

**SIFTED THROUGH:
COMMUNICATIONS
FROM THE INVISIBLE
SIDE OF EARTH LIFE**

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Sifted Through: Communications from the Invisible Side of Earth Life by Ida Lewis Bentley

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IDA LEWIS BENTLEY

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COMMUNICATIONS
FROM THE INVISIBLE
SIDE OF EARTH LIFE**

Univ. of
CALIFORNIA

Sifted Through

Communications from the Invisible Side
of Earth Life as Received

By

IDA LEWIS BENTLEY

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FOREWORD



IN THE turmoil and tumult of present-day conditions, every thoughtful person views with concern and approval any avenue which assumes to answer the questions of a perplexed world or to lead humanity out of darkness into light.

Just in proportion as death has been to mankind, its great unilluminated problem, so has mankind grasped at every suggestion of actual guidance in its solution.

The recent years, whose events have so amazingly rent the veil between the visible and the invisible, have revealed the enlightening processes of great sorrow. It is well that this is so, for by this means will the balance be hung true.

Notwithstanding the sincere efforts which are being made in every direction to assist in world problems, one lamentable lack is overwhelmingly apparent. This is best defined as a lack of a sense of individual responsibility as to conditions and their adjustment.

The "Dhammapada," or "Path of Virtue," one of the most practical ethical handbooks of Buddhism, contains the following great sentences:

"Earnestness is the path of immortality, thoughtlessness the path of death. Those who are in earnest do not die, those who are thoughtless are as if dead already."

The Christian Scriptures contain this ringing challenge. "The last enemy to be destroyed is Death." Obviously, Death may be both literal and figurative. Its mastery must be in its figurative state before it can ever hope to be literal.

Selfishness is death! It may well be that selfishness is the last great enemy to be destroyed. Selfishness prevents the soul from attacking such problems as individual responsibility. The clarion call of the ever-present moment is for the soul, sufficiently strong, to abandon the pettiness of self-interest, the meagerness of self-protection and, by the power of the living Christ, accept the grave and glorious responsibility of giving the high message of the beacon light of the ages.

SUZANNE DEAN.

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LAW

Can the high-tide leave the ocean?
Or the billows fail the sand?
When the full moon sails the heavens,
Led by Law's unerring hand?

Will the rose forget its blooming,
If no loving eye should fall
On its fragrant, witching beauty,
Hiding in the cold gray wall?

Will the lark forget its fledglings,
Or the robin cease to nest,
If the storm should gather darkly
Round the distant mountain's crest?

Do the trees forget to blossom,
When the white mists weave their pall?
Have the ripened leaves of autumn
Ever once refused to fall?

If your heart-aches and your sorrows
Should arise a mountain high,
Still the sun would climb the heavens
And its glory fill the sky.

Lo, the crashing of the thunder
Ever speaks of danger past,
Ne'er does it precede the coming
Of the lightning's baleful shaft.

Never will the starlight, gleaming
On the river's rushing tide,
See it bounding madly backward
To the rugged mountain side.

Moonlight, starlight, blooming, dying,
Summer's sun or winter's blast,
Weeping, laughing, hating, loving,
Lo! the Law doth hold thee fast!


Child of earth, arise! awaken!
Destiny and thee are one.
Thou alone can free or fetter,
Speed or halt the journey run.

Earth may reel and mountains crumble,
And the angry surges roar,
Love shall give thee fearless pinions,
Love shall open Heaven's door.

Let no witching song beguile thee
From the Truth which God has given;
Love Divine, thy mighty Savior,
Love, thy only hope of Heaven.

Wouldst thou find thy long-sought Heaven?
Wouldst thou gain some distant Aiden?
Wouldst thou find some sainted maiden
Whom the angels long have claimed?
Wouldst thou find life's dearest treasure,
Which thy soul alone hath named?
Give thy love in fullest measure,
Pour it freely, o'er and o'er,
And thy soul from out earth's shadows
Shall be lifted evermore!

CHAPTER I FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT

 HERE are a few points I wish to make. I have been here almost seven years; and since I got over my hours of suffering, questioning and wondering why—wondering why I could not have seen things in their *true* light, while I was in the body, and, seeing, have changed my whole life history! Wondering why you had to suffer so, and why I had no power to help you? This Why business never gets anyone anywhere that he wants to go; but when at last the Light did come to me, and I saw the *real* mission of Christ in the world, then, a Watcher came to my rescue and I went to work.

Do not feel badly if people do refuse to believe my message, or even say spiteful things about it and you—they have always refused to believe the best things God has ever sent thru His messengers.

The people of earth have always wanted something mysterious and hard to understand, and when mental difficulties and sorrows have overtaken them, they have doubted still more the beautiful things, and cursed, or denied, the God who had lovingly made things so easy, they *would not see*. This crops out in us when we refuse to appreciate the love and beauty that is all around us every day, until we find ourselves bereft of it, and then, we *know* how beautiful were the toil-worn hands that ministered unto us, and how great the love that kept the tired feet going.

Try and teach people that wrong-doing brings suffering, and all the affirmations in the world will not save them from it. A very selfish person never does right; such a thing is impossible, and pure selfishness is more often the prime factor in affirmations than otherwise.

Those who have *earned* suffering will surely get it, and, if by some hook or crook, one dodges it while in the physical body, he will suffer here, and suffering is much more keenly felt *here*.

As a person vibrating upon the material plane and, unable to rise beyond the material plane consciousness, is unable to comprehend this finer plane consciousness, so a person here who knows nothing of the earth plane experiences would not be able to understand a great many of the coarser, heavier vibrations of materiality. You know how sensitive I always was to suffering and cruelty in any form, especially if associated with bloodshed; even now, I recall vividly some of my pet hens that went the way hens are born to go—but I found that I could go into the hospitals and on the battlefield and realize very little, perhaps none, of the suffering, except mental suffering; and *that*, we the workers, were keenly alive to.

Awful as the war has been, it has worked an immense amount of good; for one thing, it has opened the door between the physical realm and this finer realm wider than it was ever opened before. A great need always makes a great demand, which will always connect with the waiting supply; this is Law.

Nothing is ever settled until it is settled right, but the persons who do the adjusting must know what right is, and they usually learn only through suffering. I once found a woman on her knees beside a dandelion, sobbing as if her heart would break. I reached out to her in sympathy, and she told me that she once had a crippled sister who loved the dandelions, and who would beg her to bring them in to her, but she, thinking mostly of herself, had refused to do so, because of the litter