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# NEW CHURCH MESSENGER

CHRISTMAS 1962



# NEW-CHURCH MESSENGER

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## ESSENTIAL FAITH OF THE NEWCHURCH

There is one God, and He is the Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

Saving faith is to believe in Him and keep the Commandments of His Word.

The Word is Divine and contains a spiritual or inner meaning which reveals the way of regeneration.

Evil should be shunned as sin against God.

Human life is unbroken and continuous, and the world of the spirit is real and near.

# EDITORIAL

THERE IS no doubt that there is a glow about Christmas. A storm may rage outside, or a storm may rage in the breast; nevertheless, as the realization dawns that the Christmas festival is at hand, across the heart there blows a gentle breeze of summer. On another page of this issue will be found a story by a Canadian writer, Caroline Gunnarsson, about the spontaneous and unofficial armistice between the German and English soldiers on Christmas day in 1914. Marvelous that the Christmas spirit could reach into the trenches, and yet, is it so marvelous? Christmas has shown it has the power to survive the disasters of time and circumstance. Undefeated it has passed through the flames and floods which have destroyed so much of the heritage of the past.

We should not marvel at this, for Christmas commemorates the giving of God of Himself through the birth of a babe to a humble peasant woman. We may be deeply stirred by the circumstances surrounding that birth: by the coming of wise men, by the song of the angels which the shepherds heard, by the tender picture of Mary of whom Chesterton wrote:

"The Christ Child stood on Mary's knee,  
His hair was like a crown,  
And all the flowers looked up at Him  
And all the stars looked down."

But the transcendental significance of this event eludes any romantic or poetic description of its pictorial setting. The simple words of the Fourth Gospel report that significance best: "And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us; and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth."

This is the meaning of the Incarnation. People who knew God as a wrathful Yahweh who destroyed nearly all his children with a flood; or who knew him as Jupiter sitting high on Olympus and hurling thunderbolts when in an angry mood, now came to know Him as a Savior whose only weapons are grace, forgiveness, and peace. Men are to know that from now on the God of love is in this world: a Redeeming God, a Savior full of compassion, offering peace and forgiveness to all who will accept these gifts.

No wonder the early Christians contrasted the Roman Empire which rested upon gigantic military power, with the Kingdom proclaimed by Him Who was the Word-Made-Flesh, and Whose only sword was the sword of the spirit. For those of this age the contrast is even stronger—a contrast of men with love of God in their hearts, with those who stand poised to hurl a nuclear bomb.

All the more reason to remember that God is in this world. That birth in Bethlehem long ago assures us of that. This is faith, but a faith by which we can live. As Longfellow said:

God is not dead, nor doth He sleep.  
The wrong shall fail,  
The right prevail,  
With peace on earth, good will to men.

*Best Wishes to you for the Christmas Season  
and the New Year from the MESSENGER staff  
at our new address: 4001 Brotherton Road,  
Cincinnati 9, Ohio.*



CHRISTMAS



ANGEL

by Dennis Duckworth

I WAS IN CAMBRIDGE attending a Christmas College Reunion when I was handed the telegram. It was to call me home at once—just that. I left the table quietly after the second toast and made my way to the station; the beginnings of a blizzard had whitened the streets and dimmed the outlines of the dark trees. Carol singers stood in the market square; the night was chill and desolate.

The last train to London was late, and I had to stand and stare at the twinkling lights of red and green across the windswept marshland. Two or three passengers were standing in the dimness of the waiting-room, collars upturned and hats pulled well down over the eyes. The train screeched in like a supernatural monster, and it was a relief to scramble into a compartment and sink back into a corner. What did it mean, that telegram? Perhaps Isobel was ill—waiting to give birth to her child. She had been sick a little before I left home, but without apprehension. The rhythm of the train wheels seemed to drum the sentence through my mind—Isobel is ill—Isobel is ill—as we sped over those flat silent snow-covered miles.

It was a stopping train, calling for mail at every station. I read the names through the streaks of snow—Great Shelford, Duxford, Wedens Ambo, Stansted Mountfitchett. People got in and out, big burly country folk, slamming doors and breathing heavily. Most of them were fat and jolly and noisily oblivious to others. I watched them as they stepped out into the night,

pressing their broad backs against the blizzard. And then . . . Isobel is ill, is ill, is ill . . . a little nearer home.

I do not know when I first noticed the man in the opposite corner. He was quiet and dark, with an air of distinction. He neither spoke nor glanced about him, but there was something about him that made me regard him intently. He was plainly dressed in black, and wore a soft hat that shaded most of his face. His gloved hands rested in his lap, and he carried no bag, newspaper, or umbrella. Perhaps a clergyman going home from some late service, or a doctor returning from a patient—or perhaps, like myself, a husband summoned to a sick wife.

I did not see him get in the compartment, and as the sparse midnight lights of outer London began to show—and he sat on in his shadowy corner—I began to have a strange feeling about him. I felt that, just as I was aware of him, he was aware of me. I could not see his eyes, but could feel his keen penetrating sight. It seemed to me as if he watched me steadily, with pity; and that calm watchfulness seemed to emphasize the rhythm of the wheels . . . ill, ill, Isobel is ill.

Of course, I was anxious and over-excited, and tried to dismiss morbid thoughts from my mind. I tried to turn my attention to the snow-covered roofs of Ilford and Stratford. It was 1:20. Would I find a taxi at Liverpool Street at such an hour? And if not, how would I get home? I was still with these thoughts when the train surged into the empty station. The stranger stood

and opened the door. As he stepped down before me on to the platform I saw that he was lame.

There was no taxi, and nothing left for me to do but walk home to Highgate. Fortunately there was a lull in the blizzard, and the white layer of snow gave Bishopsgate an appearance of unreality and instability. Because I did not think I could find my way through the narrow streets behind the station, I kept to Threadneedle Street, the Royal Exchange, and so into Moorgate.

To be in the heart of the City at two in the morning in the silence and freshness of a snowfall is an odd experience. Did I see one solitary policeman standing by the Mansion House, or just imagine him? I rounded the corner of the Bank to the single sound of my own muffled steps. It would take me two hours to walk home, pressing on like this past the dark windows and inky doorways. I was the only thing alive and moving; all the rest was stone. Even the air was still, expectant, tremulous. . . .

And then, at the corner of Finsbury Square, I was suddenly aware again of that intense and pitying eye—that stranger's gaze. I turned, and saw him—tall, slim, shrouded in shadow, following me, limping. He was about fifty yards behind me, walking rapidly. He too had not found a taxi! I hurried on, but knew that he was following, and though I could not hear his footsteps I sensed his nearness. Was he following merely—or trying to overtake me? Was he *pursuing* me? I glanced back and saw him distinctly outlined against the wall of Bunhill Fields Cemetery.

Who was this man travelling with me through the night? What harm could he do me? What a ridiculous childish fear gripped my heart! I determined either to shake him off, or to wait and accost him. By the junction of New North Road I stopped and turned full round. The man stopped and stood quite still on the wide pavement. While I waited he did not move. With something like terror I began to walk on; and all the way up the City Road, with the fine snow beginning to blur the outline of the buildings on both sides, I could feel that keen compassionate gaze penetrating my being. Then suddenly I ran till I was breathless—and turned again. *He was there, limping fifty yards behind me.*

And then I heard a sound—an ordinary everyday sound, that was a relief to my mind. It was the long low burr of the omnibus. I had forgotten about the hourly all-night bus between Westminster and Highgate—and here it was, grinding its way like a spectre over the crossroads at the Angel station. "Stop! Stop!" I shouted, and my words sounded like pistol shots in the night air. I ran, gripped the rail, and hurled myself on to the platform. "Steady, now!" said the conductor; "No need to hurry, gov'ner." I rubbed my shoes into the ribbed wooden floor and shook the flakes of snow from my overcoat. I offered my fare and settled into my seat. I had left my pursuer behind.

What could be the matter with Isobel? And who had sent the telegram? Perhaps I was imagining the whole thing. But no—I fingered the small yellow envelope in

my pocket; it was reality enough. It seemed impossible that Isobel could be really ill. The doctor was satisfied with the normality of her condition; childbirth held no fears for her; she was looking forward, joyously, with confidence and calmness. Suddenly, the bus gave a lurch—and the rhythm of its engine sounded different; no longer "ill, ill, Isobel is ill"—but a long low menacing sound that spelled one dread word. I shut my mind against the horrible thought.

It was snowing heavily now. I looked deliberately at every little thing. A flake of snow on the window slid gently down. The hanging straps swung round and round as the empty bus rode the blizzard like a ship. The driver's immovable back . . . the conductor's khaki mittens . . . and Isobel ill. However, I would know soon.

Alighting in the thick drift at the bottom of Highgate Hill I looked around. I was alone. I walked smartly up the Great North Road, and paused again. There was nothing in the indistinct pattern of the storm. I set my face towards home. A New-Church-man should harbour no sinister thoughts or phantasies. And then, in an arc of thin greenish light from a lamp, I saw him—tall, straight, with his angular shoulders and broken step. He was *in front of me*, leading me on.

His eyes were directed elsewhere. But where, where? For a moment he disappeared, but as I turned the corner I saw him again, limping through the snow by the garden hedges. I knew where he was going, and I began to run, calling to him to stop. My shouts seemed to echo down the black gully of the street. He fled before me—going on relentlessly. He turned the corner of the road where I live. I saw him enter the gate and stumble up the steps to the porch. His hand was raised to strike. . . .

Like one in a trance I rushed after him to the door and beat upon it.

Isobel and her baby boy were both well. It was a premature birth, and had been amazingly easy and a great surprise to all. The doctor had sent the telegram. "We thought it best to bring you home," he said, "but really, there was no cause for anxiety."

No cause for anxiety! So that devilish travelling companion had been a figment of my anxious mind; and I thought of the teaching that man, by his thoughts and affectional states, invites—so to speak—his own heavenly or hellish contacts. I saw Isobel asleep, and the cot near the bed—and thought of the Christmas Angel. There was no menacing stranger in the house—but Gabriel himself, whom I had forgotten. I went to the door and gazed out into the street. The storm was over, and a peaceful calm of white snow lay over everything. There was not a blemish upon its placid beauty—except my own deep footprints.





## Tomorrow is Christmas !

DAVID LEANED HIS CHEEK against the cold car window. Gradually he stopped hearing the excited chatter of his brothers and sisters, "Look, Mommy, look at that big Christmas tree." "I see another one." "There's one changing colors—red, yellow, green, blue..."

The church had been so beautiful, the bright red flowers glowing in the candlelight, the greens filling the air with the smell of Christmas, and all the people singing "Joy to the world, the Lord has come."

Christmas was wonderful. He had been waiting so long for it. Even before Thanksgiving he had made out his list in the secrecy of his room. Then the very day after Thanksgiving mother had taken him and his brothers and sisters to the discount store to pick out presents for each other, for cousins, parents, and grandparents. They each carried a basket and put their

jackets on top so they wouldn't see the others'. David felt pretty rich with the three dollars Mom gave him plus the money he had earned making bird feeders. He had his list and he chose carefully for each person. Then home with their big bags and into their rooms with papers and ribbons and cards. Now his presents were all piled on his closet shelf and when he got home he would carry them into the living room to put them under the tree.

This beautiful Christmas tree! It made the house smell all woodsy, just like the church. It had been such fun decorating it this year. He could do the lights all by himself, even the one that lit the star on top. That star helped remind them of the star that shone over the manger the first Christmas time. He'd helped Rachel and Ben making decorations, and really some of them were kind of messy. The tree might look better without



them, but Rachel and Ben were proud of them. They still had to hang up some of the cookies they had decorated.

That cookie decorating made an awful mess all over the kitchen, with Jenny sticking her fingers in the frosting and biting off all the gingerbread men's heads. But he and Paul and Ruth had made some really nice looking ones, and they took them around the neighborhood for all the children. That was fun too to see their surprised faces. The big children saved them to hang on their Christmas trees, but the little ones ate them right away. It was fun to see how other houses were decorated too.

The decoration he liked best at home was the manger scene. Last Sunday they set it up together. Mom had to hold Jenny on her lap so she wouldn't grab everything and Benny cried because Rachel got to put the Baby in the stable. But David had got to read the story this year, instead of Daddy doing it, and he remembered to stop and wait while the others put the figures in place. First Mary and Joseph, with their donkey, then the baby, then the shepherds with their sheep and little lambs, and finally the wise men bringing their gifts.

It was like the pageant at Sunday School. He'd fussed because he always had to be one of the wise men. But really he felt grand walking down the aisle with that velvet cape, swinging his jar of incense and kneeling by the manger just as the minister read "And when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh." It was almost the same every year, but it was exciting just the same. The words from Luke were getting so familiar that he could almost say them by heart "And there were in the same country shepherds keeping watch over their flock by night." Was it cold like here, or was it a warm comfortable night? Probably warm, or they wouldn't have

been out. How would it be to have Christmas warm and sunny instead of cold and snowy?

They'd been reading at home about Christmas in other lands. In Mexico, where they had the pinata bowl full of presents, it must really be hot. But in Norway and Denmark Christmas is cold and snowy and they decorate with grain to feed the birds.

They had learned Christmas carols from lots of different countries, "O Christmas Tree" from Germany, "Bring a Torch, Jeanette, Isabella", from France, and "The Coventry Carol" from England, and lots more. The shut-ins seemed very glad when the scouts and brownies and cubs all went together to sing with them. He hadn't really wanted to go, but when he saw those old people who couldn't go to church or visit with families, when he saw them smile and sing along with them, then he was glad he went.

There was one other thing about getting ready for Christmas he hadn't wanted to do. That business of cleaning his room and sorting out his toys and games to give to some children who wouldn't have much for Christmas. It's funny, even when you didn't play with some things any more, you still didn't want to give them away. Mother said growing up was like that—you have to give up some of your childish habits like giving excuses and always putting the blame on other people.

It's hard to grow up—you have to give away your favorite clothes and your old toys. But I got to read the Christmas story this year, and fix the lights, and put the star on the tree. I wouldn't want to be small like Benny. He's gone to sleep and we're almost home and I've still got to put my presents under the tree, and help Dad hang up the stockings and put up the surprise decoration I made for Mom and maybe there'll be time for us all to sing "Silent Night" before we go to bed. Because tomorrow's Christmas!

—PERRY AND ERNEST MARTIN

## SONG

ROYAL Mary of David's line,  
Royal Mary in a stable shed,  
Loyal Joseph and the angels' shine,  
All close to the manger bed.

The greatest Child of all the earth  
Came to us at Bethlehem birth,  
Royal Child in the manger bed,  
And Immanuel, they said.

This is the night, the greatest night,  
And the night that The Child has birth.  
Each one may share the manger's light,  
And for each, Christ came to Earth.

MELROSE PITMAN



# War stops for Christmas

by Caroline Gunnarsson

IT WAS CHRISTMAS EVE 1914 and the world was fighting a war to end wars.

Home to a soldier of England's North Staffordshire Regiment was a waterlogged trench on the Armentiers sector of the Allied front line, "peace on earth" an uneasy nightmare lull in the midst of bloody conflict, scattered around were the frozen corpses of yesterday's comrades and yesterday's foes.

Sgt.-Major Frederick Gould never forgot it, nor the ring of the field telephone intruding on his thoughts of Christmas at home.

"Sir, something funny's happening," stammered the excited operator. "The Germans are sitting on top of the trenches, they've lit fires and candles, and they're singing hymns."

The Sgt.-Major could see the candles and bonfires and he heard the singing. The English soldiers were also sitting on top of their trenches, and figures were moving in no-man's land.

In times of war such acts of peace are not to be trusted, even at Christmas, and the Sgt.-Major made sure that the men in the support trenches were covering the men in the front lines.

He remembered another regiment that trusted the enemy too well in September. A party of German stretcher bearers had come out of the trenches during a lull holding a white flag, and were thought to be attempting to recover their wounded.

Then the white flag dropped. The stretchers bore machine guns that strafed the regiment. Could this, too, be a trick. Mr. Gould voiced his suspicions to one of his men, who replied that one of his pals had told him that the Germans who were now moving about freely in no-man's land had warned him of the Prussians who did such tricks. But they were Saxons and had a fellow feeling for the Anglo-Saxons.

Still Gould warned the sentries to be watchful and give immediate warning if they sighted anything suspicious.

Meanwhile a message arrived that a German soldier had asked to speak to an officer, so a company commander decided to go to him and investigate.

This man had been a waiter in England before the war and spoke excellent English. He wanted to trade German cigars for bully beef.

The officer felt growing suspicion when the soldier suggested that since it was Christmas there should be a truce. When he asked to be shown to an officer in the German lines, he was taken to a group of officers standing by a ruined farmhouse.

## *Truce arranged*

Now it was their turn to be suspicious. They kept asking if he was armed. When he at last convinced them he was not, they exchanged Christmas greetings and arranged a truce to begin at once and last until 11 o'clock the evening of Christmas Day.

This truce was arranged only between the infantry of each side. Neither could answer for the artillery with guns positioned a line behind the front line.

What a Christmas scene! Cheerful bonfires and mellow candlelight silhouetted the faces of warriors at peace, joining voices in carols and hymns, while the flickering flames picked out the pallid faces of frozen corpses which had lain untouched for days because the fighting left no time for burial.

After this peaceful Christmas Eve, the British officers gave the Germans permission to move about freely and bury their dead who lay between the lines. The British sent out burial parties, too, and it was over these simple rites that the opposite sides really got together. They talked as best they could of home and families and anything that came to mind. Men who had sniped at each other with rifles now fought a merry game of football in the snow.

An oasis of peace in a desert of death.

Neither side could quite believe it and both kept the support trenches manned. A British officer who tried to peep into one of the German trenches was promptly warned off by an invisible sentry.

But peace and good will reigned among the men. They posed for photographs and the official history of the North Staffordshire Regiment notes that the "German officers were magnificently polished and clean which unfortunately the British officers were not."

## *Not a shot fired*

At 11 o'clock the official truce ended, but not a shot was fired. On the morning of Boxing Day C company commander was told that a German officer wished to speak to him.

The German told him that his colonel had given orders to renew hostilities at midday and "might the men be warned to keep down, please."

The warning was relayed, but just as hostilities were about to begin again, a tin was thrown into the British line. It contained a piece of paper which said: "We shoot into the air."

At midday a few spasmodic shots were fired high over the trenches. Then continued peace.

This was disturbing news to opposing high commands. What if the truce spread—might it not be the end of the war?

Strangely, though, neither high command took disciplinary action.

But they shattered the truce. After six days of unofficial peace in the Armentiers, the North Staffshires were ordered out of the line and another regiment took their place.

The Germans withdrew the Saxon infantry. But before they abandoned the trenches the Saxons shouted a friendly warning: "The Prussians are coming to replace us. They cannot be trusted. Watch out."

The new regiments moved in on both sides. A rifle cracked. Christmas was over and the World War went on.

*The above story by a well known Canadian writer is an authentic account of an occurrence in the first year of World War I. It is by permission reprinted here from the Winnipeg, Manitoba, Free Press.*



## At the Philadelphia Fair - Chestnut Street

AMERICA HAS A REPUTATION overseas for being the best-fed nation in the world. After partaking of the famous turkey dinner at the Philadelphia fair, I can quite see what they mean. But there was food of many different kinds. There was food for thought on the book-stall; and a feast of beauty amongst the plants—African violets, cacti, dried flower-arrangements, golden chrysanthemums and bright berries. Christmas decorations, centre-pieces with red candles, gilded cones and crimson ribbons enlivened the tables. Generous travellers had given curios from all over the world: glowing silk scarves from Italy, pictures carved in cork from Spain, a tiny cup and saucer from St. Francis's Town, Assisi, pottery from Poland, and hand-blown glass necklaces from Jordan. There was an astonishing table called the "Opportunity Table" where you surely did have an opportunity to buy almost anything. (High-powered American salesmanship had re-named the White Elephant Table!) A wonderful display of Christmas cards catered for both traditional and modernistic tastes: and there were cards and attractive heatproof tiles showing our church in Philadelphia. Even more precious

were all sorts of lovingly made garments and gifts: baby afghans, pinafores and aprons, knitted baby things, Christmas decorations, jams, jellies, puddings and cakes. There were so many lovely things to buy that we almost had to open charge-accounts! Every section of the church was represented, including the young Leaguers, who had a magnificent table, with ingenious piggy banks made from plastic bottles, and an original painting with all the inspiration of the "long, long thoughts of youth".

This really is the value of a fair. The value in dollars, to the funds of the church, is quite considerable: but of even more value is the gold of loving service, of gay and generous giving of time and talent: "gifts", not only of money, but of personality. Those with a "green thumb" brought gifts of flowers to decorate the dining tables in the Hall, while the good cooks were hard at work in the kitchen. Whether we were stuffing turkeys and peeling potatoes in the kitchen or setting out plants and flowers, or tending tables laden with all kinds of merchandise, we were serving each other and the church: sharing the work gladly and with deep satisfaction.

—JILL KINGS LAKE

## News of Associations

### Middle Atlantic Association Meets

ANTICIPATION and excitement mounted high on Friday, October 26th when members of the Philadelphia League met at the Church to await their guests. It was the week-end of the House Party to which all Leaguers on the Atlantic Seaboard had been invited. They came from as far north as New England and as far south as Florida, by auto, by train and by plane.

On Saturday history was made when the first meeting of the Middle Atlantic Association was held. (The Pennsylvania and Maryland Associations joining to form this new Association which had been received into Convention at its annual meeting in Kansas last July.) A short religious service with an address by the Rev. Ernest O. Martin who pointed out the opportunities opened by the two associations uniting in their several efforts, opened the meeting. This was followed by a business meeting where a committee was appointed to draw up the by-laws and present them for approval at the next meeting.

In the evening the Rev. Brian Kingslake gave an informative talk on the New Church in Africa, followed by colored slides. About 25 young people came from the Academy in Bryn Athyn to join our 40 some young people for the lecture and the dance which followed.

Sunday morning the League had its own class and at the Sunday Service the League Chaplain, the Rev. Richard H. Tafel, Jr., of Cincinnati preached the sermon, "The Lost Book", earnestly entreating more reading of the Bible, as our Teachings put it in the center of our life and worship.

### Michigan Association Meets

AT THE MICHIGAN ASSOCIATION meeting on Nov. 16, the following officers were elected: Fred Laitner, *President*; Eunice Hamilton, *Vice-president*; Elinor Johnson, *Secretary*; Wilfred Locke, *Treasurer*; Myron Lau, 3-year board term; Delmar Anderson, 2-year board term.

President Richard H. Tafel brought greetings from, and a report on the Ohio Association meeting, and spoke most interestingly on the many encouraging signs in the life of our Church. His talk was followed by a question and answer period.

On Saturday a luncheon in honor of Mrs. Tafel, sponsored jointly by the Women's Alliance and the Tuesday Guild, was held at the Botsford Inn. At the same time the Rev. Mr. Tafel was the guest of a group of the men of the Church at Hedge's, following which the group went to the home of Mr. Vincent Bergmann where a lively and thought-provoking discussion on our future relationship to the state association was held.

### Ohio Association Meets

THE 1962 MEETING of the Ohio Association was held in Pittsburgh, Nov. 2-4. On the first day the Woman's Alliance and the Executive Committee held their meetings, but took time out for a "candlelight tea", served exquisitely by the Pittsburgh ladies, and featuring a number of their delicious bakery products. Devotional services were conducted by the Rev. Richard H. Tafel. At this service the "mite box" offerings of the



Woman's Alliance were dedicated. Delegates and ministers were welcomed by Adolph T. Liebert, president of the Pittsburgh Society.

The ministers present were Richard H. Tafel, Sr., president of Convention; Rev. Richard H. Tafel, Jr., and Rev. Bjorn Johansson, both of Cincinnati; Rev. Franklin H. Blackmer of Urbana, and Rev. Leon C. LeVan, the host pastor.

Delegates included: from Lakewood: Dr. and Mrs. Owen Reeves, Miss Doris Fosnacht, Mrs. Alberta Casper; from East Cleveland, Miss Dora Pfister; from Cincinnati: Miss Florence Murdoch, Mrs. Alma Campbell, Mrs. Bjorn Johansson, Mr. Robert G. Lawson. Unfortunately we do not have a full list of the delegates representing the Pittsburgh Society, but among those we noted as present were: Gilbert T. and Ray Heddaeus, Mrs. Zehner and Mrs. Black.

The Saturday meeting was largely taken up with financial matters. The largest budget ever voted by the Ohio Association, over \$9,000, was adopted. The largest item here was for a pilot project, outlined by the Rev. Mr. LeVan, for advertising New-Church literature in Pittsburgh daily papers and other suitable publications of that area. Then came the election of officers—present incumbents being all re-elected.

At the Saturday night dinner, the Rev. Mr. LeVan spoke on the Swedenborg coat-of-arms. Then followed a meeting, at which the Rev. Mr. Tafel, Sr. spoke of the plans and hopes of Convention for the coming year. Gilbert Heddaeus took all present for an enjoyable trip over the plain states of the Middle West, to the Canadian Rockies, over to the Seattle World's Fair. His colored slides were so clear and beautiful, and his narrative so packed with interest, that everyone sat enthralled. Then Mr. Liebert showed a number of excellent slides from the recent Convention in Kansas.

At the Sunday morning service, the Rev. Richard H. Tafel, Sr. delivered an eloquent and inspiring sermon which we hope to reproduce in a future issue. Communion service was conducted by the Rev. Bjorn Johansson and the Rev. Franklin H. Blackmer.

### California Association acquires Tract For Retirement Homes

THE CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATION has acquired a tract of 17 acres in Yucaipa, California, with the intention of encouraging New-Church persons to establish homes there, and thus start a small community of New-Church people, especially those of senior citizen age. About seven acres is available for this use now. The remaining acreage can later be developed into a community center for church uses.

Yucaipa is an unincorporated community in the Yucaipa valley. The population of the valley is approximately 12,000. It is primarily a community of homes. There are several established churches, three grade schools and a high school, banks, stores, library, hospital, Chamber of Commerce, and a recreation park. The elevation is about 3000 feet. Winters are mild, summers warm. Perhaps once during a winter the landscape is beautified by about half an inch of snow. In summer a gentle afternoon breeze cools the air. Fruit is grown in the valley: oranges, apricots, peaches, figs, and many other kinds.

Mount San Bernardino, over 10,000 feet in elevation, towers above the Yucaipa valley. The view to the north and east is of the San Bernardino range. A half-hour drive brings one to mile high mountain resorts, for winter sports or summer recreation. In the other direction is a vista of hills and valleys. An hour's drive to the

southeast brings one to the Colorado desert, with its palms, smoke trees and desert wildflowers.

The nearest city is Redlands, ten miles distant, elevation 1350, population 28,000, the home of the famous Redlands Bowl, where one can attend outdoor concerts in the summer with no admission charge, only a free will offering. Redlands also enjoys the usual cultural advantages of being a college town; the University of Redlands enrolls 1500 students.

The nearest New-Church society is in Riverside, about 25 miles distant. It is about 60 miles to Temple City, about 75 miles to Los Angeles and about 110 miles to San Diego, where New-Church societies are also located.

Living on the tract now is Mrs. Vida French Bell, daughter of a former General Pastor of the California Association. She has made it her life work since 1915 to develop the ranch, which was given her by her parents, in the hope that some day it might become a New-Church center. The Association is to pay Mrs. Bell an annuity in exchange for the deed to her ranch. She is a graduate of Cornell in landscape architecture, and has dreams for the place.

There are at present two rentable houses on the seven acre portion which must be developed first. The financial condition of the Association does not make it prudent to build more houses at present. For this reason it is hoped that some persons who want to live there will be able to lend the Association the money to build homes for their own occupancy, and in turn the Association will pay them interest on their loan, and they in turn would pay rent to the Association. This would enable the Association to take care of taxes, water, etc. As soon as such lenders vacate the houses the church will be free to rent them to others. This is why the plan should appeal to retired persons who want to leave what they have to the church, but need a place to live first. There is already one New-Church minister, soon to retire, who hopes to make use of this plan. At present a two bedroom house can be built for about \$6000.

Interested persons may write to Albert J. Rado, 1809 Nordic Place, Orange, Calif. for further information. Mr. Rado is chairman of the Yucaipa committee of the Association and also its treasurer.

—ALICE VAN BOVEN  
*Secretary*

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*This paper was presented on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Selfhelp, Inc., an organization providing funds for services to German refugees. The author, whose theological works are well known, is a Professor at Harvard University.*

## The Philosophy of Social Work

I HAVE been asked to speak on the subject "The Philosophy of Social Work." No one can claim to give the philosophy of social work, and even a philosophy of social work is an enterprise which by far surpasses the limits of my ability and the time given me here.

What I shall attempt is to try to develop some ethical principles of social work which may be useful to reflect on and consider for those who do the work as well as for those of us who are only friends of such work but who may find their problems a mirror of the problems of human life generally.

Looking back in memory and with a little bit of pride at the twenty-five years of Selfhelp, its small beginning, its continuous growth, its power to last, I see a healthy tree which never tried to grow beyond the natural strength of its roots, but under whose branches many birds from many countries, and often of surprising varieties, found a transitory refuge. It might well be that this help is partly dependent on a sound philosophy of social work, a philosophy which lives not only in the minds but in the hearts of those who work as part of Selfhelp.

Therefore, when I agreed to speak today about the "philosophy of social work," I was helped by the idea that I did not have to develop concepts out of the air but had only to give a philosophical interpretation of the actual work of Selfhelp and the basic convictions underlying this work—convictions which we have developed, discussed, and transformed during the twenty-five years of our existence.

This basis of all social work is the deficiency of every legal organization of society. A perfectly functioning organization of the whole society, a social mechanism embracing all mankind would not leave room for social work, but such a mechanism is unimaginable. It is prevented by two factors, one which is rooted in what we call today in philosophical jargon "man's existential predicament," his insufficiency. The second factor is rooted in man's existential nature, the uniqueness of every individual and every situation. No total regulation, even if given in the best interest of everybody, ever has adequately functioned either in war or in peace. The disorder produced by totalitarian regulations in Nazi Germany during the Second World War is equaled by the disorder in food distribution in Soviet Russia during the present cold war. Neither intellect nor character of men is adequate to such a task. And even if they were in one part of the world, interferences from other parts would spoil the functioning of a perfect social organization. The fact on which Selfhelp is based, the

European immigration, was for a long time beyond the reach of any existing legal organization of social needs. Spontaneous social work was the only way to solve the immediate problem.

But this is a minor part of our question. More important is the fact that even in the best legal organization of social needs, every individual represents a unique problem. Only in a society which suppresses individual claims for help can this problem be put aside, and not only individual persons but also individual situations between persons, or persons and groups, transcend the reach of any legal organization. It is the greatness of man that his freedom implies a uniqueness which prohibits his being absorbed into a social machine so long as he remains man. For this reason social work is more than emergency work, unless one defines emergency as a perpetual concomitant of the human situation—and that probably is true.

Certainly all social work tries to make itself superfluous and many forms of it have done so. And in all our discussions we often have asked ourselves whether we have already reached that stage, but each time we found a large number of emergency situations which required the continuation of our way of social work.

We tried to listen to the situation as we did in the years of our foundation, and in doing so we tried one of the great laws of life, the law of "listening love." It is one of the decisive characteristics of love that it listens sensitively and reacts spontaneously. As one of our early friends, Max Wertheimer, has indicated, situations have a voiceless voice. "Things cry," he used to say, but also what cries most intensively are situations. It was the cry of a particular situation which we hardly could have ignored and which drove us to found Selfhelp. And it was not only the beginning of our history in which this happened. Again and again we had to listen sensitively and to react spontaneously. It is certain that in some situations we were not sensitive enough and reacted not spontaneously enough, but it was a fundamental principle of our philosophy of social work.

Social work is centered in individuals. The most concrete, and therefore most important representative of social work is the caseworker, and for him is valid what is valid for the whole organization in its relation to the individual. He also must listen sensitively and respond spontaneously. He meets the individual and he is in the understandable temptation of transforming care into control. He is in danger of imposing instead of listening, and acting mechanically instead of reacting spontaneously. Every social worker knows this danger,



but not always does he notice that he himself may have already fallen to this temptation. He should not make a harsh judgment about it, but from time to time he should restate the principle of "listening love" in order to dissolve any hardening mechanism in those who do social work.

The danger of which I am speaking is a tendency in every dealing with other persons to treat them as objects, as things to be directed and managed. It was always a symbol for me that the patients of the social worker were called cases. I do not know whether a better word can be found, but the word "case" automatically makes of the individual an example for something general. Who, I ask all of you, wants to be a case, but we all are cases for the doctor, the counselor, the lawyer, and certainly the social worker. He is not to blame for this inescapable situation, but he would be to blame if in his dealing with the patient, with this case, he makes him into an object for whom everything is determined and in whom spontaneity is suppressed. The question is whether the case-worker is able to see in his patient not only what is comparable with other cases or identical with what he has experienced in other patients, but that he sees also the incomparable, the unique, rooted in the freedom of the patient. It is the amount of love between the social worker and the patient which here is decisive—the listening, responding, transforming love.

Here, when I use the term love, as before, I certainly do not mean the love which is emotion; nor do I think of *philia*—of friendship which only really develops between the social worker and his patient, nor do I think of the love which is *Eros*, which creates an emotional desire towards the patient that in many cases is more destructive than creative; rather, it is the love whose name in Greek is *agape* and in Latin *caritas*—the love which descends to misery and ugliness and guilt in order to elevate. This love is critical as well as accepting, and it is able to transform what it loves. It is called *caritas* in Latin, but it should not be confused with what the English form of the same word indicates today—namely, charity, a word which belongs to the many words which have a disintegrated, distorted meaning. Charity is often identical with social work, but the word "charity" has the connotation of giving for good causes in order to escape the demand of love. Charity as escape from love is the caricature and distortion of social work.

Critical love, which at the same time accepts and transforms, needs knowledge of him who is the object of love. The social worker must know his patient. But there are two different ways of knowing. We may distinguish them as our knowledge of the other one as a thing, and our knowledge of the other one as a person. The first is the cognition of external facts about somebody. The second is the participation in his inner self—as far as any human being is able to participate in another one. The first is done in detachment, through an empirical approach; the second is done through participation in the inner self of the other one. The first is unavoidable, but never enough in human relations. The second gives the real knowledge, but it is a gift given alone to the intuition of love. Here the social worker is in the situation of all of us in our daily encounters with each other. No amount of factual knowledge about each other can replace the intuition of love, which remains love even if it judges.

A refinement of the empirical way of knowing man has been given to us by the psychology of depth, the very name of which indicates that it will be more than knowledge of an object, that it will know the person as a person, but with the means of analysis of the dynamics of his being. It is a way, one could say, between the two

other ones. It is understandable that it was attacked from both sides, and still is, but also that it was eagerly taken over as a tremendous help for social work, as well as for other fields. In earlier years, it often made the social worker into a dilettante psychoanalyst, just as the minister in the alliance of religion and psychological counseling is in danger of establishing himself as a minor psychoanalyst—an attitude against which I have warned my students of theology for thirty years now.

But there are two dangers in this—schematism and dogmatism. It judges the object of analysis according to schemes with a relative validity but never fully applicable, and it is dependent on the doctrines of the different psychotherapeutic schools, usually judging on the basis of one of them. As the best analyst knows, personal participation in terms of mutuality, and this means the intuitive love, is never dispensable. No matter how refined the psychoanalytic matter may be, if you don't have a point of communion with the central person of the other one, all the methods do no good in the long run. Analysis is a tool, very refined, but not without the danger of missing the end by the way in which the tool is used.

This leads to the last and perhaps the most important question—the end, the aim, of social work. The aim has several degrees. The first degree is the conquest of the immediate need, and here the factor of speed is important. The necessity of accepting and being willing to bear the consequences of possible errors, even of helping somebody who doesn't deserve help, must be taken by the social worker. It is analogous with love

## IN THE STRAW

**B**ABY, you are mine, all mine;  
I clasp you close to my breast.  
Your head, with its crown of damp black silk,  
Lies on my cheek and smells like milk;  
Rest, my pretty one, rest.

I hold your tiny feet in my hand,  
Your fingers grip my heart.  
Beneath thin lids your deep eyes shine;  
Little one, you are mine, all mine,  
And none can put us apart.

No, ah no! You are not mine  
(Feel how my salt tears flow!)  
To bring you forth I have had much pain;  
But one day you will be born again,  
And I must let you go.

The labor then will be your own—  
The sweat, the cross, the grave.  
But, when you have had your second birth,  
You will be Lord of heaven and earth,  
And I your humblest slave.

Look not so sad! I'll dry my tears.  
A glorious night is this.  
Angels are caroling in the sky  
Proclaiming you their God most high . . .  
I'll worship with a kiss.

—BRIAN KINGSLAKE



which has the principle that it is better missing several guilty ones than condemning one innocent one. The second degree is the self-abrogation, the self-conquest of social help, as far as possible, by guiding the person into independence. This is attempted always in all social agencies, but we know it is not always possible. Then there is a third stage about which I want to say a few words. On the basis of the present situation as I have seen it in the young people in all the colleges and universities, and in many other people, we mainly need to give the people of our time the feeling of being necessary.

Being necessary is, of course, never absolute. Nobody is indispensable. Nevertheless, somebody who does not feel necessary at all, who feels that he is a mere burden, is on the edge of total despair. In all groups I found this widespread feeling of not being necessary. There are many reasons for every effect, but one of the reasons for this is that in our secularized society one thing is lost, namely, that, whatever their external destiny may be, people no longer have an eternal orientation, an orientation which is independent of space and time. It is the feeling of having a necessary, incomparable, and unique place within the whole of being. Herein lies a danger for uprooted and migrating millions. It is a danger for mankind itself, namely, to feel that their existence as a whole is no longer necessary. The easy way in which politically we are playing now with collective suicide is analogous to the phenomenon of individuals who have lost the feeling of a necessary place, not only in their work and community, but also in the universe as a whole.

This leads to a final aim of social work. In helping every individual to find the place where he can consider himself as necessary, you help to fulfill the ultimate aim of man and his world, namely, the universal community of all beings in which any individual aim is taken into the universal aim of being itself. That is the highest principle of social work and, of course, transcends the limits of its techniques. It is certainly understandable that this aim is not always conscious to those who have the burden of the daily work. On the other hand, it may give them a spiritual lift in moments when they feel grateful to hear a response from one of thousands whom we may have helped. It may be of inspiration to us to think that we contribute to the ultimate aim of being itself in our small way—and every individual's way is small. To give such inspiration may be a function of an hour of memory such as the present one.

*Prof. Tillich of Harvard is one of the outstanding theologians of today. The above article is reprinted by permission from "The Social Service Review", March 1962; published by the University of Chicago Press.*

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3. *Community Development Workers*—Agriculturalists of all kinds, building trades people, 4-H club leaders, auto and diesel mechanics, electricians, radio and TV mechanics, surveyors, etc.
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If you have skill and experience to offer, write for the folder "Senior Citizens and the Peace Corps" and for a Peace Corps Volunteer Questionnaire. Write Peace Corps, Senior Manpower Recruitment, Washington 25, D. C.

## YOUR GREETINGS HELPED A CHILD

PERHAPS this year you let your holiday greetings help a child. UNICEF Greeting Cards, which are sold for the benefit of the United Nations Children's Fund, help provide food, medicine and equipment to give sick and hungry children in more than 100 countries a chance for a better and longer life.

The world of UNICEF is the world of children—many millions of them in dire, urgent need. If they survive infancy, many are weakened for life. A baby girl in Guatamala may cry with hunger, and begin to waste away, because a new little brother has come to the family and her mother's milk is no longer available to her. A ten-year-old boy in Nigeria may sit listlessly by the side of his hut because his hands and feet are riddled with the ugly sores of yaws. In Thailand, a healthy-looking teenager may discover that the life he has been looking forward to won't be his to live, because the dreaded mark of leprosy has appeared on his skin. A school girl in Spain may be threatened by blindness, because trachoma still prevails in her village. Each year UNICEF helps protect millions of these children against hunger and disease, and to prepare them for a useful and productive life.



## GOLD: A SYMBOL IN THE WORD

by Warren Goddard

IN THE ELECTRICAL FIELD the metallic elements are the best of all conductors bringing the fast moving electrons to their varying uses as generators of heat, light, and magnetic power. In the evaluation of this conductive service copper is usually taken at 100, silver then ranks at 104, and gold reaches only the 70 mark. Light, however, on the relatively low conducting power of gold is found in Swedenborg's statement in the work, *Apocalypse Explained* 357. Here we read, "Those things, therefore, that come down out of the inmost heaven correspond to *thunder*, and those out of the middle or second heaven to *lightning*". Lightning illustrates Divine truth and vivifies it—(A.E. 273). As silver corresponds to the principle that spiritual intelligence is to be found in the truth of the middle or second heaven, it is natural to expect that this metallic element would be the best conductor of electricity, which, Swedenborg says, is something that comes "out of the middle or second heaven". The powerful electric current revealing itself in heat, light, and magnetic force, may correspond to the way in which specific forms of the love of the neighbor expresses itself. In teaching, for example, the warmth and ardour of the teacher in teaching a specific subject would correspond to the heat which a current of electricity produces when overcoming a resistance of its conductor. The difficulties and complexities of a taught subject would be a part of this resistance. The light that a current produces would correspond to the clearness and logical thought that the *teacher's instruction* brought the instructed. The magnetic forces would then be seen in the urge to use and to apply class-room instruction. Such are magnetic or inspiring teachers. The relatively low electrical conductive power of gold does not detract from its exalted correspondence, for this exaltation is due to the fact that gold stands for the principle that goodness of love is the primary attainment of all human life.

Turning now to the chemical activity of the metals we find that they can be arranged in a list of 20 different items with gold coming as the *last*, or *most inactive* of them all. In another series called the electro motive series of the metals there are 24 elements so arranged that any element, in solution, can displace any element *coming after* it, but, can be *displaced* by any element *preceding* it in the list. In this list of the 24 elements gold again comes last. Gold coming last in these two lists of the metals explains why it resists corrosion so effectively, and so why native gold has so often been found in gold bearing fissure lodes, and in the placer deposits. Gold's resistance to chemical change may mean that the principle that goodness or love expressed in life is most effective when in its pure, uncombined, or elemental form.

In regard to the use of the symbol gold in the Word this general statement in number 113 of the *Arcana*

*Coelestia* is enlightening: "Nothing is more common in the Word than for the good of wisdom or of love to be signified and represented by gold. All the gold in the ark, in the temple, in the golden table, in the candlestick, in the vessels, and upon the garments of Aaron, signified and represented the good of wisdom, or of love."

The highest human attainment of the golden life on this planet was at the time of the Most Ancient Church. Some of the characteristics of this church, represented by the head of gold of Nebuchadnezzar's image, are here listed:

1. *The Ruling Love*: This was celestial love or love of the Lord "from the Lord". A.R. 211
2. *Perception*: The quick perception of celestial love characteristic. A.C. 10355: 2; A.E. 837: 10; A.C. 1384, 5121.
3. *Innocence*: Innocence or "willingness to be led by the Lord" characteristic.
4. *Thought*: They "thought from correspondences themselves" and not as in succeeding ages from a "knowledge of correspondences". H.H. 115, A.C. 895, 1122, 66.
5. *Integrity*: They "did good from good and what was just from justice". A.C. 5658:2.
6. *Instruction*: They were instructed from the Lord "by immediate intercourse with the angels of heaven, and by visions and dreams. They had no written Word." A.C. 10355:2; H.H. 252; DeVerbo 11; A.C. 125, 597, 1121, 1122, 2896.
7. *Peace*: They were in "inward and outward peace". M. 42; A.C. 10160:2.
8. *Marriage Love*: Their heavenly delights, "chiefly from marriage love". This love, the "love of loves with them." Marriages monogamous. M. 42,73.
9. *Will and Understanding*: This was united in this church. A.C. 4328, 4454, 398.
10. *Doctrine of the Divine*: They "acknowledged the Divine under a Human form". His name was "Jehovah". The Lord seen by them at times. H.H. 252; T.C.R. 9; D. 4772:2; A.C. 49, 1343, 1607:2; A.E. 808:3; T.C.R. 786; H.H. 87:e.
11. *Place of worship*: This is a tabernacle like the tabernacle of the wilderness. Worshipped on mountains. In A.E. 831:2 the place of worship said to be of wood. A.C. 795, 796, 1102, 3720.
12. *Government*: No princes, kings, or governments "live under themselves distinguished into nations, families, houses" with the "law written on their hearts." A.C. 10160, 1159:3, 4; D.P. 215.
13. *Dwellings*: Dwelt in tents. M. 75; A.E. 799.
14. *Food*: "Eating the flesh of animals, regarded in itself, is something profane, for in the most ancient



time they never ate the flesh of any beast or bird, but only grain, especially bread made of wheat, also fruits, vegetables, milk and its products, butter and the like. To kill animals and eat their flesh was sinful to them, and like wild beasts." A.C. 1002.

15. *Sincerity*: Their faces directly connected with the cerebellum the seat of the will. Their faces were in "complete accord with the internal". They considered *simulation* a crime and banished those guilty of it. A.C. 358; 3527:2; 3573:4; 4326:3.
16. *Disease*: From A.C. 5726, 8850; S.D. 4592 the inference is that the most ancients died without disease.
17. *Breathing*: This was "internal". A.C. 1119, 3892.
18. *Speech*: This was "tacit"; the speech of expression principally. Not argumentative. Their "yea, yea" or "Nay, nay" a sufficient judgment of any spiritual state or quality. A.C. 607, 8249:e; S.D. 5595, 5587-5597.
19. *Worship*: "No externals of worship" and "no sacrifices of animals". A.C. 2180:4, 4493:e. In A.C. 3021 "rites" are spoken of.
20. *General Spiritual Quality*:
  1. More "the Lord's Sabbath than any succeeding Church". A.C. 85:2.
  2. More "beloved by the Lord than the Churches which followed it." A.C. 414:4.
  3. This Church as the "morning", "Spring", and the "east". T.C.R. 762.
21. *Description of the Angels and the Heavens of the Most Ancients*: See H.H. 185; C.L. 11-17, 42, 75.
22. *Comparison with the Christian Church*: "But the difference between the Most Ancient Church and the Christian is such as is the difference between the light of the sun by day, and the light of the moon and stars by night". A.C. 4489:4.

This brief outline giving the qualities of the people of the Most Ancient Church, when this Church was at its prime, shows the symbolism of gold at its highest human level. At its lowest human level the gold of the "golden calf" of the desert, the gold on the idols of Old Testament days, this gold, Swedenborg informs us, is representative of "good from self" (*Doctrine of Life* 10). Unfortunately for the human race this type of gold has been far too prevalent throughout the long history of the past, and is now too much so in the present.

Fortunately, however, the glory of the descending Holy City of "pure gold", the New Jerusalem, has brought the revealing light of a New Christianity. And by this light, the golden life of a new good, can come to those who seek its imperishable glory, and who walk in its light.

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## CHRISTMAS FOR CHRIST

To the Editor:

Christmas is a joyous time for most persons, the holy birthday of the Prince of Peace.

Unfortunately, many persons in this society have associated the use of alcohol with life's most meaningful moments. Thus Christmas becomes a time of secular celebration with the ribald office party, the alcoholic gift, and the resulting highway hazards.

Christians have a responsibility to expose moral contradictions as serious as this one. They have a responsibility for helping to keep CHRISTMAS FOR CHRIST. Here are some ways that you can help:

**YOU CAN ENCOURAGE** your business organization, church groups, and fraternal organizations to work for a renewed emphasis on CHRISTMAS FOR CHRIST.

**YOU CAN WORK** for highway safety by discouraging holiday drinking and driving. Safety demands soberness.

**YOU CAN ENCOURAGE** others to use CHRISTMAS FOR CHRIST materials wherever possible.

Roger Burgess  
Washington, D. C.

### BAPTISMS

DE MARS—Steven Arthur, son of Mr. and Mrs. Marlow C. De Mars, baptized Oct. 22, at Jacksonville, Fla.; the Rev. Ernest L. Frederick officiating.

WILNERD—Laura Anne, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Everett Wilnerd, Norton, Kansas, baptized Sept. 23; the Rev. Galen Unruh officiating.

QUEIROLO—Kristi Louise, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Queirolo, Mill Valley, Calif., baptized Oct. 14; the Rev. Othmar Tobisch officiating.

### ENGAGEMENTS

VON AU-GRATTAN—Mr. and Mrs. C. Hartley Grattan, Katonah, N. Y., have announced the engagement of their daughter, Rosalind Campbell Grattan, to Arthur Wilhelm Von Au, Meriden, Conn. Miss Grattan is a graduate of the Connecticut College for Women, and currently employed as librarian of the Memorial High School, Granby, Conn. Mr. Von Au, a Fulbright scholar, is now working for his doctorate at Yale. The wedding is planned for February.

### MEMORIALS

MATHIAS—Genevieve Mathias, widow of the Rev. Charles Mathias, died in Riverside, Calif. June 20, at the age of 65. She leaves two daughters, who live in Fontana, Calif.

JAMES—Donald P. James, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jesper S. James and brother of Arthur L. James, of the Boston Society, passed into the spiritual world, October 28, following an automobile accident. He had been living in San Jose, Calif., about one year. He is survived by his parents, three brothers, and his grandmother. Services were conducted by the Rev. Antony Regamey in Melrose, Mass.

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## ARCANA CLASS—January, 1963

### Volume IX, 7878—8032

January 1—7	7878—7917
8—14	7918—7958
15—21	7959—7992
22—31	7993—8032

OUR LAST MONTH'S reading ended with the last of the ten plagues—the slaying of the first-born of the Egyptians—after which Pharaoh let the Israelites go. As they were about to leave Egypt for the land of Canaan, the Passover was instituted. It was to be the most important of the Jewish feasts, and was to be observed annually as a memorial of their deliverance from bondage in Egypt. And this festival has been kept by the Jewish Church down the ages to the present day.

The journey from Egypt to Canaan was to be long and difficult, although the people were not aware at this time of that fact, and neither was Moses. The journey is representative of our spiritual journey from living for the things of this world to living for the things of heavenly life, for which the Passover was a preparation. It was at the Passover immediately preceding His crucifixion that the Lord said to the twelve, "With desire have I desired to eat this passover with you before I suffer." At this Passover the Lord instituted the Holy Supper, which is to us a strengthening and protection for our journey through life.

The Passover—and the Holy Supper as well—represents also the conjunction of the Lord with the human race, and the deliverance of the spiritual church from falsity and evil.

Here number 7902 should be studied carefully because it points out to us the things essential to our deliverance from falsity and evil and to conjunction with the Lord: innocence, and truths purified from falsity. This number also defines innocence: "Innocence consists in acknowledging that in oneself there is nothing but evil, and that all good is from the Lord, and also in believing that man does not know or perceive anything from himself, but from the Lord, thus also the truth which is of faith." And we read in number 7909: "This utmost caution against falsity is to be used in order that man may be in good. Falsity does not agree with good, but destroys good." Note here also the statement of the difference between "to appropriate" falsity and "to adjoin" it, as this has a bearing on our understanding of many other statements in the writings about those who are in falsity of doctrine. The statement about conscience in 7935 has connection here. Numbers 7975, 7976, and 7977 about the "mixed multitude" and the flocks and herds which went up out of Egypt with the Israelites tie in with this doctrine, too, and is important.

The house represents the mind, and the lintel and doorposts the communication of the mind with the outward world. Blood is the symbol of the living truth. The blood on the lintel signifies that we are to protect ourselves by the Divine truth; then no destroying evil can enter in.

The lamb was to be roasted with fire, and eaten.

Innocence must be received from the Lord with love—with the desire to do as the Lord directs.

And they were to eat the Passover in haste girded for the journey, to teach us that when we know what is right and good, we must not delay in applying it to life lest our enthusiasm wane and vanish. With the loins girded means with determined purpose; with shoes on the feet means equipped with the truths of daily life; with staff in hand means with the truths of the Word sustaining us; and eating in haste means eager readiness to apply truth to life. The bitter herbs represent the fact that reformation and regeneration will not be easy. It is hard to give up our natural inclinations and desires and ambitions. So the Psalmist writes, "Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean" (*Psalm 51:7*).

### Notes

7879. Why the hells are kept shut by the Lord and the people there allowed to come out into the intermediate world only for special purposes under His control.

7884. True worship is "all practising of good according to the Lord's precepts."

7887. On "appearances of truth" and how these, if they are not opposite to truths and if they are received in innocence, are regarded by the Lord and in heaven not as falsities but as "semblances of truth."

7920. The difference between "natural good" and the "good of the natural." "Natural good is that which man has hereditarily; and the good of the natural is that which he has from the Lord by regeneration."

7933. The last sentence shows why the attempt to make a "free" translation of the Word in modern language is unsound scholarship.

7935. Our conscience. Conscience is the perception of truth, the recognition of what is true, and the feeling of obligation to do as truth teaches. We are not born with conscience; it is a matter of education, and is such as are the truths we acquire and apply to life. People differ as to conscience according to the truths of faith in which they are brought up or which they learn. We should be aware of the fact that our knowledge is limited and that we must continually look to the Lord for guidance. Our consciences do not make us authorities even to ourselves.

7945. Note this simple statement of the reason for the dual expressions in the Word.

7977. "With those of the spiritual church all good must be acquired by means of truth."

7984. An important number on "vastation" and "remains."

7995. A good number to have for reference, as it gives an explanation of the number of years that the Israelites were in Egypt.

7996. This statement on feasts and banquets in ancient times suggests what ours might be today if we made them so.

8002. "A lodger and a hired servant." Angels flow into the plane of conscience, and "by natural good no plane for the angels can be formed."

8005. Memory knowledge must be sound. "The truths of memory knowledge are doctrinal things."

8013. Read carefully this explanation of the meaning of "sojourner," and note the statement concerning faith and charity.





"ECCE HOMO"

**I**N THE HEART, weaving Feeling.  
In the head, the light of Thinking.  
In the limbs, the strength of Willing.  
Weaving—Enlightening,  
Strengthening—Weaving,  
Enlightened Strengthening.  
Lo, this is Man!

—RUDOLF STEINER

AND ONLY ONCE EACH YEAR

**O**H TELL IT on the mountain,  
Tell it to men in Song  
It is Christmas Day, it is Christmas Day,  
Christmas, all day long.

The stars in the night were clear,  
The shepherds heard angel throng;  
In the crib is the Jesus Child  
Welcomed by angel song.

The Child in the crib asleep,  
Mary with quiet smile;  
The angels vigil keep;  
The shepherds near will file.

Soon the stars pass overhead,  
Soon the Wise Men come;  
Mary and Joseph feel halos spread  
On what earth can become.

This earth, and man, and star  
Needed this Child from God;  
Angels near and angels far  
Will guard mankind's harsh rod.

Oh tell it on the mountain,  
Tell it to men in Song,  
It is Christmas Day, it is Christmas Day,  
Christmas, all day long.

—MELROSE PITMAN

GLORIA

**O**H, NIGHT of immemorial splendor  
When earth and sky outbreathe "Amen!"  
And all the golden stars surrender  
To One Star over Bethlehem;  
Gloria excelsus—  
Salute the Christmas morn!  
Gloria excelsus,  
The Savior Christ is born.

The shepherds kneel in rapture at His feet;  
Wisemen bring gifts befitting kings;  
Angel hosts their ecstasies repeat;  
The very cosmos joyfilled sings,  
"Gloria excelsus—  
Welcome the Holy One!  
Gloria excelsus,  
Hail to God's only Son!

—MARIE LUSSI

A story by one in his early teens  
for ones of a like age

MY SANTY CLOD

IT'S LATE, and the stars are shining through the misty heavens as we look at a funny figure, Santy Clod who is late for his rounds to America,—and only America will his rounds be, because Russia and all the other countries have been calling America bad names. Maybe he won't even get to America at this rate if I am not quiet and let you listen to his awkwardness in trying to get inside his 1860 Model T. Ford. . . . Now, Now! You can push harder than that, Roatoff. But Santy Clod, can't you digest some of that fat? I knew Mrs. Clod gave you too much of that stale, half-cooked Borscht. Now you'll never get to America! (BLAM)  
Ohhhh No! Now the engines collapsed! You dummy, you, why did you push so hard! Wait till I get my—(CRASH)

Roatoff, half coughing says, "Correction, sir, but now I think the car couldn't take the weight. Now you'll make a few million children very unhappy."

And so, tonight no presents (and no time bombs) will be delivered, and it will be my duty to tell the children about this unfortunate accident. I guess this will be the end of me when they find out where I hide, and so after all, they'll have some fun.