

More Than Mind Discloses
The Spiritual Aspects of Contemporary Life

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Published by SOLAR Press at Smashwords
P. O. Box 8878
Canton, Ohio 44711

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*They haven't got no noses
The fallen sons of Eve,
Even the smell of roses
Is not what they supposes,
But more than mind discloses,
And more than men believe.
—G.K. Chesterton*

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Introduction

For anyone who had the good fortune to know William LePar during his lifetime, this book will seem like an old friend. In it is the heart of his purpose on earth; in it is that gentle, persistent persuasion to get his fellow man to follow the right path, with an occasional knock upside the head. The contents of this book and the contents of his life were a variation on a single theme: what must we do in our relations with our fellow man to assure our return to our Creator? The answer, so simple yet so difficult, was the focus of his writing and his life.

Since the publication of *Spiritual Harvest* in 1998, LePar has written 12 years' worth of articles for the SOLAR Newsletter. Newsletters are not an enduring medium, nor do they reach a wide audience. It is usually their destiny to be read once or twice, set aside until something is decided about them, perhaps read one more time, and then discarded. They are too insubstantial to live for long.

It is the opinion of some that LePar's articles deserve a better fate, and that collectively they would make a very readable and insightful book. Such collections are not uncommon, being often done by newspaper or magazine columnists. LePar's assembly of stories, however, has an underlying thread that weaves through them all: What must man do to assure his return to his Maker? That is the theme that powers these collected articles and has indeed been the driving force behind all that LePar tried to accomplish on earth.

When I say that LePar has written these individual stories, that is a bit misleading. It is not done in the manner that you or I would write, but what is eventually put down on paper is composed in a very different way. He did not sit down and write out longhand, or even type out, any of the things contained herein. Rather, in a system worked out over the years, he relied on a form of dictation quite unique. But for the reader to understand how that dictation worked, he must be introduced to The Council.

Most of us here on earth believe that there is more to existence than what we commonly experience in the physical world, that there is a spiritual dimension just beyond our perception. Such belief may be of a heaven that awaits us after death, guardian angels that watch over us, spirits of loved ones that have preceded us, demonic beings up to no good, avatars and hierarchies of gods; the list could go on. Personal contact with such spiritual identities, however, for most of us, does not happen, or if it does happen, we are not aware of it.

For LePar, life played out differently. All his life he had powerful psychic abilities. (Though he preferred to be labeled a "sensitive" rather than a "psychic.") People with psychic abilities are not uncommon, to be sure, but what distinguishes LePar is his relationship with The Council, a gathering of twelve spiritual beings whose next (and imminent) step in spiritual growth is to merge with God. It is they who for decades spoke through LePar as he lay in trance, providing a vast wealth of knowledge of what awaits us all in the spiritual realms and of what we must do to assure our arrival there.

path LePar took; what he tells us must be done in life, he did. If you would learn by his example, you have only to live by what he said. What he wrote, he lived.

The Editor

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Is It Just Heaven or Hell?

A question that many people have is: Why, at the end of this life, is our only heaven or hell? Having free will, why is this our only choice? 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 arrogance of man does not allow him to appreciate or to be thankful for any 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 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 they are man's effort to convey states 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 from 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 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.

a room for the expected child. More than likely her mother and the husband's mother will assist in this effort, helping her to choose colors, helping her to choose baby furniture, encouraging her and telling her what to expect based on their own experiences of having children. In the meantime, the father-to-be seems to become more protective of his wife, more attentive. Of course, with his friends his chest expands a little bigger, he stands a little taller, and he is happy to accept the razzing and the jokes that are generally played on expectant fathers.

Of course, while the expectant mother is making the choices as to what kind of furniture and what color walls the baby's room will have, she will on a regular basis ask the expectant father whether he likes the furniture or the color while she cleverly tricks him into agreeing to her choices. Her explanations of how everything will go together would convince anyone that her choices were the best. Naturally, against such enthusiasm how can the father deny that the expectant mother was not absolutely right in her choices? As time goes by, the woman becomes more obviously pregnant. The mother joyfully wears this as a badge of honor, while the father does everything possible to draw attention to his pregnant wife. Their life has reached a level of happiness that they, as just a couple, had not experienced before, and this is an event that they want to share with all.

Of course, there is a matter of baby showers. These are important events for women. While the invited guests bring a variety of gifts for the baby and the mother, the real purpose of these showers is to support the expectant mother with all the stories of happiness and joy and comedy that come from beginning to raise a family with the birth of a child and to encourage the mother-to-be that whatever suffering she may have to go through in delivering a child will be surpassed by the joy that this child's first steps will bring, the joy that the first word will bring, and the celebration and happiness of the first birthday.

But all this is still in the future. This is the time for the mothers and the aunts and the friends to pass on their suggestions, their advice, and their wisdom to the soon-to-be mother. While the expectant father gets hardly much more than a pat on the back and some masculine, manly comment like, "Well, you did it." At times, some friends will question the father as to whether his son will play basketball or baseball or football. On occasion the expectant father is forewarned of such things as his wife's morning sickness, her change in moods, her cravings for unbelievable combinations of foods and beverages, and the constant problems of sore backs and feet that swell and the tremendous effort it takes to get out of a chair or get out of bed. As time goes by and the time of birth draws near, all these events that were warned against and predicted have their time of coming to pass. Eventually, the day comes and the mother goes into labor. Unlike the days gone by when the father was confined to some room that was referred to as the "father's waiting room" that was on the other side of the hospital, the fathers of today are allowed to participate in the birth of their children. As the mother goes through contractions, the father encourages her to push or to breathe, and finally when the child is ready to face life, he is born. The doctor raises the child, invites the father to cut the umbilical cord, and when this is complete, the child is then presented to the mother and to the father.

From this point on it is a constant procession of the parents presenting the child to the grandparents, to the uncles and aunts, to the nieces and nephews, and to friends and