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My Experience Beyond The Tomb.

Inspired By  
Arthur Conan Doyle.

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Mentally Recieved By  
Blanche R. Davis.

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Dictation Taken By  
N, Neal Davis Sr.

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1932  
1933

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This preface is written as a apology to those who believe in an unseen power, not yet understood, and as a challenge to those who do not believe.

The Medium is not a believer, and did not care to accept the mental message. Only through technical measures would the Medium deliver this message. The Medium has no education for this dictation and has never studied Spiritualism or any other religious literature.

The wording of this message was transmitted mentally from A. Conan Doyle to the Medium, and the Medium --not in a trance--recited the mental thought. This idea was suggested by Mr. Doyle, and he calls it an experiment. Because of the resistance, at times, of the Mediums mind, the transmitted thoughts were confused, and the exact meanings were hard to get, but never-the-less Mr. Doyle was satisfied and expressed hopes of doing better as we experiment farther.

Mr. Doyle has promised to write a longer story, which we hope can be finished by the first of the year. (1933).



Is there not one, that has stood at the tomb of some friend or loved one, that has not grieved at loss of such friend, in sorrow torn, thinking that they will never look upon them anymore?

You journey back to your home, or study, grief stricken over loss of your loved one. Maybe days, weeks, months pass by, then a door suddenly opens, you hear a cherry voice calling your name, you hear the old faint ring in the voice, you turn an startle, and in the dim shadow you see a flutter, you hear the voice of your friend.

Why so sad, why so lonely? Have you no hope of the great beyond? You are startled, you wonder if you have become insane. A kindly hand reaches out, do not be afraid, I have seen you day and night, week in and week out, worrying over me.

Each summer a Rose blooms in all it's beauty, and then does it not wither and die, petals drop, roots become brown, earth around it becomes cold, every appearance of death has come, when the warm rains come again in the spring does it not start to put little petals of the Rose leaves out, and finely shoot up, soon a bud is forming, this unfolds into a beautiful Rose again.

Now dear friend if the Rose has such wonderful power given to it, is it not true, when our bodies have become cold and stiff, disease and sickness have wrecked this frame, why too should we worry when it crumbles, as a Rose petal must fall?

Is it not a wonder then, that our Creator cannot make us as a Rose to fly away to a far better surrounding, and a sweeter communion where there is no sorrow, no heartaches.



We are as a Butterfly, here today gone again tomorrow. A Butterfly flits from one Rose to another. In it's greatest beauty of color, is it a wonder that it's life is so short? As a Caterpillar it goes into a Cocoon, it even enters into the coffin, as you call it, and sleeps, and rests and rests. Until it begins to be created again as a living soul.

Then why make mockery of all these wonders, that GOD has created to bring us back from beyond the tomb? Is it not a wonder then that GOD can bring us back from the tomb?

You and I are in far closer communion with each other, now than ever only you must believe and trust in me. Why grieve for me? Where I am there is no sorrow or woes.

Come lets you and I walk in the garden down the stone path to the pretty babbling brook, it is spring again. You look so weary and so tired. Look at the beautiful blossoms on the trees, hear the birds singing and that distant cow-bell ringing, and the brook is murmuring as if a million voices were calling it, beyond to the foaming tide.

Let us find a quiet place that you can think of all the happy hours that we have spent, and wish for just one day in this great spiritual world, that I dwell in, where no sorrow, no sickness, no death ever enter. Then is it a wonder that the door stands open? Just beyond. The Tomb.

Oh, dearest friend of all, come with me I would willingly take you on this wonderful journey, if it were within my power. Do not mourn my loss on earth to you, because I am so happy in this land that I am dwelling in.

There you have plenty of loved ones around you to cheer you, to make you happy, but when all is dark and sad, when the world all goes

wrong let your thoughts drift back to me my friend, then you and I will take the jodpney by the brook, down the stone path and will tell each and every one of your sorrows and my longings, to each other.

Now have a smile on your face and don't be excited, for you have not been dreaming, I only want to prove to you that I'll always be with you in rain, sunshine and sorrow.

Do not think that beyond the tomb there is no hope of having communion with our loved ones.



In my first chapter I have tried to explain to you, the real possibilities of the beyond, now I wish to tell you of the things beyond.

While on earth, everyone have wonderful delusions of what there is after death, but we find it very different, everyone hate to think of departing. For hours some lie unconscious before the end, and then when we have crossed the great divide, we find shadows drifting everywhere, blue lights, and we do not find it as we think. It seems as if we have taken a long journey, and we only think of resting. Unless our soul is troubled of something that was left undone, we go into a state of resting, and stay there until some one or loved one call for us, and then if they really want us we try our best to get into communication with them. Many times we are trying to communicate with them, but they do not understand or they are not mediums. We are always glad to find some one that really can bring us back to them.

How many thousand of people have not promised, if there is such a thing, that they will come back. As a rule they only think of the kind thing, but sometimes they carry an ill thought with them as they depart, but if they right that wrong, then they dwell in peace.

As a drowning man passes into a state of comma, they often say they pass through beds of light and flowers, can you imagine how wonderful that is? Then you know what the great beyond is somewhat like, but still there is more wonderful contentment. Sometimes our conscience hurt us and we do pentance for the dreadful wrongs that we have done, and we do not know any more of the end of time than what you do or the world that

you live in, but for myself I really believe there is no end of time.

Some wonder do we see the ones we knew on earth, and are they there to greet us when we come, no, we make the journey alone, and as we come in contact with the other flutters, as I call them, we know them but not as you would know them, as birds, as butterflies, and lights, I do not mean as butterflies that fly about, but little lights that flutter in and out, or shadows.

Everyone is most always happy for there are no worries like on earth, no hardships to battle.

I have now tried to explain what is beyond the door of the tomb.



When grief stricken and longing for your departed ones, always find a place with God alone and concentrate your whole thought on one who has departed and see if you do not feel the presence of them there.

Who does not walk by a stream or brook and felt not alone maybe they did not think of the one that was departed from them, but still they did not feel alone. Understand this as a little child runs out with a glad smile upon it's face, do we not cherish this most of all.

When children die, as you call it, "Oh, people grieve so, but why should they? They have never any heartache, never any sorrow, their bright lights gleam as shining stars a million fold, little footprints by the shore of a brook as babbling laughter. What's more sweet than the happy laugh of a child. So do not grieve them, know that you are not so far away, perhaps within your very thoughts, where we are all as children and lights and lights and lights.

I once had a boyhood friend that was taken away. I never let my thoughts turn to spiritualism, but from that very time I knew that within myself there was communication beyond the tomb. I can almost see his smiling face, a husky lad was he, so young ~~te-di~~ I said to die, but he came to prove to me that he was not dead, but only his dwelling. I would not let myself believe at first, as I was ashamed as so many others are, but he proved, he convinced me, as I am trying to convince anyone that shall read these lines. I cannot bring myself that you can see me, or you can hear my voice, but still I know that I am with you.



As you travel along in life you will see more and more of the wonderful things that are doing to be brought to light. Spiritualism is going to dawn upon the people. There are more and more marvelous things to happen. You might say in this way, We are as radios, and microphones sending out the message over the world only by concentration.

Through concentration we become more acquainted with each other. There is being born every day greater mediums than have ever dwelled the earth, therefore maybe years before it will materialize, still we are as going into a new country. We are getting the soil of the earth ready to develop new wonders and as each one is added to our list we become stronger and stronger.

We have no choice of what is today, or tomorrow. We flutter in and out and if we could unfold the wonders of our being as you could the wonders of the world you are in, then we could foretell more, but instead we are as little children seeking to learn what God has ment for us not to understand, days, weeks, years, come and go. We know no end of time, but all we must do is put our trust in spiritual things, and then we too shall become greater. Now I hope you will understand just as I have tried to tell you.

Look at the hardships, the heartaches, the sorrows, people are toiling through, is it all not for a reason, to make them get closer to the spiritual things. God has command of the stars, the sun, the moon as he has the ruling of each and every soul, therefore we should all be thankful for the blessings that have been bestowed upon us.

In the morning the tide never fails to go out and at night it never fails to return. We call this gravity of the earth, but how do we know? We do not know. We walk along the shore picking up the beautiful shells that have grown on the bottom of the ocean. We look at the beautiful flaming sunset and wonder how it is made so beautiful, never twice the same. Can you but picture the sunset and the ocean in a turmoil, gushing it's waves high. Fear overtakes a sailor, but still more often they are conveyed safely home, so if there is no greater spiritual thing than the God that gave us this life, He became as a spirit that we should be redeemed.

As we travel to the end of the journey with weary feet, we pause for a moment at the entrance, to look back, and wish for one more day like this has been with all it's glory.

Oh, what foolish children to want to linger longer, for where the spirit is there is no woe, so the closer you come to spiritual things the happier you shall be.



I will tell you of the marvels on the earth, the world you live in. You go into a new community, very few houses scattered around, then see a school, a church, a few stores, maybe a factory or two, people begin to make a garden in their yards, flowers to grow, honeysuckles, vines, the humming bird, everyone has a little domain of their own, that does not mean the riches home, but where there is contentment and happiness.

Soon the father of the family begins to make more and more, then another family. The father and mother begin to break, sickness even death as you call it, comes. What for? Not because God wants to rob the family of it's loved ones, but to bring them closer to the spiritual life.

The city grows, beautiful buildings, parks, we marvel at the air-planes, the dirigible, through all these things they will run on to other planets, and then another world will have begun, not in your time, maybe not in your childrens time, but the world must go on and on, no end of time.

Though men struggle for easier living and easier times, but still are they happier than the uneducated man with only his hands to do with, still they are only working for one thing, in the end it all crumbles. They build fortunes upon fortunes. Why? They do not need it, they cannot take it only to the door of the tomb. You hear men say Mr. So and So today lost his fortune, what foolish men, they all lose their fortune in a minute because they cannot take it when they enter the spiritual world, they do not need it, they find contentment and rest.

They are as immigrants, rich, poor all the same, nationality, race or creed ,have no difference here. There is no sorting you or I, in this world he made no difference in our soul, and therefore there could be nothing but happiness, if for that alone, that one thing in your world causes so many, many heartaches. How do we know who are the choosen persons by God, but every wrong shall be righted at some time.

Every wrong shall be righted, there shall not be left a stone unturned as it travels down through the ages.



In this chapter I shall try to tell you of the more wonderful things to come.

You are marveling at the wonders of dirigible, but that is only as a beginning of aircraft, twenty years ago we would have said, that crossing the Atlantic in a day would be out of reason, but in twenty years more they will have found other planets through the sky, by the aid of planes and rockets. It seems as if they have accomplished every great invention that is possible, but think if our forefathers could only come back to your wonderful world as it stands today. Would they not be astonished? They would be as children looking at the world asking a million questions. What is this? What is that? But still they see all the wonders and are silent listeners.

Is it not wonderful that the creator made all things beautiful? Still it is only a struggle. Where man is the slave to all this toil. God meant people to be happy, find pleasure in the woods, the fields, at the ocean side and still they could not be contented. What is more pleasure than to journey into some quiet place. An author wrote;

"Sunset pass at even-tide, and one clear call for me,  
May there be no moaning, as I take out to sea."

Was that not wonderful lines? We are at sea, the turmoil rushes on and on, and at evening we are as the turning of the tide. We do not rule the morrow, we have no way telling what the day may bring, maybe joy, maybe sorrow, heartaches, but still the tide rolls out, and comes back again at night, that's the way with life.



Life begins as a mystery, and ends as a mystery, and it still continues to be a mystery, and will through the ages, so why not make the best of what we have in life, for as a day is as a thousand years, the Bible says. Over night we can be changed to become very brilliant, if we and wish sincerely, every wish within reason shall be granted. I don't mean foolish wishes, sincere, worth while, useful wishes, so do the best in everything you wish to undertake, put heart, soul, your very being with in the things you wish to accomplish, then you shall reap a hundred fold.

Determination is the thing that makes us accomplish all great things and the will power to succeed. A child struggles to take it's first step it also struggles with it's first word, but finally it accomplishes it, and soon is forming sentences, and soon you hear it's merry voice and laughter. Is it not wonderful, growing into boyhood then to manhood, into struggle and toil.

Some lives begin in happy surroundings, others in hardships, but at one time or other we must all share the struggle, and toil, if it is not one way it is another. We look at a man in old age, we marvel at his wonderful face, almost a masters face, there's a twinkle in his bright eyes but if we could but turn the pages back on his single life, we would find joy, sickness, heartaches, struggle, and the state of contentment for as each year passes we learn to look at yhings in a different light, we learn the ways of the world.

Everyone hates to think of departing, but if you knew the wonders of the great beyond you would not seek one minute in the world of toil, you would be glad to make the journey, and still all want to linger just a little longer to watch the great developments of the man made wonders,



seeking greater inventions, but is this little experiment beyond the tomb still more marvelous, because this is an unexplored field,. Ofcourse there are peolpe that will make light of it, but there is nothing that is impossible.

Any great invention when started was an impossibility, but still it was accomplished, so give just a little thought to the spiritual possibility and great wonders shall be unravelled, as we wind the thread on a bobbin so shall we unravel the greatest probability of all things shall come, only we need stronger and truer believers in the great beyond.

No one seems to give credit for the great accomplishments that are being done, more and more to prove that we are spirited on. We travel along as in blind rutts, wondering in advancement at the great things we read and hear about, but we must build up a fortress so strong that not a living soul shall tear it down, not ignorant people are learning, but already the learned people are becoming astounded at the great unseen things, they know not the reason or whys of such things that reveal to them in this form, but as time goes on they will come closer and be convinced, that, ~~just~~ there is just as sure as the sun rises in the east and sets in the west, that through concentration of thoughts, they will reveal more and more of the spiritual beings.

There are dreamers, there are philosophers, there are also explorers that mind is created in the beginning of each and everyone of their lives, as we look at a boy or girl we do not know what plane their lives destination is most fitted for, one becomes famous the other not so brilliant, but each destination is meant for a reason, everyone cannot be

a genius, nor can everyone be spiritual, and neither do they ask for it but they take life as it comes, maybe wishing for great things to happen, but not enough will power to struggle on trying to win the highest esteem.

But instead of pushing on and on leaving not a stone unturned, until they have accomplished what they have started. The harder the tasks seem the more brilliant and more success it shall bring.

Concentration is the only true way to get in touch with loved ones beyond the tomb. We are as the earth entering into comma only to be awakened on the morrow to a new, greater, sweeter, and better life.

So do not stand with tear covered face at the entrance of the tomb, but have faith that on the morrow, they shall be the beginning of a new life, far greater, more wonderful, so rejoice in the thought of greater things.



The rainbow comes across the sky, the snow falls, only to give the earth a rest to rejuvenate for the work it has to do after a long cold winter. Spring comes again, the sap begins to run, the trees begin to bud the earth takes on a green blanket, everything comes out in a thousand different beautiful colors. The birds humming building their nests, willing workers are they. The rain, the wind the storm, even snow comes sometimes to tare their nests down, but do they get discouraged? No they try for hours to rebuild. If a stray blue-jay comes to tear and destroy the young life, the mother and father with all their strength try to defend their little ones lives.

If we but look around us we can see all the great things the great Creator has made to beautify the that you dwell in. He has placed with<sub>in</sub> your reach, the fowl, the fish, the wild beast of the forest only to be gathered. There should never be famines. Every one should have plenty, but some wish to struggle hard for the things they receive, others only think that it all should be given to them without a struggle.

Toil through day and night, we wait the return of our loved ones, there is a tired look upon their face, but maybe there is a cheery smile that greets them on the homeward turn. Worries, heartaches, longings, the father struggles on trying to see that each and everyone of his little family or loved ones are happy, and contented, rejoicing for the few dollars he has made for his overtime, trying hard to meet his obligations with a true spirit as all honest men are meant to do.

And still is there not others that have no respect for the loyal father and family. This all showing what it takes to make up the great world, still in the end there is only struggle, struggling for one thing or another, and as a pauper we pass into eternity just beyond the tomb



waiting for greater and better life.

When life has left this dwelling it travels on and on through space seems there is never an end of space, but as we come in contact with other flutteres as I call them, their everywhere darting in and out, watching and waiting for the chance to leave a pleasant thought to their loved ones left behind them. Always so close, but not with power to make themselves known. Sometimes we watch with a trembling hand to guide you through sickness and sorrow, but is impossibli for us to save you from a crash.

If you would follow the channels of your mind, many peolpe would be saved from terrible disaster, but still they do not take heed, but say they are going to ~~this~~ do this or that, when something tells them, you bet better not go there now, but most always when this warning has been given and they do not heed, there is a disaster, then what do they call that? A presentment. If they but let their thoughts be led through concentration they soon would be able to unravel such mysterjes.

Be not afraid to acknowledge the great things that come in a mysterious way, because through them one becomes greater. Every development proves theory upon theory, as a chemist takes a substance and within that substance he finds more and more minerals or compounds as he tears this apart, if we shall study concentration you can pick it all apart and find everything you wish to know.

Toil on and on until you have brought to light the spirit thought before the people. With your help and your ability you too shall become greater. Give more thought, day and night to this wonderful development for through you I am sending something to try to convince the world that you dwell in, there is something beyond sending messages out over the



world, showing people how to follow and believe in these works.

Be not afraid for nothing shall tear down these pages, this book shall stand fast and firm within the hearts of many men educated. There will be people try to find flaws, but still it will stand for many as marvelous.

We are as a shepard returning home at night with our weary flock as the day is over, feet sore and tired, we have walked over stones so each one of our flock shall be numbered if one should be lost, as a shepard would return his steps to look for the strayed one, so are everyone in your world numbered, for soon each and everyone shall be folded into the fold.

As the sun goes down in the western skies, the hopes of a clear day to dawn, as we travel along to the journey's end, yet as closing a book, to our memory comes sweet lines of recollection, that is the way of life then also ending as the life on the earth, that you dwell in, your dwelling is wrecked, life swiftly flits away to a new life. Often people wonder if the spirit is dwelling on high, before the dwelling is put away to everlasting rest, of course the soul never dies, but passes on into space and new surroundings and life where no sorrow ever enters.

Who has not walked down a country road when the peach trees are in bloom, the apple trees, pink and white, and the sweet fragrance of the clover blossoms, does it not fill the heart with rejoicing, so the journey end shall be the same as a friendly road, as we travel to the end with thought, hope, wishes, contentment in the heart abide with everyone.

Why I give this description of a lovely road I want to bring your thoughts closer to the Creator, do not be afraid to enter the door of death. Concentration alone is all you need to make the journey more



hopeful,hopes bring us face to face with realities,we pass on into space, as we bid a friend good-bye on a long long journey so to should we think of them in death,as taking a journey,and hope for a reunion through concentration. Longing and wishing turns in a second to realization of a happy reunion with our loved ones,so why not give a little thought to the great beyond.As every rose petal falls so shall we be created into a new being at the end of life on earth.

The soul flutters in and out,darting from one planet to another, across oceans or through oceans,coming in contact with many flutters to be known by few of them and still being able to get into communication with other ones,but marvel at the thought of being able to return through concentration or deep thought with the world we have departed from.

Like a storm rolls across the sky,darkness comes,winds blow,is not the Creator wonderful to change it all in a second,to golden sunshine, thats just the difference between living in the world that you dwell in and the new world we depart too. So give an only thought of the new surroundings and become greater in dwelling in the thought,rejoicing in the new unexplored land.

I come to the end of this description hoping I have made the journeys end just a little more interesting,also picturesque for there is no describing the wonders of the end into new life.

I close these chapters with hopes that I have brought before the public one and only thought to souls concentration. As a closed book,I say,give just a little thought to the door beyond the tomb. So do not wish to linger on,when the days are ended.

Ever a beautiful thought,I remain with you through true concentration.

A. Conan Doyle.