



Edward Bennett, City of Boston
United States - Boston, 1864



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TALK BY BELOVED DONALD BALLARD

ACCREDITED MESSENGER OF SAINT GERMAIN FOUNDATION (Chicago, 12-26-1970)

Our beloved Jerry's remarks touch me very deeply, because we too feel a great and undivided affection for Ann and Jerry.

I was truly thrilled the other night, as you may or may not know, at 1620, which is Mama's home, we have a loud speaker connected by telephone line to the Auditorium here, and when Jerry gave his address on the Constitution, not only did a great charge of Power go through us, but he could not have possibly expressed my feelings more perfectly on this subject, because both of us share an enormous concern for the future of our beloved America, and to have someone speak out in the clear, ringing, forceful voice that Jerry did, did my heart an enormous amount of good! And one day, the young people all over America and the public in general shall hear this message.

I would like to have you joining me just a moment, in sending our Love to our Beloved Mama. Visualize the Light from Our Beloved Papa, from His Octave, pouring into Her Being and World, raising Her out of all distress, restoring the fullness of Health, and enfolding Her in that Love which He alone can give to Her. (*Silence*)

Dear people! I have something for you tonight which, I feel, will be of more than passing interest. It is a series of stories really, that have never been told before from this or any other platform, as far as I know, that concerns my Beloved Father and some of the Experiences that He went through in the early part of His life, preceding the great Ministry that really begun with the writing of "*Unveiled Mysteries*" and "*The Magic Presence*".

All through His life, Papa was very interested in all things of a Spiritual aspect, and He studied most of the then available philosophies, as I suspect all of you have. And I have an early recollection that I want to describe to you, because it takes the story from my earliest memories, which was somewhere around the age of six, up to the time when the Dictations were given in the form that you now know them, at the table in the dining room of 1620. That table, by the way, is still there. The surroundings in some ways are quite as they were at the time.

But prior to these Dictations, this was not by any means the first time that the Great Ascended Beings had spoken through our Beloved Papa. And as far as I know or am able to determine, I am the only person now living, with the exception of Mama, that saw this thing take place. And therefore I thought it might be of great interest to you people to be filled in on this background, and I also asked Jack right here to record this speech, so that before any more of it fades from my memory, it should be preserved for posterity.

As said in the beginning, from the time I was about six years old, the Ascended Masters spoke to the family through our Beloved Papa. The family at that time consisted of four people. There was Papa, Mama, myself and an elderly lady by the name of Aunt Mary, who was really no blood relation to the family at all, but someone whom Papa had cared for many many years. She was a lady then in her seventies, and we were the only ones that witnessed the events which I shall now describe.

My earliest recollection of the Masters speaking through our Beloved Papa was that of the Masters Kuthumi and Morya, which I am sure you have seen many pictures of. And the

thing came about in more or less the following manner. Usually it would begin as a family group in the evening. Many, many evenings we would sit around the living room (we lived mostly in apartments in those days). And then maybe Mama or Papa would read aloud to us, or we would sit there and converse on many, many things, subjects pertaining to the Divine Law, the search for the Truth as we then knew it, that was always uppermost in Mama's and Papa's minds. When sometimes Papa would suddenly become very, very still, and He might say something like this: "I feel that Kuthumi is coming". He would be very still then and close His eyes, and then something of a rather heavy shudder would run through His body, and presently the Master would begin to speak through Him.



Ascended Masters Kuthumi and Morya El

The Instruction at this time was more of a personal nature than it was strictly the explanation of the Law. We were told how to handle certain problems within the family, more or less specific as to how we should conduct our lives. And as time went on, these which really later became the Dictations, they started out more as intimate conversations. There would be other Masters beside Kuthumi and Morya. There was a Chinese Master by name of Chan. And then one day, I suspect maybe a year or two years after my earliest recollections, Saint Germain first spoke to us through Papa. This I would put it between 1924 and 1926, some time. At that time we were living in an apartment on Lyall Avenue here, near the lake. Subsequently we lived in four or five apartments in different locations here in Chicago, and in all these locations, on an average of perhaps once a week I would think, one or the other of the Masters would come and speak through Papa. As you can well imagine, my memory is not as clear as I would like it to be, because the age of six or seven is a long way past in my history (*laughter*). We don't like to admit this, but it is none the less true.

There was one particular incident in this sequence of events that was particularly impressed upon my mind. At one time, my mother's sister and her son were invited in to listen to one of these intimate series of Instructions by the Great Ones, and they expressed doubt and disbelief to the point of being downright rude about it. And Papa said: "Well, that's enough of that". And He didn't use the exact words, but the sum and substance of it is: "These pearls are not to be cast before *you know what*" (*laughter*). And they truly were pearls of wisdom. They were really what formed the basis of conduct that I learned at the earliest age that I can remember. And

then in, I believe it was sometime in late 28 or early 29, Papa left for California on some business enterprises, and then the story as it is unfolded in the Books began to take place. So the manifestation of the Great Higher Beings speaking through Papa antedated by several years the publication of the Books as you know them today, and as far as I know, this story has not been generally known, and I don't believe it's ever been told from the platform.



Above Vail – Arizona

We'll go from that now to another story, which has always been one of the things that remained with me and lived with me all my life. I always enjoyed hearing Papa retell the story, and I have heard this story from His own lips not once, but dozens upon dozens of times.

When Papa was about twenty-five years of age or somewhere in that general area, His uncle had a silver mine in Arizona. About twenty miles south-east of Tucson in a town which still exists by the name of Vail, and some fifteen miles out of Vail was His uncle's mine. It was known as the "Blue Jay", and if any of you are ever travelling around that part of the country and are ever able to get track of this mine or any information pertaining to it, I would like it very much if you could pass it on to me. But there were two outstanding incidents that took place at this mine, where the Higher Power manifested Itself through Papa.

Papa's uncle sent Him to take charge of the mine because the man that was employed at that time as a superintendent of the mine was something less than reliable. And Papa was sent out to find out what was going on and try to straighten the situation out.



Desert road to the mine - Arizona

Now, to put this thing in its proper sequence, I want to interject something right here. In 1935, Papa, Grant Lewis and myself drove down to Tucson and to Vail and then out across a desert road to the mine, and I actually walked into the mine tunnels, and the building in which the experience that I am about to relate took place. It was a typical mining shack, and the floods over the years had reduced the thing to a few boards and rushed it considerably down the area, but Papa identified it positively as the building in which this experience took place.

This superintendent was a man that didn't believe in the Higher Powers, and this particular building (and really the word shack fits it better than building) was the cook shack where the superintendent and Papa and the men who worked in the mine ate their meals. And in this shack was a dining table which was made of rough pikes. It was three two by twelve pikes laid side by side with two by four legs. So you can gather that the thing was rather heavy.

And one evening after dinner He got into somewhat of an argument with this superintendent over the reality of the Higher Law, and this guy was a very doubting and somewhat offensive individual, and as the evening went on, Papa just had enough of this. So He said: "All right! If you doubt that there is an invisible Power, we will see". So Papa placed His hand (Papa was sitting at one end of this table, and this man was sitting at the other end) . . . and Papa placed His hands on the table in this manner, with only His fingertips touching the top of the table. And He was standing more or less like I am standing now, with His fingertips resting on the table. And He called to as He then knew it as God, to prove to this man that there was a Power in this world bigger than that of a human being. And with that this table started moving forward towards this superintendent (*laughter*).

Well, in one leg of the table was a nail, for at one time the table had been nailed to the floor. The table would lift up and move forward a few inches, and this nail would catch on the floor, and then it would lift up again, and finally back this superintendent up against the wall and started butting him on the stomach (*laughter*). About that time the superintendent had had enough (*laughter*), and also about this time Papa Himself was a little bit more than scared (*laughter*), because He didn't truly know what He got in hold of. So He called to God to make this thing stop, which it did, and the table came to rest on the floor and that was the end of the incident. Well, from that time on I imagine that man thought twice before assuming that there is no power in this universe greater than that of a human being.

And during this same period that Papa was at this mine, there was another truly miraculous incident. Papa never was greatly mechanically inclined. But in this mine they had an engine which is, as near as I could deduce from the way Papa described it, was one of these very early ones old gasoline engine we generally refer to as a donkey engine. And this operated the hoist that brought the cage up out of the shaft to bring the miners up from the lower levels. This one day, the superintendent had gone to town, and the custom was, when the men working in the mine were ready to fire the shots at the end of the day, thereby giving the dynamite smoke time overnight to clear out of the tunnels, they would signal with a bell arrangement, and this was done after the fuses were lit. So this superintendent didn't show up, and he didn't show up, and he didn't show up, and Papa didn't know the first thing about running this engine.

So finally the men gave the signal to be hoisted out of the mine, and this meant that the fuses to the dynamite had been lit, and it had to be one of those things that are now or never. And Papa didn't know what to do and He just made one tremendous Call to God, as He then knew It. And without waiting to know what He was doing, His hands reached out and pulled the right levers and got this engine started and hoisted the men out of the mine. And the men never did know how close they came to leaving this world in a rather unceremonious manner (*laughter*).

So, this was some of Papa's early experiences with the Higher Power, that showed even as a young man, what Great Attunement He had.



Stoneleigh Abbey - England

Within a few years of this same time, and my recollection is that it was a few years after these episodes at the mine at Arizona. Papa was again selected by His uncle and some of the other members of the family to go to London to press the claim of His family to an estate in England.

This estate still exists. It is on the Avon River near Stratford-on-Avon, where Shakespeare was born, and the name of the place is Stoneleigh Abbey. That is spelled S-T-O-N-E-L-E-I-G-H, and Leigh, spelled L-E-I-G-H, was His mother's maiden name.

It seems that there had been litigation over this estate going on for many years, because the American branch of the family had a claim to the estate, but the wills to support the claim had mysteriously disappeared and had never been found. And the English branch of the family had simply moved in and usurped the estate.

This was one of those situations where they played a little rough, because in order to keep certain persons quiet during the building of a bridge across the Avon River, two of the workmen who know some of the history of the estate were crushed to death on purpose underneath a large stone that was being lifted in the place during the construction of the bridge. And several other similar "*joyful*" little incidents had taken place. So the American heirs selected Papa to go over and try to track down these wills. Among the instructions that He was given was to be very careful about what He ate and drank, and above all never to eat any food that was left in His hotel room.

Well, Papa had been searching for several weeks for these wills, and He came back to His hotel in London one night, very tired, and was about to get ready for bed, and without thinking He ate an orange and an apple that had been left in His room. He said the next thing that He remembered was waking up in bed the next morning completely paralyzed and only barely able to move His head from side to side. Well, He made His call again to God, in the way that He had been trained, and over a period of about an hour He finally started being able to move the fingers of one hand, and gradually the whole use of His body returned, and a very few hours later He was back in normal condition. According to the story, the uneaten portions of the fruit contained enough poison to kill two or three ordinary men.

So with that, He kept on this search for the missing wills. In England, in London, there is a building where all of the wills of England are kept on file. And the name of that building is Somerset House. And you may well imagine the way I felt when walking down the streets of London one day during World War II, I was looking at this, what was obviously a large Government building, and I looked at its browned plaque, and here it said "Somerset House". Well of course this brought back the tremendous memories of this whole thing.



Somerset House - England

To get back to Somerset House, Papa went in there to try to find the missing wills. And, as you might well imagine, being a repository of all the wills in England, this was quite a voluminous and extensive set of records, and in order to find a will one would look in the index, and then take a copy of the number down into the vaults in the basement of the building and have the will brought up.

So, Papa had searched for a couple of days unsuccessfully. And He used the index to the wills where large volumes were stacked on shelves much like a library. And He was searching this one portion, and the Presence, or God as He knew It then, all of a sudden guided His hand up to this shelf that was back of the one He was looking in. And He grabbed this book, and then grabbed another book, and laid the two books on a table and opened them, and there, completely out of where they should have been, and under normal circumstances no one would have found them in a thousand years, here was the index to the missing wills. He copied the numbers down and gave them to the clerk, who sent down to vaults for the wills. And He says that clerk turned as white as a sheet of letter paper, when He handed him those figures, because the index to the wills had been purposely and obviously hidden, and it was through the sheer Power of the Presence and God alone that Papa was able to find them.

He brought the evidence back to this country and turned it over to the American heirs to take what action they cared to, and beyond that that is as far as I know the story, because Papa, after the skulduggery and several people having lost their lives, simply didn't want anything to do with a situation in which that much destructive activity had been focused. But the American heirs did get the evidence that they required to prove their claims to Stoneleigh Abbey.

Just an interesting, little sidelight here. Papa's name of "Guy" came from Guy, Earl of Warwick, whose estate was in the near vicinity to Stoneleigh Abbey. And of course, before Guy Earl Warwick, there had been many Earls of Warwick, and they have played quite an important role in English history, and it was after the Earl of Warwick that our Beloved Papa was named.

The last incident that I am going to tell you about concerns another experience that Papa had in His great search for the Truth, that eventually led to the revelations that have since become the "I AM" Activity.

There are two precipitated paintings - and here again I am quoting the story from Papa's own lips as I heard it not once but many, many times when I was a child. There are two precipitated paintings which exist now in 1620, they are there now, and many of you who have been around Mama's house have seen them, although you may not really have known what you were looking at. And there is quite a fantastic history behind these paintings too.

One is a painting of Mama twelve years before Papa ever met her. And the other one is a painting of His sister who, if my recollection serves me right, passed away before Papa was born. The way these paintings came about is another interesting thing, it is particularly interesting because in this day and age, more and more things are being published concerning the Invisible Side of Life, and the reality of those things we cannot see and cannot by outer means explain. But around about the same time in . . . oh . . . let us take a bracket of years between when Papa was twenty and maybe when He was thirty-two, I would say, this incident occurred.

In Kansas City there were two sisters. They were named the Bang sisters. And they had been given the Divine Power (for lack of a better word I will use that) to create these precipitated

paintings. So, Papa had seen this person in visions and dreams, whom He knew only as “Water Lily”. This is the title inscribed on the painting, which is the painting of Mama. The way this thing came about. He went to these two women and expressed the desire to have two paintings produced, one of this vision that He had seen, that He knew only as “Water Lily”, and of His sister whom He had never known.



“Water Lily”

The way Papa describes it. They took what appeared to be an ordinary artist canvas, and these paintings are all, I would judge them to be all about 24 by 30 inches, something like that. They are roughly life size of the head from the shoulders up. And they take this artist canvas and put it in the window to the living room of this house, and the canvas was surrounded then by drapes in such a manner as to exclude all light from the room, except that which came through the canvas itself. And, as Papa describes it, the two sisters would sit one on each side of this canvas, holding it lightly by the lower corner between the thumb and forefinger, and He was asked to then concentrate on the picture that He wanted. The way Papa describes it here. The picture appeared to form some three feet back of the canvas and then slowly moved forward, and actually affixed itself to the canvas. And it was in this way that these two pictures came to be. And this is the story as I got it directly from Papa’s own lips and I pass this on to you.

This is the final anecdote, and I want to pass this on to you because I think, in view of the great reverence we have for beloved Papa, these things should not be allowed to fade into a distant time, but they should be preserved for posterity as part of the background of our Beloved Papa. So with that thought, I leave you.

(Applause)

Jerry: “Thank you Don, very much.”

Don: “Peace! Peace! Peace! Be with you! Peace! Peace! Peace! Perfect you! Peace! Peace! Peace! Give you Peace! That you may multiply it! For the Prince of Peace forever holds Command!”