

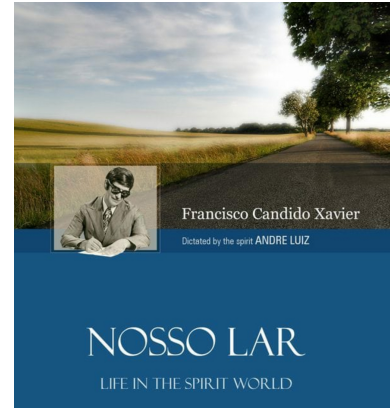
Nosso Lar

(a summary by Pat Evert)

- Introduction

What is essential is that we acquire an understanding of our infinite potential and that we use it in the service of the good. Earth's human beings have not been disinherited. They are God's children engaged in constructive labor and clothed in flesh, and they are students attending a worthwhile school, where they must learn to evolve. The human struggle is their opportunity, their tool and their textbook. Andre Luiz comes to tell you, dear reader, that the greatest surprise of physical death is that it places us **face-to-face with our own conscience, wherein we build our own heaven**, remain in purgatory, or immerse ourselves in the infernal abyss. He reminds us that the earth is a sacred workshop and that nobody will despise it without paying the price for the terrible error to which he or she has subjected his or her own heart.

A great river follows its course before joining the immense sea. Likewise, the soul also follows its course of various roads and goes through different stages. It too receives streams of knowledge here and there, augmenting the way it expresses itself and purifying its character before reaching the Eternal Ocean of Wisdom. Ah! Paths of souls; mysterious ways of the heart! It is necessary to travel them before attempting the supreme equation of eternal life! **It is crucial that you live out their drama, that you know them detail by detail during the long process of spiritual perfection!**



In the Lower Regions

I was sure that I no longer belonged to the incarnate ranks of the world, but my lungs continued to take deep breaths. How long had I been the puppet of irresistible forces? It was impossible to tell. Actually, I felt like a prisoner trapped behind dark bars of horror. When it wasn't pitch dark, the landscape seemed to be bathed in a lurid light as if shrouded in a thick mist. **The fear of the unknown** and my dread of the darkness paralyzed all my powers of reasoning as soon as I had broken free of my last physical ties in the grave! Anguished thoughts weighed heavily on my mind, and when I would try to make some sense of it all, a string of incidents would drive my thoughts into confusion. I had lived on the earth, enjoyed its benefits and reaped the blessings of life, but I had never contributed anything towards repaying my enormous debt. I had had parents, whose generosity and sacrifices I never appreciated, and a wife and children, whom I **fiercely imprisoned in the unyielding web of destructive selfishness**. I had delighted in the joys of my own family circle, but had forgotten to share such a divine blessing with the immense human

family. Oh, dear friends on earth! How many of you could avoid the bitter path of sorrow by **cultivating the inner fields of your hearts!** Light your lamps before crossing the great darkness.

Clarencio

“Suicide! Suicide! Criminal! Wretch!” Insults like these surrounded me in every direction. Those forces angered me and kept me from coordinating my ideas. I desired to reflect maturely on the situation, to frame its causes and establish new trains of thought, but those voices, those laments mixed with such blatant accusations, bewildered me irremediably. “What are you looking for, you wretch? Where do you think you’re going, you suicide!?” Why was I being accused of suicide when I had been coerced into giving up my home, my family and my loved ones’ sweet company? The strongest man will come to the end of his emotional endurance. Though I had tried to be firm and resolute at the beginning, I began to sink into long periods of despondency, and instead of building up my morale, **I felt like my suffering would never end**, and long-repressed tears visited me more frequently, pouring out of my heart. **Asking myself if I hadn’t gone crazy**, I found that my awareness was highly alert, and that fact made it clear to me that I was still myself, that I still possessed the sentiment and learning acquired during my material experience. Finally, I was totally out of energy and I felt myself completely prostrate in the mire of the earth without enough strength to get up. It was during that bitter crisis that I implored the Supreme Author of Nature to reach out to me with his paternal hands. It was at that moment that the dense mist cleared away, and someone came forward –an envoy from heaven. A kindly old man smiled paternally at me. Then, he bent down and gazed intently into my face with his big lucid eyes and said: “Courage, my son! The Lord has not forsaken you. My name is Clarencio, and I’m nothing more than your brother.” And noticing my exhaustion, he added: “Remain calm and quiet for now. You must rest to regain your strength.” He then explained like someone who has just recalled a pressing obligation: “Let’s go. I need to get back to Nosso Lar [Portuguese for Our Home] as soon as possible.”

A Collective Prayer Experience

I was led to a comfortable, richly furnished and spacious room, where I was offered a welcome bed. One explained: “We are in the spiritual spheres close to the earth, and the sun that is shining on us at this moment is the same one that used to warm our physical bodies. Here, however, our visual perception is much richer. The sun that the Lord lit for our earthly endeavors is actually more precious and beautiful than we ever imagined when we were in the corporeal realm. Our sun is the divine matrix of life, and its brightness comes from the Author of Creation.” I was like **a fortunate blind man, whose eyes are opened to the sublimity of nature** after having lived for long centuries in darkness. New energies flooded my soul and profound emotions vibrated in my spirit. I had scarcely gotten over my consoling surprise when a divine melody wafted into the room, sounding like a soft beehive of sounds coming down from the higher spheres. Those musical notes of marvelous harmony went straight to my heart. The music had renewed my deepest energies. A wonderful blue heart with golden rays became visible above us in the distance on a higher level. The prayers were then answered by caressing music, coming perhaps from distant spheres. Then, a heavy rain of blue flowers began falling on us. I experienced an

extraordinary **renewal of energy** upon contact with the fluidic petals as if some kind of soothing balm was being applied to my heart. As soon as the sublime prayer service was over, I was helped back to my quarters by my friend, who had been standing close by. However, I was **no longer the seriously ill patient** of a few hours before. My first collective prayer experience in Nosso Lar had worked **a complete transformation. An unexpected comfort filled my soul.** For the first time after so many years of suffering, my poor, longing and tormented heart, like a chalice that had remained empty for so long, was once again filled with the generous drops of the liqueur of hope.

The Spirit doctor

“It’s a pity that you’ve come here by way of suicide.” Clarencio remained serene, but I felt a surge of revolt within me. Suicide? I remembered the accusations of those perverse beings of the darkness. Despite the stock of gratitude that I was beginning to accumulate, I couldn’t accept such an accusation. “My friend, have you noticed that your liver and kidneys were damaged by how you lived –a terrible disregard for those sacred gifts?” A pointed despondency invaded my heart. The doctor seemed unaware of the anguish that was oppressing me and continued his explanation: “The organs of the somatic body possess incalculable reserves in accordance with the designs of the Lord. My friend, however, evaded many excellent opportunities and wasted the precious treasures of the physical experience. The long task that had been entrusted to you by the Great Ones of Higher Spirituality was reduced to mere attempts at work that you never completed. Your entire gastric system was destroyed as a direct result of your excesses in food and alcoholic beverages, which you thought to be completely harmless. Your essential energies were devoured by syphilis. As you can see, the diagnosis of suicide is incontestable.” But Clarencio’s exuberant goodness, the doctor’s unbending tenderness and the attendant’s fraternal patience all penetrated deeply into my spirit. I was not torn by the desire to react; I was struck with shame. **I wept. I really was a suicide.** “Stop lamenting so, my son. I went looking for you in answer to the intercessions of those who love you on the higher planes. Your tears grieve their hearts. **Wouldn’t you rather show your gratitude by remaining calm** during the examination of your wrongs? Indeed, your situation is that of a suicide who didn’t realize what he was doing, but there are hundreds of other souls who leave the earth daily in exactly the same condition. So settle down. Enjoy the treasures of repentance; remorse is a blessing no matter how late it arrives. And don’t forget that affliction doesn’t solve anything. Trust in the Lord and in our fraternal devotion. **Rest your troubled soul**, for many of us have already walked the same path as you.”

Receiving medical assistance

“Your intestinal area displays serious lesions and obvious vestiges of cancer; your liver has a rupture and your kidneys show characteristic signs of premature failure.” “Yes,” I answered, “the doctor explained it yesterday and made it clear that these disturbances are all of my own doing.” Many religions on the planet invite individuals to the heavenly banquet. With few exceptions, the human masses prefer to accept a different invitation instead. They waste their potential by deviating from the path of the good; they cave in to their whims and thoughtlessly destroy their

physical bodies. The result: thousands of individuals are taken daily from the physical realm in a painful state of confusion. Countless multitudes of insane, diseased and ignorant spirits wander around in all directions in the circles closest to the earth's crust. Regardless of our spiritual evolution, if we have debts on the planet, we must inevitably go back to set them right. All honest medicine is a service of love, a truly helpful activity; but **the actual work of healing is up to each spirit individually**. When tears aren't caused by feelings of rebellion, they are always a purifying medicine.

An invaluable warning

My mental suffering is enormous and indescribable! Now that the outward torment has subsided because of the assistance I've received, I must now turn to the storms within my soul. What has become of my wife and children? I believe that very few creatures have suffered as much as I have! What is life after all? A never-ending succession of misery and tears! Is there no recourse to sow peace?

Clarencio, however, rose serenely and spoke unaffectedly: "My dear friend, do you really want spiritual healing?" I nodded and he continued: "Then **learn not to talk about yourself so much or to comment on your own pain**. Lamentation is the symptom of a mental illness that is time-consuming and difficult to treat. You absolutely must create new trains of thought and control your tongue. We will only become balanced if we open our heart to the sun of the Deity. If you regard the effort required as a crushing imposition and see suffering where there is actually an edifying struggle, **you are showing the undesirable signs of spiritual blindness**. The more you use words to exaggerate painful thoughts regarding your personal experience, the more you bind yourself to insignificant memories." By now, my tears had dried and I had been brought back to my senses by my benevolent instructor. I began to adopt a different attitude, even though I was ashamed of my weakness. For us, **pain means the possibility of enriching the soul; struggle is a way towards divine realization**. Do you understand the difference? Weak souls remain inactive when faced with work, and they complain to anyone who will listen. Strong souls, however, accept labor as a sacred heritage, with which they prepare themselves on the path towards perfection. If you truly love your family, you must be cheerful in order to be of any use to them."

Lisias's Explanations

The aspects of nature impressed me most of all. Nearly everything seemed to be an improved copy of earth. The colors were more harmonious and the substances more delicate. The death of the body doesn't lead humans to some miraculous state of being. Every evolutionary process implies gradation.

Perhaps you haven't realized that your stay in the lower spheres lasted for over eight years. In all that time, your mother never lost hope. **A dirty mirror cannot reflect light**. Thus, it is not the Father who needs our penance; it is we who need penance because of the inestimable service it renders us. When one ardently desires something, one is already on the way to obtaining it. For years, you wandered around like a feather at random, harboring fear, sadness and disillusionment. But as soon as you firmly thought of the need to receive divine assistance, you

expanded the range of your mental vibrations and obtained vision and help. You must not forget that any worthwhile achievement requires three fundamental prerequisites: **First, desire it; second, know how to desire it; third, deserve it.** In other words, an active will, persevering work and justifiable merit.”

The organization of services

We are now in the area of the Ministry of Assistance. Everything we see here, all of the buildings and houses are institutions and shelters that are suited for the activities under our jurisdiction. Instructors, workers and other staff for our mission live here. This is the area where patients are assisted, prayers are heard and sorted, earthly reincarnations are prepared for, and rescue groups are organized on behalf of those who are weeping on the earth or who inhabit the Umbral. Here, solutions are sought for all matters concerning human suffering. The colony is divided into six Ministries, each under the direction of twelve Ministers. There are the Ministries of Regeneration, Assistance, Communication, Elucidation, Elevation and Divine Union. The first four connect us with the terrestrial spheres; the remaining two link us to the higher planes; thus, our spirit city is a transition zone. Ordinary people are unaware that all manifestations of order in the world come from the higher planes. No useful organization ever materializes on the earth unless its first rays have come down from the higher spheres.

The Problem of Nutrition

Activities involving provisions were reduced to a mere distribution service under the direct control of the Government Center, but not without a fight. Many newcomers to Noso Lar doubled their demands. They wanted sumptuous food and fine drinks, for they were **still influenced by old earthly vices**. At the Governor’s request, two hundred instructors came down from a very high sphere in order to provide new instruction concerning the science of **breathing and absorbing vital elements directly from the atmosphere**. Numerous assemblies were held. But the governor didn’t give in. In spite of it all, the Governor never punished anyone. He summoned the measures’ adversaries to his office and paternally expounded on the aims and benefits of the diet, emphasizing the superiority of such methods of spiritualization. For the most rebellious enemies of the new process, he facilitated study excursions to more-elevated planes, and thereby won a greater number of followers. Its supplies were reduced to what was strictly necessary. The Ministry of Elucidation, however, took much longer to make a commitment due to the great numbers of spirits working there, who were dedicated to the mathematical sciences. They were the most obstinate adversaries. Since they were used to the ingestion of protein and carbohydrates, which they deemed indispensable to the physical body, they wouldn’t give in to the new concept applied here. The Ministry of Divine Union never dismissed even the smallest report without having examined it in detail. While the scientists were making their arguments and the Government was stalling for time, dangerous disturbances were beginning to occur in the former Department of Regeneration, which has since then become a Ministry. Encouraged by the rebelliousness of the collaborators in the Ministry of Elucidation, some of the less-evolved spirits who were undergoing treatment there started acting contemptibly. These sorts of problems caused enormous schisms within the collective agencies of Noso Lar. He admonished the

Ministry of Elucidation, whose impertinences he had constantly endured for over thirty years, and temporarily prohibited any assistance to the lower regions. For the first time in his administration, he had the electric batteries in the city walls turned on in order to emit magnetic darts to serve as a common defense. There was neither actual battle nor attack within the colony, but only resolute resistance. Since then, there has been a greater supply of nutritive substances that remind us of earth –but only in the Ministries of Regeneration and Assistance, where there is always a great number in need of such substances. In all the other Ministries, the diet is limited to the essentials; that is, nutrition follows the rules of strictest sobriety. Nowadays, everyone realizes that the Governor’s supposed impertinence was **a highly valuable measure for our spiritual liberation.**

The “Forest of Waters”

Water here has a different density. It is much lighter and purer, almost fluidic. On earth, almost no one really gives the importance of water a second thought. In Nosso Lar, however, we know much more about it. In the religious circles of the planet, people are taught that the Lord created water. Well, it is logical that every service that has been created needs effort and work to keep it in good order. In this spirit city, we have learned to be thankful to the Father and his divine collaborators for such a gift. Our better understanding of water enables us to know that it is one of the most powerful vehicles for fluids of any nature. Here, it is used especially as medicine or as food. In the Ministry of Assistance, there are departments entirely devoted to mixing pure water with certain elements derived from sunlight and from spiritual magnetism. In most of the areas of our extensive colony, our diet is based on such a system. But since only the Ministers of Divine Union hold the highest standard of spiritualization among us, they have been allotted the task of magnetizing the waters of the Blue River for use by all the inhabitants of Nosso Lar. After they perform this initial purification process, various departments carry out the specialized work of endowing the water with nutritive and healing substances. When the waters join together again far on the other side of this Forest, the river flows away from our region, bearing our spiritual qualities in its depths. Earth’s inhabitants will one day understand that **water is a creative fluid that absorbs the mental characteristics of each home’s inhabitants.** Water, my friend, not only carries the residues of the body, but the impressions of our mental life as well. It is harmful in wicked hands, useful in generous ones, and when in motion, its current not only spreads the blessings of life but also acts as a vehicle of Divine Providence, absorbing people’s bitterness, hatred and anxieties, cleansing their physical home and purifying their inner atmosphere.

Knowing More about the Spirit Realm

Each colony –like each entity –stands at a different degree of the great ascent. So, each organization displays its own unique characteristics. No prominent position is granted based on favoritism. In the last ten years, only four spirits have been granted defined responsibilities in the Ministry of Divine Union. After a long period of learning and service, most of us reincarnate again to carry on our work towards perfection. When newcomers from the lower regions of the Umbral show that they are ready and willing to cooperate, they are housed at the Ministry of Assistance; but if they are rebellious, they are taken to the Ministry of Regeneration. When they

show improvement over a period of time, they are admitted as workers in the services of Assistance, Communication and Elucidation in order to adequately prepare themselves for their future planetary tasks. Only a few spirits are allowed the privilege of a long stay in the Ministry of Elevation, and it is very rare indeed –every ten years –for any to reach the level of working in the Ministry of Divine Union. We live in an environment of hard work. The jobs in the Ministry of Assistance are laborious and complex; the duties in the Ministry of Regeneration require strenuous effort; those in Communication demand a high standard of individual responsibility; in Elucidation, they require a great capacity for work and profound intellectual values; those in the Ministry of Elevation require self-denial and spiritual enlightenment; lastly, the activities in the Ministry of Divine Union require right wisdom and the application of sincere universal love.

The Umbral

Imagine that when we reincarnate, each of us is wearing a dirty garment that must be washed in the waters of human life. This dirty garment is our causal body, woven by our own hands during past lives. As we share in the blessings of a new earthly opportunity once more, we usually forget our essential purpose, and instead of purifying ourselves through the effort of the cleansing process, we become even more soiled by going deeper into debt and thus imprisoning ourselves in genuine slavery. Now if we return to the world seeking a way to rid ourselves of our impurities because they are out of harmony with a higher plane, how can we expect to enter this sphere of light in an even worse state than before? Therefore, **the Umbral is a region intended for the flushing away of negative mental residues**. It is a sort of purgatorial zone, where one gradually burns off the refuse of the bulk of illusions acquired after having degraded the sublime opportunity of an earthly life. The Umbral is a region of profound importance for those still on the earth, for it embodies everything that is useless to the more highly evolved life. Consider how wisely Divine Providence has acted in allowing the creation of such a zone around the planet. There are legions of irresolute and ignorant souls, who are not wicked enough to be relegated to colonies of the most dolorous expiation, nor are they sufficiently virtuous to be admitted to the higher planes. They represent the ranks of inhabitants in the Umbral, and they are close companions of incarnate human beings, separated from them only by vibratory laws. The lower zone to which we are referring is like a home where there is no food: Everyone whines and no one is reasonable. The absent-minded traveler misses the train; the farmer who does not sow cannot reap. However, there is only one thing I can say for sure: **Even in the darkness and anguish of the Umbral, divine watch-care is never lacking. Each spirit remains there just as long as is absolutely necessary**. Whenever we are in the process of thinking, we are doing something elsewhere at the same time. It is through their thoughts that human beings find in the Umbral fellow spirits whose tendencies harmonize with their own. Much courage and self-denial are required to assist those who don't understand anything about the help being offered to them.

In the Minister's Office

With my increasing improvement, I felt the need for activity and work. After so long a time and after difficult years of struggle, I was again interested in the round of chores that normally fill up the regular workday of an ordinary person. In this new environment, medicine began in the heart

and was expressed in fraternal care and love. Any nurse—even the humblest—in Nosso Lar possessed understanding and power that were far superior to my knowledge. Work and humility are the two sides of the path of assistance. And no intermediate administrator can ever be useful to his loved ones if he doesn't know how to obey and serve worthily. No matter the pain in the heart or the difficulty, everyone needs to know that all useful service belongs to the Universal Giver above all. To deserve the joy of helping our loved ones, we must enlist the intercession of the persons whom we ourselves have helped. Those who do not cooperate cannot receive cooperation.

Clarencio's Elucidations

Doctors cannot stop at mere diagnoses and terminologies. They must penetrate the soul and probe its innermost depths. Very few succeed in crossing the swamp of lower interests and overcoming common prejudices. You cannot yet become a doctor in Nosso Lar, but in due time you will assume the role of an intern. Your present situation is not one of the best. Nevertheless, it is a more or less comfortable one, owing to the intercessions arriving at the Ministry of Assistance on your behalf.

A visit from mother

Only now did I realize that the human experience can in no way be considered just a game. The importance of incarnation loomed clearly before me, displaying splendors unknown to me thus far. Bearing in mind all the opportunities I had wasted, I realized that I didn't deserve the hospitality of Nosso Lar. The Ministry of Assistance were excessively generous to me. They guessed my thoughts. If they hadn't afforded me the immediate satisfaction of my desire, it must have been because the time wasn't yet right. I held my mother tenderly and wept with joy, experiencing the most sacred rapture of spiritual bliss. I kissed her over and over; I held her in my arms and blended my tears with hers. But instead of carrying my dear old mother in my arms as I had done during the last weeks of her journey on earth, it was she who dried my flood of tears and led me to the divan. I felt at that moment that I was the most fortunate man of all. I had the impression that my ship of hope had anchored in the safest of harbors. My mother's presence brought infinite comfort to my heart. Providence at times separates hearts temporarily so they may learn divine love. How heavy is the imperfection accumulated over the centuries! So many times I had listened to Clarencio's healthy advice and Lisias's brotherly suggestions to refrain from feeling sorry for myself. Yet now, feeling the maternal tenderness, all my old wounds seemed to reopen. From weeping out of happiness, I passed to tears of anguish, bitterly recalling my earthly suffering. I didn't grasp the fact that **her visit was not meant to gratify my whims, but was intended as a precious blessing of divine mercy.** I relapsed into old habits and wrongly concluded that my mother ought to continue as the repository for all my complaints and endless grievances. So, **our suffering** doesn't improve us because of the tears we shed or because of the hurts that bleed, but because of **the gateway of light it offers to our spirit in order to make us more humane and wise.** Tears and hurts make up part of the blessed process of expanding our purest sentiments. If we can enjoy these moments in expressions of love, why should we waste them in the shadows of self-pity? Let's rejoice, my son, and work ceaselessly.

Adopt a new mental attitude. Your trust in my caring comforts me and your filial tenderness brings me sublime happiness, **but I can't go back to the way things used to be. For now, let's love each other with a great and sacred divine love.**

Confidences

Mother talked about service as though it were a blessing to help us endure suffering and tribulation, which she regarded as actually being expressions of joy and valuable lessons. An indescribable and unexpected contentment bathed my spirit. "Higher spheres always require more work and greater self-denial, my son. Don't imagine that your mother spends all her time in beatific visions, removed from her rightful duties. Now I don't mean for my words to convey any tone of sadness about my situation. Rather, I want them to reveal how necessary responsibility is... Oh! Your father! Your father! He has been in a region of thick darkness in the Umbral for twelve years. When he was with us, he always seemed faithful to family traditions and was meticulous in observing the chivalry of the upper business circles, to which he belonged until the end of his days. He also seemed fervent in his outward worship in church, but deep down he was weak and maintained clandestine liaisons on the side. Two of his lovers were mentally tied to a vast network of evil spirits, and as soon as my poor Laerte discarnated, he faced an extremely bitter sojourn in the Umbral. I visit him frequently, but he doesn't even know I'm there. His vibratory strength is still too low. I've tried to inspire him to return to the right path, but the only result so far is that he has shed a few tears of regret from time to time without any serious decision to change. Those poor women keep him prisoner and intercept all my suggestions. One cannot light a lamp that has neither wick nor oil... **We need Laerte's mental cooperation in order to lift him up** and open his spirit sight. However, the poor man remains internally inactive, wavering between indifference and rebellion. Perhaps, you haven't heard that your sisters Clara and Priscilla are also living in the Umbral and are bound to the earth's surface.

In Lisia's home

My friend, Clarencio said amiably, you will now be allowed to make observation visits to all of our work sectors except for the more-elevated Ministries. Henrique de Luna has informed me that your treatment was completed last week, so it is only proper that you **now employ your time observing and learning**. I turned to Lisias as if he were a brother who ought to share my inexpressible happiness of the moment. My attendant answered me with a look of intense joy. I was simply ecstatic, for it was the beginning of a new life. Somehow, I would be able to work by joining different schools. I was generously offered to live in the home of Lisias and his mother and sisters.

Love: food for the soul

The soul in and of itself is nourished only by love. The more we ascend the evolutionary planes of creation, the more thoroughly we understand this truth. Didn't you know that divine love is the mainspring of the universe? We discarnates need juicy substances that are fluidic in form, and this process becomes gradually more refined as our individual ascent intensifies. Someday, incarnates will understand that friendly words, gestures of kindness, mutual trust in the

light of understanding, and fraternal interest –all treasures that naturally originate in profound love –are the solid nourishment of life itself. No one can say that sex is simply sex. Sex is a sacred manifestation of universal and divine love, but it is only one isolated expression of our infinite potential. **Among more-spiritualized couples**, tenderness and trust, mutual devotion and understanding are far more important than physical union, which between such partners is reduced to merely a transitory element. Their magnetic exchange is the factor that establishes the rhythm required for the manifestation of harmony. Companionship and understanding are sometimes quite enough for their mutual joy.

The discarnate young woman

These feelings are the result of a faulty religious education; nothing more. You know that your mother will be here shortly and that you can't count on your fiancée's fidelity. He isn't at all prepared to offer you any kind of sincere spiritual devotion there on earth. He's still a long way from understanding the sublime spirit of illumined love. Of course, he will marry another woman, and it is best that you simply get used to the idea. On earth, we are always under the illusion that no pain is greater than our own. That's pure blindness –there are millions of people facing situations truly cruel when compared to ours. Your grandma isn't saying these things to hurt you, but to wake you up. **She let her heart get entangled in the web of self-centeredness.**

Notions about the home

Where in the circles of the planet can we find a real domestic institution that is based on true harmony, where **rights and duties are legitimately shared**? The majority of terrestrial couples spend the sacred hours of the day living indifferently and selfishly. When the husband is at ease, the wife seems desperate. When the wife keeps humbly silent, her companion tyrannizes her. Men and women will learn these lessons through suffering and struggle. For the moment, few realize that **the home is an essentially divine institution**, and within its doors we must live with all our heart and soul. There are no mutual concessions; there is no tolerance; sometimes they don't even regard each other as friends. The luminous beauty of love dies out when **the couple lose their comradeship and the joy of talking to each other**. From then on, the polite ones respect each other, while the antagonistic ones can hardly stand each other. **There is no mutual understanding**. Questions and answers are formulated in terse sentences. No matter how united their bodies are, their minds have already separated and have gone off in opposite directions. Most human couples are made up of prisoners in shackles.

The conversation continues

I understood later that my toilsome life had sheltered me from many dangerous temptations, and thus had ensured that I wouldn't have to experience the indecision and anguish of the Umbral. **The sweat of the body and dedicated involvement with an honest job are valuable resources for the defense and ascension of the soul**. Though our present was full of joy, our pasts demanded restitution in order for our future to be in harmony with the eternal law. We couldn't use hour-bonuses to pay our debts down on earth; that would require the honorable sweat of our bodies, the fruit of our labor. Due to our positive attitudes, our understanding of our pain-filled

past was becoming clearer and we realized that **the law of rhythm demanded our return**. First of all, we must rid ourselves of all physical impressions. The layers of the lower nature are extremely thick and we must be mentally balanced to be able to remember the past constructively. As a rule, we all have made tragic errors during the cycles of eternal life. Specialists from the Ministry of Elucidation advised us that we could read our memories for the next two years as long as it didn't interfere with our job at the Ministry of Assistance. Our memories spanned a period of **three centuries**. The director of Recollection Services wouldn't let us go back any farther, arguing that we wouldn't be able to bear the remembrance of those other times. In light of our observations concerning our past, we agreed to meet each other anew in the spheres of the planet. Indeed, we both had a lot of work to do. Thus, Ricardo departed three years ago. As for me, I will follow him in just a few days. I'm only waiting for Teresa's arrival in order to leave our family with her. Her passage **through the Umbral** will only take a few hours due to the great sacrifices she has made since childhood. She has already suffered enough, so she won't need the treatments at Regeneration.

The hour-bonus

Every inhabitant of Nosso Lar receives provisions of food and clothing in strictly necessary portions, but everyone who makes an effort to obtain hour-bonuses is entitled to certain prerogatives in the social community. Spirits who don't yet work may have to do so here; however, all do receive basic lodging, but only those who contribute may own a private home. The nature of service is an issue of utmost importance everywhere, but on earth the matter presents a more difficult problem. The majority of incarnates are simply **preparing for the spirit of service** by learning to work in the different sectors of human life. On the higher spiritual planes, work is never compensated without taking into consideration the moral value that has been exerted. **An individual's real earnings are of a spiritual nature**, and in our organization the hour-bonus varies considerably according to the nature of the job. The real earnings consist in experience, education, enrichment through divine blessings, and increased potential. By my personal service account I'll be endowed with higher values when I return to earth, displaying nobler qualities of preparation in order to be successful in my mission.

Knowing how to listen

Work-related information, news from Higher Spirituality, and lofty teachings are now much more important to us than any earthly thought. Suitable preparation is indispensable before we can contact our families again. Most of them live foolishly, swept in and out by the high and low tides of the material order. In spite of our feelings of concern, **we must avoid falling into a lower vibratory orbit**.

An urgent appeal

We are listening to Moradia, an old service colony closely connected with the lower regions. As you know, it is August 1939. All your personal suffering of late has left you **little time to be aware of the grave situation in the world**. Let me tell you that the nations of the planet are on the verge of a dreadful war. Humankind will pay a terrible tribute of suffering in the days ahead.

A benevolent suggestion

Learn to build your circle of relationships and don't forget that the spirit of investigation should always be second to the spirit of service. Because it is located in the lowest region of our spirit colony, the Ministry of Regeneration is replete with hard struggle. All the teams that are entrusted with the most arduous missions are recruited from Regeneration. Don't consider it beneath you to accept humble tasks. No one will turn down the cooperation of a willing spirit who loves to work for the sheer pleasure of serving. **Work for the good of others so that you may find your own.**

New perspectives

I used to be adverse to the practice of prayer, but now I turned to it as a valuable, sensible resource for my purposes of service. My friend, you have received enormous resources from Divine Providence. You are willing to cooperate; you understand your responsibility and you have accepted your duty.

Work at last

They believed that criminal pleasure, the power of money, rebellion against the law and the imposition of their whims on others would cross the boundary of the grave and still be the case here, offering them new opportunities for further evil doings. They were thoughtless businessmen. Now... look at them: **millionaires of the physical plane transformed into beggars of the soul.**"

At work

The advice was intended for my benefit. And I profited a great deal by having accepted her advice. I feel more balanced and humane now, and I believe I shall live my upcoming experience on earth with spiritual dignity.

Francisco's vision

Actually, he is being pursued by his own corpse. The poor man was **excessively attached to his physical body** and came to the spirit world after a disaster caused by his own sheer imprudence. For many days he refused to conform to his new situation and wouldn't leave his interred remains. He experienced such atrocious suffering from the worms eating his body that the poor creature ran from his grave, aghast with horror. Francisco's vision is the nightmare that many spirits face after physical death. They are excessively attached to their body, seeing and living for nothing else. They make it a true object of worship, and when the "breeze of renewal" comes, they refuse to leave it behind. They reject any ideas that they are a spirit once again and fight desperately to hold on to their physical body. The pupa adheres to inert matter, but the butterfly will spring from it in flight; the acorn is almost imperceptible, yet a giant oak will grow from it; the withered flower returns to the ground, but its fragrance will continue to live on in the air. All embryonic life appears to be sleeping.

Inheritance and Euthanasia

Neither he nor the others will give up their present mental attitudes –always the same hate, the same disgust. I endeavored to overcome the inferior vibrations that had taken hold of me in order to see beyond the wretch to the spiritual brother. My feelings of repulsion disappeared and my thoughts began to clear. When we examine someone else's misfortune while bearing in mind our own imperfections, there is always room for fraternal love in our hearts. "Daddy, let us heed Jesus' lesson saying that we should love one another. **We go through family experiences on the earth in order to acquire true spiritual love.** Our terrestrial homes are like caldrons for purifying our sentiments; they are like temples of sublime unity as we evolve towards universal solidarity. The subtle vibrations of thought reach their target no matter how far away they may be. **The hateful and discordant exchange of thoughts brings ruin and suffering to souls.** It's a terrible scene, but its shadows would diminish if your stubborn mind didn't think about revenge all the time. Here, you are in a deplorable state; back on earth, Mom is crazy and the kids are mixed up and hate each other bitterly. In the middle of such unbalanced minds, a fortune in money. But what good is it if there isn't even one atom of happiness for anyone?" Very few concern themselves with acquiring worthwhile knowledge, qualities of tolerance, the light of humility and the blessings of understanding. The poor young man was in financial trouble and was anxious to hurry the death of his father. And now we can see the results of his imprudence – hatred and infirmity."

The vampire

Those dark spots represent fifty-eight children murdered at birth. On each of the spots, I see the mental image of one of those destroyed little ones. Some were clubbed to death; others were suffocated. This unfortunate creature was a professional abortionist. She used to exploit the affliction of inexperienced young women and committed these terrible crimes under the pretext of easing their consciences. Suicides and murders may sometimes present mitigating circumstances, but her case is worse by far. Spirits who bring sentiments hardened by hypocrisy emit destructive energies, which is why we have a guard service in our colony. Her criminal condition was obvious, and yet she was pleading innocence. She is profoundly wicked, and yet declares herself good and pure.

About Veneranda

The most beautiful hall in our Ministry is the one reserved for the Governor's lectures. Perhaps you already know that the Governor visits us nearly every Sunday. He stays for hours there, conferring with the Ministers of Regeneration, talking to the workers, offering valuable suggestions, examining the neighboring areas of the Umbral, receiving our visits and good wishes, and comforting convalescing patients. At night, when he has time, he listens to music and attends artistic shows that are staged by the youth and children of our educational institutions. Veneranda's hall minister has put in the greatest number of work hours, and is the oldest officer in both the Government and the Ministry. In fact, she has been actively serving this city for over two hundred years. She is one of the most highly evolved individuals of our colony.

With the newcomers from Umbral

from time to time I had to have them punished. My overseers noticed every little misbehavior, so I had to give such orders every day. It wasn't rare for some Negro to die at the whipping post as a warning to the others, and in order to keep the peace around the house. I was sometimes obliged to sell slave-mothers, separating them from their children. Have no doubt about it: slaves are wicked beings, the children of Satan!

A special meeting

Since you were able to examine yourself in the light of understanding and identify yourself as an old offender, don't pass up the opportunity to gain a friend.

The dream

My mother spoke a few words of sacred spiritual encouragement, and then explained kindly: As you can see by now, my son, work is a divine tonic for the heart. But Andre, it is indispensable that we convert every opportunity in the spirit life into a reason to remember God and serve him. There is greater joy in giving than in receiving. Let us learn how to put such a principle into practice in the daily efforts necessary for our own happiness. Always give, my son. Above all, never forget to give of yourself in constructive tolerance, fraternal love and divine understanding. In all our spirit colonies, as on the spheres of the planet, there is an overabundance of restless souls, anxious for novelty and distraction.

Tobias's case

Our sister Luciana is serving as a mother to your children. She keeps your house clean, works in your garden and helps your husband in moments of stress, and yet you don't think she deserves to be his new companion in the struggles of life. Is this the way your heart gives thanks for divine benefits and the way you reward those who serve you? **Do you want Luciana to be a slave but despise her as a sister?** Spiritual matrimony unites soul with soul, while the other kinds of marriage are mere conciliations needed for solving problems or for the process of expiation. When I married Tobias, a widower, I should have known our union would most probably be, above all, **fraternal. However, it took me a while to understand that.**

Listening to Laura

We must understand the spirit of continuity that governs the evolutionary phases of life. Since we had to endure a long period of animal-like existence, we cannot expect to get rid of traces of it overnight. It took us many centuries to emerge from the lower geological layers. Sex is part of the heritage of our divine faculties that have taken us a long time to understand. It won't be easy for you right now to grasp the higher meaning of the domestic organization you visited yesterday. However, the happiness there is great because of the atmosphere of understanding that has been created amongst the performers of the drama that began on earth. Not everyone succeeds in substituting bonds of light for chains of darkness in such a short time. Tobias's case is an example of the victory of true fraternity on the part of three souls interested in arriving at a right understanding. Those who don't conform to the law of fraternity and understanding

obviously won't cross such boundaries. The dark regions of the Umbral are crowded with spirits that failed in similar trials. As long as they hate, they are like magnetic needles under the most antagonistic influences. **There are countless individuals who suffer for years without any spiritual relief, simply because they have neglected true fraternity. The issue of forgiving is paramount.** Simply talking about forgiving is meaningless. Forgiving is more than a matter of mere words; Every sexual experience of the individual who has already received some spiritual light is an enormously important event, which is why fraternal understanding must precede any truly redemptive work.

As you sow, so shall you reap

My friend and I were commenting on **human vanity –always attached to physical pleasures.** However, I had already crossed the line, and our comradeship developed into something else. All of us, my brother, encounter the fruits of the good or evil that we have sown along the way. we became very intimate –any reaction on my part would have been useless. Afterwards, I wrongly forgot that God reserves work for all those who love a sane life –no matter how delinquent they have been –and I gave myself up to a series of painful experiences, which I don't need to comment on. I knew pleasure, luxury and material comfort firsthand. This was followed by self-hatred, syphilis, hospitalization, abandonment and enormous disillusionment, which culminated in blindness and death. I wandered for a long time in terrible despair, but one day I prayed so much to the Virgin of Nazareth for help that in her name and out of love some messengers of good rescued me and brought me here to this place of blessed consolation. Throughout the suffering of my past, I cursed his memory and fed a mortal hatred for him, but sister Nemesia has changed me. To hate him, I must hate myself. In my case, the blame must be shared between us. Therefore, I hold no one to blame. Up to now, I haven't had a family per se in Nosso Lar. But you will be my sister of the heart. You can rely on my devotion as a friend.

A call to struggle

It was the beginning of **the Second World War and it would be as destructive in the physical sphere as it was disturbing on the spirit plane.** Many spirits were trying to put the events of the war in perspective, unable to disguise their great horror. When a nation starts a war, it is introducing disorder into the Father's House, and it will pay a terrible price for it. If we should feel sorry for one individual that opposes the law of the good, so much the more should we pity an entire nation that has forgotten justice. Brothers and sisters of Nosso Lar, do not indulge in disturbing thoughts and speech. Getting upset is not constructive; anxiety will be of no use to us. We must be worthy of the clarion of the Lord, obeying the divine will by working quietly at our posts. That clear and compelling voice of someone who spoke with authority and love had a singular effect on the crowd. Within just one hour, the entire colony had returned to its normal state of calm.

The governor's speech

there is a high percentage of human lives that are suffocated simply by the destructive vibrations of dread, which are as contagious as any dangerous epidemic. **We classify fear as one of an**

individual's worst enemies because it settles in the citadel of the soul and attacks its deepest forces.

In conversation

Content yourself with your enrollment in the school against fear. You can be sure that it will do you a lot of good. What distressed us most was the sad condition of some of the military aggressors when they left their physical bodies due to their wounds. Most of them came under the control of dark forces and ran from the missionary spirits, calling them all 'ghosts of the cross'.

The darkness

Think of people as travelers through life. A few of them advance resolutely towards the essential object of the journey. These are **the noblest spirits, who have discovered the divine essence within themselves**, and they march towards the sublime target without vacillating at all. However, the majority remain at a standstill; hence the multitude of souls who linger for centuries and centuries, repeating their same old experiences. The former advance in a straight line; the latter walk in a big circle. In that movement, redoing old efforts and retracing the path they have already trod, they are at the mercy of endless vicissitudes.

In the field of music

The freedom that the social laws of the planet grant the male sex has not yet been fully understood. **Rarely do any of us use such freedom in the world to work on our spiritualization**; most of the time, we convert it into a descent towards animalism. Women, on the other hand, have until now had the advantage of the strictest discipline. In their transitory life, they have suffered under our tyranny and have borne the burden of our impositions. But in the field of music I only heard talk concerning the physical circles, but I never detected even the slightest trace of malice or accusation characteristic of incarnate people. The discussions were about love, intellectual refinement, scientific research and uplifting philosophy, but all the comments were positive and belonged to the higher sphere of mutual understanding, without any clash of opinions. I noticed that the wisest of them restrained the vibrations of their intellectual power, while the less-endowed tried to raise theirs in order to acquire the gifts of higher knowledge. but what impressed me most was the prevailing note of joy in all the discussions.

A woman's sacrifice

Love is indispensable. From that moment on, **my mother was no longer only my mother**. She was much more than that. She was the messenger of Assistance, who knew how to transform enemies into children of her heart in order to help them once more to find the pathway of God's children.

Laura's return

We must break the dark glasses that give us the picture that the physical landscape is a bitter exile. Don't think of possibilities of failure; visualize only the probability of success. We will

help you to work much more for the good of others than for your own self-satisfaction. Don't attach such importance to the influences of the lower zones. That is like arming the enemy so that he can torture us. The field of ideas is also a battlefield.

Family worship

Ah! my children, I have something to ask you from the depths of my soul! Pray to the Lord **that I may never have an easy life on earth so that the light of gratitude and understanding may remain alive in my spirit!** "Andre, tomorrow I'm going to accompany our sister Laura to the physical plane. If you like, you may come with us to visit your family.

Returning home

"You have a whole week at your disposal. I'll come here daily in order to see you and to handle the problems of our sister's reincarnation. If you wish to return to Nosso Lar, you can do so in my company. Take care, Andre!" Another man had taken over my home. My wife had forgotten me. The house was no longer mine. At first, I was willing to hate this intruder with all my strength, **but I was no longer the same man as before.** At last, I found myself face to face with an odd turn of events. Now I understood the reason why my true friends had delayed my return home for so long. I cannot help but remember Jesus' recommendation that we love God above all things and our neighbor as ourselves. When that recommendation is followed, it always works real miracles of happiness and understanding on our path. Then, faced with the bitter reality and absolutely alone. I had to fight against my fierce selfishness. Jesus had led me to **other resources.** I could no longer act as a man of the earth. **My family wasn't only a wife and three children** on the planet; instead, it was comprised of hundreds of patients in the Chambers of Rectification, and **it now extended to the whole universal community.** Dominated by new thoughts, I felt the lymph of true love beginning to blossom from the beneficent wounds that reality had opened in my heart.

A citizen of Nosso Lar

On the second night, I felt exhausted. I began to grasp the value of spiritual nourishment through mutual love and understanding. At last, I understood human needs. **I was not Zelia's owner, but her brother and friend.** Likewise, my children were not my property, but instead, my companions in struggle and achievement. My mother, hadn't she sacrificed herself for my father to the point of adopting those unhappy women as her beloved daughters? **Nosso Lar was replete with such edifying examples.** Minister Veneranda had been working for centuries for the spirit group most closely connected to her heart. Narcisa sacrificed herself in the Chambers to obtain a spiritual endorsement to return to the world on a mission of assistance. Hilda had defeated the dragon of the lower emotion of jealousy. And what about the expression of fraternity by my other friends in the colony? Clarendio had welcomed me with the devotion of a father; Lisias's mother had received me as a son, and Tobias as his brother. Each companion in my new struggle offered me something useful for building the different mental attitude that had begun to rise quickly within my spirit. **I decided to put divine love above everything else** and to place the just needs of my fellow creatures ahead of my own personal sentiments. I prayed to the Lord for the

strength I needed to maintain the right understanding, so I started regarding this couple as my brother and sister.

Those who are attuned in this way may use the process of mental conversation and transportation at will, regardless of the distance. As for myself, I felt great jubilation in my soul. Profound relief and beautiful hopes reinvigorated my being. I realized that **the powerful ties of the lower emotions had been broken within me forever**. Happiness had returned to the couple, whom I started to love as my brother and sister. It was time to return to my duties. In the dim and comforting light of the evening, I had taken the road back to Nosso Lar totally changed. During those seven quick days, I had learned precious practical lessons in the living cult of **understanding and fraternity**. The sublime evening filled me with magnificent thoughts. “Until today, Andre, you have been my pupil in the colony. But from now on, in the name of the Government Center, I declare you a citizen of Nosso Lar!”