



SOLAR

The SOL Association for Research
newsLetter

Comments On Spirituality

William Allen LePar



Is it Just Heaven or Hell?

A question that many people have is: Why, at the end of this life, is our only choice heaven or hell?

Looking at the full implications of this question, we discover this: having free will, why is our only choice, heaven or hell? Looking at the question itself gives us an indication of what actually motivates such a question. It speaks loudly of the arrogance of man. Why should he have any other choice? Is he truly deserving of even this



choice? What makes him assume that he should have a whole catalog of choices to please himself? The arro-

One must remember the Divine Principle that what is above is below.

gance of man does not allow him to appreciate or to be thankful of even a choice at all. He once existed in the Divine and moved forward with the Divine, but his arrogance and self-indulgence cast him out of that forward movement into a land in which he could only look into his own shadow. Does such ingratitude to this Divine Presence deserve even a choice of heaven or

hell? Let's leave the question unanswered. Viewing this situation through the eyes of God, this last question would not even be considered. The Love that the Divine has for each of His creations would negate the question itself. This Divine Presence, God, has given us all the free will to make a choice equal to the love and commitments that we have given and made to others.

What is heaven? Most individuals would give you some etheric picture of some place somewhere that would have in its citizenry angelic beings with beautiful white wings and long-flowing gowns. Ask these same individuals what they

Mozart

David Ries

and the Effect of Music

Several years ago I lectured at SOL's annual Universal Being conference. The subject was music, The Council's opinions on the subject and my research on the latest hi-fi technology. I discussed classical music in general and the music of Mozart in particular. I had never been motivated to look closely at that type of music until The Council piqued my interest. Because of their strong endorsement of classical music and my interest in new technology I moved quickly to learn all that I could. My first exciting discovery was the CD player. The CD player was a motivating factor because it allowed me to indulge myself with a new high tech toy. CD players were expensive back in the mid 80's but I had an excuse to splurge—The Council said classical

music was good for you. Therefore, I reasoned that I was spending all that money for its "medicinal" value, so to speak. In those days there were very few CDs available and they were high priced as well! However, they produced the most perfect sound. Also, since I was not very good at taking care of delicate objects such as phonograph records, these little disks were especially attractive. Once CD players became common in cars I've always had one. I now find that most of my playing occurs in the car, back and forth to work, to SOL events or just routine activities behind the wheel.

My interest in music has continued to grow since those early days with The Council. Recently an article appeared in my local newspaper about music and rats.

The study consisted of 12 hour shifts where each group of rats was immersed in a different environment: either

silence, white noise, the music of minimalist composer Philip Glass or Mozart's Sonata in D for Two Pianos. For two months the rats were given their daily dosage. At the end of that period each group was placed in a maze and timed to see which group could find their way out quickest and with fewest mistakes. The Mozart rats won hands down. They completed the course fastest and with far fewer mistakes than the other groups by a wide margin. The reason why they won is even more fascinating than the fact that they did. It goes to the very core of creation and our existence in it. Mozart's music reveals part of that mystery. Some researchers believe that the complex mathematical nature of Mozart's music stimulates the brain, not just in rats but people as well. The Council took this theory further than what we currently know. The following is one of The Council's earliest comments on classical music. This is from Trance Lending Library file *The Effects of Music*.

SOLAR is published quarterly by SOL, a non-profit and tax-exempt organization dedicated to research and education on spiritual and metaphysical topics. We encourage you to share your comments and insights with us. All articles are based on the insights and guidance provided by The Council through William Allen LePar.

The Council. . . a gathering of twelve souls who once occupied physical bodies on earth but who have since forever left the physical world. In their final act of love for humanity they teach us to regain control of our lives and reunite with our Divine Source.

Send letters to SOL, PO Box 2276, North Canton, Ohio 44720.

Send e-mail to SOL at: sol@raex.com Web site at www.solarpress.com.

Send e-mail to William LePar at: walepar@raex.com Copyright ©1999 by SOL

“Generally, classical music is uplifting, is spiritually inspiring. The structure of the music itself, the tones and the combination has a tendency to excite the higher chakras. It clears, shall we say, the channels for the soul or the spirit to manifest easier or enlighten the physical body.”

I think most of us would agree that music is soothing, uplifting and sometimes inspiring. When I think of inspiring music, Christmas songs and the marches of John Phillip Sousa come to mind. Now that I have become more familiar with classical music in general and Mozart in particular my view has been widened considerably. Mozart’s music appears to be constructed in a special way. The melodies, the transitions from slow to fast, from quiet to loud are seamless and so natural that more than one person has commented to me that Mozart’s music seems as though it could not have been written any differently than what it was. In Mozart’s time there were complaints that his music contained so much of interest and so many new melodies in each piece of music that before the listener could grasp and appreciate a melody, a new melody would join the first one or take over. It was just too

much for the mortal mind to grasp in one listening. (Remember, in Mozart’s time there were no recording devices. You heard it live and usually just once.)

When a composer writes new music there are usually many corrections and rewrites. Not in the case of Mozart. He had the entire piece worked out in his mind before it was committed to paper. Many museums around the world, including our Library of Congress, have original manuscripts of his music in his own hand. Almost all of those manuscripts contain no corrections. That’s because the first draft of any new piece of music that Mozart wrote was a complete single thought. These are not four or five minute songs; these are 30 or more minutes of music requiring complete orchestration. Yet, to Mozart it was a single, complete thought just as if someone asked a question and he answered it. For those of you of a historical bent there exists today a letter written by an Englishman who traveled to Vienna to visit Mozart. In this letter he takes special note of Mozart’s activities one evening after dinner. It seems that everyone was sitting around the table involved in conversation and talking about the latest events except for Mozart

who was engaged in deep thought. He sat at the table folding and unfolding his napkin in geometric patterns. Suddenly he rose from his chair, proceeded to his study and wrote out a complete piece of music. This unusual method of constructing his music has led to a modern phenomenon—The Mozart effect.

There have been many studies on what has been termed “The Mozart Effect.” Mozart’s music seems to have an inherent ability to tap into the structure of the brain. It appears that the neural pathways are affected by his music. The above mentioned newspaper article concerning our rats indicated that the effect on these pathways seems to have a more permanent affect on children than it does on adults. Children develop new pathways as they grow and learn. At one of SOL’s research group trances many years ago one of the researchers discussed a related experiment that she and her son were involved in. In this test, her son, who was a D and F student, listened to classical music, especially Mozart, for 15 minutes each day. After a short period of time his grades improved to A’s and B’s. She wanted to know what the music was doing to her son.

continued on next page

Mozart from previous page

The Council replied; “It does two things: It acts as a stimulant and acts also as a soother or a pacifier or a quieter. It quiets the conscious levels so they can become more productive, more observant, and more in accordance with each other. He is able to process information more efficiently. So, your son is becoming brighter, if you choose to use that terminology, but what is more important is that he is learning to use his conscious levels more efficiently.”

As a child learns, his neural pathways develop. Listening to classical music is a form of learning. When you hear a new song that has a “catchy” melody it seems to stick in your brain and play itself over and over. The patterns become

permanent. Those same patterns or pathways can then be used for other functions.

There is even more exciting evidence that Mozart’s music has a beneficial effect on humans. After

hearing about the Mozart Effect at a conference, John

Hughes, professor of neurology and director of the epilepsy center of the University of Illinois Medical Center in Chicago decided to try an experiment. He played the same sonata that was played to our racing rats for one of his patients. Professor Hughes was amazed to find immediate results. The amount of time that the patient was in seizure dropped significantly. Even for those patients who were in a comatose or semi-comatose state the epileptic brain wave activity declined dramatically. It is interesting to note that he tried two other types of music on his patients but could not produce the same effect. He believes that the “Mozart Effect” is real and perhaps unique in its potential.

Many years ago The Council gave us new insights into music’s curative powers and went beyond what is understood even today. “Good music has a tendency to soothe not only the physical body but the different minds. Remember, all your conscious levels are not magical levels that can perform miracles just because they are conscious levels. They are simply extensions of the true you. If you can help soothe out those levels of consciousness by listening to some good

music, why not, because if those levels are being soothed out or given a state of peace, then so are you.”

The final surprise from The Council was their explanation of the depth of music’s involvement in the process of creation. Our research group was interested in an article about scientists who were studying a diagram of DNA. They noted that it looked as if the DNA pattern had a rhythm to it and they were attempting to put it to music. Was there any significance to this theory we wondered?

The Council replied, “Yes, all of you are realizing that there are harmonics involved in your being. How interesting. We told you that a long time ago. Middle C is a sound that is very compatible with the physical body and the soul. You could start tapping out Middle C on an organ or piano and you would hear as close as possible the activity of the soul in the physical body, you would actually hear the closest possible sound or the closest possible vibration. You can control a great deal of emotional strain and stress, thus improving the physical body simply through music.”

As with nutrition and exercise a portion of good music may be just what the doctor ordered.

Mozart



Extrasensory Perception

Essential Spiritual Perspectives

Denny Highben

“Remember, much of the psychic information that man has gleaned over the time of his existence has very little sustenance to it; this on the other hand is food for life for those who are willing to partake of it, and that is the difference.” (The Council)

ESP. We all know what that stands for: Extrasensory Perception. But what good is it? Those who truly have the ability can dazzle the rest of us, and there is no end to the fun and fascination for those who study it. But, as someone we have all heard of once said, does it add one cubit to the span of a man's life?

We are not trying to downplay the importance and potential of psychic abilities. There are certainly confirmed accounts of psychic abilities having been used in the service of humanity. But the time has come to stress the difference between what our world normally understands as psychic phenomenon and what The Council, through the LePar Trance Communications, has given us.

As the second millennium of the Grace Period draws to a close, more and more people will be getting anxious about tomorrow. What awaits us in 2000, 2010, or further into the mists of time? We can

conjecture, based on the trends of the recent past, but beyond conjecture little is certain.

One thing we at SOL are certain of, however, is this: Any and every individual will be better prepared for the journey if they are equipped with some of the vast insights provided by The Council. With that in mind we will be devoting space in the SOLAR Newsletter for specific bits of wisdom, guidance and inspiration from The Council. We'll call this corner of the Newsletter “ESP — Essential Spiritual Perspectives.”

As a foundation for ESP, we offer further comment from The Council about the purpose of the LePar Trance Communications:

“Many forms of belief have been created over the eons of time. Some of them have built, shall we say, a strong avenue of existence; others somewhat weaker; others have been totally consumed by other thoughts, other beliefs. This

particular information, these attitudes, our efforts to clear away the misunderstanding brought by man's words and ignorance, by his desire not to accept what is, will eventually develop into a form that will, how shall we put it, be equal to even the greatest thoughts, at least. So in this sense then all of you are participating in a spiritual experience and not a mere psychic phenomena...”

“There are some things that cannot be explained as clearly as we would like to explain them, simply because you have not the thoughts, let alone the words... It is like building another road to heaven. Some roads are well built; others are thrown together quite quickly, and thus deteriorate very fast, with the season they crumble and fall away and the brambles grow over that spot, so that those passers-by who come tomorrow are never aware that there was a road there the day before; and in this experience you are building a very firm and wide road that will not crumble in your lifetime or in any lifetime to come.”

Friend of the Family

Through the years that mankind has been given insights from The Council, many themes or constants have become evident. One that is particularly applicable now, at the beginning of spring, is that our journey is reflected in and follows the cycle of the seasons. Spring is the new beginning, the rebirth; summer is the time of endeavor, the full expenditure of effort; in autumn we see the fruits of our labors, we gather the harvest; and winter is the time of least activity, the time of rest, reflection and reevaluation—on what was accomplished and what needs to be accomplished when the world begins to reawaken.

At one point in the recent season of stillness, the crow found itself wondering who was the richest person it had ever known. Now, I've been around CEOs, generals, brokers and bankers, but none of them could match the old handyman who helped me and my wife set up our first (and critically crooked) Christmas tree.

His name was Harry. When I first came to know him he was in his late 60s or early 70s, and that was further removed from today than I care to admit. By the world's standards, he was about eighty-nine cents shy of serious poverty. But now I realize that he was rich beyond measure.

On the day he died, Harry could have packed all his material possessions into a compact car and still had room for a passenger to keep him company. But he would have fared just as well alone, for he had spent his share of time surviving aloneness. Fate had dealt Harry a couple really bad hands. But

while those events helped shape his life, they did not break his life and in that way he was rich.

We became acquainted after he rented a room from my grandmother, in the frame house built a hundred years earlier by her grandparents. He could afford to pay little rent, but contributed in other ways. He helped cook and clean, and the lifetime of skills he learned surviving life soon made him an indispensable handyman.

During visits to grandma's, we would get into discussions around the kitchen table about this or that and Harry would have some marvelous stories to tell. He spoke of some of the tough times matter-of-factly, such as the search for work during the Depression. And yet he never went into the details of his personal life. He

whittled and played the harmonica and generally added a presence to the household that was truly enjoyable.

Harry occasionally had a wee too much to drink, and he preferred an economy muscatel—although I would bet it was more for the price than the bouquet. Those occasions would irritate Grandma which, at the time, I couldn't understand. He did no harm and usually dozed off in one of the comfy, old chairs in the sitting room.

And at his age, I figured Harry deserved an occasional drink or three. Now it occurs to me that perhaps Grandma was most upset at the loss of his company on those occasions because she, too, had too many lonely years behind her.



**The
Crow's
Nest**

Harry also smoked. While in our society the use of tobacco has become akin to an eighth deadly sin, it wasn't that way when Harry was around. He ordered his tobacco bulk, and bought filters, papers and a small machine to roll his own cigarettes. Smoking was affordable that way. There was a certain mixture of tobaccos, including a mentholated tobacco, that he concocted for a really good tasting smoke. I smoked at the time, so he was always handing me some of his specially blended cigarettes even though it was difficult on his limited funds.

One day when we were visiting, Grandma's phone rang. (They actually had bells inside telephones back then. I never

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thought I would miss the ringing of a standard black wall phone.) It was terrible news. A young man who had just recently completed divinity school had been killed in a car wreck. Our families were from the same neighborhood, and we had been occasional playmates as children, so I was saddened.

Grandma, who knew the young man's entire family, was crushed. Harry was the strength she needed at that moment although he, too, was filled with sorrow. In all the years I had known him, Harry had rarely shown any sadness. It just wasn't part of his nature. That doesn't mean he was always cracking jokes, either; he was simply a man in control of his emotions. But for one moment that afternoon I observed a depth of heartache in his eyes that stunned me. And before he recovered, I heard him mutter, "You should never get too close..."

Later, I mentioned that to Grandma. She told me Harry had been married as a young man, and they had a daughter who was the apple of her father's eye. She died while still a child, which devastated Harry. The death put a strain on the marriage that eventually ended in divorce. Nor did I know at the time of the accident that the young victim was a great nephew of Harry's.

The time came for me to marry, and Harry presented us with a gift. He had purchased an old lamp at a second-hand store. It had a crack in the base and needed rewired, but Harry took care of those problems. When he gave it to us, I could sense a mixture of pride and embarrassment in him. But he had no need to worry, for I don't think I was ever more pleased with a gift. Years after he died, one of my young children broke the lamp. I didn't cry, but I sure wanted to.

That was Harry—not well off financially but always willing to share what he had. It may not have been more than a fascinating story, a tune on his harmonica, a hand-rolled smoke or his talents as a cook or handyman, but that was plenty. I miss him, and now and then when I think of him, I find myself a little more aggressive at trying to share whatever I can.

Is It Just Heaven or Hell from page 1

envision as hell and the general description would be something similar to a place where there is fire and brimstone and some horned red-cloaked character with a very sharp pitchfork waiting patiently to inflict untold pain on the occupants of this land of fire. What is important to understand about the two words "heaven and hell" is that it is man's effort to convey a state of existence where the joy or the regret creates the conditions under which we continue to learn.

The Christian Bible in many places refers to a number of levels of heaven. One must remember the Divine Principle that what is above is below. Therefore, there is also a number of levels of hell. The levels of heaven can best be described as levels of spiritual ecstasy. The levels of hell in like manner can be described as levels of shadow to complete darkness.

Why is it that we only have a choice of two, heaven or hell? Let's change this to the reality of the choice, which is, which direction are we moving toward?

Let's discuss hell first. What can we expect if we go to hell? The first thing is

If our choices in life move us away from the Light of God and the Love of God we move in the direction of the land of shadows wherein we can expect to experience loneliness, isolation, and complete silence.

don't expect fire and brimstone. Do expect a land of



shadows and in the distance the shadows become darker and longer until they reach a point of complete darkness. If our choices in life move us

away from the Light of God and the Love of God we move in the direction of the land of shadows wherein we can expect to experience loneliness, isolation, and complete silence, an emptiness that keeps us in a constant state of hunger for something, a sound, a color, a light, a gentle touch, anything but the grayness, the shadows, and the darkness.

Heaven is the absolute opposite of hell or Sheol. Heaven is filled with the sweet smell of love. Heaven is filled with the singing hearts of love. Heaven is filled with a rainbow of colors and the beauty of the purest of white lights. But

most of all heaven is filled with others who love deeply and profoundly as does the Creator who created them.

If you understand the Love of God, He hasn't forced us to make a choice between heaven and hell. He waits patiently for us to reach out towards

Him, if we choose. He has not created the condition that exists. We, through our own self-indulgence, have put ourselves into a position

where this loving gift of free will that the Divine has given us allows us to choose whether we will move away from His Light or whether we will move towards His Light. In our self-centeredness and in our smallness we have created the option of either heaven or hell. In God's Love He offers us a path to complete ecstasy, happiness, joy, laughter, and that sweet smell of love.

Is it just heaven or hell? It is your decision. It is your choice.

I hope the next time we meet on our journey of growth we will both be enjoying the fragrance of the sweet smell of love. At this time when man celebrates the Resurrection of the Christ we can make the choice of resurrecting our-

selves from the death-state our self-serving ego has placed us in to the glorified body of spiritual growth and

We, through our own self-indulgence, have put ourselves into a position where this loving gift of free will that the Divine has given us allows us to choose whether we will move away from His Light or whether we will move towards His Light.

the path to spiritual ecstasy.

We must remember one very important and essential

fact of all that exists, that this Divine Presence, our God, has only one emotion, one feeling, one desire, and that is that He loves us totally and completely, loves us just as we are, with our strengths and with our weaknesses. He waits patiently with His arms held out towards us. He offers us the truest and purest of all loves possible. But all this is for naught unless we are willing to return that embrace that He offers us. We must be willing to accept this Divine Presence as our personal lover, as the great love of our very soul. Only by loving this Creator more than we love ourselves can we experience spiritual ecstasy wrapped in His Loving Arms.

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SOLAR Newsletter has changed a little.

We try to change the layout every so often to keep you the reader interested and to keep us at the editors' desks on our toes. Write to us with comments or submissions. The address is on page 2.

POETRY

Sonnet 13

We'll enter into Heaven with a laugh,
An arm around a playmate, who the while
Will tell what he remembers, with a smile,
Of our solemnity, less now by half.
How wrong we were to think we had to quaff
Life's bitterness, its wormwood, its bile,
To grow in soul, and innocence restyle
To wisdom to fulfill life's epigraph;
We could have stayed as children at our play,
Filling the world with laughter and delight,
Until we heard from home God, calling, say,
"Come in my children, now, before it's night."
And felt life's burdens, but not overmuch,
And known unhappiness, but not as such.

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Calendar

March 6, 1999. One on one at the Sprandel Clinic in Canton, OH at 7:30 p.m.
April 3, 1999. One on One at the Sprandel Clinic 7:30 p.m.
April 24, 1999. Bill will be speaking at the Astro-Rama conference at 9:00 a.m.
May 1, 1999. One on One at the Sprandel Clinic at 7:30 p.m.
June 5, 1999. One on One at the Sprandel Clinic at 7:30 p.m.
July 3, 1999. One on One at the Sprandel Clinic at 7:30 p.m.
August 1, 1999. SOL family picnic. Everyone is invited. Details later.

For additional information on calendar listings, SOL membership, or books for sale,
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