***Edgar Cayce  
  
Things Befitting the Gospel, No. 1 - PH27-02  
  
Advanced Bible Doctrine - Philippians 1:27***

We want to continue with Philippians 1:27. Paul says that Bible doctrine is the thing that will enable the believers to strive together as members of a team for the cause of the gospel, and the body of revealed truth which the gospel of Christ represents. I want to take you to a contemporary (non-biblical) example of the presence of supernatural powers which comes from Satan, but which are attributed to God.

**Edgar Cayce**

This has to do with a man named Edgar Cayce. He is a contemporary example, though now dead. He died January 3rd, 1945. College students have, for quite a while now, been on the kick of Edgar Cayce. He popularized the idea of the universal mind existing, through which people can receive personal powers and guidance. Thus, many seeking contact with this universal mind have been led into communication with demons.

It was Edgar Cayce who taught the idea of reincarnation of souls. He taught this as the process by which people achieve what we call salvation. It has been a concept which has been accepted by some very famous people, not the least of which was one of the finest generals that we've ever had in the United States military force--the general which the Germans feared above all the American generals in the European theater of operations, General George Patton. Patton believed in reincarnation. He was a great Bible reader. Whether he was a believer or not is another story, but he did hold to reincarnation, an idea popularized by Edgar Cayce.

This information that Edgar Cayce received while he was under trance has regularly been confirmed. Often, the information he gave, particularly in medical realms, was far in advance of what medicine had achieved up to his time. Years later, what he had said was discovered indeed to be the answer to some particular ailment. 30,000 diagnoses are on record, and these are being analyzed in order to bring together the information he gave for dealing with various illnesses--the prescriptions which he supplied.

Consequently, the religious influence of Cayce has been something fantastic. This is because, as you might expect, a man who could be so right in dealing with people's physical needs eventually would be a man that somebody would come and ask theological questions of--information about God; about our souls; about where we're going; and, about what life is all about. I'm going to try to brief you here on what he had to say. What he had to say was contrary to what we have revealed in the Word of God. This gave Cayce a great deal of agony because he was a good man. He was a believer, as such, in the Bible. He was a Sunday school teacher, and at one time he planned to go into the ministry. Consequently, to be given ideas that were in conflict with the Word of God was a great problem for him until he resolved it as being information above and beyond the Scriptures that was coming to him. That's where he made his fatal mistake.

We could not fault the instructions; the teachings; or, the ideas of Edgar Cayce relative to things that he said were going to happen in human history which did happen. His solutions to people's physical problems worked. However, we can fault him upon what he revealed through the demon spirits who were performing good through the good side of the old sin nature of people--demon spirits who were performing good, but who at this point, when it came to spiritual things, began to lie to him. The only way we know that they were lying to him is because we have the standard of the Word of God.

I hope I'm going to be able to build up an awesome respect in your minds for what Cayce could do. I want you to be so staggered by what he could do that you'll almost feel that maybe God was working through him. If I get you to think that way, then I think you will be prepared to cope with the white magic which is being performed through the charismatic movement today, which is not of God, but which is the same kind of thing that Cayce was doing. Unless you look at the Word of God and make your comparison there, you'll be led down the primrose path.

This was a man who tried to do good through his psychic powers. He reminds us of Matthew 24:24-25 where we read, "For there shall rise false Christs and false prophets and shall show great signs and wonders, insomuch that if it were possible, they shall deceive the very elect. Behold I have told you before." The same caution was apparently very much impressed upon the minds of the disciples because it's repeated in Mark 13:22: "For false Christs and false prophets shall rise and shall show signs and wonders to seduce, if it were possible, even the elect. But take heed. Behold, I have foretold you all things.

So the Bible makes it clear to us that Satan is able to produce a counterfeit of God's workings that looks so real and so genuine that even those of us who are believers are going to do a double-take as we look at this thing and say, "Is this possible--that maybe this is God?"

Let's get to the story of Edgar Cayce. I will read from a book entitled There is a River by Thomas Sugrue. Thomas Sugrue knew Edgar Cayce personally; had many years of direct contact with him; and, is an authoritative writer on the life of this very unusual man. In one part of the book, he describes for us how Edgar Cayce, as a boy, came to have the first indication that something supernatural was going to take place through him:

"One day, he (that is Edgar Cayce) received a great ambition. Often, he had heard a man say, 'Well, I've read the Bible through a dozen times, and it seems to me, ...' or another would say, 'As often as I've read the Bible through, it never seemed to me that ...' Edgar Cayce wanted to be able to read the Bible through many times. It would be nice if he could say that he had read the Bible, well say, once for every year of his life. He had heard one of the men say, 'I read the Bible through every year,' and that gave him an idea. He would read as fast as he could until he had come even with his years. After that, he would have to read it only once a year to keep his record. 'So, as a 12-year-old boy, this is what he did. He turned to Genesis, and he spent all of the time that he could reading the Bible until he got it through 12 times to catch up to how old he was. He made a place in the backyard on the farm--a little shelter where he could sit and read the Word of God.

"On one occasion, he was sitting out there reading, when he had the confrontation with a lady: One afternoon in May, as he sat at the entrance of the lean-to, reading the story of Manoah, he became aware of the presence of someone. He looked up. A woman was standing before him. At first, he thought she was his mother coming to bring him home for the chores. The sun was bright, and his eyes did not see well after staring at the book. But when she spoke, he knew it was someone he did not know. Her voice was soft and very clear. It reminded him of music. 'Your prayers have been heard,' she said. 'Tell me what you would like most of all so that I may give it to you.' Then he saw that there was something on her back--something that made shadows behind her, shaped like wings.

"He was frightened. She smiled at him waiting. He was afraid his voice would not make a sound the way it did in dreams. He opened his mouth, and he heard himself saying, 'Most of all, I would like to be helpful to others, especially to children when they are sick.' He was thinking of Jesus and the disciples. He wanted to be like a disciple. Suddenly she was no longer there. He looked at the place where she had stood, trying to see her in the beams of light, but she was gone.

"He took his Bible and ran home, anxious to tell his mother about it. He found her in the kitchen alone. She sat down at the table and listened to him. When he finished, he was suddenly ashamed. 'Do you think I've been reading the Bible too much?' he said. 'It makes some people go crazy, doesn't it?' She reached over and took the book from his hands. Turning its pages to the gospel of St. John, she read to him, 'Verily verily, I say unto you whatsoever you shall ask the Father in My name, He will give it you. Hitherto you have asked nothing in My name. Ask and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full.' She looked at him and smiled. 'You're a good boy. You want to help others. Why shouldn't your prayers be heard? I don't think you need to stop reading the Bible. I'll know if something is going wrong with you. But we had better not tell anybody about this.'

"'No, I just wanted to tell you so I'd know what to think. But, 'What does it mean?' he asked.

"She got up and went to where he was sitting and put her arms around him. 'It might mean that you're going to be a doctor, perhaps a very famous one, who will have great success with children. It may mean that you're going to be a preacher or a missionary. Sometimes, you know, men study medicine and then go out as missionaries so they carry the Word of God and help the second heathen lands at the same time.'

"'That's what I'd like to be--a missionary,' he said. 'Well, let's get started by cleaning the milk pail,' she said. Funniness is next to godliness."

That was his introduction--something was going to happen. He had Bible-believing parents and a fundamentalist background. He was a boy who was interested in reading the Bible, and he was interested in serving the Lord. Do you have the picture? We're not talking about some of your relatives who are boozing it up today. We're talking about the best kind of people in the world. The next serious significant thing in his life was the discovery of powers relative to learning. I want to read that to you. Following this incident of the vision of the lady, it says:

"That night he slept very little. The next day he was more than ordinarily dull and listless in school. The teacher, his Uncle Lucian, asked him to spell 'cabin.' He couldn't do it. Uncle Lucian was irritated. 'Stay after school and write it 500 times on the blackboard,' he said. It took a long time to write the word so many times. He was late getting home. There was no time to go to the woods. He had to hurry to get the afternoon chores finished before the supper chores were ready.

"Squire Cayce was furious when he came in (that's his father). 'The family was disgraced,' he said. Uncle Lucian had told them what a stupid son he had. All during supper, the squire talked about it. After supper, he took the spelling book and the boy and went into the parlor. 'You're going to start learning your lessons, or I'll know the reason why,' he said. 'Sit down now and get to business.' It was a long evening. Time after time, the squire would take the book and ask the lesson. The answers would be wrong. He would hand the book back and say grimly, 'Alright, I'll ask it again in another half hour.' The girls and mother went to bed. At 10 o'clock, the answers were still wrong.

"The squire, exasperated, slapped the boy out of his chair, and then hauled him up from the floor and sat him down again. 'One more chance,' he said. At half past ten, the answers were again wrong. Again the boy was knocked out of his chair, landing on the floor. Slowly, he got to his feet. He was tired and sleepy. As he sat in the chair, he thought he heard something. His ears were ringing from the blow that had floored him, but he heard words inside him. It was the voice of the lady he had seen the day before. She was saying, 'If you can sleep a little, we can help you.'"

Notice the word "we:" "If you can sleep a little, *we* can help you." This refers to plural spirit beings.

"He begged his father for a rest, just for a few minutes. He would know the lesson then. He was sure. 'I'm going into the kitchen,' the squire said. 'When I come back, I'm going to ask you that lesson once more. It's your last chance, and you'd better know it.' He went out of the room. The boy closed his spelling book; put it at the back of his head; curled up in the chair; and, almost immediately went to sleep. When the squire returned from the kitchen, he snatched the book, waking him up.

"'Ask me the lesson,' the boy said. The squire began. The answers came quickly and certainly. They were correct. 'Ask me the next day's lesson. I'll bet I know that too,' he said. The squire asked the next lesson. All the answers were correct. 'Ask me anything in the book,' the boy said. The squire skipped through the pages at random, asking the hardest words he saw. The answers were correct. The boy began to tell where the words occurred on the page, and what the illustrations were. 'There is a picture of a silo on that page. The word synthesis is just under it: s-y-n-t-h-e-s-i-s.'

The squire closed the brook and slammed it on the table. His patience was exhausted. 'What kind of nonsense is this?' he roared. 'You knew the lesson all the time. You knew the whole book. What's the idea? Do you want to stay where you are in school so you won't have any more studying to do? Are you as lazy as all that? Do you want to stay in the third reader all your life?'

"'I didn't know it until I slept on it--honest,' the boy said. The squire knocked him out of the chair again. 'Go to bed,' he said, 'before I lose my temper.' The boy ran upstairs taking the book with him. Under the covers, he prayed his thanks to the lady, and hugged the speller.

"The next morning, after his father had gone, he gave the book to his mother and asked her to listen to his recitation of the lesson. He still knew it. He told her what happened, and she kissed him and told him she was sure the lady was keeping her promise. In school, he was brilliant at spell, but woeful as ever in his other subjects. He took the books home with him, and put them under his pillow before going to sleep. Then he thought about the lady, and prayed to her."

There is the first indication that they were out of line with Bible doctrine. What is taking place in the life of this child is not coming from the Godward side of the other world, but from the Satan side.

"The next day when Uncle Lucian asked him a question in geography, the picture of a page in the textbook leapt to his mind, and he read the answer from it. It was the same in other subjects. Each day he took his books home, and at night he slept on them. He had an idea that the first time was all that was necessary, but he wanted to take no chances. Besides, it would make everyone believe that he was studying harder if he was seen with a lot of books.

"He began to make progress as a scholar. Uncle Lucian advanced him a grade and spoke to the squire about it. 'He seems to know everything in the book, Leslie. No matter what I ask him, he has the right answer. It's almost as if he were reading it, but I know he doesn't cheat. He keeps his books in his desk. He stands up and looks right at me when he recites.'

"The squire took his son aside when he got home and asked a few questions. 'What's going on? How do you do it?' he said. 'Is there anything to that sleeping business you told me about?'

"Edgar said, 'That's what I do. I just sleep on them. When I wake up, I know everything in the book. I don't know how it happens, but it works.'

"The squire stroked his mustache. 'I hope you're not crazy.' he said."

The time came when, of course, he grew to manhood, and the strange power that he had became more evident until he had established a regular pattern by which he could put himself to sleep, which could best be described as self-hypnosis. Then, with an assistant putting specific questions to him, he would speak the answers. The spirit world was communicating through him. When he awoke, he himself would have no idea in the world what he said. Furthermore, the things he said were things which he himself with his level of education; his level of training; and, his experience could not possibly know. He would often speak in advanced medical terms that were something even for a doctor of experience to know. In this condition, he was able to analyze the health even of a subject who was at a distance. If he could just identify the person; tell where the person lived; and, who he was, he could be asked, "Now, tell us what is wrong with this person's health."

One example of that is rather interesting. Let me read it:

"Cayce apparently not only visualized the health of the subject, wherever he was, but his surroundings as well. His subconscious would sometimes pick out streets as he groped about, naming them even when they weren't marked by street signs. Occasionally, he would hesitate, saying that the subject had left the house. Once he broke off a reading completely, and the next day it was learned the patient had died at the precise moment. Another time, tested by a medical committee headed by Dr. John Blackburn of Bowling Green, he described a distant room in which his subject lay. He pictured wallpaper, decorations, and furnishings, even to a corner night table. He described the bed and bedding and named the manufacturer. The next day it all checked out."

So, even at a distance, he could make these analyses, and he could describe places that he'd never been to and never seen. This was because it was not he who was doing it. It was a spirit power speaking through him. So I thought I'd bring you now one example of the technique of taking what he called "a reading." I want you to know about the technique. Here is how it proceeded:

"Dr. M., from one of the eastern universities, had come to visit Cayce because of notices which were now appearing in the paper about the fantastic abilities of what was called 'The Sleeping Prophet' here in Hodgenville Kentucky. So, this doctor came to observe one of these readings:

"During the night, the snow stopped. Only a light covering was on the ground the next morning when Dr. M. left the hotel and walked to North Main Street. He stopped right at the corner, and went halfway down the block, stopping at the red brick building next to the bookstore. A sign pointed the way upstairs to the Cayce studio. Dr. M. trudged up the steps and paused in the hallway. One door led to the studio. Another was labeled 'Edgar Cayce, Psychic Diagnostician.' Dr. M. opened this door, entering the small reception room. Beyond it was a large office room. From his place behind a massive desk, Leslie Cayce waved him in. 'Our patient ought to be here soon, due on 10:00 o'clock train from Cincinnati,' he said. 'Sit down.' The room was elaborately furnished. It held two large rocking chairs; two overstuffed easy chairs; a center table; a desk; a typewriter for a stenographer; and, Leslie's desk. All these were bedded in the pile of an enormous deep rug.

"Dr. M. sat down but did not remove his coat. He complained of a cold. 'Edgar is in the studio developing some plates,' Leslie explained. 'He'll be here shortly. The reading is set for 10:30. I have 10:20 now.'

"'Where will the reading take place?' Dr. M. asked. There was a small room opening off the large one. In it was a high bare couch, like a doctor's examination table. Near it was a small table and chair. Straight chairs set against the wall.

"Leslie pointed to the room. 'In there, he said. 'Edgar lies on the couch. I stand by him to give the suggestion and read the questions. A stenographer sits at the table and takes notes.'

"Dr. M. asked, 'While on the couch, will he put himself into the state of self-hypnosis, only waking when you suggest it?'

"Leslie said, 'Yes.'

"'That will be interesting. That is what I wish to see,' Dr. M. said.

"The door opened and Dr. Ketchum came in. With him was a sour-faced man who identified himself as the patient. He was escorted to the large desk where he sat with Leslie Cayce, answering questions and filling out several blanks. Dr. Ketchum chatted with the other doctor. In a few minutes, a young lady entered; took a pad and some pencils from the stenographer's desk; and, went into the small room, seating herself at the table.

"'And here is the young man himself (Edgar Cayce),' Dr. M. said, as the door opened again. The young man smiled and shook hands, then he took off his coat and loosened his tie. Dr. M. pointed to the small room and asked, 'You are going to lie on that couch and sleep?'

"'Yes,' the young man said. 'I'll bring a chair in and you can sit right beside me.'

"Dr. M. said, 'That will be unnecessary. My seat here is very comfortable. I can see the couch and hear what you say. I'll remain here.'

"The young man went into the small room, sitting on the side of the couch. He unfastened his cuff links and loosened his shoe laces. Then he swung his legs up; lay flat on his back; close his eyes; and, folded his hands on his abdomen. Leslie case escorted the patient into the small room and gave him a straight chair. Dr. Ketchum remained in the large room as a courtesy to the visitor. Leslie stood by the couch at his son's right hand and prepared to read from a small black notebook. Dr. M. watched the young man keenly. His respiration deepened gradually until there was a long deep breath. After that he seemed to be asleep.

"Leslie Cayce began to read from the black notebook. 'The body is assuming its normal forces and will give the information which is required of it. You will have before you the body of (and he gave the patient's name), who is present in this room. You will go over the body carefully, telling us the conditions you find there, and what may be done to correct anything which is wrong. You will speak distinctly at a normal rate of speech, and you will answer the questions which I will put to you.'

"For several minutes, there was silence. Then the young man began to mumble in a voice that sounded far away and haunting, as if he were speaking from a dream. Over and over again he repeated the patient's name and the phrase, 'Present in this room.' Suddenly he cleared his throat, and spoke distinctly and forcibly, in a tone stronger than he had used when awake. 'Yes, we have the body,' he said. 'There is a great deal of trouble in this system. Along the spine, through the nervous system, through the circulation ... through the digestive organs, there is trouble. Also, there is inflammation in the pelvic organs. Trouble with the kidneys and slight inflammation in the bladder. It seems that it starts from digestive disturbances in the stomach. The digestive organs fail to perform their function properly. There is lack of secretion along the digestive tract. The pancreas and the liver are also involved.' The voice went on, continuing the diagnosis.

"Dr. M. hunched forward in his chair listening intently. His eyes went back and forth from the young man to the patient.

"How did the patient feel? 'There is a dryness of the skin, and disturbed lymphatic circulation, aching in the arms and legs, particularly noticeable under the knee on the side of the leg. He feels stretchy when he gets up; pains in the arms; pains and tired feeling between the shoulders and back of the head.'

"How to cure all this? Many things were to be done. 'First, get the stomach in better shape. We have some inflammation here. Cleanse the stomach. When this is done, we will stimulate the liver and the kidneys. Drink large quantities of water--pure water. Hitherto we have not had enough liquids in the system to aid nature in throwing off the secretions of the kidneys. When the stomach is cleansed (not before), give small doses of sweet spirits of nitre and oil of Juniper. Use vibrations along the spine--not manipulation, but vibration--all the way up and down from the shoulders to the tip of the spine, but not too close to the brain.' There were other things: exercise; a tonic; and, a diet. Then the voice said, 'Ready for questions.' Leslie case read a few which were written down in a notebook. They were promptly answered. Then the voice said, 'We are through for the present.'

"From the notebook, Leslie Cayce read the suggestion. 'Now the body will have its circulation restored for the waking state; and, feeling refreshed, with no ill effects, you will wake up. After about a minute, the deep, long, sighing breath that had preceded the sleep was repeated. The young man's eyes open. He stretched his arms over his head; yawned; rubbed his eyes; and, sat up. The stenographer got up from her seat and came into the large room where she sat at her typewriter preparing to transcribe her notes. Leslie Cayce stood by his son, waiting for him to get down off the couch. The patient stood up and stared at him smiling awkwardly.

"Doctor M. suddenly surged up from his chair and walked into the small room. He said to the patient, 'What do you think of this man?'

"The patient said, 'Well, he has described my condition, the way I feel, better than I could possibly do it myself.'

"'Then if I were you (Dr. M. was measuring his words carefully), I would do exactly as he says. From what I've heard, and from the people I talked with who claim his readers have helped them, I would say that some extraordinary benefits have come from these experiences. Where did you hear of this man?'

"The patient said, 'I read about him in one of the Cincinnati papers, and I wrote and asked for an appointment. Then I decided to come here for the reading.

"Dr. M. asked, 'You told in your letters of your condition?'

"The patient said, 'Not a thing. I just wanted a reading.'

"Dr. M. said, 'Remarkable.' Dr. M. retreated within himself. His eyes glazed. He stood lost in thought."

Edgar Cayce had a very good friend, a lady whose husband was a doctor. On one occasion, Carrie House was very ill herself. Edgar Cayce had a fantastic diagnosis in her case that I'd like to read next. This was a diagnosis which was contrary to that which all of the physicians who were attending her had given:

"One evening, late in May, Dr. House called on the telephone from Hodgenville. 'Carrie is sick,' he said. 'She wants you to come over here and give a reading for her. I've had Dr. Haggard up from Nashville, and he wants to operate, but she won't do a thing without getting your consent. You'd better come over. She's pretty badly off.'

"Edgar took the night train. All the way to Hodgenville, he prayed. Carrie's faith in him had always made him feel warm and good. She had insisted that the readings were correct in their diagnoses, and that the power was a gift from God. She had trusted him in other things too. She had given him money when he needed it. Now with the money in jeopardy because of the fires, she was putting her life in his hands. Was her faith justified? How could he possibly know what was wrong with her? How would Dr. House feel watching an untrained man go to sleep and diagnose his wife's condition, while he, a trained physician, stood by helpless to interfere?

"The next morning, facing the couple in the living room at the hill, he felt even worse. Carrie was obviously quite sick and in pain, but her faith was unwavering. 'A reading will tell what's wrong with me, and what to do for it,' she insisted. Get it as soon as you can, Edgar. Dr. House will take down what you say.' In the presence of other people, she called her husband, Dr. House. Edgar first instructed Dr. House about the suggestions, especially the one for waking him up. That, he had discovered, was the only important point about the phenomenon. Anyone could conduct a reading so long as the proper suggestion for waking was given, and the conductor was careful not to move away from the sleeping body while the trance persisted. Edgar went into one of the bedrooms and put himself to sleep.

"When he awakened, Dr. House looked glum. 'Haggard thinks she has a tumor of the abdomen,' he said. 'I've had all the local doctors in. They agree with the diagnosis. You say there is no tumor. You say she's pregnant, and the trouble is a locked bowel. What you suggest for the locked bowel sounds reasonable--warm oil enemas and some other things.' He shook his head. 'But I don't see how she can be pregnant. She's not supposed to be able to have children.'

"Edgar felt miserable. He had hoped that he would agree with the doctors. It would have made things so much easier. W.H. Haggard was one of the leading specialists in Nashville. 'I'm going to try these things,' Dr. House said. 'We'll see what happens.'

"Edgar stayed that day at the hill. The next morning, Dr. House came from Carrie's bedroom and shook his hand. You were right about the locked bowel,' he said. 'She's better now. But I don't see how it can be a pregnancy.' Edgar returned to Bowling Green. The following November, Thomas House Junior was born."

I want to read one more example of the fantastic abilities of this man. He was a photographer. In the early part of the 20th century, photographers took pictures by holding a little bar over their head on which they had placed some flash powder. They would ignite that flash powder with a spark at the moment of the triggering of the shutter. There would be an explosive puff, and it would give illumination for a flash picture.

Edgar Cayce had a son, Hugh Lynn Cayce, and on one occasion, the boy got some of the flash powder and began playing with it:

"The man ran out into Broad Street carrying the screaming child in his arms. He raced to the corner and turned down Dallas Avenue going as fast as he could. Doors and windows popped open. It was a cool gloomy January day in Selma, Alabama. (He had now moved to Selma, Alabama and set up his photography shop there.) Most people in the business districts were indoors. The child's piercing agonizing cries brought them out. When the man reached the office of Dr. Eugene Calloway, the eye specialist, the doctor was out in the street. He led the man inside, and turned to shout at two other doctors who had come out of their offices across the street. 'Come on over,' he called.

"When they got there, the man was explaining what had happened, shouting to Dr. Calloway above the pitiful shrieking of the child. He said, 'It's flash powder. I found him on the floor of the work room. He must have made a big pile of it and put a match to it. It exploded in his face. They tried to examine the boy, but it was difficult to hold him still. Finally they got a dressing on his eyes, and some bandages.

"The man picked him up and carried him back up the avenue. People who had gathered in the streets watched sympathetically. 'It's Edgar Cayce, the photographer,' they said, 'and his little boy, Hugh Lynn. The boy burned his eyes with flash powder.'

"Back in the studio that looked down over Broad Street, Gertrude, the mother, was waiting. She led the way to her room, and Edgar laid his burden on the bed. In a little while, the doctors came in one-by-one. A conference was held in the reception room. None had any hopes for the child's sight. A week passed. Hugh Lynn was worse. One of the doctors said that the eye would have to be removed if his life was to be saved. The others agreed. They asked Edgar to tell the boy. He went into the bedroom with the doctors following timidly behind, looking as if they were attending a funeral.

"Edgar said, 'The doctors say that they will have to take out one of your eyes.'

"Hugh Lynn's head was swabbed in bandages. He could see nothing. However, he knew the doctors were there. He spoke to them directly. He asked them, 'If you had a little boy, you wouldn't take his eye out, would you?'

"One of the doctors said, 'I wouldn't take any little boy's out if I could help it. We're only trying to do what is best for you.'

"Hugh Lynn said, 'My daddy knows what is best for me. When my daddy goes to sleep, he's the best doctor in the world.' He groped for his father's hand. He asked, 'Please, Daddy, would you go to sleep and see if you can help me?'

"Edgar looked at Dr. Calloway. Dr. Calloway nodded his head. 'Go ahead,' he said. We can't offer much. We'll listen and do what we can afterward.'

"An hour later, the reading was taken. Word of it had got abroad. There were more than 30 people in the big reception room. Many of them were members of the Christian church which the Cayce family attended. One of them suggested that they pray. While Edgar went to sleep, they recited in subdued voices the Lord's Prayer. The suggestion was given. Edgar began to speak. He could see the body. Sight was not gone. The solution used by the doctors was helpful, but to it should be added tannic acid. Dressings should be changed frequently, and applied constantly for 15 days, during which the body was to be kept in a darkened room. After that, the eyes would be well."

You will notice how, when the spirits speak here, they refer to "the body," which I think is significant because there is a difference between the soul; the spirit; and, the body. They are separate entities, and even the spirit world recognizes that.

"When Edgar awoke, the doctors him that tannic acid was too strong for use on the eyes. However, they were sure the sight was gone, so their objections were technical. They agreed to make the new solution and apply it. The operation could be postponed temporarily.

"As soon as the fresh bandages were put on his eyes, Hugh Lynn said, 'That must be Daddy's medicine. It doesn't hurt.'

"The studio emptied slowly. Edgar did not move. He sat on the edge of the couch staring out the window at the sluggish swirling waters of the Alabama River as they came into view at the end of Broad Street. In a little while, Gertrude came out of the bedroom and sat down beside him. 'He's asleep now,' she said. Together they watched the life of Broad Street as it moved below them. Selma was a quiet happy place. They liked its atmosphere; its people; and, its broad lined streets. They had been happy here. It was 1914. It had been two years since Edgar had come into the busy city of 20,000 that marked the head of all navigation on the Alabama River. Selma had been the arsenal of the Confederacy. It was now an important trade center in the seat of Dallas County. Through its streets ebbed and flowed the purchasing power of a rich agricultural district. Its business streets were lined with wholesale houses. At its docks, river steamers were constantly being loaded and unloaded.

"Edgar was an agent of the H.P. Tresslar company when he arrived. He opened the branch studio for the company, but after a year, he bought it for himself. In the spring of 1913, Dr. Jackson declared Gertrude well, and in autumn, she came south. She liked Selma as much as Edgar did, and they decided to make it their home. Edgar had already joined the Christian church and was teaching a Sunday school class. On the roster of the church, it was called the Seven Class, and it soon became famous, for young people from all the other churches joined it. The class published a weekly paper called The Sevenette which everyone in town took to reading. The story of the readings did not follow them from Hodgenville. Gertrude conducted the check readings that were regularly sent to friends and relatives in Hodgenville. Before Gertrude came, her brother Lynn, who was working in Anniston for the Louisville and Nashville railroad, came to Selma on weekends, and conducted.

"They had doctors who looked after them in Selma. Dr. Calloway, the eye specialist, and Dr. E., a former Army surgeon, learned about Edgar's readings, and listened in at times. They expressed no opinions one way or the other. What would they say now if the reading was right?

"Edgar and Gertrude got up from the couch. They'd been stricken by the same thought. What if the reading was wrong? 'I'd better see about dinner.' Gertrude said.

"The days dragged by. On the 16th morning after the reading, a white mass slid off with the bandages. Two brown eyes looked up at two anxious faces. 'I can see,' Hugh Lynn said. They gave him dark glasses and made him stay inside for another week. He was forbidden to go into the work room again."

So what are we dealing with? Had you been in a position like that, what would you have thought? What would you have said? Was this of God? And I have just read you samples of what was repeated again and again and again. How would you have felt? Cayce himself struggled with the question of wondering whether this was of God, or was this of Satan. The spirit was asked, "How can he do this?" The explanation was this:

"Our subject, while under auto-hypnosis, on one occasion explained as follows: When asked to give the source of his knowledge, he, being at this time in the subconscious state, stated: 'Edgar Cayce's mind is amenable to suggestion the same as all other subconscious minds. But in addition, thereto it has the power to interpret to the objective mind of others what it requires from the subconscious mind of other individuals of the same kind. The subconscious mind forgets nothing. The conscious mind receives the impression from without, and transfers all thought to the subconscious where it remains even though the conscious be destroyed. He described himself as a third person, saying that his subconscious mind is in direct communication with all other subconscious minds, and is capable of interpreting through its objective mind, and imparting impressions received to other objective minds, gathering in this way all the knowledge possessed by millions of other subconscious minds."

It is from that concept (that explanation of the spirit world) that the idea of the universal mind originated, which Cayce popularized, and which has led so many people into communication with the spirit demonic world.

Let's look at one more segment concerning his struggle with the nature and the origin of what he was doing. Was it of God, or was it of Satan. Very naturally, a person with this kind of ability would ask himself that question. Henry Drummond did. As I told you, in D.L. Moody's meetings, Drummond discovered that he had this kind of power. However, Drummond recognized that what he was doing was contrary to sound Bible doctrine. Therefore, he rejected it and took it to the Lord and freed himself of this power. Continuing:

"Edgar snapped off the light. For the rest of the night, he sat in the dark studio, staring through the skylight windows at the stars. His hour had come. He had to make up his mind about himself and his strange power. It should, he knew, be an easy decision. He wanted to believe that God had given him a gift to be used to help humanity. However, he was like Moses in that he could not believe it happened to him. One thing was certain. It was a talent, and not a trick; not a maladjustment; and, not an ailment. He was a well man. He had been for years except for the trouble with his voice. It was not something that demanded an unnatural condition of his body. He did not need to get himself into a mood by burning incense; listening to music; or, muttering incantations. He did not need darkness. He did not find it necessary to abstain from certain foods. He smoked whenever he wanted to smoke. It did not require religious ecstasy; prayer; or, even a period of quiet meditation beforehand.

"All that was necessary was that he be in normal health, and that his stomach was finished with the digestion of the last meal. It did not tire him. He usually awakened feeling refreshed. He always felt hungry, but a cracker and a glass of milk satisfied this feeling. He could not do it more than twice a day without feeling a sense of weariness and depletion. However, it was not reasonable to expect so complicated a procedure to be executed more often. So it was apparently something that was natural to him. It was something like an ability to write or paint or sing. It was an expression of himself. He wanted to help people, just as comedians wanted to make people laugh. This was the way which had been given to him for the satisfaction of his desire. He had only to use it for that intended purpose. Obviously, it was not meant that he help only a select few such as the members of his family or those who heard about it from persons who had help like the Dietrichs. It was a gift of God destined for everyone.

"But a gift of God could be controlled by the devil. Every talent could choose one or two masters, and in his case, the choice was not entirely his own. When he used his talent, he was asleep. Who would watch to see that it was not misused? How would he know whether his mind was up to good or evil? Blackburn had always contended that his sleep mind contained his conscience, and could not be led astray. He pointed to the collapse on New Year's Eve as an example of the guardianship of the sleep mind over the body. On the other hand, Edgar had himself said in a reading, 'Edgar Cayce's mind is amenable to suggestion, the same as all other subconscious minds.' Those other subconscious minds, when in a state of hypnosis, would do whatever they were told to do. So would his mind apparently, for did it not seek out people and diagnose their ailments? Supposing it was told to do something--give information that would be valuable for unscrupulous purposes. Would it do it? His only safeguard would be himself. If he remained incorruptible in his own life, and prayed for guidance and help while giving readings, surely God would not let him be duped. That was the best he could do. It was his duty to do it for all those who needed help."

Now we have come to the real question. Is this man's power of God or is it of the devil? We have already had some indications of some of the things that he has said and the assumptions upon which he has been operating are contrary to the Word of God. However, in the next session, I want to give you a summary of his teachings concerning life; God; the soul; where we're going; what it is all about; and, how you can experience salvation. I think that that summary of the teachings of Edgar Cayce will show you that the information he was getting was not coming from God. Up to now, it's kind of hard. This is a great thing that he did. For the people who experienced this healing, it was certainly a great relief, and they were fantastic healings.

However, the question is, was this human good, or was this divine good of God working? The only way we can analyze what this man was doing is on the basis of the Word of God. In our next session, we'll give you the analysis of Edgar Cayce on theological things. Then, suddenly, whatever feelings you may have now, and you may have some wondrous questions as to how this could be just of the devil. I think after we have given you what the spirits told him concerning theological matters, you will then see that this indeed was the most fantastic deception that has ever been played on the human race. This is because Edgar Cayce still stands as the epitome of the psychic world.

In Dallas, we just had a big psychic convention. The elite of the psychic world we're gathered here in Dallas. Edgar Cayce has no peers. There is nobody yet that has been his equal. They had hoped for a while that Jean Dixon would be his successor, but she doesn't cut the ice the way Edgar Cayce did.

Is it possible that a man who taught Sunday school; read the Bible once for every year of his life; diligently sought to do good for people; and, demonstrated a lack of materialism so that he himself was never a wealthy man though he made other people wealthy things by giving them information on where to find oil and where to invest in stocks, could it be that a man who was so devoted to such commendable ideals could be an instrument of the devil? Well, if he was, perhaps it would be easier for you to grasp how the white magic which is practiced in the charismatic movement and by others in our day is another edition and another version of the same thing. It is indeed possible that people who think they are serving God are operating under satanic powers. If you should doubt that, before you go to sleep tonight, read once more Matthew 7:22-23.

Dr. John E. Danish, 1973

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[**Back to the Bible Questions index**](http://www.christiandataresources.com/allarticles.htm)