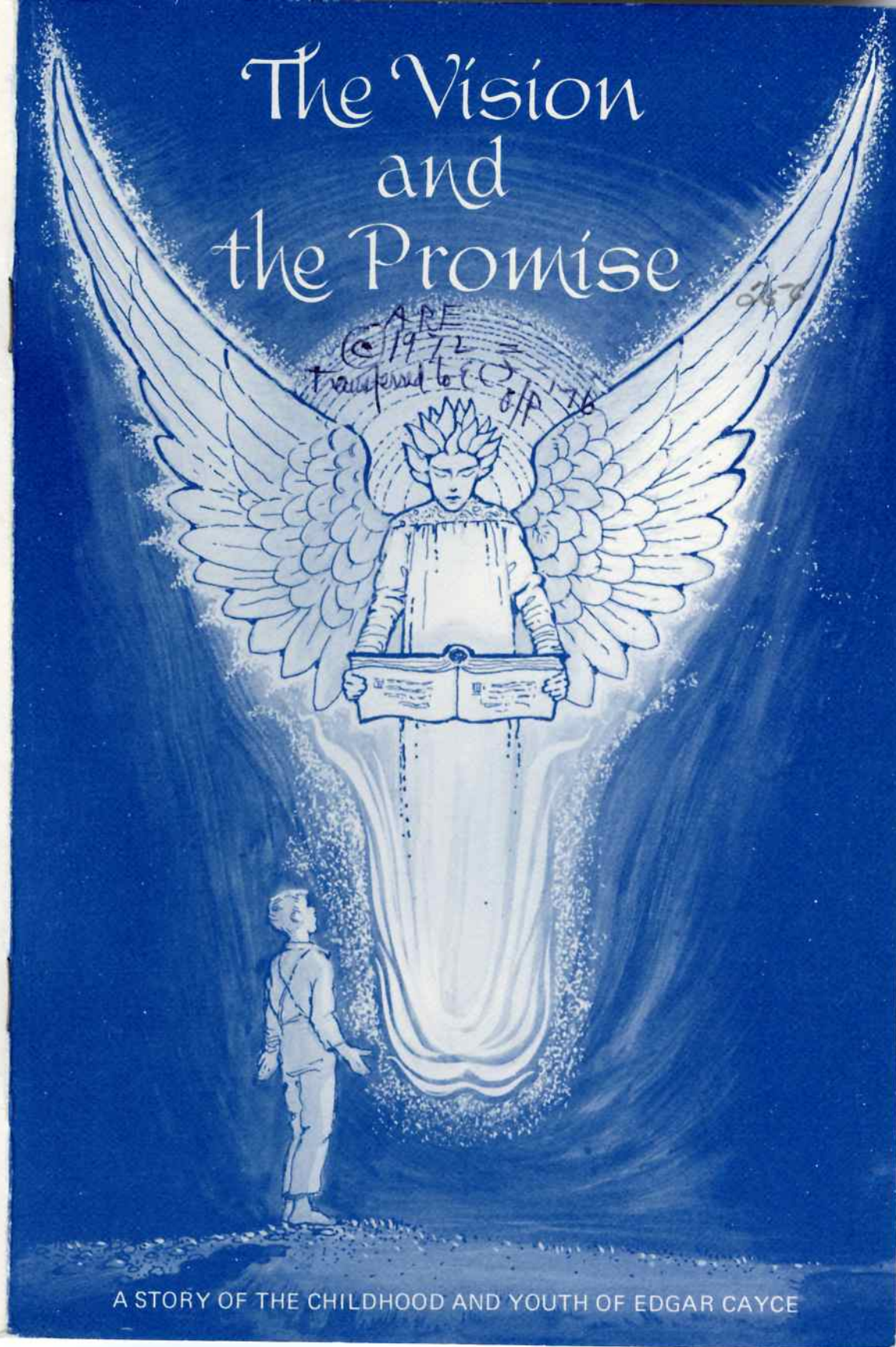




# The Vision and the Promise

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A STORY OF THE CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH OF EDGAR CAYCE



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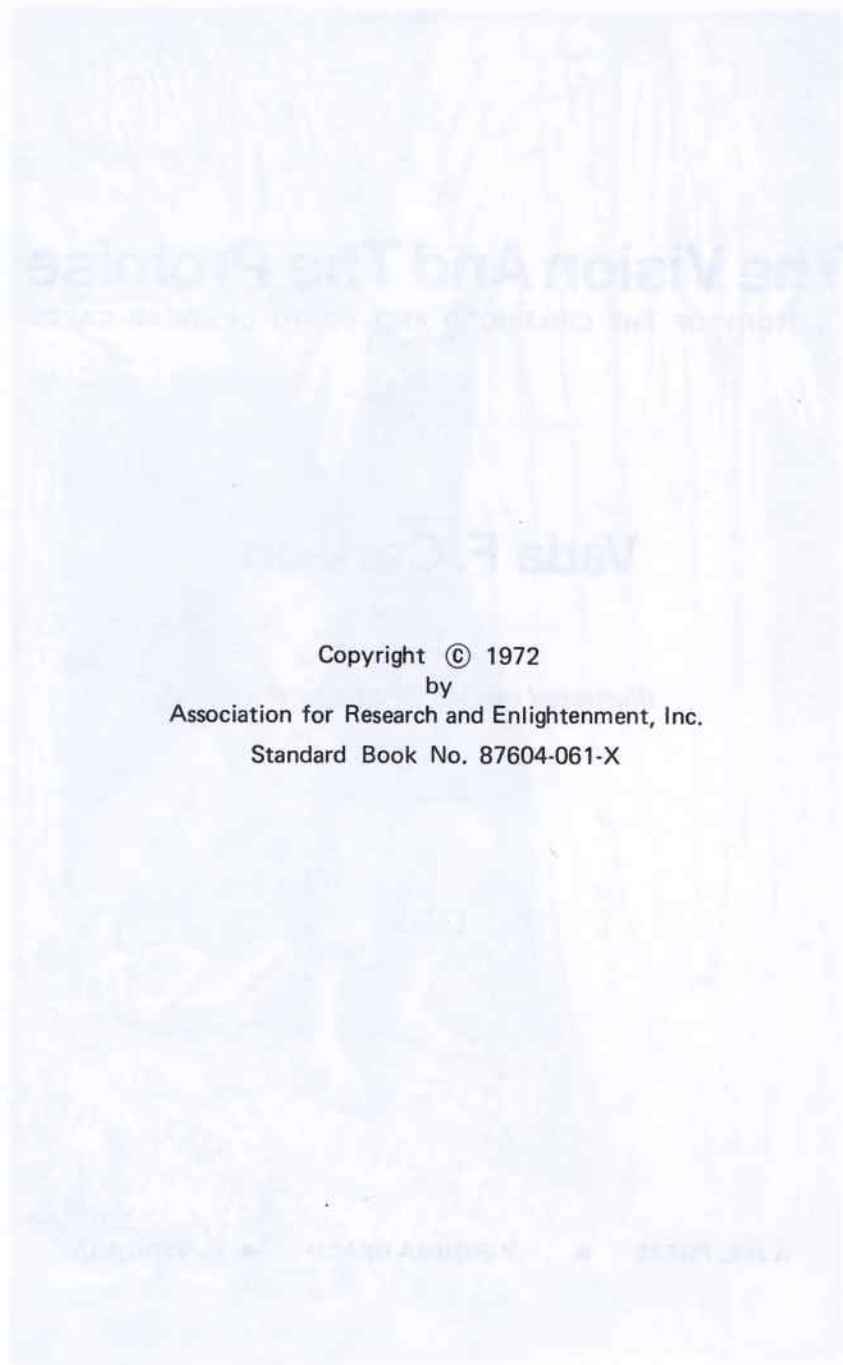
by

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*Illustrated by Edith Ballinger Price*



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# "Old Man"

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Then the heavenly visitor spoke  
"I am the spirit of the great-grandfather's spirit."  
Mrs. Cayce smiled at him tenderly  
One by one Edgar misspelled the words  
Gertrude Evans was the girl of Edgar's dreams

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CHAPTER 1

# "Old Man"

One sunny morning, a long time ago, a little boy played happily in the front yard of his grandfather's farmhouse in Kentucky. Suddenly the *clip-clop* of horses' hoofs and the rumble of a heavy wagon made him forget his play. The familiar sounds told him that someone was driving along the road. He knew all the neighbors and liked them. Jumping up, he ran to the front gate and climbed up on it. As the wagon came near, he waved to the driver and called out a cheery, "Good morning!"

"Mornin', Old Man."

From the high seat of the wagon the neighbor returned the boy's salute. "Right nice to see you."

The boy waited until the wagon rolled on down the road, before he went back to his playthings in the shade of the old maples.

He didn't mind being called "Old Man." He had been called by that nickname as long as he could remember. Of course, he knew he had a real name, and that it was Edgar. Edgar Cayce. But no one called him anything but "Old Man." Not even his father and mother.

Edgar lived with his parents in a small farmhouse near the big one of his grandmother and grandfather, but he spent most of his time with his grandparents. That was because his mother was busy taking care of his baby sisters. He didn't mind, because his grandparents were both very kind to him. At night his grandmother told him stories and in the daytime his grandfather

allowed him to go with him wherever he went.

Edgar was not the only one with a nickname; his father, whose name was Leslie, was called "Squire" by nearly everyone. He was a busy man, Edgar realized, although he didn't know exactly what his father did. He didn't think about it very often. He was content to ride over the tobacco fields, sitting behind his grandfather and asking questions about everything.

Some days his grandfather took him to the tobacco barns, where the big tobacco leaves were stored and dried. Edgar liked the mysterious darkness in the corners and the pungent odor of the harvest. He liked the men who helped his grandfather, and they were also patient and kind with him.

One day Edgar saw his grandfather cutting a forked stick from a hazelwood tree.

"What is that for?" he asked.

"I'm going to dowse a well," his grandfather told him.

"Dowse a well?" Edgar was curious. "How do you do that?"

"Come with me and I'll show you," his grandfather promised, his eyes twinkling.

Edgar ran along behind his grandfather until they reached the stake-and-rider fence that separated the farms. His grandfather vaulted over it, and Edgar was about to crawl through when his grandfather reached down, picked him up, and set Edgar down beside him in the neighbor's field.

"Now the work begins, Old Man," Grandfather Cayce said. "You watch the wand."

Edgar wanted to ask many questions. He wanted to ask why they kept going back and forth across the field, but his grandfather seemed to be thinking of other things. Edgar wanted to ask how the hazelwood twig knew about water and wells, but he decided that his grandfather knew and would tell him, someday, when he had time.

He was very tired when his grandfather stopped suddenly, bent over the wand, which was pointing down and quivering at the tip, and said, "THERE she is!"

Edgar bent to look and saw nothing.

"I don't see her," he piped up. "What does she look like?"

His grandfather chuckled.

"I'm talking about the water. It's down there, right below us. A right good flow of it, too."

Edgar was mystified. He looked at the ground and could not see any signs of water. The ground was dry.

The neighbor was striding toward them, across his field. "Find anything?" he called.

"You'll get a good well here," Edgar's grandfather said.

Edgar wondered how he knew all that, but he trusted his grandfather. If he said there was water down there, there must be water, but — how did he *know*?

After the evening meal, when his grandmother came to read stories from the Bible to him, he told her of his puzzlement.

"When Grandpa dowsed that well, how did the hazelwood stick know where the water was? Grandpa couldn't *see* the water, could he?"

His grandmother gave him a loving hug, and laughed.

"No, dear, of course not, but your grandfather is a very wise man. He knows about farming and raising tobacco and dowsing wells and, oh, ever so many other wonderful things. Don't you ever doubt his wisdom. . . Now, about that well: Grandfather was using a power given to him by the Lord. The stick was only his tool. He's always had that kind of power, and I think maybe you have it, too. He never does things to show off, but just to help people, and he never takes money for helping. He says God Power is nothing to josh about, or to get rich from."

God Power. That sounded like an awful lot of power. Edgar drowsily thought about it after he was tucked in for the night. It would be nice to have some of that power . . .

Next day Edgar felt lonely. He wandered around the farmyard, wishing he had someone nice to play with. There wasn't another little boy nearby, only his sisters.

He set about making himself a little hideout in the bushes and when it was completed he sighed, saying aloud, "I'm lonesome. I *wish* I had someone to play with."

At that moment he thought he saw something stirring near the edge of his shelter. It was a little boy, just his size and about his age. He stared at the little boy and the boy stared back.

"Did you come to play with me?" Edgar asked.

The stranger held out his hand. Edgar walked over and the two walked away, hand in hand. Part of the day was spent along the creek bank where pollywogs were growing into frogs in muddy puddles. Part of it was spent in exploring the machine sheds and pretending to be operators.

After that, the boy came often. Soon he brought other children with him, both boys and girls.

It was disappointing to Edgar that the grownups could not see the "play people" with whom he had so much fun, but Anna Seay, a small girl who lived nearby and sometimes came over to play with him, saw them as well as he did. She and Edgar played happily with them in woodsy places and in the cool shade of the barns.

Edgar's mother believed him when he told her about the invisible children. One day she glanced out the window and saw them waiting in the yard for him.

"Go play with your friends," she told him. "They're waiting."

It made Edgar very happy to know that she, too, could see the children. He shared all his secrets with her. He loved his grandmother, but his mother was the one person in the world who completely understood him.

He told her how one group of the small strangers had refused to play with him and Anna, saying they'd rather play with dragonflies; and how it puzzled him and Anna to see the play people running in the rain without getting wet; and how the visitors always disappeared as soon as grownups came near.

"Who are you talking to?" his father asked him one day when he was having a wonderful time with a lively group of his invisible friends.

"My friends!" Edgar told him.

"Where are they?" Squire Cayce asked.

"Right here," Edgar said, pointing. But they were all gone.

Edgar would have liked very much to have a brother, but the babies at his house were all girls. Dolls were everywhere. The babies cried and demanded altogether too much of his mother's time, Edgar thought. It was only after they were all tucked into their beds that Edgar could turn to her for the love and understanding that she gave so liberally.

One hot day Edgar went riding with his grandfather. When they were nearly home the grandfather stopped his horse near a pond and said, "Slide down, Old Man. I want to give the horse a drink before we go home."

Obediently, Edgar slid off the horse and ran over to a shaded spot nearby. Then a strange and frightening thing happened. His grandfather's saddlehorse suddenly reared up into the air, then bolted across the pond with a great splashing of water, and came plunging back.

Edgar was terrified. He heard his grandfather talking to the horse and saw him pulling at the bridle reins, then the horse made a great leap, throwing Grandfather Cayce into the pond.

Freed of his rider, the horse galloped off toward the barns. Edgar called to his grandfather, waiting for him to get up and wade out of the water, but there was no answer. The horse had struck the old man with his hoofs.

Edgar ran crying to get help; but the men were coming, having seen the riderless horse. They brought Grandfather Cayce out of the water, but they could not save his life. He had been too badly injured.

Edgar could not believe that his grandfather would not get well.

"I needed him. Why did he go away?" he asked his mother. "He was going to teach me to fish and hunt. Now he can't ever do it."

"I wouldn't wonder if he'll try, at least," his mother comforted the boy. "He was mighty fond of you."

Edgar missed his grandfather greatly. Wherever he went he halfway expected to see his grandfather, and one day, as he played in one of the tobacco barns, he did see the kindly old man. Edgar ran over and began talking to him. It didn't seem strange to Edgar that he could see right through his grandfather's body, just as he did the bodies of his playmates.

"Well, Old Man, what have you been doing today?" his mother asked him that evening.

"Visiting with Grandpa in the tobacco barn," he said.

"How nice," she said, not the least bit surprised.

One of his Cayce aunts heard him and thought it was terrible.

"You're a wicked boy," she scolded him. "How can you tell

such lies, when you know your grandfather is dead and buried?"

"But I saw him," Edgar said. "I talked to him, and he talked to me."

The aunt turned to Edgar's mother.

"You'd better do something about this boy," she said. "The idea! Saying he talked to his grandfather and even saw him!"

"Edgar is a truthful boy," Edgar's mother defended him.

"If he says he saw his grandfather he did see him. I don't doubt it at all."

Edgar and Anna went on playing with the little "play" people, who seemed to grow just as they did. When they stopped coming so often Edgar became worried.

"I'd be lonely if they stopped coming altogether," he told Anna.

"Me, too!" Anna said.

Edgar still spent a lot of time with his Grandmother Cayce. She liked to talk to him about Grandfather Cayce and the Cayce uncles, aunts and cousins. The stories she told him were exciting, usually, and sometimes funny. When she was busy, Edgar roamed over the big farm. He loved the smell of the logs burning while the tobacco leaves were "fired." He liked the smokehouse, where a smudge fire of sassafras and hickory was kept burning to cure the hams and the bacon and the sausages. He liked the stalls where the horses were kept and he liked to play on the machinery and in the seed room.

Often, as he visited the dimly lighted barns, he saw his grandfather, busy as usual, but not too busy to smile and say, "Well, if it ain't Old Man!"

"I'm sorry more of us don't have second sight," his grandmother said, when he told her about his visits with his grandfather.

"What's second sight?" Edgar asked her.

"It's seeing things other people can't see," she explained.

"Like your little playmates. You and Anna and your mother see them, but no one else does; yet I know they're there. Your grandfather was a one to see things like that. He had a 'knowing'."

Edgar wondered if he truly had second sight. Maybe, he

thought, that was why his father and his aunts and many of his young friends got so cross with him when he talked about seeing his grandfather and his little friends who appeared and disappeared and seemed to have no real homes of their own, as he had. Second sight: the words sounded good to him, and mysterious. If grandpa had second sight, Edgar was glad he had it, also.

Winter came. The pond froze over. The trees lost their leaves. Edgar had to stay in the house much of the time, and so did his playmate, Anna. Then Anna caught cold and became very ill. When his mother told him Anna had "gone to the angels" Edgar was very sad. He had no one left but his group of invisible playmates.

They came less often as he grew older and about the time he started going to school they no longer came at all. He did not miss them too much. He had other things to interest him. There were young calves and colts and kids on the farm, and raccoons and opossums and foxes with bright eyes and pointed ears in the woods. On good days there was a lot to do outdoors and Edgar didn't like being cooped up in the school room.

His mother did her best to answer all his questions, but his father was impatient.

"Never saw such a child to ask questions," he said. "Now his teacher can do the answering."

Edgar's first teacher was young and pretty and she liked the big-eyed little boy. Her voice was soft and musical and she seemed to understand Edgar and to put her love for children into her teaching. In the spring, when he learned that she would not teach a second term Edgar was very unhappy. The next fall his father sent him to the school by the crossroads near Liberty Church, where Edgar found he had to make new friends.

He had grown tall and he had lost his baby fat. The children in the new school laughed at him when he got up to recite, because he looked so shy and ill at ease. Sometimes the boys pushed and shoved him about, but he did not want to fight with them. He had no desire to hurt anyone.

One of the boys had a cousin who knew Edgar. The cousin told about Edgar's playmates. "Old Man's 'touched' some folks



say," he chuckled. "Used to go around talking to boys and girls that weren't there. Sort of spooky like."

The school children snickered and teased.

"You bring any spooks to school with you? You got your broomstick all saddled and bridled for tonight's hauntin'?"

Tears came to Edgar's eyes at first. It wasn't fair, he thought, but then there was no use screaming at them or trying to fight. At least there were some of them who liked him and would allow him to play with them.

As usual he discussed all his problems with his mother.

"Don't allow it to upset you, dear," she soothed him. "You have something rare and wonderful in your makeup. Only God knows how it happens that some people are able to see more than others. Those people who are different from the ordinary are often mistreated by the others. Do you remember how our Barred Rocks pecked at the little Leghorn chicks we put into the pen with them? . . . Just you be yourself, dear. You are going to grow up to be something special in this world, I'm certain."

"What, do you think?" Edgar probed. "What kind of special work do you think there is planned for me?"

Mrs. Cayce shook her head, but smiled at him tenderly.

"Now, I can't answer that. I can't even imagine what you'll be called to do. Like as not the plan is all laid out and you'll be told, when the time is right."

The new teacher at Edgar's school had no such hope. She was harsh with all the children and from the first day seemed to form a dislike for Edgar. She missed no chance to scold him.

"Stand up straight, Old Man," she'd snap. "Now, speak up."

Awkwardly, Edgar would untangle his long legs and get up. Then, keenly aware of her accusing eyes and sour expression he'd begin stammering out the words. By the time he had read a few lines his face would be flushed, and it was a relief to him when the teacher stopped him.

"Take your seat," she'd sigh. "If you'd stop daydreaming for once, and get right down to studying your assigned lessons, you might learn something."

The more she scolded him the more Edgar withdrew from the school and other children. Sometimes he retired into his invisible shell and no longer heard a word the teacher was saying.



At such times she was apt to rap the desk with her ruler to get his attention and say, "Old Man! Are you deaf? . . . Listen to me."

He would blink at her and answer, "Yes, ma'am, I'm listening." And that was true, but only for the moment.

As soon as school was dismissed, he raced off into the woods. The Cayce home was again near a creek, and in a favorite hiding place Edgar had cached his fishing pole. Worms for bait were easy to dig. When he tired of fishing, he simply roamed among the trees. Sometimes he leaned against the bole of an oak or a maple, trying to hear its growing sounds; sometimes he merely found a grassy spot and sprawled on his back, looking up through the foliage and enjoying the patterns the leaves and branches made against the blue sky.

Older people had so often accused Edgar of asking silly questions that he decided to stop annoying them. However, he didn't stop asking himself questions, although he couldn't answer them.

"Do trees feel the sap coming up from their roots? Do they know what they're doing as they shake out their green leaves and hang them on the twigs and branches? Does it hurt them to be chopped down, and how does the stump feel, with no place for the sap to go?"

The dialogue with himself went on and on, endlessly. There were times when he began to feel that the questions were being considered, deep within himself, and would some day be made clear to him.

He loved the activity of the woods creatures, squirrels racing across dry leaves, birds singing, raccoons washing food in the creek. The water chuckled good-naturedly in the stream and the leaves whispered as they stirred in the breeze. Wet banks and little flowers and reeds and willows gave off interesting scents. Sometimes he felt very far away from home and family, until the neighing of a horse or the mooing of a cow reminded him of their nearness.



## CHAPTER 2

# The Vision

When Squire Cayce accepted the task of teaching the neighborhood school, Edgar was decidedly uneasy. His father was a no-nonsense man. He expected instant obedience, which was not too difficult at home but not easy in school — that is, not for daydreaming Edgar.

"You're my son, but don't expect any favors on that account," the Squire warned Edgar. "I'll take no nonsense from you, Old Man, and you'll get your lessons or I'll know why."

He meant what he said. When he asked Edgar a question he expected a prompt, *and correct*, answer. If Edgar hesitated, stammered, fidgeted, or gave a wrong answer he was rapped over the knuckles with the hardwood ruler. Not gently. Oh, never gently. Edgar's knuckles soon took on a permanent redness and tenderness.

There is always some bright light to take away the darkness; something good to balance the bad. In this case it was the new minister who came to Edgar's church when Edgar was nine years old. He liked the man. The minister did not scowl when Edgar plied him with questions. Instead, he seemed pleased, though surprised at Edgar's curiosity.

"I'll answer your questions as best I can," he said, "but you can find them yourself, in your Bible . . . You do have a Bible, don't you?"

"No, sir, I don't," Edgar told him. "I sure would like to have one of my own."

That night he told his parents all about his talk with the minister.

"He's a good man. He didn't get a bit mad when I told him I didn't understand what he was talking about. He just said I ought to have a Bible of my own." He turned to his father and spoke with feeling. "Pa, I'd sure like to have a Bible. One all my own."

For once his father did not scowl at him. He looked pleased.

"I'm right proud of you, Old Man," he said. "I'll see what I can do about that, next time I go into Hopkinsville." Then he seemed to have second thoughts about it. "If I get one for you, will you try to learn the words? Won't do much good to get one, if you can't read it."

"I'll try," Edgar promised, flushing with excitement. "Yes, *sir!* I'll really try hard to read it."

The next time Squire Cayce went into town he ambled over to the Hopper Brothers bookstore and asked to see some Bibles. He told the proprietors about his son's interest. One of the brothers was touched.

"A boy that wants a Bible all his own should have one," he said and made Edgar a present of one, writing the date in it — January 14, 1887.

When Squire Cayce handed it to Edgar the boy was too happy for words. He hugged it to him, even then realizing that it was the most precious book he would ever own. His eyes filled with tears. Then he ran to his room, to open the book with no one around to witness his emotion.

He was so happy he could hardly bear it. At first, the words might as well have been printed in a foreign language that blurred before his eyes. But, soon, he began reading — slowly and painstakingly — and found a fierce joy in the doing. He did not know how to pronounce the big words. He didn't know what all the words meant, but he kept on reading.

As long as he could remember, Edgar had heard the Bible stories. He had heard them from his mother and grandmother; he had heard them in Sunday School and in church. But, now, slowly absorbing them, he acted them out in his imagination, giving them what almost amounted to a life of their own. He walked and talked with Moses and Elijah and Ruth and poor, suffering Job. But it was the New Testament that most

stirred him. The words of Jesus became his guide.

"I've read the Bible from cover to cover ten times," one of the church elders remarked in Edgar's hearing, and immediately the boy determined to read it through each year of his life.

He told his mother of this decision and she beamed her approval.

"I'll help you," she promised, happy that he had found a new interest. "When you find something you don't understand, you come to me and we'll talk it out. I don't understand it all myself, but we can talk it over and maybe that will help both of us."

Edgar's heart was so filled with joy in his gift that he wanted to do something for the minister as a sign of his gratitude.

"If you'd like to keep the church swept out and the pews dusted, I'd be glad to have your help," the minister told him.

Edgar had his chores to do morning and evening, so this meant he had to get up earlier and work fast. The cleaning was not hard, he did it willingly, and it did not tax his strength too severely.

Squire Cayce was forced to admit that there was no day-dreaming about his son when the lad set his mind to something. What he did not know was that Edgar was driven by his desire to get his work done and get back to his reading of the Bible.

One day, after reading about Jesus and the lepers, Edgar turned to his mother, with a new intentness in his gaze.

"I wish I could heal folks, the way Jesus did," he sighed. "He was so good, wasn't He? Those poor crippled lepers must have felt wonderful to have their sores healed and their skins clean. And just think what the blind man must have thought when his eyes began to see things once more. How he must have loved the Master when he saw flowers and trees and people."

He was still thinking about the blind man when he started out that evening with the other boys of the little community, to get the cows out of the common pasture and take them home to be milked. Without telling the others what he was doing, he closed his eyes, pretending blindness, and stumbled up to the nearest tree. With eyes tightly shut he felt the rough bark, ran his hand along a branch, and fingered some of the leaves.

The boys laughed at him.

"You got some of that spook dust in your eyes tonight, Old Man?" they teased. "What's ailin' you?"

"I just wanted to see what a tree would feel like to a blind man," he said. "You ought to try it. In the Bible it says . . ."

They were not inclined to listen to him, but this did not prevent his dreaming. His heart beat faster when he read about Lazarus. He could imagine the clear voice of Jesus calling, "Lazarus! . . . Come forth!" and the dramatic result.

That spring Edgar built himself a hideaway near the creek, using saplings tied together and roofed with branches of fir, bits of bark and reeds from the stream's edge. He loved to go there, huddle in the doorway, with the stream chuckling and the green willows swaying nearby, and lose himself in the Bible's dramatic stories.

Sometimes his friends strolled over to ask him what he was doing, and to tease him because he was always reading the same book.

"How come? Don't you ever get it read through? What's it got in it that's so interesting?"

"This book's got everything in it," he told them. "I don't understand all of it yet, but I aim to keep on reading it until I do."

One day, while he and some friends talked, a sheep came up the creek to join them. One of the boys drove it away, yelling, "Git out of here. Go on. Git!" And when he returned to the hideaway he said, "Almost forgot to tell you, Old Man. Your ma says to come have some fresh corn cakes and milk."

"Good! I'm sure hungry for corn cakes," Edgar said, carefully placing his Bible in a crotch of the tree near the lean-to he had built.

When he returned he was horrified to see the sheep taking a good-sized bite out of Genesis. The boys thought it very funny, but Edgar was unhappy at having his precious book marred. He was almost provoked to nose-punching anger, until it occurred to him that Jesus would have turned the other cheek.

"You're not like the other boys," his mother always reminded him gently. "You don't think like them. Don't let them provoke you into being untrue to your better nature. Pray for them."

So he prayed for them. "Forgive them, Father; they know not what they do." Jesus had prayed in this fashion and Jesus was his shining example. He had decided he wanted to become a minister. In that event he would need to know how to pray well. It worried him somewhat to realize that he was not perfect; sometimes he shirked his chores until someone reminded him of them. Now and then he rebelled at taking care of his sisters, even for a short time. They were always chattering on about dolls and toys and ribbons, subjects he found infinitely unworthy. Fishing, nature-watching and Bible-reading were his chief interests; he managed to keep away from the house as much as possible in the daytime.

At night, with the younger children asleep, he could claim his mother's full attention. His love for her was without bounds. To hurt her would have been unthinkable, therefore he obeyed her slightest wish at once and without argument.

He no longer missed his grandfather so keenly. He did not haunt the tobacco barns in hopes of seeing the old man at his earthly work, and the fact that the little people had stopped coming caused him no regret. He was growing up. There were other things to do. As he read and reread his Bible, he realized that he could spend a lifetime trying just to understand that one book.

When it dawned on him that the "Temple of God" mentioned in the Bible was his own Self, contained in his own body, he was startled. He had always thought of it as a great golden building with ivory columns, decorated with flashing jewels.

Well! If his own body was the temple, he'd better keep it clean, he decided, and began vigorously scrubbing his hands, elbows, neck and knees.

His mother was amused.

"I'd think you had a girl on your mind," she said, "if you were a mite older. Never knew you to scrub your elbows before." She placed a jar of healing ointment beside the wash basin. "That dirt's been building up for quite a spell. Maybe you ought to take it off little at a time. Oil the scrubbed spots. That will help some."

Edgar didn't mind her gentle teasing. He knew she had his welfare at heart. He could count on her. He asked her many

questions about all sorts of things and she always tried to find answers for them, if she didn't know them at first.

After the sheep incident he was careful to keep his Bible in a safe place, but he was shy about letting the other boys his age see it. He didn't like to be teased about reading it all the time.

One afternoon, secure in being all alone, he sat near the entrance of his hideaway, lost in the reading of the story of Manoah.\* It was exciting. He never failed to be thrilled by the strange event it related.

Manoah was one of the Danites of Old Testament days, the Bible related, and he and his wife were sad because they had no son. One day an angel of the Lord appeared before Manoah's wife. "You will give birth to a son," the angel told her, then gave her rules to observe for the good of the child.

Manoah, who had not seen the angel, prayed that "The Man of God" would reappear and confirm the directions. This he did. Manoah was anxious to show his gratitude. "Stay with us," he begged, "while I kill a young goat to sacrifice in honor of your visit."

"Offerings should be made to God, not to me," the angel told him. "I am only God's messenger."

"Then I will make an offering to God," Manoah said.

He built a roaring fire, then killed the finest young goat in his flock as a sacrifice. As the flames leaped high Manoah and his wife suddenly saw the angel rising skyward in them. It was such an astonishing sight that both of them fell on their faces in the dirt.

"It is true," they told each other. "We have really been visited by a messenger of God."

When their son was born, they named him Samson, Edgar read. Samson grew up to be a very strong person, so strong that he could pull down buildings.

Suddenly Edgar began to feel that someone was near and staring at him. He looked up guiltily, expecting to see his mother, come to remind him of some forgotten chore. But it was not his mother. In a pool of light so bright that it made him blink, there stood an angel. He could hardly believe his

\* Judges: 13

eyes. He rubbed them and looked again. Then the heavenly visitor spoke.

"You have prayed, and your prayers shall be answered," the bright being said. "What would you like most of all? Tell me, that I may give it to you."

Edgar was filled with amazement. For the life of him he could not have moved. His mouth was dry, and he was trembling all over. He wondered if he might be dreaming, but no! It *was* an angel. He could see the shadow of her wings on the ground.

It seemed to him that a long time passed while she stood waiting in that great light for his answer. He knew he must speak, or she would vanish and come no more. But, what did he really want most of all. To be a minister? Or what? What was his *greatest-of-all-wish*? To be, like the disciples, a follower of Jesus? He took a deep breath. As from a great distance he heard the words that came so hesitantly from his lips: "I would like to help people. I especially want to help children get well if they are sick."

The glow faded. The angel was gone.

The Bible fell from Edgar's lap. He sat in a stupor.

*No one will ever believe me,* he thought. *They'll say it was because I'd been reading about Manoah.*

His head was in a whirl. He could hardly believe it himself. Had he just imagined it? He had to talk to someone, right away. Snatching up his Bible he sprinted toward the house, and burst into the kitchen wild-eyed and breathless.

"Mother," he panted, "I've got to talk to you, right away!"

His mother took one look at his pale, awe-stricken young face and sent the little sisters outdoors to play.

"Sit down, Old Man," she said calmly, "and tell me what ails you."

He told her everything. What he had been reading. How he had felt that someone was looking at him, and how the angel's words were like sweet music.

"Can it be true? Do people really see angels? I know they did in Bible days, but do they now? Have I been reading the Bible too much?"

"I know what worries you," his mother said, "but your mind

is sound. I believe you did see an angel. Listen to this."

She took the Bible from his hands and opened it at the Gospel of St. John.

" . . . Verily, verily," she read, " 'I say unto you, whatsoever you shall ask the Father in My name, He will give it you. Hitherto have ye asked nothing in My name: ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full.' "

She closed the book and smiled at him.

"This must be a joy to you, and not a trial to worry over. There's nothing wrong in having prayers answered. We pray, *believing* the prayers will be answered, don't we?"

"Yes," Edgar agreed. "But what does it really mean? I told her I wanted to help people, especially sick children, but how am I supposed to do it?"

"I wish I could tell you," his mother said thoughtfully, "but I don't know. I expect the way will be opened up for you. You'll be shown how, if this is what you are to do; but it may not be right away. You'll have to be patient. It could be you are going to be a missionary, or a preacher, or a doctor for children. Or even a teacher, because a good teacher can certainly help a lot of people. There are children all over the world that need help of one kind or another. Sick ones need to get well. All of them need to learn about Jesus, the Christ, and God, the Father."

Edgar took a deep breath. He could imagine himself struggling through a jungle, taking medicine to sick children in a village of straw-thatched huts.

"I wouldn't mind being a missionary," he said. "But I'm too dull in school to ever be a teacher, and I don't think people would want to listen to the sermons I'd want to preach. Does it take a long time to learn to be a good doctor?"

"It's not a matter of having to do it all today," his mother said, rising and giving him a loving pat on the shoulder. "After all, you know charity begins at home and first things come first, so stop mulling this over and get at your chores . . . The egg bucket's on the porch. Go see how generous our old hens have been today."

Edgar did his chores that afternoon in a glorious daze, feeling as though he were walking on a cloud. She was real! The angel

was real. He hadn't dreamed her. And she had made him a promise. A precious promise that must be kept a secret between himself and his mother.

The wonder and the glory lasted all evening. Edgar went to bed still bedazzled. He could not close his eyelids without seeing an image of that light-drenched figure with the wings. For a long time he lay and wondered what was in store for him, and when he would begin to find out how to claim the promise.

The next day he went to school, tired and more than usually listless. His father was no longer teaching, but instead running a small crossroads store. Leslie's brother, Lucian, had taken over his task, and Lucian had no love for Edgar, nor patience with him. His idea of teaching was to administer a good strapping now and then, to remind his pupils of his authority.

When the spelling class lined up across the end of the room that day Edgar's mind was filled with everything except knowledge of the words he would be asked to spell. One by one the children repeated the word, then spelled it, until it was Edgar's turn.

"Cabin," said his Uncle Lucian.

"Cabin," Edgar repeated "K—" The others tittered.

"K-A-B-U-N."

His uncle rapped him on the shoulder with the long, rubber-tipped ruler.

"Young man!" he snapped. "Stay after school and write the word 'cabin' five hundred times." His face was red with anger. "Now go to your seat. What a stupid boy you are. I swear! You'll never learn anything."

Five hundred times. Edgar was stunned. He wrote slowly and laboriously. It would take him forever to write the word that many times. His father would be furious. He'd have no time for chores.

Never had the boy felt more worthless, or more miserable.

Supper was not a cheerful meal at the Cayce home that evening. Leslie Cayce was very angry.

"You're a disgrace to the family," he scolded. "But I *know* you can do better if you try. You're smart in some ways;

especially in asking questions it would take a Philadelphia lawyer to answer. Tonight you'll get that spelling lesson, letter-perfect, or you'll answer to *me*."

The little sisters lovingly helped do some of the chores. Afterward Edgar was called into the parlor by his father.

"I'll give you ten minutes to study this page," the Squire said, shoving the spelling book into Edgar's hands. "And I expect you to know every word of your lesson."

Edgar sighed. After the boring task of writing the word cabin five hundred times he was very tired, but he knew his father's strong will. He lifted the book and tried to concentrate on his spelling lesson, more aware of the ticking of the old clock than of the words on the printed page.

The ten minutes sped past. Squire Cayce came in and took the book from Edgar's hands. One by one he pronounced the words. One by one Edgar misspelled them.

Squire Cayce shook his head. Edgar looked up at him and was worried by his father's expression of disapproval.

"I'll give you just one more chance," Squire Cayce said, laying the book on the table beside the boy. "Just. . . one. . . more!"

*I'll never be able to learn that lesson*, Edgar thought, and in despair gave up trying. It was then that a voice spoke, somewhere inside him. It was a gentle voice he had heard once before, and it said, "Sleep a little and we can help you."

It was the voice of the lady of the vision and the promise.

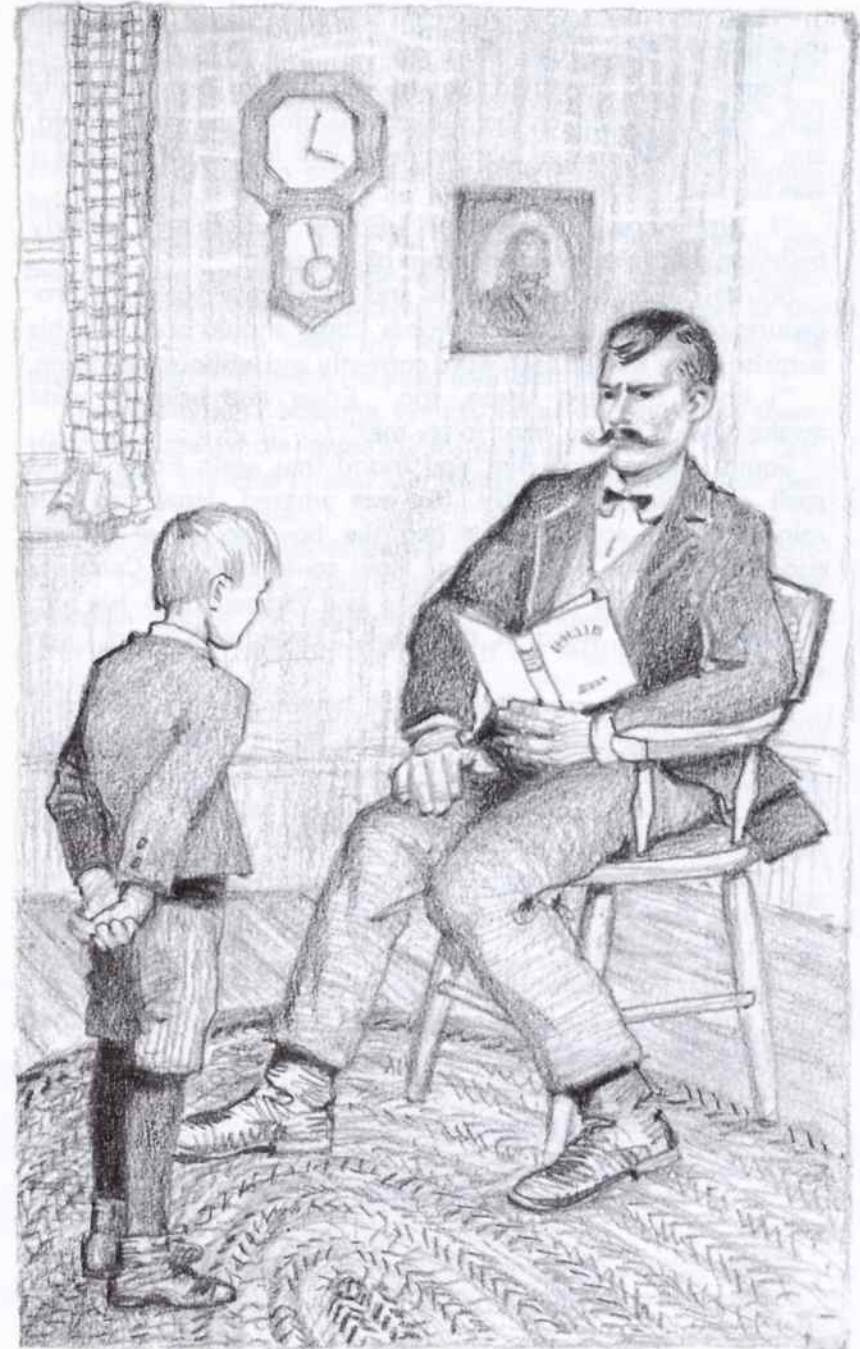
Squire Cayce had gone to the kitchen for a drink of water. Quickly, Edgar leaned forward. He laid his head against the book and closed his eyes. Instantly he fell asleep. He was still sleeping when Squire Cayce returned.

"You are supposed to be studying; not sleeping," Squire Cayce scolded.

"I know," Edgar said cheerfully, instantly fully awake. "But I can spell the words now. All of them. Ask me."

"Do you mean to tell me you've been *pretending* you couldn't spell them, all this time?" Squire Cayce was evidently greatly annoyed, but now Edgar was too assured to be afraid.

"No, Pa!" Edgar exclaimed, his face flushed with relief. "I really couldn't spell them before, but now I can."



"How do you know you can?" Squire Cayce asked, still doubting the boy. "Have you tried?"

Edgar looked mystified, but he was sure of one thing: the lady had promised to help him, therefore she *had* helped, and if she had helped him to learn his lesson, of course it was learned.

"I just know," Edgar said simply, but firmly, utterly believing that he knew every word of his lesson.

Squire Cayce took the book and began over again the procedure of pronouncing the words Edgar should spell. To his surprise Edgar spelled each word correctly and without hesitation.

"I know the next lesson, too," Edgar said brightly, wide awake now. "Do you want to try me?"

Squire Cayce tried him and found that again Edgar could spell each word correctly. He was amazed. How had this miracle come about? Why had the boy, so dense before, suddenly become so knowing? How could this be? Certainly something strange and astounding had happened to his son.

"Ask me any word in the book," Edgar said, "and I can spell it."

Squire Cayce turned the pages at random, asking questions, but at no time was Edgar at a loss. He not only knew the words; he also knew the pictures that decorated each page. At last Squire Cayce closed the book and sat back, solemnly regarding his excited, pink-cheeked son.

"You must have known those words all the time," he said. "Tell the truth, Old Man: did you just want to get out of doing what I told you to do?"

"Honest, Pa, I didn't know the words," Edgar assured him. "I'm not telling you lies. It was when I slept on the book that I learned them. Please, Pa, believe me."

Squire Cayce had never heard of such a thing before. It was beyond him. Abruptly he said, "Go to bed."

Edgar snatched up the book and ran upstairs. He slipped the book beneath his pillow before he crawled between the covers.

"Thank you, dear lady," he whispered, closing his eyes. "Thank you for keeping your promise."

From that night on school life changed for Edgar. Instead of being the dullest boy in his class he became a brilliant scholar. At first it was in spelling that he outshone his classmates, but the triumph was so pleasing to him that he began to think of raising his grades in other subjects. He took his schoolbooks home with him.

*If the angel could help me with spelling, he thought, she may be willing to help me with arithmetic and geography.*

"Please help me," he prayed, thinking of the vision at the creek, "I need to learn my lessons." Then, confidently, he placed the book beneath his head and went to sleep.

The results were amazing, even to Edgar who expected them. He could see whole pages of his geography lesson next day. The maps, the charts, and the words of each page were perfectly clear in his mind.

"I must say that slow learner of yours has done an about-face," Uncle Lucian told Squire Cayce. "Just all at once he snapped out of his daydreaming. He shows a great deal of smartness now. Wouldn't wonder if he finally turned out to amount to something."

Squire Cayce thought that over. He was still puzzled about the episode of the spelling lesson. One evening he called Edgar aside and said, "Old Man, what's the trick? How is it you get your lessons now, without trouble, when you used to fail most of the time?"

"There's no trick," Edgar said solemnly. "I just sleep on the books and next day I know what's in them."

"How do you know?" Squire Cayce insisted. "If you don't study the lesson, how can you know it?"

"I just *know* it," Edgar insisted. "When I wake up I can see it. In my mind. It is plain as day to me. And that's all there is to it."

Squire Cayce stroked his drooping mustaches.

"Craziest thing I ever heard of," he muttered. "I do hope you're in your right mind, son."

Edgar felt a chill of fear race over him.

"So do I," he said. "It is sort of a crazy thing to do, I guess, but it works."

He was so disturbed that he was tempted to tell his father



about the vision. However, his mother had warned him not to talk about that experience. He had never mentioned it to another soul. He knew how his father must feel, because who ever heard of people sleeping on a book and knowing all about what was in it next day? He wanted to tell his father that the gift shouldn't be mentioned to anyone else, but he didn't and his father did tell others. Soon it was all over the neighborhood.

When school began in the fall, the teacher — a stranger — called Edgar to his desk and began questioning him before the entire student body.

"I've been talking with your father," the teacher said. "He told me how you have changed from a poor scholar into a very good one. He says you sleep on your books and that, somehow, what is in them is transferred into your mind. That seems a bit hard to swallow. Suppose you tell us about it."

Edgar turned pale, then beet red. He wished his father had kept still about his learning ritual. The other children were looking at him, ready to burst into laughter, he knew. Besides, he had a feeling that no matter how true his words were, no one would really believe him. He tried to make it short.

"I don't understand it, myself," he said. "Maybe it sounds silly, or something, but it works and I'm glad, because I get my work done now."

The children were snickering but the teacher rapped for silence.

"Well," he drawled, "I wouldn't call it silly exactly. Strange, yes, and unusual. Evidently you have a real gift of some kind, and you should value it and not misuse it . . . You may return to your seat."



### CHAPTER 3

## Onward

Edgar was in his sixteenth year when he suffered an accident that was to begin a new way of life for him. While playing ball with the other boys at school he was hit on the end of the spine as he slid to base.

It didn't hurt very badly, but it made him feel a little odd. He had always been well behaved in school, but now he began giggling and squirming and throwing spitballs, until the teacher scolded him. He clowned all the way home, to the amusement of his schoolmates.

He stopped the teams of farmers by running into the road and waving his arms. He rolled on the ground and made funny faces. When he got home he began tormenting his little sisters. He made a face at his father and was finally sent to bed.

Once in bed he changed from silliness to seriousness.

"If you'll make a poultice of cornmeal, onions and herbs," he told his worried parents, "and put it at the base of my brain I'll be all right in the morning. I'm in a state of shock from being hit."

"Do you suppose he knows what he's saying?" Squire Cayce asked Edgar's mother. "The way he talks, you'd think he was a doctor. How does he know what will cure him?"

Mrs. Cayce was as puzzled as her husband.

"I don't know," she admitted, "but at least it won't do any harm to try the poultice. I'll go fix it."

Edgar fell asleep as soon as the poultice was applied. He cried out a time or two in the night, as though he were in pain,

but in the morning he awoke feeling quite well. He stared at the relatives gathered at his bedside and wondered why they looked so concerned.

They told him about the ball game and the injury but he shook his head.

"I don't remember a thing about it," he said and started to get out of bed.

They pushed him back.

He laughed at them.

"What's the matter? I'm not sick," he declared.

"Did you ever hear of a case like this?" Squire Cayce asked the others at the bedside. "Diagnoses his own ailment. Prescribes the cure, and can't remember a thing about it."

No one was quite sure what kind of a lad Old Man was. He was an odd one, for sure. No run-of-the-mill youngster, but whether that was good or bad they couldn't decide.

Mrs. Cayce tried to protect her son from the thoughtlessness of her husband and others. Squire Cayce liked to tell newcomers to the crossroads store about the boy's strange gifts, while in her quiet way Mrs. Cayce tried to make it clear that such unusual traits were neither to be ashamed of, nor to be puffed up about. Personally, she thought it wonderful, however mystifying it might be, that Edgar was developing in that manner.

At sixteen Edgar was large enough to do a man's work and he was expected to take a job when school was out. His Uncle Lee was farming the old Cayce place for Grandmother Cayce. He asked Edgar to work for him and Edgar accepted happily. He liked outdoor work; it would be good to be employed by someone less demanding than his own strong-willed father. Besides, when the day's labor was finished, he could go at once to his grandmother's room and relieve his mother, who took care of the little invalid during the day.

Edgar enjoyed his grandmother as much as ever and loved to hear her tell the familiar stories of the past. Through those long, rambling conversations he had learned much about his ancestors and the part they had played in the early days of Tennessee, Kentucky and Virginia. Cayces had fought in both the Revolution and the Civil War. One of them had been named

Shadrach, after the Shadrach of the Bible. One of Shadrach's sons, named Pleasant, had founded the town of Cayce in Kentucky.

One day Grandmother Cayce sent Edgar out into the yard to pick a peach from a tree planted by Grandfather Cayce years before.

"It's the last peach I'll ever eat from that tree," she declared, when he peeled the peach and gave it to her. "Now I want you to take the pit and go out and plant it somewhere, in memory of your grandfather."

"Do you suppose it'll grow?" Edgar asked.

"Oh, it'll grow," Grandmother Cayce told him confidently. "It'll grow for Grandpa. You'll see. He had a green thumb. Shucks! He had a green *hand*. He could plant anything and it would grow for him. He had other powers, too, Old Man, and you inherited some of them. Maybe not the very same ones, but God-given, whatever they be.

"I never knew him to sleep on books, the way you do, but he could see people that had passed on. He used to tell me it takes a sharp eye to see them, and you've got that kind of eye. He saw them the way you used to see him in the tobacco barns. The way you used to see the little people who came to play with you. It takes a special kind of seeing, I grant you. Be sure you use those powers for good."

"I'll try," Edgar promised. "I want to help people. I'd especially like to help children and sick people. Mostly I'd like to help sick children get well."

"You'll do it!" his grandmother said, with full faith in him. Her loving belief in him tempted him to tell her about the vision and the promise, but he held the words back. He had assured his mother he would keep it a secret and he kept his promise.

"Sometimes," he confided, "I wonder if this power, as you call it, could be used to do harm to someone. I'd rather not have it if it could be made to do the Devil's work."

"Good men always worry about that," the old lady said, smiling. "It's people who are tools of the Devil who never worry about what they do. Right or wrong, they don't care. I'd say the Devil can't speak through a righteous man."

"Remember about the 'many mansions' in your Father's House? Well, I say as long as you're in your Father's House you don't need to worry about which roof you are under."

She died that summer. Edgar missed her very much but he knew she was all right. Grandpa Cayce would see to her welfare, he felt.

Edgar met many neighborhood girls at church and at the community picnics and get-togethers, but he had no desire to spend his time with any of them until the summer he was sixteen. The four little sisters — Annie, Mary, Ola and Sara — had been a trial to him as he was growing up. He had often felt smothered by their frills and ruffles and ribbons, as well as by their emotional outbursts of tears or giggles.

On the other hand he had not cared deeply for the activities the other boys his age indulged in. He did not like to wrestle or fight. He didn't even like to watch horse racing or cockfights, and he left any gathering when the men began heated discussions of politics.

He had a pattern all his own, but suddenly the pattern was shattered. A girl was the cause of it.

He decided he must be in love. He was happy when he could sit beside this pretty person in church, and when she allowed him to walk her home, along a romantically shaded country lane, he was sure that she was interested in him.

Because of her, he broke his promise to his mother.

One day, as they walked, he took her to the place where he had built the lean-to and told her about his early love of the Bible and his great experience of seeing the vision.

The girl laughed at him.

"I don't believe a word of it," she said scornfully. "Ghosts and visions and stuff! No one believes in that sort of thing. You're teasing me."

This attitude shook Edgar severely. Still he persisted in liking her to the point of wanting to marry her, when they were older.

"I expect to be a preacher, with a church of my own," he confided. "Then I'll be making enough money to have a good home and a garden, and flowers, and —"

The girl cut him short.

"I wouldn't be a preacher's wife for anything," she yawned. "It wouldn't be any fun. I want to go to dances and parties, with lots of people. I wouldn't think of marrying anyone that wanted to talk about the Bible all the time. And all that about invisible people and angels coming — I'd hate having my husband talk about things like that. You know, Old Man, my pa even says you're not right in the head."

The last sentence was such a shocker that Edgar came to his senses. It dammed his flow of words and brought an abrupt end to his fancied love affair.

He walked the girl home and told her goodbye. On the way to his own home he reviewed the times he had been with her. *Shucks!* he told himself, *her folks never so much as offered me a drink on a hot day.*

That night he had a vivid dream. He was walking with a girl whose face was hidden by a veil. They crossed a small stream and saw, on the other side, a man the color of bronze. A shining figure, he was, with glittering wings at both shoulders and ankles, and he came to them carrying a cloth of gold which he draped over their joined hands.

"Together you will accomplish much," he told them, "but very little alone."

"Do you think it means anything?" he asked his mother in the morning.

She thought about it for a little while, then said, "I think it may mean you have not yet found the girl you will marry. You don't know her face as yet. And I think that, whoever she is, you were made for each other and you'll both know it when you meet. Maybe you are already walking together in your soul life. It was a beautiful dream. I think you'll remember it the rest of your life."

Winter came, and with it the last of Squire Cayce's interest in farming. He moved his family to Hopkinsville, where the girls would have a better school life and more activities.

"I'm going to open an office and sell insurance," he told Edgar. "How about you, Old Man?"

Edgar thought about the future. More schooling would be a good thing, but he didn't like the idea of living in town.

"I'll drive the cow in for you," he told his father, "and see what the place looks like."

It was a long slow journey but he didn't mind the walk. It gave him time to think. That night he strolled down the center of town and looked around.

"This is not for me," he told his father. "Not yet."

He caught a ride back to the farm the next day. Seriously he thought about his future. If he were to become a preacher, he'd need more schooling, but first he wanted to pile up a little money of his own. He knew that he could make good grades in school, with the help of the lady of the vision, but on the other hand he could make money working for his uncle, and teach Sunday School while he learned more about the Bible. It was the angel who changed all his plans in a flash.

He was plowing one of his uncle's fields when something on the plow suddenly broke. He stopped the mules and knelt to see what had happened. He was on his knees, making the necessary repair, when he sensed that someone was beside him, looking down at him. He was sure it was the angel. He became absolutely still, waiting in the brightness, for her to speak to him.

The voice came like the most beautiful music: "Go to your mother. She needs you. Go, and things will be well for you."

Edgar knew that he must obey. He packed his belongings and set off afoot for Hopkinsville, his Bible in one hand.

His mother was happy to have him at home again, but Edgar found very little to do. He was used to rising early to do his chores, but in town people got up late and started work at an hour when farm work would have been well under way. Edgar took upon himself the task of milking the cow, morning and night, and taking her to and from the area along the creek where there was plenty of grass. He also got a job in a bookstore.

One night, when he went after the cow, he saw a man sitting on a stump beside the creek, reading the Bible. He stopped and introduced himself.

"I see you're reading my favorite book," he said.

"I'm Dwight L. Moody," the man said, "and it's my favorite book also."

"Dwight L. Moody! The evangelist?" Edgar said, greatly

impressed.

"Yes," the famous preacher admitted, smiling. "I'll be preaching at the auditorium this evening. I hope you'll come."

"We'll all be there," Edgar promised, "but I'd like to talk to you alone. You see, I've thought about becoming a preacher, myself."

"Could you meet me here in the morning?" asked Mr. Moody. "I like to watch the day begin in a quiet spot like this. I could talk to you then." Edgar agreed at once.

The Cayces went to the meeting that evening and enjoyed the message Moody gave, but Edgar's thoughts kept turning to the expected meeting in the morning.

Moody came, as he had promised, and Edgar was waiting for him. Once they had exchanged greetings Moody gave Edgar the opening he wanted.

"Have you ever had a religious experience?" Moody asked.

Edgar hesitated only a second; just long enough to ask himself if it would be wrong to tell the stranger about the vision. Deciding that it was the right and only thing to do, he told the story of this and also that of the dream of the man with the golden wings.

"Sometimes I wonder about all this," he confessed. "People have always called me strange. Some have come right out and said I must be 'touched.' It has caused me a lot of worry. I'd be glad to know what you think about it."

"Some people are not sincere when they make such claims," Moody told Edgar. "But I'm sure you actually heard voices and saw visions. Young man, you certainly are neither stupid nor crazy. You say you have read your Bible many times. Then you know that God has often spoken to people. He spoke to Miriam and Aaron. He spoke to Moses. Jesus walked and talked with God."

"I hope you won't mind if I ask you if *you* have ever heard voices," Edgar said, speaking rapidly for fear he'd lose his courage.

Moody smiled.

"Yes. One night, in Cleveland, a voice told me clearly to go to London, England. It seemed strange to me. The people who had brought me to Cleveland said it was insane for me to go,

but I went. I didn't know what to do when I got there.

"Well, I was wandering down one of the poorer streets when I heard a little girl singing. She had such a sweet voice that I was drawn to her. I went up the stairs to tell her how much I enjoyed the song and she recognized me at once. 'I've been praying that you would come,' she said.

"She was lame . . . There in that dingy apartment, I began my ministry in England."

Edgar was filled with a great excitement.

"Do you think I'm worthy to do God's work?" he asked. "I don't have much education, but I plan to go back to school and learn more."

"Jesus didn't go to the colleges for his disciples," Moody told the eager young man. "If God wants you to serve him, Edgar, I'm sure he'll point the way."

That was an important day for Edgar. In the midst of his day-dreaming he realized that he was no longer a boy. He had grown up. He was a man. But he doubted that he was meant to be a preacher. Maybe God had other work for him to do. He seemed to be lost in a maze and he wondered if he'd ever see the way out.

Edgar liked his work at the bookstore. The proprietors were considerate and appreciated his interest in books. They gave him a small salary and bought him a new suit.

One morning a girl drove up in a buggy and waved to him. Edgar went outside to talk to her.

"Hello, Old Man," she called out. "It's good to see you again."

Edgar shook hands with her, saying, "And it's good to see you, Ethel. Are you still teaching school in the country?"

"Not right *now*," she laughed. "I'm just having fun during vacation. I heard you were working here, so Gertrude and I drove down to invite you to a party." She turned to the dainty young girl beside her. "Gertrude, this is — My goodness — I have never even heard your real name. What is it, Old Man?"

"It's Edgar," the young man said, "and I'm glad you made a point of it. Edgar Cayce."

"He's from down where I taught school," Ethel told her friend. "Edgar Cayce . . . And this is Miss Evans."



Miss Gertrude Evans acknowledged the introduction, but she did not seem particularly interested, or so Edgar thought.

"We're having a party at the Salter place tonight," Ethel went on, "and we'd be proud to have you come . . . Wouldn't we, Gertrude?"

"Yes," Gertrude said, looking at Edgar for an instant, then turning away.

"You know where the place is," Ethel said cheerily, clucking to the horses and urging them into action with a slap of the lines. "Up on the hill."

That was the beginning of a romance that led to marriage. Gertrude Evans was the girl of Edgar's dreams. Some day the dreamed-of cloth of gold would be laid over their hands, if he had his way.

However, before he and Gertrude were married, Edgar had a strange experience that was to prepare him for a long life of helping humanity: he discovered that he could put himself to sleep, and while in a self-imposed trance, diagnose illnesses.

It was not long after this discovery that he was asked to give a trance reading for a five-year-old girl, Aime Dietrich, who had been seriously ill for three years. Her parents had been told that she could not be healed, but they wanted Edgar to try to help her.

In his trance state, Edgar told the parents how Aime had been injured and how she could be healed. They followed his advice and the little girl was soon completely well.

Edgar's mother was very happy. "Your shining lady of the promise has kept her word," she told Edgar. "She has indeed granted your wish to help sick children get well . . . I always knew you'd use that gift of yours for good."

The "farm boy" began, from that day on, to help thousands of people, old and young, to better health and a better understanding of their spiritual needs as well.

The vision and the promise — so long treasured — were indeed being fulfilled.



The book *There Is A River* made the world's readers aware of the wonderful gifts of Edgar Cayce. Its title came from one of his favorite Psalms — the 46th.

*God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.*

*Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea;*

*Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.*

*There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High . . .*

*Be still, and know that I am God.*

