

BY REQUEST OF UVANI.

A. M. Kaulback

An enlarged version of WHAT LIES BEYOND.

TO

THE HON. SIR CHARLES COLLINGWOOD

As a young Barrister, one-time guardian to Ronald and Bill; later, and until his death in 1964, a Judge of the High Court of Justice.

With all gratitude for his many kindnesses, not least of them being his careful reading of the typescript of my book WHAT LIES BEYOND, of which this is an enlargement. Having known our family well for many years, he wrote:

"I was certainly impressed very much with the mass of detailed information which you received, most of which was subsequently confirmed, and all of which was in keeping with what I know of all concerned, Harry in particular -- in relation to him I think it is excellent. I don't need to tell you what a tremendous admiration I had for him, or what a very real affection I felt, and to assure you that the picture which the book presents to a reader is a very clear one, and I think brings out his characteristic qualities so far as a writing can ever do this. That there should be any effort at all to impose -- or even to exaggerate -- would never for a moment occur to anyone who knew Ronald, Bill or yourself."

INTRODUCTION

My story does not deal with the after-world as such. It has been written to show that human personalities do survive after death, with clear memories of their lives on earth; and to explain, also, some of the ways in which they may be able, given suitable conditions, to communicate with those they know (and especially with those they love) who are still in this world. It covers the years between 1924 and 1945, starting when I was comparatively young, and ending with the finish of the Second World War. In nothing that I have said in it have I relied on memory, for all my material has been taken from the written records which I made of each experience at the time when it took place. I had four main communicators, who, between them, provided nearly all the evidence I have given in this book: first, my brother Frank Townend, who was killed in Flanders in 1915; next, my husband, Harry, who died in 1929; and, lastly, Uvani and Abdul Latif, both long dead, and familiar to many as having been the controls of the famous trance-medium Eileen Garrett.

Throughout my search I was at pains to ensure, as far as possible, that my own personality and mind were passive, so that these should contribute little or nothing of their own to the proceedings; and it is as proof that I must have been largely successful in this that the word-pictures of my sons are important -- pictures given to me when my boys were far out of normal contact, in Asia and in Africa.

To start with, it may be helpful to give a short description of the relationship which appears to exist between the world we live in and the equally real world of those who have left this plane of life and who are now living elsewhere.

It seems that existence, in its widest sense, consists of various spheres of life, differentiated one from another -- if we disregard the present physical state -- simply by the rates of vibration in these different spheres, the rates becoming ever higher as the level of spiritual perfection rises in each successive sphere.* It must therefore be clear that, before an individual on a higher plane of consciousness can attempt to put himself into communication with somebody on a lower one, he must first alter his vibrations to correspond with those of the person on the lower plane; or, alternatively, communicate through someone on that lower plane whose mental vibrations have been temporarily raised to his level, or hers.

† As I have already said, I have been given many word-pictures of the doings of my sons during their travels, by people in the next sphere up from ours. These pictures have frequently proved to be correct in all essential particulars except one -- that of Time. In this respect they have been as often ahead of time as behind it, or as correct to it; and those who give me the pictures say themselves that it is impossible for them to tell whether or not what they are seeing coincides with the actual moment of the event seen -- time, as we know it, being a conception peculiar to our physical universe, and even there liable to great distortion in certain circumstances. There is no absolute link in time throughout the Great Universe in which both their and our worlds intermingle. It would appear, from what I have learnt, that only when the individual who sees the occurrence is very close to the "wavelength" of this world can there be any probability of time being correct; and this seems to be understandable, because, to some extent, that individual then enters into our plane of existence. I cannot myself attempt to offer any further

* From The Edge of the Etheric, by J. Arthur Findlay:

"The Universe is a gigantic scale of vibrations of which the physical is but a small range. As mind constitutes the highest range of vibrations, so individual consciousness consists of the interaction of mind vibrations with physical vibrations. When we discard our physical body our mind interacts with etheric vibrations through the etheric body."

† see chapters VI, VII, VIII, ~~and~~ IX and X

explanation of this question of time, for I am not qualified to speak on such a subject. I merely give the results of my own experiences, which are so closely connected with it.

It is my hope that not only those who are already satisfied as to the realities of life after death; but those who are open-mindedly interested in the invisible world; and those who, for personal reasons, are anxious to find some way in which contact with it may be made, will all find food for serious thought in the pages that follow.

Finally I should like to quote a short passage from what Uvani has said to me. It is at his instigation, and that of Abdul Latif, that my book has been written, and, in summing up his wishes as to the form it should take, he said: "We are stating no religious views. We are holding up no banner of what is termed Spiritualism, and there are no doctrines which have to be extolled. Purely a statement of fact is what will come from your pen, a search into what lies beyond the little span of man's existence here."

I did publish a book, in 1943, at a time of great difficulty, when the war was at its height. This is an enlargement of that book, written after very much more time for reflection and preparation. In addition, my sons' original comments on the word-pictures -- comments written for my eyes, but which I published, just as they were, in my first book -- were brief for the most part, and left out much of the background. This they have now filled in, at my request, for the sake of my readers, and they have expanded some of the details for the same reason.