

What do we mean by:

"DEATH TO THE WORLD"?

"The world" is the general name for all the passions. When we wish to call the passions by a common name, we call them the world. But when we wish to distinguish them by their special names, we call them passions. The passions are the following: love of riches, desire for possessions, bodily pleasure from which comes sexual passion, love of honor which gives rise to envy, lust for power, arrogance and pride of position, the craving to adorn oneself with luxurious clothes and vain ornaments, the itch for human glory which is a source of rancor and resentment, and physical fear. Where these passions cease to be active, there the world is dead.... Someone has said of the Saints that while alive they were dead; for though living in the flesh, they did not live for the flesh. See for which of these passions you are alive. Then you will know how far you are alive to the world, and how far you are dead to it."

--St. Isaac the Syrian

DEATH TO THE WORLD
P.O. BOX 130, Forestville CA 95436, 707-887-9740

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DEATH TO THE WORLD

The Last True Rebellion



— ❧ № 6 ❧ —

The Super Natural

"As the present world approaches its end, the world of eternity looms nearer.... The end of the world merges with the beginning of eternal life.... The spiritual world is moving closer to us, manifesting itself through visions and revelations."

—St. Gregory the Dialogist

THE OTHER WORLD is "breaking into" this world and giving hints of its existence. God and His angels send their grace to suffering souls who seek truth amidst lies and chaos. And meanwhile, Satan and his fallen angels are revealing themselves to people who seek after signs, "spiritual" experiences, phenomena, power, and false manipulation of the created order. In the past, demons appeared and deceived people under the guise of the "gods," being worshipped through statues and oracles. In the modern Western world, they appear under many guises: as "angels of light," as "UFO's," as "charismatic" experiences, and even as "Bigfoot" (some people see blinding light when they see "Bigfoot," which doesn't make sense if he were just an animal). And sometimes they reveal themselves as the malicious spirits which they really are. Satan is now walking naked into human history.

Some people who read this have had contact with the dark spirits, either in their true form or under the guise of light, as in "white magic" (see the article "Never Kneel" in issue no. 4 of D.T.T.W.). Nowadays, many people have had their spiritual senses opened up, either through drugs or through psychic/occult practices, or a combination of both. As the ancient God-illuminated teachers say, however, there is nothing particularly special or important about the sensuous perception of spirits, and in fact it can be very dangerous (see the article on the "Opening of the Senses" in this issue).

Let no one be deceived by the hazy, soft-focus false mysticism that is being propagated on the best-seller list of your local bookstore. There is a dark side as well as a light side to the spiritual realm. The dark side often tries to mask itself as the light side. The dark side may pretend that it cares about our welfare. But it doesn't. It wants to destroy us, to corrupt our nature, to turn us into horrible spiritual freaks and mutants, just like the fallen angels who turned away from God. That is why we must seek, not experiences, but truth. God is Truth, and the Truth is a Person, Jesus Christ. And He alone can deliver us from deception.

Not all of those who read this have had a sensuous perception of spirits. Some have experienced the grace of God without seeing or

DEATH TO THE WORLD

is a zine to inspire Truth-seeking and soul searching amidst the modern age of nihilism and despair, promoting the ancient principles of the last true rebellion: to be dead to this world and alive to the other world. Correspondence is encouraged and articles for submission are welcomed. Each article printed herein is true to life and has been written out of pain of heart for love of truth.

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—St. Isaac the Syrian



Cover: fresco of Archangel Michael defeating Satan

hearing Him, but they know it's real. And some have experienced the working of the demons without seeing or hearing them, and they know that that's real, too. Some, having turned away (or been turned away by others) from the presence of God, have felt the dark despair which is more than despair, and which has crossed over the border from the natural to the infernal realms. This state of despair is magnified by the demons, who try to lead us to kill ourselves, because they know that suicide is the one sin for which IT'S TOO LATE to repent (see "Suicide: the Last Genocide" in issue no. 4).

In this issue, we have alternated accounts of the light side (God and His Angels) with accounts of the dark side (Satan and his minions), so that people will see as graphically as possible the huge difference between the two. Between these two there is a great gulf fixed, which it is impossible to cross after we die.



SILENCE

A Vision of Eternal Rest

"Silence is the mystery of the future age, but words are mere implements of this world."—St. Isaac the Syrian

In Berkeley, CA, right next to Telegraph Avenue, there lived a 94-year-old Russian woman named Helen Kontzevitch. Almost stone-deaf, she was as if untouched by the world around her. Telegraph Avenue is one of the counter-culture capitals the world, but she had already gone beyond, not only the culture, but the counter-culture as well. She had gone beyond this noisy world, her spirit awakened by the voice of an eternal silence. She had a vision of heaven, of eternal rest.

I used to visit her every week. During the week I was very active, riding my bike all around Berkeley, but at her place everything was slowed way down, and I had to slow down. All my communications with her had to be handwritten. Every little thing took a seemingly interminable amount of time. It took her ten minutes to walk into the next room to get some tea and come back, which she *insisted* on doing herself for me, her guest, even though I usually jumped up and offered to do it in an instant.

From Helen Kontzevitch I had my first tangible experience of the power of the soul, or spirit, which outlasts the body. After 94 years, her body was practically dead. She could hardly move it around on her tired and swollen legs. Even when she was sitting her movements were exceedingly slow, as if physically she was hardly present. But what struck me so deeply was that, in this practically dead body, her *spirit* was so incredibly strong and powerful. It's hard to describe it in words. One just felt that one was in the presence of a very strong and indomitable woman, a woman who could not be fooled or bowled over by anybody, despite her physical frailty.

HELEN KONTZEVITCH
IN HER YOUNGER DAYS



She had lived a rich and varied life. Born in Russia, she was the niece of a famous spiritual writer, whose work she had continued in America and Russia, being the author of several books. One of her main contributions was that she fought against a widespread false teaching that tried to demean the Cross of Christ, by which we are saved and which drives away demons.

At 94, her mind remained sharp and clear as a bell. She lived a conscious spiritual life, and therefore, as her experience of life increased, so did her inner wisdom. Once she said: "Now I know that the soul is immortal. All the things that my soul has acquired through the years, all that it has accumulated and learned! It's impossible to believe that it will all be destroyed at death. It must continue: spiritual growth must go on after death."

It was rare to hear her talk that way. She did not speak much of her spiritual acquirements. We would not even know of her vision of heaven if it were not for the following occurrence.

After I left Berkeley and went to live at the monastery, I learned that the Abbot of the monastery had once found a very interesting article in an old, pre-Revolutionary Russian magazine. The article, it was claimed, was written by Elder Ambrose of Optina: a seer of heavenly mysteries to whom thousands of spiritual seekers flocked in 19th-century Russia. People suffering in heart, soul and body sought Elder Ambrose out, and many were the healings and miraculous spiritual transformations in people wrought through him. Among the people who visited Elder Ambrose was the novelist Fyodor Dostoyevsky, who later made him the model of the character of Elder Zosima in the book *The Brothers Karamazov*.

In the article which our Abbot had found, Elder Ambrose had written of a vision he had experienced of heaven. Because the article had been published after Elder Ambrose's death, our Abbot wondered if perhaps it was a forgery. Perhaps someone had just invented the story and signed Elder Ambrose's name to it?

Our Abbot wanted to republish this article, and since he always turned to Helen Kontzevitch whenever he had questions about literary matters, he came to her with a question: was the article authentic or not.

Helen Kontzevitch read the article and replied: "Yes, it is authentic. I know it is, because I myself had an experience which is identical to the one described by Elder Ambrose in this account."

Helen Kontzevitch then described her own experience, and, indeed, it was exactly like Elder Ambrose's experience. Rather than repeat her words, we will begin with the words of Elder Ambrose describing his vision of the other world, of eternity, of boundless love and a blessed communion of spirits.

—Monk Damascene



SILENCE, OR A VISION OF ETERNAL REST:
A MANUSCRIPT BY ELDER AMBROSE OF OPTINA


It was a wonderful time in spring... I could not resist its allurements to throw myself into nature's embrace, and that paradise of spring, which I chose as a place of my daily visits, was the dark, thick forest situated on the high bank of a big, wide river (the Oka) that washes with its milky waters several central Russian provinces.

Giving myself over to this blessed state in the bosom of nature, I drank in its aromatic breath and went deeply into the spiritual apprehension of the Creator, Who is too immense to behold....

The surrounding world from which I came forth then retreated from me to somewhere far away, and disappeared into the realm of concepts foreign to me....

I was alone. Around me there was only the slumbering forest. Its ancient giants stretched far into the skies. They searched for God. I also was in search of Him.





But suddenly, I am outside the forest somewhere far away, in another world, quite unknown to me, never imagined by me...

Around me there is bright white light! Its transcendence is so pure and enticing that I am submerged, along with my perception, into limitless depths and cannot satisfy myself with my admiration for this realm, cannot completely fill myself with its lofty spirituality. Everything is so full of beauty all around. So endearing this life ... so endless the way. I am being swept across this limitless, clear space. My sight is directed upwards, does not descend anymore, does not see anything earthly. The whole of the heavenly firmament has transformed itself before me into one general bright light, pleasing to the sight... But I do not see the sun. I can see only its endless shining and bright light. The whole space in which I glide without hindrance, without end, without fatigue, is filled with white, just as is its light and beautiful beings, transparent as a ray of sun. And through them I am admiring this limitless world. The images of all these beings unknown to me are infinitely diverse and full of beauty... I also am white and bright as are they. Over me, as over them, there reigns eternal rest. Not a single thought of mine is any longer enticed by anything earthly, not a single beat of my heart is any longer moving with human cares or earthly passion. I am all peace and rapture. But I am still moving in this infinite light, which surrounds me without change. There is nothing else in the world except for the white, bright light and these equally radiant numberless beings. But all these beings do not resemble me, nor are similar to each other; they are all endlessly varied, and compellingly attractive. Amidst them, I feel myself incredibly peaceful. They evoke in me neither fear, nor amazement, nor trepidation. All that we see here does not agitate us, does not amaze us. All of us here are as if we have belonged to each other for a long time, are used to each other and are not strangers at all. We do not ask questions, we do not speak to each other about anything. We all feel and understand that there is nothing novel for us here. All our questions are solved with one glance, which sees everything and everyone. There is no trace of the wars of passions in anyone. All move in different directions, opposite to each other, not feeling any limitation, any inequality, or envy, or sorrow, or sadness. One peace reigns in all the images of entities. One light is endless for all. Oneness of life is comprehensible to all.

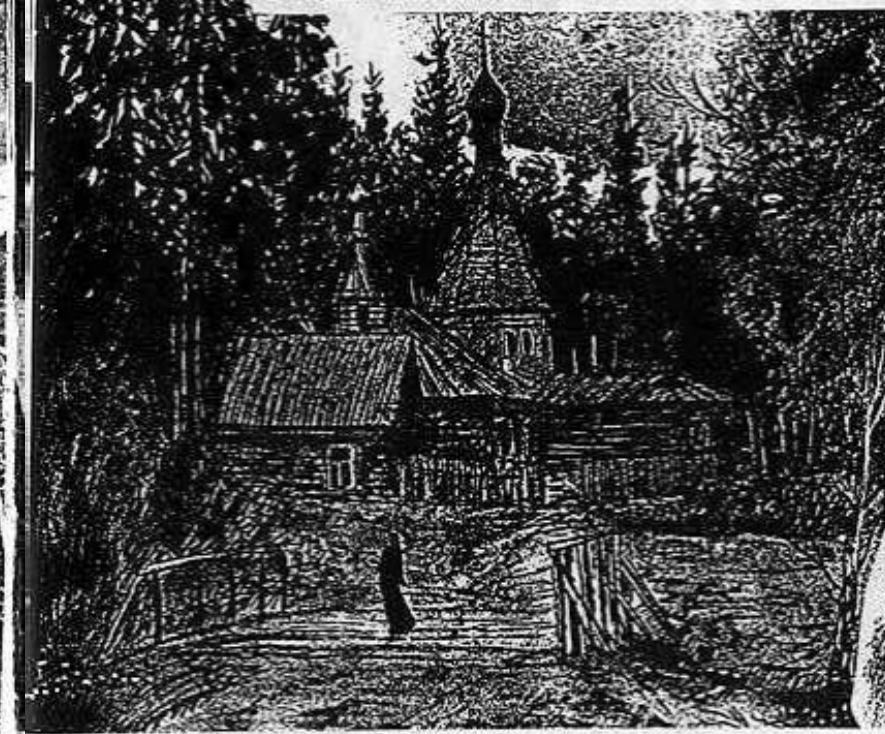
My rapture at all this superseded everything. I sank into this eternal rest. No longer was my spirit disturbed by anything. And I knew nothing else earthly. None of the tribulations of my heart came to mind, even for a minute. It seemed that everything that I had experienced before on earth never existed. Such was my feeling in this new radiant world of mine. And I was at peace and joyful, and desired nothing better for myself. All my earthly thoughts concerning fleeting happiness in the world died in this beautiful life, new to me, and did not come back to life again. So it seemed to me at least, there, in that better world.



But how I came back here—I do not recall. What transitory state it was, I do not know. I only felt that I was alive, but I did not remember the world in which I lived before on earth. This did not seem at all to be a dream. Actually, about earthly things I no longer had the least notion. I only felt that the present life is mine, and that I was not a stranger in it. In this state of spirit I forgot myself and immersed myself in this light-bearing eternity. And this timelessness lasted without end, without measure, without expectation, without sleep, in this eternal rest. Thus it seemed to me that there would not be any kind of change....

But then suddenly, the thread of my radiant life was cut off and I opened my eyes. Around me was the familiar forest, and a beam of spring sunlight was playing on its meadows. I was seized with terrible sadness. "Why am I here again?" I thought. And that radiant, light—emanating world which I had just experienced with all its host of numberless visionary entities, vividly remained impressed before my mental eyes. But my physical vision did not see it any longer. This terrible and tearful sorrow I could not endure and I began to cry bitterly.

Only after that experience I believed in the concept of the separation of soul from the body, and understood what the special spiritual world was. But the question of what is the meaning of life still remained a mystery for me. And in order to penetrate into this mystery I left this world into which I was born, and embraced the monastic life.



ELDER
AMBROSE
OF
OPTINA

Within the darkness of creation's altar,
All vanities, attachments fall away.
No grip is left for those who stop and falter
And try to grab ahold of fleeting day.
But others also—sister, friend, and brother—
Will be there, having with us run the race;
There'll be no need to cling to one another,
For love will flow through all in boundless space
No one speaks a word, for none is needed:
Our common path has made us one this night.
We'll all go forth together, unimpeded,
In utter silence, breathless, into light:
The light of Him Who on the blood-stained ground
Has laid our common path, without a sound.

EXORCISMS IN RUSSIA TODAY

BY AN EYEWITNESS

No Orthodox Christian in Russia doubts the existence of demons, and that they wage brutal war against people. Neither do they doubt that Christ is stronger than demons, that He has won the war and continues to conquer. Why are they so sure? Because they see it with their own eyes. They see the pitiful victims of demonic possession who come to church to find relief but are tormented by the demons for doing so. Anywhere we go in the world we can see the result of diabolical hatred—violence, lewdness, profanity, coldness of heart—however, we fail to see the cause. But in the presence of the power of God, they are unmasked and revealed. The curtain is withdrawn that hides the puppeteer behind the puppets.

When I was in Russia, I stayed near a monastery where a priest lived who performed exorcisms. The rite of exorcism in the Orthodox Church is a formal service that has been the same for centuries. It includes generous amounts of holy water, and is highlighted by the reading of the Gospel passages wherein Christ drives the demons out of people, and demonstrates His authority over them. Just as the demons in the Gospels wail and lament when Christ appears, so they wail during these services.

Once the services are in full swing, the demons begin to show themselves. One woman rages in a male voice, another person shakes violently, another shrieks in fear, yet another is thrown to the floor, losing consciousness. They scream their hatred for the priest, vowing to have their revenge, as he douses them with holy water. Some demons make jokes, some sound like dissatisfied customers ("I don't have to take this!"), others are just raw anger and hatred. But the loudest noise always seems to be that of animals: mooing, crowing, and especially barking and growling.

Not all of the victims were adults. I saw one young girl being dragged and carried up to the priest. She was flailing, howling and wailing. When the priest finally came close enough to douse her with holy water, she moaned in a ghostly voice, which trailed off as she stopped her thrashing, finally collapsing. I saw another boy, held in his mother's arms, who had the appearance of a poor, special ed, child. He looked as though he was in distress and pain, just before he vomited on the floor.





Everywhere wailing, moaning, barking, convulsions, shrieking. It was a vision of hell. "Yes, you may attend," the priest permitted me after I asked to witness an exorcism. "But stand near the icon of the Mother of God, and say the Jesus prayer (Lord, Jesus Christ, Son of God, have mercy on me a sinner.)" This is not something to be taken lightly. It is not a horror film, not a ghost story, but pure evil tormenting real human beings.

Naturally, I could not help but wonder why these people are possessed. But it is not right to inquire—they are sufferers, and it is not for me to judge. But there are cases when the demon itself provides the answer. One woman was being exorcised when, to the priest's astonishment, the demon informed him that God Himself does not will that she be released. "She killed three babies in her womb," the demon revealed, "and I am here to punish her." Very many ended up in their pitiful state after going to "psychic healers." They had turned to these so-called healers with some physical illnesses, or simply in search of pseudo-spirituality, and received some relief or fulfillment. But then they became demonically possessed, for the "healing" or "experience" was made possible solely through the psychic's own pact with demonic powers. These people, however, were impossible to help if they were not prepared to abandon the pseudo-spirituality and embrace the spiritual life of the Church, putting their trust in Christ.

But what about the children? What had they done to deserve this? Usually they had done nothing. Their parents had brought this catastrophe upon them by their own unwholesome lives. This may sound strange and unfair, but we all acknowledge that a mother who smokes puts smoke into her child's lungs, and a mother who drinks nurses her child with alcohol. When a father curses, he puts curse words into his child's vocabulary. So is it really so surprising that parents who immerse themselves in the forces of darkness bring those forces down upon their children?

The service concludes and I am in awe. The priest's countenance is one of intense concentration, authority and sternness. Throughout the service he held the holy water sprinkler like a mighty whip; now he holds the cross as an invincible shield and a trophy of victory. His long, grey hair is a bit tousled, and sweat glistens on his high forehead. Those poor people kiss the cross and clamor desperately to receive his blessing, then gradually leave the church. They feel better. In spite of the demon's torment during the service, they now feel relieved and strengthened. They can go on—they are no longer overcome by despair.



Some people come to the exorcisms thinking that they are possessed, but they are not—it is a sort of spiritual hypochondria. Others speak blasphemies against God and man, not realizing whose mouth-piece they are being, and therefore will not even consider going to church. But wonders never cease. Once, when the Communists were in power, some top party members were "touring" the monastery, laughing at its outdatedness. One of these happened into the church where an exorcism was taking place. You can imagine the confusion that ensued when she began crowing involuntarily, like a rooster. She realized her great mistake in denying God, and became a Christian.

Still others have chronic, seemingly incurable illnesses that bring them to the monastery in search of healing, and there they encounter the power of Christ, which exposes the demon inhabiting them. Then the battle begins—fasting, praying, repenting, suffering. These are their "medicines." But what is the doctor's scalpel? Humility. I cannot forget one incident related to me by a possessed woman herself. At her exorcism, the demon in her reviled the priest, saying that he would spit on him. "Go ahead," the priest answered, "Spit. It will make me humbler." At this the demon shrieked as if seared by a blow-torch. But this is not surprising. Jesus Christ, by Whose authority this Orthodox priest, and indeed all those apostles, saints and righteous ones before him cast out devils, was also spat upon and reviled, even crucified. But the devil's rage was his own defeat.



Nun
Cornelia
April, 1995

THE LIGHT SIDE AND THE

What occurs in Russia today occurs also in America—though in America we often don't recognize it for what it is.

ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN on the streets of Hollywood.

I'd seen some pretty wild things, but never anything bizarre as what I saw one night on Ventura Boulevard

As Keith and I walked out of the cafe, a blast of hot night air hit us in the face. It was after 2 a.m., but the street was still awake with activity. Four drag queens swept by us, followed by a couple in disco outfits, all headed inside for a late-night breakfast.

As Keith walked around the front of the van, I opened the passenger door. That was when we spotted a figure, looming toward us out of the dark. It was Harmony.

Harmony looked like a gruff mountain-man with his brown scraggly hair and beard. Here we were in 1974, but this guy struck us as someone caught in a '60s time warp. He was calm and easy. All he talked about was peace, love and living off the land. He wasn't a close friend, but he and Keith had gotten stoned together once.

"Hey—how's it goin'?" Keith called. He shut his door again and stepped back on the sidewalk.

Sleepily, I leaned my head back, knowing I was in for a wait. Inevitably, most of our conversations drifted toward spiritual experiences these days. Keith and I had tried a lot of things—a lot of things. Recently, we'd been looking into Jesus Christ. We weren't Christians. Church was a dead institution to us. But Jesus did seem to be a spiritual Master of some sort, and we had a degree of respect for his life and teachings.

Sure enough, Keith and Harmony immediately began talking about



creased across his forehead, and his bushy eyebrows knit together. A sneer came over his usually mild face, and his upper lip curled back, exposing yellow smoke-stained teeth. Leaning toward Keith, his teeth bared, he let out a growl that started in the throat, like that of a wolf and ended with the horrible hissing sound of a snake.

It happened in only seconds. Harmony's face relaxed. But his eyes looked confused. Embarrassed. The hiss seemed to hang in the still night air.

My skin was still tingling from the shock. Keith had obviously been rocked by it, too. He looked from Harmony to me with wide eyes. This was Hollywood—but things like this only happened in the movies. I wondered what Keith was thinking.

It was like someone or something took control of Harmony momentarily, using him for its own purposes. Then just as quickly, it discarded him—leaving him to pick up the pieces in confused embarrassment. Dazed, Harmony mumbled something. But Keith quickly excused himself, jumped into the van and shoved the key in the ignition.

As we drove home over the dark streets, we kept looking at each other in disbelief. Keith was more animated than usual. He kept saying, "Did he really do that? I can't believe it!"

We talked about nothing else until we crawled into bed and fell asleep, sometime after 3:30 a.m.

The weird experience with Harmony did have one major effect on us. It brought some things into sharp focus. Namely, that there was, indeed, a very real spiritual realm—a realm full of power and possibly even danger. We were just coming to a deeper realization that there must be spiritual forces beyond our knowing. Had we heard a voice from that other side, speaking through Harmony? Or was it just the "voice" of the age? After all, a lot of musicians, artists and writers—the "beautiful" people—were saying things like, "You are your own god. There is no right or wrong."

But we wondered: Is there a dark side and a light side to spiritual energy?

into drugs and the mystical. Which was a lot of the people we knew.

"I've been reading about Jesus lately," Keith was saying. "He was a pretty radical person."

Harmony's eyes seemed to brighten—then, slowly, a strange look came over his face. His eyes got misty and distant. Very calmly, he said, "I am Jesus Christ."

Keith reacted like he'd been stung by a scorpion. Without missing a beat, he shot back, "Beware of the false prophets who come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly are ravenous wolves!" I recognized the quote as something Jesus had said. What happened next was really hard to believe.

Harmony's eyes grew wide. Then they narrowed to slits, furrow-



From No Compromise:

The Life Story of Keith Green

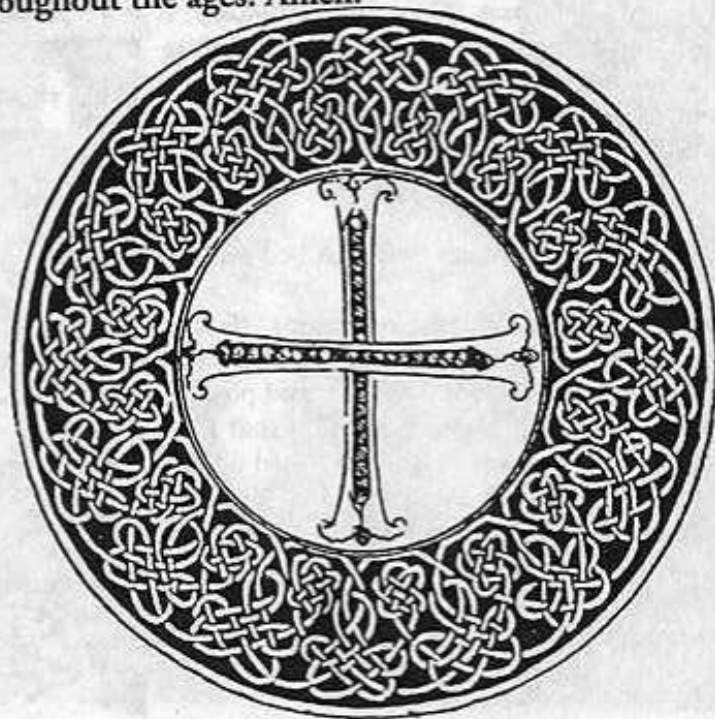
by Melody Green



Prayer to the Cross

which drives away dark spirits

LET GOD ARISE, AND LET HIS ENEMIES BE SCATTERED; and let those who hate Him flee from His presence. As smoke vanishes, let them vanish; and as wax melts from the presence of fire, so let the demons perish from the presence of those who love God and who sign themselves with the Sign of the Cross and say in gladness: Rejoice, most precious and life-giving Cross of the Lord, for Thou drivest away the demons by the power of our Lord Jesus Christ crucified on thee, Who went down to hell and trampled on the power of the devil, and gave us thee, His venerable Cross, for driving away all enemies. O most precious and life-giving Cross of the Lord, help me with our holy Lady, the Virgin Mother of God, and with all the Saints throughout the ages. Amen.



THE NINE ANGELIC ORDERS

A prayer of St. Basil the Great

O Existing One, Master, Lord, God! Thou art praised by

Angels,
Archangels,
Thrones,
Dominions,
Principalities,
Authorities,
Powers,

and many-eyed Cherubim.

Round about Thee stand the Seraphim,

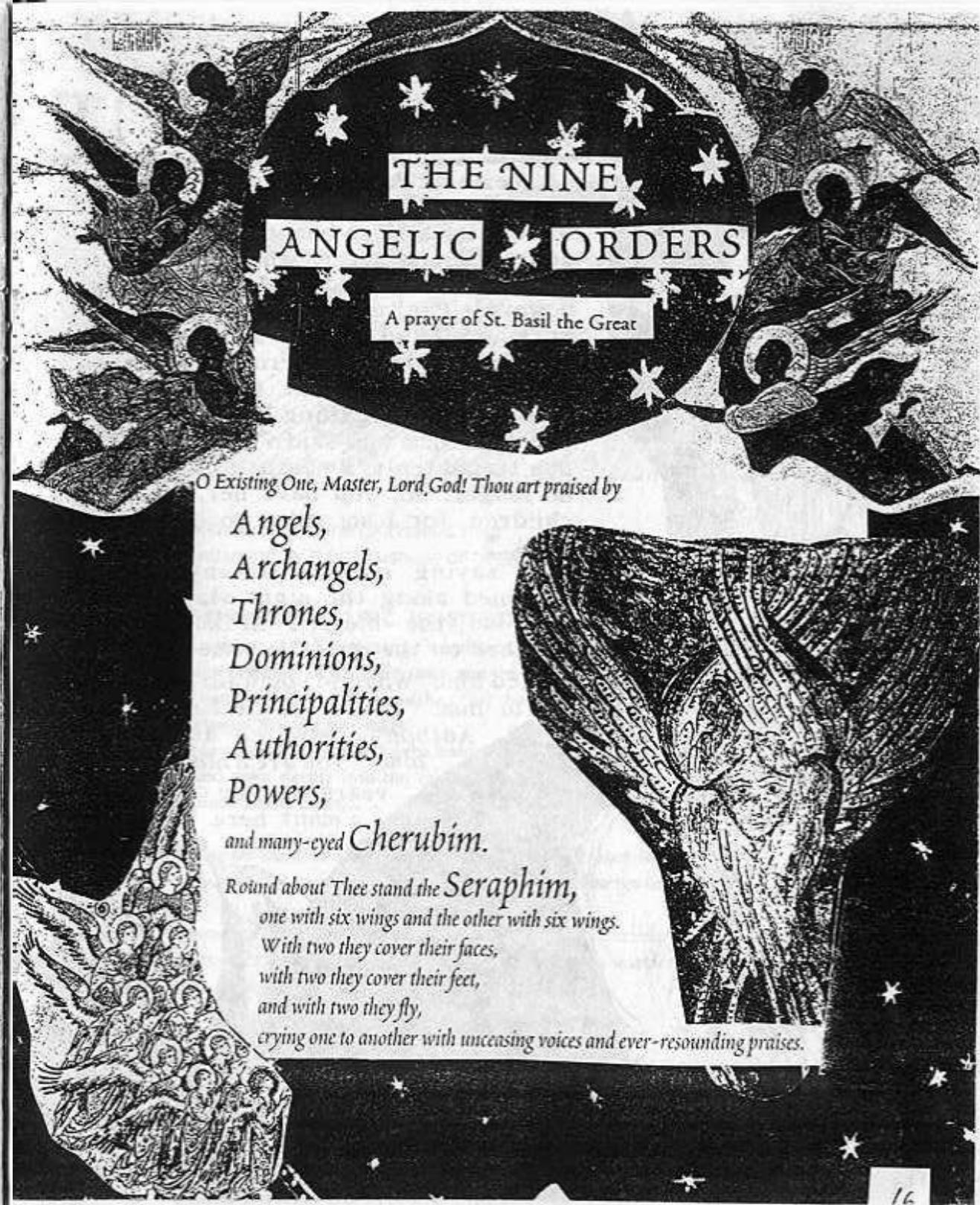
one with six wings and the other with six wings.

With two they cover their faces,

with two they cover their feet,

and with two they fly,

crying one to another with unceasing voices and ever-resounding praises.





PAUL the SIMPLE

A certain Paul, a rustic peasant, exceedingly guileless and simple, was wedded to a most beautiful woman of depraved character, who for a very long while concealed her sins from him. However, Paul came in suddenly from work and found his wife and her lover behaving shamefully. Providence thus guiding Paul to what was best for himself. And laughing discreetly he called to them and said: "Good, good. I don't mind truly. By Jesus I'll take her no longer. Go, you have her and her children, for I am going to become a monk."

And saying nothing to anyone he hastened along the eight stages and went to the blessed Anthony and knocked on the door. He came out and asked him: "What do you want?" He said to him: "I want to become a monk."

Anthony answered and said to him: "You are a old man, sixty years old; you cannot become a monk here. But rather go back to your

village and work and live an active life, giving thanks to God, for you cannot endure the tribulations of the desert." The old man answered again and said: "Whatever you teach me, I will do it."

Anthony said to him: "I have told you that you are an old man and cannot stand it. If you really want to become a monk, go to a cenobium with a number of brethren, who can support your weakness. For I live here alone, eating after a five day's fast, and that without satisfying my hunger." With these and such-like words he tried to frighten Paul away and, since he could not endure him, Anthony shut the door and did not go out for three days because of him, not even for necessary purposes.

But Paul did not go away.

But on the fourth day necessity compelling him he opened the door and went out and said to him again: "Go away from here old man. Why do you annoy me? You cannot stay here." Paul said to him: "It is impossible for me to die elsewhere than here." So Anthony looked about and noticed that he had not with him any form of nourishment, neither bread nor water, and that he was now in the fourth day of his fast, and saying: "Lest perchance you die and stain my soul," he received him. And Anthony adopted in those days a regime which he had never tried in his youth...

So when he saw the old man eagerly following his mode of life he said to him: "If you can do thus everyday, stay with me." Paul said to him: "If there is anything more, I do not know; for I can do easily these things which I have seen." Anthony said to him the next day: "Behold, you have become a monk."

So Anthony, convinced after the required number of months that Paul had a perfect soul, being very simple and grace-cooperating with him, made him a cell, three or four miles away, and said to him: "Behold, you have become a monk; remain alone in order that you may be tried by demons." So Paul dwelt there one year and was counted worthy of grace over demons and diseases. Among other cases, a demoniac was once brought to Anthony, exceedingly terrifying, possessed by a spirit of high rank, who cursed even heaven itself.

So Anthony, having examined him, said to those who brought him: "This is not my work, for I have not yet been counted worthy of power over this order of high rank, but this is Paul's business. So Anthony went off and led them to Paul, and said to him: "Father Paul, cast out this demon from the man that he may go away cured to his home."

So the old man got up, and having prayed an effective prayer, addressed the demoniac: "Fr. Anthony has said, 'Go out from the man.'" But the demon cried out, saying with blasphemies: "I am not going out, bad old man." So Paul took his sheepskin coat and struck the man on the back with it saying: "Fr. Anthony has said, 'Go out.'" And again the demon cursed with some violence both Anthony and him. Finally he said to him: "You are going out; or else I'll go and tell Christ. By Jesus, if you don't go out I am going this very minute to tell Christ, and He will do you harm."

Again the demon cursed yet more, saying: "I am not going out." So Paul got angry with the demon and went outside his dwelling at high noon. But the heat of the Egyptians is akin to the furnace of Babylonia. And standing on a rock on a mountain he prayed and said: "O Jesus Christ, Who was crucified under Pontius Pilate, Thou seest that I will not descend from the rock, I will not eat nor drink till I die, unless Thou drive out the spirit from the man and free the man."

But before the words were out of his mouth the demon cried out, saying: "Oh violence! I am being driven away. The simplicity of Paul drives me away, and where am I to go?" And immediately the spirit went out and was turned into a great dragon seventy cubits long and was swept away into the Red Sea, that the saying might be fulfilled: "The righteous will declare the faith that is shown." This is the marvelous tale of Paul who was surnamed Simple by all the brotherhood.

From *The Lausiac History* by Palladius, which is a history book on the holy men and women of the Egyptian desert, written in 419 A.D.



THE OPENING OF THE SENSES

or
The Sensuous Perception of Spirits
by St. Ignatius Brianchaninov



PEOPLE become capable of seeing spirits by a certain alteration of the senses, which is accomplished in a way that is unnoticeable and inexplicable to a person. He only notes in himself that he has suddenly begun to see what before this he had not seen and what others do not see, and to hear what before this he had not heard. For those who experience in themselves such an alteration of the senses, it is very simple and natural, even though not explainable to oneself and others; for those who have not experienced it, it is strange and not understandable.....

The alteration of the senses by which a person enters into sensuous communion with the beings of the invisible world is called in Sacred Scripture the *opening of the senses*..... The bodily organs serve as it were as doors and gates into the inner chamber where the soul is, and that these gates are opened and closed at the command of God. Most wisely and mercifully, these gates remain constantly closed in fallen human beings, lest our sworn enemies, the fallen spirits, burst in upon us and bring about our perdition. This measure is all the more essential in that we, after the fall,

find ourselves in the realm of *fallen* spirits, surrounded by them, enslaved by them. Having no possibility to break in on us, they make themselves known to us from outside, causing various sinful thoughts and fantasies, and by them enticing the credulous soul into communion with them. It is not permitted for a person to remove the supervision of God and by his own means (by God's allowance but not by His will) to open his own senses and enter into visible communion with spirits. But this does happen. It is obvious that by one's own means one can attain communion only with fallen spirits. It is not characteristic of holy angels to take part in something not in agreement with the will of God, something not pleasing to God....

What attracts people into entering into open communion with spirits? Those who are light-minded and ignorant of Christianity in action are attracted by curiosity, by ignorance, by unbelief, without understanding that by entering into such communion they can cause themselves the greatest harm.....

The idea that there is anything especially important in the sensuous perception of spirits is a mistaken one. Sensuous perception without spiritual perception does not provide a proper understanding of spirits; it provides only a superficial understanding of them. Very easily it can provide the most mistaken conceptions, and this indeed is what is most often provided to the inexperienced and to those infected with vain-glory and self-esteem. The *spiritual* perception of spirits is attained only by true Christians, whereas men of the most depraved life are the most capable of the *sensuous* perception of them.... A very few people are capable of this by their natural constitution (i.e., by a mediumistic talent which can be inherited), and to a very few the spirits appear because of some special

circumstance in life. In the latter two cases a man is not subject to blame, but he must make every effort to get out of this condition, which is very dangerous. In our time many allow themselves to enter into communion with fallen spirits by means of magnetism (spiritism), in which the fallen spirits usually appear in the form of bright angels and deceive and delude by means of various interesting tales, mixing together truth with falsehood; they always cause an extreme disorder to the soul and even to the mind.....

Those who see spirits, even holy angels, sensuously should not have any fancies about themselves: this perception alone, in itself, is no testimony whatever of the merit of the perceivers. Not only depraved men are capable of this, but even irrational animals.....

From *The Soul After Death* by Fr. Seraphim Rose

JESUS DIED



Jesus died on Calvary.
So we can live eternally.

He'll take His children higher than the clouds above, and through
Heavens gates.

Jesus is the same, and never hates.

Jesus gives peace, and rest.
I think that's the best.

- Angelina Dedrick