

# NEW-CHURCH MESSENGER



JULY 1, 1962



# NEW-CHURCH MESSENGER

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For the address

of the

**SWEDENBORGIAN CHURCH**

nearest you at home or abroad

write to

Mr. HORACE B. BLACKMER  
134 Bowdoin Street  
Boston 8, Mass.

## Toward Spiritual Maturity

IF I WERE ASKED to pinpoint one of the many facets of John King's personality and interests that was most meaningful to me, it would be his intense search for self-understanding and a corresponding desire to understand others and help them in their growth toward maturity. It was this compelling force that led him to participate in the Midwest Training Center in Human Relations in which I joined him at Urbana in the summer of 1956.

Though we approached our coming experience with some skepticism, and wondered as we drove together from Almont to Urbana whether we would come face to face with a psychological, scientific materialism, and wondered whether the "psychologists" whom we encountered would have any concept of what we called spiritual, we were both to leave with the firm conviction that we had come face to face with a depth of sensitivity to the spiritual needs of human beings which we had never encountered before and a corresponding vital awareness of our own spiritual nature in relation to all that we call physical.

The insight which in John had always been evident in his clarity of thought, and his ability to penetrate to the heart of a problem, was enhanced and intensified. But it was more than that. There was with it an ever growing understanding of the process we call regeneration as he sought to engage the conflict of our many temptations to rationalize and spiritualize the problems of life with the real feelings and motives which we are too often afraid to face.

To John King, as he participated in any of the work in which the Church has engaged in the area of "Human Relations", the Fryeburg Conference, the Regional Training Institutes, the Minister's Institutes, his work with the Consultant in Church Expansion, his participation in the development of "Project Link", in fact in his work on any of our boards or committees, his deepening insights were never the mere application of "technique or method". As he personally joined the forces of the battle of personal regeneration, he was able to help those who worked with him see more clearly the real issues with which our Church must deal. What might have been ideologies to some of us, he helped keep alive as vital, dynamic ideas.

As John King worked as a member of the faculty of the Theological School, the deep responsibility of making the spiritual concepts of our faith to which he was devoted, a living vital thing for faculty and students alike was a conviction that gripped him heart and soul. Brought together in his work was both the forthright, non-nonsense determination to help the student penetrate superficiality or trite mouthing of familiar phrases with a compassion and understanding of each student's needs that was both startling in its insight and loving in its approach.

"Human Relations" to John King was the means by which new insights into the full meaning of the spiritual life could be gained by discovering in a living framework the deep needs of all human beings for love, freedom, a sense of belonging, the fulfillment of one's deepest longings to be "in tune with the Infinite". The teachings of our Church and of the Scriptures which we often take for granted, and too frequently repeat without careful examination as to their significance in our daily experience, John had the courage to examine in depth, to question, even to challenge in his effort to find what they meant in terms of our deepest human needs. Nothing less could satisfy him.

John's search for the meaning of life, his face to face engagement in the process of regeneration, gave him a righteous indignation toward anything that smacked of superficial thinking or refused to make an effort to come to grips with the very stuff of life. To him Human Relations was not a game to be played, it was not a body of techniques and methods, it was not a tool to escape from the task of living, it was not a substitute for Scripture or doctrine or prayer, but one among many things that our Lord provides to help us know ourselves and others in the lifelong struggle for spiritual maturity.

—DAVID P. JOHNSON



## JOHN KING DIED YESTERDAY

**I** RUN AWAY from thinking of his death  
As if it were my own that scares me;  
But time and time again, coming round a corner in my thought  
I meet him, pacing flat-footed and stiffly almost-straight,  
Flicking ashes into an ashtray in his hand.  
He sees me and says "Hi." I stop and talk.

(He was always great to test a quip on,  
And good to share a disappointment with.  
If sometimes I feared to bring a shiny hope  
Or glowing new excitement in his reach  
Until some polish was worn off or burnished tough enough  
To stand a sudden shock of acid,  
Still I came first to him with quick new hurts.  
He'd learned to handle pain and bad news long ago,  
But could not trust what glowed too bright too fast.  
It was the hopes and fears down in our guts that we shared best,  
And with the wisest cracks.)

Meeting so, I try to talk of things we've said before,  
But I know we'll get around to talking of the fact he's gone.  
I do not really feel he's dead, but a piece of me has died.  
For that, and for those I love who've lost him too,  
I wish the tears would flow to ease the ache.  
They don't, but I can talk to him of this, and something else.

rhk

*An address on behalf of the graduating class and the faculty of the New Church Theological School, at the School's graduation service, May 25, 1962, in Cambridge, Massachusetts.*

# The Impact of a Man

THE SIZE OF A MAN is the size of his spirit, and a spirit grows by living. The more of life a man meets, and the more fully and deeply within himself he deals with it, the bigger man he is. A big man, when he moves about forcefully, collides with his environment, and leaves an impact. John King was a big man. I have collided with him—occasionally head-on, more often at an oblique angle that changed my direction. I do not know many around here who have not collided with him. The impact of this man is part of what I am in this pulpit tonight. It is part of each of us who knew him. It is part of the class he taught. It is part of the faculty he worked with. It is part of the method and program and objectives of this school.

I am not sure I can say just what that impact is. I know I cannot say for any of my fellow students, or for anyone else on the faculty, unless I speak in the kind of generalities that John called “piling up marshmallows.” But perhaps if I do not try to speak for anyone else—speak only personally—I may in a real sense speak for all; for everyone who knew him feels his impact in a personal way. This may be the only sense in which we can ever speak *for*, or be relevant *to*, anyone else. John King taught me that.

When I first came to the School, I went through a period of hero-worship. I had three heroes; John was one of them. He seemed incredible in overcoming his

handicap, inexhaustible in his knowledge, invincible in argument. One of the first effects of his impact was the dissolution of my heroes' halos. Imaginary glows never lasted long around John King. I lost my heroes and gained three friends, John was one of them. As a friend, I saw that he had not “overcome” his blindness, but had learned to look squarely and steadily in the face of an adversary he could neither overcome nor tolerate. He shared this experience with me, and I am stronger for it. His knowledge was not inexhaustible, but the way he said, “*I don't know*,” left an impact on me that makes it easier for *me* to say that, than to bluff any more. He was not invincible, but he shattered my trust in the verbal logic of abstractions, and made me think more from my experience and my feelings.

This realism, honesty, and wholeness of response is part of his impact on me, and it can be seen, among other places, in the new curriculum he helped develop for the Theological School. But I am generalizing too much. I can hear John ask me what I *mean*, and prompt me to say *that*.

One thing I mean is that his impact is a present reality in this School and this Convention. The struggle to which he was committed has been joined by others, and will be fought from perspectives that he has helped to establish. The kind of questions we let him ask, because he asked them sharply, are forming now on other tongues. My ministry, my study and teaching—like the ministry and lives of others—has been perceptibly shaped by the impact of John King.

But I want to be clear about what I am saying. I do not mean that my ministry will be guided by recollections or guesses of “what John would have wanted.” John showed me a perspective on time. The future is to aim for but not wait on; the past is to use but not serve; the present is to take seriously and *act* in. This is not easy, but it is not made easier by shifting the responsibility to the past or the future. If, in some future crisis, I were to ask John King what to do, he would tell me to make my own decision, take my own responsibility.

It is with humility that I say that my future—and, to the extent that I can affect it, the future of my school and my church—has been significantly shaped by the impact of a man. But it is with conviction born of that impact, that I realize that from now on, that future is my responsibility.

Once to every man and nation

Comes the moment to decide . . .

And that choice goes by forever.

.....

New occasions teach new duties,

Time makes ancient good uncouth;

He must upward still, and onward,

Who would keep abreast of truth.

(Hymn 210, *Book of Worship*)

—ROBERT H. KIRVEN



# HORIZON UNLIMITED

AS A GROUP OF CHURCH LEADERS met to talk about possible candidates for the presidency of Convention, the consensus was that John King was one of the best qualified men for the office. John was visibly moved by this expression of confidence. He had been in the ministry ten years and acceptance had not come easily. "Perhaps he can teach," said some, "but how can a blind man be an active parish minister?"

John became a parish minister in Urbana, Ohio, and he taught at the Junior College. When the New-Church Theological School was reorganized, he was asked to return to New England and teach Homiletics and Scripture Interpretation. He taught at the School till his death, giving the major part of his attention to the education of our theological students. He lectured, tutored, supervised field work, led seminars, counselled students, and worked with the faculty in developing a new curriculum.

The walls of the Sparks mansion, home of the Theological School, could not contain the energies of John King. His interests ranged far and wide throughout the church. He was invited to lecture in Chicago, Philadelphia, Wilmington, Washington, and other cities. The summer camps at Fryeburg and Almont asked him to serve on their staffs. He was appointed to the Leadership Education Committee of Convention and directed an institute at Blairhaven in South Duxbury.

John's scholarship was recognized immediately. He made a distinguished record at the Harvard Divinity School, and in later years Harvard faculty members would ask, "Are you making good use of John King?" They recognized his potential and feared it would go undeveloped in a lethargic church.

I shall always count it as one of the highlights of my life that I was privileged to study with John at the Harvard Divinity School. We attended classes together, read by the hour, took exams together, and were continually relating our studies to the teachings of Swedenborg. John's brilliant mind and broad outlook stimulated and challenged me as nothing before had ever done. New horizons opened for me, and I began to appreciate the meaning and possibilities of growth.

John could be extremely critical, and we found it easy to tear the church apart. But beneath the criticism was an intense love of the church that constantly looked for ways to build it anew. He was a keen student of history, and we poured over the records of the past—Hindmarsh, Clowes, the Worcesters, Giles, and Smyth. One man stood out over the rest, Benjamin F. Barrett, and we

adopted him as our patron saint. We felt a kinship with this liberal soul who fought to place Swedenborg in the perspective of world-wide Christianity.

John would not be a part of a church that was fettered by tradition. He could not devote his ministry to a parroting of Swedenborg, or think of his mission as a mere "dissemination of the Writings". He was inspired by Swedenborg's breadth of vision, and particularly his picture of the universal church. This concern for the larger view of religion was eloquently expressed in his lecture, "Binding up the Church", which has been printed in pamphlet form under the title, "Towards One Church". The basic teachings of the church are expressed in this address clearly, concisely, and forcefully, and in the perspective of the contribution we can make to world-wide Christianity.

His interest in education extended beyond the Theological School. He served on the Commission on Religious Education for several years and took an active part in the planning of a new three-year curriculum based on the themes of the Lord, the Word, and the Church. He spent hundreds of hours, including weeks of vacation time, working out a philosophy of education for the church, outlining a curriculum for senior high school students, writing lesson materials, and editing the work of others. A short time before his death he spent several days with me laboring over three lessons on the theme of the Church: the Mission of the Church, the Forward Look, and Our Place in Christianity. These were subjects that concerned him deeply, and he concentrated all his resources upon them.

This was not the same man that went to Harvard, taught at Urbana, and returned to the School. He had been growing and struggling and maturing. He served on the Executive Committee of the Council of Ministers and took a leading part in mid-winter institutes of the ministers. He represented our church in conferences with leaders of the National Council of Churches and met with Bible scholars from other seminaries.

He was regarded by brother ministers as one of the leading scholars in the church and was urged to work for a doctorate and to do more writing. The realization grew within him, however, that people are more important than books. His attendance at a human relations training laboratory at Urbana 1956 marked a turning point in his ministry, or perhaps a leap forward. He wanted to work more closely with people and help them in their struggle for spiritual maturity. Should he leave the Theological School and return to parish work? He



served the Brockton Society on a part-time basis, but a weekend ministry is frustrating in that one sees so much to be done and cannot begin to do it. The Baltimore Church called him to be their minister, and he was torn between a desire to answer that call and to continue his work at the School.

He stayed at the School, but expanded his Convention interests and pointed the way for the School to be of greater service to the larger church. Working with Owen Turley, he visited several of our churches and aided them in self-study programs to define their mission and plan their advance. In Bellevue, Washington, he found a setting that showed great promise for the institution of a team ministry. He worked with brother ministers and laymen in setting forth Project Link, that is now being presented as a creative proposal for growth and vitalization of the church.

Although he held few elective offices, John wielded tremendous influence in the church and especially in

the last few years. Church leaders have come to respect his scholarship, sound judgment, common sense, broad vision, unquestioned integrity, and deep devotion to the church. His mind ranged over a wide field and he was a student of history, literature, politics, music—classical and jazz, and philosophy, as well as the Bible and theology. His sense of humor relieved many tense situations; many of us recall his parodies of Senator McCarthy at the 1954 convention. Here was a big man that made an impact on the lives of all of us. More than one minister has stayed up all night talking with John King, for he inspired confidence and helped men to understand themselves and their mission.

John's life was a commitment to struggle and he invited the church to join him in that struggle. His last sermon, printed in this issue, tells the inner story of his life. May he continue to inspire and challenge us to give ourselves ever more completely in the service of the church he loved and served.

—ERNEST O. MARTIN

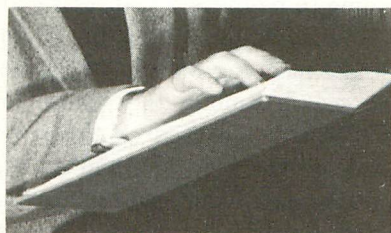
**I** FEEL BRIGHT anger of a tiger's claw,  
 Deep pain of stabbing shafts from Ishmael's bow,  
 Plunging me down to crying bones again;  
 The flesh is gone, but not the true flesh stain.  
 I boil alone between two worlds of storms,  
 Crushing me in like ancient grinding stones;  
 Cold terror comes; and passes like a ghost;  
 Self chaos tries to slumber for a night.  
 While chaos sleeps, it scares me with my dreams,  
 But boiling ends, leaving a void of loss.  
 Through this dull void my bones will find their flesh,  
 To give love form above the angry wash.

—JOHN C. KING

**W**HEN I unburied struggling self that sleeps  
 Beneath the waters of the self that drowns,  
 I looked upon a pile of strong clean bones  
 That cried for flesh to give them living words.  
 I brought them up to find a flesh that speaks,  
 A flesh that sings while touching what it loves.  
 I found the strength that comes of God,  
 To touch my neighbors with one word of gold.  
 You took my heart and bound it with your hands,  
 And gave me back to freedom through new bonds.

—JOHN C. KING





*This is the last sermon written and delivered by John King and it expresses his deepest thoughts and feelings about the meaning of life. We wish to express our appreciation to Miss Judith Welch, a blind teen-age girl in Braintree, Mass., who read John's braille manuscript with all its difficult abbreviations and dictated it to John's wife, Martha, so that she might type it for publication.*

## THE COMMITMENT TO STRUGGLE

by John C. King

DO NOT complain against struggle, but praise it, for without struggle, life would have no abiding significance. A struggle to find meaning in life is a necessity, because everyone of us is born into two conditions which make conflict and tension inevitable. You can look at any growing baby and watch the first condition for tension emerging. An infant is helpless at the start, a tiny animal with perhaps just a flicker of mental consciousness. The baby is a quivering G.I. tract, so the only feeling it knows is hunger. The only need it expresses with its cries is to be fed. With most babies the need for food is met almost as soon as it is expressed. There is little delay between the expression of need and its fulfillment. But as the child grows, it expresses an increasing number of needs, and some of these needs are more complicated. The child begins to experience delays between the expression of his needs and the fulfillment of those needs. This is the beginning of tension, for in the delay between expression of these needs and fulfillment the child experiences the feelings of uncertainty which we label as insecurity. The cycle of demand and answers is disrupted with increasing frequency. Life does not fit together neatly any more.

Even before we can express our more complex needs with fluency in words, our feelings are asking the question: What does this uncertainty mean? Why can't life fit together the way I want it to? This is the beginning of our struggle to make our life all of a piece. We contend to fill with some meaning the gap between the expression and fulfillment of our needs. Howard Thurman pointed out in a recent sermon that the problem for the individual man and woman is to negotiate the delays between felt needs and met needs. This is the first condition which makes a struggle for meaning in life a necessity.

The second condition which prods us into struggle is summed up in the Christian belief that every child is born into evil inclinations of all kinds. This idea is so loaded with fierce judgmental overtones that for me it requires some interpretation. For me this Christian belief means that every child is born with tendencies which are bound to get him into trouble with himself and other people. These tendencies in the infant are

not morally disgraceful desires to break the ten commandments all at once at the first opportunity. The iniquities of the fathers *are* visited upon the children, but not as depraved longings. Instead, I believe, every child is born hurt. The wrongs, the mistakes, the failures of his fathers are to him as bruises and scars on his person. Somehow the hurts which mothers and fathers have felt and given are passed on into the unconscious life of their children. This pockmarked image deep in our being is the seed of broken homes, the seed of all grasping for power and possession, the seed of slanders and wars. This image of destruction, which is part of our identity as man, is nourished by the hurts we get and the hurts we give as we are growing.

The experience of birth is a hurt to a child. His first cry is a hurt cry because his lungs are stretched with his first breath of air. Our inherited hurts are fed by the harsh words of our mothers, fathers, and teachers and the restraints they place on us. We are bruised by the cuffs and jeers of our playmates. The scarred image in us gulps down our poor performances in school, our work failures and our sense of rejection which comes from broken friendships and loves.

For all the hurts we get, we give back a generous measure. Many of our words and actions become eager messengers to mock and sting the people we can see and touch with the feelings of fear and anger we build up. Finally, in unforgiving zeal, we lash the bruised part of ourselves with blame for all the hurts we give and get. This jagged aching self is the smarting skin of our feeling and thinking life. It is the beast crying for blood that is born in all of us.

But beneath the skin of the animal is the image of the angel which is born within every human life. This is the second half of Christian belief about the condition of human life into which man and woman are born. Under the skin of the tiger, the lamb finds shelter. Within the human heart an image of joy and wholeness is quivering, waiting to leap out to form us into a person with an identity which has meaning to share with other selves. This unique human image, worked by the fingers of God, has within it the meaning which can shape each human destiny. All our capacities to love and to work



creatively draw life to that image. The goals which will give our life direction are there from the beginning, ready to be our pillar of cloud by day and our pillar of fire by night. In this image of the angel is the human love of God which can forgive and tame the tigers in ourselves and in our neighbors. Here is the seed of lasting marriage, the seed of giving of ourselves and our goods, the seed of peace in the heart and in the world.

This image in us which gives meaning and wholeness to life is fed on the accumulating store of experiences that bring a sense of well-being in our feelings either when we think in loneliness or when we relate ourselves to others. The warmth of hands pressed against us when we are children brings a smiling sense of security. There is the joy in the jumping, laughing games with playmates. The encouragement of teachers who put humanity into their learning, the confidence and loyalty of close friends; the experience of falling in love; the satisfaction of finding meaning in some work that we are doing; all these feed the image in us which strives to fit life together into a significant whole that is our individual identity. The real humanity from God lying inside each of us realizes itself most of all in our giving to the people around us of the capacities for love and work which are uniquely our own. This is the life in us reaching for goals, the life which is always becoming, growing to the measure of a man.

These are the conditions of existence which thrust us into struggle: the tension of delays between our hungers and their satisfactions and the tension between the images of the broken and the whole in every human soul. Through those conditions we are committed to a struggle to wrench meaning from our lives. We can resist this conflict by trying to drift, but the days become dull with misery because we deprive ourselves of the meaning in life which can come only from the tension of willingly committing ourselves to struggle.

This wrestling to find a name and an identity for ourselves is not an expressway to happiness. There is a grappling with experience which bumps us along a road full of steep climbs and drops. We descend into days of hell full of a sense of guilt or fear or anger; we fall into the depths of self-pity or self-condemnation. Again we ascend into the heaven of reaching out to someone with a love that bursts beyond self. Sometimes we can feel almost as if we were flying from the sense of release that comes on days when we are released from self-chastisement, on days when we can forgive and accept ourselves as a person who can love and be loved. Also, there are many even days of trudging along a plane of routine. If we commit ourselves to the road of grappling with experience, no matter where the road leads, we are looking for a piece of good green earth that has meaning for us, a piece of ground where we can dig our feet in so that our character as a unique person may flourish like a tree planted by the river of waters.

Part of this grappling with experience is a readiness to puzzle over the pieces of feeling, thought and event that make up our lives. Some of the pieces seem to escape

us, some to be broken, some to be burned and scattered; sometimes we can find only a few bits of our life which we can put together to find a meaning we can work from. Life seems to us as we search among the shards for meaning, like a parable of waste. The seeds of the sower appear to be thrown away on the roadside, and among the stones and thorns. But even a little seed falling on a patch of good ground can redeem life when it grows. A few pieces of experience puzzled together do bring meaning to life even if a great number of our days become rubbish. I would like to share a poem with you which tries to put this experience of puzzling for meaning into words.

I cannot swear by my head;  
I cannot be sure of my head.  
It is a basket of splendid rubbish,  
Torn rumpled yesterdays,  
Shuffled along by a wind of anxious thought:  
A part to become ashes through fear;  
A part to be slashed in anger;  
A part to be scattered,  
Jagged pieces to friends,  
Stray bits to passers-by;  
A part to be clutched in the hand,  
Pieces glued together to form a puzzle for tomorrow's work,  
An offering to God for His puzzle.  
I cannot know whether God will accept  
Until someone laughs, or cries, or grows strong over  
my struggle.

There are two points growing out of this poem with which I would like to conclude this morning's struggle. First, this effort to piece experience together to have it make some sense is a search for healing. The Bible calls this salvation. We do not want our lives to look like the ragman's heap. We want to sort life out to find the pieces of our experience which will fit together to tell us who we are and who we want to become. This is the diligent longing and striving for salvation. It is the search to become healed, to be a whole person. This effort for wholeness is a lifelong process with significant experiences of finding healing in at least some parts of our being along the way.

Healing experience comes whenever we sense a meaning emerging from the fitting together of some of the pieces of our lives. But often we cannot be sure whether we have found the experience of meaning unless we can share what we have found in such a way that we bring a response from another person. This is the second point coming from the poem. I cannot know whether God will accept until someone laughs or cries or grows strong over my puzzle. I cannot define the experience of sharing, but most of us know the minute we feel we have shared something precious. A word from you or me, which releases pent-up grief, or joy or courage in another heart tells us that we are sharing. A handclasp or a kiss, the work or prayer of two or three together are witnesses to sharing.

The experiences of healing and sharing are the purpose of our commitment of struggle. This is the same purpose

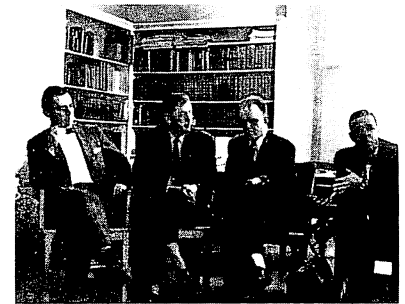


for which our Lord Jesus committed himself to struggle. We strive to shed the skin of the animal to become man or woman touched with the humanity that is in Christ Jesus. Our kinship with Him, with ourselves and with our neighbors is in the struggle to give life shape and meaning. Whenever we find that shape and meaning,

it is like the joy of a child being born into the world. The sorrow of struggle drops away and the joy remains. It is the joy which sustains us in the days of struggle to come. God throws himself into struggle and thrusts us in after Him. Do we complain and hold back? or do we follow in His train?

*PRESENTING PROJECT LINK, John King (2nd from right) sits with Edwin*

*Capon, David Johnson and Owen Turley in a panel presentation to a board meeting. The last major hope and interest in John's career, PROJECT LINK's development and presentation occupied much of his time and energy during the last year.*



## REPORT OF THE NOMINATING COMMITTEE

THE NOMINATING COMMITTEE of the General Convention, acting in accordance with Article XVII of the By-Laws of General Convention, will present at the annual meeting of the Convention in Kansas the following nominees:

### For GENERAL COUNCIL

- 2 MINISTERS (1963 Term, of R. H. Tafel, new President) . . Owen T. Turley  
(1966 Term) . . . . . David P. Johnson
- 3 LAYMEN (1965 Unexpired term of T. M. Rogers) Charles M. Townsend  
(1966 Term) . . . . . Tomas H. Spiers  
(1966 Term) . . . . . Adolph T. Liebert, Jr.

### For BOARD OF MANAGERS OF THE NEW CHURCH THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL

- 6 MEMBERS (1963 Unexpired term of Dr. G. Walker) . . Robert G. Lawson  
(1964 Unexpired term of R. H. Tafel) . . C. Wickham Skinner  
(1965 Term) . . . . . William F. Woofenden  
(1965 Term) . . . . . Rollo K. Billings  
(1965 Term) . . . . . John W. Peters  
(1965 Term) . . . . . Dorothea W. Harvey

### For BOARD OF HOME AND FOREIGN MISSIONS

- 2 MINISTERS (1965 Term) . . . . . Othmar Tobisch  
(1965 Term) . . . . . George F. Dole
- 3 LAYMEN (1963 Unexpired term of T. M. Rogers) F. Waldo Marshall  
(1965 Term) . . . . . Margaret Sampson  
(1965 Term) . . . . . James Spamer

### For AUGMENTATION FUND COMMITTEE

- 2 MEMBERS (1963 Unexpired term of John C. King) . . David P. Johnson  
(1967 Term) . . . . . Owen T. Turley

### For BOARD OF EDUCATION

- 1 MEMBER (1965 Term) . . . . . Ernest O. Martin

### For BOARD OF DEPARTMENT OF PUBLICATION

- 2 MEMBERS (1965 Unexpired term Immanuel Tafel) . . . Perry S. Martin  
(1966 Term) . . . . . William R. Woofenden

- For NOMINATING COMMITTEE (Two names to be placed in nomination)  
(1967 Term) . . . . . Margaret W. Briggs  
(1967 Term) . . . . . David P. Johnson

—CAROL S. LAWSON  
Chairman, Nominating Committee 1962



# The Grand Alliance

EDITED BY LOUISE WOOFENDEN

## OFFICERS AND COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN

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*1st Vice-President*..... Mrs. Robert L. Young, 3745 Albatross St., San Diego, Calif.  
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## A Message from our President

**N**ORTH, SOUTH, EAST, WEST—Converge on Kansas! Hit the heart of America! Don't miss!

Especially don't miss the National Alliance meeting which, is on Wednesday, July 11 at 9:30 a.m. in the Pawnee Rock church auditorium. Our luncheon is at 12:30 p.m. in the cool substory church dining room. Our special program? Mrs. Robert Young, program chairman, tells about it in this issue.

Come prepared. If, besides your clothes for warm weather, you add sun-glasses, a light wrap, a scarf and a raincoat, you'll be all set for sunny, windy Kansas—the land where the "skies are not cloudy all day," except, of course, during those sudden thunderstorms. And what about the heat in Kansas in July? Remember it's dry heat, a wonderful opportunity to reverse that well-known saying and gasp, "It's not the humidity, it's the heat!"

Come to "Pawnee Rock." What an awesome name it was to heroic trail blazers of pioneer days! What exciting stories this famous historic landmark could tell! To the travelers following the Santa Fe Trail, it was one of the bloodiest, most dangerous points on the Central Plains. Hostile mounted Plains Indians used the Rock as a lookout and ambush. From its top they could see the wagon trains approaching, could warn other tribes by smoke signals, and could launch an attack on the caravans along the Santa Fe Trail.

What will we see? The sweeping view from the top of the Rock will be quite different from those early days. We'll be meeting just after the wheat harvest, a time of relaxation for those who live in the wheat states—except for those entertaining the General Convention. Looking across the countryside we'll see wheat stubble; acres of yellow sweet clover and purple alfalfa lying between the green fields of feed; bright yellow sunflowers appearing wherever there is room from them to grow, a scattering of cattle, and, dotting the skyline, the lone towering grain elevators, skyscrapers of the prairie. Besides the landscape, what else will we see? What will be the most thrilling sight of all? Yes, you've guessed it—it will be seeing one another!

—BERTHA BERRAN

## Convention's First Ladies

THIS YEAR marks the beginning of the term of office of a new president of Convention. Since the president's wife is a sort of ambassador of good will throughout our organization, we present first a few thoughts in retrospect of our outgoing "First Lady," Elizabeth Johnson. In an exclusive interview for *The Grand Alliance*, Mrs. Johnson noted two main features of her years as the president's wife.

She considers the experience a rare privilege for a minister's wife first of all because of the opportunity to travel. "The chance to travel with my husband to Europe," she says, "has been a highlight of our existence. It would not have been possible without the Alliance, which was directly responsible for my going. I am deeply grateful, and repeat my thanks. The provision of the travel fund is especially thoughtful because the president is away from home so much. With this fund, his wife can have one trip with him each year, to share in his special work and to get deeper insights into his tasks."

Mrs. Johnson observes a second important gain for the president's wife, which she characterizes as "forced growth." This is her way of describing the effect of all the extra duties which fall on the shoulders of the president's wife. Because her husband has such an arduous travel schedule and is away the greater part of the time, she must of necessity take responsibilities in many areas which are normally the minister's. At the same time, she must carry on her own duties at home and in the parish without his constant presence and help. Mrs. Johnson is grateful even for this side of her "term of office," and feels that it has helped her in her personal development.

To future first ladies, then, she recommends the position as a means of broadening horizons and developing character—to look forward to with pleasure and to view as a rare opportunity for personal growth.

\* \* \* \* \*

Our new first lady, Corinne Tafel offers at our request the following biographical sketch which will introduce her to those who have not met her personally, and which



reveals, we think, some special talents that she brings as she embarks with her husband on this new venture:

"I was born in Stratford-on-Avon, Ontario, Canada, a small city of some 17,000, which has now become famous for its Shakespearean Festival and theater. Years before the theater was established Stratford was very conscious of its heritage, and had named its wards and schools after Shakespeare or some of his famous characters. We lived in Romeo Ward and I first attended Romeo School, then Juliet.

"We were Swedenborgians and homeopaths, the only ones in town, a very dubious combination in the eyes of many of the townspeople. We belonged to the New Jerusalem Church in Kitchener, Ontario, 28 miles away. In order to get to church and Sunday school we had to take the train. As the only Sunday train did not reach Kitchener in time for church, I remember taking the hour-long train ride Saturday night, spending Saturday night in Kitchener, going to church and Sunday school and returning home by train on Sunday afternoon.

"After graduating from the Stratford Collegiate Institute, I left Canada for Urbana, Ohio, where I attended Urbana Junior College. It was here that I met my husband. I graduated from Urbana, and attended the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor where I received my A.B. degree two years later. The next three winters I spent in Philadelphia as secretary to the Rev. Chas. W. Harvey.

"October 1934 was an eventful month in my life. I became a naturalized citizen and I was married to Richard H. Tafel, five days after he was ordained at the same altar here in Philadelphia, by the Rev. Chas. W. Harvey.



ELIZABETH JOHNSON



CORINNE TAFEL

"We have three sons, Richard Jr., who graduated from the New Church Theological School in May; Harvey, finishing his junior year at Dickinson College and looking forward to attending our Theological School; and Jonathan, still in high school. Richard, Jr., after his ordination at the coming Convention, will start the fourth generation of Tafel ministers in our Church. Although it is too early to tell, we have a potential for the fifth in our grandson, John Barclay Tafel.

"We are interested in people and are always happy to see a fellow churchman from any part of the world. We have had the privilege of not only entertaining visitors from our church but foreign students as well. Though life in this busy parish of Philadelphia takes most of my time, I still find a few minutes for my two favorite hobbies, gardening and the Shakespeare Club.

"I have served on Convention's Nominating Committee and as president of the Women's Alliance (a heart-warming experience), and am now secretary of the Hosanna Committee as well as secretary of the Swedenborg Publishing Association.

"I am looking forward to the next three years, when my husband will be president of Convention, to renewing old friendships and making new ones. May our faith be stronger, our efforts more united so that the Lord will be able to use us to help bring His church on earth."

## GENERAL CONVENTION

July 5 to 15, 1962

Hutchinson and Great Bend, Kansas

### The Alliance Program

HAVE YOU taken time out lately to take stock of yourself? Are you sure just where you are going now? Can you really evaluate where you have been? Do you know where you want to go?

Are you married? Were you ever married? Are you looking forward to marriage for yourself, or someone close to you?

Or, has an earthly union not been a part of your pattern? What then, of the emphasis in the Word, and in the Writings, upon marriage? Do these have meaning for you, too, or are they only pertinent for your married acquaintances?

What did you look for in a mate? What are the problems which confront you after the decision has been made and you move forward in your life together?

What unique teachings does our Church have to enlighten you as to the purpose of marriage—its real meaning for, and within, each one of us?

As women, we are all concerned with the "Evolving Role of the Contemporary Woman", the topic which we have chosen for the focal point of our symposium. Our New Church offers many insights into our roles as women, and we will have the pleasure of hearing Mrs. Roger Unruh of Pawnee Rock, Mrs. Roy Bateman of El Cerrito, California, and Mrs. Louis Dole of Bath, Maine, as they lead our thoughts in these areas. An opportunity for questions pertinent to the subject will be given at the close of the meeting.

Plan now to be with us in Kansas. This "center of our nation" has a heart as wide as the world—take it from one who knows. I was privileged to sample their fabulous hospitality some nineteen years ago, and the memory of their gracious and genuine hospitality is carried with me still. This, too, can be your experience when you meet with your fellow New-Church women in Pawnee Rock on July 11.

—BETSY YOUNG  
Program Chairman

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. . .

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## WHAT WORSHIP DOES

by Antony Regamey

PRIMITIVE RELIGION established man's relationship to God on a contract basis of so much for so much. It assumed God was pleased with the praises of men, and with their offerings, or sacrifices. It conveyed Him as an earthly ruler, enjoying flattery, and granting favors to those who used the right formula in asking them. It assumed that His will could be changed by prayer and suitable vows, or gifts; this, that He was a capricious being whom a man could harness to his own desires.

A good instance of this is found in the story of Jacob at Bethel, and his vision of a ladder with angels ascending and descending on its steps. There, "Jacob" vowed a vow, saying, "If God will be with me, and give me bread to eat and raiment to put on, so that I come again in peace to my father's house, then this stone I have set as a marker shall be God's house, and I will give him the tenth part of all he shall give me."

Today, we have outgrown the idea that the mind and will of God can be changed or propitiated by our worship and prayers. We know better than to think we can influence Him by our praises or gifts. We do not bow down before Him because it pays. He is a God of love and His love extends to us all, regardless of our devotional rituals, or our lack of them. And yet, if our worship does not affect the Lord and does not modify His loving kindness toward us, it does something to us that is both important and essential. It changes us. It helps us to become receptive to Him, and to open our hearts and minds to His presence and love. It is our response to His gift of Himself to us. It is our free recognition that we are His children. It is our means of cultivating His companionship, in the warmth and the light of which we find our true human growth and a meaning to our lives.

### *A confession*

Fundamentally, worship is a confession of our own inadequacy; of our need of help; of our dependence on a power greater, higher than ourselves in whose hands lie our destinies. It begins in humility, not in taking God for granted. The paradox, however, is that in this surrender to a higher will, our powers are not lessened but rather released and invigorated; our vision, not dimmed but clarified; and our sense of responsibility, intensified.

And this, after all, is what happens to any man who relates himself to the real forces of the universe, be they physical or spiritual.

The scientist and the inventor do not, in fact, "harness" the powers of nature. They find a way, on the contrary, of yielding to them. They contrive some device through which these powers are able to flow or to be released, be they hydraulic plants or "atom smashers". They fashion a receptacle through which these power can operate. Similarly worship is the adjustment of man's will to God's will; of man's mind to God's mind. And the more complete the yielding, the fuller God's presence and power in the soul. Howbeit, if that yielding is anything less than responsive love, it is of no avail and no power is received. Worship cannot be used for and to our own ends, and still remain worship.

All this is familiar to us, as are also the habitual procedures of Christian liturgy, and the moods they successively induce, with a view to promote a genuine experience of the Lord's presence. In both individual devotions and public service, there are well known and reliable disciplines and rituals which have become dear to us, because they have brought us step by step closer to the Lord. Starting, perhaps, with a fresh realization of unworthiness, they lead us to see and acknowledge our sins and to ask forgiveness, and to seek absolution in remembrance of the divine mercy. Then, once more we attain according to the sincerity of our repentance—the rehabilitation of our claim to be children of God. Then calm and peace take the place of former tensions. And in our further seeking of the Lord in His word, and consequent meditation upon it, enlightenment and the reassuring feeling of a presence follow. What, therefore, could be more natural than that praise and thanksgiving should ensue, and a compelling desire for self-dedication? What then that we should be moved to share with our fellowmen the light and love we have received?

The fact to which I wish to point at this time—as we remind ourselves of the inner sequence of this most precious experience of our life—is that in all true worship there is that cycle taking us from where we are, and as we are, to God, then to a sense of oneness with mankind. It is that in worship we touch divine realities which either compel us to stop worshipping, or to respond



with the whole of our beings to their bidding. Worship can never be an escape out of the world to God, for in the heart of God we find the world and its appalling wants, and misery and suffering, crying out for redemptive love. Worship, be it private or public, is always social in its overtones and implications. And this is the insight of our text. "O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His Name together."

Psychologically speaking, worship readjusts us into proper relations to the Lord and our fellow men. It is anything but an attempt to become self-righteous or holy for our own sakes. It is a dedication of all we both are and have to the Lord's holy will, to His loving purpose for all men, in the doing of which character is then perfected with no self-conscious effort on our own part as we work out that will in our human relations. It is not an approach to a static God, who created the world once for all and let it go ever since of its own momentum; nor Who came on earth once-for-all in the limitations of our human life to redeem and save us; but to a God who still creates, and saves, and always will, and with whom we are called to enter into partnership. His love extends to all mankind, in all these ever-widening circles which are called the larger neighbor. His love is universal. The more truly then, we live both in and by His love, the more truly also we are accepting with it an inescapable responsibility for our world and our times. Worship has definite extensions into all our human relationships.

Thus, one aspect of the "togetherness" of worship. It makes us one with mankind. It makes us one also with all who through worship have entered into God's partnership. It keeps us fit for service. It fashions us into living instruments in God's hand. And instruments do not just grow. They are shaped, each for their own special task; yet shaped, more often than not, by means of other instruments.

For this reason, we can never worship alone. Nor, though we be alone physically, yet we cannot worship as if we were not part of the entire body of Christ—His Church on earth—and of mankind. "Our Father," our Lord taught us to pray.

This, surely, is an age in which more than in any other we know we are involved in the destinies of the whole human race. This is an age in which the individual as an individual is becoming more and more powerless in stopping the inroads of moral disintegration and decay all about him; and from which, to withdraw in hermit-like fashion in order to work out one's own salvation is egotism pure and simple. "Togetherness" is becoming more and more indispensable to worship. "O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His Name together." Only such a "togetherness" can make it possible for any of us to worship individually. Only such a togetherness can prove to be in the long run a collective force sufficient to overcome all those social evils of our days for which nobody yet everybody is responsible.

We need the Church today even more than the Church needs us, and it cannot spare us. And the world needs

the church too; that, the spiritual strength of one may become that of a thousand, and God's victory won. Worship can no more be simply "the flight of the alone to the Alone." Worship is the life-center of the Church. Today it must be more vicarious, and more than ever vigorous in its applications to social redemption. When all is said and done, the church is but the extension of our Lord's Incarnation and Redemption. He lives in us; yet, in all of us together who constitute His body. He works through us; yet, through us all together. And none of us, alone, would qualify for the task which needs be done. Let us abandon then as futile and illusory the idea that we can worship Him just as well in solitude wherever fellowship is possible. When solitude is forced on us, let us relate ourselves, if only in spirit, to the great companionship of the Church both visible and invisible, and to all mankind, that "together" with those whose loyalties are similar to ours, we may answer, "Here," to God's voice.

Both individual devotion and public worship, to be sure, are necessary parts of our Churchmanship, and of our spiritual growth. Yet neither of them is meant to be an alternative to the other. Both are complementary. Both are social in their implications. And, though it is sometimes supposed that our Lord exalted the one above the other by saying, "Thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet and there pray in secret," this does not by any means happen to be the case. There are many sayings of His also in which He takes public worship for granted. He himself made it a custom to take part in its observance. He taught us much about the attitudes with which we should take part in it. "If thou bring thy gift before the altar," He said, for one thing, "and there rememberest that thy brother hath ought against thee, leave there thy gift and go thy way. First be reconciled to thy brother and then come and offer thy gift." All of which means, of course, do not come to the altar alone, but come with thy brother in thy heart, with feelings of good will toward him, with a sense of oneness with him in God's sight—whether in church or "in thy closet."

We cannot come to His altar alone, if we come in response to His love. We can only do so with a sense of oneness, actual and potential with others. It is the task of the Church to bring all men to Him. Together with all who worship Him we are the church. It is up to us then, as we worship Him, to lift up to Him that humanity with which we are inextricably bound, as we lift up to Him our prayers and hopes and praise, and our yearning to be forgiven and renewed. We cannot worship Him fully; simply as individuals, for the very good reason that in our human relations, we are so many things to so many people. A man may be a teacher, and yet at the same time, a father, neighbor, a citizen, a member of the church, and many other things. If the world is to be saved, it is in all of these groups with which we are related that, through us, the Lord's power, and truth and love must reach. It is, vicariously, as an agent, and representative of these, that we must come to seek strength and enlightenment from the Lord;



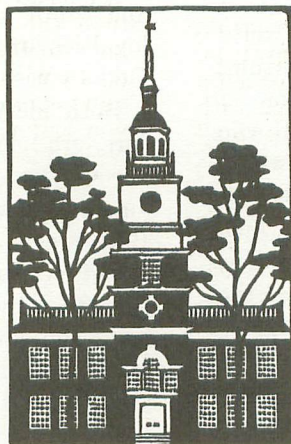
conscious of our responsibility toward these larger neighbors; bearing them up, whose life is in so large a part one with ours.

Indeed, if with all Protestants we believe in "the priesthood of all believers," then this is what this priesthood means; that we should bring to the Lord the needs of all of those of whom we are a part and, on the other hand humbly convey to them His power to save.

Can there be any doubt that worship could become one of the mightiest forces for good in the world, if through the Church it did just that; which it is, indeed, intended to accomplish? Can there be any denying that a Church wide awake to the implications of its

"highest and foremost function"—that of making God's presence real to men—could change the face of the earth? Worship in this new age still has depths unexplored, power unappropriated, far outreaching potentialities still unknown. Worship is closer to God's purpose of social redemption than we think. It is God's presence and power waiting to be released through His church in the world, nay in the act of so being! What would happen if we meant this when we say, "O magnify the Lord with me and let us exalt His Name together?"

*The author is the pastor of the Boston Society and a teacher in the New Church Theological School. He has made a special study of worship.*



## MASSACHUSETTS NEW CHURCH LEAGUE

PRESIDENT. . . Donald S. Peck  
16 High Rock Way, Boston 34, Mass.

VICE PRESIDENT . . . Ronald Wood  
171. West Street, Elmwood, Mass.

SECRETARY . . . Malcolm C. Peck  
16 High Rock Way, Boston 34, Mass.

TREASURER . . . Walter Chapin  
56 River Street, Arlington, Mass.

THE MASSACHUSETTS NEW CHURCH LEAGUE Association consists of the Massachusetts young people's groups. This is a revived organization after being defunct for over ten years. We are now in its second year of existence, so our prime purpose is to make a strong union of all the young people's groups into one large group which will meet approximately every other month during the church year.

The revived M.N.C.L.A. has had a generally successful year, financially as well as otherwise. For this reason the group has been able to undertake the project of sending \$25, along with a similar gift from the Boston League, to aid the education of Miss Kim, a young

student in Seoul, Korea. A well attended M.N.C.L.A. square dance at Elmwood (March 3) largely made this possible.

At the annual meeting, held April 14 in the Boston Church, it was decided that the M.N.C.L.A. would sponsor the annual house party at Blairhaven (June 2-3). The Bridgewater and Elmwood group took an active part in preparing the meals and Walter Chapin was chairman of the Boston group in charge of preparing the program.

In the course of the same meeting, the president, Donald Peck, remarked that the past year has been a pleasantly active one for the M.N.C.L.A. The scope of activities was fairly wide in variety, extent, and meetings, which while accomplishing their purpose, were pleasantly informal. New ties were established between church groups previously disparate, this especially making the revival of the statewide group worthwhile. The League looks forward to another year of increased activity marked by similar and extended success.

Special thanks are owed to our advisor, Mr. Harvey Johnson, for his counsel and encouragement through the year.

—DONALD S. PECK  
President, M.N.C.L.A.



## DREAM DISCUSSIONS

PASTOR PTHUD is a great dreamer. No, not a "Walter Mitty" of the cloth, but rather a genuine, 100% American dreamer of dreams. Every night he anticipates at least one dream, and double features are the rule rather than the exception. In color, naturally! Indeed, Pthud could still recall with shocking clarity that day, in his sixteenth year, when he first became aware that everyone didn't dream in color. You see, he had naively assumed that his dream patterns were typical; shared by everyone. In retrospect, Pastor Pthud could see that this rude awakening was a critical turning point in his life, because from that moment he invariably tested his every assumption, thus, in a sense, placing himself in the vanguard of psychological research. But we digress.

Pastor Pthud lay adreaming. And as was his wont on a Sunday night, his dream led him into the spiritual world. He walked down a long stone corridor, turned a corner, and found himself in a vast amphitheatre, with what seemed to be thousands of seats surrounding a small stage. It was a strange sight, inasmuch as every seat was vacant. And on the platform, seated around a table, were four men, obviously carrying on an animated conversation. Pthud padded noiselessly down the aisle and slipped into a seat near the stage. The four conversationalists glanced briefly at their new audience, nodded, and resumed the discussion. It soon became apparent to Pthud that the four men were theologians from the neo-orthodox, liberal, fundamentalist, and existentialist schools of thought, warmly engaged in discussing the nature of God. The fundamentalist was saying. . . .

"My dear friends, why can't you see this? It is so obvious. The Scriptures tell us plainly that God is a just God. He will not be mocked. Man sinned and someone had to atone for this sin. How else can you understand the death of Christ on a cross? I know. . . ."

Liberal: "Just a moment, sir! If I may say so, your basic premise is questionable. Is God primarily a God

of justice? It seems to me—at least this is what scholarship would indicate—that the gospel of the New Testament, which replaces the Old Testament, shows us a God of mercy, a God who will ultimately save all of His children. If God is like Christ, how could he conceivably condemn anyone to hell? People don't believe in your kind of hell anymore. It's just a matter of time until heaven is for everyone. Look at the progress we've made in the past 2000 years! People have it pretty good today and it's going to get better."

Existentialist: "That I very much doubt. Is this so-called progress a real step forward, or is it rather a skin-thin veneer that covers a multitude of weaknesses and hypocritical postures? Do you really believe that modern man knows God more intimately than his ancestors did back in the middle ages? Ha! You make me sick unto death with your pious words that mean nothing. Have you never doubted that God exists? I thought not. And you call yourself a Christian without ever having ever really faced God in your entire existence!"

Neo-orthodox: "Gentlemen, we have been discussing this subject for almost three years now, and I still see no consensus in sight. Can we not agree to disagree in a charitable manner? God is too great for us. We can never know Him. Let us all, wretched sinners that we are, confess our sins and wait upon His grace. We can do nothing more."

Liberal: "Use your reason man. Can we do nothing to achieve our salvation? All my life I've attended church and tried to be as good as the next fellow. And I expect to be rewarded by a God who is my friend. If I didn't believe this I would as soon be in hell."

Existentialist: "And pray tell, where do you think we are?"

—ERASMUS SPOOL

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by HELEN KELLER

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## **MEMOIRS of a musical missionary Family**

IN 1911, in the little village of Herbert, Saskatchewan, I married Helena Zacharias, the sister of the Rev. John E. Zacharias. At that time I informed my young wife that we were going to have a family orchestra. She answered with a smile of incredulity. The fact is that ten years later we had five children.

When Carl, the oldest, who later became a New-Church minister, was four years old I got him a little E-flat clarinet. He took to it readily and in two years began to play solos in public. Our next, Ella, began piano practice at four. The third, Arthur, born in Cambridge, was to be my bass player. I started him on a trumpet, then as he grew bigger, on a baritone horn, and finally got him a bass. The fourth, Bertha, was to be our violinist. At the appropriate age I got her a half sized violin. The fifth child, Norman, became a trumpeter. During our stay in Cambridge, Mrs. Peters and I took instruction at the New England Conservatory of Music to make sure that our music would be according to accepted standards.

I arranged simplified scores for the children so that very early in their life we could have ensemble playing. I led with the violin and my wife played the trombone. Over many years we had two half-hour sessions a day. I wonder now after these many years, how we could get the children to practice so obediently, not only in orchestra, but individually. During the initial years I gave each child a nickel for every half-hour of individual practice. With my meager salary this began to eat seriously into my finances.

From 1915 to 1918 the family was at the Theological School. Then we did two years of missionary work in Saskatchewan, preaching in various homes and school houses. In 1920 our family was called to Pawnee Rock. There we were stationed for ten years except for the school year 1924-25 when I got leave to earn my degree from the University of Kansas.

After our return to Pawnee Rock our music began to pay off. Besides regular morning worship I instituted special evening services at the New Church building which had just been completed. My idea I had gotten

while in Cambridge from the Ford Hall meetings held Sunday evenings in Boston. There was a musical program followed by a lecture. The interest in these meetings was so great that everyone who wanted to get in had to come early and stand in line on the street.

I decided to use the family orchestra as an attraction, augmented by talent from various high schools and also the Teachers' College at Hays, followed by an expository sermon. The success was greater than I had imagined. The average attendance over a two year period was 225, and the largest attendance reached 360. All seats were taken and people were standing in the back and along the walls.

In 1930 I became restless with the missionary fever and applied to Mr. Leslie Marshall for support in a missionary undertaking. I shall never cease to be grateful for the support the Board of Missions has given me.

The family moved to Garden City, Kansas, and established four missionary centers, so that each could be visited once a month. The Montezuma society is the only one left that is still progressing. Wherever we went with our family we had large attendance. The difficulty was that people in Western Kansas were not permanently located. The Henry Felkner family, for instance, our chief support in the Sunrise community, moved to Salt Lake City. Others scattered all over the West.

What the final results of our missionary work are would be impossible to measure, nor have I the slightest interest in trying to evaluate them. I do know that the work for the church has always fascinated me and that our family has made many friends.

What turns life takes! In 1942 my wife passed away. Since then my family has spread over the earth from Tokyo, Japan, to Oslo, Norway, where Bertha and her husband are at present stationed in the American Embassy.

"As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more."

—HENRY K. PETERS