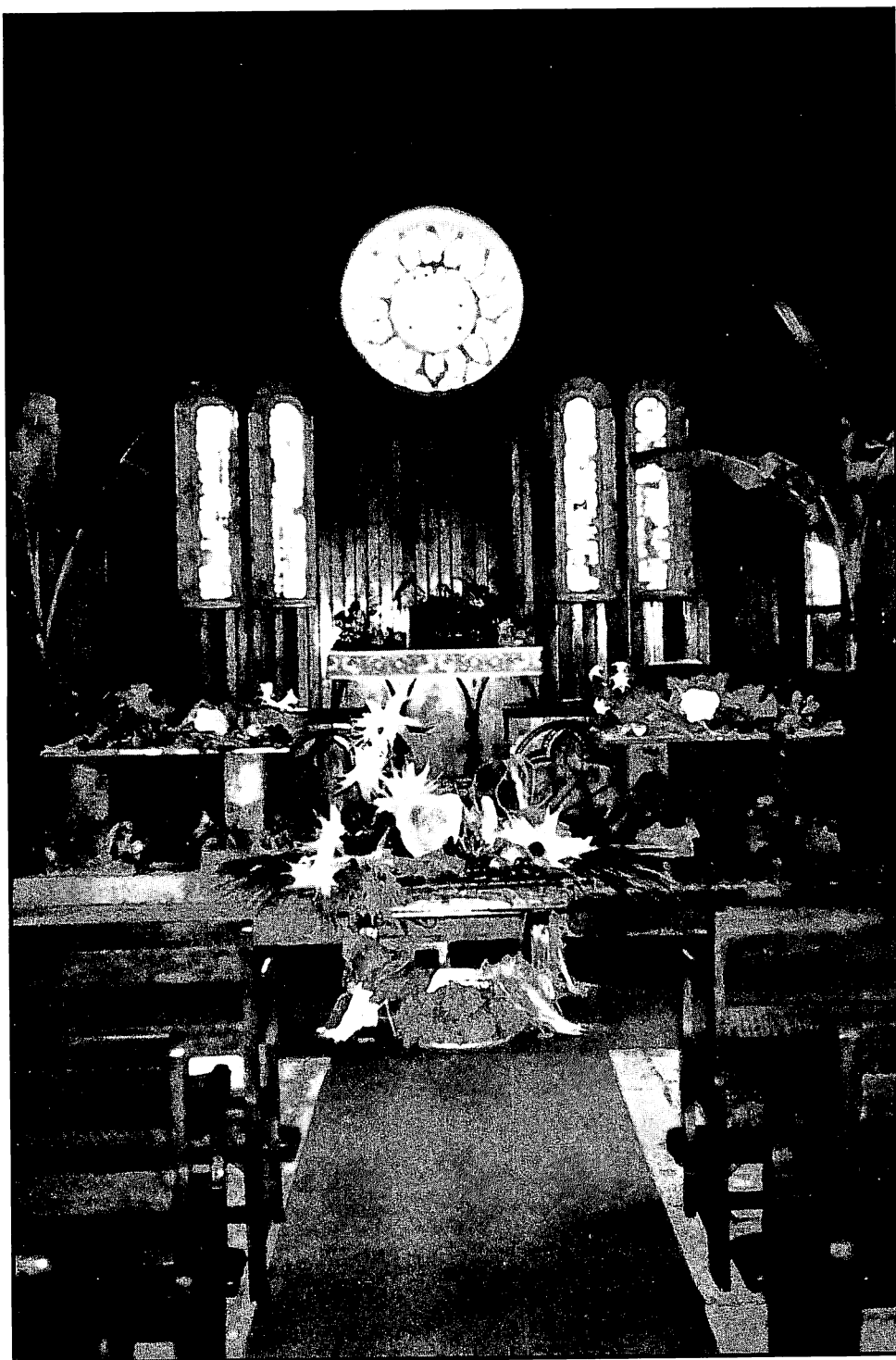


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# The Messenger

February 1993



*Harvest Festival, Swedenborgian Church  
in Curepipe, Mauritius  
(See p. 19)*

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*Our Cover: Sanctuary of the Swedenborgian Church in Surepipe, Mauritius during Harvest Festival. The church was built in 1907. (See "A Short History", p. 21)*

## The Messenger

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## Moving Toward the Light

### *Heart Awakening*

*Guest Editorial by John Bennett*

In many ways we use phrases pertaining to the heart to express our innermost feelings for love or anger. Often these words or expressions make us feel vulnerable because they express some of our true feelings about others and ourselves.

The Lord often speaks of the human heart symbolically as the point of origin of our thoughts and desires. God's first commandment was to love the Lord thy God *with all your heart*. Yet He speaks of many whose hearts are hardened, denying the light they have been exposed to, and ultimately denying God completely. This need not be the case as each person has the capacity to humble their heart, and continue on with the Lord. Of course, this is quite difficult, as it requires letting go of pride, which we all know is a submissive process leaving us quite vulnerable. Fortunately, it is this surrender of our heart that allows us to look at life and our spiritual relationship with God with an open mind. It is in our heart that this open-minded attitude originates.

With this open-minded attitude come many of life's treasures. Jesus said "where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." If we give of our hearts freely to others, we can truly enrich the lives of others as well as our own and fully appreciate the treasures we possess. As a result we shall never die, as the word of God continues on in the hearts of those we touch. So let us open our hearts together and diligently seek to serve God and create in each other that precious pearl acceptable unto God, a life of uses.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

*The Rev. John Bennett is minister of the Swedenborgian Church in Pawnee Rock, Kansas.*

*Reprinted with permission from New Jerusalem News, February, 1992.*



# Mauritius: What is it like?

Eric Allison

Having traveled through England, France, Israel, Egypt, Kenya and Tanzania, Cathy and I are now in Mauritius until June, 1993. We worried that Mauritius would pale in comparison to the spiritual intensity of Israel and Old Jerusalem, the splendor of ancient Egyptian temples on the Nile River, the magnificence of the Mount Kilimanjaro summit, and the graceful beauty of the herds of wild animals in Kenya. What we have discovered is that Mauritius is a magical place that will be very difficult to leave.

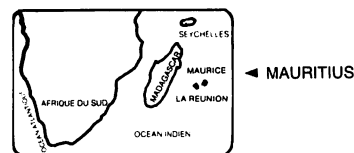
The occasional lapses into homesickness seem to be gone. The fatigue accompanying the constant adjustment to a new way of life has faded into concern for how we will do without these wonderful people, foods, flowers, festivals, scenes and customs when we are a world away. Despite the charm and beauty around us, the lack of familiar things was a jolt at first. Now we find we do not even want things we thought we needed when we first arrived. I remember buying a box of Kellogg's corn flakes just because it was one of the few things I recognized in the supermarket. Our first month here was a roller coaster of frustration and rapture, self-doubt and adventure.

After several weeks we bought a TV and VCR to satisfy what I now recognize as my TV addiction. The first program I watched during a homesickness period was an entire TV show about quilting in Paduka, Kentucky. I watched it just because it was in American English. There

are three TV stations broadcasting from 4:00 P.M. - 11:00 P.M. "Santa Barbara" is the most popular show here. "Rat Patrol" and, would you believe, "Rin Tin Tin" are also popular—all in French. The programs are in French, English, Hindi, and Urdu.

Though the island of Mauritius is small, about 40 miles by 30 miles, it has a range of topographical regions, two main seasons (winter and summer) and a climate that varies from tropical to desert. We live in Curepipe which is situated in the central plateau, about 2000 feet above sea level. Our September arrival in Curepipe was met by winter weather, buckets of rain every day. The annual rainfall on the central plateau is four meters per year. They once had 29 inches of rain in two hours, but virtually no flooding because the water soaks through the porous volcanic rock and heads out to sea. However, there is a large part of the island where the sun shines every day and there is a water shortage due to lack of rain. If it is raining in Curepipe we can hop in the car, head downhill and within thirty minutes be in the warm ocean water enjoying the underwater beauty.

Mauritius is in some ways a kind of a paradise lost. The beaches, mountains, the winding roads and the faces of the extraordinarily friendly people speak of the Mauritius of 30 years ago that may have been about as close to heaven as one can get on earth. Those days are not entirely gone but the "industrializa-



tion" of this paradise has been at full speed since the early seventies and many are still reeling from the rapid pace of change that hit this island. There are crowded city streets, slummy buildings and air pollution from the buses. It's enough to make an American feel at home. Ten years from now Mauritius may step out of third-world status. It is rated number 2 by the world bank for loans to the third world. Occasionally we still see women washing clothes in a stream but this is not the norm. I have not heard of any homeless people here but in some sections of the island there are people living in tin shacks. Most people have a TV and a reasonably modern small home. Regardless of the size of the home every place I have seen is very clean.

We live in the Manse next to the Curepipe church. It has three bedrooms, so I use one of the rooms for my study and the other we use for our guests. Our big kitchen has a gas stove, hot and cold running water, and a refrigerator. You can drink the water. A spacious, combined dining and living room area is furnished nicely and includes a fireplace in the living room. Like most houses in Mauritius it is made of concrete thick enough to survive cyclones. People here are ready for cyclones. The house has a combination of bamboo hedge, stone wall, and metal fence around it. Within the wall are a variety of trees, including royal palm, banana, papaya, and several large camphor trees that have ferns growing on the trunks and large limbs. Numerous large snails with colorful shells are slugging about in our back yard. Toads are plentiful, and beautiful small lizards (gekkos) form living art on our inside walls. Tiny ants are everywhere and successfully breach the walls of our

(Continued on page 20)



*The water is turquoise, the flame trees brilliant orange-red.*

## Mauritius

*(Continued from page 19)*

house. For about two months I went on a daily ant patrol and at least slowed the invasion. We keep everything in Tupperware containers.

Mauritius was granted indepen-

about 300 dollars per month, but you won't find people asking for handouts. They work for everything they get, and I have never met a more generous people. Less than two percent are unemployed. The people are proud of even the humblest

*Mountains  
in silhouette  
at sunset*



dence from The United Kingdom in 1968. The culture is an unusual blend of Hindi, Moslem, Christian, French, and British. There is no indigenous population. When the Dutch arrived in the 16th century there was no one living here. They stayed about a hundred years, which was just long enough to kill off the Dodo bird. Not long after the Dutch left, the French came and held control until the British took it from them in the early 1800s. Mauritius has 1,100,000 people, 12,000 of whom are white. Most of the people look Indian and a smaller percentage look African (Creole). The Chinese make up another small group but are more numerous than whites. The people here are extraordinarily helpful. If you ask for directions they will get in the car with you and direct you to your destination and then accept no money and walk a mile or more back to where you met them. Not once has anyone ever been rude to us. Without exception people have gone out of their way to be helpful. It's hard to believe that people are so nice and don't want any money in return.

This is a developing nation but it is not poor. Compared with most African countries it looks like Emerald City. Although not wealthy, Mauritius is sort of your top-of-line third world country. Most people work at two jobs just to make ends meet. The image of islanders spending lazy days on the beach does not apply here. The average income is

home and always welcoming. They do not look at North Americans with dollar signs in their eyes.

The people here apparently do not have an identity crisis—they seem to like being Mauritian. They feel unique, are proud of their country in a non-militaristic way, and seem content with their life. They know that they are a third-world country and look at the U.S. and England as rich places, but don't seem interested in being like anybody but themselves. Every person I have met has asked me with genuine excitement, "How are you liking Mauritius?" I have traveled in poor countries where people were proud of their country, but I also sensed shame and disappointment, and some bitterness and resentment toward me because I came from a place more economically well off. Here, I sense absolutely nothing but self-assured pride and contentment. People here are also concerned with the rise in crime and the drug problem, but it all seems relatively benign in comparison.

Many of the women are well-dressed in western clothes or wear bright-colored saris of silk or satin that make them look as if they are on their way to a coronation. The women are often strikingly beautiful, with good posture and graceful demeanor.

French is definitely the language to know in Mauritius even though the official language of the island is English. Most people speak Creole first, French second, and then

English. This place is such a blend of cultures that it has created its own culture with certain elements of other cultures intact. Five times each day, which includes 4:00 A.M., we hear the local minaret calling the Muslims to pray, "La Baha illa Allah." Hinduism is the main religion with Christianity running a close third to Islam. Ninety-five percent of the Christians here are Catholic. Until recently there were 25 national holidays. For economic reasons the government has moved some of the holidays to the common day off (Sunday) and given each religion religious festivals that are recognized as national holidays. In October "Divali", a national holiday and Hindu festival was celebrated. The legend is that a particular goddess was away for seven years fighting against evil. She won. So to welcome her and light her way home, after sunset people put out little earthen pots with oil burning in them. They also put up what looks like Christmas lights and shoot off firecrackers.

We are getting used to and beginning to like the French custom of kissing people on each cheek to say hello or goodbye. Women kiss each other, men kiss women and women kiss men but men shake hands. On the first Sunday here they all kissed Cathy and me to make us feel welcome.

There is some racial tension here, but it seems insignificant. There seems to be some white resentment toward the other 99 percent of the population. The whites still have some economic power because they are the leftover French and British aristocracy but they have no political power. The whites own most of the sugar mills on the island (which are the main source of foreign currency), but the days of the white elite are pretty much going the way of the Dodo. There is a caste system of sorts which is hard to explain. For example, if a dark-skinned person is educated and goes off to live in England or America for ten years or so, then they suddenly become white. Dark-skinned people tend to want to marry people who are lighter-skinned than they are. These long-held attitudes are slow to change.

Many people here have a maid and a cook. We just hired a maid to come in and clean, do our laundry and ironing and yes, she does windows. For three half-days a week it costs us 700 rupees per month. Right now there are 16.5 rupees to the U.S. dollar. Most professional people of any of the racial groups have a maid and/or cook for at least four hours a day six days each week.

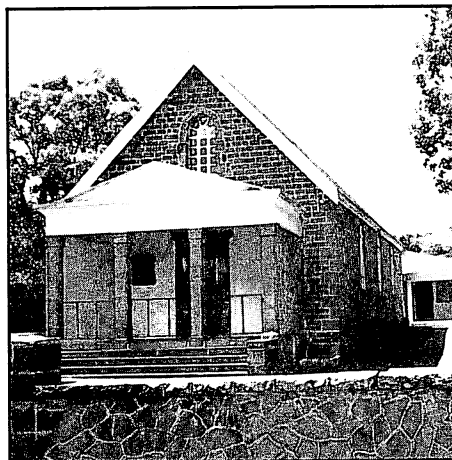
The most striking feature of life in Mauritius is the incredible generosity and kindness of these people. It humbles me. Never have I met such giving people. It makes me feel like a selfish slob. Even people that I have never met go out of their way just to make sure you like life here. I asked a policeman last week where a photocopy place was. He pointed me in the right direction. I thanked him and walked away. He walked alongside and escorted me to the door.

No matter how many times I said, "Thank you, I can find it" and walked away, he followed me until he was sure I was there. This is typical. If you offer them money for their help they look at you as if you're insane. The church people are always giving us food and gifts and being more concerned, helpful, and polite than anyone I have ever met. I feel deeply touched by these unpretentious, honest folk who work hard yet do not seem materialistic.

There are no McDonalds, Burger King, Pizza Hut, or donut places. There is no K-Mart and none of the usual urban clutter we all know as home. They have their own brand of clutter here. However, "civilization" is encroaching. I have seen four Kentucky Fried Chicken restaurants. We are enjoying many different foods, occasionally catching our own. We snorkel and fish at the same time. We swim along looking at the fish and then pick out the fish we want. We dangle the bait in front of the fish and then watch it take the bait or just look at it.

The luscious fruits include many varieties of mangos, papayas, and lychee trees everywhere. The strawberry season is six months long. The pineapples are sweeter and juicier. I like the island way of eating pineapples which is to walk into the sea and dip the pineapple slice into the

water before each bite. Fruit is sometimes difficult to buy. We stopped in a little town lined with mango trees and asked to buy one. The man said to us, "You cannot buy mangos in Triolet because everyone here has his own mango tree." He then sent a boy off who returned in a few minutes with a bag full of mangos for us. As is the usual Mauritian custom, he refused to accept any money.



*Curepipe Church*

The church has provided us with an eleven-year-old Puegot car for which we are grateful. It has 241,000 miles on it, and no rust. After several operations and a triple bypass I no longer need to use a rock to hit the starter motor so it will start. The engine purrs like a kitten. Not many of the people can afford to own a car. There are twenty thousand cars in Mauritius and it seems as if there are forty million motorcycles. Mauritius has one of the world's poorest records for road safety. Thirty-seven traffic accidents are reported every day. We never thought that we would get used to the driving here. The roads and streets are narrow, with cars parked on both sides. Pedestrians, and those on bicycles or motorcycles, weave in and out in a rhythmic dance that is continually life-threatening. Now, we enjoy this dance that we used to find nerve racking.

Most of the roads are in good condition but a few of the main roads are bumpy, with huge potholes. Brilliant-colored flowering bushes line many of the roads and often grow to over twenty feet high. The

*(Continued on page 22)*

## *The Swedenborgian Church in Mauritius*

### *A Short History*

In 1846 Mr. George Herbert Poole came from Adelaide, Australia, to Mauritius. Mr. Poole started at once to spread Swedenborg's teachings. He met Napoleon and James Lesage and a painter named Emile Michel and Edmond de Chazal. These four gentlemen were the beginning of the Swedenborgians in Mauritius.

On January 11, 1859, a Society of the New Church was formed at the house of the Lasage brothers in Port Louis. In 1861 Edmond de Chazal, a rich sugar estate owner and father of twelve became president of the society. Under his leadership *L'echo de la Nouvell Eglise* was published each month. This was the first publication in Mauritius devoted only to religion. Despite bitter criticism by family and the public, the church continued to grow and a building was purchased in Port Louis in 1876 which is the building used to this day by the Port Louis congregation. In 1877 the Society of the New Jerusalem Church was officially recognized in Mauritius by Ordinance No. 4 of 1877, which was ratified by Queen Victoria. A change in the church constitution has to be approved by the Federal Parliament of Mauritius.

In 1907 a second church was built in Curepipe on land given by Leona Lesage, which is used today by the Curepipe congregation. Rev. Ferken became the first minister of the church in 1906. Since then ministers have come from different parts of the world to serve the church here. Most believe that the lack of clergy has led to the slow decline of the church.

Both churches still have a strong nucleus of devoted people, an active youth league, and people of all ages who are eager to learn more about the church teachings.

## Mauritius

*(Continued from page 21)*

national highway is a four-lane road running the length of the island. It is well-maintained, with flowering plants growing in the median. People on bicycles and those walking and jogging share space with the ever-present motorcycles, buses and trucks, belching out thick black smoke. However, the trade winds do blow the pollution out to sea, after you breathe it.

The rules for driving are a little different, as are the signs. I asked "What does the blue sign with the red line mean?" "That means no stopping" was the reply. "What does it mean with two lines through sign?" "That means double no stopping!" Stopping is required if a thick white line is painted across the street. Even more important, you must also stop if there once was a thick white line painted across the street.

The bus service is excellent. Buses run every ten minutes from everywhere to everywhere for about 70 cents maximum.

We have learned that when we ask for directions to someone's house and they say "you will never find it," trust them. They come to our home and have us follow them or we arrange a rendezvous point. The island is too small to get lost for very long. Streets are not marked, and house numbers . . . "Doesn't our house have a number?" I asked early on. "Don't worry, the postman knows where to find you." When putting together the church mailing list we were surprised to see that three members of the same family living in the same house put down three different addresses. A person's address is to some extent a matter of interpretation.

We still can't open a bank account because I don't have a work permit because the government misplaced my application. The church gives me a check each month that I cash at the bank. We hide the money in lumps of cash (rupees) around the house. The word is that I'll get a work permit about two months after we leave.

There are many strange contrasts here. Unlike Egypt, the phones here



*(From left:) Cathy and Eric Allison with Jean and Alex Baissac, descendants of church founders.*

work well (when they work) and calling overseas can be done with direct dialing. However, one of the members of the church committee who has been waiting for four years just got his phone installed. It costs \$80 U.S. for a basic toaster and \$35,000 U.S. for a basic new car, but I can buy a very good pair of cotton trousers for \$9. The penalty for drug trafficking is death but it is never enforced. It costs \$7,600 for an eleven-year-old used car but I can buy a nice pair of shoes for \$12. Satellite dishes are illegal here because they don't want people to have unlimited access to the garbage that the U.S. and other countries produce (especially sex movies). The video stores, however, seem to have a full supply of Hollywood's goriest violence. A basic lunch for two in a Chinese restaurant costs \$380 rupees (over \$30), but we can pay someone to come into our house to clean for a whole day and make our meals for only \$15. Gas costs 90 cents per liter but we can buy all the vegetables we can eat for a week at the market for \$8. A bag of excellent battered and deep-fried vegetables from a vendor is only 50 cents. We never use an alarm clock because the sweet gentle sounds of brightly-colored birds wake us every morning at sunrise. At night the sound of howling yelping dogs either puts us to sleep or keeps us awake. There are no self-serve gas stations. They all put it in the tank for you. But, at the supermarket you

pack your own bags at the check-out. This is a tropical island and also the world's third largest exporter of wool sweaters.

The church people are real fiends for Swedenborgian doctrine. Some weeks I teach four doctrinal classes. They are not in the least apologetic about being Swedenborgians. This is a land of many religions and everyone here is a minority except the Hindus. The church buildings are both very well cared for. The congregations have done a fine job in carrying on as well as they have. Never in my life have I felt so appreciated and so needed. Each day here is a new adventure. My first wedding here required two rehearsals. The church was decorated with at least three times as many flowers as I have ever seen at a wedding. Had I not requested that they stand, the bride and groom would have followed the custom of remaining seated for the entire ceremony. Three Sundays each month I do a service at the capital city of Port Louis at 8:30 A.M. and then drive half an hour to Curepipe to lead the 10:30 A.M. service. Once each month there is a combined service at 10:00 A.M.

The opening part of the service is in French. A lay person co-leads the service with me in each church. I now give the children's sermon in French. The adult sermon is delivered in English with copies translated into French for the few who do not speak English.

One Saturday each month we have an outing for the teens. Cathy and I took six teens up Le Pouce. Le Pouce (the thumb) is one of the mountain peaks on the Moka Range. It offered a terrific view of the whole island and the Indian Ocean beyond.

The future of the church here is in doubt. The church is more or less financially self-sufficient because of two properties they own and because of a fund that pays for the salary and transportation of the minister. Barring any disaster they will be able to maintain the properties they own. No matter how generous the current membership, they could not support a minister if they did not have the investments which they have. Eight to fifteen people attend the service

*(Continued on page 25)*



## Archival Gold

## Our Swedenborgian Heritage

Louise Woofenden

*Fifth in a Series**Go West, young man!*

*Swedenborgianism is a subversion of everything decent and sensible—an extermination of human decency; this grotesque and upheaving system brings fires of desolation; it exterminates the idea of God's omnipotence. We are called upon to tear up our Bibles, and believe it, on peril of our immortal souls, yet it is only dreams, dreams, dreams! The dreams of the Joe Smiths and of Swedenborgians, only that Joe Smith had common sense, and Swedenborg was a learned fool; and those who receive his writings, perfect fools. This hideous and rapid credulity, this sneaking and driveling system attacks Christianity and runs, or like Judas, betrays with a kiss, or stabs in the dark.*

—Mr. Turner, Professor of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres, Illinois College, Jacksonville, 1843

George Field had come to town! Field had first come to town in America when, in 1835, he emigrated from England to New York at the age of 25 with his wife and infant son. He set up school for a living and was one of the first members of the New York Society. But the lure of the West made him determine, in 1838, to settle in Chicago. On his arrival in Detroit that fall, he found that the last steamship across Lake Michigan had put up for the winter, so he remained in Michigan. He again opened a school, but it was only an intermittent operation, for his real calling was that of a New Church missionary. Towards the end of his life he wrote *Memoirs, Incidents and Reminiscences of the Early History of the New Church in Michigan, Indiana, Illinois and Adjacent States: and in Canada* (1879), which details almost every step of his journeys, crisscrossing his territory, lecturing, preaching and baptizing

(ordained in 1834, he performed some 500 baptisms).

Burning with zeal, he spent all but a few months of each year on tour. Going to lectures was "the thing" in those days, and he was accustomed to speaking before audiences of over 500 people, who sat spellbound through his three-hour lectures. Typically the first night of a series would have a modest attendance, perhaps a few hundred. As the word got around about these teachings which were full of common sense and enlightenment, succeeding nights would find the hall crowded, with people standing outside, or perched on the sills of open windows in the church, courthouse or school where he was speaking.

Arriving in Kalamazoo, Ypsilanti, Edwardsburg, Richmond, Elkhart, LaPorte, Canton, Jackson, or any other town or village, he would post handbills or put an ad in the local paper. He worked up several series of talks: one of 12 lectures on the Creation (Primeval Language, Origins of Mythology, Proofs that Genesis is not Literal History, the Creation and Flood, etc.) and others on resurrection, the second coming, the blood of the Lord, and many other topics. The local newspapers would review each lecture as it was given, and report, often favorably, on the content. Field was described as very modest and extremely erudite, not given to flowery oratory, but speaking, with great elegance of diction, in a quietly forceful and logical manner.

Now on the scene would march the local Protestant clergy, one of whom had probably given the use of his church building for the lecture. They were irate. Could it have been that because of the interest aroused at Saturday's talk only a few people showed up for the Sunday afternoon services in their churches? That night Field might find the hall locked

against him. Sometimes the ministers boycotted the lectures, but often they attended, and used the discussion period to deliver wild condemnations. Or they announced lectures of their own in refutation, which usually resulted in a counter-lecture by Field, or at the very least a lengthy rebuttal in the newspaper. He was almost always able to show that his detractors had not read so much as a word of Swedenborg, but were relying on copies of some condemnatory work such as Enoch Pond's *Swedenborgianism Examined*. In one case the second half of *Conjugial Love* had been scissored out of the book and circulated among important local residents as typical of Swedenborg's philosophy of marriage. In Goshen, Indiana, the local paper went so far as to assert that George Field was the man named Field who was the absconding cashier of the Wildcat Bank in Battle Creek which had failed some years before he had set foot in that city.

Professor Turner's response was typical of what Field faced over and over again as he spent years tracing and retracing his path through many towns. Added to his difficulties was his wife's death when his three boys were still very small, which induced him to board out in New Church homes where he could leave his children when he went on the road, taking them with him as they got old enough. Some years later he remarried.

At the beginning of the *Memoirs* Field observed:

*... though none of us may be able to recount, with the Apostle Paul, that we have been flagellated with stripes, as he was, beaten with rods, stoned, shipwrecked, been in perils in the sea and among false brethren... still, there are yet many events con-*

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## Our Swedenborgian Heritage

(Continued from page 23)

*nected with the first promulgation and establishment of the Church of the New Jerusalem, at least in the western region, that are not devoid of interest.*

When we realize that Field was often denied money by the church, and financed many of his tours solely by teaching or clerking, or from the door receipts at his talks, and that he traveled alone by horse and buggy in all kinds of weather, it almost seems as if he had experienced the same treatment as Paul!

As an example, his report for 1853, covering eight months, lists 17 different places visited, with 124 lectures:

*...for fully three fourths of the time travelling was toilsome, difficult and perilous. The roads were like a ploughed field, soaked with water—only full of holes and ridges; or, as on the prairie sod, sometimes flooded and saturated or like a shallow lake. Twice I had to get other horses to haul my buggy from bottomless mud holes; once nearly drowned in fording the deep and rapid Vermillion, swollen by heavy rains; once to pass through a wide lagoon of water four feet deep, and cross a bridge under it; sometimes drenched through with rain, at other times almost frozen with a bitter north-west wind, blowing like a hurricane over a prairie where, for miles, neither house, fence or tree could be seen; and riding after dark on the open prairie, and guessing the road in the depth of winter; sometimes losing my way on these waste wildernesses, or passing the night in rude houses, only next to being in the open air.*

Field served short stints as minister in Detroit, St. Louis and Toronto, but most of his life was spent on the road. He believed that of the thousands who heard him, only a few would become active receivers of the doctrines, but he hoped his work would provide a base for the spread

of the church. Among the many names he mentions as receivers, we find such well-known New Church names as Murdoch, Keller, Bowman, Dickinson, Weller, King, Titus and Parker.



George Field

As time went on, the doctrines became more and more known and respected by the clergy of other faiths. Several left their denominations for the New Church. Even Professor Turner at length came to appreciate and respect the teachings, though apparently he never accepted them *in toto*. He later became a good friend of Field, which speaks well of the characters of both.

Making another telling comparison with the early Christian Church, Field once remarked that as soon as Christianity had become one of the established religions and was in less danger of persecution, different groups began arguing among themselves, separating into sects and twisting and changing Christ's gospel. In the same way, he said, when the New Church was no longer persecuted, its members began to disagree on the application of its various doctrines and to divide into factions and opposing groups.

This applies to his own case, for Field held strongly the opinion that new members must be rebaptized in the name of the ONE God, and communion served only to those who had. A disagreement on this and perhaps other points severed him from his post as minister in Detroit and left a rift which was never mended.

In 1904 (Field died in 1883) one of his sons wrote from Detroit:

*I have tried not to feel bitter, but I cannot help it. When my father left here, the so-called New Church Society was paying him the magnificent sum of \$260.00 per year, while negotiating with an entire stranger for the same services for \$2,500. Did they think that my father had arrived at that time in life when either his physical or mental powers had begun to wane, and that a younger man might be the means of drawing more outside attention to the Church and Society than he? If so, why was not there someone among them that had the manliness to have quietly sat down and talked the matter over with him, and told him how they felt about the matter. But no, they treated him like some will treat an old and faithful horse, who after long years of toil they quietly open the barn door and say, "You can go now, we have gotten all we want of you."*

As Field grew older, he eventually gave up his missionary journeys and retreated from any office in the Association or Convention. He seems to have continued his lifelong practice of engaging in theological debate through the medium of the printed word, in newspapers and periodicals. In a sense he was a missionary to the end.

*Louise Woofenden is an archivist in the library of the Swedenborg School of Religion in Newton, Massachusetts.*

*The people are called "one," when all have as their end in view the common good of society, the common good of the church, and the Lord's kingdom. For in that case the end includes within itself the Lord, from whom all people are one. The Lord cannot possibly be present with someone whose end in view is his own good.*

—Emanuel Swedenborg  
Arcana Coelestia, 1316<sup>1</sup>



## Mauritius

(continued from page 22)

each Sunday at each church. There are some younger people and there is hope, but, right now it is hard to tell what will happen. There is only so much I can do in ten months but I am doing my best to attract new people. Thanks to the financial contributions of the Kitchener and Los Angeles churches, we have been able to do some advertising. This has brought us 10 new people for a *Heaven and Hell* study group and three will join the church. It will be fascinating to see how church growth principles apply here. It is one thing to get someone coming to church when it is a Christian culture. It is entirely different to attract someone who is from a family that has been practicing Hinduism for four thousand years. The strange thing is that Hindus seem to assume that every Christian religion other than Catholicism are all the same. For example, two people have come to our church because there is no Mormon Church here. They seem to think that Swedenborgianism and Mormonism are more or less the same! That's certainly a connection I never would have made.

Cathy was the Sunday School superintendent and teaching staff for both churches but now has two volunteers to teach the combined total of 11 children. She has to speak to the children in French and is doing a great job. Cathy performs many important tasks for the church, but she does take occasional time off to paint with her water colors.

We have enjoyed hearing from so many of you. The miles that separate us seem to be a very short distance because you are so close to our hearts.

Peace and Blessings to you,

Eric

The Manse, New Jerusalem Church  
Remono St. and Curepipe Rd.  
Mauritius  
Phone Country Code 230-696-2417  
(9 hours ahead of Eastern Standard Time)

## Book Review

## Love in Marriage

*Love in Marriage*, a translation of Swedenborg's ...  
*De Amore Conjugiali* ... by David F. Gladish.

In his introduction, Mr. Gladish writes, "Reading (a translation from Latin) should be as easy as watching the scenery go by through the window of a train. It never is. I only hope that this translation makes it easier than it used to be."

It certainly does. The abstruse words and long sentences are gone. The basic intent of the book comes through repeatedly and clearly. The many stories of incidents in the spiritual world read particularly well, perhaps because Mr. Gladish is a journalist, and the stories are journalistic.

The ease of reading has not been achieved without cost, however. My own reading of the book foundered on the impulse to check the Latin in matters of detail, with the discovery that in many instances, some of the precision of Swedenborg's language has been sacrificed. To give just one instance, where Swedenborg says that good is "of charity" and truth is "of faith," the present text states that "good is charity, and truth is faith" (n. 62). Further, while I would insist that a given Latin word may have several different English equivalents, I would also insist that the choice should be made thoughtfully and on the basis of context. It seems abundantly clear that in the case of the central phrase of the work, *amor conjugialis*, Mr. Gladish has varied his renderings simply for the sake of variety. In paragraph 48, for example, we find it stated that "married love is only for one and with one of the other sex," and then that "love for marriage is a spiritual love," and that "a person ... puts on the love in marriage to the extent that he becomes spiritual." Certainly, "love for marriage" is not the same thing as "love in marriage"; and if the unique phrase "married love" has been coined on the model of "married happiness," it can mean only the latter—the love of people who

are married to each other. I understand *amore conjugialis* to include the love that leads people into marriage, and therefore find both "love in marriage" and "married love" inappropriately narrow. Primarily, though, the careful reader must wonder here whether Swedenborg is talking about three kinds of love, or two, or just one.

In other words, while the general ideas come through clearly and easily, the translation will not hold up under close scrutiny. This means to me that it is suitable for people who "simply" want a profoundly spiritual view of the marriage relationship, but definitely not for people who are engaged in an academic study of Swedenborgian thought.

I suspect, but cannot prove, that Swedenborg was writing primarily for the former readership. I suspect, but cannot prove, that if he were asked to evaluate this translation, he would want to know how accessible it had proved to a general audience, and how well its readers had understood what he was trying to convey. I believe that the translation will serve well toward this primary goal.

We may be gratified that new styles of translation are being tried, and particularly grateful for one crafted by an individual with professional skill at writing readable prose. To my mind, we are still groping for the ideal—for an English that reflects both the simplicity and the precision of Swedenborg's Latin. The present translation is a valuable contribution to that effort, but also a witness to the distance we have to go before we arrive.

Reviewed by George Dole

# Journey East

## Part II of III

Raymond Wong

It is said that a child's future potential is often reflected in early years, and my father said boys should grow up to be engineers and scientists. Unfortunately, as a child, I showed no inclination toward those fields. Instead, I loved music and enjoyed performing on stage. I was chosen to act in a play in school during Christmas when I was a first-grader and was cast in another play the following year. My teachers and aunt praised my performances. "You have talent," they said. Talent or not, I had a passion for the theatrical world, even at that young age. In my lonely hours, I let my imagination take me to the never-never land of fairy tales, the signs and sounds of Hollywood, and the changing scenes on stage played in my mind.

My isolated life in Peking took me back to the fantasyland, and my dream was intensified by the Chinese movie magazines I smuggled home. One thing suddenly dawned on me: nothing was ever mentioned in those magazines about making a Chinese movie for children. Why? Someone should suggest that to the film producers in Shanghai. Could I be that someone? I might not grow up to be an engineer or a scientist, but I wanted to do something I liked that would also make my father proud of me.

The name "Lo Ming-yo" appeared frequently in the Chinese movie magazines. He was the president of the biggest movie studio in Shanghai, like MGM in Hollywood. He had produced many well-known Chinese films, including several which had won international acclaim. According to one of the magazine articles, Mr. Lo, too, was active on stage when he was a boy. He had devoted most of his adult life to theatrical work and filmmaking, and had spent several years in the United States. "As the most influential movie producer and president of the

biggest movie studio in China," the magazine stated, "Lo is constantly seeking and developing new talents, particularly of the younger generation." Reading this, I was excited. Could this be the man to open the door for me and make my dream come true? To find out, I decided to write him a letter. I had the address of his studio which was mentioned in that article.

**It was more than just a letter;  
it was an invitation**

In my letter, which was written in English (I presumed Mr. Lo knew English since he had lived in America), I told him who I was and where I was from. I asked him why had there never been any Chinese movies made for children like they did in America, such as *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*, *Alice in Wonderland*, and *Peter Pan*. I urged him to produce some movies for children and even offered my "talent." Fearing that any response from Mr. Lo might be intercepted by my stepmother, I gave my Chinese school for my return address. Having written and rewritten that letter several times, I dropped it in the mailbox on my way to school.

Anxiously, I waited and waited, almost to the point of giving up hope for a response. Then, one morning two weeks later, the assistant principal of my Chinese school handed me a letter. It was addressed to me, from Shanghai! It was a moment of suspense. The letter was from Mr. Lo, written in English and typed. He thanked me for writing to him, said my suggestion was an excellent and timely idea and that he would be most happy to meet and talk with me if I ever came to Shanghai. To me, at that age, it was more than just a letter; it was an in-

itation. A new horizon appeared.

But Shanghai was some 3,000 miles away. I called up the train station to inquire about the price of a ticket. The cheapest fare was 22 yuan<sup>1</sup> for a third-class passenger ticket. Where would I get the money? Work to earn it? But what could a seven-year-old who could hardly speak the language do? Save my lunch money again? That would

take 220 days just for the train fare. I could think of only one solution—"borrow" it from my stepmother.

I sneaked into her room the following evening after I received the letter from Mr. Lo. She was taking a bath, and the light in her room was on. I saw her purse lying on the top of the dresser; but there were only a few yuan in it. I was almost certain she had more money than that hidden somewhere in order to pay for all the expenses. Quickly, I searched the drawers of the dresser. In the bottom drawer, hidden under a pile of sweaters, I found a jewelry box. It was not locked. In it were earrings, bracelets, and many other jewelry pieces. When I lifted the upper section of the box, I saw a stack of currency and, to my surprise, my passport. I was so nervous that my hands were shaking as I counted the money. 95 yuan! Hurriedly, I closed the jewelry box and the drawer and got out of her room. That was all I needed to know at the moment.

The next day, I called the train station again to find out about the train schedules. The departure time for the last daily train leaving for Shanghai was 11:45 p.m. That would suit me fine, for I would have to wait until everyone was in bed before I could possibly leave the house undetected. Preparing for the

long journey, I packed a small suitcase and wrote two notes; one was an I.O.U. and the other, a short letter to my stepmother:

*I am going away, far, far away. Please don't bother to look for me, because this is not my home and you are not my mother. Tell Dad he'll be proud of me some day and give my love to Margaret and Carolyne. Goodbye.*

I received Mr. Lo's letter on Monday, discovered the jewelry box on Tuesday, and packed and wrote the notes on Wednesday. On Thursday,

### I took a last look at my father's house.

I left the dinner table early, making an excuse that I had a lot of studying to do for an exam. While they were still in the dining room downstairs, I went back to the jewelry box, took out 40 yuan, and left the I.O.U. in the box. I also took the passport. When I returned to my room, I closed the door and waited, crossing my fingers that my act would not be discovered before I had a chance to slip away. Again and again, I looked at my watch, getting more nervous by the minute. At long last, everybody retired and all lights in the house were out. It was almost 10:30. I left the note to my stepmother on my bed and then tiptoed downstairs with my small suitcase. Slowly I unlocked the door from inside and got out of the house. As I walked across the slumbering courtyard, I took a last look at my father's house. It was so dark and quiet all around. At that moment, I thought of Tom Sawyer who wandered into a cave and got lost; I too, was about to wander into an unfamiliar world.

The iron gate was locked; I had to climb over it. Good thing it was not too high and my suitcase was light. Once out of the alley, I saw a rickshaw under a pale street lamp a short distance away. I hailed the rickshaw man and told him to take me to "huoche jan," the train station.

I arrived at the station half an hour before the departure time of the last train of the day leaving for

Shanghai. Not too many people were at the station at this late hour. I went to the ticket window and asked for a third-class ticket to Shanghai. I gave the man at the window 22 yuan. He looked at me; then, without saying a word, he handed me the ticket and gave me back 11 yuan. Must be half fare for children; a pleasant surprise.

It was a two-day and two-night journey. The train was not crowded; but sitting on the hard wooden bench for that long was not exactly fun. I hardly ate throughout the trip except for two or three times when the train stopped and I bought some homemade buns from the vendors through the window. As I sat there staring at the outside, I increasingly felt guilt over what I had done. But then I told myself I only borrowed the money, and I did leave an I.O.U. I wished they had not brought me to China; I wished I had a real mother; I wished my aunt were with me. I still had dreams and was full of anticipation and anxiety; for the first time, fear entered my heart.

I arrived in Shanghai early in the afternoon two days later. This was the second time I had come to this big city. Unlike the first time when I was accompanied by an adult, Mr. Chow, I was now all alone. Outside the train station, there was what seemed to be a sea of rickshaws and taxis. Shouting and yelling, the rickshaw men competed for customers. Adding to the noises and confusion was the sound of tooting taxi horns. I knew where I wanted to go, the Y.M.C.A. I learned how to say Y.M.C.A. in Mandarin from my stepmother; she worked in the Y.W.C.A. The problem was, people here in Shanghai spoke a different dialect. I was surrounded by several rickshaw men, all trying to get my business. But they could not understand me when I told them in Mandarin where I wanted to go. After much milling around in confusion, I finally found one who understood me. Quickly I hopped in his rickshaw and off we went.

The Y.M.C.A. in Shanghai was a large, tall building. The man at the reception counter looked at me through his dark-rimmed glasses

when I told him I wanted to rent a small room.

"Are you all by yourself?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," I said, stretching my back and trying to act like a grown-up.

"Where are you from?"

"Peking."

"Peking? You certainly don't speak like one from Peking. Are you Cantonese?"

"No, I am an American," I burst out abruptly. I was tired of all these questions.

"American? Do you have a hu jao?"

"Have a what?"

"Hu jao, mei kuo hu jao."

I looked at him blankly; I had no idea what he was saying.

Seeing me looking so puzzled, he asked again, this time in English.

"Do you have an American passport?"

"Oh, yes." I felt relieved, not only because he could speak English, but also because I had brought my passport with me. I took out the passport from my suitcase and presented it to the man. He looked at the passport and then at me, back to the passport and then at me again.

"It says here you arrived in Shanghai in March; that was almost four months ago. Where have you been living all this time?"

### For the first time, fear entered my heart.

"Traveling. Seeing the country," I said with a straight face.

"All by yourself?" he asked, unbelievably.

"Sure. Kids my age do that all the time back in the States," I responded. I was calm on the outside but very nervous on the inside. I was not sure how much longer I could stand this without breaking down. Thank God the man slowly shook his head and stopped interrogating me.

"How long are you going to stay here?" he asked.

"A few days," I said. "How much is a room?"

"For one person, one and one-half yuan a day, or eight yuan a week."

I gave him eight yuan. He gave

(Continued on page 28)

## Journey East

(Continued from page 27)

me a receipt and a key. He also handed me back my passport, after copying down the number.

My room was on the fifth floor; a very small room with just a bed, a desk, and a chair. It did not matter, this was just temporary; I would soon be on my way to stardom.

As soon as I put my suitcase away and washed up, I called Mr. Lo at his studio. A woman answered the phone. The first thing I asked her was could she speak English. The answer was yes. That made things a lot easier. I gave her my name and told her that I had just received a letter from Mr. Lo and would like to speak to him.

"Did you say your name is John Lim, and you are from America?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am," I said.

"Sure, I remember that letter. Mr. Lo dictated it to me, and I typed it. Are you calling from Peking?"

"No, ma'am, I am in Shanghai."

"When did you arrive?"

"About two hours ago."

"Please wait, Mr. Lo in on another line."

I waited for a few moments, then I heard a voice on the other end.

"Hello, John, how are you? My secretary told me you have just arrived."

"Yes, sir. Are you Mr. Lo?" I asked, just to make sure I was speaking to the right person.

"Yes. Did you get my letter?" asked Mr. Lo.

"Yes, sir, that's why I am here."

"Where are you staying?"

"The Y.M.C.A., room 514."

"Are you with your parents?"

"No, sir. I came by myself."

There was a pause.

"Tell you what, I'll send someone to pick you up at ten o'clock tomorrow morning; we'll have lunch together. Will that be all right?" Mr. Lo proposed.

"Yes, that'll be fine, sir."

See you tomorrow then. Bye-bye."

My heart jumped with joy after I hung up the phone. Both Mr. Lo and his secretary spoke English fluently without any accent. For a moment, I thought I was back in the States. After supper in a small

restaurant near the Y.M.C.A., I went back to my room. Tired but happy, I slept soundly that night.

At exactly ten o'clock the next morning, a man from the studio came. I was waiting in the lobby. He had no trouble finding me, for I was the only youngster there. The man introduced himself and took me to a car which was waiting outside. The studio was quite a distance from the Y.M.C.A.; it took almost an hour to get there. A civilian guard opened the gate to let us in, and the car stopped at the entrance of a modern building several stories high. We took the elevator to the seventh floor, and I was led to an office at the end of a long hallway. The man introduced me to the secretary and then left.

Mr. Lo had an unexpected visitor, the secretary told me. "It won't be long. Please have a seat," she said. She was a middle-aged lady, very businesslike but friendly. She told me her name was Olivia. While I

**I had never talked  
like this before  
to a stranger.**

was waiting, she asked me if I had any brothers and sisters, what it was like in the Midwest, and what parts of China had I been to. She also told me she had visited San Francisco, New York, and several other cities in the U.S. a few years ago. Before long, the opaque glass door of the inner office opened, and two men in business suits stepped out. They shook hands and said goodbye to each other. Mr. Lo noticed my presence before the secretary had a chance to introduce me to him.

"Hello, you must be John Lim," he said and shook hands with me. "Sorry to make you wait. Come on in." Before he closed the door, he instructed the secretary to hold all incoming phone calls and told her that he did not want to be disturbed.

I was overwhelmed by the size and grandeur of his office. It had a large picture window with a sweeping view of the distant skyline of the city and a grand conference table flanked by many chairs. The walls around were

covered with Chinese paintings, framed photographs, and awards. I also felt a little intimidated by Mr. Lo himself. He was tall and husky, like an athlete. He invited me to sit down in one of the leather armchairs across from his large, well-polished desk.

"Did you have a nice trip?" he asked after he, too, had sat down.

"Yes, sir," I said. I did not tell him I came on a third-class passenger car.

"And you said you came by yourself?"

"Yes."

"I am impressed. Do your parents know you are here?"

I hesitated a second before I answered. "I left them a note," I said.

"You mean you ran away," said Mr. Lo, looking me in the eyes.

I had not expected our conversation to turn this way. I broke down. "That house in Peking is not my home; I don't belong there. My father wants me to be an engineer or a scientist, but I want to be something else. You said in your letter you liked my idea and wanted to meet me. That's why I came." I was on the verge of tears.

"Come, come, don't get me wrong. I do, indeed, like your idea, and I do want to meet you," said Mr. Lo in a kind and gentle voice. "I like people, especially young people, with imaginations and creativity. Now, tell me more about yourself."

I told him everything, my life history, from losing my mother at birth in Hawaii to growing up in the Midwest to coming to China and my days in Peking. I had never talked like this before to a stranger. I opened my heart to him, revealing my dreams and wishes in quest of a place in the land of movies.

Mr. Lo listened, sometimes shaking his head, sometimes laughing, but at no time distracted. At the end, he asked, "Have you ever auditioned for any part in a Hollywood production played by children?"

"No, sir. Where can a Chinese boy find a place in an American movie? Even grown-up Chinese were always cast as laundrymen or houseboys. I would never want to play a role like that."

"You know, if you did not tell me you are only seven years old, from what I heard you say, I would have thought you were much older. You are very bright for your age. I share your feelings; you remind me of myself when I was young—full of ideas and ambition," said Mr. Lo.

I heard the sound of a siren. It was twelve noon. Looking at his watch, Mr. Lo rose from his chair and said, "Let's go and get some lunch. I will show you our studio, and we'll talk about this later."

We had a nice lunch in the studio's cafeteria. After that, Mr. Lo gave me a tour of the studio. It was a large complex covering a lot of ground. There were many buildings, some large, some small; with warehouses where costumes, sound and lighting equipment, movie sets and all kinds of artifacts were stored. In one open studio, I watched a movie being filmed. It was an exciting experience. Later, when we returned to the office, we continued our conversation.

"Can you speak Chinese?" Mr. Lo asked me. So far we had been speaking English all this time.

"Not too well, but I can speak it better now than when I first came. I have been going to Chinese language school in Peking," I replied.

"You must speak the language if you want to take part in a Chinese movie," he said.

"I am willing to work. I will learn and study hard."

He remained silent for a moment and then said, "Speaking of your father, I must tell you, if you seriously want to work in the studio and be a part of our team, I must have your father's written consent. That is the law, because you are a minor."

"But my father wants me to be a scientist," I said with apprehension.

"I will talk to your father or write to him. I think I understand you better than your father, from what you have told me. I may be able to convince him that you are destined for the theater more than the laboratory," said Mr. Lo in a sincere manner. He asked me to give him my father's address. I believed him and gave him Father's address in Peking, reluctantly. I had no choice.

Before we parted, he said to me, "Remember, things may not always turn out the way you want. I am much older than you, and I am speaking from experience. You cannot become a star overnight. It takes years of training, hard work, and discipline in order to be successful in any profession. But if you believe in something, keep your faith and work at it. Also, don't forget, much as I am willing and much as you may wish, your father will have the final say. I will contact him, and you will hear from me in a few days."

With that lecture, Mr. Lo asked the secretary to send for a company car to take me back to the Y.M.C.A. I was not sure how I felt at that mo-

**If I ever felt the need of God's blessing,  
I did that night.**

"I am sure you will. But it is not all that simple to produce a movie. First, there must be a story worthy of having it made into a film; then, someone will have to write the script and audition the cast; and, finally, money is needed for the production, a lot of money. I am more than happy to train and develop someone like you, because I think you have the potential and the desire. But it will take time. How long do you plan to stay in China?"

"My father said one or two years. But I can stay longer, much longer if I want to."

ment other than that I was grateful for his encouragement and the time he had spent with me. If I ever felt the need of God's blessing, I did that night. I prayed that God would grant me my wish and open the way for a dream to come true.

(To be concluded)

<sup>1</sup>yuan: Chinese dollar

*Raymond Wong is a member of the San Francisco Swedenborgian Church. Although "Journey East" is the true story of two coming-of-age years in the life of the author, Mr. Wong has used fictional names for family members, including his own.*

## *Nominating Committee Seeks Candidates*

The Nominating Committee of the Swedenborgian Church is seeking qualified, interested people to fill the following positions in our offices and Support Units.

- Vice President
- Recording Secretary
- Treasurer
- General (1 minister, 2 lay persons)
- Communications Support Unit
- Education Support Unit
- Financial Planning and Resource Support Unit
- Growth and Outreach Support Unit
- Information Management Support Unit
- Pastoral Ministries Support Unit
- Nominating Committee (2)
- Committee on Admission to the Ministry (1 minister, 1 lay person)
- Convention nominees for SSR Board of Trustees (2)

If you are interested in having your name considered for nomination or wish to suggest a potential candidate, please notify the chairperson of the Nominating Committee at the following address:

The Nominating Committee  
Attn: Muriel Bennett, Chair  
Box 336  
Pawnee Rock, KS 67567

## *New Editor of Lifeline*

It was announced in the January 1993 *Lifeline* that Mr. Harry Heap, editor of that British New Church publication since 1979, has retired. The Conference Council is pleased to announce that Mr. Patrick Johnson of West Wickham New Church has accepted appointment as editor, beginning with the March 1993 *Lifeline*.

*The Messenger* joins the Conference Council in its laudatory farewell to Harry and his wife Margaret, who have worked closely together on the production of *Lifeline*, consistently putting out an inspiring, informative and punctual publication each month. Many *Messenger* readers also subscribe to *Lifeline*, and readers of both *Lifeline* and *The Messenger* have benefitted over the years from the reciprocal reprint arrangement between the two publications.

We join the Conference Council also in extending to Mr. Johnson all blessings and good wishes for his forthcoming term as editor.

## In Memoriam

## Elinore C. Peebles, 1897-1992

by Richard Moskowitz, M.D.

Following a long life of service, this lively, intelligent, and altogether remarkable woman died recently in a nursing home, soon after her ninety-fifth birthday. Having had the privilege of knowing her as a friend, I would like to leave behind for her this short remembrance to the homeopathic community on whose behalf she gave so much of herself, and with whose history her life was inseparably connected for nearly a century.

Elinore was born in 1897, the year after her father, Charles Theodore Cutting, M.D., graduated from Hahnemann Medical College. The family settled in Newtonville, Massachusetts, where Dr. Cutting set up his medical practice, and Elinore learned homeopathy directly from him, helping him in his office while he saw patients, accompanying him on home and hospital visits, eavesdropping on his case conferences with colleagues, and, of course, savoring the mysterious globules when she herself fell ill. From the age of seven, her sole ambition and fondest wish was to go to college and become a homeopathic physician. But when Elinore was sixteen, financial reverses abruptly put an end to both her dream and her childhood. This great disappointment remained engraved forever in her heart, left its mark upon her character, and also cheated the people of Massachusetts of the truly fine and dedicated physician that she would doubtless have become.

Never one to indulge in self-pity or brooding about the past, Elinore soon married Waldo Peebles, an old friend of her childhood, and set herself to raising a daughter and two sons and a flock of grandchildren, as women have always been expected to do. Like her mother, she also became active in the Swedenborgian Church, which has been a notable influence on other eminent homeopaths from Hering and Kent to Pierre Schmidt and Elizabeth

## WHAT IS HOMEOPATHY?

Homeopathy is a therapeutic system of medicine developed by Dr. Samuel Hahnemann over 170 years ago in Germany. Since that time it has spread to every country of the world. It is based upon the law of similars—"Similia Similibus Curentur"—(Like cures like symptoms). This means that a substance given in large crude dosages will produce specific symptoms, but when this same material has been reduced in size and administered in minute doses, it will stimulate the body's reactive processes to remove these same symptoms. An example is Ipecacuanha (Ipecac). If taken in large quantities it produces vomiting, but taken in minute doses it cures vomiting. . . .

There are over 1000 homeopathic remedies. The homeopathic physician receives all the training and education given any other medical student. However, to the homeopathic student this is merely preparatory. Homeopathy is the real graduate program. Unfortunately, in the United States facilities are limited for graduate study in homeopathy. The result is that there is a shortage of homeopathic physicians throughout the country.

The homeopathic doctor's aim is to know and treat the whole person, not just a single organ, and his "patient history" is of necessity far more detailed than most. After a careful consideration of the background and current symptoms, he is usually able to select the exact remedy for the individual. Where no such doctor is available, however, the layman can utilize a combination of three or four remedies which have been proven individually to apply to the symptoms he feels, and this gives a better chance of getting the right remedy quickly. It should be remembered, though, that when the illness has persisted for years and become chronic, it may take more time to achieve results.

Most homeopathic remedies are natural substances made from vegetable, animal, and mineral sources which are broken down into minute quantities to stimulate the natural defenses of the body. . . . Homeopathic remedies neither cover up nor destroy disease by themselves. They stimulate the body's reaction to throw off the offender. Hence they do not create the side effects of many regular drugs, and no warnings or cautions are required on homeopathic remedies beyond the standard "if symptoms persist or increase in severity, consult a physician."

. . . Homeopathy, with its single purpose of attention to the whole human being and the prescribing of the simple remedy to trigger the Vital Force within the human constitution to begin its own curative process, is a medical philosophy which is being recognized and extensively used by physicians throughout the world.

*From Homeopathy, What It Is and How It Works, by Cecil Craig, Ph.C.*

Wright-Hubbard in Elinore's own time. In later years, Elinore loved to go to the supermarket wearing her favorite T-shirt, which announced "Here comes a Homeopath" on the front, and concluded "There Goes a Swedenborgian" on the back, bearing witness to the close spiritual kinship between the two.

Both her son and grandson became fine and reputable physicians, graduating from Harvard Medical School, where her son still teaches and practices, never using homeopathy himself, yet ever protective of it for her sake and eager for her remedies when he himself fell ill. The bittersweet irony of watching her loved ones reach the pinnacle of her own chosen profession by turning away from homeopathy, the other great love of her life, must have brought her such pain and joy as would have been difficult to distinguish throughout the later years of her life.

In the 1940s and 1950s, with homeopathy clearly on the decline and the Boston homeopaths beginning to die off without anyone to replace them, Elinore devoted herself to homeopathic education and self-help with a zeal and ability that were an inspiration to all who knew her. She became active in the Boston Homeopathic Laymen's League and the Ladies' Auxiliary of Hahnemann Hospital in Brighton, a small homeopathic community hospital founded in the 1940s but soon dominated by the more lucrative allopathic style of practice.

During the 1950s, with the help of James Stephenson, M.D., and Dorothy Cornish, she organized the Homeopathic Information Service and published a number of splendid pamphlets about homeopathy for the general public that stand comparison with the finest available today. Several of these she wrote herself.

*(Continued on page 31)*



**Elinore Peebles** (*from page 30*)

During this period she was also invited to speak to Harvard medical students, and helped organize a series of lectures at Boston University, which had actually been founded as a homeopathic medical school. For all these labors she was awarded an honorary life membership in the American Institute of Homeopathy (AIH), whose professional meetings she regularly attended. The Homeopathic Information Service remained active until the 1970s.

But no recital of her accomplishments can do justice to the sparkling intelligence, lively wit, and dedication to her core values of family, church, and homeopathy that she lived and breathed throughout her long life. I first met her in 1982, within a few days of my arrival in Boston, incognito as I thought, and on sabbatical, with no desire to start up a practice right away. At first I was a little taken aback by this frail but persistent octogenarian quizzing me on Hahnemann and Kent in my own living room. When she told me, in a voice that brooked no contradiction, that there hadn't been a homeopathic physician in Boston for 25 years, and that I'd better get busy, there was suddenly nowhere to hide.

Despite her many infirmities and illnesses, each one threatening to be her last, she somehow managed to pull out of them, more by her indomitable will, it seemed to me, than from any skill of mine. One year she came down with pneumonia and, with typical stubbornness, *asked* for antibiotics only at the end to speed her recovery, long after her son, to no avail, had pleaded with her to take them. At times she could be downright cantankerous, most predictably when anyone suggested that she give up her old house in Auburndale for more suitable lodging.

Elinore was a delightful companion and friend, a keen student of the latest doings in homeopathy, and an astute observer about every aspect of its past and future. Although a strict Kentian by experience and inclination, she envisioned a true, nonsectarian integration of all healing paths, advocated that homeopathic physicians first be trained in allopathic

## Commencements

### Baptisms

**Deschambeault**—Jahn Mary Deschambeault, daughter of Lee and Delores Deschambeault, was baptized into the Christian faith December 6, 1992, at the Church of the New Jerusalem, Fryeburg, Maine, the Rev. Dr. Gardiner Perry officiating.

**Mackenzie**—Devin Patrick Mackenzie, son of Kevin and Susan Mackenzie, born August 19, 1992, was baptized into the Christian faith November 15, 1992, in a home service conducted by the Rev. Ken Turley, pastor of the Portland, Maine, Swedenborgian Church. (Susan Mackenzie is the daughter of Pat Vigue and granddaughter of the Rev. Anthony (and Peggy) Regamey, long-time minister of the Boston church.)

### Confirmations

**Russell, Maine & Kelley**—Andrew and Jean Russell, John and Cathy Maine, and Linda Kelley were confirmed into the life of the Swedenborgian Church November 8, 1992, at the Church of the Good Shepherd, Kitchener, Ontario, Canada, the Rev. Ron Brugler officiating.

**Twombly**—Robert and Judith Twombly were confirmed into the life of the Swedenborgian Church November 1, 1992, at the Swedenborgian Church in Fryeburg, Maine, the Rev. Dr. Gardiner Perry officiating.

### Marriages

**Blosser and Humphrey**—Dawn Blosser and James Humphrey were united in marriage November 14, 1992, at the Urbana, Ohio Swedenborgian Church, lay leader (and mother of the bride) Linda Blosser officiating.

**Glanders and Gallagher**—Colleen Ann Glanders and Michael Patrick Gallagher were united in marriage November 7, 1992, at the Swedenborgian Church in LaPorte, Indiana, the Rev. Eric Hoffman officiating.

### Deaths

**Holt**—Mrs. Lilia (Day) Holt, 71, of Stow, Maine, widow of Edward W. Holt, Sr., entered the spiritual world November 24, 1992, in Portland, Maine. Mrs. Holt was a member of the Fryeburg, Maine Swedenborgian Church. Private services were to be held at the convenience of the family.

**Proctor**—Robert A. Proctor, Sr., president of the Newtonville Society, entered the spiritual world November 29, 1992, having suffered a cerebral hemorrhage the previous day at his beloved property in New Hampshire. The resurrection service was conducted in the Newtonville Swedenborgian Church, the Rev. Dr. George F. Dole officiating.

**Strath**—Winifred Strath, 93, lifelong member of the New York Swedenborgian Church, entered the spiritual world October 19, 1992, following a long illness. A memorial service is to be held in 1993, the Rev. Robert McCluskey officiating.

### Church Family News

Regarding the Rev. Dick Baxter's condition, the doctor has given him a short prognosis, perhaps a matter of weeks, but Dick continues to amaze his doctors by working every day and carrying out his usual schedule. Dick and Polly appreciate hearing from friends and knowing that your prayers are with them as they face this stressful time.

medicine of the highest calibre, and had little use for the concept of separate homeopathic medical schools. I shall never forget the 1985 NCH Annual Meeting in Boston, in which she and two other old-timers held us all spellbound with tales of homeopathy in the "good old days" and its problems so much like our own.

She leaves behind three children, many grandchildren and great-

grandchildren, and innumerable friends and admirers, among whom I shall always be proud to count myself.

Goodbye, Elinore! Wherever you are, you may take comfort and pride in a life both long and rich, with an uncommon share of heartache and fulfillment alike. We who love homeopathy shall not forget you, or soon see your like again.

## SSR Launches Workshops

The Swedenborg School of Religion is one of the ten seminaries to receive a \$30,000 grant in the Lilly Endowment 1992 Board of Trustees Development Grant competition. The purpose of the grant is to enhance the understanding of theological education within the church and SSR, to work on areas of interaction between the church and SSR, and to encourage the visioning between SSR and the church.

To achieve these goals, SSR is sponsoring a series of eight

workshops over a two-year period. The first workshop for board members, faculty, students and CAM\* members took place at St. Stephan Priory in October. The primary purpose was to share our visions for the church of the future. We also got to know one another better and to talk about our respective roles in the process of preparing and educating ministers.

Mary Kay Klein, President  
Swedenborg School of Religion

\* Committee on Admission into the Ministry



*Emanuel Swedenborg was born January 29, 1688, in Stockholm, Sweden. Although he never intended a church denomination to be founded or named after him, a society was formed in London 15 years after his death. This 1787 organization eventually spawned the present Swedenborgian Church.*

*As a result of Swedenborg's own spiritual questionings and insights, we as a church today exist to encourage that same spirit of inquiry and personal growth, to respect differences in views, and to accept others who may have different traditions.*

*Swedenborg shared in his theological writings a view of God as infinitely loving and at the very center of our beings, a view of life as a spiritual birthing as we participate in our own creation, and a view of Scripture as a story of inner-life stages as we learn and grow. Swedenborg would conclude, "All religion relates to life, and the life of religion is to do good." He also felt that the sincerest form of worship is a useful life.*

◀ SSR Workshop Attendees — Left to right, STANDING: Kinichi Kuniyeda, Dorothy Brittain (workshop leader), Edwin Capon, Alice Skinner, Jean Hilliard, Susanne Lorraine, Patricia Bowen, Elizabeth Johnson, Kit Billings, Dave Sonmor, Ed Bohlander, Betsy Young, Ted Klein, Mary Kay Klein. FRONT ROW: Margaret Kraus, Mary Crenshaw, Jerry Poole, Gardiner Perry, Donna Keane, Dorothea Harvey, Marlene Laughlin, Bill Woofenden, Renee Morris, George Dole, Pavel Heger, Patricia Basu.

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