

## Review of 'Testimony of Light'.

Testimony of Light by Helen Greaves (Neville Spearman Ltd, 1969; 5 + 132pp; £3.25 (then, now £13.29 on Amazon). Reviewed by the Revd Neil Broadbent, Vice President of the CFPSS and Director of the Sozein Trust.

This delightful book was described many years ago as 'A glass of Spiritual champagne' by the Churches Fellowship News. It may be that the many newer members we now have, thanks to Jo and Matt Arnold, may not be aware of its contents, so I thought I'd review it. The urge to do so came in a dream.

This was first published in 1969 and for many years was reprinted annually by the CFPSS. It has a Foreword by Lieutenant Colonel R M Lester who was the Founder and Vice-president of the CFPSS followed by a Preface by Canon J D Pearce-Higgins who was a Vice Chairman.

This book is the result of telepathy between and the living and what we call the dead; the result of communion between the minds of two close friends either side of the veil. The book consists of a foreword, a Preface and a Biographical Introduction, followed by Part I which has The Return and the Scripts and a Part II which contains an Explanation and a Second Series of Scripts. The two close friends were Helen Greaves who wrote the book and her friend Frances Banks who has passed over into to the next life.

Apart from a personal communication from a deceased relative (which, being personal, I shall follow Helen Greaves' example and not discuss) it was the discovery of this text on the CFPSS bookstall and my reading of it which convinced me of the survival of death after this life. It also persuaded me to take up the practice of celebrating Requiem Eucharists, in part, for healing the haunted souls in this life. Let me quote a passage from pp.22-3:-

'One evening, a Sunday, about three weeks after Frances's death, as I was sitting alone beside my fire listening to radio music, I gradually became aware of a Presence. The air seemed to take on a great stillness and a hush of expectancy. I switched off the radio and allowed myself to relax into this peace. No thought of a possible communicator from another world occurred to me. No word was spoken in my mind. I was very still and quiescent. Slowly my whole being seems to be caught up into a peace and beauty that I cannot describe. This beauty was both around me and within me. Almost imperceptibly I passed into a state of deep meditation in which I was conscious of being immersed in light. I was part of the Light yet the Light issued from beyond me. I felt a One-ness with all that was highest and best and with the eternal self within me. I felt the nearness of spiritual Presences. I was swept on into a meditation in which Frances and I had participated some years before. I even heard my mind repeating invocations from that meditation...

Gently, and with great reverence, it was borne in upon me that I was not only in touch with my own immortal soul, but also with the soul of Frances Banks. This was Communion, silent, still, uplifting; a Communion emptied of all personality challenges, of all limiting human conceptions. This was Communion at soul level. I felt lifted out of myself into wonder and love and light. The experience lasted for about a half-hour. Then it slowly faded. I sat on utterly at peace, with no thoughts threading through the stillness of my mind. I did not even try to analyse what had happened in this immortal moment; I was content to 'be'.

Frances discovers that 'psychic and spiritual communication are but different levels of one spiral; that communion is of the spirit, and therefore of a higher level than psychic interpenetration or extra-sensory perception. She learns that 'here there is no ...punishment, except what you mete out to yourself!' She discovers that death is "Life separated by density, that is all!" "In the next life as one thinks...one *is*. One comes to a stage when one is shown the whole cycle of one's life in a kaleidoscopic series of pictures. During this crisis, one seems to be entirely alone. Yours is the judgement. Your stand at your own bar of judgement. You make your own decisions. You take your own blame... You are accused, the judge and the jury.

Because this plane is only a few rungs are so higher than the Earth plane, there are the same conditions, hospitals, as with your civilisations, and prisons, only here they are self-made. You see how this purgatorial experience works? We don't alter fundamentally. But bit by bit, we move away from earth ideas and limitations, and advance more into Light and Wisdom.

On page 60 we read 'I am trying to shed some of the clutter of the personality. We all have to do that... And there are three ways in which to carry it out here. By self-judgement, and true assessment of experiences; by service to one's fellows; and by aspiration.

Not so different you will say from the Earth Life after all!  
But oh, with so many, many compensations!'

Frances is guided by a Father Joseph who tells her that a Nazi patient in a celestial receiving hospital 'is still the same; inert, motionless, shut up in the shell of himself. A shell indeed and that he may remain like this for many years.

My goodness, I find this so exciting that I could read the whole book to you. Instead I recommend that you go and buy the book yourself.