

Chapter IV

Direct Control by Harry; and extracts from conversations with him.

On May 6th, 1930, I went to my sitting with Eileen Garrett, tense with anticipation. It was exactly a week since Uvani had told me that Harry would take control of the medium himself at the next sitting, and, as she was going into trance, I waited, wondering, longing, hoping. She was much longer than usual in going off; but then, when trance was at last established, instead of Uvani's voice there came a little murmur, followed by silence, and then another small, inarticulate sound. I said, very softly: "Is that you, darling?"; and a voice replied in a whisper, with difficulty and very slowly: "Well, I'm here. That's a hard thing over."

But, having once got through, Harry started to manipulate his instrument with ever greater skill. Before long he was able to talk to me with all the ease and precision of Uvani or Abdul Latif; and from then on, both in this and in all the many other direct control sittings we had later, every word he said was characteristic of him, and it was made clear, in a thousand ways, that it was Harry himself talking to me. He spoke often of the boys, recalling all manner of incidents throughout their lives, from the time they were babies; things they had done; things we had all done together; and ever and always showing complete understanding of everything about them in their present lives. Sometimes he would mention pranks they were getting up to at Cambridge; but he never worried about these, and he kept me from worrying too, as I am sure I should have done otherwise.

I never used anything said by Harry, directly to influence either boy, although sometimes I did so indirectly. Once, without any preliminary remark from me, or question from himself, he said, quietly: "Now about Ron. I don't like the idea of it, honestly I don't. I am speaking now

as I feel, near to earthly things, and taking the view I should have taken then. He might be happy doing it, but I feel it would be far better to go on for the extra year."

I knew at once what he meant: Ronald, in his second year at Cambridge, was thinking of possibly accepting an offer which had been made to him to go to South Africa.

I replied: "He thought he might be wasting money if he went on for another year."

"Well, the money would be wasted if he didn't, wouldn't it, and a year makes a lot of difference at his age. It's hard to know what to do for the best; but I do think he shouldn't do anything in a hurry and should carry on. The experience he would gain out there would not mean so much to him as remaining on for another year where he is."

What he said was absolutely right, and the upshot was that I went to see the boys' guardian about it and ask his opinion. He knew nothing at all of my having found Harry again (and would probably have heartily disapproved if he had known); but he fully agreed that it would be inadvisable for Ronald to leave Cambridge, and he suggested that he, his wife and I should run down there in his car, when he could discuss the whole matter with my son. This we did, and with infinite tact he told him that he felt quite certain his father would have wanted him to finish his time at the University before striking out for himself. All was well, and Ronald said at once that he would give up the African idea and stay on at Pembroke for his third year.

For the next eighteen months, until our medium went to America, Harry and I had perfect talks. His control of her was complete, and, after the first two or three sittings, he had no more difficulties. I never ceased to marvel at the amount he knew -- past, present and to come. Billy was shortly taking me with him to Majorca for a few weeks, and our plans had not been mentioned to Harry, for I invariably waited to see what would first

come from him. I found that he knew all about our trip, where we planned to go, and all the details about getting there. He also said he wondered if Bill would be visiting some of the other islands. "I think," he told me, "you will find there are four; Minorca and also Ibiza, and there is Formentera. Will you ask Bill if I am right? I saw him looking at the map." I had no idea, myself, of the names of the last two islands, and when I asked Bill, I found that he could not remember either, although he had been looking at the map a short time before, as Harry had said. The names of both the islands were quite correct, of course.

During our last talk through Eileen Garrett, before she left England, Harry said: "I know how you are feeling about this, but you can get my thoughts. I know and feel your love. All this time we've talked through her we've got very close to one another. Everything about which we had troubles or misunderstandings we have cleared out of our lives. Remember, when it comes to next month,* I shall be thinking of all those days which mattered so much before I went; and those days after. Those days that I can hardly bear to think of, away from you. I am glad we had such a happy time before I went. I left you as I would have done had I been going on any other journey, without any fuss -- only I took my last ticket, and this time not a return ticket.

"If I have been sad about it all, I do think now that it was best to have happened then. I put up with my arm; but I couldn't have borne being an invalid for weary, miserable years. As it was, I died more or less in harness, still needed; and the regiment still had my help, though I was beginning to think I had had enough; that the time had come to put away red tape; that I was weary.

"Now I'll have to go; but remember, too, that even if we should never

* This sitting took place on October 19th, 1931. The second anniversary of Harry's death fell on November 14th.

speak to one another again in this way, no one can ever take away the nearness of all we have been and are to one another. It wouldn't matter if we never spoke another word.

"Allie, my own beloved, my darling wife, I know everything, just what my going has meant to you. I love you with all my heart, my soul.

"Give Ron my love -- and a slap on the back. My love to Bill."

Then there was silence, and I sat silent too. But it was only a few

weeks after this that we were able to talk to each other in writing.

The remainder of this chapter consists of extracts from the many conversations I had with my husband during the next few years, all of them, unless otherwise stated, coming through my own writing. I stress that they are extracts from conversations, and not lectures, and hence that they are not so cohesive as they would have been in the latter case.

much more quickly; even's mind is so much more acute, so much more

penetrating. Therefore, as you know, one little thought brings me to you, and I am never really separated from you, yet I can keep a grip on other matters at the same time. I have work to do, many people to help and much to arrange, going about in all directions; but it is done without effort, not as is the case on earth.

"I don't know what little odds and ends of things you are doing, nor do I always know your thoughts; but I am sensitized to a great extent where you are concerned, and there is nothing that really affects you that I don't know. Also, your thoughts sent out to me are with me at once".

Harry explained that the work he was engaged in was of the same kind as Uvani's, making (or trying to make) contact with those who did not realize what had happened to them.

"I see them vaguely wandering, full of indecision and perplexity. To some enlightenment comes at once. To others, who are very set, one sees a long period before them during which they simply feel they are still on earth. Of course in the latter case they are always confused."

I asked, what did these people think or feel about the ones they had left behind on earth.

"All sorts of thoughts drift through their minds, but usually, with this type of person, it is selfishness which keeps them back; therefore it is their own concerns which chiefly engross them."

I said: "I have just finished reading the opinion of a writer that, after one has established proofs of identity, one ought not to try to have any more contact with those one loves. His idea is that this would hold them back from further development."

Harry answered: "Don't you think the people who say these things are those to whom a wealth of love is not known? Also I should imagine they have never had a great wealth of evidence. However, to everyone his own opinion."

He wrote through me of the many direct talks he had had with me through Eileen Garrett, and I told him I had destroyed some of the records because I could not contemplate anyone else seeing them.

He replied: "What you have destroyed was of a side no one but you knows. What you have left is purely evidential. It breathes me. There was a lot said about the boys that would have made them marvel; but even that was mainly for you alone. I am kept alive in my boys' memories. Most fathers would have become nebulous by now."

At another time he wrote: "There isn't much more difficulty in talking to you now than there will be when you actually come over to me. You are happy now, but then you will have a radiant feeling of joy. There will be joy in being so near those who love you and whom you love. You keenly realise the limitations of earthly minds, or, to put it another way, minds which are hampered by earthly bodies. People are tongue-tied, unable to express what they are really thinking about. I know, as you delight in the talks we are able to have here, so will you take greater joy in those you

can have when you are really on our side. Here there are no limitations."

"Sometimes," I said, "it is hard to understand exactly how this is."

"Not really. Not when you remember the manner in which things are done on earth. You talk to someone, seemingly engrossed, yet at the back of your mind are numberless thoughts about other matters, some constructive, some quite idle. Think of the intensified perceptions we have here, and the rapidity with which our bodies^{*} and thoughts travel. There is also enormous power of thought, and we can construct, without actually doing this ourselves in a material way. You do understand. When you are taking down a 'picture' about the boys, if someone comes in and disturbs you, you give attention from a small part of your mind, but immediately carry on with what you were doing, and don't feel as though any interruption had taken place. That, in a small way, shows you what happens here.

"The more I see of things, both as they are in the state in which I now am, and in connection with you, the more I see how very like our old earth world this is. I come to you finding I can express myself according to the type of mind I work through -- bits of my mind more awakened than others. This happens with all on earth. As their listener is, so do they give out, or retain, what they are interested in or have in their minds. Very often one particular vein won't be tapped at all, which, with someone else, would be uppermost. That is what I find.

"There is beauty here such as is hard to describe -- so wonderfully vivid, so palpitating with life -- which seems to fill one's soul with ecstasy. Also there is this: when one sees beautiful sights on earth -- and there are many -- one's thoughts are very often full of problems, one thing and another blotting out the radiance. Here there is nothing of that kind for me now. At first I saw the loveliness veiled, with no sunshine causing it to glow, and the beauty didn't really exist for me. But then my soul was hungering for you, and I hadn't the glorious feeling that, though in different spheres, the essential part of us was together, never to know separation again."

* This, of course, refers to the 'Etheric Body'.

I said I supposed it must be very difficult for him to put into words, comprehensible to me, just what his world was like, and he replied:

"Even in that respect you have a good idea as to what happens. Thought is what governs our actions here, more powerfully than with you, but thought underlies everything in your world too. You are more circumscribed, that's all. And love transcends everything. It's force is mightier than all else."

Then I said: "Tell me how much we are responsible for having lack of love. What would happen to people with little sympathy or capacity for love? Would they have to suffer on that account?"

"Nothing will be expected of them which their development cannot give. For many reasons those who are undeveloped would not be expected to give out what would be forthcoming from others; but were those with knowledge and understanding to be devoid of kindness to those suffering any sort of affliction (or who, by stress of circumstances, are in a much lower state), their sufferings, over occasioning these people further pain, would be great. If development is retarded, learning comes bit by bit. Punishment will not be inflicted; but later the undeveloped ones will see with great sorrow how much their actions hurt others, and then they will try to make amends.

"There are so many things one sees. It is an extraordinary feeling, this one of excessive clarity. You know what it is like when you are asleep in a dark room, and you awake and turn on a bright light. It hurts at first, doesn't it? Then, with that clearness of vision, comes infinite tolerance and patience, though, with it all, one ^doesn't find one's own characteristics submerged. When talking through a medium it feels practically as though one was just the same.

"It's all intensified over here. Thoughts create in your world, and, once created, others reap the benefit. Here, according to one's own thoughts, the actions which went to the making of one's character, one is able to give expression to what one wants formed. Whatever you want you can have, but there are many who are unable to formulate anything constructive. They see all darkly until such time as their consciousness, their awareness, is

awakened. It is easy for some people to write a book, to make scenes and people come to life. Their thoughts are clear and find expression; while with others it is difficult. It happens, of course, with many here, that they find everything they want awaiting them. They have paved the way."

I told him I knew that that was what had happened with him, and Harry said: "I found a great deal, and all of it wasted on me just because you weren't with me. Then I realised you were, that I could get to you, and presently I saw that our souls were practically one and the same. So I am content. I look after you and after our boys. I know you are mine, and I am happy. It's all very simple, isn't it? Even with regard to Abdul Latif and Uvani -- two distinct, very emphatic personalities, always doing all possible to help.

"I think there has been nothing quite like this work of ours before. It is a fact that we simply have never been separated. Because of my great love I never really left you. As I came looking for you you reached out to me, and, having established our contact, I found it possible to keep you in touch with our boys."

I said: "There is a question I want to ask. Have you found out any more about God?"

"I don't know any more than I did when I told you there is a great controlling force, a great sea of energy directing the universe, a tremendous activity which goes on. That this force is directed by a wonderful mind is certain.

"The Great Power doesn't compel us to act. We are given free-will, but our general path is chosen for us. Then we can get from point to point as we wish. There is no destiny which makes a man's fate certain. If he gets away from his track he may roam about doing what he wants. Sooner or later he has to get on to his right road."

Through Eileen Garrett, Harry spoke in a rather similar vein:

"This is what I have found. It is only what is in yourself that counts. Do good, be good, think the best, live the best. You can't go wrong then.

To be as good as you can be, to have tolerance, uprightness of living; the real man doesn't have to reflect on the moral code: he knows he must live it for the good of the community."

And then he said: "I do believe in a true and just God, the God in us."

In 1936, Eileen Garrett paid another visit to England, and we were able to talk through her again for the first time in more than two and a half years. Harry controlled throughout, and began in a very low voice, as if he had to get used to speaking through her all over again.

"This is like returning to something that was once very familiar. I particularly asked not to be escorted, as perhaps you knew I would do. It seems strange to talk to you again in this way, and yet so good. You do know, don't you, beyond all possible shadow of doubt, that there is hardly a moment in which we are not able to have this beautiful communion of nearness. Your life goes evenly, helped by the knowledge that in thought and word, in all your experiences, there has been no cessation of my being with you, the only difference being that my love is growing greater and greater. And that side of me that I know you always loved so deeply has always gone on, only with all its terseness and hardness gone; and here we are, bound to one another so that there hardly seems a moment in which you are not part of my life.

"In speaking like this, I only tell you what you already know so well -- but would hear again through this instrument of Uvani's -- that a very close tie binds us through and through. I see all the things which, in life, I wanted to see in you, have come to pass -- only without any trouble. Always I knew I had your love, always I knew I had your respect; and I think most people knew that, non-indulgent as I very often was to the rest of the world, I adored my wife.

"I have changed my outlook too -- you aren't the only one who has -- and where things would have troubled me they do so no longer. Most of all I have your love, and I have clear seeing, where once everything was wrapped in mystery. I would feel afraid of eventualities, where now I see straight before me. I see that, sometimes, what comes to pass has to be gone through; but I also see the outcome. We can give guidance,

protection and help to those we love, and yet often they will take a turning which can't fail to land them in difficulties. Then, thank God, comes the clearest sight, and we don't feel anxious as to the ultimate outcome. Troubles, too, arising out of no fault of our own, can be overcome and strength is given.

"We can talk intimately and closely, you and I, beloved; and at every turn you know it is I. My soul is steeped in happiness. There is no more sadness, and I can see the glory of all that surrounds me. Some day, perhaps, you will write our story -- our story without end."

I have tried to do this; but what I have put into this book is only a small sample from the great store that has come my way through these many years.

As I have said in the Introduction, and as can be seen in later chapters, time was nothing if not capricious through my own mediumship, and I asked Harry about this, again through Eileen Garrett. He told me: "Time isn't; well, your time isn't."

I said: "But you could always tell me everything exactly right as to time after you went."

"For the simple reason that I was still thinking" -- and here came a little stammer, so familiar to me in his lifetime; and so slight that probably few people noticed it. -- "in, in, within your own orbit, and you know how punctilious I always was about time. Now I'm like a fellow gone away to vegetate. Time passes with us in different measurements, and the only way I can measure it for you is by a rough estimate of your days and nights. And even that's only because I'm so near you.

"I can imagine someone with no proximity at all to this old earth-world, never knowing whether a year or a month had passed. It's all a matter of adjusting oneself. One has to do that even coming back to England from India. For a man without any great ties, time would depend here upon what he was doing. If he were leading a quiet, happy life in the sunlight it would seem very quick; if he were in the gloom, very

long. Without you I would have wandered around and explored new territory."

I asked if everyone, after death, had to see in clear detail all they have done on earth.

"Yes, that happens always. You don't get out of that. The fight is over that goes on in your world, the driving force for existence; but there is still ambition here, and there is laziness and retrogression, and for some people the hell can be a pretty vile one. You've more power of vision over here.

"Keeping so near to you has done this. A man who cared as much as I cared, suddenly cut off as I was, might have wrapped himself in gloom and been wretched; but, as it is, I know I can come back and be with you. I love you, I love our boys. I talk far more easily than I ever did in life. There are no misunderstandings, and our souls speak. Sometimes you wondered whether all this could be true, whether there could be any other explanation, and that is why I was anxious by every means in my power to make you know it was I. That is why I wanted to speak myself, to get control of what was happening.

"There is one thing you know I am not very likely to do, and that is to come back and spout religion. That would only have happened if I had been full of it in this world. Religion is free. You also know that, don't you? It doesn't matter whether you are Roman Catholic, Presbyterian, Methodist, Hottentot, or if you simply worship in the wilds -- no matter. From all I can find here, people do not make an image of God at all. They give you an idea of a great control of right thinking, a source of right-directed power; but they don't give it a personal direction. We feel, on earth, that we must have Him in shape and formation; but here, in my state, people don't think that matters. There is no picture of a personality, but just a great driving force for good. Help is often given through the ones who love you, and their individuality is always maintained."

Another time I asked: "Dearest, does God seem nearer to you where you are now, and do you see things more plainly?"

"Yes, for this reason: everything is so beautiful; and also there is the sense of some wonderfully ordained system attached to everyone and

everything; some great power at work, and we call it God. But, my love, I am very little wiser than you. I can see a bit, but not very much further."

Some years later, when Harry was writing through me, I asked: "Does prayer always reach God -- the Godhead?"

"It depends. If someone, with all his heart, sends out a real prayer for help, it always reaches its mark, though the actual help is constantly given by others, who are much nearer the earth. God does hear. Remember, powers are unlimited. Even we are able to catch your every unspoken call to us, answering you immediately."

I then asked if he knew how far Abdul Latif had gone in his development.

"A great distance where other spheres are concerned. He has travelled far, getting very near the ultimate goal, but, as it were, with an extended vision. He has no desire to leave the field of activity.

"Uvani doesn't feel the desire either, to press on. He, too, has seen other stages, looking at them from afar, but he is going to remain as he is. That doesn't mean he isn't being perfected; but, for the time being, his wish is to remain here. It is my desire also.

"It's very beautiful, and with a life very similar to ours on earth, though with different values, of course. There being no money, no competition, makes an enormous difference; here character counting most, and the way one developed during one's earthly education. As one did or did not do one's best, so does one have much or little, and many people, who had untold riches during their material lives, are quite impoverished here. They have to learn what unselfishness and understanding mean before they can get what they want. They are far too occupied with seeing all their past life recurring over and over again, to be able to shape constructive thoughts. They are wrapped up still in themselves. I am sometimes astounded at the way in which people are befogged. I am with Uvani very often, when he goes his rounds amongst them. Sooner or later, though, some little glimmer of longing comes to them, and, directly they

have a wish to learn, to get away from the conditions they are in, so does someone answer the call."