rights and that each is to be encouraged as long as it does well. No great industrial well being can come unless big business prospers.

The worst foes of America are the foes of that orderly liberty without which your republic must speedily perish. The reckless labor agitator who arouses the mob to riot and bloodshed is, in the last analysis, the most dangerous of the workman's enemies. This man is a real peril whether his eyebrows are bushy or whether he is refined and educated, and so is his sympathizer, the legislator who catches votes, denounces the judiciary, and the military because it put down mobs. I should like to go on; I have a heap to say and I can say it this way without libel, so call again, Doctor Dokas.

*F. Knox*

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## A SPIRITUAL DISCUSSION

By

VOLTAIRE AND CARDINAL WOOLSEY

Abstracts from Celestial Messages Volume II

(Written through Rev. De-Chard)

**VOLTAIRE:** What a vast revolution has taken place in the opinion of men since I was a resident on earth!

**WOOLSEY:** Yes, the infidelity with which you were charged while here has since grown immensely among men. It is not now so pretentious as it was then, but it is deeper and more widespread and unless arrested will sink mankind into deeper materialism than has been known for ages.



VOLTAIRE: Infidelity to what and to whom -- to the law of man or of God -- dost thou pretend to censure? The infidelity of my soul would not bow to the narrow creeds and sectarian prejudices of the minds around me. Thou sayest I was an infidel because I dared to speak the immortal truth which beamed in upon my soul, darkened as it was with gross materiality. It was immortal truth and possessed the very essence of godlike divinity. My soul required a larger, a more extended plane of thought, a more unbounded field of knowledge than that which the teaching of man could supply. Yes, my darkened soul hungered for light.

WOOLSEY: I spoke of infidelity with which you were charged and, alas, you know the charge yet lives in many minds! But I mean, Voltaire, not to censure but only to lament. For with minds like yours, such unbelief as yours in the teachings of the day might work no injury. But the same cause which operated on your mind operated on others too weak and feeble to see the great results of disbelief in the existence of God and the eternal existence of man. It is that which has spread with such alarming prevalence throughout the world that a vast majority of the civilized world has learned to doubt that there was any existence for man but on this earth. These dogmas have day by day been sinking man deeper and deeper into the love of this material world alone, and hence have engendered selfishness and strife until men are indeed unlike what they were designed to be by their great creator. The cause of this is the great inquiry, for when the answer shall be ascertained the remedy will be comparatively easy. Why say you, for you know what the cause is.

VOLTAIRE: My opinions as given to the world during my lifetime, Mr. Woolsey, are indeed tinged with a spirit of bitterness and controversy, but remember that while giving those opinions my mind was tortured, as it were, by an internal warfare. I looked upon mankind as being beneath any strong mind that might please to control it. The spirit of combat was aroused within me that such elements should exist in the mind of man and man still be called an immortal being, that such man apart from the divinity was destined to exist forever, and yet, how strange he seemed when compared with the great.

I grant my opinions may have done some injury in some cases, but I am convinced they did much more good. They aroused the souls of many men from their cringing, low position. They broke the trammels and let loose upon the wing of thought many an aspiring soul. But my soul in its range became lost and instead of making the nice distinction which I might have done if the

spirit part of my nature had been developed as well as the material; I mixed them indiscriminately and thus lost sight of the object I had in view and thought in my battle with the world that there was no hereafter, at least, Mr. Woolsey, the kind of hereafter of which you preached -- of streets of gold and so on. I wished only to be convinced that there surely was.

How many mortals walking in the farm today or in your churches know for sure that there is a hereafter? Do you preach it? Indeed not. The grave is as far as you go, but the spirit in which I pursued my researches sent me back empty handed and strongly girded with the infidelity of which you speak. My life was spent not so much in striving to defeat the good which might be done by the Christian religion as in battling foolish opinions and blind credulity.

Even I with all my infidelity could, upon the basis of my belief, move far above them in my boyhood and see the glorious world revealed in the face of nature and the wonderful revolutions of the earth and I would be filled with a sense of awe and a feeling of unbounded liberty which they never experienced in their dark and grinding positions. I confess I do not regret the spread of my words for I see far greater causes of evil and base effects flowing from those causes had there been no opposing principles at work in the great mass of mankind. They would not all bow. They would not all be slaves and if that which I advocated gave them one exalted thought and enabled them to penetrate into the realms of knowledge, did it not open their eyes to see their true position?

No, I do not regret, Mr. Woolsey, to see my teachings, but I do regret that I lived so long on earth and became so little aware of what I might have done, or what I had done, or what I might have been in the world at this time when the country needs strong men with a vision of the future. If I had been blessed with another life, I should have been of more use. Unbelieving and uncertain, I entered the spirit world as millions do each time the clock strikes. It was the material part of my nature which was developed on earth. My spirit part was lost in my wanderings for light. I was shut up in the material part as in an iron cage. Defiant and proud, I entered the spirit world not knowing, not caring to know the hereafter I had so strenuously fought against in the body.

But let me make this confession, there was evil in my soul. A still, small voice pierced away beyond the bounds of space and asked for light and returned unsatisfied and weary. It was a constant striving of the desire to know and the determination not to know. So my entrance there could not have been gladsome.

Had not the opinions I had spent my whole intellect and energies in propagating all come to naught as regards man's immortality?

I plainly saw that if the soul was immortal there must be a God and immortal Spirit who ruled this vast and limitless space which surrounded me. We know so little in life of another life. So little is shown to us, so little said that one could prove--- how I travelled in sensation and strove to convince myself that it was still a material world I lived on--for it is so natural over here that one hardly notices the change.

How my spirit wrestled with the truth which was crushing me with such force! I could not realize myself as a spirit, that I had left my mortal abode. There was none with whom I could claim companionship for had I not denied every one of them as being immortal? There was no resting place for me. I was ever restless as in life -- ever wandering and unsatisfied. My soul was dark and bitter within me, and I was as a maniac without power to work out any design my mind might plan.

I say I entered the portals of the spirit world proud and defiant. I was let away from the habitations of spirits and was taken into mighty space. I was permitted to gaze on the wonderful and I was carried about with resistless force and made to gaze until my soul became so filled with the sense of magnificence and power which controlled these mighty wonders that I would have hid myself away in the clefts of the rocks. But I could not do so. I yearned for companionship and longed to tell someone how I had been misled, not by others, but by my own imaginings. I began to realize how insignificant I was in that great world of immortal spirits and finally, having become so weary, so humiliated, my proud spirit thoroughly humbled, I was allowed to associate with some of the inhabitants.

I now began to realize the position I had occupied on earth and to see that which I should occupy in the spirit world. It was not a pleasant one. A complete revolution, an entire change in my ideas was necessary. As I progressed, my soul felt the warm and glowing love of God to light it up, to help its immortal graspings. Rapidly I became associated with the great and good wisdom in the spirit world. I saw how great had been my mistake, and I felt how great must be the reparation which I must make to atone for all which I had said, or done, or lived, which would lead men's minds away from the right path.

Glorious with the light of celestial wisdom and beauty are lessons which I have learned. Far beyond all my soul could ever have conceived in this world has been the unfolding of the boundless storehouse of wisdom and knowledge.

Signed: Voltaire -- Cardinal Woolsey

A MESSAGE  
From  
WILL ROGERS

(Abstracts from Celestial Messages, Volume II. By K.B. Dokas  
written through the powers of De-Chard)

Greetings, Mr. Dokas:

Well, I went to school a little, never liked it - so here I am at school again. But it is good to return, and if any man, woman, or child says there is no return, he is dreaming. I know I am writing this, and you can tell those folks that say they left codes they are not telling the truth. They left the same as I from the earth.

I used to know a physician more than twenty years ago. He met an Irishman one morning opposite a Catholic cemetery. The Irishman asked, "How are the sick getting along?"

"First rate," answered the doctor, "just look over the stone wall and see how I lay them out."

Over the wall the new made graves were plenty. If the secret penman was correct in giving fellows to understand it is better to go than to stay, then the doctors must do a great service for humanity.

Funny, them fellows kid the public, and how. And then a doctor gets rich and tells the truth about his profession, all unmindful of the poor fellows who have just hung their sheepskins (diplomas) upon the walls. And the clergyman now and then stumbles upon the truth and cries out, "Eureka, brothers, I have found the truth." One would think it was in the ground, but then he soon hears the study mastiffs crowd that stand around the doors of the theological treasuries and his heart fails him.

Shucks, I once dressed and went to church with Fred Stone, Fred, he done got religion. I got as far as the collection. Got kind of sleepy, Fred nudged me. When I woke up I seen all the people looking at me, but a man has to sleep some time. Church cushions are soft and a religious snooze won't hurt any man.

Twenty five hundred years ago Buddha said character alone gives caste, and the bad Brahman is bad, not Brahman. That is the way with politics also. Mr. Dokas, there is no finer sight than America in a town meeting.

One time I went, but you will never see men see rightly what to do until they sit trying to have a will of their own, and it is trying that is so fine a sight. How proud a man is with

his ballot in his hand and his fist in his pocket. Say, fellow, I could write till the lights went out. That puts me in mind of my first trip to New York City.

All I could do was spin a rope. I looked like a gawk, I know. Well, I wanted to get high tone so I went to one of them fancy hotels that a man has to buy to get a night's lodging. Got up in my room. Felt like taking a bath so I rang for the porter to bring up the bath water. He told me to press a button for a bath. I did not know what should happen. I pressed it. Lo, I beheld a bathtub come right out of the wall, soap, towels, hot and cold water. I pressed it again thinking maybe a maid might come to wash my back but none came. When I got done I pressed another that said eat and a tray came out with food.

I spent half the night pressing buttons. Got kind of sleepy so I got undressed after the bed came from the wall. I never seen so much come from a wall. I noticed all evening a long cord with a soft tassel on the end of it. I was kind of afraid to pull it, thought it might bring up my bill, but at last I got courage enough and got into bed, pulled the covering over my head, reached out scared to death, and pulled it.

What do you think happened? I don't know, the lights went out.

Will Rogers

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#### ATOMIC ENERGY

By

Dr. Konstantinos B. Dokas

Ms.D., F.R.C.

4 7

Since the first announcement of the first release of atomic energy, the nation's leaders are racing for supremacy using all the available means to secure information from other nations who possess this information. These nations who possess this knowledge are reluctant in releasing the information which will enable all concerned to elevate themselves a step higher.

On the other hand, news and propaganda disseminating agencies too have set in motion the power of suggestion, and through fear they weave in the mind of John Doe, the public, the element called jitters, or rather the sitting on a powder keg and not knowing when it will go off blasting all about it



into eternal atoms. Little do they realize that this knowledge was first conceived in the minds of the cosmic masters who by decree of the supreme master released the knowledge at an appropriate time when the greatest lesson could be learned by man.

Little do they realize that this knowledge easily could have been released through the minds of those whom we call enemies, and who could have used the same power in reverse.

But who are we of earth to pass on the good judgment of that supreme source of which man knows so little, and to dictate to that supreme intelligence who wills that certain events must take place at certain times so that man may learn his greatest lesson through these events.

Of course, in the pages of *Celestial Life*, we endeavor to answer these questions, yet, we too are subject to limitation as to what may be given to us for release through these pages.

Unfortunately, the Cosmic masters do not seem to approve of the idea of publishing atomic energy information at this time; perhaps this is because the nation's leaders have not yet learned their lesson of war. At my request for further information, the spirit of Dr. Cushman wrote this through De-Chard; so I am submitting it for your approval.

Greetings, Brother Dokas:

Much will come from the atom, but it is in the hands of the government of the United States of America, and if we delve into the secrets of that energy and write upon these cards, then when you publish the information in your periodical, you will get into trouble with the government; thus for your safety we will not write on this subject. If we have to write on this force, we would have to tell you where it comes from, and how it is produced; in fact, we would have to give away its secrets which would never do.

However, I shall say that electric power, gasoline, and other motive power will be obsolete when people get atomic energy for constructive purposes instead of destructive purposes. It will furnish light and power and heat for homes.

Another element which will melt rock will be joined with it, and it will be used in all foundry work. Then atomic energy will be more precious than gold.

There have been various ages such as Stone, Wood, Glass, but now you are entering the Atomic Age. Railroads, airplanes, automobiles, and other things will be run by this energy. We of spirit are helping to bring about this age. There will be greater inventions. This Atomic Age will bring about thought photography. Atmosphere acts as a plate to draw this energy.

All cars will be equipped with an etherial plate. It is a power like that has been discovered which will save the world.

Expect great things from this energy. There is an invention already worked out which will destroy the atomic bomb in mid-air if America is attacked.

This energy either under water or on land should be used for the benefit of mankind, otherwise mankind will destroy itself.

Further I cannot write. There are laws of spirit which forbid us to write.

**There Is But One Mind, One Law     Dr. F. Cushman**  
**One Principle, One Substance In**  
**The Universe, And**  
**I am One With All There Is**  
**—Woodfin.**

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## MY JOURNEY WITH MR. LINCOLN

By

Charles Adolphe Pineton

(Written through the powers of De-Char'd)  
Abstracts from Celestial Message Volume II

Greetings my earth friends:

I should like to write something that has never been written before..

It was toward the close of February, 1865, at one of the weekly receptions at the White House that I was first presented to Mr. Lincoln. Entering the drawing room I found him standing as the crowd was great. Each entering visitor was made to pass quickly before him. When my turn came I briefly expressed the interest I took in the Northern victories. I added that so far as I could judge the concern the highest degree in all nations who enjoyed liberty or who aspired to possess it. He seemed grateful for this cordial adherence which I gave to his views and answered that he was particularly happy to hear them expressed by a Frenchman. These were the only words we exchanged on that day. From this first interview I could naturally only bring home a very superficial impression of the man I had thus seen.

On March fourth, the day appointed for Mr. Lincoln's second inauguration I was able to observe him more closely. This inauguration was to take place under memorable circumstances. By Mr. Lincoln's re-election the American people had clearly signified their political intentions. The war was to be carried on to ultimate success and slavery was to be abolished.

Such were the solemn and decisive utterances of the national will and it had endowed the Union armies with a new irresistible impetus. As the vice president is by right president of the Senate, it is by his admission to office that the inauguration solemnities begin. Vice President Johnson was still speaking when Mr. Lincoln entered the Senate chamber. He crossed it slowly and took his seat at the foot of the president's chair. From his seat he faced the assembly. Hardly had he seated himself when I saw him close his eyes and abstract himself completely as though absorbed in deep meditation. Far from seeking the glances of those who sought his own, he seemed suddenly to become sad. When the vice president had been duly sworn into office the procession marched onward, the President heading it escorted by those appointed to introduce him to the people. Following came the Chief Justice Chase, who also according to custom, was to administer the oath of office. Then regardless of order or precedence followed senators, congressmen, and a few invited guests. When we crossed the rotunda the President advanced upon the platform amid enthusiastic applause.

CONTINUED IN THE NEXT ISSUE

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## INTELLECTUAL SUPERSTITION

By

H. W. Beecher

(Written through the powers of De-Chard)

Greetings Brother and Friend, Mr. Dokas:

You have called. I shall try to write. Every age, sir, has been marked by some particular work of reform from the earliest accounts given of man, and you find oppression placed upon him by the ages preceding him beginning with life but a little above the brute creation, with all the instincts and brutality of a savage, yet ever gleamed forth like scintillations of sunlight the powers and aspirations which mark man as something more than an animal, desires that no other form of creation ever made manifest. From the rude cave in the mountain you find him ever working his way up the gilded palace from worshipping in nature's temple to the stately cathedral of modern times. Every step of the way has been fraught with danger and obstacles that had to be overcome.

It matters little whether your ancestors were apes or monkeys. If they were, then man is deserving of all the more credit for outstripping his ancestors in the race of high and noble attainments. The man of today can look back and feel a

swelling pride within that so much has been all of his getting and prosperity.

There has ever been a cloud hanging over him which shut out the light from spirit spheres and in his most joyous hours there have been moments of sadness and gloom, for it required not the genius of God to penetrate far enough into the future to see that the time would come when all that seemed so full of life and beauty must be left for others to enjoy.

In vain has he tried to peer into the future; in vain has he tried to be enlightened in regard to the possibilities of life beyond the tomb. But for ages not a sound greeted his ears but what sounded in the ears of the brute creation. There seemed to be an end of life and an end to all the pleasures that life brings.

No wonder then at times he was found alone and out of harmony with himself and the rest of his kind. The greatest wonder is that under the circumstances he could make any progress at all. It is claimed that Jesus removed these dark clouds that hung before and after his time. There used to be no doubting, no questioning and all that was necessary was a firm belief in Him as the great atoning sacrifice that in Him was life everlasting.

For a time this belief seemed to satisfy the craving of human souls, but as the ages rolled on and mind of man became quickened, men began to doubt again. The same old question kept creeping in, and the desire to know set the mind powers at work again with greater earnestness than ever before. Down through the ages rang the cry "What of the future?" And only a few years have rolled away since the first positive answer was given, and since that time it seems as though a thousand years had been merged into one. Today a few men discuss the future freely as they do the present. The veil which divided the two conditions was rent in twain, and angels joined with men in chanting songs of praise for this great deliverance.

While some rejoice there are others who see only in the future a harsh relentless judge between them and happiness. There yawns a deep gulf and though imaginary yet they know not whether they will ever cross to the other side and enjoy the places their souls tell them exist in the untried future. Often the power of imagination is more blinding than a conscious reality. When a problem is presented based upon facts mortals set work to prove it or solve it using their best powers of reason for that purpose, but when it is imaginary, all effort at a solution is simply the imagining of fancy. (Cont'd. in next issue)

*Henry Ward Beecher*  
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## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

(Received through Rev. A. De-Chard)

The readers of *Celestial Life* may ask questions by mail. The editors will select such questions that are of public interest and as space permits they will be published in future issues.

Greetings Brother Dokas:

We suggest that these questions and answers be printed in your periodical in order to stimulate the thought of the readers.

Question by K.D.Dokas, August, 1945; "Is Hitler on earth or in spirit? Can he come and write?"

Answer: "Hitler cannot be located in spirit, August, 1945."

Question by K.B.Dokas, March, 1945: "Can Dr. Luis Gomez Do-Amaraal come and report from spirit on the operation he performed on January 16, 1945, at Pindamonhagada, Brazil, when he removed the appendix of Mr. Andre Dibernardis as reported over Radio News Services and newspapers on January, 16, and February 5, 1945?"

Ans. "The trouble with your spiritual movements is that one hears something, another picks it up, adds to it a line, and then the papers enlarge upon it all for the boost of spiritualism which does not need boosting.

"If this was supposed to happen in a spiritualist temple what were those mediums doing outside the sealed room? Andre Dibernardis' appendix was inflamed, but it was not removed by a spirit doctor under an operation as reported."

"It is contrary to natural law to allow a spirit doctor to use a scalpel; a doctor from spirit could not take out an appendix."

"It may have been removed but not by a spirit. Andre might have thought so by seeing a skin doctor (man on earth) in white. A man in pain does not do much thinking about a doctor let alone a spirit; all he cares about is getting rid of the appendix and easing the pain."

"A doctor needs a scalpel to perform a material operation and why a medical book? Surely after eight years of study after which one passes a State Board examination, a doctor should know where the appendix is located without referring to a book while he performs an operation. Perhaps Andre now does not think the same as he did."

Dr. F. Cushman in Spirit



## REV. DE-CHARD'S MESSAGE COLUMN

On each issue Rev. De-Chard will conduct a message service. Requests are being selected at random by the editor.

A message for Mr. and Mrs. Ford, Sr.

Greetings, Mr. Dokas:

How I wish I could come to my mother and father, to my wife and children. I have been trying so hard; I have the best mother and father. My father is a clean man, but mother says careless things. Dad's mind is so full of big things, he doesn't notice how he flings his coat over the chair, or how when it rains, he leaves his muddy rubbers in the middle of the oriental rug--how mother used to scold him! But he did not mind; he loved mother very dearly. How I wish I could write letters this way to my parents, and Mrs. Ford and the children. They would be pleased. You could bring this personal message to them. I doubt that you could pass beyond the secretaries. I might say the only person who could make it possible to see my dad is mother if you could make an appointment with her through the secretary. Mother to me is the same dear soul, with eyes large and brown and her hair glossy. Many times I have studied her alone. Father loved her at first sight. Please try and reach my parents, Mr. Dokas.

E. FORD

Edsel Ford

Greetings Hank:

Well, I don't suppose you will believe it is I. If you don't, I will give you a piece of my mind when you get over here where I am. It is good to write, but don't suppose it will get any further than the front door. Too bad a man cannot send a letter to his friend and receive an answer. There is so much I could write of the world to which you are coming, Hank; for not many years are allowed. The day of limitation is surely passing, and the age of extraordinary achievements is being ushered in with far greater rapidity than the multitudes are aware of. Mortals are at the dawn of a wonderful time, and they should prepare themselves to take advantage of what the new day shall reveal to the race. It should not take a war to keep people at work. Why not sell bonds for business as well as for war to keep things going instead of leaving it up to the president? I shall come again if you ask.

Harvey Firestone, Sr.

## PERSONAL SLATE WRITINGS AVAILABLE

Personal private messages can be had through the mails. However because of postal regulations certain questions cannot be answered, but let us assure you that whatever information the spirit will impart, it will be informative and inspiring.

In order to receive a personal message, we offer the following rules; thus time is saved. Mention *CELESTIAL LIFE*.

First: Write a letter placing the name of the spirit from whom you would like to have a message on top of the letter in full.

Second: Write your letter in form of a question.

Third: Sign your name and address plainly.

Fourth: Mail this letter together with the remittance to Rev. A. De-Chard, 322 Foster St. Palmyra, New York. We suggest that \$ 3.00 be enclosed to cover service fee. Rev. A. De-Chard is traveling all over the country giving personal messages in your home of writings and direct voice. He may be in your town or near it. Inquire for further details direct to him.

The Publishers

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Greetings:

Indeed, I am pleased to mail you the second issue of *Celestial Life*, written by the individual soul and carefully prepared to reach the greatest number of readers. We appreciate your remittance of 25 cents in coin.

If you wish us to mail you the third issue which is scheduled for November, 1946, please place your request. If you have missed the first issue in which Amelia Earhart wrote of her experience of her last flight in which she was lost, we will mail you a copy for 25 cents in coin.

We appreciate the many kind letters. Their desires will be honored in future issues as space permits.

In the third issue will appear the conclusion of *Celestial Chat* by F.D. Roosevelt, *Journeys with Mr. Lincoln*, A true story of the three Magi and of Mary just before the Child's Birth not recorded, *Music, The Guardian Angel*, Not published before, and other interesting subjects.

May we have your criticism?

*KRB DOKAS*

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Rev. K. B. DOKAS

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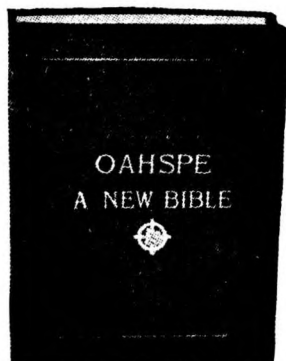
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