

Text 34. “Just those eartjies from that seekoei ”

(South African proverb)

They are merely the ears of the hippopotamus

A testimony from Swaziland



Content: click on the text you want to read.

Text 34. “Just those eartjies from that seekoei” 1
the 3 began 3

34.1. This is how it began

34.1.1. An omnipresent life force

Although South African, this idiom is not unknown in the neighboring country, Swaziland, either. It means : 'You only see a small part'. Here: only 'die oortjies van die seekoei ', only the ears of the hippopotamus. We would speak of 'the tip of the iceberg', but under a scorching tropical sun that does not seem appropriate. You might as well speak of 'Dis net die oë van die

krokodil', the eyes of the crocodile, for only those are those you see when the animal is watching you from beneath the water's surface. The vast majority of both animals remains hidden. The latter idiom, with the crocodile, however, sounds much more aggressive. But precisely for that reason, it aligns better with this testimony. And that will gradually become clear. Generally speaking: we perceive only an extremely small part of reality. The vast majority and most important part of it escapes us.

From Greek civilization—together with Christianity, the two pillars of our Western culture—we know the ancient Greek thinker Heraclitus of Ephesus (-540/-480). He taught that reality has two aspects. On the one hand, there is what is immediately given to everyone, but on the other hand, there is a more hidden part. The latter seemed more important to him, for it determines and guides the former.

He is far from alone in his view. Along with others, the Viennese psychiatrist Sigmund Freud (1856/1939) already highlighted the limits of our consciousness and investigated the influence of the unconscious and the subconscious on human thought and behavior. The subconscious, he argued, could only penetrate our consciousness with great difficulty and even then only partially, while the unconscious would completely elude us. Western people do not like to hear this assertion and believe that they possess a reasonably good level of self-knowledge. That one might be at least partially unfree, that one might sometimes be controlled by non-conscious tendencies of one's own inner life, is something people in our time do not really want to acknowledge.

In his book '*Bantu Philosophy*'¹, Father P. Tempels (1906/1977), the Belgian Franciscan missionary born in Berlaar, notes that for a Bantu, the mysterious concept of 'life force'—whether one possesses it or not—is far more decisive for their health and happiness than all the material things that surround them. Thus, a Bantu who is robbed does not primarily demand the return of the stolen object, but rather the restoration of their life force. The stolen object contains a part of their own life force. And that is what they want back first and foremost. The object itself is of less importance.

In such a worldview, a human being, an ancestor, a spirit, or a deity can increase their own strength by sharing in the powers of other beings. And that belief is shared in many African tribes. They do not torment themselves with

¹Tempels P., *Bantu - philosophy*, De Sikkel, Antwerp, 1946, 10

philosophical questions about what exactly the gods are, but rather what they do and how one can share in their power. This is to enable them to cope with the many challenges and threats of an existence in the wilderness.

In its own way, the Bible also possesses a dynamic view of religion. In *Luke 8:43*, Jesus says that someone touched him, for He had felt power emanating from Him. It then appears that a woman who had suffered from a flow of blood for years had held the hem of his garment behind his back. She believed that Jesus' garment also shared in His special life-giving power, and that if she could touch His garment, she, in turn, would also share in it. Then, she believed, she would be healed of her ailment. The Gospel text continues that she was indeed healed. Jesus further added that her faith had saved her. *Luke 6:19* further mentions that a whole crowd wanted to touch Jesus because a power emanated from Him that healed all.

From this it becomes abundantly clear that religion is inextricably linked to that mysterious concept of 'life force', and that sociological or psychological elements are rather subordinate to it. The Gospel text does state that Jesus felt a force emanating from him, but it does not mention that the woman, upon receiving that force—it is precisely her faith that enables her to receive it—noticed this in turn. This could have happened, for example, if she had confirmed that she felt tingling sensations all over her body, or that she had 'seen' a stream of myriads of luminous dots flowing towards her. If she had mentioned this, she would have thereby confirmed that she possessed a certain 'sensitivity'. The 'feeling' and 'seeing' of such a force presupposes an empathetic attitude, a certain 'sensitivity' or 'clear intuition', and this in the paranormal sense of the word. This also makes it clear that not everyone possesses this ability to that degree. Although every human being is 'sensitive', at least in a minimal way, pays hardly any attention to it and does not develop it either. The Gospel text only mentions that the woman is healed, but says nothing about the energy flow required for this that goes from Jesus to her.

Only the fact observable to everyone, the healing, is described in this Gospel text. Not the full reality. That can only be established in a clearly perceptible manner. As they say in Afrikaans: 'Dis net die oortjies van die seekoei', which is what the Bible mentions here. However, whoever observes the entirety of what happens, both the fact of the healing and the subtle flow of energy, 'sees' 'die hele seekoei' instead of 'net die ore'. In a number of non-Western cultures, such clear perception is not so exceptional, and it is also passed down and further developed through many generations.

Our Western world has become considerably poorer since the 18th century, the Age of Enlightenment. Here, 'autonomous reason' came into the spotlight. People turned their gaze towards this side, the material side of reality, a reality that then reveals itself primarily through the senses. But the light that had shone for centuries in traditional cultures, with their view of that more expansive reality, gradually faded in the West. Attention shifted mainly to 'those little ears', with the result that "the whole sea cow" gradually disappeared more and more into the water.



34.1.2. 'Those earrings '? Or 'that seekoei '?

The British occultist Dion Fortune (1890/1946), who wrote quite a few unusual things about magic, says that all the stories in her book '*The Secrets of Dr. Tavernier*'² based on reality, and that this can sometimes turn out to be much stronger than what one can imagine in fantasy. Her testimonies demonstrate above all that the unconscious is very strongly present in humans, and that even events from a previous existence can play a decisive role, a role of which current consciousness is unaware. And this view also touches upon our theme.

On the other hand, the Frenchwoman Alexandra David- Neel (1868/1969), who rose to the rank of Buddhist lama in Tibet, recounts in her '*Love Enchantment and Black Magic*'³ how black magicians can steal the life force of

²D. Fortune, *The Secrets of Dr. Tavernier*, 25.

³David - Neel A., *Love Magic and Black Magic*, Amsterdam, Gnosis, 1942.

young people. Of her novel, in which she describes these gruesome practices, she says that it is “true from beginning to end”.

Finally, let us summarize in the Bible, *2 Samuel 12*. The Lord sent the prophet Nathan to King David and told him of a rich man who had many lambs, but for his feast took the only lamb from a poor man. The king was indignant at such behavior and said that the thief had to be punished. Nathan answered David bluntly: "King, that man is you. You impregnated his wife Uriah , sent him afterward as a soldier to the front, and hoped that he would fall in battle. And so it happened. You thought you could hide your mistake from God in this way. Now the sword will never turn away from your house again, because you despised God." King David admits his mistake.

Told literally, the story of the lamb did not actually happen. Such stories serve as models for their originals. Thus, the term 'lamb' replaces the original term 'woman'. Their common characteristic is that both were taken from someone. The narrator speaks in terms that express similarities or connections. David, too, understands this immediately, for he confesses guilt. These stories convey an underlying truth that penetrates much further, is much more extensive and real than what is strictly stated. Their superficial structure points to a deeper one.

It everyone is free to content themselves in life with 'those little coins ', or to question the existence or non-existence of 'the whole sea cow '.

34.1.3. The little school in Eswatini

Our testimony took place in Swaziland many years ago. The country is called Eswatini in its own language, Swazi . It is a kingdom in Africa and is entirely surrounded by the countries of South Africa and Mozambique. In addition to Swazi, English is also spoken there. Although it appears insignificantly small on the map of Africa, it is actually about 5.6 times larger than Belgium. Compared to France, its surface area covers approximately one-third of that country. Eswatini has approximately 1.1 million inhabitants.



In the northwest of that country , in the mountainous region between the Lomati River and the Sondeza Nature Reserve, lay a small village community where, a few decades earlier, Western culture and Christian missionary work had barely penetrated. That changed, however, in the last century. An older priest, Father Henry, who had been living in Eswatini for some time, and about ten missionary sisters came to build a monastery and a small school there. They could count on the enthusiastic support of the local authorities and many villagers. Thus, their children received the first basics of learning to read, write, and do arithmetic, as well as some instruction in the Bible and Christianity. Like all pioneering work, it was initially a bit of a struggle, but after overcoming many difficulties, the result was quite impressive. The monastic community and the school functioned properly, and Father Henry, who did not live in the monastery but in a neighboring village, regularly came to assist everyone with advice and practical help. The religious community and the school flourished exemplarily, to everyone's satisfaction. At least, so it seemed. The years passed.

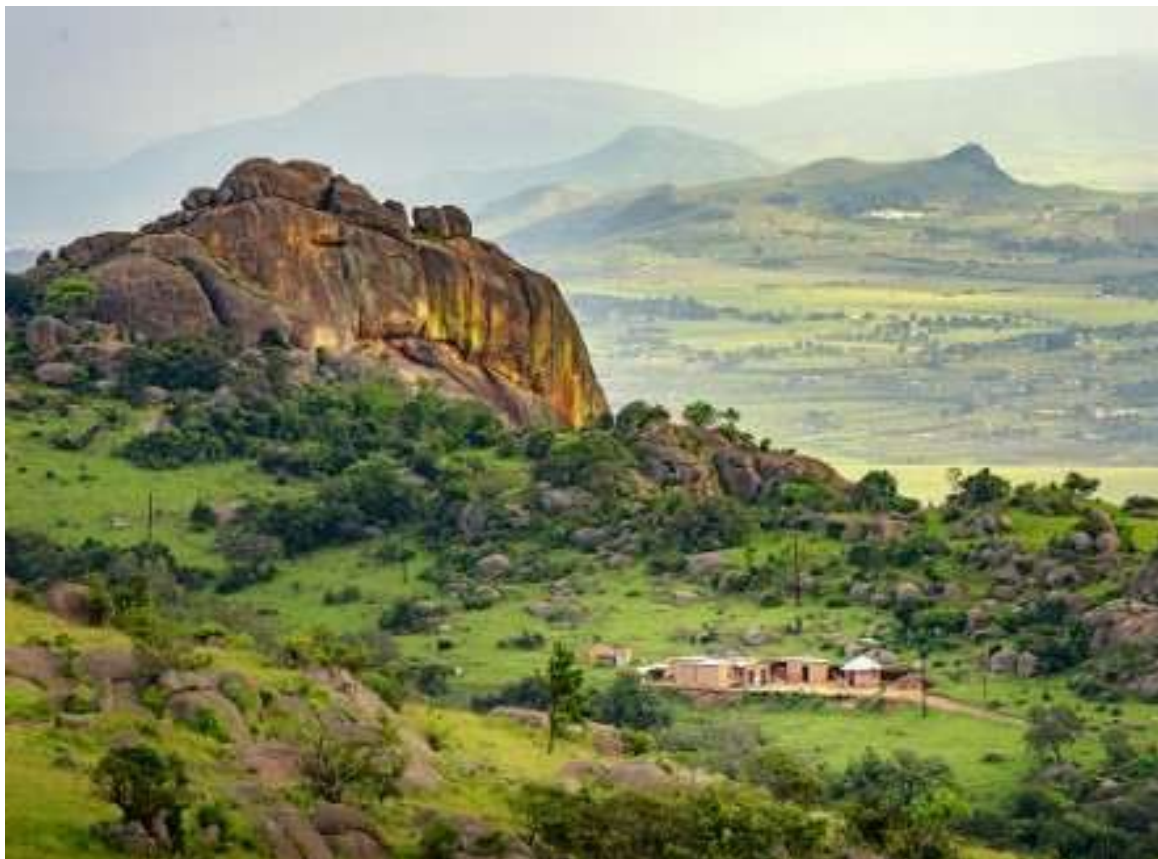


Photo source: see⁴

34.1.4. The school year starts

The Flemish Marie-Madeleine, after her training as a teacher, had entered a convent. Yet her calling lay in the missions. And so she had ended up in the small village in Eswatini. There, she had already been in charge of the first grade for several years. And that suited her particularly well. Helping children take their first steps into the wonderful world of grown-ups has something fascinating about it. Full of anticipation and with great enthusiasm, she had once again looked forward to the day when she could welcome so many new little faces again. And today was the day. The classroom looked neat and tidy, just like her. And with an almost restrained joy, she looked expectantly at what was to come.

⁴ Source: https://pixabay.com/nl/images/search/swaziland/?manual_search=1

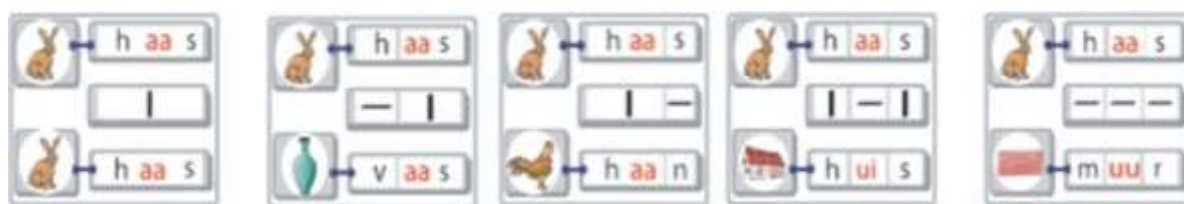


Teaching children to read had practically become her hobby. She had given considerable thought to how she would let the beginning readers take those first steps playfully this year. That had something to do with ordering, she knew, with seeing and hearing similarities and differences between simple words. She thought it through: if you teach children to organize while learning to read, she believed, they will master a method that they can apply later on and in many areas of life. The lessons in logic and the presuppositions "what is, is" and "what is so, is so," which were taught to her during her student days, came back to her mind. This is not a foolish repetition, but rather an honest affirmation, an affirmation of what exists. Thus, the liar does not allow "what is" or "what is so" to be what it is, but says, on the contrary, of that which "is" that it "is not", or of that which "is so", that it "is not so". Logical ordering is connected with the search for truth and the affirmation thereof. Whoever reasons logically validly, therefore, also reasons conscientiously. And conversely, acting conscientiously is likewise a logical matter.

Then this not only leads to a healthier human psyche, but in a way it also connects with religion—or so she had understood it from Father Henry and his logic lessons. And when she wrote to him of her plans to try to apply all

this to the didactics of initial reading, he was particularly captivated by it. “My 'voice' says that you must continue with this,” he had replied. And that voice inspired him, just as the 'voice' of Socrates did. This ancient Greek philosopher and teacher of Plato also claimed to have an inner voice that guided him. Years ago, the voice of Father Henry had identified itself to him as a great saint from the early Middle Ages. It gave him advice on all kinds of practical life problems that people presented to Father Henry. And so Sister Marie-Madeleine was more than motivated not to start this year with memorizing words, but by comparing words with one another in a playful manner, and thus arrive at reading.

Moreover, simple words like 'hare', 'vase', 'rooster', 'house', and 'wall' exist in both Dutch and Afrikaans. If a child sounds out two pictures and compares the corresponding words by sound and spelling, they very quickly come to the conclusion that whatever sounds the same also has the same graphic sign, and conversely, whatever has the same sign also sounds the same. Then they have very quickly cracked 'the key' to learning to read, and all that remains is memorizing the 'letters'.



Thus, children see almost immediately that there is a total similarity between the letters and sounds of the words 'haas' and 'haas'. There is partial identity, or analogy, between the words 'haas' and 'vaas'. Both have the same end rhyme. But there is also partial identity between the words 'haas' and 'haan' because of their identical beginning rhyme. The words 'haas' and 'huis' likewise exhibit partial identity, given their identical beginning and ending letter or end sound. Finally, there is a total difference between the words 'haas' and 'muur'.

Lees de zinnen.

Trek het ja-streepje ☺ of het nee - streepje ☹. Kleur de gelijke stukjes. Lees.

b e e n	r o o s	p e n	b e e n	v a a s
☺ ☺ ☺	☹ ☹ ☹	☹ ☹ ☹	☹ ☹ ☹	☹ ☹ ☹
ee n	r o o s	e n	ee n	v a a s
ee n	r o o s	e n	ee n	v a a s

p o p	v i s	p o p	b e e n	w i p
☹ ☹ ☹	☹ ☹ ☹	☹ ☹ ☹	☹ ☹ ☹	☹ ☹ ☹
p o p	i s	o p	ee n	w i p
p o p	i s	o p	ee n	w i p

You would hardly believe it, but children can 'read' sentences in this way without having memorized a single letter, simply by sounding out the pictures, or parts of the pictures, as illustrated above. The conviction that they can discover all of this 'themselves' motivates them very strongly.

It is therefore impossible for children to make such exercises 'silent'. You constantly hear them sounding out words or parts of words and listening intently to themselves. Then you see them staring strangely into the distance, while they slowly and measuredly mumble what the pictures foretell in all their eloquent silence. In doing so, they listen to those many bizarre sounds that they had never noticed in words so familiar to them. How strange everyday language is, then.



It will take quite a while before, for example, those 'rooster', 'hare', and 'dove' are the familiar names they once were again. And it is amazing that the real rooster, hare, and dove remain so calm about it, as if it had never concerned them at all. Yes, as if they don't even realize that something very important to them—their name—was taken apart into its smallest pieces and subsequently put back together into its whole. And that such a thing happened, just imagine... inside an ordinary child's head. What a victory! That you, as a beginning reader, can achieve something like that.

Deep within yourself, you feel an undefined sense of pride and satisfaction. Everything inside you tells you that you are on the threshold of making a whole series of momentous discoveries, discoveries that are simply not reserved for roosters, hares, and doves. No, that belongs only to children, when they are old enough to begin learning to read. What a wondrous world it all is. And Sister Marie-Madeleine was a daily and joyful witness to all of this.

34.1.5. The diary

Sister Marie-Madeleine took out her trusted diary. In it, she wrote for herself, and from the heart, about what inspired her. She occasionally 'put pen to paper', as they say. Nothing literary, just for pleasure. It always did her good to reread the cheerful things she had written down later on. When the sisters heard about it, they asked her to read a few aloud during lunch. Yes, Sister Marie-Madeleine was happy to do that. She chose 'Winter Life', a verse from her student days, when Christmas was still celebrated in the winter. Here in Eswatini, it is summer then, and celebrating Christmas under the tropical sun feels a bit strange at first.

Winter life

Look, snow covers the trees, winter is here again.
Christmas will also come soon, and shortly thereafter the new year.
The fields dream peacefully, shrouded in white fleece,
And snowflakes dance merrily, like stars in the night.

Oh little piece of earth so tender, even though you seem still and dead,
Yet spring returns, you carry it in your lap.
So many good things are now getting more time.
Who would not want to sing of friendship that brings joy?

Of warmth that may heal, of hope still on the horizon?
Of love to share, or of shared grief?
Oh, let nothing disturb all the good that unfolds,
And if such a song continues to charm, our heart never grows old.



And she was also going to read a second little poem, "Our Hands." She wrote it when she saw two old people walking so sweetly hand in hand. It moved her, and she certainly wanted to put that on paper.

Our hands

Simple, as our hands are, in joy and sorrow, day and night,
That is how I feel them, dearest, yours and mine, intertwined and brought together.

In great earnestness, in life's game, those soft hands, they alone,
They know each other well, the great secret of the two of us

They have always known that language, as a comforting word, or cheerful
and tender, and almost without end, told how you always love me.

Oh, may people with their pain, or joyfully, in a silent gesture,
Simple as such hands are, so heartwarming for each other .



34.1.6. A striking modesty

But recently, for the first time, she had also confided less pleasant things to her diary, things she was struggling with. She flipped to a specific page and read in silence what she had written down earlier.

I have been working in this little village as a missionary sister for several years now, and I do not have an easy time of it. The convent rule, in particular, which imposes unconditional obedience on me, weighs very heavily on me. And the Mother Superior adheres so strictly to this rule. Because of this, our relationship was courteous, but never truly friendly or amiable. However, recently something happened at our little school that clouded our already difficult relationship considerably.

One day, when classes had already been underway for a week, the Mother Superior, who was also the headmistress of the school, was speaking to parents regarding the late registration of a new child. I was working in my classroom at the time, which adjoins her office, and I unintentionally overheard part of what was said. During that conversation, the Mother Superior let slip that there was something completely wrong with the old local religion. That the many local customs were simply based on superstition and that so-called paranormal healings were more imagined than real. I was stunned. That was a frontal attack on their cultural identity, I felt. How must something like that come across in the village? Afterwards, she emphasized quite extensively her modest way of life, her helpfulness, humility, and her high pedagogical and evangelical calling.

When I met them again after this conversation, I said somewhat humorously—perhaps I should have kept quiet, but it came to me so spontaneously—“Mother Superior, with your very striking modesty, you really do remain an expert in conversion work, don't you?” I thought she would understand this jokingly intended contradiction and laugh along with it. It would certainly benefit our relationship, I believed. But lo and behold, to my great surprise, the otherwise so disciplined sister lost her self-control and called out to me in annoyance: “Sister Marie-Madeleine, who do you think you are? You don't think you've come here to offer a bit of opposition, do you?!”

I was severely startled by this harsh and totally unexpected reaction. I was paralyzed and needed a moment to recover. I stammered that I hadn't meant it that way at all and tried to apologize for my rash remark. But I simply wasn't given the chance. With a jerk, the Sister Superior turned her back on me grimly and disappeared at a brisk pace towards the convent. There I stood. For minutes, I remained speechless. Her reply echoed in my head for a long time. The whole incident really got me thinking. How could a remark intended as a joke, and which felt innocent to me, cause such a strong reaction? I didn't understand it. The Mother Superior avoided any dialogue with me about this. And I wanted so badly to bring up the subject again, to make amends. But she had no time for that. “The children came first,” she emphasized.

34.1.7. I was so tired.

Weeks later, the whole affair and the Mother Superior's anger were still preoccupying me. From the rather distant glances directed at me by some of the other sisters, I gathered that they must have sensed something of that tension, although I had not spoken to anyone about it. The start of classes was already some time behind us by then. But the charged atmosphere meant that my enjoyment of my work suffered. My otherwise calm self-control seemed hard to find at times. Moreover, the Mother Superior had recently hinted—no, she hadn't said it so explicitly, but phrased it very subtly in everyone's presence—that some were showing too little enthusiasm for their teaching duties. If this trend continued, she felt compelled to assign some sisters to a different grade. She added that the first class certainly had to remain a model. Many parents indeed based their decision to enroll their child on the smooth running of that grade. I had clearly understood the painful hint.

But she was telling the truth. I had indeed been walking around tired and listless for a few days, taking hardly any initiative anymore and practically counting the hours of the day until my workday was over. The Mother Superior believed that my entire problem could be traced back to a form of negative

thinking and that my fatigue was certainly not in my body, but somewhere 'between my ears'. She herself taught in the highest class and believed that I was simply deluding myself about this unusual fatigue, but that there was really no objective basis for it. I wanted so badly to believe that too.

She went on to hold herself up as an example. She was indeed bursting with energy. According to her, this was because she loved her work and really enjoyed connecting with the children. She probably meant well, but her words still hit hard. Especially because, to my sense, they were said with a reproachful undertone. In the convent, you live so constantly close to one another that even a semblance of disagreement is felt much more strongly than when you are not together all the time. When she saw me, she emphasized it once again: "It is the joy of being allowed to work with children that gives you the energy to carry on." "And," she continued, "that supply of energy is almost tangible to me. Turn to the Trinity and the Virgin Mary in your daily prayers and ask them for strength. It will certainly help you." Yes, that was clear language. A number of sisters seemed to silently agree with her words. To me, there was an almost imperceptible triumph in her voice. She believed she had the right attitude. I did not. Throughout her entire argument, I sensed a somewhat reproachful undertone.

As a nun, you have taken a vow of obedience. Therefore, you do not dispute the Mother Superior's statements. And yet, something in her reprimand is not right, I felt, although it is not immediately clear to me what. I pondered it for days. In vain. I cautiously asked a few sisters for advice, but they did not really support me. It was not expressed openly, but I felt that they stood behind the Mother Superior's vision. It continued to bother me, and despite my prayers, the fatigue persisted. Joy in your work can motivate you to dedicate yourself heart and soul. Joy can make you enjoy doing your work. But can joy, for example, also ensure that you need less sleep? Does joy make you fit? Or do you still have to respect your rest even then? As mentioned, the Mother Superior was bursting with energy. I was not.

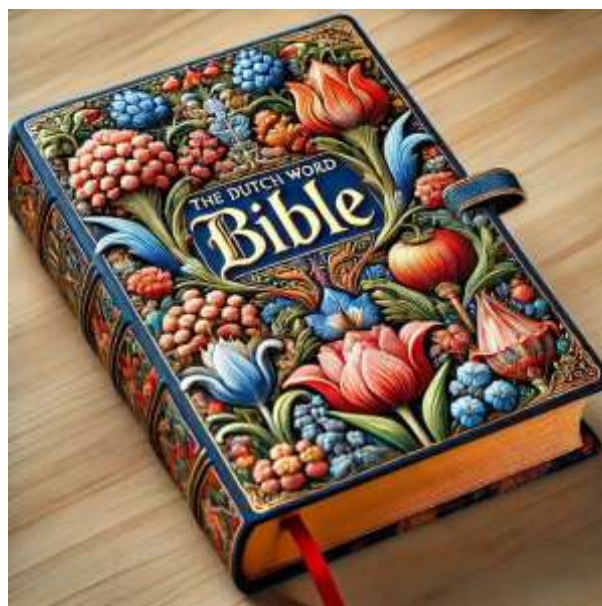
However, that was not all; I found it increasingly difficult to stay in her presence for too long. And that feeling of unease did not diminish. On the contrary. I also couldn't stand being at her little office for long. If I had to say something to her, I usually stood in the doorway. More and more, it seemed to me that this little room was bathed in a deep, oppressive darkness. I really hoped it was my imagination, that I was just deluding myself, and that there was indeed no reason for it. And yet, I couldn't really convince myself. Intuitively, I felt all too well that there was definitely 'something' going on,

something objective, something entirely outside myself. If I stayed too long and too close to her, I felt unwell, as if my energy was being drained from me. Yes, it happened that I would develop a slight fever. How on earth to explain something like that to the Mother Superior or to other sisters? I didn't know. Talk to someone about it? That wasn't exactly a given in our small community. Maybe it will go away on its own, I thought. Or will time tell? Maybe it will pass if I try to think of nice things?

34.1.8. Lovely things

And so Sister Marie-Madeleine sought texts that would cheer her up and lift her spirits. She withdrew into her little room and leafed through her Bible. She read the *First Epistle to the Corinthians*, verses 3 to 8, which deals with love:

Even if I speak the language of men and of angels, if I have not love, I am a resounding gong, or a clanging cymbal. Even if I have the gift of prophecy, even if I know all mysteries and all knowledge, even if I have the perfect faith that could move mountains, if I have not love, I am nothing. And even if I give away all my possessions, even if I give myself up to boast about them, if I have not love, it helps me nothing. Love is patient and kind, love is not envious; it does not boast, it does not think highly of itself. It does not behave indecently, it does not seek its own interests, it is not easily angered and does not keep a record of wrongs. It does not rejoice in injustice, but rejoices in the truth; it bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things. Love never fails.



Then she turned to the Sermon on the Mount in *Matthew 6:26* : “Look at the birds of the air: they neither sow nor reap nor gather, and your heavenly Father feeds them. Are you not worth more than birds?” Sister Marie-Madeleine let it sink in for a moment. Then she closed the book. She looked through the window and saw the birds and heard their joyful singing. She mused for a moment. She thought of the Canticle of the Sun by Saint Francis. Just like him, she thanked God for all his creatures, for Brother Sun and Sister Moon and for the stars. For the wind and the water. For Brother Fire who gives us his light and his warmth. For Mother Earth who nourishes us and adorns the land with beautiful flowers and plants. She thanked God for his love that grants forgiveness, she thanked him for peace.

Finally, she took a book by Vladimir Soloviev ⁵, a Russian thinker, opened it to the page where she had inserted a small cardboard bookmark, and read: “The heart of the loving human thanks God for the entire creation, for all that lives: for the people, for the birds, for the animals, for the angels. In admiration for all the good that exists, that person is moved to tears, and an all-encompassing and deeply felt tenderness takes possession of him. An intense empathy for the suffering of that creation penetrates deep into the heart of that person. He cannot, therefore, see or bear that a creature has to endure the slightest evil, even the slightest sorrow. For that very reason, moved to tears, he prays even for the wordless beings, for the enemies of truth, for those who harm him. Praying, he asks that God sustain them and grant them forgiveness. He prays even for the creeping animals, with an all-encompassing tenderness.”

Sister Marie-Madeleine closed the book. She was already feeling better. It was slowly approaching Easter time. In Eswatini, a school year does not begin in September and end in June, but coincides with a calendar year. The sisters all had quite good voices and they formed a small choir with which they enlivened the religious services. Sometimes they even sang in harmony. Once a week, and that was today, they practiced. And it was gradually time for that now. Sister Marie-Madeleine loved music. Gregorian chants can sound so sublime. They also sang the 'Veni'. Creator. Usually she listened to the beauty of the melody, but now she wanted to pay a little more attention to the meaning of the lyrics. She had once learned a mouthful of Latin, and resolved to translate every sentence in her mind.

Veni, creator Spiritus,

⁵ Soloviev V., la justification du bien (essai de phil. mor.), Moscou, 1898-1; Paris, 1939, 72.

(Come, Creator of the Spirit),

mentes tuorum visita ,
(let your spirit visit us),

implement superna gratia ,
(fill with divine grace),

quae tu creasti pectora .
(the bosom (the heart) that you have created).

34.2. Joy. E, fear

34.2.1. An anniversary

It was nearly fifty years ago that Father Henry was ordained a priest, and that could not go unnoticed. He had done so much for the convent and the little school. And today, as he often did, he came to greet the children in Sister Marie-Madeleine's class. He came to encourage them as they learned to read and do arithmetic. He also wanted to know how well they knew their prayers. The Mother Superior felt that there should be a short address for the schoolchildren and the faithful in the convent school immediately after the High Mass of Easter. She wanted Father Henry to be honored and for us to thank him for the extensive work he did for the school and the convent. She believed that Sister Marie-Madeleine was the right sister for this, as she occasionally wrote a poem.



Sister Marie-Madeleine wrote in her diary: “Although such a speech entails quite a bit of work, I was nevertheless delighted that I was allowed to deliver it. After all, I had so much respect for Father Henry. Years ago, during my training, I had taken a course in philosophy of religion and logic with him. I was amazed time and again then by his sound professional knowledge, his extensive reading, and the way in which he could connect seemingly unrelated facts.”

Then she reviewed for herself what else she remembered about Father Henry. For instance, he was familiar with the customs of non-European religions, and he was, as one of the few, very well informed about their paranormal practices and magic. When he still lived in Flanders, it was even whispered in wider circles that he had paranormally healed sick people who had been given up on by the medical world. He himself remained very reticent about this. Perhaps out of modesty, but also for safety reasons. After all, it is prohibited by law in Belgium to practice medicine illegally. Even if medical science claims to be powerless. And this is due to the many abuses. A pity, because in this way, an abuse leads to a ban on the practice...

Later, Father Henry continued his studies, became a professor of theology, and subsequently taught comparative religious studies for several years. However, a life as a missionary appealed to him more. He left for

Batéké , on the banks of the Ogué , in the border region of Gabon and Congo. He worked there for eight years and then became a kind of traveling missionary throughout Eswatini. He helped wherever the need was greatest.

Having grown older and somewhat weary from traveling, he chose a permanent residence near the Lomati River, not far from the monastic community. From there, he helped anyone who called upon him. Thanks to his extensive contacts and experience, he was open to non-Christian religions and their dynamic and paranormal aspects. He often emphasized that Christianity also possessed quite a few dynamic aspects. In later life, he also spoke more easily in a limited circle about his mediumistic and healing gifts, something that benefited his contacts and his relationship with the sangomas , the local healers in Eswatini. One day, he whispered to Sister Marie-Madeleine that, like anyone who pays the necessary attention to it, she herself possessed a rather modest sensitivity, which would gradually develop further. She would notice that in due time. But our sister had hardly experienced any of that yet.

34.2.2. The occasional speech

Sister Marie-Madeleine recounts: “ In my occasional speech, I attempted to express Father Henry’s merits in a poetic manner. In verse, I had sketched his life story somewhat and, in humorous and vivid language, included a number of funny anecdotes. He was standing right next to me at the time and was figuratively, and later literally, showered with praise. I touched upon the high and noble character of his pastoral work and repeatedly referred to the Platonic world of ideas. A world that, as is perhaps known, aligns closely with Biblical thought. The Platonic ideas were later viewed by Albinus , a Church Father, as the thoughts of God. And ideas, created by the giver of all life force, are naturally brimming with energy. I was about to experience that.”

The approximately one hundred and fifty people present in the little church were particularly captivated and empathized with every word and image of the verse. They felt a deep sense of involvement; after all, they had helped build the school and the monastery, and their emotional lives were also deeply touched. Father Henry had offered so much help, even behind the scenes. Their 'hearts' affirmed the expressed thoughts, and all those present shared in the rich imagery and the energies evoked by the text.



Their gratitude was immense. During the short pauses I inserted into my presentation, everyone remained so captivated that one could hear a pin drop. The priest was almost tangibly overwhelmed with feelings of gratitude. I did not know why, but I felt that something was about to happen, that something had to happen. An indefinable tension rose to a climax. I could not put it into words then as I do now. But the concentrated attention of those present, the quantitative subtle energy they sent towards me, was about to take a qualitative leap.

Suddenly, it was as if I were literally and quite abruptly pushed out of my body. The phenomenon was unknown to me at the time, but I underwent a subtle out-of-body experience. I suddenly found myself about two meters behind my own body, which fortunately continued reciting the verse on a sort of autopilot. However, my consciousness was largely located within my subtle body. I 'saw' myself continuing to recite the text before me, but I also 'saw' the subtle cord connecting me to my biological body. To my utter astonishment, I also noticed that a subtle thread ran from the stomach area of everyone present to my stomach area. It was an extremely peculiar sight, an audience literally attached to me by thin cords.

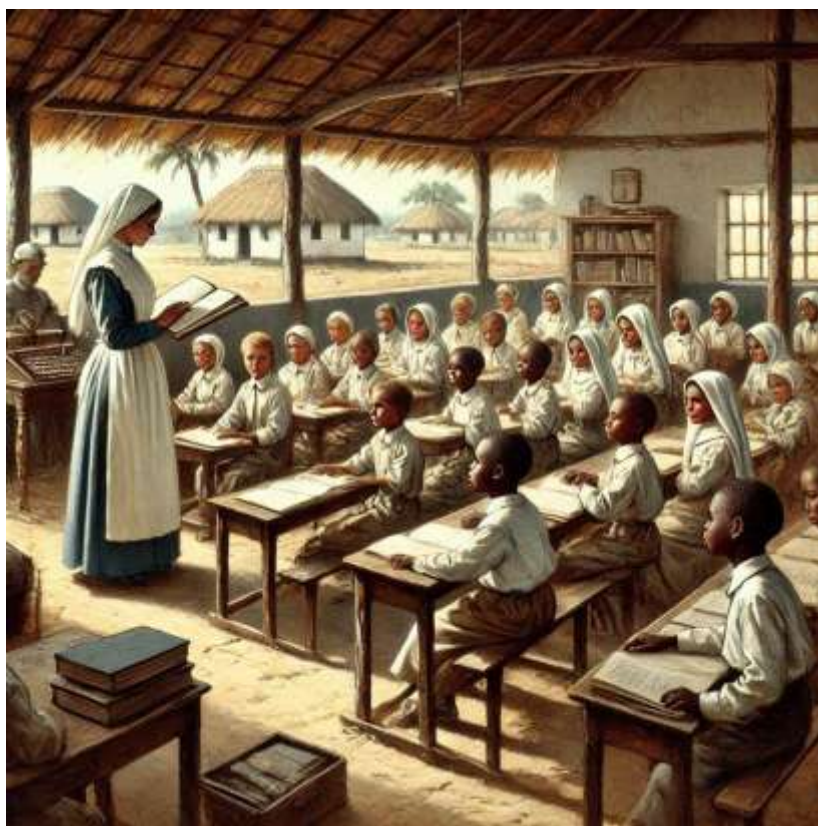
“I knew that the climax of my text was yet to come. There, I articulated in images that deeply moved me the high ideal that Father Henry always pursued. And behold, all the threads of those present bundled together in my stomach region, and suddenly, just like that, the world high above me burst open. My crown chakra expanded, and from it emerged all the threads, yet united, bundled into what seemed to me one strong and thick rope. This thicker 'rope' went straight up into the sky.”

“Still reading on autopilot, I ‘saw’ an overwhelming and brilliant light high above me, like fireworks bursting open. A heavenly music sounded, such as I had never heard before. And behold, myriads of luminous points descended and bundled together into a cord much thicker than the cord that had ascended. That thicker cord came to me, passed back through my crown chakra, and continued through my subtle body to my stomach region, to the solar plexus. From there, it did not return to the audience, but rather to Father Henry. Quite suddenly, he had to process the entire bundle of subtle energy in his solar plexus. At that moment, he became very emotional and had to hide his emotion for a moment.”

“After he had absorbed that energy into his aura, the whole image faded. I felt myself being drawn back to my biological body, and a moment later found myself back with my text, just in time to read the closing words. Amid prolonged applause, Father Henry was presented with flowers. Many also came to tell me afterwards that they had simply found the whole event beautiful. I think that the energy and the like-minded thoughts of the many listeners formed a shape, a kind of luminous cloud, within the fine matter. And that this cloud must have attracted similar, but much more powerful energies.” Similia ' Similarities' —that is what they call it. In the totality of reality, like seeks like. Thus, the energy that came from above must have become a multiple of the energy that was initially built up. And that amplified subtle energy was destined for Father Henry, who thereby gained more strength to continue his noble task. And what I realized afterwards—I had now experienced firsthand that I apparently possessed a certain sensitivity after all.”

So much for this experience, which remains very clear in my mind many years later. I admit, it is not hard science, but it was certainly a particularly overwhelming event. For me, it has since become clear: thoughts 'work' in the subtle world. Especially when they are amplified by the thoughts, feelings, and will of many like-minded individuals.

“After the lecture, Father Henry came to thank me profusely. He also inquired about how I taught the children to read. ‘That goes surprisingly smoothly,’ I had replied.



Then he asked me if everything else was to my liking. I was somewhat surprised by that question. I nodded, though with some hesitation. It was as if he sensed that I needed a conversation. “Then just show me how that reading works,” he said. And that gave us an excellent opportunity to withdraw for a moment into my little classroom, where I could speak freely.

34.2.3. A class visit

In broad strokes, Marie-Madeleine spoke of her out-of-body experience when she read the verse, of the remarkable flow of subtle energy she saw. She also brought up the Mother Superior's anger, and even the fever she, Marie-Madeleine, developed in the presence of the Mother Superior.

Father Henry listened attentively. “It is good that you have experienced such an out-of-body experience yourself,” he began. “Now you know it from your own experience. Its existence is already mentioned in the Bible, *Ecclesiastes 12 :6* . It speaks of a silver cord that connects the biological and the subtle body. The phenomenon is common in almost all cultures. If this bond breaks, your subtle body cannot find its way back to your biological

body. The subtle body can then no longer nourish your biological body with life force. Then your biological body dies. But your subtle body continues to live.”

Elsewhere, too, one finds testimonies from others who tell us that highly concentrated thoughts can generate powers. This, incidentally, is the basis of magic. For instance, the Hungarian E. Haich (1897/1994) relates in her book **Initiation**⁶ that she asked her husband to think intensely about something, and she would attempt to capture this thought intuitively, in a paranormal manner. To her surprise, something entirely different happened. As she waited for whatever would arise in her imagination, she clearly felt—she simply 'saw' it—that a stream of myriads of tiny mist particles, about ten centimeters in diameter, flowed out of his stomach area and coiled around her body like a lasso, likewise at the level of her solar plexus. Then this fine matter 'pulled' Haich to the window, 'pushed' her arm upwards, and 'brought' her hand to the curtain. Finally, this matter 'forced' Haich to push it aside so that she could look through the window. At that very moment, that mass left her body, and she could move freely again. And then it turned out that her husband, all that time and with all the power of his thoughts, had wanted her to do exactly that: to walk to the window, lift the curtain, and look outside.

Then Father Henry was silent for some time, as if what he wanted to say next weighed much heavier on him. He sighed and continued in a hushed tone. “Yes, in a way your problem with the Mother Superior doesn’t surprise me. But keep what is said behind closed doors to yourself. She is not exactly a quiet and easy-going lady. She sees a number of things in very black and white terms, without nuance. If she were more open to what is going on among the people here, and what they themselves say about their religion, that would certainly make things easier. To claim that the local religion with its magical practices is simply based on superstition, without really addressing this, is a very bold statement. And then to expect these people to renounce their centuries-old culture and traditions? That is simply impossible.”

The interactions could go much better if she listened to what these people say themselves, and only then attempted to find a well-considered connection with the Christian faith. That opens doors, and that must certainly be possible. How else to explain that during the consecration, the bread and wine change into the body and blood of Jesus, while simultaneously forbidding them magic? How to tell them of the existence of saints and angels, and deny them worship of their ancestors and their gods? The Mother Superior also

⁶ Haich E., *Initiation*, Deventer, Ankh Hermes, 1978 (// *Einweihung*, Thielle, Fankhauser, 1960), 94 ff.

looks a little too much at the legal system of the church and definitely wants to see it applied. But because of this, it becomes difficult for her to empathize with these people, to establish a deeper connection with them.

And then there is your unusual experience with the Mother Superior, your remark about her striking modesty. Her reaction here is indeed completely out of proportion to the cause. You clearly sense that she has a problem, almost as if, with your spontaneous remark, you have caught her doing something she does not want to know.

And such people 'realize,' but rather on an unconscious and subconscious level, that 'something' within them is not as it should be, yet they cannot and will not accept this on a conscious level. So they suppress and repress it. And they 'play' a role; they exhibit behavior that, to anyone paying the necessary attention—to anyone who thinks it through with strict logic—appears as inauthentic with clockwork regularity. It is the overly flattering, the haughty and vain view of themselves that prevents them from discovering and abhorring their own wrongdoing, the truth that does not do them credit. It could well be that Mother Superior does not really like you and that she thinks of you with suppressed anger. I am almost certain that your recurring fevers could be the result of that.

“And apparently, her attitude towards you is infecting a number of other sisters as well. They behave 'exemplarily,' as is expected of them. They look no further and count themselves among 'the good ones.' Of course, they do not phrase it that way, but they readily believe that, with their willingness to listen and their devotion to the Mother Superior, they are doing better than you. Shall we call it a form of vanity? Of pride?”

Father Henry continued. “It reminds me a bit of a little play I attended at the end of the school year at a small school near Mdabene . The theme was 'a world full of bad people'. And that was acted out by the children in many situations. It wasn't my thing at all. So I suggested that next time they should just take 'a world full of good people' as a theme. The amused reaction came immediately and decisively: “No way, that's not how we are!” The directness and spontaneity of those who speak like that clearly reveals something of their soul's depth. They let themselves be 'caught'. It is out, before they fully realize it, uncensored. But then such people, certainly after some self-reflection, actually know very well what their deeper soul is really like. And something similar, Sister Marie-Madeleine, you have provoked from the Mother Superior

without realizing it, with your spontaneous reply.” Father Henry looked at the sister with some concern.

They were indeed intriguing and fascinating things he had to tell. And he did so in such a pleasant and calm manner that she felt she could safely share all of this with him. So her trust in him grew. She told Father Henry what else was on her mind.

34.2.4. Two green eyes

Sister Marie-Madeleine continues. “Father, I also slept very badly. No matter how I I tried to make the most of my sleep and keep my mind empty and relaxed, but it didn't work. I lay in bed for hours, dead tired, and yet, I hardly dared to fall asleep. When I finally did close my eyes and gradually felt my attention fading, two menacing green eyes would appear right before me, just like that, out of nowhere. I tried to convince myself that it was pure imagination. It must be my fatigue, I would comfort myself. Such a thing doesn't exist. But when I felt sleep creeping up on me, they were there again. If I was startled awake by this, they were gone. If I became sleepy again, they reappeared. They grew in strength and, moreover, looked at me maliciously.



“But staying awake constantly was no different. If I did manage to fall into a slightly deeper sleep, it seemed as if a large mass was pressing down on my body, obstructing my breathing more and more. Then I would shoot wide awake again, terrified. Only to doze off again a little later from sheer exhaustion.” Sister Marie-Madeleine looked at the Father questioningly, as if she expected an explanation from him for this frightening phenomenon. Suddenly, both heard hurried footsteps approaching.

It was the Mother Superior. She entered the classroom. “You certainly have a lot to tell,” she said with a smile. But the suspicion in her voice was

unmistakable. “It is simply fascinating how Sister Marie-Madeleine works with the children,” came Father Henry’s calm and diplomatic reply. “The way she teaches the children to read intrigues me in particular. And I think she is far from finished talking. I look forward to seeing the progress of our young readers again in a few days.” He smiled briefly at Sister Marie-Madeleine, followed by an almost imperceptible nod. Then he left. She understood. She felt that they would both be able to quickly pick up the thread of their conversation. And if the Mother Superior were to ask difficult questions about this discussion, she would certainly get by with some generalities.

34.2.5. And those eyes again

The two green eyes occupied her much more than the Mother Superior's curiosity. Sister Marie-Madeleine thought for a moment. She searched her memory for where apparitions are mentioned in the Gospel. Then she took her Bible and quickly leafed through a few pages. She lingered a little longer at some texts. But suddenly she had the impression that even while flipping through, and indeed while reading, both her palms began to tingle gently. Now she remembered that she had felt this before, but at the time she had paid little attention to it. Her Bible lay open at Matthew, *chapter 3*, where she read that the heavens opened and the Holy Spirit descended in the form of a dove. There came a voice from heaven said, “This is my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased.” Then she read in *John*, *chapter 20*. On Easter Sunday, Mary Magdalene found Jesus’ tomb empty to her dismay. She did see two angels there, who asked her why she was weeping so much. Suddenly Jesus stood beside her, but it did not yet dawn on her that it was him. Only when Jesus called her name did she recognize him and see that he had risen. Shortly afterward, Jesus also appeared to his apostles. Later, to the disciples on the road to Emmaus, with whom he even shared a meal. The apostles recognized him after he broke the bread, blessed it, and gave it to them. Then he disappeared. And finally, he appeared to some disciples by the Sea of Tiberias. There they ate together the fish that the disciples had just caught.

Sister Marie-Madeleine was lost in thought. Those are apparitions too, she thought. And she repeated it: the Holy Spirit takes the form of a dove, which is an animal that symbolizes peace. She did feel somewhat guilty about that comparison. The Gospel was always about peaceful and heavenly things, and you don't compare those to 'something' that makes your night's rest almost impossible, she felt. She searched further. In the *First Letter to the Corinthians*, 15:44, the Apostle Paul teaches us that man has both a natural and a spiritual body. But a spiritual body is still a body, not a pure and immaterial soul. Then you arrive at a tripartite division: the immaterial soul on the one hand,

the material body on the other, and in between these two you have a subtle body. And apparitions must be related to that subtle matter, Sister Marie-Madeleine concluded.

Then the question remains where, or perhaps even from whom, those green, frightening eyes actually come. She would certainly bring this up during Father Henry's next visit. So she resolved to ask him, in somewhat cautious and still general terms, whether he knew anything about such unusual experiences. She was convinced that he would take her seriously. At least, that was the risk she was willing to take. She looked forward to the day when he would visit the convent and the little school again. And especially, that he, as he had told the Mother Superior, wanted to check the reading progress of the children in her class. Then they would be just the two of them in the class again, without a Mother Superior. And then Sister Marie-Madeleine could speak freely. And that day came, and even sooner than she had expected.

34.3. To Father Henry

34.3.1. I am expecting you.

A few days later, Father Henry knocked on Sister Marie-Madeleine's classroom door. He came, as he often did, to greet the children and encourage them to do their best with learning to read and do arithmetic. He also wanted to know how well their prayers were progressing. And Sister Marie-Madeleine took this opportunity to ask him if he had a moment for her after school. As expected, he nodded in the affirmative. After school, the two stayed to chat in the classroom. Sister Marie-Madeleine began to speak. In broad strokes, she spoke again of the Mother Superior's anger, then of her dreadful dream, and of her feverish feeling.

"We won't resolve that in a few sentences," Father Henry replied thoughtfully. "I suggest you come visit me sometime; then we'll have more time for a more extensive conversation and can delve much deeper into all of this. I will let the Mother Superior know that I expect you at my home on Wednesday." And with a telling silence, he conjured up a barely perceptible smile and winked briefly. "See you in three days, I expect you," came the final voice from the doorway, and he left the classroom.

Sister Marie-Madeleine was so grateful to him. Apparently, the Father also sensed that bringing up this subject in the convent, in the presence of others

or of all the sisters, especially in the presence of the Mother Superior, would not go down well at all. It seemed as if he knew that Marie-Madeleine's own request to the Mother Superior to visit him would result in a refusal. And that is why he was not actually going to ask the Mother Superior, but simply inform her. He was, so to speak, already presenting her with a *fait accompli*. He, not Sister Marie-Madeleine, would have already arranged it. And it was much more difficult for the Mother Superior to go against a wish of Father Henry. Sister Marie-Madeleine felt particularly relieved.

34.3.2. The crocodile

Sister Marie-Madeleine tells her story. “It was late in the evening. I lay in bed, longing for a refreshing and deep night's rest. I took my prayer book and read in it for a little while. Then I felt sleep coming on. But look, still somewhat between sleeping and waking, I suddenly 'saw' that which was weighing down on me. a life-sized, fine-meshed crocodile began to materialize on top of my body. I threatened to suffocate under her weight. The smell of the monster filled the bedroom. Now I was certain, this was no dream. This was real. It was just about the most gruesome experience of my entire life. I was awake, wide awake, and thoroughly disturbed. I was at a loss. I began to pray an “Our Father” slowly and with conviction. And sure enough, the monster seemed to fade more and more. It seemed to gradually dissolve into the darkness, until finally it was completely disappeared. I could breathe again. If I dozed off again later, it reappeared. That kept repeating itself. Until morning. But once daylight came, I could sleep without being tormented anymore. Not very practical when you try to stick to the hours of monastic life and want to work with the children during the day.



Sister Marie-Madeleine continues. I woke up. It was already light. I had only been able to sleep a little during the early morning hours. Against my better judgment, I tried to convince myself that it had been a hellish nightmare. But I did not succeed. The beast had really been there, just as real

as I see the trees and the huts through the window, or the other people. And you can't reason those away either. I tried to inform myself. But in the closed circle of our small community, that was not so simple. I sensed that I could not turn to the Mother Superior or the other sisters with this rather insane story at all. They would think that I was not entirely in my right mind, or they would even advise me to go to a doctor or a psychiatrist. Later in the day, I searched in vain through the little reading material available in our convent to see if anything was described about such apparitions. I remembered that the Bible speaks of a battle against deep-sea monsters. So I searched further in this and found a few texts. Among others, in the prophet *Isaiah* , 51:9 , also in *Psalms* 148:7 and in *Psalms* 89:10-11 . As best I could, I put together a little prayer myself using a few sentences from these. I memorized it and resolved to pray it a few times just before falling asleep.

Awake, awake, clothe yourself with the strong arm of the Lord, awake as in former days, in the time of past generations. Was it not You who cleaved Rahab and pierced the dragon? Was it not You who dried up the sea, the waters of the great deep, and who made a way through the depths of the sea, a passage for the redeemed? God does not restrain His wrath, even Rahab with his companions must bow before Him. Heaven, Lord, praises Your wonders. Lord, God of the hosts, who is like You? Strength and faithfulness surround You. You have the turbulent sea in check, You calm proud waves? Rahab , Your enemy, You have struck down mortally, with Your strong arm scattered his remains. Heaven is Yours, earth is Yours.

I slept restlessly the following night, but fortunately the evil beast had not shown itself again. Although I still felt quite tired that morning, I was nevertheless able to complete my lessons. In the evening, after the closing of the day and after Compline, I hurried once again to the small library of the monastery. I continued my search from the previous day, hoping to find some reading material that could make me a little wiser.



34.3.3. “We were many”

Sister Marie-Madeleine tells of her search. At first glance, I found nothing, until suddenly a book caught my attention: *J. Teernstra , Sketches and Stories from Africa* ⁷. I leafed through it fleetingly and found a contribution by a certain *Father Trilles* , titled: ' *An Out-of-Body Magician* '. I read that Trilles He had been a missionary in Gabon, West Africa. His story was about Ngema , a village sorcerer. Ngema liked to come and talk with Trilles at dusk . Ngema saw the missionary as a white magician and treated him as if he were a colleague who also practiced magic. They had often talked about Ngema 's magic and about summoning spirits. One evening, Father Trilles asked Ngema if he wanted to go fishing with him.

"Too bad," said Ngema , "can't you postpone that for a day?"

- “For what reason?” asked Trilles. “You can come with us, can't you?”

- “The 'master' has called us all together for tomorrow, my colleagues and I;”

- “What did you say? Which teacher?”

- “Well, the master, I say, the one who can.” Trilles understood.

- “Well done, and which colleagues are still coming?”

⁷ Teernstra J., *An Emergent Magician , Sketches and Stories from Africa*, Weert, Mission House, 1922, pp. 72/81.

- “Well, those who live in the vicinity, and also further afield. Some come from thirty days away.”

- “And where is that meeting being held?” Ngema hesitates for a moment. Yemvi plateau , by the old abandoned mine, four days' journey from here.”

Trilles is surprised:

- “How can you still get to a place tomorrow evening that is four days' journey away from here? You will never get there on time.”

Ngema looked indignantly Trills :

- “White colleague, can't wizards travel where you are?”

- “Certainly, but not like you.”

- “No, certainly not like me. You know, you can come over for dinner tomorrow. In the evening, you will see how we, black wizards, travel.”

That evening, Ngema became very solemn.

- “I will start with it. While I am working, do not disturb me, at least if your life is dear to you. For both me and you, any disturbance means certain death.”

As a test, Trilles asks him—since he is going to Yemvi anyway—if he would stop by his friend Eseba in Nshong , three days' journey from here but on the road to Yemvi , to ask him to urgently bring the box of bullets that Trilles had forgotten there. Ngema agrees. In the evening, Ngema begins a number of ritual preparations. He sets out idols and keeps a fire burning, containing fragrant plants and sharp, sweet-smelling wood. Then he begins to hum a monotonous melody. That is his supplication in honor of the spirits who must help him. He also rubs his entire body with a red liquid. Next, he begins a slow dance around the fire, spinning on his own axis as well, faster and faster. For hours. Then he stands still.

Suddenly, a sharp hiss sounds from the ceiling of the hut. Trilles looks up. A large snake coils downwards, keeps staring at Trilles , and moves its venomous tongue back and forth. Trilles understands that the snake is his ' elangela ' or ' nahual ', his helper spirit ⁸.

She wraps herself around Ngema's neck and sways her head back and forth to the rhythm of his magic song. Afterwards, he falls into a deep sleep. The snake also goes to rest. Trilles stays with Ngema all night , whose body seems to be in a state of suspended animation the entire time. He is completely unresponsive. Trilles pulls open one of Ngema's eyelids. The eye

⁸See the book *Homoreligiosus* , 10.2, on this site.

is white and glassy. Trilles lifts one of Ngema 's arms , then a leg. They fall back down without any sign of life.



White foam appears at the corners of his mouth. Heart palpitations are barely felt. In the morning, Ngema wakes up convulsively. It takes a moment before he regains full consciousness. Then he says: “There were many of us, and we had a good time.”

Trilles, however, is skeptical: “No, you were here all night, in a deep sleep!”

Ngema : “I was not lying on the bed. That was only my body. But what is my body? I was on the Yemvi plateau .”

Three days later, Eseba arrives at the mission:

- “Father, here are the bullets you had requested via Ngema .”

Trilles : “When was Ngema with you?”

Eseba : “Three days ago, at 9 o'clock in the evening.”

Trilles is surprised: “Just at the moment Ngema had fallen asleep. Did you see him?”

Eseba : “No, Father, surely you know that we are afraid of spirits passing by at night. Ngema knocked on my door and that is how he delivered the message. But I didn't really ‘see’ him.” For Trilles , there was hardly any doubt

left: Ngema had gone to the celebration. His 'self' had made a journey in a few moments that normally takes several days. Moreover, his 'self' had acted, listened, and spoken there.

Sister Marie-Madeleine had read the entire story with increasing astonishment. She had never heard of such a thing, not even during her training as a missionary sister. How could someone make such long journeys in such a short time? And with a body other than the biological one, at that. It must be some kind of subtle body, she thought. And she remembered the tripartite division of the Apostle Paul and her own departure at Father Henry's jubilee. Moreover, the book has a so-called 'Imprimatur', a permission granted by the ecclesiastical authorities to print and publish it. This meant that its content contained nothing that contradicted church doctrine.

34.3.4. Seeing the past

Leafing further through that same book, Sister Marie-Madeleine found a second contribution from Father Trilles ⁹. This time he is visiting the village of Okala, where the chief, also a sorcerer, predicts his future. Trilles is not very interested, but the sorcerer summons him nonetheless.

- "And you, white man, don't you want to know what awaits you soon?"

"My dear friend," I said, "I care little about the future: it belongs to God. You say you can read into the future; can you also see into the past?"

- "Certainly".

- "Do you want to look into my past then?"

- "Yes, please."

- "What did I do before I became a missionary?"

With a meaningful smile, the wizard stoked the fire a little and blew over it three times in different directions. He began to invoke his spirit again with tunes that I could not catch. (Note: that is his form of prayer). Then he held a small mirror over the pot of water standing on the fire so that steam formed on it. Then he pulled the mirror away and looked at the steam on it, which slowly dissipated again. The steam left behind an irregularly shaped pattern of interlocking, winding lines. The wizard examined them attentively.

- "You carried weapons, you were a soldier".

- "How long?"

- "As long as."

- "And before I became a soldier?"

The same ceremony was repeated.

⁹ Teernstra J. Sketches and stories from Africa, Mission House Weert, NL, 1922, p. 168.

- "You read many books, you wrote, you were with many children in the same house."

- "Do you see the house too?"

- "I see it, it is very big".

- "Do you see my bed?"

- "Yes, at such and such a place;"

- "How many brothers and sisters do I have?"

- "So much".

- "How many children do my sisters have?"

- "So much".

All those answers were completely correct.

- "What is my mother doing at this moment?"

- "She weeps";

- "And my father?"

- "Your father? He lies in a large coffin underground. He is dead."

- "Ho ho , friend, this time you guessed wrong. Less than two weeks ago I received a letter from him."

- "He is dead".

I left. I had had enough. And besides, I had an anxious premonition. When I arrived at my mission a week later, I found the sad news that my father had passed away.

Sister Marie-Madeleine closed the book. This was not about leaving the order, but about clairvoyance. What enables Ngema to leave the order and Father Trilles not? And what makes a person clairvoyant? Is there any preparation involved? Is training required? Is it a gift you either have or don't have? So many questions, so few answers. It had become very late by now. She was already looking forward to the planned conversation with Father Henry. Perhaps he had the answers. Sister Marie-Madeleine quickly reread the little prayer she had composed the previous evening, lay down in bed, and soon fell into a deep sleep.

34.3.5. To Father Henry

Sister Marie-Madeleine awoke. Finally, the day had arrived when she could go to Father Henry. It was quite a walk to his house, but she enjoyed it. And it gave her the chance to leave the convent for once. She let her thoughts wander freely. How relaxed she felt and filled with an almost childlike joy. She had rarely been to the Father's cottage, and the expectation that the conversation would definitely be worthwhile filled her with barely contained joy. She knew that the Father was a good listener, and only spoke afterwards. With Mother Superior, it was sometimes the other way around, she thought.

But she immediately felt somewhat guilty and pushed aside the thought, sinful by her standards. She quickened her pace a little. Tall eucalyptus trees and the broadly lobed leaves of banana trees cast a shadow over the sandy path. To the left and right of it, a few cows stood grazing in the plain. The animals, incidentally, seemed to wander wherever they pleased, free, just as Sister Marie-Madeleine felt today.



The river meandered like a white ribbon in the bright sunlight. The rolling and beautiful landscape passing her by seemed much more beautiful to her than on other days. She felt the breath rising from the fields and trees. The whistling of a few distant birds faded softly into the valleys. And suddenly, out of nowhere, came the words and the music of the Veni. The Creator rose within her again, but now much more tangible, much more powerful than when she felt it during the Mass. An indefinable joy filled her soul. The afternoon sun was at its highest point in the steel-blue sky. It was getting quite warm. Fortunately, Sister Marie-Madeleine could already see the first mud huts of the small settlement in the distance, and a little later she reached Father Henry's home.

34.3.6. The first interview

She was expected. Father Henri was already standing in the doorway, and his broad, generous smile convinced her once again that she was welcome. His little room was very simply furnished: a table with two old chairs, the wicker seat of one of which was somewhat sagging, the resulting hollow filled

with a thick cushion. In one corner stood a wardrobe with a bed next to it, half hidden behind a curtain. In the other corner, you could see an overloaded bookcase. You know how it is. The bookcase is too small to place the books neatly side by side, so the spaces above the shorter books are filled with books that then lie horizontally on top. Finally, there was an old desk in front of the window, with a number of books lying open, and next to it some sheets of written paper. Next to the window hung a wooden icon. It apparently depicted three angels gathered around an altar, or so Sister Marie-Madeleine thought, and she was somewhat fascinated by it.



“Rublov,” the priest’s voice suddenly rang out. “It is an image of the icon representing the Holy Trinity, and it was painted by the Russian monk Andrei.” Rublov. The original work dates from the fifteenth century and is perhaps the most famous Russian icon. It is said to depict the Old Testament story of the three angels who visited Abraham at the Oak of Mamre, as described in the Book of *Genesis 18:1-8*. However, one could just as easily argue that it is an image of the Holy Trinity, of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit. Sensitives claim that it has a particularly benevolent aura. If they hold their palms close to the icon, they are said to feel tingles. It is said that the icon has a protective effect. And this is precisely because it represents the Trinity, the creator and giver of all life, and thus also of all life force. That is why it hangs here. Sister Marie-Madeleine went to it and held the palm of her left hand level with the place of the altar and the chalice. Involuntarily, she had to think of her experience with her Bible when she

looked up texts in the Gospel. Did she feel those tingles again now? Or was she imagining it?

Father Henry pulled a chair out from under his table. "Take a seat," he said. "And you certainly have a lot to tell. Let us begin with a prayer for protection; that is always good." And he offered me a piece of paper on which he had written a text. "I hope it is legible," he said, "and if you wish, we can recite it together. Then it is as Jesus told us: where two or more are gathered in my name, there I am in their midst."

Sister Marie-Madeleine accepted the little prayer; slowly and with conviction, it sounded from both their mouths a moment later:

You, Father, Son, Holy Spirit, are the creator of daylight. You alone, in your eternal wisdom, through the sun, the moon, and the other celestial bodies, have established order in the darkness of the universe. For great reason, therefore, we praise your glory. Rightly, we say daily with emphasis: "Glory to the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, as it was in the beginning, is now, and always, and for ever and ever."

Marie-Madeleine noticed that at the beginning of the new paragraph there was a small box with a cross on top. "Now think of your problem," Father Henry continued. "And think that your problem is contained within the box. That way it is neatly described and defined, and God and his helpers know where to focus to help you." Then he continued the prayer, together with Marie-Madeleine. She situated 'a healthy night's rest' for herself and in silence within the box.



Jesus died but rose again. You, Heavenly Father, sent us the Holy Spirit with all His gifts of grace. Save us, Father, save us, Son, save us, Holy Spirit. For eternity, save us, Heavenly Father. Thy name be glorified forever.

34.3.7. A nahual

And now she finally told Father Henry her previously insane 'dream' about that monster that had frightened her so much. The Father listened attentively the whole time. "Perhaps," our sister reasoned aloud, "the subtle shadow comes from a human being, from someone who sleeps at night and then also takes on the form of a crocodile. And that person is apparently not very well-disposed towards me."

A short silence followed. Father Henry He looked at Marie-Madeleine intently yet with a warm heart. “Dear sister,” he began, “what you are saying now is indeed particularly awful, and yet, it is really not as rare as you might think. So do not worry at all about your mental health. There is really nothing wrong with that. Such things simply exist. The phenomenon, out-of-body experiences in animal form, is well known in religious philosophy and is called 'nahualism'. The animal in question, here a crocodile, is called a 'Nahual'.” Sister Marie-Madeleine had already come across that word in the story of Trilles ; there, the magician Ngema 's nahual was a large snake.

The person who causes this is also referred to as a “ porte-poisson ,” as someone who carries poison, anger, within themselves and also spreads it around them. Sometimes, when it concerns a woman, one speaks of a “ Lorelei . ” That is a lady who seduces a man with her “sex appeal.” Once he responds to this and “opens” himself to her, he also—literally—unlocks his aura, the subtle body that surrounds his biological body. To put it in other words, she thereby gains the opportunity to rob him of his life energy. In a number of cases, this ends with the death of the man. Viewed from the other world, that is, the sacred, he then has little or no life force left. Profanely, this can manifest itself in some kind of illness. His weakest organ—heart, liver, kidneys—then becomes even weaker, so that, biologically speaking, this body part can perform its function with difficulty or no longer at all. One becomes ill, and eventually, one dies.

“People say: his heart gave out, or his liver, or his kidneys. But the reason why remains shrouded in mystery. This stealing of energy, this vampirism, is known in all non-Western cultures, although its name differs from tribe to tribe, or from people to people. The tragedy is that someone who steals energy from others may have the best intentions, yet remains 'disastrous,' continues to cause harm around him. This, too, has its reasons. We will return to this later. But first, I must show you something else.” A long silence followed.

34.3.8. Father Diego

Then Father Henry got up with difficulty, went to the bookcase, and took out a book: *I. Bertrand , La sorcellerie* ¹⁰. He opened it to a page where he had previously inserted a small piece of paper as a sort of bookmark and continued. “In this you will find a remarkable story that took place in Mexico. The book is from 1900. So the story must date from earlier. It is about a certain Father Diego , a brave man like many of the first missionaries.”

¹⁰ Bertrand I., *La sorcellerie*, Paris, sd (around 1900), Librairie Bloud et Barral, 18.

One day, he punished an Indian who had committed a serious offense. That Indian was very dissatisfied with this and plotted revenge. He knew that Father Diego was on his way to a dying Indian to hear his final confession. Along the way, the priest, who was on horseback, had to ford a river. The punished Indian secretly hurried to the place, made the necessary preparations, and set up an ambush.



A little later, the priest arrives on his horse, calmly reciting his breviary, and enters the river. Once in the water, his horse feels restrained. The priest looks down and notices a caiman attempting to pull the horse into the water. At this, he gives the animal the reins and prays so fervently for God's assistance that his horse drags the caiman out of the river. A series of blows with hooves and sticks land on the animal's head. It is forced to release the grip and is left behind dizzy and severely wounded. The priest travels on.

Upon arriving at his destination, he begins to recount the incident. A moment later, a messenger comes to meet him and tells him that the Indian whom the priest had punished shortly before had been found severely wounded on the riverbank and died shortly thereafter. Father Diego goes to investigate: the crocodile lay dead on the bank. The animal had similar injuries to those inflicted on the Indian. The latter had apparently died from the blows of the Father and his horse, including the hoof and stick!

Father Henry paused again, looked at the nurse with a look that said: yes, such things simply exist, and continued: “So here is a description of a phenomenon somewhat similar to the one you experienced. The Indian masters the technique of out-of-body experiences, and as a conscious act at that. His phantom, his subtle body, does not begin to materialize subtly, as you experienced when falling asleep, but it takes possession of the caiman. In a way, one could say that the caiman is then 'possessed' by the Indian, and the latter can thus impose his will on the animal—in this case, the killing of the priest. But the prayer and the powerful reaction of our missionary decided otherwise. Leaving the convent in a conscious and willful manner surely requires a solid knowledge of magic, and if your goal is to kill a fellow human being, then that is clearly 'black' magic.

The prophet Jeremiah already criticized the Israelites in his time for worshipping the demonic creatures of the animal kingdom. Through all kinds of nahalisms, such creatures manifest themselves as wild animals and attempt to assail humans, especially during the night. From an occult perspective, it is therefore the animals that – still – hold the world and people in their grip. It is against such creatures that the prophet *Daniel* (7:9/14) places the Son of Man, Jesus. Jesus is a figure sent by God who is not animalistic, in a world of which Daniel says: “The kingdom of God resembles a man, just as the kingdoms of this world resemble animals.” You can see that creation still has a whole evolution ahead of it and that redemption from evil has not yet fully penetrated the minds of many people. We will return to this later.

34.3.9. Who does such a thing?

Father Henry continues. “Now back to your monster. The crocodile that began to materialize is perhaps the out-of-body soul of a human. Who does this is not yet clear, nor is it clear that it involves a conscious out-of-body experience. People can be, let's say, naturally gifted with magic—in this case, 'black magic'. Sometimes it is enough that they think of someone with intense anger just before falling asleep. Their unconscious springs into action; their subtle body can then exit without them being aware of it, but the result remains the same. In this way, they can cause someone severe harm, both biological and subtle.”

The biological damage is merely the consequence of the subtle damage. If one damages a subtle organ through black magic, this has an impact, a repercussion on that same biological organ. When the victim, the target, then wakes up, that person may well have the memory of a bad dream, but knows

nothing of the harm that was inflicted upon him or her in the meantime. It will work itself out either quite quickly or gradually. The thought of revenge that someone harbors upon falling asleep is like the electrical ignition that, once he or she has fallen asleep, sets the more powerful starter motor of the unconscious soul-life in motion. As a result, such people leave their bodies and—subtly—execute the thought of revenge on their victim. That is also why Christianity advises always harboring good and peaceful thoughts upon falling asleep, or better yet, to murmur a prayer for protection just before falling asleep.

“Thus *Psalms* 72 (71) - as you know the psalms in the Bible have a double numbering - mentions halfway through the text:

Before You, Holy Trinity, the beast will kneel.

The priest clarified: “The term 'beast' here stands for 'all powers hostile to the Biblical God'. “And *Psalms* 59 (58) says:

Deliver us, Holy Trinity, from our enemies, female enemies. Protect us against those who attack us. Deliver us from those who do harm, deliver us from the grip of those who desire blood.

The latter is not about the blood itself, but about the blood as a carrier of that subtle life force.” The great axiom is: “Whoever eats my flesh and drinks my blood possesses my life force.” This last sentence will sound familiar to many. These words are also spoken during a Mass. And this during the consecration. The principle is similar. Yet the difference is immense. Here it is Jesus who allows us to share in his Divine energy. That is therefore much more than a 'grateful remembrance' of the Last Supper. Sensitives will feel the energy emanating from a consecrated host. Seers see them surrounded by a brilliant white light. At least, if the celebration takes place under optimal conditions. Should the priest conduct the consecration without too much attention, or if his radiance is not good, then similar subtle beings reveal themselves—the already mentioned similia. similibus – who attempt to dismantle the Eucharist. As they attempt to do with all sacraments, incidentally. And this succeeds more easily if the priest is not prepared for it, or, as it is called, is not 'in a state of grace'.

Father Henry paused for a moment. Then he continued: “Let us return to your crocodile. The assumption that he who sleeps can do no harm is, in this view, completely wrong. *Psalms* 19 (18), for example, warns against this:

Who, Holy Trinity, is aware of all faults? Purify us in any case from unconscious evil.

And once again the Bible states that the cause of evil is self-conceit. Let us listen to the continuation:

“Keep safe those You serve from self-conceit, lest such a thing control us. Only then shall we be blameless, and free from great sin.”

According to the Bible, this great sin is pride or vanity that causes one not to judge oneself truthfully. It is an exaggerated esteem for oneself, a self-satisfaction that makes one believe that any self-assessment becomes superfluous. In this way, one becomes blind to one's own faults and shortcomings. *Psalm 131 (130)* also speaks in this sense:

“Holy Trinity, proud, that is not what we wish to be. To cast a proud glance, not us. We are by no means inclined to follow the path of the self-satisfied. No, in our souls we maintain peace and self-control. On You, on the contrary, we count, Holy Trinity, from now and for all eternity.”

The Father paused again. He looked at Sister Marie-Madeleine for a moment and asked: “Am I not telling you all this too quickly? Am I not making it too difficult for you? I can imagine that when you hear these subjects for the first time, you need a moment to recover.” Yes, the sister could certainly agree. “It is incredibly fascinating what I am hearing here, Father. I would like a little more time to think it over and process it, but I would so much like to come back to you another time; that will help me move forward.” “I feel the same way,” was the reply.

“You know,” he continued, “we will leave it at that for today. The other themes, your search in the Bible and your stories about Father Trilles, we will delve a bit deeper into those next week.” He paused again, smiled, and concluded with a wink: “I will let the Mother Superior know in good time that we had a good conversation and that I expect you here again next time.” Sister Marie-Madeleine hurried to the convent to be on time for Vespers. She enjoyed the beauty and tranquility of the evening walk back to the convent and mentally reviewed everything she had learned.



34.4 A Strange World

34.4.1. A testimony

Sister Marie-Madeleine recounts: “ It had been a long time since I had last met my brother. On the night of July 22nd to 23rd, I was suddenly awakened by a man standing beside my bed. I was immediately wide awake, but realized a moment later that I was in an out-of-body state and that my physical body was asleep. Only then did it dawn on me that the man beside my bed was not standing there with his physical body either, but with his subtle body. I now realized that it was my brother.”

“When he saw me, his mouth literally fell open in amazement; he had no idea what was happening to him, and to me. He knew that I had a great interest in religion, and he always looked down on me with a distinctly materialistic view of life, somewhat pityingly. But now, in his out-of-body state, nothing remained of his sense of superiority; on the contrary. He was not only infinitely surprised by 'the full reality' he was now confronted with, which was practically at odds with the overly materialistic view he had cherished all those years, but he was also in complete panic.”

“Only now did I see a large bloodstain at the site of his solar plexus. The umbilical cord had broken. I understood immediately that he had passed away, but that he did not yet fully realize his true condition. I tried to calm him down and make him see his real situation. I reminded him of our earlier conversations, in which I argued that there was much more in the world than that which was merely physically demonstrable and that death does not have the last word. He, however, maintained that dying was the very last thing that could happen to a human being.”

“I argued that he did realize after all that there is life after death, for there he stood, 'in the flesh,' but without a biological body. He replied that he was not dead at all, “for surely you can see that I have my body and can still think,” he argued. I acknowledged that he had a body and consciousness, but that it was neither his physical body nor his earthly consciousness at all. I therefore suggested that he stick his arm through the wardrobe. It seemed such an absurd idea to him that he initially refused. I insisted. “How do you think you got in here? Certainly not through the door.” He finally moved his arm towards the wardrobe and, to his infinite astonishment, found that the hand disappeared completely inside it, through the wooden door. He stood rooted to the spot. I went on to tell him that he was indeed dead, but now possessed only a subtle body, and that he could now determine that his thoughts about death as the end of everything are completely wrong.”

“Gradually, he seemed to realize the reality of his true situation. I then tried to convince him that he now had to go his own way, away from this world. Otherwise, he would remain a spirit bound to the earth, who could only continue living by stealing the subtle life energies of other people still living in their biological bodies. Especially his widow, his daughter, and all those who had been close to him in his life. He seemed to gradually understand, continued to look at me hesitantly for a while, and vanished into nothingness a moment later, almost like a mist slowly dissolving. When I woke up that morning, I recorded this 'dream' in my diary.”

Sister Marie-Madeleine adds the following: “And now I am getting ahead of myself to conclude this story, but a month and a half later I received the news that he had passed away on July 22. So he appeared to me during the night that followed the day of his death.”

34.4.2. Clairvoyance

It is a week later. Sister Marie-Madeleine is back with Father Henry. Their conversation continues. She tells Father Henry about her search in the Bible,

about the resurrection of Jesus, about his appearances to Mary Magdalene, to the apostles, to the disciples on the road to Emmaus, and finally to a few apostles by the lake. And afterwards, of course, she also tells him about the nocturnal visit of her brother's ghost.

Then Father Henry took the floor. “You have discovered by now that the Bible is bursting with paranormal phenomena. If you imagine religion without that paranormal aspect, you strip it of all its power. True clairvoyance definitely involves reality. For instance, seers always make a thorough distinction between the terms 'imagination' and 'imagination'. 'Imagination' refers to what they can subjectively imagine. A person can imagine anything at all—a tree, a house, a person...—and they do so just like everyone else, with their imagination. Such images can be changed at will. It is very different with 'imagination'. The latter concerns an objective reality, outside of them, which imposes itself upon them in images they cannot change themselves.”

Let us think, for example, of Saul ¹¹, the later Paul , on his way to Damascus, when suddenly a heavenly light surrounded him. He fell to the ground and heard a voice saying to him: “Saul, Saul, why do you persecute me?” Saul answered: “Who are You then, Lord?” “I am Jesus, whom you are persecuting. Come, stand up and go into the city. There you will be told what you must do.” His traveling companions stood speechless. They heard the voice, but saw no one. Saul stood up, but although he had his eyes open, he could see nothing.”

¹¹The Bible, Acts of the Apostles 9:1-18.



Or do we think of the many dreams mentioned in the Bible that come from Yahweh or from his servants, his angels? Thus we read in *Matthew 2:12* : The shepherds were warned in a dream after their visit to the manger not to go back past Herod. Or do we think of *Matthew 2:13* , where Joseph was warned in a dream to flee to Egypt. Thus Jesus escaped the massacre of the innocents ordered by Herod. And further in that same text we read: “The angel of Yahweh appears to Joseph in a dream. He announces to him the death of Herod and leads him to the promised land.”

“Moreover, let us read *John 4:16/19* , where the evangelist recounts a conversation between Jesus and a Samaritan woman. Jesus told her that she had already known five husbands and that her current partner was not her husband, to which the woman replied: “Lord, I see that you are a prophet.” From the Samaritan woman ’s reaction , it is clear that to her, a prophet was familiar with what we nowadays call 'clairvoyance'.”



“Or again: *Luke 22:8/13* mentions that Jesus sent two apostles ahead to prepare the joint Passover meal.” Jesus said: “Look, when you enter the city, you will meet a man carrying a pitcher of water. Follow him to the house where he enters. Say to the owner of the house: ‘The Master has you say: “Where is the room where I, with my disciples, can hold the Passover meal?” He will show you a large upper room. Make everything ready there.’” When they had gone there, they found everything just as He had said. They prepared the Passover meal.” So much for this Bible text. Here too, Jesus demonstrates his clairvoyance. Mantically, He 'sees' what will occur in the immediate future.”

34.4.3. Healings

Father Henry continues. “Clairvoyance, perception, is one aspect, but directing subtle matter—truly working magically, that is another step further. The Bible testifies to that as well.” *Mark 6:56* likewise states: “Wherever Jesus went, whether to villages or towns, people laid the sick in the marketplace, and they asked Him to at least touch the hem of His garment. And whoever touched Him was healed.” And further in *Luke 6:19* we read: “The whole multitude sought to touch Jesus because a power, a ‘dunamis,’ went out from Him that healed all.” Let us give an inventory of this.

The New Testament recounts 32 miracles , 15 of which are physical healings. These concern the most diverse ailments, the 'eternal miseries' of mankind: cripples walking again, mute people speaking again, deaf people hearing again, someone being healed of a withered hand. Furthermore, there are exorcisms and raising of the dead. Lazarus is raised from the dead, as is the son of the widow of Naim , and the little daughter of Jairus , and of course there is also Jesus ' own resurrection.

“Finally, there are the miracles regarding the control of nature: the transformation of water into wine, the miraculous catch of fish, the two multiplications of loaves, walking on water, and the calming of the storm. In *Acts 19:11/12* we read: “God performed remarkable miracles through the hands of Paul. So much so that it sufficed to lay the cloths and linen that had touched his body upon the sick. The diseases departed and the evil spirits left.” Repeatedly, a connection is suggested between physical healing and evil spirits subsequently leaving the sick person. You cannot really read the Bible without considering all these powerful workings. You also notice that Jesus proceeds from a very different standpoint than medical science. He heals the subtle body, freeing it from unsavory beings. And that has an impact on the biological body: it is healed. Medical science makes the biological body healthy as much as possible. But the subtle body remains virtually untouched.”

Father Henry summarizes somewhat: “Religion, conceived as an experiential force, is then the actual founding and sustaining life force behind the visible and tangible world. The attention of the religious person extends beyond the profane. He knows that the sacred reaches far above it. The believer assumes that something like the sacred exists, and investigates what flows from it. Experiments and samples in the domain of the religious and the sacred confirm a number of assumptions and refute others. Through many samples, religion, and immediately the sacred, becomes a given. How far we are from Freud, who claims that God is merely an invention, a projection of man who is in need of a loving father.”

34.4.4. God's court counsel

Father Henry continues. “But let us now consider that awful dream of yours. You assumed it came from someone. I feel the same way. You know that Eswatini has quite a few ' sangomas '. They are traditional healers whose role can be somewhat compared to that of shamans. They practice divination, clairvoyance, ritual initiations, and magic. Sangomas are held in high esteem here. To them, illness is often the result of the work of an ' umtsakatsi ', a

black sorcerer or sorceress, who, unlike a Sangoma, does not heal but actually causes misfortune. I am friends with a good sangoma around here.”

Let me tell you the following about that. The American *J. Hall* , author of the book '*Sangoma*'¹², interviewed the mantically gifted singer Miriam Makeba (1932/2008), nicknamed 'Mama Africa '. Hall learned from her that he possesses healing powers through the spirits of his ancestors. This came as a complete surprise to Hall, who was a university professor in the United States. On her advice, he decided to train as a sangoma, a traditional healer, with us here in Eswatini. You can imagine how that must have been received in his academic world. But he did it.”

“Miriam Makeba also tells him that her mother, a Xhosa —Nelson Mandela was also a Xhosa —was also a sangoma. She received her training in Eswatini . Miriam continues: my mother could not help but become a sangoma. Her *lidlotis* , her ancestral spirits, desired that of her. Because Makeba’s mother initially did not comply, her spirits began to make her ‘possessed’ and torment her with all kinds of difficulties, such as the swelling of her feet and also giving her other mysterious illnesses. The medically trained doctors understood nothing of it and were powerless. And this ‘possession’ is the point we must pause at for a moment. The *lidlotis* do not respect the individuality and moral freedom of the sangoma, but subjugate him or her. And quite a few gods and goddesses in many non-Biblical religions do that as well.”

, *A. Bertholet* notes in **Die Religion des alten Testaments* ^{13*} that the Bible identifies the pagan deities as fallen 'angels'. As *Job 1:6* says, they originally constituted God's court council . However, instead of submitting to God's authority and to His Decalogue, His Ten Commandments, in their pride they wanted to govern their assigned portion autonomously, at their own discretion. The Bible indeed says that a number of them rebelled against God and were therefore consigned to the underworld. Thus we read in *Job 4:17/18* : “*God does not trust even in his 'servants' and he catches his 'angels' in deviation.*” *Psalm 82 (81)*, among others, confirms their commission, as well as their deviation. They act alongside God as 'judges' but in a number of cases act contrary to God's Decalogue, causing God to threaten to destroy them. Viewed in this light, to use the words of the prophet *Daniel 12:4* , *they belong* to “the many who will turn aside here and there,” while unrighteousness and unscrupulousness will increase.

¹²Hall J., , sangoma , 2002, Bruna, Utrecht p.9 // English: Sangoma , James Hall

¹³Bertholet A., *Die Religion des alten Testaments*, Tübingen, Mohr, 1932, 131.

34.4.5. The harmony of opposites

Father Henry continues. “Depending on their mood at the moment, these non-Biblical gods and goddesses do good one time for the person who appeals to them, and at another they cause harm. Then again, they undo the good they have done, or destroy the evil they themselves have caused. They act without rules of conduct and are ambiguous and unreliable. It is the followers of the many non-Biblical religions themselves who say this of their own gods. Worse still, with a certain fatalism, these believers have consistently borne this fickle behavior as 'the will of the gods'. Those religions thus affirm themselves that their gods are 'harmony of opposites'. *Kristensen calls that fickle behavior* ¹⁴ 'the harmony of opposites'. He writes: “ In deep humility the great multitude has accepted this demonic reality. Enlightened writers such as the Greek thinker Plutarch (45/125) and his kindred spirits of all ages have rejected this type of piety as an inferior religion.

“Even the ancient Greek writers Homer and Hesiod had already pointed out that Muses proclaim both truth and falsehood: ' all ' shames ', theft, adultery, mutual deceit... they attributed to their gods and goddesses'. Even then, critical voices could be heard regarding the behavior of such gods. Fundamentally, all non-Biblical higher beings are of exactly the same nature. But the myths sometimes conceal it. Or a clergy, or black magicians and witches who do not wish to reveal the gruesome truth to the light of day. Or also people who are all too gullible and all too superficially consider, or fail to consider, the true nature of these subtle beings, which represent 'the harmony of opposites'. A number of religions know neither what they know nor what they will, an ethics.”

Thus asks *S. Bramley* , in his book ' *Macumba , Forces blacks of Brazil* to a ' mother of the gods ' - a woman with considerable vitality such that she can exert a certain influence on the gods and spirits of this non-Biblical religion - “ How do you explain that the god Exu stands on both the side of good and the side of evil?” to which she replies: “But my son, good and evil are human agreements. They are values that man has brought into existence and which the gods disregard. We ask the gods to work for good or evil. But the gods position themselves entirely above that. Our morality is actually none of their business.”

¹⁴ Kristensen WB, *Collected Contributions to the Knowledge of Ancient Religions*, Amsterdam, 1947, NV Noord-Hollandsche Uitgevers Mij., 231/290.



It seems as if we hear Friedrich Nietzsche (1844/1900) speaking through her answer. This German philosopher is known for his assertion: “ God ist Tot, Wir have Hehn getotet ”. With this, he means that the high world of light is dead, that the supernatural world is henceforth without power, and that nihilism—the denial of every high value—is entering the world. In his '*Jenseits' of good and ' Evil '*', Nietzsche also states that there is no good or evil in itself, but that these are merely creations of men, and thus nothing more than mere human interpretations of reality.

In all this, one feels the vast difference from the Biblical God . First of all, Yahweh has absolutely no need for sacrifices, for He is the creator of everything that exists. He is also the giver of all energy and therefore does not need believers to bring Him sacrifices. In return, He does ask an ethical to live."

, the apostle *Paul* speaks of 'the elements of this world' (*Gal 3:19; Col 2:15, 2:18*) which must be put first if we are to understand this world with its numerous shortcomings. As mentioned, these elements include the non-Biblical 'gods' that each control a part of reality, but are sometimes more blind, demonic, or satanic in the face of all spiritual ideas and values. In his letter to the *Ephesians* (*6:11-12*) , he warns us against the wiles of the devil. He states that our struggle is not directed against flesh and blood, but against the principalities, against the powers, against the world rulers of

darkness, and against the spirits of evil in the heavenly realms. And to the ordinary man, these are all invisible beings. In the temptation of Jesus in the desert (*Matt. 4: 8ff*) , it is Satan who, as 'prince of this world,' grants all kingdoms to Jesus on the condition that Jesus submits to him. Also *Luke 4:5* and *John 18:36* state that all the kingdoms of the world have been given into the hands of Satan. Jesus does not dispute Satan's possession of this world, but says that the kingdom of God is precisely not of this world. Through his suffering and death, Jesus will indeed soon experience who is in charge in this world.

Father Henry continues: "I would like to clarify this with an example. *M. Gillot* , *'Les crimes de la pleine ' lune '* ¹⁵tells us how a lady was cunningly disadvantaged by her sister in an inheritance dispute. A Gypsy woman, befriended by the wronged lady, discovered this and, with the help of her spirits, magically undone this injustice. However, the woman who did receive her rightful share of the inheritance came under the influence of those gods and spirits of the Gypsy woman which, to use Kristensen 's words , are 'harmony of opposites'. The woman who did inherit can, after this financial 'benefit', gradually expect a series of miscalculations. The tragedy is that this grip persists even after death. Unless she can protect herself against the grip of those low gods with Trinitarian prayers, prayers to the Holy Trinity.

34.4.6. The wishes of the top boss

Father Henry is still speaking. And that is precisely what can also go wrong with healings by a sangoma. Their spirits and gods, their lidlotis also work autonomously, outside the realm of God. Whoever therefore appeals to them also has to contend with 'the harmony of opposites' or 'the elements of this world'. That amounts to the same thing; both expressions refer to the same given. And I have pointed out these dangers to the sangoma to whom I wish to send you, and let's say, trained him in this regard in a Trinitarian manner. He may well continue working with his ancestral souls, with his lidlotis and other spirits, but on one important condition. They may only assist him if they submit to the wishes of their highest boss, the Holy Trinity. If they do not, they increase their final judgment. And they know that. And since then, this sangoma begins his work with a Trinitarian prayer and works with an image of the icon of Rublov . You will notice that when you see how he does it."

"For I suggest you seek his advice. If you wish, I will arrange an appointment for you." Sister Marie-Madeleine was only too happy to agree.

¹⁵ Guillot R., *Les crimes de la pleine lune*, Paris, Editions Alain Lefevre, 1979, 19.

Father Henry deemed it useful for her to bring along a number of photographs of acquaintances, family members, fellow sisters, and her circle of friends. That could greatly facilitate the work of the sangoma. And Sister Marie-Madeleine could certainly provide such photographs.

34.5. Visiting a sangoma

34.5.1. Bones and joints

Sister Marie-Madeleine took off her shoes and entered the sangoma's hut. A small fire was burning, on which fresh pine needles smoldered gently and emitted a distinctive scent. It was dark and cool inside. The earthen floor was covered with a thin reed mat. Her eyes had to adjust to the darkness for a moment. Then she saw the sangoma sitting there. His black body radiated strength. He greeted her kindly and produced a large icon. "I recognize that," she thought, "it represents the Holy Trinity."

Then he took a small bag and shook its contents onto the mat next to the icon. Bones and joints of small animals fell out, along with some old coins and a few colored stones. Meanwhile, he hummed monotonously. That was apparently his prayer to the spirits. He was ready to begin.

I took out the photos and handed them to him. He placed them next to the icon. Then, using the index finger of his left hand, he pointed to the first person on the first photo, starting from the left. Next, he took a number of the objects he had placed on the mat, cupped his palms, shook everything together, and threw them onto the mat.



He looked alternately at the way these objects had fallen on the mat and at the person he was pointing to again. In a penetrating, sing-song voice, he hummed a few words that I did not understand. Finally, he put all the objects back together. Now it was the turn of the next person in the photo. He repeated the entire ritual. He did this with all the people from the first photo.

Next, he repeated this ritual for everyone in the second and third photos. Then he stared ahead for a long time, closed his eyes, and took a deep breath. He was perspiring, as if a heavy burden weighed upon him. Afterward, he placed the three photos side by side, looked at me intently, waited a moment, and with a confident movement of his hand, pointed at the photo of the sisters—at the Mother Superior. “No doubt,” he said, “it is her. I already had a strong suspicion when you showed me the photos. She cannot have you and is bewitching you. She knew you were too critical and has cast a curse upon you; she drains your energy and disturbs your sleep. I see it happening; she leaves the body and disturbs your sleep. Her shadow appears as a crocodile.”

I was perplexed. I was not at all familiar with such work. And the accuracy with which he discovered all of this amazed me. Fortunately, Father Henry had told me that it is not about the bones and joints, or whatever else, per se. One can just as well use a crystal ball, coffee grounds, cards, a pendulum, or

any other infrastructure. These things are merely aids to concentration; they amplify what the unconscious and subconscious perceive, but which hardly or never reaches our consciousness. It is an initial form of clairvoyance. An advanced clairvoyant no longer needs these aids at all.

But that was not all. “We will teach her to leave you alone,” the sangoma continued. “We wish her no harm. She simply needs to realize that she must stop bothering you. And the time will come when she will gradually begin to feel her fatigue herself. Wait here,” he commanded, “I am just going to the hut next door where I still have some work to do.” After about an hour, he was back. He was visibly tired. “And now just wait,” he said, “the work is done.” And there I sat, surprised and full of questions about the unusual world I had found myself in. Yet I did not dare ask them; I sensed a certain reluctance from the sangoma. I thanked him profusely for his services and asked him what my fault was. “Nothing,” was the answer. “I am very glad that I was able to perform a favor in return for Father Henry, for without him and his protection, I would have been dead long ago.” I did not understand what he meant by this. But it was clear that Father Henry could do, and did, much more than I knew.

A little later, I was on my way to the convent, lost in thought about this curious turn of events. Should I be happy about what I had learned, or should I feel pity for the Mother Superior? When I arrived at the convent, everyone was already in bed. I, too, was ready for a night's rest, and after a short prayer, I lay down to sleep.

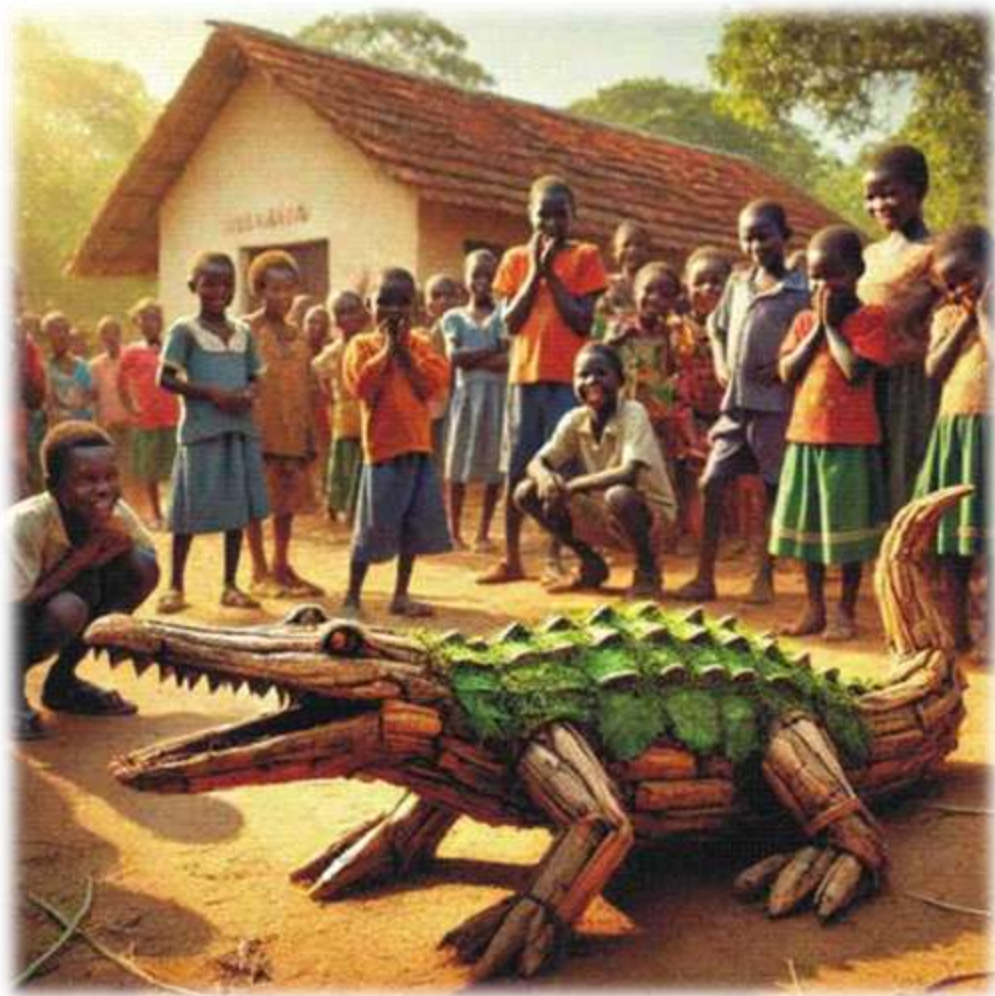
34.5.2. Anger or compassion

Sister Marie-Madeleine recounts: “The next morning, I went to the convent refectory feeling quite tense. There was general astonishment there. The Mother Superior was not there yet. That had never happened before. The other sisters wondered what was going on. A sister went to wake her. A little later, the Mother Superior stood there, but she looked so tired. It seemed as if she hadn't slept all night and had been on a journey of self-reflection. I thought of what the sangoma had said, and of 'the work' he had performed in the other hut during that one hour. Nor did I know what to feel for the Mother Superior: anger, or compassion? But I could not possibly tell the other sisters what was really going on.”

The Mother Superior, brave as ever, believed that her fatigue would gradually disappear once she was back at work with the children in her class. The other sisters promised her that they would all come up with a solution

and that the Mother Superior had better stay in bed. However, she did not want that. She was determined to go to her class. She would do so after her day's work, but not now. As always, the children come first, she had said with great emphasis. The other sisters admired her for her great courage. A moment later, I stepped onto the playground, on my way to my class.

“But suddenly I stood rooted to the spot, as if I were face to face with some demon. “That can’t be!” I stammered under my breath, “I’m dreaming. God, let this not be true. Who got such a thing into their head? And why?” In utter astonishment, Sister Marie-Madeleine stared at a craft project that had apparently been put together with wooden blocks by the sisters and the children there during her absence. It represented a life-sized crocodile.



34.5.3. An accident

Sister Marie-Madeleine tells her story. She has written a letter to Father Henry.

Dear Father,

Once again, a word of thanks for your help with the visit to the sangoma. The Mother Superior slept very poorly the night following my visit to the sangoma and looked particularly tired that morning. Nevertheless, she went to her class and taught her lessons as planned.

I myself am currently in a small hospital recovering from an accident at school. A girl from the highest class wanted to startle me, by her own account, took a running start, and intended to jump on my back. However, she landed with a powerful blow on my left shoulder. I felt and heard something crack and experienced severe pain in my left shoulder. An internal hematoma formed. My shoulder then began to swell. The doctor diagnosed a fracture, making surgery necessary, and I need to rest for several weeks.

The children from the school and the other sisters have crafted a lifelike crocodile on the playground. I don't understand that and wonder how they came up with that idea.

Furthermore, the Mother Superior felt that the sister who is now taking over my duties is insufficiently familiar with the reading method that relies on comparing words. The Mother Superior has decided that that sister had better just start completely from scratch with the old reading method. I find it a pity. I would have been happy to provide the necessary explanation from my bed.

Otherwise, I am doing quite well. I am being well cared for, and after their daily work, I receive visits from a few sisters every day. I look forward to a conversation with you. I have quite a lot to tell again... and to ask.

I am particularly grateful to You for so much.

Sister Marie-Madeleine

34.5.4. A visit

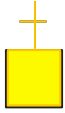
Sister Marie-Madeleine recounts. "And sure enough, a few days later the Father stood by my bed with a bouquet of fragrant flowers. He inquired about my medical progress and asked how I was feeling. Given the circumstances, quite well, I had answered. And after a short pause, the deeper conversations began."

“Dear Machteld,” he began. It was the first time he had called me that, and coming from him, I could tolerate it quite well. It is the Flemish version of my name, and it sounded so much more familiar. Yet he seemed very concerned. He continued: “What the sangoma told you about the Mother Superior confirmed what I had suspected for quite some time. My overtime—there are other people in need, with similar problems to yours—did not allow me to immediately deal with what was happening at your school. I know that the sangoma is very capable and that he could protect you, at least temporarily, with his work.”



Shall we start with a prayer for protection again? Father Henry gave her a sheet with the little prayer on it. Both read it aloud:

I identify myself with the deceased Jesus to destroy all that is hostile to me and to God in and around me.



Father, Son, Holy Spirit, we are surrounded and sometimes permeated by extremely harmful people and invisible beings whose meanness was once compared to that of blood-sucking vermin. We appeal directly to the resurrection energy of Jesus, which governs the universe from the primordial beginning into an endless future. For which you deserve our heartfelt gratitude.

And the priest continued: “I have met the sangoma in the meantime—after your consultation, that is—and he told me that the repercussions of 'the work' he had undertaken in that separate hut had kept him in bed for three full days. That is how heavy it was. Whoever wants to undo an injustice—such a revealing of hidden evil is called apocalypticism—receives an immediate backlash from the underworld. Those beings do not tolerate being opposed or losing their grip on anyone. If you do so anyway, an occult test of strength takes place. And as in any fight, it is the strongest who wins. It is therefore good that whoever wishes to fight them checks beforehand whether he or she will be able to handle the fight. You can, of course, ask for help from above in prayer. But such heavy work is only possible if you live in an intimate friendship with God. And even then, you can become quite ill from the backlash.”

In short, the Mother Superior is and remains, deep down, a very dangerous creature. I promised the Sangoma that I was going to relieve him of your case and take it over myself. I received your letter well and therefore delved deeper into your difficulties. That was not easy. The entire following night I 'wrestled' with her photograph, or rather, with the beings, the demons that control her. Indeed, beneath the surface, that 'believing' Mother Superior is an all-drainer, a true female vampire.

You may have already heard talk about reincarnation . I want to discuss that subject with you in more detail later. For now, just this: for every good seer, every psychic healer, and every magician, reincarnation is not merely an assumption; it is simply a fact. They 'see' that the cause of the person they treat lies quite easily in a past life. So take it from me that people have many lives. And now let us return to your problem with the Mother Superior.

“In a previous life, she engaged in intense cannibalism, not only to devour the biological bodies of her victims, but she primarily targeted the subtle energy present in that blood. How she went about it is too gruesome to recount

here. Her aim, therefore, was to steal the occult life force from many people. Something the Bible calls a 'sin crying out for vengeance,' a sin against the life force of the Holy Spirit. That is a sin that is not forgiven, not even by the sacrament of confession, but which must be atoned for by the perpetrator over many lifetimes. In the case of the Mother Superior, however, after her death in that previous earthly existence, she preserves, develops, and strengthens that same capacity. But, instead of consuming both gross and subtle flesh and blood from others, as she did the first time during that earthly life, she does so henceforth purely subtle. One reaps what one sows.”

To camouflage this, though I point out that she is no longer aware of it, she persists, on the one hand, in this stealing of energy. Yet, on the other hand, such a person lives a very noble, ethically depraved life, in the service of some ideal, preferably a lofty one. That could be, for example, a Nazi or Islamic ideal. Think, for instance, of some suicide squads. But it could just as easily be an ecclesiastical or religious ideal. Disastrously enough, you, the other sisters, but also and especially the children, are saddled with such an 'exemplary' Mother Superior.

“She is indeed telling the whole truth when she claims that her teaching assignment is a genuine calling. But it is a calling inspired and guided from the underworld. As *Psalms 36 (25)* so aptly puts it, her unscrupulousness is like a divine oracle in the depths of her heart. She has too flattering an opinion of herself, and this prevents her from discovering and abhorring her own wrongdoing. Her deliberately feigned humility is, in her deeper soul, in her very heart and soul, as the Bible would say, actually proof of her vanity and pride. Because of her erroneous behavior at the time, something she herself chose very consciously and willfully, she has drawn a whole host of unsavory creatures to herself—the *similia similibus* – so that she, in turn, is constantly robbed of her energy by them. It has become a vicious circle. And so she herself lives in constant energy distress and must, compulsively, steal the energy of her fellow human beings. And as long as something in her deeper soul does not fundamentally change, does not turn for the better, let's say as long as she does not 'convert', there is nothing to be done about it. By her own choice, which she constantly affirms in her deeper soul, she is so firmly bound to evil that the chance of breaking free from that grip is actually nil. And so, to meet her energy needs, she has targeted children in particular. They possess a great deal of subtle energy, necessary to build their lives further, but they find it much more difficult to protect themselves against it being stolen.

Your sensitivity means that you feel it more strongly, that it exhausts you immensely, and that you develop a fairly high fever from it every time. Your body is also trying to warn you of that danger in this way. Ultimately, without protection, this leads to your death.

But look at it this way: your sensitivity warns you to protect yourself against such murderous vampirism. Normally, you would distance yourself from such people and look for other work elsewhere. But stay here; I will continue to protect you, and by going through all of this, you will, from an occult perspective, gradually become much stronger. Moreover, as a nun and teacher, it is not so self-evident that you leave everything behind here and start a new life elsewhere. There are a number of objections to that as well. The other sisters, the children, the parents, and anyone who comes near her do not notice this, or not as intensely. Although they too are being robbed of their subtle energy. This does mean, however, that their health and happiness can suffer considerable damage from it, either quite quickly or over the course of time. But finding the correct connection between cause and effect is far from simple. Moreover, in a Western culture, there is nothing that can be done about it legally. In traditional cultures, in the interest of the survival of the tribe or clan, one would either murder such people or expel them from the community. But given the many dangers of in a fierce and wild nature, the latter amounts to a delayed death. The few do not survive in the wilderness.”

34.5.5. No higher level?

Father Henry is still speaking. But the most important part is yet to come, and you will understand that very well. Quite a few people have an unceasing admiration for such 'driven' individuals as Mother Superior. Their 'dedication' and their 'zeal' and their seemingly high ideals, or in the case of Mother Superior, also her striking modesty. All this makes a very strong impression on those who do not see through it. Just think of a number of other sisters, of the children, of the parents, or simply of the many other acquaintances who speak very highly of her. Just as sustained hatred steals subtle life energy from the person one hates, so too do people who conspicuously enjoy being admired steal the energy and happiness of their unsuspecting admirers. As I said, it is an unconscious event, although they sometimes do sense something of their terrible soul depths themselves. For instance, a lady once asked me if she was a witch, because whenever she cursed someone, the victim experienced a great deal of misfortune or illness. It even happened that the victim, shortly thereafter and in a striking manner, died.”

The Bible speaks in this context of an 'aluka' or 'leech'. For instance, *Psalm 12 (11):9* mentions the unconscious soul-depth within man and says that some people are "like vermin that suck the blood of other people." *Psalm 53 (52):5* expresses it much more sharply: "Do they not realize, the evildoers? They devour my people. That is precisely 'the bread' that they 'eat'. For they do not call upon God. But behold, they will be struck with terror, without realizing the cause of it."

With this last point, the Bible seems to confirm that 'sucking dry' and 'devouring' are caused by a lack of contact with God. God's life force must then be sought elsewhere. Indeed, the non-believing person sees no need to seek the required life force from God in prayer. His or her presuppositions do not allow him or her to establish a connection between Christian prayer and the acquisition of life force. What such a person lacks in subtle energy, he or she seeks and finds, usually unconsciously, in sucking up the life force of a fellow human being. That makes a 'bloodsucker,' viewed from the Bible, considerably substandard. And this latter point also leads to the fact that his or her fate in the other world, after death, will be far from favorable. And that is tragic.

Generally speaking, few people ascend to a higher level after death. From an occult perspective, many end up on their deathbed where they began at birth, or perhaps not even that. Then you have, as Nietzsche puts it, 'the eternal return of all things'. But you already experienced that during your experience with the death of your brother. Unless such people respond to this in an appropriate manner: they can, for example, ask the Trinity for more life force in regular prayer. That, in turn, presupposes a good connection with God. And that, too, requires time and reflection. Ultimately, the intention is that you have learned the 'earthly lessons', so to speak, and no longer need to reincarnate.

"Some also believe that one must pray for the salvation of the souls of people who steal the blood of their neighbor. But such a thing entails considerable dangers. Evil might well turn out stronger here than your good intentions. The Bible, *1 John 5:16*, says regarding this that there is a sin that leads to death, and that any exhortation to pray for such beings is not applicable here; that it does not apply. Let us note that the term 'death' here does not directly refer to physical death, but to the fact that such a person lacks all contact with God. This is how we understand the Biblical expression: 'that the dead bury the dead.' In the first case, it concerns people who are biologically alive but are alienated from God and, Biblically speaking, are dead.

In the second case, it concerns a person alienated from God who has also passed away. One could say that such a person is then dead twice.”

Your remark to the Mother Superior regarding her striking modesty must have stirred something in her about that substandard state. Hence her excessive anger towards you. She cannot show it openly, but she does so in the darkness, in the dead of night. During 'the hour of hell,' her anger emerges and forms a subtle animal, lusting after your life force. You see through it. she, and she also knows that you are critical of her policies. That is why she demands unconditional obedience from you above all. But whoever asks such a thing of you brings you no closer to God and all the saints, but rather to Satan and his demons. Even if one is a monk or nun.”

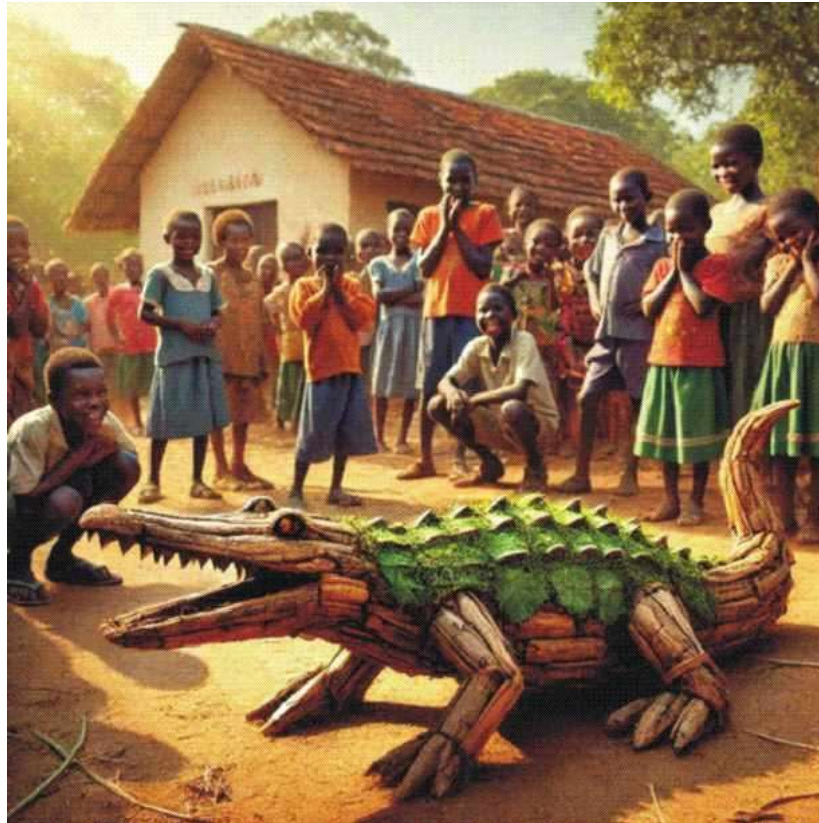
34.5.6. The interconnectedness of everything that exists

Father Henry continues. “And that brings us back to the so-called ‘harmony of opposites’ we discussed earlier, that bizarre juxtaposition of both good and evil characteristic of the gods of the underworld. And these can be very inspiring to a number of people. However, the influence of these gods extends much further, given the profound interconnectedness of everything that exists. One could argue that such gods are mentally disturbed, for they are, and that they contaminate the world with their disorder. The mineral world of plants, animals, and humans, and the subtle world of spirits and gods—they all interconnect and influence one another. In other words, as Christianity loses ground, the power of this ‘harmony of opposites’ grows. Or, in the words of Paul, ‘the elements of the world’ gain strength. It then appears that everything in our world—not just people, but also the nature surrounding us—becomes less ordered, indeed, savager and wilder.”

The few who intuitively sense that ambiguity in such unsavory people, and even dare to suggest it very cautiously to others, subsequently reason it away all too easily. Applied to Mother Superior, you hear: “Oh well, that’s just the way she is, you know her. But look, she does so much good...”. And indeed, there is no one who can deny that. But that is only one side of reality. In Afrikaans: they are merely 'the ears of the sea cow '. The other side makes itself felt with full intensity, for you and for those who are sensitive. And it is impossible to reason that side away. Moreover, those who share the mentality of these 'bloodsuckers' in one way or another, at least to a lesser degree, acquire a similar aura. That is contagious. This applies all the more strongly

if you also want to be shaped by such a person and look up to him or her with admiration.

Now think back to the wooden crocodile that the sisters and children had crafted during your visit to the sangoma. You wondered how they had come up with that idea.



Well, you could say that Mother Superior, given her position in both the convent and the little school, and considering her authoritarian disposition, demands obedience. Ultimately, she wants the final say in important matters, even though she cunningly conceals this with a so-called democratic policy. She is, therefore, let's say, 'omnipresent' in the convent and the little school. But that applies equally to her rather heavy and dark aura. For those who can sense or see it, it literally hangs throughout the little school and the convent. Both form a single entity. Everything is bathed in one large dark aura. But that means that the subtle thought form 'crocodile' is also constantly present there. Thoughts are forces; you experienced that when you recited that text in the little church during the celebration of my jubilee. And if the thought form 'crocodile' is present strongly enough in the little school and the monastery, there is surely someone who, driven from the subconscious, suddenly catches it, puts it into words, and says: "Let's craft a wooden crocodile."

And a majority agrees with this. For their subconscious had, in the meantime, also noticed and cherished that thought. They were prepared. Here, too, a quantitative increase in a thought leads to a qualitative leap: the thought of the animal is captured, subtly formed, articulated, affirmed, and finally grossly executed. Conclusion: the wooden statue is Mother Superior once again. In a way, the statue represents Mother Superior. In doing so, she reinforces her presence once more. When children climb the wooden structure, sit on it, and play around it, they are closer to her, and thus easier to rob of their energy.

After all this, you may also understand why the Mother Superior, in her deeper soul, does not really love order, cannot really love order. Nor does she love a method that stimulates psychic ordering, such as your comparative reading method. People like her simply sin against the rules they themselves impose on others. Something in their soul compels them to do so. The spirits that inspire them demand it. In a way, you could say that such people are latently possessed. They simply cannot act otherwise. And that possession colors their aura very dark, sometimes even toward brownish-black.”

Sister Marie-Madeleine had lain listening almost breathlessly from her sickbed the entire time. Father Henry was able to explain those connections between seemingly unrelated facts and events so clearly. Now it was also clear to her why the Mother Superior's office always turned pitch black in her 'mind's eye'. Marie-Madeleine avoided that place as much as possible. If she had to be there, she never lasted long. Even during meetings and discussions, where she had no choice but to take a seat near the Mother Superior, Marie-Madeleine felt the energy drain from her body. Almost always, she would become quite unwell. Usually, a few hours later, she would develop a high fever, reaching as high as 39.5°. She was then utterly exhausted and unable to cope with her normal class duties for a few days. Most of the other sisters never took this seriously. Nor could they have, for they had no inkling of what was really going on.

Father Henry took a break of several minutes. They both had another drink. Even then, it remained quiet for quite some time. Indeed, it took a considerable amount of time to process all of this. Sister Marie-Madeleine changed position in her bed. She had been listening so intently that she had paid no attention to the pain in her shoulder. And now that she had been lying in the same position for so long, that shoulder felt very stiff.

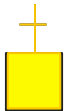
34.5.7. An adapted prayer

Father Henry took a few deep breaths. “Machteld, there is another topic I certainly must bring up with you,” he said. There was a certain concern in his gaze. “It concerns the child who jumped on your shoulder. I have had to wait until now to answer that. But let us first say a suitable prayer, for ‘matters’ are evolving rapidly and thoroughly.”

Father Henry had written the little prayer on a piece of paper again and gave it to Sister Marie-Madeleine. “The basic text is *Luke 18:18-27*, which is about the rich young man,” he explained. And both said the prayer together, in quiet reverence.

I think of you, Jesus, crucified but risen as the Lord over the living and the dead .

“Incidentally, but you already knew this, ‘the living’ here means ‘ friends of God ’ and ‘the dead’ alienates from God,” Father Henry further clarified.



Father, Son, Holy Spirit, sometimes we have the impression of the fearful question that the crowd around Jesus' statement had: "Who then can be saved?" The rich young man said that he had already fulfilled the commandments. “Then there is only one thing left for you,” Jesus continued: “Sell everything you have and distribute it to the poor, then come back and follow me.” When the man heard this, he was deeply saddened and went away.

Jesus said that the Kingdom of Heaven was very difficult for the rich to access. "Just as a camel can pass through the eye of a needle."

In response to the frightening question of the crowd, you, Jesus, said: "What is impossible for men is possible through God." We present the same problems to you in that sense.

And Father Henry continued: “If one sees through the rich young man's gender after the prayer above, then one 'sees' that in a previous life he ritually killed another human being as a follower of Satan in order to have earthly happiness from then on. As is perhaps known, it is primarily the sexual organs that are carriers of subtle life force. For they transmit that so mysterious life. You also see that the idea of reincarnation resurfaces here. And that clarifies quite a lot. We will return to this shortly. You know that Jesus accuses the Pharisees—most of them, at least—of being whitewashed tombs, with a conscious exterior and a fundamentally different unconscious and subconscious interior. This interior is unconsciously repressed, and at times even consciously suppressed. Yet it applies to the basic personality of the rich

young man. He suffers, just like the Mother Superior, from a haughty and vain form of 'perfection,' something that is a typical Pharisaic concern."

"Well then, repeat the prayer in your mind, or at least the last part: "Jesus, you said: what is impossible with men is possible with God." To be absolutely certain, identify yourself with Jesus who looks right through outward behavior and 'see' what reveals itself when that girl surprises you and jumps onto your shoulder. You notice a kind of prey animal, lion-like. And within ourselves, we have the bitter impression that our life force is being taken from us, that we are 'empty.' She is a 'dead being' in the sense mentioned above. She has a great deficiency of subtle life energy, just like the rich young man. She tries to hide that emptiness in her outward behavior, but when confronted with you, her behavior suddenly becomes unconscious and subconscious instead of conscious, and she causes you great harm, especially in your aura. She drains you completely. Fortunately, you possess the prayers, and you make time for them daily; otherwise, from then on, your happiness in life would be shattered for her benefit. For she took you empty yourself through that predatory leap, and in such a way that attention is drawn to the shoulder fracture, while the hidden or 'occult' side—the word is aptly correct—is obscured."

"Regarding the use of the prayer I provided you, consider this: it exposes a person's satanic core insofar as it might cause you harm. Admittedly, this core shatters in many directions immediately after the prayer, like a flash of lightning, but otherwise that becomes that child's business, and you need not concern yourself with it any further. Unless something imposes itself that causes you 'difficulties.' You understand that, don't you."

The Father paused for a long time again. Sister Marie-Madeleine continued to look at him in silence. It seemed to her as if religion was gradually beginning to take on a very different and deeper meaning for her. No, she had never heard such things said during her training. It was uncommonly fascinating, but it certainly took some getting used to.

Father Henry continued. "I think it would be best to give our patient some rest now. You know, I will leave it at that for today, but if you wish, we can continue the conversation next time. I will inform the Mother Superior then." Yes, Marie-Madeleine was happy to do that. And so she thanked the Father for his visit and all the explanations. She changed her posture again, and even before the Father had left, she had already covered herself, ready for a refreshing rest. He greeted her with a smile and gently closed the door of the room.

34.6. A world of good and evil

34.6.1. The weeks go by.

Sister Marie-Madeleine recounts: “I am back at the convent now. The Mother Superior is doing her work in the senior class, but something in her has changed. She is more withdrawn than before and also gives the impression of getting tired more easily. I, too, have cautiously resumed work in my little class and am doing my job as best I can. My left shoulder is still in a sling, and I still feel a sharp pain with careless movements. Fortunately, I do notice that it is gradually improving. I have heard that Father Henry is incredibly busy elsewhere, but this afternoon we were both able to make time, and we can continue our previous conversation in the convent garden.”

And early in the afternoon, Father Henry was already standing at the convent. Out of politeness, he inquired of the Mother Superior's state of health. Then he told her that Sister Marie-Madeleine had asked him if she could confess to him. And that was, of course, a private matter, for which the Mother Superior's presence was not required at all. A little later, the Father and Sister Marie-Madeleine had taken their places in the garden. The Mother Superior had had another sister bring a carafe of water and two glasses. For, well, under the tropical sun, even in the shade, that is really no luxury.

34.6.2. So much anger

Father Henry suggested starting with a prayer. Once again, the matters he wished to bring up were heavy. As usual, he had written the prayer on a piece of paper and gave it to Marie-Madeleine. They read it together.

Holy Virgin Mary, never have we heard that anyone who appealed to Your intercession was not answered. We appeal to You again. We also immediately appeal to Mary Magdalene, who, according to the Gospel of John (19:25), stood beside You beneath Jesus' cross. That same Gospel teaches us (20:16) that, after Jesus had risen, she was the first to recognize Him as the risen Lord. We now appeal to both of You. Guide us so that we may carry out the will of the Heavenly Father, that will alone and that will entirely. May both of you be entitled to our sincere gratitude.

Then Father Henry started talking about her accident and the child who had jumped on her shoulder. “There is “The usual explanation is that the girl wanted to scare you,” he began in a hushed tone. “One could interpret that as

proof of affection; she likes you. But that is precisely the deception. Something in the depths of her soul 'knows' that she has no connection with God and must seek her subtle energy elsewhere. Walking in nature, for example, gives energy, as does listening to quiet music, eating healthy food, striving for a harmonious life, spending time with friends, and, of course, regular prayer. But the latter requires a good connection with God. If you do not have that at all, and do not desire it either, praying is naturally pointless. As mentioned, that girl does not have that, and Biblically speaking, she is dead. However, she knows that you do have a connection with God through your regular prayer. Your aura, your subtle radiation, is therefore much lighter than hers. And she simply wants to steal that subtle energy from you. That is much easier than doing something for it herself. That is pretty much the summary of our previous conversation."

"The question now arises as to how a child can already carry so much anger within him. Let us listen to what *Father Trilles* has to say about this. He was a missionary in West Africa from 1892, where he was the first white person to stay among the Jungle Pygmies, among others. There he came to know the Fang, a people from Gabon, including the 'ngil', the black magician. As a 'sorcier', sorcerer, or black magician, this figure is clearly distinguishable from the 'féticheur', the 'wijman', literally the 'fetishman', who here is a white magician and who is deeply revered by the population, whereas the ngil evokes deep contempt."

In his fascinating work *Chez les Fang*¹⁶ he gives an account of the initiation of such an ngil. Every ngil has the right and the duty to choose and train his successor. He takes a ten-year-old boy and treats him as his adopted son. From then on, he trains his apprentice sorcerer. He teaches him the first secrets and teaches him to speak with the grave voice of the ngil. The child accompanies the magician on all his journeys and serves him as a page. He leads the magician, through mountain and valley, in village or jungle, ringing the bell. Such children constantly have bad examples before their eyes, live amidst the most hideous moral depravity, and are corrupted to the core in a short time." "For they have 'seen everything' and know themselves at home in all the abysses into which human perversion descends. They are willing to commit all crimes. Often, such children have ended up on the Catholic mission. Dragged along by a friend, lured by the magic of the unknown.

¹⁶ Trilles P., *Chez les Fang* (Quinze années de séjour au Congo français), DDB, Lille, 1912, 190-196.



They remained there—sometimes until baptism—by deceiving their superiors with a hypocrisy active from the depths of their souls. They always left the mission in a worse state than when they arrived.

Trilles concludes: "La formation Christian after sur them none "... prise , " "Christian formation has no influence whatsoever on them." This suggests that the formation penetrates much deeper into the soul, into the unconscious and subconscious layers, than Christian formation does, for example. Christianity, as the higher religion, clearly reaches its limits here, the limits imposed on it by the lower religion. For Father Trilles , the story of this initiation demonstrates how deeply paganism is entrenched in the primal layer of so many people—here Christians by name. It is as if his preaching of the Gospel and the administration of the sacraments to the converts simply pass over it without effect, almost like water over a duck. That is how tenacious that pagan primal layer seems within man. As Freud also clearly recognized, the unconscious and subconscious will and action are much stronger than their conscious form. Well, if such a child reincarnates, it retains that sunken anger, and acts it out as well. And that explains much

of the behavior of the girl who jumped on your shoulder. But That therefore presupposes that reincarnation is a fact. Let's delve a little deeper into that theme.”

34.6.3. Is he Elias?

The Father took a deep breath and continued. “To many people, the belief in reincarnation or re-embodiment may seem absurd. Yet it is commonplace in many cultures and occult movements. The Bible mentions it indirectly, including in *John 9:6*, where the healing of the man born blind is discussed. The Jews ask Christ : ‘Rabbi, who sinned? He or his parents? So that he was born blind?’ If this passage is representative of the mentality of the time, then it shows that the Jews at least believed in an existence that precedes the present life, and that, moreover, can have an impact on the present. Jesus answered that the man was born blind so that the works of God might be revealed in him. Adherents of the doctrine of reincarnation conclude from this evasive answer by Jesus that he does not really disapprove of the doctrine of reincarnation. He had ample opportunity to do so. Possibly, He did not want to bring up the subject publicly.”

“With regard to John the Baptist, too, the Jews wonder whether he is Elijah. Let us read *John 1:19* . “The Jews had sent priests and Levites from Jerusalem to John the Baptist with the question: ‘Who are you?’ He openly admitted: ‘I am not the Messiah.’ ‘Who then are you? Are you Elijah?’ they asked. ‘I am not him either,’ he answered. In other words, the Jews ask him whether he is a rebirth of a prophet who died long ago.”

In *Mark 6:14* we read: King Herod heard about Jesus , for his name had become known, and they said: “John the Baptist has been raised from the dead. Therefore those powers are at work in Him.” But others said, “It is Elijah ,” and still others, “It is a prophet like other prophets.” When Herod heard that, he said: “That John, whom I had beheaded, has been raised from the dead.”

And *Matt. 16:14* mentions that Jesus asked his followers: “Who do people say that the Son of Man is?” to which they replied: “Some say John the Baptist, others Elijah ; still others Jeremiah or one of the prophets.” But these too were already dead.

The priest paused again and looked at Sister Marie-Madeleine questioningly, as if he wanted to convince himself that she understood. She

sensed the reason for the pause and nodded in agreement. The priest continued.

You can deny reincarnation because it cannot be strictly scientifically proven. But may you then conclude from this that it does not exist? Or should you rather say that science cannot make a statement about this? If science relies on data from the ordinary senses, then it can only make meaningful statements about data perceptible by the senses. But then its domain is not the whole of reality, but only that part that can be experienced sensually in one way or another. It cannot make statements about the other part.

Whoever limits reality to the sensually perceptible simply finds nothing that transcends this sensually perceptible. For instance, a child may be convinced that his or her parents love him or her, and that they love each other. But how to truly prove such a thing? In the same way, one can reason away the miracles of Jesus, or his descent into hell, his resurrection, his ascension, the power of prayer, and all clairvoyance and magic... But then nothing remains of the dynamism inherent in every true religion. All that remains is an empty shell, perhaps containing some psychological, sociological, and folkloric elements.

34.6.4. And the mission?

Henry ¹⁷is still speaking. “ *J. Sterley* puts it this way: “ Our presuppositions surround us like a shield behind which we perceive only what we can explain with our ' vernunft ', with our modern, Western reason .” Sterley spent five years investigating a part of New Guinea for plants *and* for witchcraft. His conclusion: “ By now I know that 'our reality' is a limited area and that we have no awareness of what takes place beyond our limitations.” This statement, incidentally, characterizes his entire book. He regrets that the Catholic missionaries and the Lutheran missionaries in Simbudal do not believe in these magical practices, that they protect the murderers and refuse to assist the victims. Reason: after all, witchcraft does not exist; it is 'superstition'. A kind of nostalgia hangs over the entire book.”

You hear a similar complaint from *Richard Katz* ¹⁸. He says that the missionaries among the Kung, a tribe in Indonesia, are making a persistent effort to eradicate the superstition and magical practices of the Kung: the Kung are forest people, savages, who must be civilized. Once again, unknown

¹⁷ Sterley J., *Kumo, Hexer und hexen in Neu - Guinea*, Munich, 1987, 183.

¹⁸ Richard Katz, *Num, salvation in ecstasy*, Ansata -verlag, Schweiz, 1985 p. 268.

religious behavior is regarded here as totally unchristian and pagan, and therefore worthless. The forces inherent in the spiritual approach of the Kung are completely ignored.

Father Placied Tempels also writes to that effect ¹⁹. Tempels spent thirteen years in the Belgian Congo as a missionary. He notes: “We all, missionaries, judges, rulers, all those who are leaders of the Bantu, or ought to be, we had not penetrated to the 'soul' of the black, at least not as far as we would have liked. Not even the specialists. Let this now be a regrettable observation or a repentant confession of guilt. The fact remains that we have not understood the worldview of the Bantu and that we were therefore unable to present the blacks with digestible soul food or an understandable spiritual synthesis. Of all the peculiar customs, the sense and reason of which we understand neither, the Bantu say that they exist to obtain life force.”

We hear a very different tone from *Pope Pius XI*. He founded the Ethnographic and Ethnological Museum in Rome in 1922. He was knowledgeable about religious studies and also instructed the seminaries to teach them and to show respect for other religions and their customs. “They are human documents that must not be allowed to perish,” he stated.

When the missionaries arrived in those unchristianized regions, what happened? They eradicated that pagan religion as much as possible, but they did not replace the solutions to problems offered by those pagan sanctuaries and magic. The result is that those peoples accepted Christianity as a very dignified, a very high-minded religion, but for their practical problems, they continue to build upon that old tradition from the time before their Christianization. If your child is sick, if you have cancer, if your husband cannot find work, if your livestock dies, if your harvest fails—the church is not attuned to these situations. And that is the power of those religions: they are much closer to the practical problems of those people.

That is why it is so particularly tenacious and why the clergy still hasn't managed to eradicate it after hundreds of years. Those non-Biblical religions do have a grip on that. And that is also the power of New Age ²⁰, which situates itself precisely in that non-Biblical domain. The church could combat this by being active in that field itself. To the extent that rationalism gains ground, and church catechesis loses its focus on the paranormal and dynamism, to that same extent you see New Age rising.

¹⁹Tempels P., *Bantu - philosophy*, De Sikkel, Antwerp, 1946, 10.

²⁰See courses 1.4.1 and 10.4.2 on this website: Introduction to New Age

“When our psychologists and psychiatrists want to treat non-Europeans, they feel that their psychology and psychiatry hardly work anymore. Those other cultures prefer to go to their sangomas , their fetishists , their marabouts, medicine men, and white magicians... These are all people who sense subtle energies and can apply them for healing. In the West, to put it with some exaggeration, pills and injections are readily given as a solution to problems. This may possibly solve biological problems—if it solves them at all—but if the difficulty lies in the deeper, subtle soul, then nothing is done about it. The predominantly intellectual training of the ordinary clergy, for example, contrasts sharply with the training of the healers of those other cultures, where paranormal gifts are required or developed.”

Father Henry took a longer break. He was ready for another drink. And Sister Madeleine could use one too.

34.6.5. A witches' sabbath

After taking a few refreshing sips, he continued. “Machteld, you told me that you had read Father Trilles ’s story about Ngema , the sorcerer. He wanted to leave the order and travel to a sort of witches’ sabbath. Do you remember his answer when Trilles asks who he should travel to then: ‘Well, the Master, I say, the one who can.’”

You may have already heard of the Spanish painter *Francisco Goya* . Towards the end of his life, he became very depressed. The unusual style of his later paintings led to the term ' Goya's black paintings'. These are a number of works, painted in dark colors, that depict macabre themes. For instance, one of his paintings from 1797 is titled: ' *The Witches' Sabbath* '. In this work, the devil is depicted as a goat on his throne, amidst a group of witches offering him his food: young children, for the sake of their life force.

“More than one Trinitarian seer will tell you—anonymously and in complete silence—that Ngema steps out there, into that underworld. Afterwards, once awakened, he says to Trilles : ‘We were many and had a good time.’ You can imagine what a black wizard, who has more than one murder on his conscience, means when he says he had a good time.”

Well, a number of people tell similar stories about their night dreams, but without realizing the implications of what they are saying.



In their sleep, they depart and are drawn with their subtle bodies into that hellish sphere. When they wake up again, they usually know nothing of it or have only a vague memory of a bad dream that they do not take too seriously. Thus, already during their lifetime, they visit the place where they will reside for a longer or shorter period after their death. Only the bondage of their subtle body to their biological, physical body during their life on earth prevents this during the day. But once deceased, once they are detached from their physical body, they automatically go to that place to which they were already attracted—subtly—during their lifetime. Goya must have seen such scenes in his imagination—not his imagination—otherwise he could not have painted them in such detail. Let us continue the thread of the night dreams. The question arises as to why some people are drawn to such a hellish sphere. That, too, is not always clear.

In *Homer's Odyssey* ²¹, we also find a descent into hell described. After the preparatory work, Odysseus enters the underworld in search of the ghost of the seer Teiresias. However, for the latter to be able to see true things, he needs life force. Odysseus then sacrifices a lamb. Whereupon Teiresias asks if

²¹Aafjes B., *Homer's Odyssey*, Amsterdam, Meulenhof, 1983, 113.

he may drink of the blood. Naturally, this does not refer to the biological blood, but to the subtle energy emanating from it. This is granted to him, enabling him to communicate 'true things' to Odysseus. Only then can Teiresias answer Odysseus's question. Teiresias confirms to Odysseus that his wife, Penelope, remained faithful to him during his years of wandering at sea. Something that will later prove to be true. From all this, it should be clear that Odysseus was gifted with manic abilities . In that time and cultural context, this was a requirement for a king. In this way, he could better protect his people against the many dangers that befell them. threatened.”

"Also *Dante Alighieri* (1265/1321), the great Italian poet describes in his '*Divina' commedia* ²² his 'divine comedy' (1307/1321) after an out-of-body experience, “in a hundred songs” his visit to the underworld, afterwards to a mountain of purgatory and finally to a kind of paradise.”

34.6.6. Jesus' descent into hell

And of course, we do not forget the impressive descent of Jesus himself into the underworld, where he delivers people 'of good will' from that satanic grip in which they had been trapped since the Fall.

“Such an out-of-body experience or a ‘ descent into hell’ emphasizes the fact that Jesus, or the seer, with his or her ‘spirit,’ literally descends below the ground level by means of a minimal out-of-body experience, and this into the sphere of the spirits to be summoned or contacted. That out-of-body experience encompasses the thought, the imagination, and the subtle body of the one leaving. In the Bible, one speaks of ‘ Sheol ,’ a Hebrew term referring to the depths of the earth. In it, the souls of the dead descend and lead a miserable and energyless shadowy existence. In that state, they are like zombies.”

“This ‘literally descending below ground level’ implies, for example, that a seer indeed sees such an out-of-body body ‘sinking’ into the earth. But Jesus’ redemption after his death on the cross, his descent into hell, went much further. He descended into the realm of the dead with his subtle body, but it was united with his divine person. Scripture calls this place ‘hell’, ‘ Sheol ’, or ‘Hades’. Jesus went there as Savior to proclaim his good news to the dead. He did not go to ‘hell’ to liberate the damned, nor to break hell free from damnation. He went to literally liberate the righteous who resided there from the satanic grip in which they had found themselves since the Fall, and—

²² Dante A., Divine Comedy, see <http://www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/8800>

remarkably—there, in that Sheol , were among the great prophets of the Old Testament.”

Bible , *1 Samuel 28:3-25* mentions the story of the witch of Endor . King Saul had driven the necromancers and soothsayers out of the land. However, when he wanted to march into battle against the more powerful army of the Philistines, fear gripped his heart. He wanted to consult a necromancer himself, incognito and against his own decree, to know what his chances of victory were. So he requested the 'witch' to summon the already deceased prophet Samuel. The woman initially refused, because the king had forbidden it. King Saul said that she had nothing to fear. So she did what he asked. Then, however, she discovered Saul's true nature and screamed: “But you are Saul himself!” The king insisted. Then the woman said: “I see an ' elohim ' rising from the earth; he is clothed in a robe.” That is a characteristic of a divine being, as *Genesis 3:5* and *Psalms 8:6* mention. Thereupon Saul knew that it was the deceased prophet Samuel. The Bible further states that Saul indeed loses the battle and perishes along with his sons.

We observe that the summoner of the dead belongs to a type particularly gifted in mantics . She 'sees through' the true identity of the king and is even capable of subjecting a deceased prophet to her summoning power. She is an ' elohim ', a being with great spiritual power. Where Samuel ascends from the underworld, Jesus will descend into it after his death. It is an ancient experience that the spirits of the dead, with sufficient 'spirit' or life force, can communicate truth and predict the future. And this in unity with Yahweh, or even without him. But summoning spirits also means that their rest is disturbed . This practice is already strongly discouraged in the Old Testament. This Bible text dates from before Jesus' birth, and thus also from before his descent into hell. We note that even then, a prophet is in the grip of the underworld. Jesus' descent and his redemption must therefore be a turning point, an impressive paranormal and unique cosmic event. has been, and moreover, an event that continues to have an effect today and for all eternity. This applies not only to man, but to the entire cosmos and all life contained within it. Include in this the plants, the animals, and the subtle beings as well. God-friendly seers will tell you that since the redemption, the human aura has acquired a strong luminous energetic bond.”

Sister Marie-Madeleine had listened to Father Henry's words with full attention. She had never heard it explained like that before. She had only a far too vague idea of Jesus' redemption, perhaps like most people, she

thought. It took a moment to process it all again. So a break and a glass of water were more than welcome.

34.6.7. The night dream

But apparently Father Henry was not finished speaking. It seemed as if he wanted to add some very important things. With some hesitation, he began.

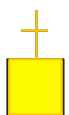
“Machteld, perhaps you have already heard of Plato, the most important of the ancient Greek thinkers. His name has already been mentioned in comparative reading, and in his theory of Forms. Well, he says that quite a few people still live in the night dream during the full day. Which means that they are inspired by the underworld not only in their night dreams, but also during the day. Well, with my experience I can confirm what Plato says about this. I see it too. The Mother Superior, a number of sisters from the convent here, and quite a few other people, they live almost constantly—so both during the day and at night—inspired by the night dream.”

Most people do not realize that they are thus victims of heavy illusions. But sometimes they get caught, for example, by overly spontaneous expressions. Or they catch themselves, at least if they reflect on it afterwards. But actually, that is particularly tragic. Many reincarnate and keep reincarnating, time and again, but, as I said, their lives often end at the same level as they began.

Father Henry was silent. It was as if he needed to let the full weight of what he had just said sink in, and let it sink in with Marie-Madeleine. But apparently also, and once again, with himself. It seemed as if all previous conversations with Marie-Madeleine had been merely one long preparation for these final revelations. Finally, he had been able to put these all-important thoughts into words.

Dear Machteld, may I ask you one last little prayer? he asked. She nodded. He handed her a text he had written on a piece of paper. They both read together:

Luke 17:26.- “As it was in the days of Noah , so will it be in the days of the Son of Man: people ate and drank and married until the day the flood came and destroyed them all, while Noah entered the ark.



Jesus, you clearly foresee that, except for a few, people at the time of your return at the end of time will live just as thoughtlessly as they did in the time of Noah – not realizing that you are returning. – Please

open our eyes so that we too are not surprised. Thank you for that great grace.

Sister Marie-Madeleine realized all too well that the full scope of everything Father Henry had told her was not meant for just anyone. If you were to share it with some, it requires a preliminary assessment—very cautious and step-by-step—to determine whether your listeners have understood every link in your story. And above all, whether they appreciate the importance of that final step by Father Henry. Something that is actually very rarely the case. It must lead to deeper insights, certainly not confusion.

Not that everyone would simply believe everything the priest brings up; that requires time, a great deal of time, and even more reflection. But rather that one can accept it as a serious testimony, and this from a fellow man who says he does not merely take into account “the ears of the sea cow ,” but tries to have an eye for the whole animal, that one wishes to ponder this information within oneself and for oneself, in all silence and wisdom, far from all sensationalism. And that is already so impressively much.

By now, the sun had moved quite a bit further towards the horizon. The visit was drawing to a close. Sister Marie-Madeleine thanked Father Henry profusely. The farewell was cordial. How pleased she was with all the explanations. She sensed that she would need quite a bit of time to think it all over further. Religion, especially in this paranormal realm, seemed much more complicated to her than she had ever imagined.

34.6.8. The years went by.

Marie-Madeleine had always kept her diary meticulously. She had carefully noted down the leading thoughts of the conversations she had with Father Henry each time.



She could confide so much more to her diary, for so much else had occurred in the little school. Her mind was sharpened for what happened time and again. She saw through it. But they were not pleasant things. In fact, it remained a constant variation on the same theme: stealing the energy of the other sisters and especially of the children. And the other sisters, too, remained blinded by this. Worse still, a number of them rejoiced that they had such an exemplary Mother Superior. They interpreted the rather tragic events as a benefit and a blessing. Surely those were not pleasant things to record in a diary, Marie-Madeleine believed.

She watched with dismay as a number of her fellow sisters, unbeknownst to them, devised opportunities to make this stealing of the children's energy even easier for the Mother Superior. And whenever Father Henry asked about it with growing concern, Marie-Madeleine outlined in broad strokes how life continued in the little school and in the convent. Thus, the Mother Superior was celebrated extensively at an anniversary of her profession, on another occasion at an anniversary as headmistress, and finally at the celebration of her farewell from that position.

Marie-Madeleine remembered Father Henry's distressing remark

regarding this last event all too well: “The Mother Superior is a ‘ porte-poisse ’ or instigator of misfortune who drains the children dry above all. Typical of the damned who manage to reincarnate to make their suffering more bearable. Fortunately, whenever you tried to undo that energy drain from the children and the other sisters, you identified yourself with God the Father. Otherwise, you would have had severe, very severe consequences to endure.”

Marie-Madeleine also always carried some prayer or other with her, which Father Henry provided for her, as protection. He urged her repeatedly: “Machteld, bear it upon yourself, preferably as much as possible, for the radiance of the Mother Superior, even though she is resigning, remains dangerous. The sudden fever spikes you so often experience in her presence are signs of this.”

“And as for a number of the other sisters,” Father Henry continued, “all their lives they do not see what there is to see, they do not hear what there is to hear, they do not feel what there is to feel; they think beyond reality and are victims of heavy illusions. But making them understand that is an almost impossible task. Moreover, most of them are very sweet and pleasant people. And yet, the time will come when their eyes will open and they will realize what is really going on.”

In all this lies a true tragedy, for, as already stated, not only is a part of their life force stolen, with all the difficulties inherent in this, but their transition, immediately after their death, is also severely hampered by this. However, most people are hardly or not at all familiar with post- mortem situations, nor do they have any interest in them whatsoever.

If you could draw their attention to their somewhat fraught situation, you would actually be doing them a great service. You would be warning them of a problem they would otherwise face during their transition anyway, but completely unprepared. Now they can prepare for it much better. And if they do so, they will also shorten their stay in purgatory. However, bear in mind that they will not take such a warning to heart at all. You would be disturbing their peace of mind, and they might well become very angry with you.

“And from their point of view, that is quite understandable. Their perhaps overly materialistic preconceptions of life do not allow them to accept the bitter seriousness involved with religion. To them, the conception of religion as an experienceable reality comes as a bolt from the blue. In that regard, they are simply children of their rather superficial zeitgeist, which possibly views

religious life as a pastime for somewhat dreamy and overly devout, possibly unfamiliar, or worse, somewhat naive people. Moreover, depending on the nature of their deeper soul, their reaction might be proportionate. In that case, you had better prepare yourself very well in prayer for a hefty occult backlash.” Thus concluded Father Henry.

A few years later, shortly before his death, Father Henry confided in her: “Dear Machteld, if I hadn’t protected you all those years, you would have died a few times already.” “And I know all too well what he means by that,” she thought.

Marie-Madeleine had so much to think about. She wondered what she would do with all that information. She could, of course, keep all those unique insights Father Henry had imparted to her to herself. But then, she felt, a number of other sisters would never find out that much-needed information, and many fascinating things might well be lost forever. You certainly don't meet people like him every day. In the face of all this, Marie-Madeleine felt so powerless.

But this was far from all. “You just have to experience it like the testimony at my brother’s passing,” she thought, “that acquaintances suddenly come to disturb your sleep in a ‘dream’. In a panic, they try to make it clear to you that they are about to leave this world. A number of them are not prepared for this at all and want to cling to you tightly. In vain, they then stare at that shimmering world of light high above them, a world that lies so impossibly far away and unreachable.”



They are, however, confronted with a growing darkness into which they gradually threaten to sink. The bewildered and frightened look in their eyes speaks volumes. They look at you with bewilderment and horror, while seemingly thinking reproachfully: "You knew about this, and you kept it a secret." The last glance you retain before night envelops them remains all too vivid and lingers in your memory for a long time, like a bitter lament. A little later, you learn that they have passed away, shortly before they came to 'visit' you in an out-of-body state. Then you ask yourself what is best. On the one hand, the potential anger they might wish upon you if you were to warn them of this while they are still alive, or on the other, the image of their mortal fear that you find so difficult to shake off. Marie-Madeleine was at a loss regarding this dilemma as well. "Time will tell," she concluded, and she closed her diary.

34.7. Concluding remarks

Time passed. Decades later, on a specific and very special day, she took it into her hands again. "Today I absolutely must finish the story," she thought. She leafed through it. The diary was almost full. Only the last two pages were still blank. So many of her experiences with Father Henry came back to her mind. What a turbulent time that was, she remembered. On those last pages, she titled it: 'Epilogue'. And she wrote.

Many years ago, as a child, I was on vacation by the sea. My parents had rented a cottage there.



One fine day, there was suddenly a great commotion a few houses down. Some time earlier, a man had murdered his wife there, and now the police were proceeding to reconstruct the scene.

“It was a beautiful summer day with the sun high in the sky, and yet, it seemed to me as if far above that steel-blue sky, as far as I could see, everything was frighteningly dark. I wondered anxiously how it was possible that this sunny world remained shrouded in darkness. I did not understand it at the time. It was only decades later that it became clear to me. The holistic view of reality states that like attracts like, the familiar “ Similia” similibus ”, here therefore the murder, the 'evil'. And that attracts a great deal of evil in the entirety of the cosmos.”

And now, today, is that specific and very special day on which I wish to close my diary. The Mother Superior is being honoured. She has been granted the honour of receiving a high distinction from the local authorities in the presence of the entire village community, the parents, the sisters, the children, and the many friends. And this for her years of dedication and her numerous merits, both for her convent and for her little school.

And today, too, is a beautiful summer day with the sun high in the sky.



And yet, just as I saw it in my long-gone childhood years, I see now too that, in infinity, far above that steel-blue sky of our little village, everything turns... ink black again.

Sister Marie-Madeleine mused for a while longer. She accepted evil as something one simply has to endure in this world, as a sacrifice, but she knew that with the suffering, death, and resurrection of Jesus, this evil would ultimately lose all its power. She thought of the *Gospel of John*, 16:11 and 16:33 , in which Jesus says that Satan, the prince of this world, was definitively overcome and judged.

Her last meeting with Father Henry, shortly before his impending death, came back to her mind. At their farewell, he had looked from the doorway of his small home, across the rolling land of Esawtini , towards the horizon and the late evening glow, paused for a moment, then turned his gaze to Marie-Madeleine and said with his characteristic smile and calm voice: “Dear Machteld, the sun is setting beautifully, and it is certain that we shall see each other again.”



“For so many years you have been the sun in my life,” she thought, “and it is so good to know that it never sets.” Although she could no longer meet him here, she did not feel orphaned at all. So often she experienced his presence deep within her. Yes, he appeared to her in her dreams from time to time. She was so infinitely grateful to him for everything he had been to her, and for that which he would always remain: an exceptional witness and a safe guide to that high, luminous world.

She thought of the Epistle to the Corinthians; of the love that never fails, that endures all things, believes all things, and hopes all things. Then the words of the Sermon on the Mount came to her mind again. Marie-Madeleine rejoiced in the Heavenly Father's concern for every human being, for every sparrow, and for all living things. She felt a childlike joy at the words of the Canticum of the Sun by Saint Francis and a deep joy at God's love that grants forgiveness.



Finally, she remembered what Soloviev wrote about the heart of the loving human being, who is moved to tears by an all-encompassing tenderness at the suffering of all creation.

Then she closed her diary and placed it in the bookcase. She felt, yes, she knew with absolute certainty that someone would find it here someday and read it. Later, that is, when both she and the Mother Superior would no longer be in this world. Then, she thought, for anyone who wishes to contemplate it in all silence and wisdom, within themselves and for themselves, and far from all sensation, it will undoubtedly become a unique and poignant testimony from distant Swaziland.