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EVIDENCE OF THE PERSONAL IDENTITY OF CERTAIN COMMUNICATING SPIRITS

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Prispevki k odkrivanju zgodovine ezoteričnih tradicij - v izvirniku

The identity of spirits and of their spirit-messages is confirmed by a great number of mediums and Spiritualists.

I was one day writing automatically, under the influence of my guides, when I suddenly felt my arm impelled by a strange and unknown power, and the following was written in large letters: — “*I am here, Joseph Schmied.*” As I had never known anyone of that name, and many people called Schmied die in a day, I suspected that I was being imposed upon, and asked, “What Schmied?” “*I, Jacob Schmied, died to-day, in Vienna, Hernals, of disease of the throat; help me. The day after to-morrow you will see my death in the newspaper.*” I awaited with impatience the day mentioned, and on looking over the list of deaths in that day’s paper I found — “Died, from disease of the throat, in Vienna, Hernals, Jacob Schmied.” The date of his death was also the same as that of the day on which I received his message. Now, if this was not indeed the spirit of Jacob Schmied, I do not know how all this could have entered into my brain.

I was once in correspondence with a lady, C— E—, for the purpose of curing her of a nervous affection. I had had no previous acquaintance with her, either personally or otherwise, and she was living in Bavaria at the time. My guides wrote to me “*Deliver C— E— from the influence of her uncle, Ferdinand E—. He was a bad man, and now, as a spirit, hovers around his family; his presence brings on these nervous attacks in the sensitive C—.*” I wrote to the father of the lady, asking him if he had a relative in the spirit-land named Ferdinand, and who had been rather a bad sort of man. He answered me, greatly moved, that he had had a brother Ferdinand, who had, indeed, not behaved well to them. I then received a communication from the spirit Ferdinand, whose manner of expression and writing were so very like what they had been in his earth-life that his brother, who was no Spiritualist, immediately acknowledged his identity. Now a reconciliation is effected between the living and the spirit-brother, and C— E— is freed from her nervous attacks. These people were total strangers to me, and living in Bavaria.

A gentleman, a stranger, wrote to me from Hanover, that he had been unable to sleep for seven years. He had dreadful visions, heart disease, a feeling of suffocation, and he often feared he should go mad. He begged me to give him deliverance. My guides said: — *“Again it is a very low and base spirit of the name of Anton Stein. Mr. C—, who writes to you is about sixty years old; he knew this Anton Stein in his youth. Try to bring this spirit into a better sphere and Mr. C— be cured.”* I wrote this to Mr. C—. All was correct. He was nearly sixty years old, had known two brothers Stein, in Hannover, thirty years ago. One of the brothers, Anton, was a dissipated youth, and had disappeared in a mysterious manner. Doctor M— was on a visit here. First, he obtained through the mediumship a communication from his father, which he identified; then came some small writing, half Italian, half German. A girl signing herself Annetta wrote: — *“Do you remember having seen me? I was your old nurse.”* The doctor was greatly moved, and happy to recognise his old nurse Annetta.

A man suffering from epilepsy wrote to me from Marienberg, Saxony. I immediately received the following communication from a spirit, who wrote in large rough characters, and called himself Theodor: — *“I was a sort of cretin, but a very wicked me. I and the uncle of your patient were brothers, and as we were walking together in wood, we quarrelled; he became angry, struck me on my head, and I was dead, he buried me in the wood, and no one ever knew what had become of me, while he lived quietly and died a respected man. Now, I will slay his nephew.”* This communication greatly shocked me. I wrote to the patient’s father asking him if he remembered having had a relative, a half idiotic young man, who had suddenly disappeared. He answered — *“Your question greatly astonishes me. How can you, a lady in Austria, know anything about this poor relative, who, forty years ago, disappeared from a small town in Saxony, and was never more heard of? Some believed he was murdered. He was seen to go into a wood one day from which he never returned.”* I had the greatest struggles with that spirit, I and then the murderer came, and by thus bringing them together they were reconciled.

I could give you hundreds of such examples proving spirit identity, and the reality of communications from base and low spirits, whose pain it is that no annihilation is possible for them.

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