

**Foreword to *Pathways Through to Space***  
***Sarah A. Merrell-Wolff***

My association with the author of this book is of many years standing. Personally, I think that the greatest things I have observed in him are his truthfulness, his modesty, his unusual intellectual insight, and his spiritual unfoldment. He is a graduate of Stanford University, with some time spent at Harvard in the philosophy department. His power in higher mathematics is unquestionable. He has a thoroughly rounded educational background. A religious childhood home aroused in him a determination to find and reveal the hidden fallacies in religion and philosophy with the view of effecting a religious and philosophical synthesis under definite fundamentals, to the end that the veil between matter and spirit could at last be drawn aside sufficiently to allow humanity a glimpse of the Great Reality that wipes away all sense of separateness, the fear of death, and the senseless greed of men and nations; finally, mayhap, to link them all into a unity of basic thought and endeavor which would wipe out the disorder and the agony of life as it dominates men in our day of time.

On the afternoon of August 7, 1936, I was unaware of any unusual event occurring until he spoke of it to me. Then I could see that some change had taken place. I cannot describe it, except to say that a transparency, as it were, appeared to flow through him. I soon found, however, that any nearness to him induced a sense of intense heat. Friends who came in were soon experiencing the same phenomenon. It was not outer heat, for until he came into the room, we were all unaware of any undue warmth. He explains this phenomenon in the book under the term “psycho-physical heat.” I soon found that he needed protection from noise and ordinary human disturbances, for his physical body seemed wracked by the gross vibratory rhythms of outer life.

Sometime later--thirty-three days--his great Illumination came. Of this I was deeply aware, both subtly and physically. Sleeping in the same room at a distance of ten feet from him, I was kept awake by an electrical force that was filling the room. This continued until every cell in my body was vibrating in a rhythmic intensity that was both pleasing and distressing. At midnight, the room was filled with a “Light that never was on sea or land.” With my eyes open, I was in the brilliance; with them closed, I was still in a Light so great that the light of our physical sun would seem dim by comparison. Then I cried out, “Franklin, are you all right?” He answered, in a strangely faraway voice: “I am all right. My subject-object consciousness is standing on the sidelines as witness, yet one with My Divinity.”

Then I understood. To have been present at such a time, to have witnessed it all, to have been Baptized with the Ineffable Glory, to have experienced the descent of the Holy Power, is to have been blest indeed.

As you read the words of this book, you, too, will be blest. The words are the least part of what it contains. You, also, will find the day by day unfoldment of consciousness, as he experienced and expressed it, an interesting study. It goes “uphill all the way.”

I am impelled to add that I believe he has become a God-conscious man, that he is fulfilling his aspirations, and that humanity will be the better for his having lived.