

1: War Letters From a Living Dead Man by Elsa Barker & Judge David Patterson Hatch on Apple Books

Letter 5: Letters From a Living Dead Man Elsa Barker, American author and poet, was born in in Leicester Vermont, USA. Throughout her life Barker's poems and short stories were published in various books and magazines.

What a difference two years has made! Refer to the review of "Letters from the Light" also by Barker. The soul "X" aka David Patterson Hatch has come out of his rather mellow and hesitant state, reflected in his first book through Barker, to now reveal an intense evangelistic fervour in this second book. This is a Christian evangelism i. He states that man has in him both the Christ principle and the demonic principle, that will is free and that man can make his choice between them. If we are to take the first book seriously we have to give credence to the possibility that "X" since that last appearance through his scribe has subjected himself to or been subjected to a rigorous and comprehensive course of indoctrination or enlightenment reader: It does however offer deep wisdom. It is certainly a dire warning and wake-up to those whose beliefs are safely and softly cushioned in an existence of divine sweetness, light and warm fuzzies. Here we are told of the constant struggle between good and evil forces; the evil ones, having precipitated WW1, egging on its malevolent proponents, and the good ones assisting the just and the righteous participants, in the earthly or astral realms. The Living Dead Man is an avowed advocate for Universal Brotherhood which he says is "not only the brotherly relations between the units of the Many, but Separateness is necessary as a stage of evolution, that the ego may realize itself as distinct; but the time has come when the race [race in the theosophical sense of belonging to evolving levels of spiritual maturity] should turn back towards its Source, to Unity, to the Atma [i. I have learned much since I left you two years ago. On earth I did not talk incessantly of Universal Brotherhood. I wanted to achieve a "peerless individuality. Brotherhood is love and that is why I preach brotherhood. You may acquire individuality by hating, but not a "peerless individuality. So long as you can love something other than yourself you will not lose your individuality. For to love something other is to posit [establish] your individuality. To love only your separate self is to lose your hold on individuality, for you are only an individual in [your] relation[ship] to other selves. If your brother delights in the devil, let him have the pleasure of his preference. Enter the Holy Temple and shut the door; then invoke the angels. The baying of the hounds [i. Be still and know that God is God [Good]. Once he has given "testimony to the truth" and attempted to help and enlighten the servant of the dark, he has fulfilled his obligation and should not feel guilty for leaving him to his own devices. But when you are stronger than they, you have nothing to fear from them. But he does state that his Teacher does not know everything, that even the Masters do not know everything, because although the future may generally be indicated by the qualities of race consciousness, and rhythmic law also comes into play, free will can alter the course for the worse or for the better. What was seen as the war to end all wars turned out to be the precursor to even greater evils for the rest of the 20th century, and the forces of evil continue to play a major role in the 21st. But evil often personified as Satan , is not in dualistic opposition to good often personified as God. Evil is the extreme dark end of the continuum or an upward-downward spiral which has Good on its other extreme. Everything in between is relative to each extreme.

2: Letters From a Living Dead Man Archives | The Unobstructed Universe

Over the next three years, over letters were 'dictated' and published as a trilogy, debuting with Letters from a Living Dead Man, followed by War Letters from the Living Dead Man and Last Letters from the Living Dead Man. Coming shortly after WT Stead's bestselling channelled work, Letters from Julia, the letters are now considered an.

Author, Elsa Barker had this ability and one evening in , while living in Paris, she was inspired to write a message from a spirit at first identified only as Mr. It turned out to be her friend, Judge David Patterson-Hatch. Barker, at the time of the first message, Judge Hatch had just recently died six thousand miles away in California. This was confirmed by letter a few days later. Hatch, of Los Angeles, California. Who was Elsa Barker? Elsa Barker, poetess, novelist and writer, was born in in Vermont. Her father had been interested in the occult and she shared this interest. She became a member of the Theosophical Society and she was also initiated into the Rosicrucian Order. She was a teacher for a short period but moved on to writing articles for newspapers and syndicated magazines. Somewhere along the line she met Judge Hatch and they became friends. The irony of her life is that she never became very well-known for her own books. Letters from a Living Dead Man is a hopeful, inspiring after-death communication and which at the time in , gained widespread popularity. It was hailed for helping remove the fear of dying. The book describes life after death in minute detail, including the consequences of suicide, how loved ones find each other, and the relationship with higher beings. David Patterson-Hatch was born in in Maine to family of farmers. In he moved to Santa Barbara, California where he had a respectable practice. In he was elected Judge of the Superior Court. He had a life-long interest in Metaphysics and Eastern Religions. And he would spend long periods of time in Nature, meditating in the woods. He was also a published author whose subjects included philosophy and the occult. The stories I share will, I feel, provide a range of contrasts which should demonstrate why it is so important to take your spiritual journey here on Earth seriously. Note that the following excerpts have been edited to remove redundancies and to make them more readable. One day I was walking on a mountain top. I saw a man standing alone. He was looking out and far away, but I could not see what he was looking at. He was communing with himself, or with some presence of which I was unaware. I waited for some time. At last, he turned his eyes to me and said, with a kind smile: I never saw a smile like his, as he answered: I thought of little else. I sought Him everywhere, but seemed only at times to get flashes of consciousness as to what He really was. Finally, one day when I was alone in the woods, there came the great revelation. It came in a wordless and formless wonder, too vast for the limitation of thought. I must have lost consciousness, for after a while, I awoke, and got up and looked about me. Then gradually I remembered the experience which had been too big for me while I was feeling it. I could not see a human face without remembering the revelation that the human being I saw was a part of God. Then the saint turned and left me, with all my questions unanswered, but he was gone. And he has given me something which I in turn give to you, as he himself desired to give it to the world. That is all for tonight. The following story demonstrates what life might be like for those who enter the Afterlife unprepared. The other day I met an acquaintance, a woman whom I had known for a number of years, and who came out about the time I did. Smith how she was enjoying herself, and she said that she was not having a very pleasant time. She found that people did not want to talk with her. This was the first time I had met with such a complaint, and I was struck by its peculiarity. I asked her to what cause she attributed this unsociability, and she replied that she did not know the cause; that it had puzzled her. How selfish people are! She did not realise here, that our troubles are not interesting to anybody but ourselves. Tell me your troubles. I will promise not to run away. Such as boarding-house landladies and their careless hired girls; but they are just as bad hereâ€”even worse. You know that I am not rich. Surely, I told myself, my observations had been limited. Here was a new discovery! They come and go. Had I told her what my life here really was, she would no more have understood than she would have understood two years ago, when we lived in the same city on earth. But tell me, Mrs. Smith , do you never feel a desire to leave all this behind? They have no real existence. Was one who denied the reality of astral food in the astral world a Christian Scientist, because the Christian Scientists denied the reality of material food in the material world? The analogy tickled

my fancy. I puzzled for a moment, trying to find a way by which the actual facts of her condition could be brought home to the mind of this poor woman. All this is a dream—these boarding-houses, et cetera. But you will have to awaken yourself, I fancy. Tell me, what were your ideas about the future life, before you came out here? But you certainly understand that you have changed your condition. I was quite confused for a long time. I think I must have been delirious. I described the happy and loving people who stood in the presence of their Saviour. That is what makes them happy. If they loved the face of God only, it would not be quite heaven; for the joy of God is the joy of union. But for this gradual preparation she could not have adjusted herself to the conditions of that world. When we stood in the presence of those who worship God with song and praise, she seemed caught up on a wave of enthusiasm, to feel that at last she had come home. I held out my hand in the old way and said good-bye, promising to come again and visit her there, and advising her to stay where she was. Heaven has a strong hold on those who yield themselves to its beauty. Yes, I have seen angels, if by angels you mean spiritual beings who have never dwelt as men upon the earth. Shall I tell you of one whom I call the Beautiful Being? One night I seemed to be reclining upon a moon beam, and ecstasy filled my heart. For the moment I had escaped the clutches of Time, and was living in that ethereal quietude which is merely the activity of rapture raised to the last degree. I must have been enjoying a foretaste of that paradoxical state which the wise ones of the East call Nirvana. Had it been less lovely I might have gasped with wonder; but the very perfection of its form and presence diffused an atmosphere of calm. I marvelled not, because the state of my consciousness was marvel. I was lifted so far above the commonplace that I had no standard by which to measure the experience of that moment. Imagine youth immortalised, the fleeting made eternal. Imagine the brilliancy of a thousand lives concentrated in those eyes, and the smile upon the lips of a love so pure that it asks no answering love from those it smiles upon. But the language of earth cannot describe the unearthly, nor could the understanding of a man grasp in a moment those joys which the Beautiful Being revealed to me in that hour of supreme life. For the possibilities of existence have been widened for me, the meanings of the soul have deepened. Those who behold the Beautiful Being are never the same again as they were before. They may forget for a time, and lose in the business of living the magic of that presence; but whenever they do remember, they are caught up again on the wings of the former rapture. It may happen to one who is living upon the earth; it may happen to one in the spaces between the stars; but the experience must be the same when it comes to all; for only to one in the state in which it dwells could the Beautiful Being reveal itself at all. After the publication of that book, Judge Hatch took a tour of the Celestial Realms and was going to write about his experiences there, except that when he returned he thought that it was more important to describe the effects that the War was having upon the Astral Realms, since they were so closely tied to the Earth. Judge Hatch went on to write two more volumes through Elsa Barker. Elsa Barker passed in All these books are available for free on the internet. I hope you enjoy them as much as I and millions of others already have!

3: Letters from a Living Dead Man by Elsa Barker

To ask other readers questions about Letters from a Living Dead Man, please sign up. Be the first to ask a question about Letters from a Living Dead Man Kirjassaan Elsa Barker toimii viestinvälittäjänä, automaattikirjoittajana kuolleen miehen välityksellä. Tuo kuollut mies oli hänelle tuttu.

Also available as an eBook Much inspired writing over the years claims to have originated from dis-incarnate beings, and Elsa Barker was no exception. She encountered automatic writing in , and the entity responsible for the writing claimed to be Judge David Patterson Hatch, a lawyer from Los Angeles. Within a few days, Barker received verification from a friend that the judge had indeed died recently in Los Angeles. All are fascinating, informative and inspirational and are required reading for anyone interested in life and death, the afterlife, and why we are here. Do not fear death; but stay on earth as long as you can. Notwithstanding the companionship I have here, I sometimes regret my failure in holding on to the world. Everything is well with me. I will tell you things that have never been told. Barker was a spiritual writer and one evening in , while she was in Paris, she began automatic writing, the phenomenon where someone other than her own subconscious was writing using her hand. What followed was the trilogy of Living Dead Man books. It was I who spoke before, and I now speak again. I have had a wonderful experience. Much that I had forgotten I can now remember. What has happened was for the best; it was inevitable. I can see you, though not very distinctly. I found almost no darkness. The light here is wonderful, far more wonderful than the sunlight of the South. No, I cannot yet see my way very well around Paris; everything is different. It is probably by reason of your own vitality that I am able to see you at this moment. It is easier to come to you after dark. I remembered on going out that you might be able to let me speak through your hand. I am already stronger. I cannot tell you yet how long I was silent. It did not seem long. Lend me your hand sometimes; I will not misuse it. I am going to stay out here until I am ready to come back with power. Watch for me, but not yet. Things seem easier to me now than they have seemed for a long time. I carry less weight. I could have held on longer in the body, but it did not seem worth the effort. I have seen the Teacher. His attitude to me is very comforting. But I would like to go now. You have only to lay a spell upon yourself night and morning. Do not let any of your energy be sucked out of you by these larvae of the astral world. No, they cannot annoy me, for I am now used to the idea of them. You have absolutely nothing to fear, if you protect yourself. When you respond to my call, wipe clean your mind as a child wipes its slate when ready for a new maxim or example by its teacher. Your lightest personal thought or fancy may be as a cloud upon a mirror, blurring the reflection. You can receive letters by this means, provided your mind does not begin to work independently, to question in the midst of the writing. I was not stopped this time as before, by beings gathering round, but by your own curiosity as to the end of an unusual sentence. You suddenly became positive instead of negative, as if the receiving instrument in a telegraph office should begin to send a message of its own. I have learned here the reason for many psychic things which formerly puzzled me, and I am determined if possible to protect you from the danger of cross currents in this work. There was one night when I called and you would not let me in. But I am not reproaching you. I shall come again and again, until my work is done. I will come to you in a dream before long, and will show you many things. I see the past now as through an open window. I see the road by which I have come, and can map out the road by which I mean to go. Everything seems easy now. As yet I have not settled down anywhere, but am moving about as the fancy takes me; that is what I always dreamed of doing while in the body, and never could make possible. It can make of you anything you choose, within the limit of your unit energy, for everything is either active or potential in the unit of force which is man. The difference between a painter and a musician, or between a poet and a novelist, is not a difference of qualities in the entity itself; for each unit contains everything except quantity, and thus has the possibilities of development along any line chosen by its will. The choice may have been made ages ago. It takes a long time, often many lives, to evolve an art or a faculty for one particular kind of work in preference to all others. Concentration is the secret of power, here as elsewhere. As to the use of willpower in your present everyday problems, there are two ways of using the will. The latter is a commanding of all environments for a special purpose, instead of

commanding, or attempting to command, a fragment of it. In this communion between the outer and inner worlds, you in the outer world are apt to think that we in ours know everything. You expect us to prophesy like fortune-tellers, and to keep you informed of what is passing on the other side of the globe. Sometimes we can; generally we cannot. After a while I may be able to enter your mind as a Master does, and to know all the antecedent thoughts and plans in it; but now I cannot always do so. Perhaps it is necessary for you to think strongly of us, to make the way easiest. I am learning all the time. The Teacher is very active in helping me. When I am absolutely certain of my hold upon your hand, I shall have much to say about the life out here. I see you often as a spot of vivid light, and that is probably when your soul is active with feeling or your mind keen with thought. I can read your thoughts occasionally, but not always. Often I try to draw near, and cannot find you. You could not always find me, perhaps, should you come out here. Sometimes I am all alone: As a rule, I do not walk about as formerly, nor do I fly exactly, for I have never had wings; but I manage to get over space with incredible rapidity. Sometimes, though, I walk. Now, I want you to do me a favor. You know what a difficult job I often had to keep things going, yet I kept them going. Work right ahead, as if the supply were there, and it will be there. You can demonstrate it in one way or another. Do not feel weak or uncertain, for when you do you drag me back to earth by force of sympathy. It is as bad as grieving for the dead. What am I missing? He is sure that he is behind the times, left out, left over. He looks about him, and sees only the tranquil fields of the fourth dimension. Oh, for the iron grip of matter once more to hold something in taut hands! Perhaps the mood passes, but one day it returns with redoubled force. He must get out of the tenuous environment into the forcibly resistant world of dense matter. All action comes from memory. It would be a reckless experiment had he not done it before. He closes his eyes, reversing himself in the invisible. He is drawn to human life, to human beings in the intense vibration of union. Be that as it may, he lets go his hold upon freedom and triumphantly loses himself in the lives of human beings. After a time he awakes, to look with bewildered eyes upon green fields and the round, solid faces of men and women. Sometimes he weeps, and wishes himself back. If he is strong and stubborn, he remains and grows into a man. He may even persuade himself that the former life in tenuous substance was only a dream, for in dream he returns to it, and the dream haunts him and spoils his enjoyment of matter. After years enough he grows weary of the material struggle: He sinks back into the arms of the unseen, and men say again with bated breath that he is dead. But he is not dead. He has only returned whence he came.

4: Briefe eines Toten () - IMDb

Book digitized by Google from the library of the New York Public Library and uploaded to the Internet Archive by user tpb.

5: War Letters from the Living Dead Man - Elsa Barker - Häftad () | Bokus

Letter 5: Letters From a Living Dead Man. About the author. Elsa Barker, American author and poet, was born in in Leicester, Vermont, USA. Throughout her life.

6: www.enganchecubano.com: Letters from a Living Dead Man (): Elsa Barker: Books

6 letters from a living dead man So far as I know, I was the first person in Europe to be informed of his death, and I immediately called on my friend to tell her that.

7: Letters from a Living Dead Man (Classic Reprint): Elsa Barker: Books - www.enganchecubano.com

Letters from a Living Dead Man is a hopeful, inspiring after-death communication and which at the time in , gained widespread popularity. It was hailed for helping remove the fear of dying. It was hailed for helping remove the fear of dying.

LETTERS FROM A LIVING DEAD MAN pdf

8: Letters from a living dead man | Open Library

Letters from a living dead man 3 editions. By Elsa Barker. Go to the editions section to read or download ebooks. *Letters from a living dead man*.

9: War Letters from the Living Dead Man by Elsa Barker

The hands of the creature (and I use that word to suggest its vitality) "the hands of the creature were clutching the young man's form, one long and naked arm was around his shoulders, the other around his hips.

Always theres a thud My papas daughter. Ben Biggins Week (Longman Book Project) The remaining built-in Apps. Part 3. Getting even more done with additional Apps. Understanding iPhone ap 7. Regime Switching and Time-Varying Risk and Return Parameters Maulana muhammad junagarhi books The Queens smuggler Community college conflict The summons piano sheet music Cublington: a blueprint for resistance. SuSE Linux Unleashed To the Researcher Education, liberation : learning the ropes of a musical blackness C for Professional Programming With PC and Unix Applications Neotropical Culicidae Illustrated catalogue of the pictures &c. in the Shakespeare Memorial at Stratford-upon-Avon MEMS 99 : Twelfth IEEE International Conference on Micro Electro Mechanical Systems Third interchapter: arming and disarming Arizona territory cook book Love story in marathi Chief Justice John Marshall and the Ninth Amendment King Alfreds Old English version of St. Augustines Soliloquies Poems published in 1768 In focus, out of step Lucky Monkey, Unlucky Monkey Da vinci code tamil book A Cold Heart (Alex Delaware) American Frontier Life Red panda fact sheet The Dobro Book (Dobro) Artillery of the world Handbook of eeg interpretation 2nd edition Secondary heroines in nineteenth-century British and American novels Wellness and health promotion Jennifer A. James and John P. Rovers Stealing the Mona Lisa The story of a good girl (Anna Quindlen) Reversible Mao a Inhibitors As Antidepressants Berenstain Bears science fair. Intercession for the faithful departed Mastering Excel 3.0 for windows