

*My Heavenly Home*

*My Heavenly Home*

by

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**May 5, 1951, The Middle Watch  
Pentecost, 5-24, Tuesday**

Twenty years have passed since May 4, 1931, when Donald Kerr came from Heaven with a special invitation for me to attend a family reunion being held in my interest. A complete line of my ancestors, reaching back in antiquity to the beginning of the history of the race was present, as well as many other relatives and many whom I had known here upon Earth.

Donald Kerr, my son, was a little over twenty-seven years old then and just beginning his more serious aspects of life. He is now over forty-seven years old. In four years he will be as old as I was at that memorable meeting twenty years ago. He is already well advanced in his chosen occupation and bids fair to go far. I am certainly proud of him. We have great times together, more and more often as time passes. At that meeting my life was outlined for me for twenty years, which have now passed, and my three-score-years-and-ten, plus my Jubilee Year are completed.

From now on, my earthly life will evidently be on a borrowed-time basis, until the time finally comes when I will return to Earth no more, but remain in Heaven continuously. Just when that will be has not been definitely revealed to me, but much is taking place that leads me to draw the conclusion that the time is approaching, possibly much faster than we think. What is taking place now that leads me to this conclusion is the reason behind this particular narrative. I wish to record it while everything is fresh in my memory, lest I forget, and possibly not leave an accurate record.

I nearly always visit Donald Kerr on my birthday, and this year I went early, about midnight. Donald Kerr was at home and busy over his architectural drawings, landscapes, and layouts as he is usually. He has a very wonderful home located in the far reaches of *Beulah Land* where it begins to partake of the *Paradise* environs. *Beulah Land* is the first or entrance portion of Heaven, that part to which every spirit of man must go when it is released from its earthly body. Physically, the reason is that *Beulah Land* completely surrounds Earth and is thousands of miles in depth or thickness, and the spirit cannot leave Earth at all without entering it. As a matter of physical fact, the Earth is in the center of *Beulah Land* and when the spirit leaves the body it is really already in *Beulah Land*, even if it should go nowhere.

But there is also a spiritual reason or purpose, and that is the necessity or advisability for every spirit, when released from human limitations, to undergo a period of adjustment to become a proper subject for the enjoyment of the life and resources available in the areas lying beyond, which comprise the other six heavens.

Infants and children here (*Beulah Land*) are taught amidst perfect surroundings and advantages, the true life and activities of the spirit. In this respect *Beulah Land* might be called the nursery of Heaven. Older spirits of necessity

come here also. Among these we find every type of human spirit; those from every race and tribe, bad and indifferent, every earthly belief and religious training, from aboriginal savages to modern university trained scientists and theologians.

These have a great deal to unlearn, as well as all that they must learn, for all the man-manufactured habits, customs, superstitions, theologies, articles or statements of faith, caste, officialdom, hatreds and prejudices must be sifted out from the basic code of truth before any real progress can be made in learning the simple, natural, underlying spiritual facts and laws necessary to happy spiritual life.

Not all spirits coming to *Beulah Land* are from what we might call "good people," but here also are the bad, criminal, vicious, stubborn, self-willed types, many of whom take years to undo the evil, before any real progress can be accomplished. Each one has his millennium, allowed a thousand years if necessary, in *Beulah Land*. On the other hand, there are many who are almost or quite ready to take up the responsibilities of spiritual life and citizenship when they arrive in Heaven, and therefore are not detained for very long as are the great majority of spirits.

Infants and children, before they have been taught the untruths and superstitious religions of their elders, come over with practically a clean slate, and constructive work may begin at once to their great advantage. Babies, when they have reached the age of seven years, normally have passed through what we might call here on Earth, the elementary or grade-school period in all common subjects and are ready for advanced work.

From seven to fourteen, the second period of seven years of life, is the advanced work, which with us would be called high school and university. This work is not so elementary as upon Earth, but in reality includes much, if not most, of what we call graduate, or post-graduate work, not upon specialties as if for a doctor's degree, but more general in nature, possibly more like a master's degree. This second period of life has been spent mostly in *Paradise*, which lies just beyond *Beulah Land* and contains countless great universities with instructors, angels and other helpers, both human and spiritual beings.

It is one of the most interesting sights in all of Heaven to take a trip through *Paradise*. For here we see literally millions of children, young people, eager, happy, learning truths for the very joy of achievement, a great throng of truly great spirits, guided by their angels into everlasting truths.

I cannot here describe the schools and their setting or the beauty of the landscapes as I have done that repeatedly elsewhere. I come into this *Paradise* almost every time I come over here because, for one reason, Donald Kerr's home is almost on the border line between *Beulah Land* and *Paradise*, and here I have visited with him for over forty-seven years. My son and I together have explored many, many wonderful places.

Lying beyond *Paradise* are the next three heavens, or regions of Heaven, extending the resources for study and advancement to all who have accomplished the purposes of the university life in *Paradise*. These three regions provide an opportunity for students to specialize in their chosen work and advance to become accomplished artisans.

The first of these advanced regions I have called *Radiant Hills and Crystal Gems* for well over half a century. Here we find elemental spirit in its primitive form, before the organic, in its origin, still in the crystalline or crystal state, towering sometimes into majestic mountains, sometimes hills, plateaus, plains, rivers, falls and lakes. Here students study the origins of the liquid and solid states of the forerunners of what we know as elements, the solid states of pure spirit.

Lying just beyond *The Radiant Hills and Crystal Gems* is *The Conservatory of Beauty*. This is the region for the study of the beginnings of life as found in plants. Here are natural growing plants, flowers, trees, ferns and all the forms, both ancient and modern. Much of it is laid out in formal beds and studied landscaping. There are great stretches of meadow-land and great forests, all watered by rivers, brooks and lakes. Millions of mansions are located here as the country itself makes a most natural setting for a beautiful home and grounds. Also here are experimental farms and tracts. There are the great fields of all kinds of grain, of great orchards of fruit, forests of nuts and other edible fruits that grow on trees and bushes.

It does not change abruptly from the elementary stones minerals of *The Radiant Hills and Crystal Gems* to the green verdure of *The Conservatory of Beauty*, but merges gradually and beautifully. Long green valleys run down into *The Radiant Hills*, and peaks and ridges of bright metallic crystals loom up at times beyond some forest range.

Beyond *The Conservatory of Beauty* and merging gradually into it as the other regions do, is the land of animals. This Heaven I have called *The Zoological Gardens*. Here is life in its highest form. Here are animals in all forms in which they have ever been created, kept as in a museum of natural history, for the study and education of the millions of human spirits that come here continuously. Enormous herds of deer, elk, cattle, elephants, lions, tigers, and all other forms of life roam the forests and the meadows feeding on the grass or the leaves and twigs of the bushes. And in all of Heaven there is no fear.

There are thousands and millions of people everywhere. Students come and go. Large universities are filled with students, angels and instructors. Groups of young people with angels and instructors roam the woodlands and meadows. It is not an uncommon sight to see some of the children or young people walk up to an animal that humans were always afraid of, and pat them or run their fingers through their fur, or take hold of their horns or ears. And always there is no thought of fear. Homes and schools are scattered everywhere.

## *My Heavenly Home*

Donald Kerr's home lies in *Beulah Land* close to the borders of *Paradise*. Also here is the home of Mr. and Mrs. Campbell and many of their relatives, close to a beautiful lake with crystal beaches and crystal mountains in the background. Across the border a ways into *Paradise* is the home of Jennie Burns, her husband and their son. I often visit here as she was a very dear friend of my early childhood and babyhood. A little further in *The Conservatory of Beauty* we come to the home of Licene Ross and her son Charles. She is my aunt. Charlie is about two years younger than I am. I have known them and visited here since I was five. Here also, in *The Conservatory of Beauty*, are the homes of Grandpa and Grandma Headrick and most of their family. Then, a little further over toward *The Zoological Gardens* is Grandfather Whipple's home and plant nursery.

Stretching across the *Conservatory of Beauty* and the *Zoological Gardens* is a large tract of territory selected some years ago by a delegation of the Whipple family as a future home for their growing families over there. I called this territory, "Homestead Land." It lies very much in the form of a large tree, with a river and its tributaries making up the trunk and branches, and with homes and estates located all through the trees along the edges of the rivulets and brooks. It has its roots in a big lake that lies mostly in the next Heaven, the *Church of the Savior*, and the tip or top of the tree lies down towards *The Radiant Hills* across *The Conservatory of Beauty*.

The tip of this district lies in a particularly beautiful piece of landscape which opens out for a wonderful view of *The Radiant Hills and Crystal Gems*. It is about equally distant from several places very dear to me: The home of Donald Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell in *Beulah Land*, Jennie Burns in *Paradise*, Licene Ross and my grandparents in *The Conservatory of Beauty* and the large homestead tract of which it is a part. Here is the location of my future home in Heaven. But I have been writing so fast that my narrative is getting ahead of me. I must go back to Donald Kerr's home and start again with when I arrived there this morning, about midnight, my seventy-first birthday, May 5, 1951.

I went into Donald Kerr's larger room where he works and spends most of his occupational hours, and spoke to him. He stopped and we talked for quite a while, over half an hour I suppose. We were not alone, but not in the sense that we here on Earth understand the word. No one in Heaven is alone, except in a relative way. Every human spirit has seven angels that are particularly interested in them and at least two who are in constant attendance. They may not be visible to you at any particular time. They are not in the way, do not interfere in your affairs but still they are part of your household, your spiritual family and immediate associates. They know Heaven and all its affairs of every kind and are of invaluable assistance in everything you do.

Also there are other people about, in the house, on the grounds, some even in the same room, friends, relatives, heavenly associates, and all these in turn are also attended by angels. But there is no crowding, no interference, and no

interruptions. At first it seems strange to me that there were no secrets in Heaven. What anyone knows, does, or attempts, is known to all.

Many times I have been earnestly talking with Donald Kerr, Pierce, my grandparents or others, and suddenly become aware of the fact that others, sometimes a great many others, were listening in also. Many of them are just as interested, and some possibly more so, than the person to whom I would be talking. Spirits in Heaven are now away from the Earth and earthly human beings, and all the affairs which we humans feel are so very important to us. They are intensely interested in a first-hand conversation which bears on such matters, and so they listen in. You do not notice them. Possibly you do not see them, as often they are entirely invisible and absolutely quiet. They would never be a part of your crowd or companions, or say or do anything in relation to you, except by a desire on your part for their participation.

Then again, it is never absolutely quiet. One can always hear melody, music, singing, expressions of joy, happiness and contentment from people in the immediate neighborhood, from the angels as they go about their way, from musical instruments played by individuals, or the singing of birds in the shrubbery about the yard and fields. Possibly you may be hearing a portion of a concert or musical expression of some group in your neighborhood, either as an act of worship, sharing of joy, expression of spiritual emotion, and other vocal expressions. But unless one desires to listen to some particular portion, most of this passes merely as an impression of contentment.

Donald Kerr and I continued our conversation and examination of his drawings and specifications. He has an observation panel on the rear wall of his living room which I have mentioned before as it has been here for forty years. It is not as large as one of our outside billboards or those in use where construction work is being carried on, but is about four by six feet in size. I can best describe it as being in the nature of a window from which you may see wherever in Heaven you desire. If you are sitting a little distance from it, what you see appears to be just a bit of scenery out of the window. But if you wish to see more or nearer, you go over to it as you would to a window, and look out at close range to everything within range of your vision. And the view at which you look is controlled by a spiritual power which has never been explained to me; nor am I able to choose, as Donald Kerr does, what he desires to see. But when I am looking with him we both see the same view, just as two people here on Earth look at the same view.

We were standing by the observation panel and he was showing me a particular piece of heavenly landscape that I had already mentioned as being at the extreme tip of the Homestead Land. The immediate foreground was in the nature of a woodland meadow or green grassy grounds, lying between beautiful trees and stretching back into the thicker timber. Conspicuously, in the near distance was the shining peak of a crystal mountain, one of a number running out in a perspective to the distant horizon or their limit of view. There is never any haze. Perspective is

attained by relative size, not by dimming of color or light. There are never any shadows, and no sun, moon or stars showing.

Off to the side there was a small lake with a rivulet running into it on one side and out on the other. There were birds, waterfowl, several small animals and in the distance, a herd of deer were feeding. Just in front and quite close were a group of children playing a sort of romping and skipping game, attended by their angels. And everyone, both children and angels, dressed in beautiful clothes, too wonderful to describe, and all happy and excited with their game.

We had been looking for some time and were finally just following the children with our eyes as they played, running hither and yon, in and out of the trees, and over to the little brook. Donald Kerr said to me, "What do you think of that for a location for a home? How do you like the view, what you can see of it from here? With this home site we would include as much of this timber and meadowland as we desire to make it into an estate."

I answered, "I think that would be an ideal spot for a home. One could even have a boat on the lake and go bathing and swimming along that beautiful crystal pebbled beach. Are you working on plans for landscaping this place and building a home for someone here?"

One of the peculiar things about Heaven that a person on Earth would never think of, is the relative location of places. Here we look on the surface of the Earth and everything is built on the level, or as near level as we can make it. Our fields consist of only a top side. Our roads and highways are straight or curved, but level so a vehicle will not overturn. Everything has a top side in relation to the center of the Earth, and gravity pulls everything down, creating a condition to which everyone must strictly adhere.

In Heaven there is no force of gravity pulling everything in one direction. There is, therefore, no up or down except as we speak relatively of its location. Heaven is not a surface, or even a series of surfaces, but is in reality a mass or solid if you could call anything so rare and thin as pure spirit a solid. For this reason a stretch of meadow may lie at right angles to a forest, or a mountain peak may be observed in what we might call the sky, over a vast lake, or a river be flowing at right angles to what seems correct. There is no up or down; a person goes in any direction desired. Established paths or roads do not run as marks on the surface of a ball, but more like the tunnels or passageways in a mine, if we can use such an expression to describe spiritual things.

That is one of the difficult things we meet when trying to describe Heaven to others. To me, who am used to seeing them, there is no confusion or difficulty to it whatever; in fact, it is much more fascinating and full of unexpected surprises at every turn. When an image falls upon the retina of the human eye that image is always upside down. But man's brain turns the image over and we see everything in our mind just opposite to the actual image, or right side up. So it is with the

viewing of a solid or three-dimensional location in Heaven. The mind soon places everything in its relative position and it remains there.

The description of a radiant marble quarry will illustrate what I mean, at least to a small degree. At this quarry in *The Radiant Hills* there is a long tunnel leading into the mountain where they quarry the marble for building purposes. This tunnel is at least fifty feet or more square and all four sides are smooth and a mile or more long back into the hill, and all four sides are used for traffic. One side is only used for bringing out slabs of marble, one side for going in, one side for pedestrians. There is no up or down, they use all four sides.

Donald Kerr said, "Would you like to go over and see this place in the Homestead Land?" I said that I would enjoy seeing it and so we immediately started, one might say by putting the thought into action. Just outside was a small butterfly with seats for two or three people. We stepped in, Donald Kerr took control, and we were on our way.

We could have gone without the butterfly. In cases where two or three travel together instantaneously, they usually hold hands and then they remain together in flight and all arrive at the same spot at the same time. I do not know what the speed is, but it seems to be just about as fast as thought. You think about it and you are there. In all such cases, only one person or an angel, as a participating member of the company maintains control and exercises the power. In this way there is no conflict of power if one wants to go one place and someone else another place at the same time, making errors.

Many use these butterflies. Very seldom does one person use a butterfly but when several are going, they seat themselves and one person or angel moves the butterfly as fast or as slowly as desired. In this way all stay together, and they may linger anywhere along the way to see interesting sights, or go directly to their chosen destination. There is no machinery, no buttons, no levers and no wheels. Control is by spiritual power which seems to me to be mental power of the spirit. If spiritual power is something separate and distinct from the spirit being, then that power is being directed by the mental power and will of the person or angel spirits.

The butterfly has wings, but these are only ornamental, not used for flying or gliding. They are of different designs, colored differently, various sizes and shapes to fit the artists' desires or ideas of those having them. Those that I have noticed particularly rest on a sort of sled or two short runners which are a part of the butterfly. They bear no resemblance to flying saucers and only a slight likeness to an airplane. They use large ones for greater numbers of people. In fact, they have many which carry hundreds or thousands at a time.

These large ones have no wings and only passing attention is given to beautifying them. They might be compared to the deck of a large ship, slightly raised or curved toward either end but not pointed to facilitate passage through

anything, as there is no resistance to passage in the medium of pure elemental spirit.

These are also controlled by a single person or spirit. The first time I rode on one of these large ones I thought there must be machinery below and a crew to navigate it. I soon learned that there was not room enough for machinery, and no bridge or pilot-house either. There is no superstructure above the deck on which you stand or sit, no guards for protection from the wind, no roof or canopies for shade, as there is no sunshine and no shadows. But enough of this as I have fully described both types of transportation, size, control and use in other narratives.

Donald Kerr and I started from his home in *Beulah Land*, just over the border of *Paradise* and he took a course outward so as to go deeper into the Heavens and we traveled at a leisurely speed, even slowing up at places to see interesting sights. We passed through *Paradise*, *The Radiant Hills*, *The Conservatory of Beauty* and deep into the fifth Heaven, *The Zoological Gardens*, and circled over the crystal lake which lies at the border of the next or sixth Heaven. Here we turned back to follow along the course of the river which, with its tributaries, makes the outline or network of the wonderful Homestead Land, the territory picked years ago as a habitation for the Whipple family over there.

These are now old familiar sights to me as I have been visiting this territory quite regularly from its very inception. In fact, I went with the party which included Grandfather Whipple and all of his children over there, at the time they chose the site. I have been visiting it off and on ever since while the farms, home-sites and estates have been developing, each according to the likes and desires of those who are to live there.

We followed slowly up the river toward its smaller branches having all the time a sort of bird's eye view of everything both below, above and on either side of us. I must here remind you that we were not passing over a level territory, or even over a single surface, but through it, as it were, with farms, orchards and homes lying at any and all angles. It looked like large sections of a tree with small places like the leaves or twigs.

I hear you asking how one can see a distant landscape or a particular view or farm layout, while there is another farm or house in the immediate foreground which would obstruct your view. That is a good question and the answer should clear up a number of points in your mind. Let us compare spiritual power roughly to mental power, as they are obviously very closely related, if not identically the same thing. Humans here on Earth have not learned to use this power, or if they originally knew how, have now almost forgotten.

In this human life, exercising our mental powers while we are inside a house, possibly surrounded by thick walls, or even with our eyes shut, we see with our minds, with our mental power, a house, a river, a farm scene or a loved one or companion as we choose. Also, if in this human life we are surrounded by myriad

sounds and noises, as when on the street of a large city, or within the walls of a large factory, and someone approaches us and speaks to us, we pay attention to him, hear his voice, answer questions, pay attention to him, give undivided mental effort and reaction to this one object, and relatively speaking, blot out the rest or do not hear or see it at all. However, we can instantly, using mental power, shift our main point of attention to something else, as a fire engine racing down the street, or the noon whistle at the factory.

So it is with the much more highly developed spiritual power that we possess and which is used so effortlessly in Heaven. Spirit is not a dense, obscure or impenetrable substance, even in the form of trees, farms, mountains, rivers, people, or animals. In our thinking we are apt to think of a spirit as the living embodiment of a human being. As such, we find no difficulty in realizing that such a spirit goes wherever it chooses, even through thick substances, comes into a house with all the doors closed and leaves the house when it chooses. We know of countless cases of this kind. It is occurring every day all around us and we find no difficulty in accepting it.

However, upon examination of this phenomenon, we discover a wonderful fact. It all lies in relativity. What difference does it make whether the human spirit moved through the thick stone wall or other solid substance, or whether the human spirit was stationary and the stone wall or house moved. It is just a matter of your mental view point or relativity. The wonderful fact is that with spiritual power, all spiritual things, substances, people, animals, or whatever, move freely when and where desired or directed. One goes where he wills, wherever it is, in spite of all obstructions. One hears what he wills, the voice of birds singing in the woodland depths, even though he may be standing in the midst of a boiler factory, or in the hall with a jazz band. The power of the spirit is unabridged.

As we traveled slowly across *The Conservation of Beauty* toward *The Radiant Hills and Crystal Gems*, I became more and more aware of the bulk, the mass, the breadth of the Homestead Land tract, of its height above us and its depth below us. Stretching out before us was its length, but a length always modified by the bulk of width and depth, and then beginning to narrow down somewhat as we passed on toward the limits of the tract. We had been passing homes, farms, pastures, estates, landscapes with river scenes and lake retreats, peopled with the Whipple tribe, most of it familiar territory to me, still beautiful and fascinating.

Then suddenly I seemed to have drawn close enough to the extreme tip of the tract that I could see it clearly. At first it appeared to be round like a huge cylinder coming to an end, similar to a cone, and we were approaching almost on a center line down the center toward the point or peak. Timber and open meadow, small rivers and brooks, animals feeding or resting in their retreats, and the air filled with the songs of happy birds and scented with the perfume of countless gorgeous flowers.

He stopped the butterfly while we were still some distance from the end and we looked and talked about the things that we were seeing. I remarked that we seemed to be about in the center of a vast cylinder, but still the sides seemed possibly to be flat pastures, plains or plateaus. He replied that it was in reality a large hexagonal tract about twice as long as it was broad, and the tip was a combination of an eight-sided and four-sided pyramid. He said, "I have picked a spot within the octagonal pyramid where it joins the long sides for an appropriate building site. Using that as a focal center, we could lay out a very attractive estate, to comply with the wishes of the occupants. We will go and show you the spot we have selected."

The butterfly went slowly down the corridor between the spreading trees and palm-like ferns as we looked closer at the details of the plants and flowers on every side. We came into an open meadow beside a small lake with a flowing brook, and he turned the butterfly around to face in the direction from which we came, brought it to a stop and we got out. This was the building spot he had selected.

We wandered all over the place during the next hour or so. We could look off toward *The Radiant Hills and Crystal Gems* and see the shining peaks in the background, with one range of hills running down toward us from the right side almost to our feet. There were wonderfully beautiful water fowl on the little lake. The brook flowed for a long way over sparkling crystal gems. The sands on one side of the lake were of silver or nickel gray grains or crystals. Flying in and out of the leafy fastness were beautifully plumaged birds, and we could hear their songs of music constantly. Lying along and close to the giant ferns were myriads of beautiful flowers.

I walked and looked and listened, and then wandered around some more, all the time with Donald Kerr at my side or following closely behind. I became conscious that all seven of my squad of angels was present in the immediate background and that two of Donald Kerr's were also. Besides this, there was a small host of human spirits watching what was going on from a very reserved and unobtrusive distance. I began to realize that I had been pretty much self-centered and had not been paying much attention to anything but the enjoyment of the landscape and the beauties about me.

I turned around to Donald Kerr and remarked, "I believe that I would just love to spend the whole of eternity right here in this spot." He replied, "I thought that was what you would say when you saw it. That is the reason I picked it out for you. Here you can have a home, just what you want."

It would be rather difficult for me to express my emotions in understandable language when I suddenly understood the situation as I stood there in that heavenly spot facing my son Donald Kerr. My memory raced back across the years, which in their passing had been filled with all the impediments of human existence upon the Earth, to that early morning watch on January 21, 1904. That was when I first saw

Donald Kerr lying as a beautiful baby boy in the arms of one of his angels in *Beulah Land*.

I had followed his rapid development, his education in school and university, and the activities of his youth. I saw where his own beautiful home and grounds had been built and the helpful life he was living as his talents were being given for the enjoyment and blessing of those with whom he came in contact. I saw how he planned and built the beautiful new home and landscaped gardens for his great-grandfather and great-grandmother so long ago.

I had met my own father, his Grandfather Whipple, while he was consulting with him over their plans in that far-away district close to the Foursquare City of the New Jerusalem, on my birthday in 1927, which now seems so long ago and far away. How true it is that the boy shall be the father of the man! I had never before thought of it in the new light that was shining into my consciousness. I was a young man, in my prime and strength when Donald Kerr was a baby. Now he is a strong man in his prime, and I have passed my natural span of life and am on the decline. The roles are reversed. He is now taking pride in coming to my side and doing for me more than I could possibly do for myself.

I looked out into the distance toward *The Radiant Hills* with a different feeling of the entire perspective. I turned and gazed long and thoughtfully back down the corridor of natural verdure and celestial life activity, into and through the wonderful groupings that make up the Homestead Land through which we had so recently come. I saw everything in a new and more neighborly manner. I glanced close around me at the flowers, the birds, the brook, the gems, and back to Donald Kerr as he stood there. He understood it all.

I became conscious of a closer relationship, fellowship, I might say, and communion with it all. Many angels and spirits of loved ones watched me interestedly as I was slowly being initiated, thoroughly though quietly, into the new. My thoughts turned to the joy and happiness my family still on Earth would experience when they learned of the wonderful future home that was in the process of being planned for our eternal future.

I turned to Donald Kerr and said, "Let us go." We stepped into the butterfly, he turned it toward the distant peak, an outstanding landmark, a crystal gem of *The Radiant Hills*, and we were in motion again. Across the lakes, rivers and mountains, across *Paradise*, and we were soon back home, not really seeing very much on our return trip. In his living room, or work room, I began to see that his drawings and layouts were of a much more personal nature than I had known and that we were to spend many happy hours together planning my home of the future.

This much I have recorded while it is still fresh in my mind. The development of this tract, the building of a home and the layout of the surrounding area which Donald Kerr includes within the boundaries of the estate, will have to be

recorded later. Meanwhile the time approaches ever nearer when this will be the site of the permanent home of my family and myself.

I was at a loss as to how to proceed from this point after learning of the planning Donald Kerr has been doing for us concerning this tract. It still lies as it has for many years, being a part of the much larger tract which was chosen by the Whipple family, which selection, and the development of many of the family homes, has been described in detail in my records at the time.

It has been my practice throughout life to make written records of the more important happenings in my spiritual experience. These written records are then available with names, dates, locations and pertinent facts which can be referred to and thus avoid the errors which seem to naturally creep into the repetition of happenings as time passes and one's memory becomes dulled or uncertain of details. What has thus been recorded are but few of the high spots of my spiritual life, which continues almost daily, most of which are routine living and of no special interest in a narrative.

At this point I might just mention a matter which exerts a strong influence upon all my mature recordings. We are living here upon the Earth a mortal life among human beings who half-heartedly believe in Heaven, but who also half-heartedly disbelieve it. They talk and act continuously along those lines of disbelief, and almost never talk about the reality of Heaven and the fact that their loved ones and relatives are there and are enjoying perfect heavenly happiness now.

Thus, I am careful to avoid bringing into the picture the spirits of departed loved ones who still have human relations here. I cannot avoid this entirely and sometimes must omit many details which might embarrass someone living, or on the other hand might even affect their faith. But I feel I can quite freely record events which involve the spirits of people who are not now in such close relation to earthly happenings and living people.

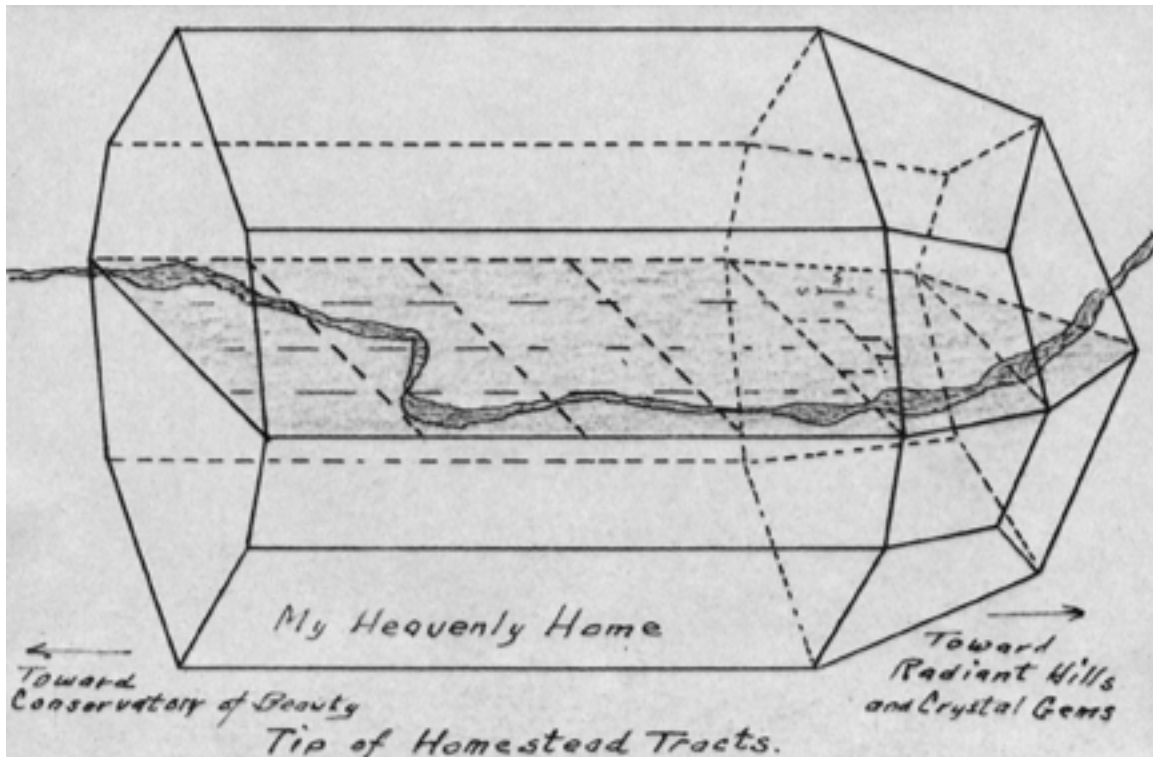
Such, for instance, would be my own son Donald Kerr, my brother Pierce, my grandparents and most of my uncles and aunts. Of those husbands or wives over there who still have living mates here, or who have or at one time had two mates, one here and one there, sometimes children also from one or both unions, I prefer to remain practically silent and not inject something new into the subject. In talking about my experiences I must also be careful that I do not include material that will cause sorrow, unrest or disbelief in my listeners.

The closest developed tract or farm to our new home, at the present time, is that of my uncle, Orva Whipple, whose home and estate have already been described elsewhere in previous writings. He has a large tract, much larger than ours; in fact, it was chosen for raising grain, horses and stock. It lies a little deeper into *The Conservation of Beauty*. He lives there with his wife and several children.

## *My Heavenly Home*

Our tract lies at the extreme end or tip of the Homestead Land. In its outward size and shape it very much resembles a large cylinder with a pointed end, or if we could consider the cylinder as standing, it might somewhat resemble an octagon shaped silo with a roof on it. The cylinder or body of spirit is about a mile across and somewhat deeper, almost a mile and a half the long way. The plans are to develop this along the line of two planes, lying back to back, or two planes, one lying down and the other facing up. This makes about three square miles of territory if measured with the idea of plane surfaces in mind, or a little over a cubic mile of territory if measured with the idea of a solid.

You can understand it a little better by referring to the drawings that indicate its general shape and size and the approximate location of the principal planes of territory.



**Figure 1. Three-dimensional view of my new Heavenly home.**

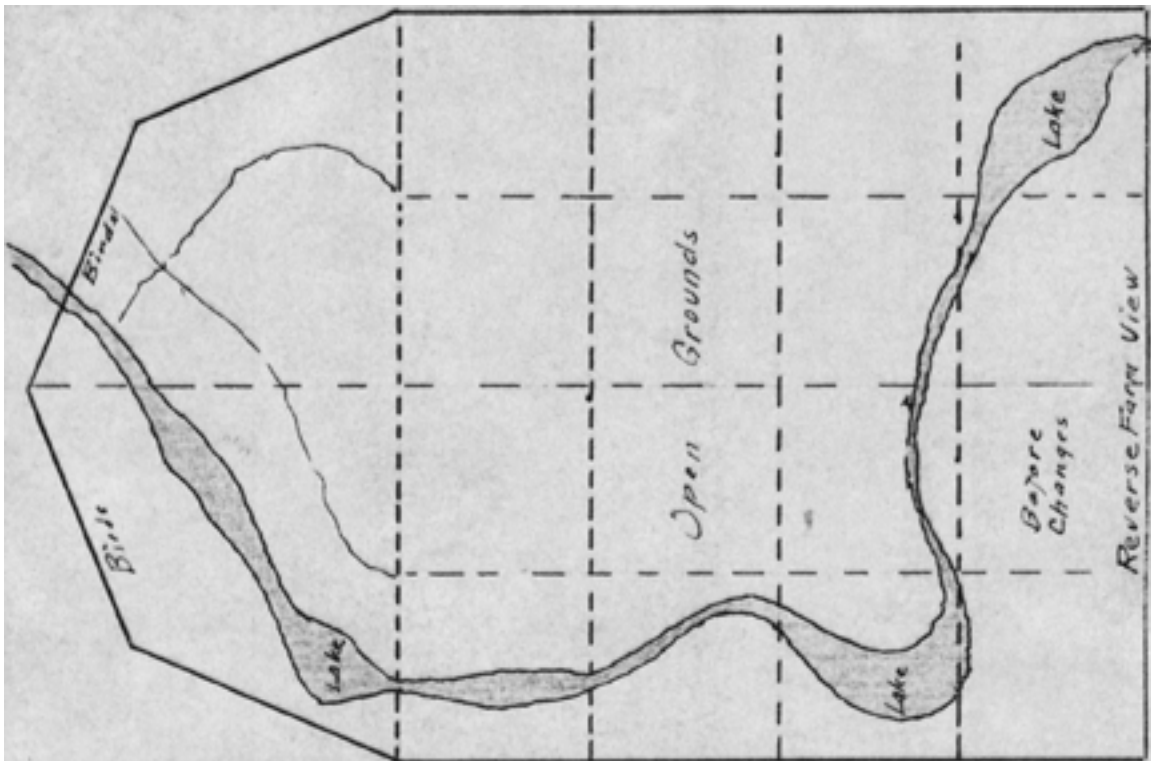
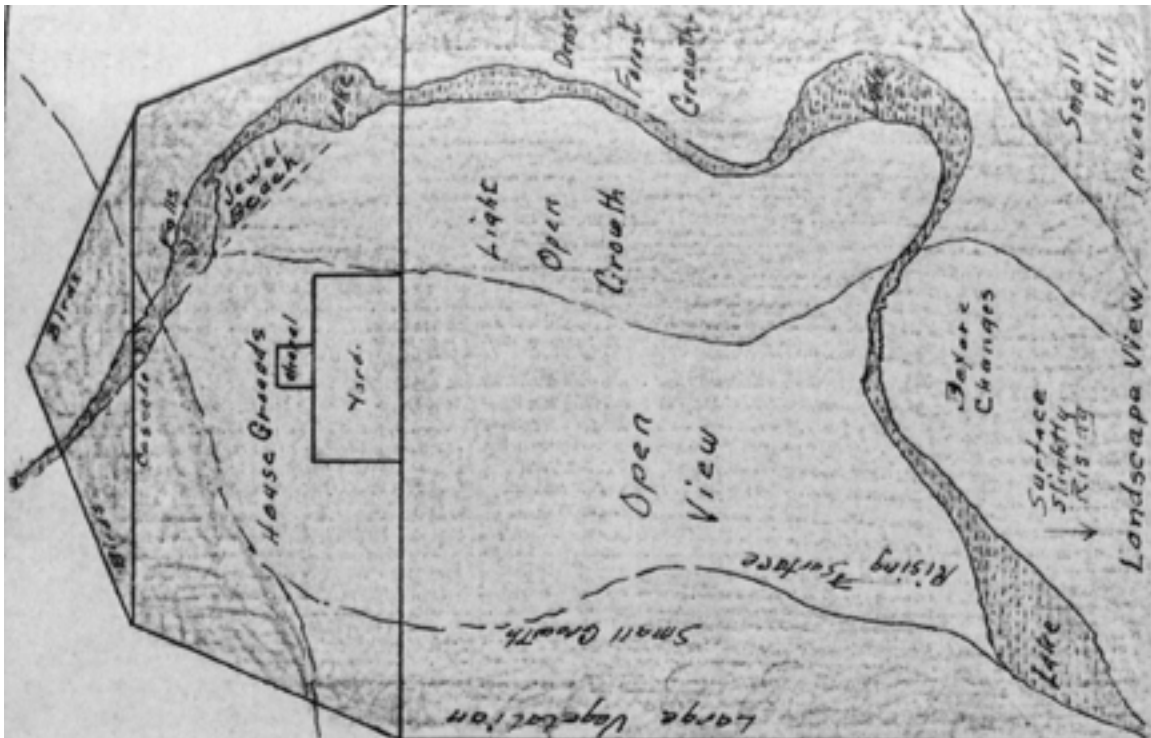


Figure 2. Plot of both sides of center plane of my new heavenly home.

One side of the central plane is planned for the house and landscape; the other side is planned for farming and livestock, either plane being down below when you are on the other one, up being the one you are standing on. A person changes his position, not the planes.

There is a third small plane which cuts off the tip of the pyramid or roof, and lying at right angles to the other or principal planes. This is the portion which lies over toward *The Radiant Hills and Crystal Gems*. This section was teeming with many beautiful and varied types of birds and so it is planned to develop along the same general lines as we proceed. It might be called a bird sanctuary.

In this general direction, but at some distance away, lies a large lake from which flows the small stream that crosses the tract. There are three small lakes directly on it and a waterfall below some beautiful rapids, as the stream comes into this place. The location of these may be approximated from the drawings, which of course are very inadequate.

There is not a great deal that may be done now with the tract except that it may be enjoyed somewhat as a personal estate until the passing of time develops the tastes and desires of all who will be directly interested in it. Meanwhile, some things of a general nature will be undertaken, one of which will be the re-arranging of some details to make the bird sanctuary more populous.

On the principal plane, which I shall call "The Landscape," there will be very little done except among the hills and along the higher portions of the river where lie the rapids, falls, and the first of the three lakes. A building will be planned and in time constructed, which will lie almost in the center of the narrower end and about half-way between the bird sanctuary and the open end of the landscape. This will be a permanent temple or shrine where we may go for worship.

On the reverse plane, which I shall call "The Farm" because of earthly sentiment, I shall plan to do more in the nature of improvements and arrangement of the setting. Among other things, the plan calls for the erection of a work center, this being a building and grounds of a permanent nature as a headquarters for future development, such as Grandfather Whipple has on his farm, which I discovered in 1909, as already recorded at that time.

With this headquarters as a beginning, I may go forward with any desired plans for developing while I still live here on Earth, and the work will not interfere in any way with the ideas or desires others may have for making the landscape plans into a permanent heavenly home.

## *My Birthday Present*

My birthday comes almost in the middle of the heavenly month and I desire to go to work right away on my new estate. Everything is new and beautiful and I want to look it over closely, so I am spending a couple of days just wandering around. Flowers are everywhere, both large and small, with large numbers of trees and bushes blossoming continuously or possibly permanently, as I see no evidence anywhere of dead foliage, flowers, petals or seed littering the ground under or around them.

Growing plants seem much more like specimen plants or individual units, than their earthly counterparts. Grass does not grow everywhere and spread indiscriminately until it covers all the open spaces. It seems to grow also as specimen plants although in many places it covers large areas. But small, low growing flowers like daisies, buttercups, pansies and violets also cover large areas, without a mixture of grass. In the treed areas or timbered portions of the estate, the trees grow alone, without any undergrowth in many places. In other places smaller trees or a variety of shrubs occupy the spaces between trees. Occasionally there is a spot that seems to be entirely occupied with trees, shrubs, flowers, plants and grass, but not to the reckless abandon we find in so many places here on Earth. In Heaven we have many acres of soil on which no grass, trees, flowers or weeds infringe.

The vegetation does not crowd down to the edge of rivulets as if in need of moisture or grow lush where it can reach sufficient moisture, but still retains its individual characteristics. The water flows on through the rivulets, creeks, ponds, and lakes, but does not wash out the banks, undermine growing plants or boulders along the sides, but leaves the terrain undisturbed. As a very natural consequence of this, we do not find rich bottom-land or eroded hills. The water flows on as clear as crystal. We do not find high banks or deep cut gorges where water has washed away the rock for ages as here on Earth.

Instead, we find the original elemental rocks in their crystal forms and masses, untarnished by weather, bright and clear, from the smallest grain of sand to the mightiest and loftiest of mountains. Where the water, clear as crystal, flows down through the vista, over fine sand, over crystal pebbles, and then between lofty crystal cliffs, we find a panorama of beauty unapproached anywhere except in these celestial regions.

As I walk the full length of the river, most of the time on the meadow side, I imagine how I would like to arrange my estate. For example, imagine trees here, fruit here, and flowers there. Everything must have a beginning, so I wander back through the edge of the timbered area on the other side of the vista until I stand once more on the same spot where Donald Kerr and I arrived yesterday. I look

around, see the waterfalls, the rapids and the small lake, and listen to the birds singing in the foothills leading up toward *The Crystal Hills*.

I decide that for the rest of this month, until the day of Pentecost has fully arrived, I will devote my attention to the birds. When I become a little more acquainted with the situation, I can take up other matters. And so I begin to work on the bird sanctuary. Practically everywhere you go in the length, breadth and depth of this land, there are delights and surprises. One hears the melodious music of birds throughout the entire twenty-four hours of every day. Under certain circumstances, and in definite areas, the music practically dominates the situation, while generally it is merely a melody in the atmosphere, dispelling what otherwise might be a period of intense silence or void. To me, it is always a pleasant, welcome sound, and often changes introspection into a realization of where I am at the moment.

The word "crystal" is a common expression in my descriptions of things, and well it might be. One whole area of Heaven is given over to *Radiant Hills and Crystal Gems*, or as I sometimes say "Crystal Hills" when referring principally to the hills and mountains.

My estate is in the form of an eight-sided crystal plane on one end with an eight-sided tip at the other, pointing towards the Crystal Hills. Here in this point, within the eight sides of this crystal, lies the bird sanctuary. This is not a fenced-in or housed area where birds are confined behind barriers, but an area where every bird can come or go as it chooses, an area which may be made attractive for birds to congregate or live.

In the upper left region (when standing on the landscape plane) the river enters the falls and rapids, and cascades into a small lake. The upper side or hill portion bordering on the lake, has been appropriated by waterfowl. There are many kinds, both great and small. Some have long legs and wade in the water of the lake. Others, with shorter legs, stay closer to shore. Most are highly colored and a few are white or drab.

The lower portion on this side of the lake, among the smaller bushes, is occupied by a large number of colonies of quite small birds, similar to orioles, wrens, sparrows, swallows, but none like the varieties we see here on Earth. Farther back, above the falls and rapids, are larger birds which have made their homes among the boulders or rocky portions, some quite high along the narrow approaches of the crystal ridge or cap. Here we have perpetual music day and night, real melody. One could spend months here and still be finding and enjoying new beauties, but after several weeks getting acquainted I am drifting toward the more level land.

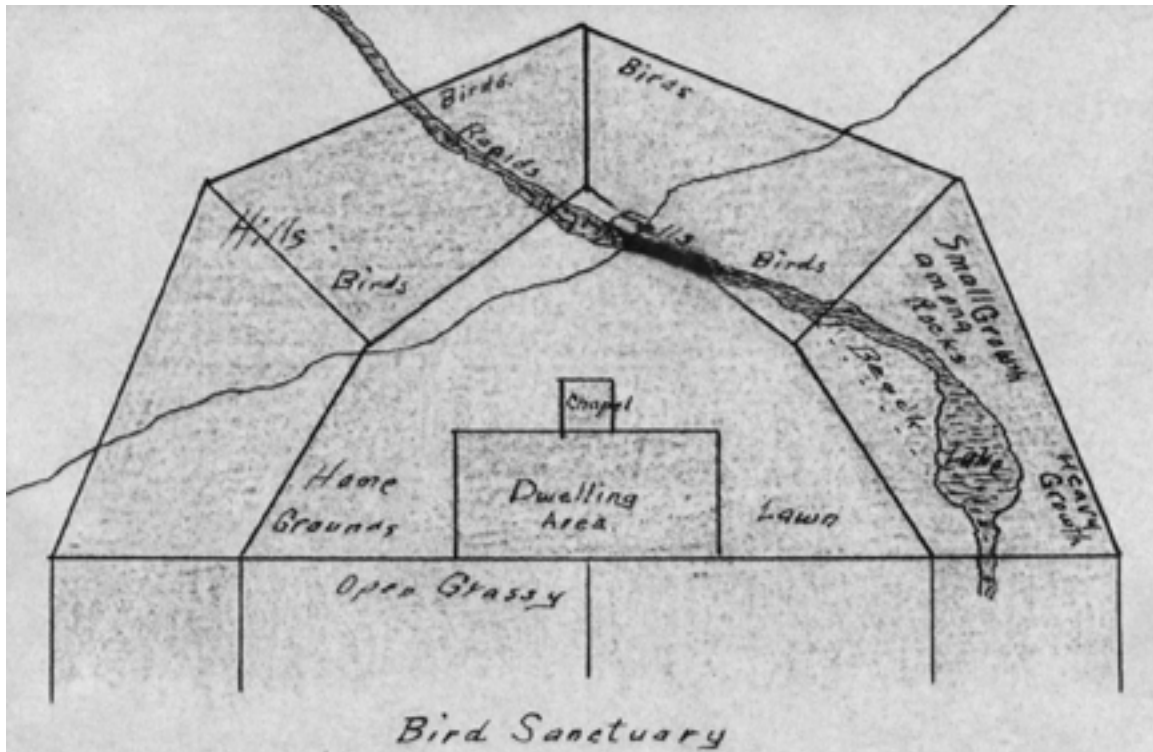
I am spending Pentecost in the Homestead Land, where a group of the young folks are picnicking in the large open park area at the rear of the church on the right bank of the river as we face downstream toward the large lake.

*My Birthday Present*

## *Farm Birds*

November 11, 1951  
Jubilee of Faith

After deciding on arrangements for the bird sanctuary in the rough craggy section of the tip of the crystal, I turned my attention to the larger winged birds, those of the nature of what we might call domestic fowl.



**Figure 3. Location of the Bird sanctuary, chapel, and dwelling area.**

I see that I must give directions to my tract or estate if I am to tell about it in an intelligent manner, so others may follow my narrative. I shall call the tip of the crystal pointing toward the Crystal Hills 'North' and the opposite open or flat end 'South.' On the inverse or landscape plane, the directions would then be IN (inverse North), IE (inverse East), IW (inverse West) and IS (inverse South). On the reverse or farm side, the directions would be RN, RS, RW and RE. RE would be the other plane of IW and RW the inverse of IE. The map of the tract will then show the bird sanctuary at the IN and RN ends of the tract but both the inverse and the reverse are in this tip. It consists of a series of smaller planes above the main ones and mostly located on radial axes of the crystal.

Where the sanctuary extends down toward the main planes, the greater portions of the birds are on the reverse side along the watercourse. As we approach the square section or farming plane, the nature of the bird life gradually changes from the songster type to the fowl type. They are found chiefly to the west of the watercourse, brooks and lakes. Among them are found many varieties of waterfowl, some plain but most of them in gorgeous colors. Of these, some are long-legged or waders, found mostly in the two larger lake regions lying to the extreme reverse southwest and southeast. The largest of the fowl are in the southwest lake or corner of the tract and live among the larger varieties of trees and vegetation.

For this reason I choose the reverse southwest lake for a recreation spot, swimming, boating, picnicking and game area. The fowl in this locality are very beautiful indeed, but not very vocal.

## *Animals*

**January 1, 1952, Advent**

The animals, mostly small, are to be found almost entirely on the eastern border, or in the wooded area of trees, shrubs and ferns lying along the inverse or landscape plane. The larger of these are in the northern portion and the smaller to the south, around and to the south of the lake. We arranged a large section of the eastern side of the inverse landscape with indentations in the borderline which edges the meadows or open landscape. This will provide very nice and somewhat separate quarters for a number of the smaller creatures. They took to them quite naturally.

This places them on the inverse opposite to where the fowl are placed on the reverse west. They will not intermingle with each other as the two planes are not what we might say "back to back." It in no way interferes with the landscape view from the home building site or from the farming plane.

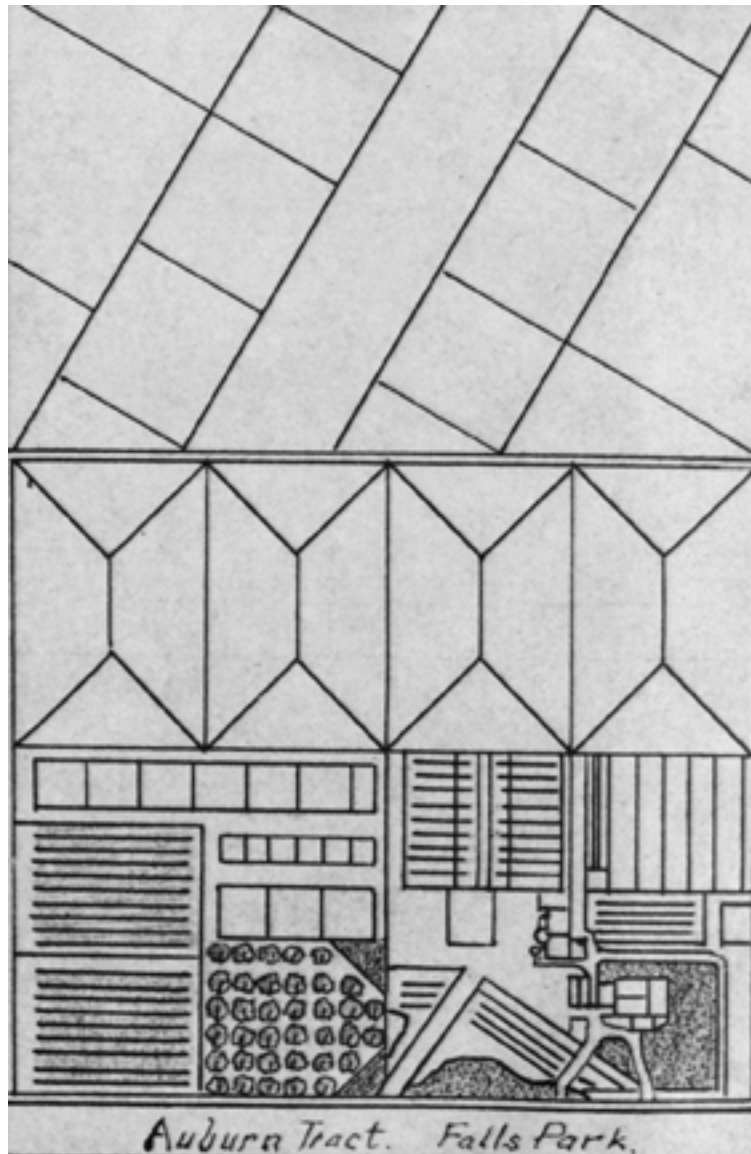
## *Flowers*

**February 20, 1952, Passover**

Flowers, flowers everywhere - on the bushes and trees, underfoot where you walk on them. Specimen plants are in full bloom almost everywhere one turns. Flowers grow anywhere in Heaven. There is no need to hunt a fertile or well watered spot, and the air is filled with their perfume. Having always had a longing desire to put out plants and flowers, but with no very appropriate or accessible place to do so, I now find myself with all the time, places and material I need or want.

Without taking time to really size up the enormity of the job, I began the work with real enthusiasm and abandon. Seldom have I ever had the opportunity to go the limit and here I may do so. I began by arranging permanent borders and beds with some formal designs, mostly of a geometrical nature on a small two and a half-acre tract on the reverse or farming plane where I expect later to erect some farm buildings. I am following a much modified or changed plan of a small tract of land we were privileged once to work near Auburn.

Here I arranged walks and beds with borders of low growing flowers extending to every portion of the small tract. In this way I made the plan or map of the place actually live and grow, until my immediate longing for doing or creating was satisfied to a great extent. Then, I walked up and down the paths, moving something here, adding to some bed or design, removing some and changing it all around to my hearts content. And so it remains until I return at a later day. It does not grow out of shape or become choked with weeds, wilt for lack of water or become infected with vermin, but remains a permanent creation as long as I shall choose.



**Figure 4. Auburn tract after which I patterned my flower layout.**

After satisfying my immediate desires I shall go about the glorious task of attending to the general layout or spread of the flowers along the edges of the meadow, in the paths of the forest, and among the bushes. Underfoot in many places we have the flower carpet, small flowers which make up the paths or open spaces intended to be used as walks or floors. At the edge of the waterways, pools and lakes, flowers vie with crystal gems for beauty and attention. Along the banks and in many other places, flowers of the water-lily type, both large and quite tiny, growing on the surface of the water, seem to supplement or possibly reflect the crystal forms which make up the bottoms or floors of the streams and pools.

Throughout the forest are trees and flowers, some quite large and many small. There are some trees with foliage, or twigs and leaves, which make up a

color combination rivaling flowers in their beauty. Interspersed with these are plants which seem to exist just for their form or size, such as the numerous varieties of ferns, from a few inches or less in size to giants towering to the majestic heights of trees, and with stems or trunks many feet in diameter. They have a bark texture unlike any of the other plants or trees.

There is no sunlight, no shade caused by sunlight, no blighting of the lower branches or stems of trees or plants, no bare spots made ugly by dead leaves, needles or twigs. Life abounds to its fullest everywhere. I am doing nothing about changing any of the larger units or trees or the main pattern of the forest or groups of trees and shrubs, but am leaving them for some future time, if ever. I find that change does not always increase their beauty or desirability. Heavenly beauty is real beauty in whatever place or condition it is found.

Anyone reading this might think that I am alone on this tract. I am not alone much of the time. Usually one or more of my many relatives, friends or interested members of the group come with me, usually not all the time, but seldom do I pass an entire period alone. We talk, exchange ideas, admire the work, work together, and often worship together. Besides one's immediate companions, there are a host of others, observers, listening and admiring; for in Heaven there are no secrets. What one knows, all know. What one sees anyone else may see if they wish. Angels accompany all human spirits, and other spirits, shaped like men that I call helpers, are everywhere also. None of these besides your immediate companions may be visible or known to you, unless you or they desire to see each other, visit or talk about something. Otherwise you seem to be alone.

## *Fruit*

**August 1, 1952, Trumpet of Joy**

Fruit is of many kinds and varieties. Some of them resemble the kinds of fruit that we know on Earth, but many are entirely different. Fruits, of an appreciable size, are composed of a solid similar to jelly, almost transparent, with a nucleus or inside seed sac, but withal quite firm in texture. Many of the smaller fruits and some of the larger, too, are eaten as food by many kinds of animals. I believe all the fruits are edible, but one does not care to eat all that one sees by any means.

I am starting my work here with the fruit by developing the ten acre Oklahoma tract idea, which was originally planned to be a fruit farm. This small farm dates back to the spring of 1894. In Oklahoma, Grandfather Whipple had shown me how to transplant strawberries, peaches, grapes, currants, mulberries and others. In this tract, Grandfather is working with me now, as well as several others. Full-size trees of many varieties are being transplanted from Grandfather's nursery, where I met him in Heaven for the first time so many years ago. Refer to the map or plan of this ten acre plot where we are now working.

We planted fruit trees, bushes and vines in other places as we thought appropriate. A small mixed orchard on a one and a quarter acre tract was set out on the Orchard Park tract. A small orchard was also set out on the Auburn tract, with the other flowers and plants. About forty acres of mostly low lying ground along and on both sides of the river is between the two lakes. It was set out mostly to berries, about twenty or thirty kinds, with a small berry nursery planned for the future. Eighty acres lying on the flat east side, south of the grain fields, was set out for many kinds of large fruit trees.

In one corner, about twenty to twenty-five acres extending south to the lake, was set with what I might call nuts. These are not true nuts as we know them, but the outside has a denser layer which might be compared to the shell, but is not a true shell. These nuts have a very delicious flavor.

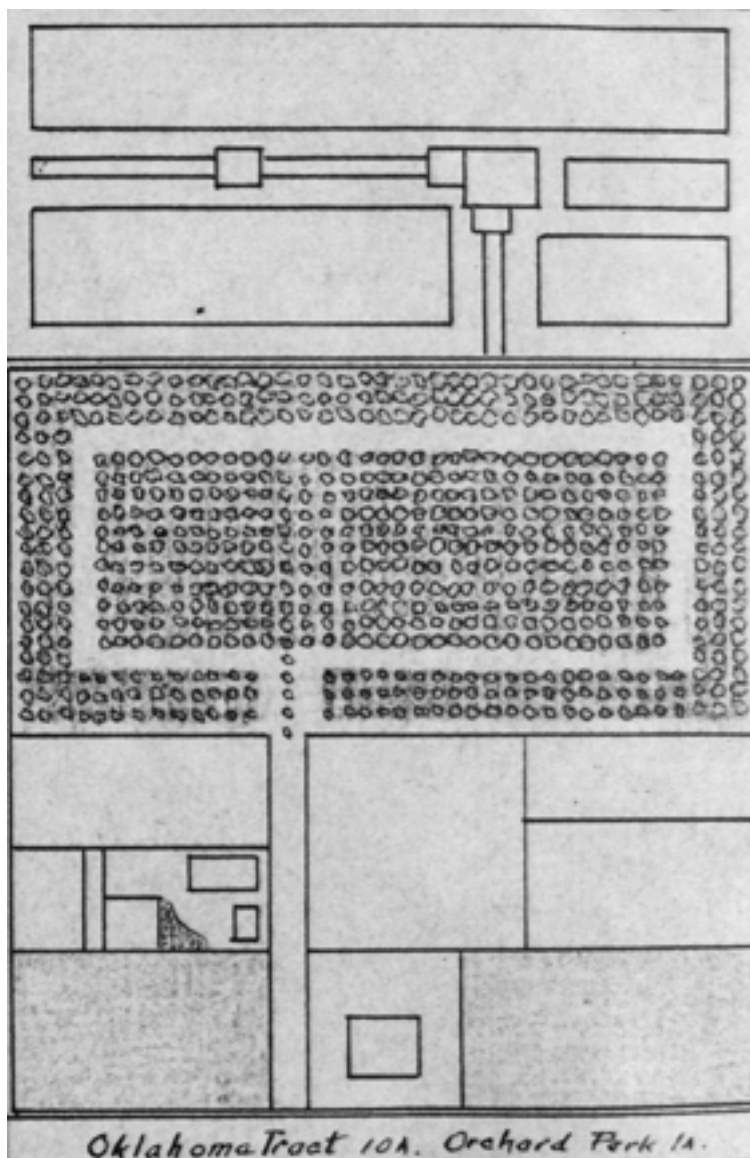


Figure 5. Layout of the ten acre Oklahoma tract.

## *Grain and Vegetables*

**November 11, 1952  
Jubilee of Faith**

One full quarter section of almost level ground, being the northeast quarter of the farm plane or reverse, is to be planted with two types of assorted grain, eighty acres to the corns or larger grains, eighty acres to the grasses, similar to the milos, sorghums, kaffir and others. The low growing grasses and corns are to be on the west side of the tract and the taller ones on the east, next to the edge of the prism. The true grasses and meadow vegetation are being placed west of the grass grains and extending over west to the river bank. Beyond the river, approximately twenty acres are being set aside for vegetables, the larger being next to the west side of the crystal prism. A small lake lies between the grasses and the vegetables.

If you refer to the map and sketches you will see how the landscape has been arranged. The taller trees, grains, fruit and other growing things are placed on higher ground, off toward the sides of the area. The center is almost level or slightly cupped, but dropping off to the lowest ground at the south end where there is a lake and river crossing the tract. The land rises beyond that. This arrangement makes all the fields and areas visible from the higher ground in the north, the bird sanctuary, and the building area on the reverse. This affords a sweeping landscape view from one spot of all the area included in the farming plane. On the western side, south of the berry patch is an area of about forty acres which contains a beautiful lake, crystal depths and beaches, and a level area within the curve of the river and lake. To the west of the lake the land rises slightly. This seems to be a natural picnic ground, so we are setting it aside for that purpose, interspersing beautifully formed trees and flower groups with fruit and berry plants, just to delight and interest the younger people.

Here, everyone is young, so the appeal of a picnic spot applies to practically everyone. There will be boats on the lake and lovely crystal bathing beaches covered with golden radiant marble pebbles with a recreational area over the river. The buildings will be inside the bend in the river, as will also be the landing area for the boats.

This picnic area lies in a spot from which berries, fruits and nuts are available in close range. Also close by will be the forest, or trees and bushes of a non-fruiting species, where paths may be laid out and beds of flowers and peculiar plants placed along their borders. Church and worship areas and arrangements will eventually be placed on the landscape or inverse plane, near the building

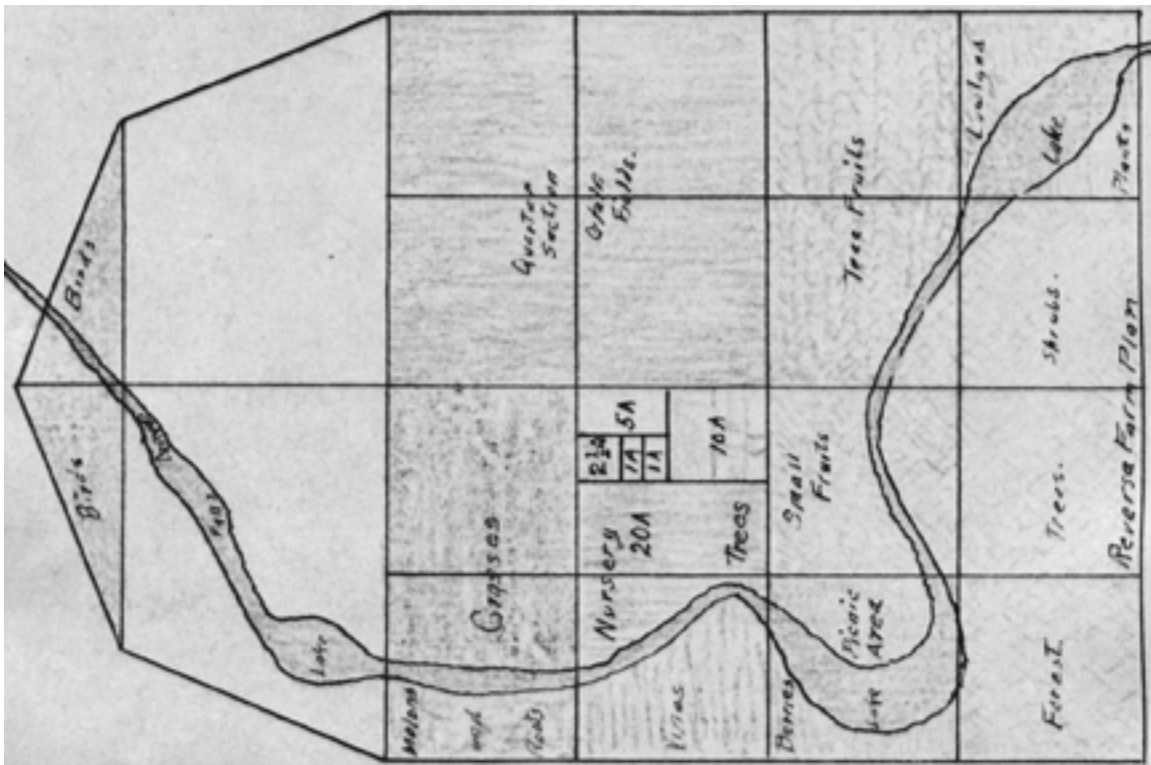
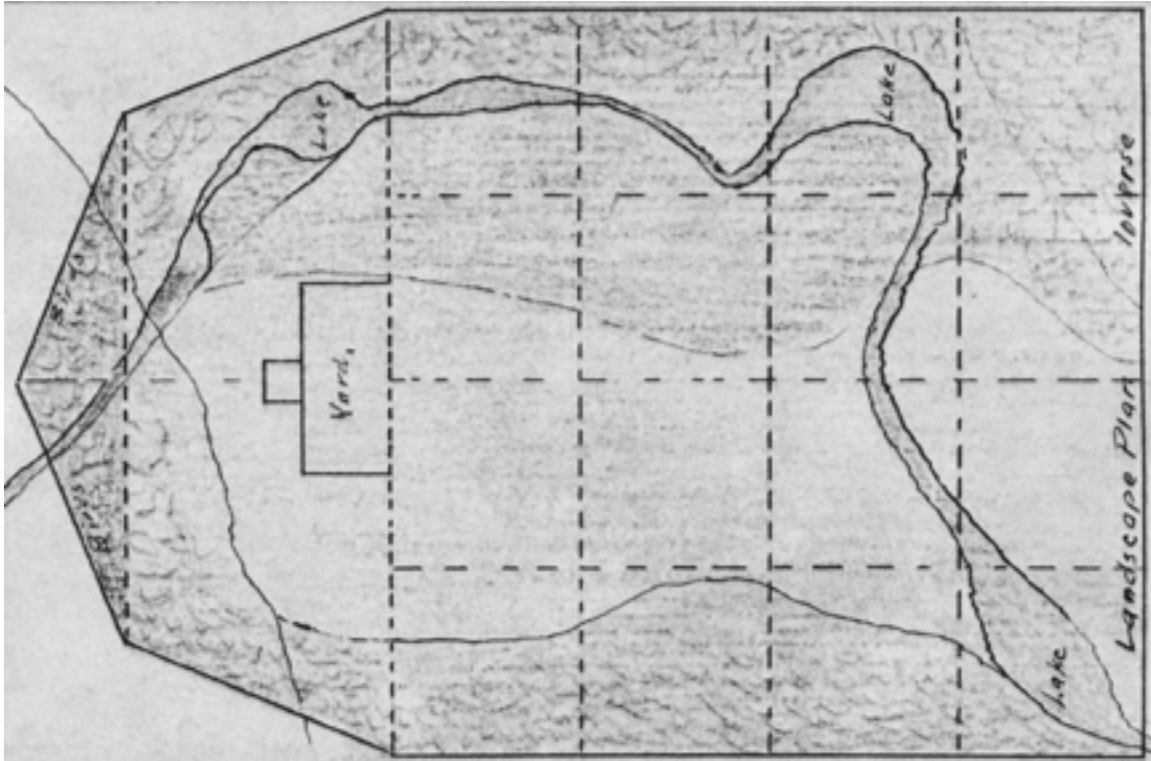


Figure 6. Layout of my home site with orchards and gardens.

area in the point or apex portion of the crystal prism. This present narrative describes what has been done up until 1953.

December 26, 1952. I retired from active work at Boeing.

February 5, 1953. Symptoms of advanced age caused me to further restrict both my physical and mental activities.

### **Boyhood Ambitions Realized**

When developing the ten-acre Oklahoma tract, I decided to lay it out according to my original ideas. This tract was to be given to me by my father on my twenty-first birthday, which was not done. I thought, "Why not follow the original lines and see what comes of it?" I could enjoy it for a while and if later I cared to, it could be changed, or incorporated into some other field, orchard or tract. This ten-acre tract will be completed in time to include everything I had contemplated except the house or residence, the plans for which had never been completed. I will allow it to remain in that state for the present.

## *Jubilee of Faith*

**November 11, 1954**

I had begun to lag at the work of making notes of my trips to Heaven. There seemed to be no particular reason why I should continue. The question arose again in my mind of the advisability of telling these experiences. Those who read them were not reacting in a manner that was very satisfactory to me. Some even told me that they thought the entire matter a pure fabrication. Some even went so far as to say that if what I was telling them was the truth, then all the churches and religions we believe here on Earth are false, and an entirely new conception of our relationship with God would have to be considered.

Also, the making of books by hand, printing them on a typewriter, took time and work. If people did not care one way or another, why should I do it? So for a number of years this second volume of notes just lay untouched, in loose-leaf form, not bound. At first I would make a note of the time and circumstances of some of the visits, to write out in full as I could find time to do so. But finally I quit doing even that. I continued to make the trips to Heaven, but I did not go to the trouble of writing up the experiences. The book just remained incomplete.

Among my notes are the following which had not been completed and which I will not now try to write up. I can not accurately remember, at this time, what happened in enough detail to complete them.

December 13, 1932 I worshipped with Donald Kerr in a congregation in a beautiful temple in the *Great White Throne*. At the conclusion of the service, as they were partaking of Communion, I saw Mrs. Cleveland Kleihauer, our minister's wife who had gone home. After the services we talked with her for a few minutes.

February 19, 1933 I typed the notes for my book. This is the annual reoccurrence of the earthly advent of Jesus, the real Christmas, and is celebrated every year by a four-period service of Jubilee in the *Church of the Savior* in the sixth Heaven. I attended this service during the fourth or last period.

April 10, 1933 I began typing the three copies of my book, "Heavenly Days." This was a jubilee day in Heaven, celebrating the resurrection of Jesus from the grave. It corresponds to Easter in churches on Earth. I attended the services in the morning in the large open-air church.

April 16, 1933 Mrs. Whipple and I took flowers to Acacia Memorial Cemetery and placed them on the grave of Aunt Mary Caven. During the morning watch I had visited her and her twin brother, Joseph Campbell, in their home in *Beulah Land*.

January 19, 1934 is Donald Kerr's 30<sup>th</sup> birthday., I visited him in his home in *Beulah Land*.

Twenty years have passed since I stopped taking notes regarding my frequent visits to Heaven and writing them for inclusion in this book I have called "Heavenly Things." I am now seventy-four years old. I have continued my visits to Heaven even though I have not written about them. Donald Kerr is now fifty years old. He has completed his seventh period of preparation, his Jubilee year, and is entering upon his life's work. He has helped me in the selection of a large home over there. I realize that time is running out for me here on Earth. I do not want to leave this second volume of my experiences unfinished, so I am going to add to it some additional material, type it and bind it into book form for presentation.

This period of about 20 years of comparative silence has not been one of idleness for me, either in Heaven or here on Earth. During this time I have studied at great length, and in much detail, many aspects of the spiritual life of man. This has been done because of a longing to solve some seeming discrepancies between the revealed Word of God and the Bible and the world of science and natural law which lies all about us. At last I have found the solution, and all the pieces drop into place to make a perfect picture of eternal life. But this new material I will reserve for later use. It is sufficient to state here that I have found the material law and spiritual law to be perfectly harmonious natural law. The doubts and questions have been answered.