

village view

by Andrea Leonard

A recent article in a magazine designed to help the aspiring journalist warns its readers, "Avoid controversy such as politics, religion and personalities if you would appeal to the broadest audience and keep your friends."

Surely it's folly to go about life purposely losing friends, but once a writer has praised the beauties of nature, admired the bonds of affection between pets and their masters, extolled the virtues of motherhood, the American flag and apple pie, what's left to write about except politics, religion and personalities?

Over the past year I've kept an index of the subjects of my articles; politics creeps into most of them. No one can decry pornography, hail recycling and conservation, review taxation, deplore inflation, push for solar energy, speculate on the outcome of the Mashpee Indian suit, expound on auto and housing expenses, or even report on the Appalachian Trail without getting political.

That's not to mention the bottle bill or local issues such as the proposed dock in Cotuit and business growth in Oyster-ville.

A writer can report events such as Village Day, enthuse about blueberries, wax nostalgic at summer's end, commemorate holidays, build articles around non-controversial subjects like genealogy, cranberries, recipes, house plants, scrapbooks, spring peepers, bird hunting a century ago, the care and feeding of flowering shrubs, and even worms. But such pieces pall, and audiences appreciate a bit more spice in their fare.

For the most part, I've avoided writing about personalities. Usually when I've succumbed to the temptation, I've regretted it.

Breaking the rule about politics hasn't been disastrous, however, and now I'm tempted to break the one about religion.

Not long ago a friend passed me a copy of a document written in the spidery penmanship typical of the era preceding introduction of the Palmer method. The original was written on paper now yellow and powdery with age; its pages were tied together with ribbon. It had lain untouched for many years, perhaps at the bottom of a trunk, perhaps preserved between the pages of a family bible.

Those of us who've heard tell of spiritualism and communicating with the dear departed may doubt people ever could have believed it possible to communicate with the dead. There have been those who did believe, and this document is proof of it. There may be those who still believe; if so, that which follows should prove fascinating.

Without comment upon their faith, and vouching only for the document's authenticity, here is a message purported to be from the Great Beyond. It's headed: From my ever-faithful guide, "Unseen," given through my own hand, controlled by him, as leader of his Ancient Band, and begins:
My beloved Medium:

Again we meet for secret and pleasant communion together. It was not really my fault that all pressures failed in their seeming reality. It was not your fault that your faith became weakened in view of the non-fulfillment of prophecy.

Let us draw nearer to each other in renewed faith and understanding, and now the clouds have passed over, we will see what can be accomplished for the future. We will renew our faith in each other and commence a new development under more pleasing circumstances.

Is it not known to you, my daughter, that you have no common mission on Earth? You have had your soul-growth

through hard and bitter trials; losses and crosses of all kinds were given you to bear that your soul might grow strong and clear-sighted through suffering. We could not shield you against the Orders of our Supreme Master who charters his dear ones before he gives them immortal gifts and grand spiritual unfoldment.

You are today one of the Scribes of the Ancient Band. You are standing before the Altar of the Temple whose High Priest is Deity. He knoweth the desire of your Soul and will soon give you the Star which symbolizes your Earthly work.

You will become entranced, and in that exalted condition, you shall commune with your guides with no thin veil to hide their glory from your eyes. You have asked to be entranced that you may see and hear and, with a Spirit freed from the Earthly sensations, realize what are the real Heavenly conditions which surround the disembodied Spirit.

My dear Medium, try to await your appointed time. One comes from the Higher Spheres to lead you. He taketh from his breast the Sacred roll of papyrus on which is written in the cabalistic characters of the highest Sphere, all commissions to be entrusted to Mortal Mediums who stand between the Heavens and the Earth. Guides from Egypt, Asia and Greece are now descending to lead you before the Master Guide, who will place upon you the crown and mantle of your Order, which is "Truth".

You will hold the key to many mysteries and certainly shall stand on high places as a teacher of immortal truths. I did not deceive you when I told you of your Earth work and its grand possibilities. It will all come to pass in due season.

Still more shall be given than I promised you, for it did not seem philosophical at that time to unveil the whole mystery and show you your richest gifts and broadest fields of labor. My co-worker, St. John, claimed the right to kindle for you the divine fires of inspiration. He also claimed that you

came under the singular but noble Spirit Teacher, "Horus, the Priest of the Sun Temple," who is Supreme Controller of all Entranced Souls, and especially of yours.

He led the march of descending spirits when the sons of the massing came down to Earth to establish Order and develop Souls for the Spiritual Work. He called Zeus' name from the Altar and spake in a voice of praise conceiving your truthfulness and sympathetic nature, and gave you into my charge for development. I have tried to do my duty, but the work has necessarily been slow; but our success is unquestionably good. I am satisfied.

Be not overwhelmed when you are given a solution of a gravid problem. We are about to lift the veil from before your vision. I myself will do this for you and stand by you. When all is made clear, and angels are brought to your visible conditions, entranced you shall be when all is made ready, and the reality will transcend your highest ideals.

After that event you will become a **public medium** and illuminate all sad and darkened souls with the Light bestowed upon you. You will behold your own friends and the little ones will be first to gladden your eyes and heart. You will see them as they are and all humanity will be happier for your ministrations. My beloved Medium, you need not fear—give your soul its needed rest. You will become **all and more** than you desire.

You develop faith in doubting hearts. You reach many who never think of seeing mediums for Light. Therefore your work is well done and I bless you, my Medium. And your work shall be blessed among women.

At Onset—by the Sea—you will be made exalted above your highest hopes and will ever-afterward cease to doubt. You will be ready for your lifework. I bless you, my Medium.

Ever faithful,
"UNSEEN"