

CHAPTER 6  
THE GOSPEL OF ELVIS

Ideas for the book I was to write came pouring in from every side, and my mind was absorbing them like a thirsty sponge. The skeleton of the work of art would include a firm foundation in gospel and soul music (the feet), a dual education and growth in spiritual and secular matters (two legs), a physical awakening and need (the hips), a steady climbing upward in an acting and singing career (spine and rib cage), a branching out to encompass all people (two arms), and a self-awareness and self-sacrifice peak in the end (the skull).

The next step was to put "dem dry bones" together into a story and watch them move into action. The book was to serve as a contemporary version of John Bunyan's The Pilgrim's Progress, a religious allegory of a man's journey through life and his ultimate attainment. Elvis would be seen growing up in a Christian environment; he would be indoctrinated in the pitfalls of worldly pleasure and the danger of eternal

damnation; he would be seen experiencing the ecstasies of religious conversion and the emotional traps of worldly pleasure; he would sway from one pole to the other until he would finally be pulled down into the attractive "Vanity Fair" and the pleasures of the objective world; his experience in the world would eventually leave him bereft of his guardian angel, his mother; he would be raised up by the people as a rock idol who would satisfy their desires for wealth, pleasure and sex. But somewhere in the darkness he would always see a glimmering light, which at times he would express through his gospel music and at times through his humanitarian deeds. His decline and degeneration would be followed by a resurrection and return. A new life would begin for him and a child of hope would enter his home.

The struggle upward in the end would be seen as a phoenix rising from the ashes of the past and recreating itself in the shroud of a new belief, the belief in self-awareness and universal consciousness. Elvis becomes aware of his super God-given powers, including the ability to move clouds, the ability to heal, and other phenomenal qualities of an enlightened being. He begins to see visions of his mother and twin brother and dreams of an imminent death. He begins to plan for another incarnation.

In the midst of loneliness, the Prometheus-type hero begins to delve deeper into his inner self. He studies

philosophy, religion, occult science, and the ancient wisdom in the Bible. He begins to see a plan and a pattern in his life. He begins to solve the mystery of the universe and to find answers to puzzling spiritual questions. Finally, he finds himself, and his spiritual faith is reaffirmed. He breaks the chains and frees himself from the rock. He goes back to the people to become a great teacher of eternal truths to his circle of friends and to all who come to hear him sing. His message vibrates with an all-encompassing love and his generosity touches the hearts of all his followers.

In the end the prodigal son makes his way back to his Father's house as the cycle of his life draws to a close. As he steps through the door of bodily death he returns to his original Source. He is greeted by his loved ones and is carried to the bosom of Abraham. He sees his own book of life revealed. He is told about his present mission as guardian angel of his daughter Lisa Marie, and he understands his attachment and love for his wife Priscilla.

As I laid down the framework of the book and closed my eyes, I realized the speculative nature of my insights was too fantastic to be accepted by the general public. It sounded too much like science fiction at times and it reeked with religious platitudes. After attempting two chapters I was disillusioned with its ultimate appeal. Allegorical fiction was too hard to grasp. It would be



understood by very few people. I would have to simplify things and bring them down to earth. I turned on my portable Panasonic cassette player and listened once again to the song I used for meditation, Elvis' "Only Believe."

Something extraordinary happened several days after my allegorical adventure. June was busting out all over and summer fever was in the air when a friend of mine took me on a trip to Mt. Hood. He told me of a medium near there who might help me get in contact with Elvis. I had previously expressed my desire to communicate with Elvis. I believed it was possible, and my friend obliged me by taking me on a trip that was to change the course of my life.

Oregon during the summer is a beautiful place. The verdant countryside is covered with Douglas fir and the drive north on 99E along the Willamette River is a sight for the eyes to behold. As we headed for the towering Cascade Range, which was formed during cataclysmic periods of volcanic activity just like the Hawaiian Islands, I was very excited and nervous. I still had my preconceptions about mediums from past indoctrination, but the prospect of getting in touch with Elvis outweighed any fears that I harbored in the dark recesses of my mind. The active volcano Mt. Hood loomed ominously in the distance as we drove down into a valley. I was feeling a magnetic force pulling me into the world of the unknown. Butterflies of anticipation fluttered in my stomach and a

thousand fingers nervously danced up and down my spine. I understood how Elvis must have felt when he went to see his first medium.

We drove down a sylvan road into a peaceful valley at the foothills of the beckoning mountain. The birds chirped cheerfully to greet us to the secluded Shangri-La. A rainbow-shaped chapel with 9 colorful rows of vertical stained-glass windows stood gracefully amidst dogwood, birch, maple and fir trees. We walked over four engraved stones bearing the words love, truth, understanding and peace. As we stepped under the arch and across the threshold we entered a totally new world.

It was a world of every imaginable psychic phenomenon which was available for the enlightened thinker of the 20th century, including UFO's, ESP, psychic healing, the Third Eye, the seven chakras, numerology, astral traveling, auras, reincarnation, master teachers, the Dead Sea Scrolls, and, of course, spirits. So this was the occult world Elvis delved into, I kept thinking to myself. It was kind of spooky at first, I'd have to admit. It was as if I had entered into the fourth dimension. What originally were believed to be hallucinations of the mind are here understood as subtleties of the spirit world. The visible physical and material world gives way to the invisible spiritual and electro-magnetic world. Spirit and matter become

indivisible--they are one.

Inside the quiet and modest chapel was a low platform behind which 7 candles were brightly shining in readiness of the afternoon service. Three stained windows were embedded in the wall behind the candles: the window on the left was blue, the window on the right was red, and the one in the center was gold. Fresh pink rhododendrons decorated the shelves against the wall.

An elderly lady in a green robe was sitting on the platform while another woman in a purple robe was making final preparations behind the rostrum before beginning the service. Messages of spiritual value were later given by the thin, gray-haired, green-robed lady, who could see auras. A "sermon" was delivered by the ebullient and buxom woman in the purple robe while she was in a semi-trance and her master teacher came through her voice box. Something like a radio!

After the service I accosted the slim and somewhat reserved lady whom they called Orlene.

"Would you mind if I asked you a few questions about Elvis?" I asked after a preliminary introduction.

"Not at all," she said. Her eyes beamed warmth and love.

"I'm doing some research on Elvis..." I began. I suddenly stopped as I realized she had closed her eyes. She was receiving impressions through her inner vision.



"There's a lot of people in Memphis and his birthplace who knew Elvis when he was growing up," she said. She opened her eyes again. "And those people have a lot of information about Elvis, about his early years, about the kind of boy, the good boy, that he was. Also, they'll tell you that Elvis as a boy was a very lonely boy."

"Would it be possible for me to communicate with him in the spirit world?" I enquired.

"You know, he's visited us here a few times already," she said. The answer was different than I had expected. "One time he even sang for us in the chapel."

"What was the name of the song?" I asked.

She thought for a minute without being able to recollect the spiritual selections Elvis sang for them.

"Was it 'Amazing Grace?'" I prompted.

"Yes, that's one of them that he sang," she replied.

The song "Peace in the Valley" popped into my mind as another possibility, and so did "How Great Thou Art."

"How about his appearance, was he young-looking or fat as in his later years?" I asked.

"No, he wasn't fat at all," she answered. "He was very youthful looking, very handsome. Somewhere in his early 30s."

"How about his mother, was..." I didn't finish.

"Yes," she interrupted, as if being able to read my thoughts. "She was able to communicate with him."

"Did he die of arrhythmic heart beating or did his death have something to do with drugs?" I asked.

"His death was caused by multiple causes," she answered. She closed her eyes again to receive further impressions and instructions from her inner guide. "He did have health problems," she continued after a moment's pause. "The drugs that he was taking were for his health. They were not hard drugs as some people would suppose."

"I'm kind of interested in his spiritual development," I said, changing the subject. "Did you know he was interested in the occult?"

"Yes," answered Orlene. She smiled at my hesitant use of the word occult. "He was a very advanced soul. He also had a lot of love to give."

"How was he doing when he visited the chapel?" I asked, switching from one point to another.

"Elvis did ask the congregation at the chapel to pray for him," she answered without hesitation. "That seemed to be one of his main concerns. He was in some sort of spiritual need as far as taking care of some problems, especially to pray for his daughter Lisa Marie and his wife Priscilla. He still considered her to be his wife. Those other girls didn't mean that much to him. He was very concerned about his immediate family's welfare. So he did ask the congregation to pray for them and in a sense to meditate on their



protection."

"Will I be able to get in touch with Elvis sometime?" I asked.

"You know, you're sending out enough thought-waves to Elvis that he'll be picking them up and getting in contact whenever necessary in fulfilling your mission and destiny in writing the book," she answered.

I was more than thankful for the encouragement and the information that Orlene freely offered. I was beginning to feel at home. I even went up to the heavier woman, whom they called Virginia, and mentioned my interest in Elvis.

"Does his mother have any control over him in the spirit world?" I asked. I don't know why that question came to my mind.

"No," answered Virginia. "He's doing it on his own."

"Does he come and go as he pleases?" I asked. This business of the spirit world was still new to me and I was groping for answers.

"When he's able to do certain things and if he's allowed to," proceeded Virginia, "then he comes and sees us or other mediums throughout the world. You know, he's got matters to take care of in spirit, too. He's got to get on with further schooling and evolution on a higher plane."

That was all I was to learn that day. I felt there was so much more to learn and that I would be back again.

Meanwhile, Midnight Globe on June 13, 1978 revealed Elvis' tormented plea from beyond the grave through his own personal psychic, Lou Wright. During her recent trip to Graceland she felt strong vibrations coming from Elvis to get the tourists away from his grave. He just couldn't stand seeing them use his grave to make money. Miss Wright, who was Elvis' personal psychic for the last three years of his life and passed on messages to him from his mother-in-spirit, also received messages about jewelry that belonged to Lisa and about Elvis' concern for his father Vernon's heart condition. A baffling statement was also printed: "Elvis also has told me there is no such thing as reincarnation. I've always believed in it myself. But he says it isn't so--that there is none." That puzzled me for a while. It seemed contradictory. I would have to check that one out, I thought. Mrs. Gladys Presley also had a message to give to the people about Elvis being at peace and not to grieve any more: "She told me that if there is a lot of grieving when a person dies, it keeps pulling that spirit back to earth, and Elvis doesn't want that."

Another article in the same issue was about a disclosed 18-month romance in 1968 of Hee-Haw star Lisa Todd and Elvis, who used to fondly tell her "Take Care, Baby" (TCB) and who introduced her to Buddhism: "I got that from Elvis--he taught me to seek inner peace. He judged the inner person--he was

good, kind, tender and thoughtful--a true friend to anyone who needed him."

I was back in chapel Sunday to ask Orlene about the article on Miss Lou Wright.

"Why did she say Elvis no longer believed in reincarnation?" I asked.

"She probably did not pick up clearly what he said," answered Orlene. She closed her eyes and meditated. She breathed an inner prayer for guidance. "What Elvis meant," she started saying. Then she suddenly stopped. "You have just brought him into the room. Can you feel him?"

"Yes," I said. Sure enough, I could feel a warm pre-sense standing next to Orlene and me. My sincere questions and investigation into truth had brought Elvis into the chapel.

"He says," continued Orlene, who was now relaying signals directly stimulated by electro-magnetic vibrations sent out by Elvis and which she was interpreting to me in verbal code, "he was staying close to the earth plane, sort of in a limbo state, so that he could take care of his little daughter. Reincarnation is something he does not want for himself at the moment because of his commitment to Lisa. He's doing it for her so she can have her moment in life. He has eons of eternity in which to develop spiritually and to go into higher spiritual planes. But she has just this moment, and he wants



to make sure that everything goes right for her."

I listened in amazement as the message came through. Both Orlene and I trembled with excitement and nervous energy as the chemistry flowed between the three of us. When she finished she put the palms of her hands together in front of her. The short moment in space and time with Elvis seemed to slowly evaporate back into ether.

"That's strange," said Orlene after a moment of silence. "I saw him standing with his hands interlocked. That's the first time I've seen a spirit do that."

"What does it mean?" I asked.

"He was locking his hands so that the guardian angel could not take him by the hand and lead him on to higher planes, to a higher spiritual state. That's so he can help his daughter."

"Wow," I said. "That sure was something."

"Yes," said Orlene. "Did you feel the beautiful vibrations he was radiating?"

"I sure did," I answered. "He's quite a guy. Too much." I couldn't find words to express the inner joy I felt.

"He's such a beautiful soul," said Orlene. She too had been touched by his splendour. "Just to think that he didn't care so much about himself as he did for his daughter. She is the joy of his life."

Upon leaving the chapel I was impressed with a strong

desire to visit Graceland. I had witnessed an extraordinary phenomenon. The spirit of Elvis had actually stood beside me and conversed with me. I was going to find out more about this great soul who had touched so many lives throughout the world. I would take a pilgrimage to Graceland and walk in the steps of a great man.