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The 1984 Love stamp, designed by Corita Kent—
(See “Moving Toward the Light,” p. 2)

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Moving Toward the Light

From the Editor

If You Know a Song, Sing it

The cover of our December *Messenger* was a photograph of a tall carved wooden gate in a garden wall near Griffith Park in Los Angeles. "If you know a song, sing it," the words on the gate proclaimed.

I was visiting Los Angeles in September, on a sunset walk with my daughter Shannon when she led me up one of her favorite streets and I saw the gate. We stood before it several minutes as dusk began to settle. The colors, the saying, the dove—the gentle invitation to live with joy and celebration—I felt a reluctance to leave, and vowed to return and photograph it.

We didn't return when we'd intended, and when we did, it was close to noon, not the morning light I'd wanted, and a car was in front of it with a man and woman inside talking. I had in mind to ask them politely to move. "Excuse me," I said, "I would like to take a picture of that gate."

"Well," replied the man in the driver's seat, "you are looking at the artist." He smiled impishly and gestured toward the woman seated beside him. With that they waved and drove off.

My week in L.A. ended before I could get back to Ben Lomond Street. Back in Indiana, I sent a current *Messenger* to Shannon and asked her to attach a note and slip it under the gate, so that our "gate artist" would know what we were all about.

I called Shannon the night before the December *Messenger* was to go to the printer. "You didn't hear from her?" she asked. "Nope," I said, "I had to put 'artist unknown'." "Oh, well," she said, "'Artist Unknown' has a nice mysterious quality to it."

Two days after the December *Messenger* was printed, I received a package in the mail, with a return address on Ben Lomond Street. My heart beat faster and my hands shook. The mystery was about to be solved. I opened the package to find a lovely book and a note inside:

Dear Mrs. LeVan,

You and your daughter stopped in front of our house just as I was leaving to spend some time with my son and daughter-in-law in Irvine and, most important, grandson. After that, I went to Northern California to be with my daughter and son-in-law. Things have been very busy and so I am just getting to your daughter's note.

"If you know a song, sing it" is a Malaysian saying. I just like the words and thought it good advice for everyone! One IBM repair man (from Armenia) thought it was a security code to get into the gate and stood humming outside the gate for twenty minutes before I heard him.

I came across those words when I was doing research for my book, *Learning by Heart*. After looking over your *Messenger* I thought perhaps you would like to see my book.

I have spent much of my life in Asia—or working on projects concerned with Asia—particularly the performing arts.

Thanks for liking my gate.

It was signed *Jan Steward*.

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Archival Gold

Our Swedenborgian Heritage

Louise Woofenden

*(Fourth in a series)**Reading the books*

Let's take a peek into a study on Nassau Street, New York City, in late 1830s:

It was a perfect den of learning.' And there the professor might be found at almost any time of the day or night; walled in by books. Shelved in on both sides and at either end, and filled to the ceiling. Nothing to be seen but the backs of volumes. History, science, Biblical criticism, voyages and travels, with grammars, lexicons, dictionaries in all known languages. With irregular piles on the floor, of those for which no room could be found on the shelves. As you opened the door, there sat the professor—his hair already white with advancing years, each strand standing straight up as in a field of corn, his eyes defended with large glasses, and only his head and shoulders visible above the heap of ponderous volumes . . .

Knowing that he was constantly employed on the periodicals of the day as a critic and reviewer, some of the most eminent American authors were in the habit of sending him whole sets of their works; whilst publishing houses of every grade sent him a copy of their publications, glad to accept a line from his pen. His library was so well stocked with choice and rare books that scholars all over the United States were in the habit of consulting the works in his study.

—Samuel Beswick, *Biographical Sketch of George Bush*, 1875

George Bush?—Who was this George Bush? Besides being the great-great-great uncle of an American president, that is. The son of a classically educated Dartmouth graduate, this George Bush was born in Norwich, Vermont, in 1796. When he was four or five years old, his mother died, leaving him in the care of his father, whom he emulated as to his love of study. Even as a very young boy, George liked nothing better than a book, and the bigger the better. By the time he entered Dartmouth at eighteen, he was already an advanced classical scholar. He went on to the theological seminary at Princeton, and after ordination into the Presbyterian Church, was sent by their Home Mission Board to Indianapolis. But his rational mind and habit of persistent inquiry led him to take issue with the church, and he soon withdrew from the ministry. This was 1828. He is said to have remarked later that it was because the Presbyterian Church claimed to exercise rights over conscience, and he would not belong to a body which made any such claims. In 1829 his wife died a few days after childbirth, leaving him with an infant son. Bush then moved to New York, where he could place the child with relatives of his wife. He became professor of Hebrew and Oriental Literature at the University of the City of New York. Later in life he remarried, and at his death at age 63 left a widow and two young children.

How, then, did he come into the Swedenborgian Church? This defection from the orthodox camp must have been a real prize for the new denomination! Long a meticulous Bible student, and from the first

delving into Scripture to defend, refute or explain the doctrines of many religions, Bush early on came to disagree with many teachings of Christian denominations. He denied the resurrection of the material body. He did not believe in the end of the physical world. He accepted the spiritual realm as the *real* one. He condemned the doctrine of faith alone. And he did not believe in three persons in the godhead. He had heard of Swedenborg, but since he had read virtually nothing from his works, he had the vague notion of the man as a semi-lunatic visionary. Bush's doctrinal views had been molded solely from his intense study of Scripture, archeology and literature. But in the 1840s, after a lecture in which he stated that resurrection was not to take place on some far-off judgment day but occurred immediately after death, a woman remarked that he must have been reading Swedenborg. His curiosity led him (not immediately, it must be confessed) to explore these writings. He took to them, but not without reservations. In spite of the fact that (through his interest in Mesmerism) he accepted the reality of the spiritual world, he had great difficulty believing that Swedenborg's accounts of that world were empirical observations and not projections of his own mind. It took him a great deal of study before he was convinced of the validity of the system of correspondences. But in 1845 he openly declared a complete acceptance of the doctrines, and from then on there flowed from his pen a mighty stream of articles, pamphlets and letters on doctrinal subjects. There has probably been no single individual in the history of

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Archival Gold

(Continued from page 3)

our church who has had such a wide correspondence with all the leading people in the Swedenborgian Church in America and Europe. (The SSR library has a priceless collection of letters to George Bush from 1846-1858, preserved and bound in 18 large volumes.) And almost every New Church adherent who visited New York felt that the trip was incomplete without a call on the professor.

Bush was privately ordained into the Swedenborgian Church in 1848 and served for a few months in the New York Society before withdrawing because of the press of his literary projects. He was uncomfortable with the idea of an ordained priesthood, and though he moved to Brooklyn and served that society for seven years, he never really attached himself to the organization. While in Brooklyn he became ill (probably cancer). His last public address was given at the dedication of the New York Society's new building on 35th Street. Bush died on a farm in Rochester, New York, in 1859. During the latter part of his illness he remarked to a friend, "I am admonished that disease may soon separate my spirit from my body; I dare not let my mind dwell upon the event, lest the attraction of the inner world unfit me for the duties that remain."

(The following abridgement hardly does justice to a penetrating and moving 16-page sermon.)

The Past Required

A New Year's sermon by the Rev. George Bush, published by request of the Brooklyn congregation.

"God requireth that which is past."—Ecclesiastes 3:15

The original word rendered "past"

signifies, in strictness, that which is driven away, or displaced by the pressure of something else bearing upon it. A flowing stream is driven onward by the mass above. One portion is constantly giving way to another. One day, one week, one month, one year, is incessantly pressed on by the succeeding. Parents are crowded off the stage by their children, and *they*, after occupying the places and acting over, with very little variation, the part of their progenitors, are in turn excluded from the scene of action. Thus there is an unceasing process of dissolution and reparation; of change, succession, revolution.

Time, however, is not to us what it is to its divine Author. To the eye



Geo. Bush

of Jehovah, which beholds the end from the beginning, each and every part is constantly present. Time is important only in reference to the course of action with which it is filled, and though its lapsed periods are never recalled, the deeds it has witnessed live in perpetual permanence.

At a season like this, we are naturally prompted to pause and look both backwards and forwards. Through the good hand of God we have reached the close of one year and stand upon the verge of another. The numerals 1854 will no longer stand at the head of letters.

Whatever bears that date will bring with it the involuntary sensation of something comparatively stale or obsolete. How inconceivably rapid the flight of time! How soon will *this* year have expired, and all the remaining years of our pilgrimage! We are like persons floating down a rapid stream, whose eyes are constantly fixed upon some part of the boat in which they are sailing. When some incident occurs to make them look to the shore, they see with what velocity every object is flying by them. The recurrence of the New Year is calculated to produce this effect. It compels us to take note of time, and forces upon us, however unwelcome, that our days are as but a hand-breadth.

But while our time, our privileges, our opportunities for usefulness and our means of salvation are passing away from us, still they do not go into oblivion. Every action of our lives, every word of our lips, every thought of our heart lives in treasured archives, and may and will be recalled in all the freshness of recent occurrence.

If present text were selected by the tenant of almost any of the popular pulpits, something like this would enter in: Although the past is often forgotten by us, it is ever present with the Most High, and the

whole will be distinctly brought to light in the final day and have its fitting reward pronounced.

In the light of the New Church, the past will necessarily come up, not because God remembers it while we forget it, but because it inscribes and engraves itself on our very being—because it forms a very part of our identity. Who has not at some time been astonished to find out how distinctly and vividly a former state of mind has been revived—not only the particular scene, locality and person, but the very sensations of pleasure or

(Continued on page 5)

pain—just as if the whole had occurred but an hour ago? The fact is that every former state is written indelibly on our being and can be reproduced whenever the suitable occasion shall arise. You see how it is that "God requireth the past," not by issuing a summons and bringing forth an indictment, but that the whole is inward and subjective. The person is tried before the tribunal of his own mind. All who come into the other life are welcome guests who receive a kind reception. He who has led a wicked life separates *himself* from good spirits and angels until he comes among spirits whose life is similar. They who have led a good life are by degrees elevated into heaven.

There is ample ground for bringing ourselves to stand at the close of one of the grand conventional periods of time and interrogate our hearts in view of its events and issues. We are not required to go out of the world. We are to labor and perfect our regeneration in the world. The use, therefore, of retrospect is to see what are the materials laid up in memory and what are the results which have been wrought in life. The spirit of self-

love plies its arts so skillfully that it is almost a miracle if we maintain our integrity! As we live perpetually in the midst of spheres which are antagonistic to the Lord's implanted Divine life in the soul, have our minds been reinforced by heavenly influx so as to offer a secret resistance to everything that would wage war with our better interests?

There is another subject of grave import. We have spoken of influences acting upon us, and intimated that even the slightest incident is impressing itself in some way upon us, and tending to form our interior life, that is, our permanent character. But as others act upon us, so we act upon others. What a responsibility, then, attaches to our demeanor in the various relations we sustain to each other! If we mislead, deceive, overreach, defraud, our brother sustains a material loss at our hands. But this is by no means all. We produce a moral effect, not only upon our own spirit, but upon his. The ultimate results may be prevented in him by the forces of goodness and truth, but still the tendency of our action is to transfer to him the impress of our own evil, and we can take no credit if the normal effect is

not realized. We act upon each other both in this world and the next by a real transfusion of *substance*. The virus of a disease was never more an actual entity, however subtle, than the influence which emanates from the sphere of a corrupt affection. The sphere of evil acts upon the spiritual organization of those which whom it comes in contact, and leaves its deadly touch behind. Not that it will preclude the possibility of regeneration, but that the state to eternity will not be what it could have been.

Will it not be wise, then, seriously to recollect ourselves and begin the race with new views, new aims, new resolves, as befiteth those who are conscious of coming under a *new* dispensation? "Behold, I make all things new." Let us take an inventory of our spiritual life and see whether everything is fair and prosperous.

And when our friends wish us a "Happy New Year," we shall then have no heaviness of soul in contemplating the text, that "God requireth that which is past."

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

CABINET MEETING REPORT

The Cabinet met November 12 through 14 in Newton. The agenda items were: evaluation of reports, (support units and Council of Ministers); budget; discussion of merger proposal; choosing theme for Convention 1993.

John Perry reported for the Financial and Physical Resources Support Unit (FPRSU) the status of Temenos. The Augmentation Fund Committee (AFC) is establishing uses and priorities of requested funds for various churches and the Swedenborg School of Religion (SSR).

The Communications Support Unit (COMSU) report was given by Rev. Bill Woofenden who shared, among other items, information on their meetings and plans for J. Appleseed to try to distribute their books through a commercial distributor.

Pat Tukos reported for the Education Support Unit (EdSU). One of the items she reported was that SACC has been reconstituted into a committee named Social Concerns Education Committee (SCED) which will have more of an education focus rather than advocacy.

The Growth and Outreach Support Unit

(GOSU) report, given by Chris Laitner, included reports on the Portland church, Almont's programming and outreach plan, the new group starting up in the Okanagan Valley (Eastern British Columbia), the Concord Spiritual Growth network, the Puget Sound church and Stonehouse Bookroom, and the new HIV ministry proposed by Rev. Sue Turley-Moore.

Steve Koke reported for the Information Management Support Unit (IMSU). They are changing their focus from computer distribution to information management. They are hoping to come up with a statistical base, finding out the demographics of the church, on which programming can be based, for use by all churches and boards.

Pat Zacharias reported on the Pastoral Ministries Support Unit. Their first priority is to continue to work with the Pastoral Ministries consultant. Their second priority is the Board Management and Stewardship Training to be communicated to all the the local churches who want to take advantage of the program. Their third priority is outreach advertising funds.

Rev. Donna Keane reported on the

work the Council of Ministers has been doing. Their theme for 1993 convention will be "Sexuality."

After lengthy discussion about the feasibility of the support units using their funds in a more discretionary manner under the guidelines of the church's priorities, it was decided to try a new approach to the budgeting procedure. Each support unit was asked to submit their budget requests based on their priorities and needs. Then an across-the-line percentage cut was made in order to come up with a zero deficit budget.

Much time was spent discussing the proposed General Council and Cabinet merger and possible issues to deal with in workshops with Lilly Fund leadership. The issues that arose during these discussions, including parish ministry vs. non-parish ministry, led to the formulation of a question as the theme for Convention 1993—"Who are we and where are we going?"

The meetings lasted a total of 16 to 18 hours and the minutes are about 11 pages long, so this short report provides only a small sampling of the work that was done.

—Gloria Toot, Secretary

Journey East

Part One of a Three-Part Serial

Raymond Wong

There was an alley called Ma Chia Miao, Alley of the Ma Family Temple, in Peking. The temple had long been torn down and replaced with stately mansions hidden behind stone walls and willow trees. The alleyway was cobblestoned, barely wide enough for a donkey wagon or a car to get through. My father's house was No. 18 Ma Chia Miao. I first saw that house when I was seven years old, after a long voyage across the Pacific Ocean from San Francisco to Shanghai and a two-day journey by train to Peking. Before that, I had been living with my aunt in Madison, Wisconsin, where she taught piano and I was a third

had no choice as a minor. I still remember my aunt saying, "He is your father, don't you want to see him?" I was confused. Of course I wanted to see my father, but the thought of going to a place so far away—and leaving the only person close and dear to my heart—both frightened and saddened me. I cried all night on the eve of departure.

My aunt traveled with me to San Francisco and introduced me to a Mr. Chow who was to take me to my father. On a misty and windy morning, the ship sailed. I watched my aunt on the pier waving at me and wiping her eyes with a handkerchief. I stood on deck waving back at her

from the pictures he sent us. He looked older than his picture and was shorter than I thought. Perhaps I was tall for my age. I was nervous. It did not sound natural when I called him "Daddy" and shook hands with him. There was no hug, no embrace. He just smiled at me and patted me on the shoulder as if I had just come home from a weekend vacation. He and Mr. Chow talked in Chinese as we walked out of the station and the porter followed us with our luggage. I did not understand a single word of what they were saying.

A chaffeur-driven car was waiting outside the train station. After dropping off Mr. Chow at his home, Father talked to me for the first time since we arrived. He started in Mandarin, but quickly changed to English when he realized I could not speak Chinese.

"Did you have a nice trip?" he asked. He spoke English quite well except for a little accent.

"Yes, sir," I answered. Somehow it was easier for me to call him "sir" than "Dad" or "Father."

"How is your aunt?"

"She's fine," I said. How I wished she was with me. I missed her terribly.

I stood on deck waving back at her until I could see her no more.

grader at Madison Central Elementary and Junior High School. I loved my aunt; she was my guardian, my teacher, my friend and, in a true sense, my mother. I never knew my real mother. She died within a few hours after giving birth to me in Queen's Hospital in Honolulu. My father was one of the first Chinese students who graduated from the University of Columbia, with a master's degree in chemistry. Being an Asian, he could not find a job worthy of his education. So, soon after the tragic death of his wife, he returned to China, leaving me with my mother's elder sister and promising to send for me when he could.

Seven years went by. Father had later remarried in China, but continued to send money regularly to my aunt for my support and wrote me several letters, telling me to be a good boy, be nice to my aunt, and someday he would send for me. That day finally came in the spring of 1936. I did not want to leave, but

until I could see her no more. I tried not to cry in public, but for the next two nights my pillowcase was wet with tears.

We arrived in Shanghai five days later. After going through immigration and customs, we boarded the train for Peking. Coming from a quiet college town in the Midwest, my first encounter with the panorama of China was like a page from

My first encounter with the panorama of China was like a page from a fairy tale...

a fairy tale—the endless rickshaws, the throngs of people everywhere, the turbaned Hindu policemen directing traffic in the busy and crowded streets of Shanghai, the beautiful landscape of the countryside as viewed from inside the train . . . I could not believe that I was in China.

It was snowing when we arrived in Peking. My father was waiting at the train station. I could recognize him

"Can you speak Chinese at all?" "Very little."

"You never went to Chinese school?"

"No, sir. We don't have a Chinese school. There are very few Chinese where we live."

"You must learn Chinese because you are Chinese. We will teach you," said Father.

"How long will I be staying here?" I asked.



*Father and Stepmother
Wedding Picture
No. 18 Ma Chia Miao
Peking, 1930.*

"A year or two," he said. It sounded like forever.

After a few moments of silence as the car drove through the snow-covered streets, my father said to me, "Your mother and two sisters are all excited about your visit. They are waiting for you at home."

My mother? My sisters? I thought, how could that be? I have no mother, she died. And home, the only home I know is on the other side of the ocean in Madison, Wisconsin.

The car turned into a narrow alley and stopped in front of a black iron gate. The chauffeur tooted the horn. A man opened the gate from inside. Slowly we drove past a large courtyard surrounded by stone curbs. The ground and bare branches of the trees were covered with snow like a Christmas scene. As we approached the house, which looked so much like a southern mansion, I saw a lady and two little girls standing on the front porch. They were waiting for our arrival. When the car stopped, the door was opened by the same man who opened the iron gate. He took our luggage. I followed my father across a narrow strip of cobblestoned path and went up a few steps to the porch.

"This is your mother," my father

introduced me to the lady. I shook hands with her.

"You are a big boy," she said in English, smiling and looking me over from head to toe.

Turning to the girls, my father said, "Come, meet your brother, John." Then he said to me, "They are your sisters, Margaret and Carolyn."

The girls smiled shyly. All I could say was "Hi!"

"He cannot speak Chinese. You two will have to teach him. He will teach you English," said Father as we entered the house. We all sat down on a large sofa in the spacious living room, which was beautifully furnished with oriental furniture and the floor covered with thick Chinese rugs. My stepmother asked me about my aunt, my schooling and what it was like growing up in America. She spoke fluent English, with only a slight accent. My aunt had told me that my stepmother graduated from a prestigious university in Peking founded by the missionaries and she worked in the Y.W.C.A. as a program director. She was slender, about the same height as my father, with dark brown eyes. Her long black hair was pulled back in a chignon and in her two-piece suit, she looked very westernized. While she conversed with me, my two half-sisters just sat there and listened. Father paid us little attention; he was reading a big pile of letters.

"Talk to your brother. Practice your English," said my stepmother.

The two girls looked at each other and giggled. Finally Carolyn, the

Margaret.

"Wo yeh ai chung kuo,"¹ I answered in Mandarin, struggling to remember the few Mandarin lessons my aunt made me learn by listening to a phonograph record.

"Very good! But you do sound like a foreigner," commented my stepmother.

Father looked up through his glasses and smiled. "In another year he will speak Chinese as well as any of you," he said.

Later they showed me to my bedroom upstairs, next to the bedroom of Margaret and Carolyn. It had a large window, beautifully draped, overlooking the courtyard. The closet covered an entire wall. Facing the window across the room was a huge canopied bed; on one side stood a dresser with many drawers and on the other, a table with a lamp and a radio on top. There was also a bookcase filled with Chinese magazines and books, a desk and a soft leather chair. My two suitcases had already been emptied. My clothes were hung up in the closet, my shirts, underwear, and socks neatly placed in the drawers of the dresser by the maid. In spite of all these comforts, I did not feel at home. The change had come too suddenly; I was not prepared for it.

I was standing by the window looking at the beautiful courtyard when the maid knocked on the door and told me dinner was served. I hurried downstairs because I was hungry. The dining room was almost as large as the living room. It was brightly lit by a chandelier and was

**I had been in Peking for three months,
and felt no more at home than when
I first entered that black iron gate . . .**

younger one, asked me how old I was. I told her I was seven going on eight.

"Do you like America?" asked Margaret.

"Yes. I was born and grew up there," I said. I was surprised to hear them speak English so well and was ashamed of myself that I could not communicate with them equally well in Chinese.

"Do you like China?" again asked

partitioned from the living room by French doors. My father and stepmother sat opposite each other at the ends of the long dining table. I sat across from Margaret and Carolyn. The maid brought in delicious hot dishes of Chinese food from the kitchen and served us rice. I loved every course—chicken, fish, meat, and vegetables. It did taste much

¹Wo yeh ai chung kuo: I also love China.

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Journey East

(Continued from page 7)

better than my aunt's cooking, but still I felt ill at ease amidst all these impressive but unfamiliar settings.

Father was leaving for Tientsin the next morning to attend to his business. It was the largest seaport in northern China, about 150 miles from Peking. He had a factory there, a tannery. Neither he nor my stepmother said anything to me when I went to bed after taking a bath. Only Margaret and Carolyn peeked into my room and shyly said good night to me. I heard them giggle as they ran back to their room on bare feet, as if amused or playing some kind of game with me.

Tired as I was after such a long and overwhelming day, it was several hours before I fell asleep that night. I missed my aunt; I missed our little apartment in Madison; I missed all the familiar sights and faces; I even missed school. Lying in the dark all alone in this grand old mansion which was supposed to be my home, I cried.

* * * * *

I had been in Peking for three months, and felt no more at home than when I first entered that black iron gate; Father was no closer to me than when I first met him at the train station. He was in Tientsin on weekdays and would come home only on weekends. I did not feel any closer to my stepmother either. She told me to call her "mom" instead of "ma'am." But calling her "mom" did not dispel the loneliness or fill the void in my heart. The servants called me "shao yeh," young master. It was the Chinese custom because I was the son of the head of a well-to-do household. It took me quite a while to get used to that title. I felt much more comfortable with my half-sisters. We were children; whatever differences and distance that separated us gradually faded away as we wandered into each other's secret worlds, they trying to speak English and I trying even harder to learn Mandarin.

I was brought to this vast and beautiful but strange land to meet my father, to learn about my ancestry, and to broaden my

horizon. There were so many places I would like to see, so many things I would like to do, so many tales I would like to hear. Yet, life soon became a routine. Five days a week from morning until mid-afternoon, I had to go to a special school to learn Chinese. The school was mainly for missionaries and diplomats who were stationed in Peking. I was the only Chinese in my class; the rest were all from foreign countries, both East and West. When I was not in school, there were few things for me to do. I was not allowed to go out by myself; I could not even see a movie unless the picture I wanted to see was approved by my stepmother and the whole family went with me

was in a country where I looked like all the others but could not speak their language. I lived in a beautiful house that was supposed to be my home, but I felt like an outsider who did not belong there. I was not abused or mistreated, just misplaced. I wanted to go back to my aunt and the Midwest, but I was a minor without money, and they had my passport. I did make several friends at school; I wished I could visit their homes and invite them to mine. That, of course, was out of the question. Had I asked, I was certain my father would tell me that was not the purpose of my going to Chinese school. My only pleasure was to stay in my room, close the door, and listen to the radio whenever I could

I was brought to this vast and beautiful
but strange land to meet my father,
to learn about my ancestry, and
to broaden my horizon.

in a chauffeur-driven car. At times, I really felt I was imprisoned.

One evening after dinner, we were gathered together in the living room. Father was home. He sat in a single sofa reading the newspaper while Margaret and Carolyn played the piano. My stepmother was knitting. Both my half-sisters had been taking piano lessons from a Russian teacher and they played well. I had also taken a few piano lessons from my aunt. When they finished playing, I sneaked up to the grand piano and played *Fur Elise*. Everyone was surprised, even though I knew I could not compare with my half-sisters.

"Very nice," said my stepmother. "How long have you been playing piano?"

"Not very long. Whenever my aunt had time to teach me," I said. Then I asked her if I could also take some lessons from the teacher of my half-sisters. Before she could answer, my father put down his paper and said to me, "No. Piano is for girls. Boys, when they grow up, should be engineers and scientists, not musicians." He looked and sounded so serious when he said that, I did not dare to argue, even though I felt hurt.

Gradually, I became withdrawn. I

tune in some western music from the local stations. I have always loved piano and violin. I also enjoyed reading the English edition of a Chinese movie magazine published in Shanghai, China's Hollywood. A friend of mine in school, an American, gave it to me each time he was through with a new issue, and I would smuggle it home.

One evening I heard over the radio a beautiful melody. It was "The Merry Widow Waltz" from the movie *Merry Widow*. I loved it so much, I called a local record shop the next day to inquire if they had that record for sale. The man who answered the phone said yes, I asked him how much. "Yi kuai er mao," he said (one Chinese dollar and twenty cents). For the next three weeks I did not eat lunch at school so I could save the ten cents my stepmother gave me each day to buy lunch. When I finally saved enough money, and since I did not know how to get around in this big city, I called the record shop again. They told me to mail the money in and they would deliver the record to my home. I changed the coins into paper currency and mailed it to the store with my address. Four days later, the record arrived when I was

at school. My stepmother opened the package, even though it was addressed to me. When I came home that afternoon, she confronted me with the record.

"Where did you get the money to buy this?" she asked.

"I saved my lunch money," I said.

"You what?"

I repeated my answer.

"Wait until I tell your father about this. The money is for you to buy lunch, not to buy trash like this! *Merry Widow!* Aren't you a bit young for that?"

"It is not trash. It is beautiful music. Why don't you put it on the phonograph and listen to it yourself?" I said.

"Don't you dare tell me what to do! I've had enough of this nonsense!" she shouted at me, bursting out in anger. Then, without saying another word, she threw the record on the floor, breaking it to pieces. At that moment, my heart was also broken to pieces. I locked myself in my room, refusing to eat dinner. I cried all night. I wanted revenge.

The moment of triumph in revenge did not last long.

Carolyn had a small cat which was her precious pet, and Carolyn was the favorite daughter of my stepmother. I vented my anger on the cat, hoping to create a chain reaction to at least upset the lady who had broken my record. There was a stone wall, about eight or ten feet high, alongside our house; it ran parallel with a similar wall of the property next door. The two walls were separated by a narrow space and sealed at both ends with concrete slabs to keep away trash and dead leaves. The following evening after the incident, I lured the cat into my room, put her in a laundry bag, and sneaked out of the house. I managed to climb up the wall by stepping on the protruding edges of the stones. When I reached high enough, I opened the bag and gently dropped the kitten between the walls. I did not want to hurt the little creature; I just wanted to agitate my stepmother by creating a scene through her daughter.

I certainly succeeded in creating a

scene. When Carolyn could not find her pet, she was frantic. She cried, and the entire household was in a crisis. My stepmother was so disturbed, she did not even finish her dinner. I laughed inwardly. But the moment of triumph in revenge did not last long. My conscience began to bother me. I kept thinking about that poor little kitten out there in the dark and cold. I had to get her back. After everybody had decided to wait until daylight to continue the search for the missing cat and had all gone to bed, Carolyn still crying, I sneaked out of the house again and

I became a hero in everyone's eyes except my own.

went directly to the wall. When I got there, I could hear the faint mewling of the kitten from behind the wall. I really felt bad. Quickly, I climbed up the stone wall; this time all the way to the top and over. I cut my hand as I lowered myself to where the cat was. When she saw me, she ran to me and jumped into my arms. I patted her and almost kissed her, glad she was all right. Holding the kitten in my hand, I tried to climb back up. But somehow I was stuck between the walls. Each time I tried to free myself, my shoulders hurt terribly. Finally, I had to yell at the top of my voice for help. I yelled several times; I was probably more frightened than the cat. Soon, I heard footsteps.

"Who is there?" That was the butler's voice.

"Me!"

"Shao yeh?"

"Yes. I found the cat, but I can't get out!"

I heard more footsteps, more voices. "Go and get a ladder," I heard someone say. A few moments later, the butler climbed up the ladder and shined a flashlight over my head. He tried but could not reach me. I was half standing and half kneeling near the bottom.

"Call the fire department!" I heard my stepmother shout.

The rescue team from the fire department arrived about half an hour later. They threw me one end of a rope and asked me to tie it around my waist. I tried, but the

rope was too heavy, and I did not know how to properly tie a knot tight enough to withstand my weight. Besides, my hands and shoulders were hurting me so much. Finally, they lowered a hard hat in a basket and told me to put it over my head. Then, they started knocking with a hammer on the bottom of the wall a few feet away from where I was until several pieces of the stone were loosened. Cautiously, they removed the loose pieces, leaving an opening large enough for one of the firemen to stick his head and arms in while another rescuer held the

flashlight from the top. The man was able to reach my feet with his outstretched hands. He told me to let out my breath and hold it as long as I could. "Try to lower your shoulders," he said, as he pulled my feet toward him, a little at a time. The cat mewed, and I moaned in pain while I repeated the process. At long last, I was loosened from the grip of the walls, and they pulled me up and out. I was still holding the kitten, and one of my hands was bleeding. Seeing me and the cat, everyone let out a loud cheer. Carolyn hugged me and, for the first time, my stepmother kissed me on the cheek. They surrounded me, took me inside the house, and cleaned and dressed my wound.

Suddenly, I became a hero in everyone's eyes except my own.

I could not forget that moment when I was freed from the grip of the cold stone walls. Now I wanted to free myself from the other invisible walls which had restrained me from satisfying my curiosity about the outside world, had surrounded me with grandeur I did not appreciate, and confined me to expectations not my own but of my father and stepmother. I had dreams; I wanted to pursue my dreams, and I began to make plans.

(To be continued)

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

NEW STUDENTS AT SSR

Three new students with diverse backgrounds, interests and talents have come together in a harmonious blend this year at the Swedenborg School of Religion.



Tom Sicklinger (L) with Harry Johnson, Retreat Facilitator.

Tom Sicklinger is a native of Wisconsin, currently residing in New Jersey and commuting weekly to classes on Tuesdays and Wednesdays. He has been active in Native American spirituality and finds much interest in Eastern traditions such as Buddhism and Hinduism. But his first love is Swedenborg. He says, "Nowhere else do I find the depth that I do in Swedenborg." Kit Billings, second-year SSR student, observes that Tom has a knack for putting deep and complex spiritual ideas into contemporary, easily digestible language. Tom is not sure at this point how he wants to serve, but is exploring ideas.



Susanne Lorraine with husband Dean Currie and children.

Susanne Lorraine also commutes to SSR once a week from Portland, Maine. She is a full-time accountant, wife, and mother of three children, and is an active member and past secretary of the Portland Swedenborgian Church. Her goal is to become a parish minister, and she is hoping to be able to spend more time at the school, as half a day weekly is not enough for her to feel as much a part of things as she would like. *Messenger* readers are probably familiar with Susanne's byline; she has had several articles published in the past year.



Rev. Dick Marine

Rev. Dick Marine is an experienced parish minister with fourteen years in the United Methodist Church. Dick and his wife Tonia traveled all the way from Montana. (They vouch that the scenery in the film, "A River Runs Through It" is authentic Montana.) They have settled in with their new parrot, Swedenbird, and have done much toward boosting the community spirit at SSR with their suggestion of a weekly communal Sunday dinner for staff, faculty and students to enjoy. Tonia is working toward a Ph.D. in nursing and Dick is aiming for the M.A. in Swedenborgian studies.

How they all found their way to Swedenborg and to the Swedenborg School of Religion is a story for a future issue. We wish them all bountiful blessings and great joy on their journey—and a Happy 1993!

Reporter: Kit Billings

Harvey Joins SSR Faculty

The Rev. Dr. Dorothea Harvey has become a part-time faculty member at the Swedenborg School of Religion. She is teaching one course per semester, and helping with the revision of the ordination curriculum. Dorothea is Professor Emerita of Religion at Urbana University, and has served as minister of the Urbana Society. Ordained in 1975, Dorothea was the first woman to be ordained by the Swedenborgian Church.

The Board of Trustees has appointed Karen Laakko Feil to take Dorothea's place on the SSR Board during this academic year. Karen is the current treasurer and past president of the Chicago Society. She is employed as Director of Planning for the Bradford Exchange, a giftware and artworks company. She received an M.B.A. from the University of Chicago.

Van Dusen Video Available

The Ohio Association was privileged to have as their weekend guest Dr. Wilson Van Dusen, who spoke at their annual meeting held October 2 to 4 in Cleveland. He talked on spiritual methods from a Swedenborgian point of view. Rev. John Billings, pastor of the Cleveland church, reports that a high-quality 1½ hour video was made of the talk. These are available for \$18, including postage. To order, please send check to: Swedenborg Chapel, 4815 Broadview Road, Cleveland, OH 44109.



Council for a Parliament of the World's Religions

Offices at 105 West Adams Street, Suite 800
Post Office Box 1630, Chicago, Illinois 60690 U.S.A.
Telephone +1 312 629-2990, Fax +1 312-629-2991



Please duplicate and distribute this registration form to interested persons.

1993 Parliament of the World's Religions

Chicago, Illinois, USA

August 28 - September 5

REGISTRATION FORM

(Please print)

NAME (Underline family name.) _____

How name should appear on registration badge _____

ORGANIZATION (If any) _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE/PROVINCE _____ POSTAL CODE _____

COUNTRY _____

HALF - PRICE REGISTRATION FOR YOUTH

PHONE (Include area codes, etc.) _____ ☐ Check here if this person is a minor (under age

FAX (Optional) _____ 18) accompanied by an adult. Age: _____ years.

Name of adult: _____

COST INFORMATION

Full registration includes admission to all sessions of the Parliament (including seminars and workshops), August 28 - September 4, 1993. It includes preferential access to plenary events open to the public. Note: for a few events, seating is limited and tickets will be issued on a first-come, first-served basis. Full registration does not include meals or accommodations. Refunds (less \$25 for administrative costs) will be made on request, until July 31, 1993.

FULL REGISTRATION

The price of full registration (after August 15, 1993) is \$500. Early-registration discounts are listed below. Please circle appropriate dollar amount. Youth under age 18 (accompanied by an adult with full registration) may register for half the amounts shown below.

Registrations postmarked:

August 1 - November 30, 1992:	\$200	April 1 - May 31, 1993:	\$325
December 1, 1992 - January 31, 1993:	\$225	June 1 - August 15, 1993:	\$400
February 1 - March 31, 1993:	\$275	After August 15, 1993:	\$500

THREE-DAY REGISTRATION

The price of a three-day registration is \$200. It includes all the benefits of a full registration but is limited to any three consecutive days of the Parliament. Please indicate desired dates and dollar amount enclosed.

SINGLE-DAY REGISTRATION

The price of a single-day registration is \$75. It includes all the benefits of a full registration but is limited to any one day of the Parliament. Please indicate desired date, and dollar amount enclosed.

(Dates)

(Dollar amount)

(Date)

(Dollar amount)

A limited number of half-price registrations will be available to persons without income. Please call or write for information.

All payments must be made in U.S. funds. For checks drawn against non-U.S. banks, please add a \$25 surcharge. Please make checks payable to the Council for a Parliament of the World's Religions. Mail registration form with payment to: Council for a Parliament of the World's Religions, Post Office Box 1630, Chicago, IL 60690 USA.

Total Payment \$ _____ Method of payment: ☐ Check ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard



Name of Cardholder _____ Card # _____

Card expiration date _____ Signature _____ Date _____

The 1993 Parliament of the World's Religions will be held at the Palmer House, 17 East Monroe Street, Chicago, Illinois 60603. Telephone (312) 726-7500.

LODGING

I will be staying: at the Palmer House____; other_____. (Indicate one.)
If you will be staying at the Palmer House, please fill out the enclosed card and send it to the hotel, or call the hotel or your travel advisor or Hilton Reservation Service at 1-800-HILTONS. Outside the U.S., consult your local telephone directory. The telephone number for the Palmer House is (312) 726-7500. Request the special room rate for the 1993 Parliament of the World's Religions.

Rooms are available at the Palmer House at \$78/room/night. Rooms may be occupied by up to four persons at no increase in room price. One-bedroom suites are \$156 per night; two-bedroom suites are \$234 per night. If you will have roommates, please indicate number and names below. If you wish the Council to help you find roommate(s), please indicate below.

I will have ☐ none ☐ 1 ☐ 2 ☐ 3 roommates. (Check number and list names of any roommates.)

I wish to share a room at the Palmer House; please assign ☐ 1 ☐ 2 ☐ 3 roommates to me. I am: ☐ Male ☐ Female
Roommates will be assigned simply on basis of same sex. We cannot guarantee that we will be able to find roommates.

MEALS

Meals are not included in the price of registration. Fixed-price meals will be available at the Palmer House to Parliament registrants (with badge) who wish for a cost of between \$25 and \$30/day for three meals in any of the six hotel restaurants. There will be two Common Meals. Price and registration information for these events will be sent to you after receipt of your Parliament registration form and payment.

PERSONAL INFORMATION (Optional)

As an aid to our planning, we would appreciate your filling out the following profile. Thanks!

Religion: _____

Estimated date/time of
arrival:

Age: ___under 30 ___30-39 ___40-49 ___50-59

departure:

___60-69 ___70+

Race/Ethnicity:

Gender:

Occupation (include title, if any):

What languages do you understand?

What languages do you speak?

Dietary needs (vegetarian, kosher, diabetic, low-sodium, etc.).
Please give details:

The Critical Issues

What do you regard as the most critical issues facing humankind at the threshold of the 21st century? What is the proper role of religion in the address to these issues? (Feel free to attach an additional sheet.)

Upon receipt of your registration form and payment, the Council for a Parliament of the World's Religions will send you:

•Directions to the Palmer House.

•Further information on meals including reservations and cost for Common Meals

•Information on workshops, seminars, demonstrations, performances, etc.

•A detailed schedule of Parliament events will be sent in June, 1993.

But What Are They Doing Now?

We hope you read, and appreciated, the report in the November 1992 *Messenger* on the Pastoral Ministries Support Unit's Training Workshop on Stewardship and Board Management, held at Almont last August. Perhaps you've wondered what the trainers have been doing since that time. The concept was simple, and extremely important: these 15 people were to be given information and material in two areas—improving our levels of stewardship, and increasing the effectiveness of our local church boards. The trainers would share this information with their local church groups, then, over the next 18 to 24 months, they would fan out and work with Swedenborgian churches regionally—this could include Associations and other boards. Following is a very brief description of what has happened in the last few months.

In Portland, Maine, *Eli Dale* and *Dave Webster* have met with their church council and shared their workshop experience. Four meetings on stewardship have been held with the Portland church members. Another idea emerged in these meetings: to design a Swedenborgian book mark, to be given to visitors, shut-ins, etc., that could be adapted for use in all our churches. Great idea!

In the Michigan Association, *Barb Boxwell* has shared her priority board and mission statements skills with interested groups, and shortly will be working with the Michigan Association board. *Mary Crenshaw* will focus her attention on the church board in Royal Oak; while *Barb Penabaker*, early in the new year, will apply her workshop training more specifically with the Almont Church board.

In Kitchener, Ontario, *Sue Frid* has met with the local church board and they have decided to concentrate on addressing the areas of communication, job descriptions and board restructuring in the coming months. This process is presently underway.

In Elmwood, Massachusetts, *Jonathan Mitchell*, early in the new year, will develop a workshop with the Elmwood church leadership, seeking more effective meetings. He wants to move away from "crisis management" to more efficient, creative sessions.

In St. Paul, Minnesota, a recent letter from the Virginia St. Church asked its members: "What do you want from your church? Where do we want it to go? How can we help it get there?" Meetings have been held focusing on these questions, with trainers *Fred Hille* and *Jim Erickson* very much involved in this process.

In St. Louis *Dave* and *Brenda Hollweger* led a four-hour Workshop on Stewardship for the St. Louis church members November 7, and our friends in St. Louis are planning several other outreach and growth projects in 1993.

In Wilmington, Delaware, *Nancy Piorkowski* has met with the minister and board president, is working with the finance committee on stewardship issues, and has asked for brief times during regularly scheduled board meetings to present workshop information.

In Calgary, Alberta, *Sharon Slough* will shortly be leading a one-day workshop on Board Management and Stewardship with the members of the Calgary Society. She also wants to move toward holding more regularly scheduled board meetings.

In Kelowna, British Columbia, *Dave McBride* said they have not had a regularly constituted and functioning board in that part of B.C., so he's starting from scratch. They now do have a board that meets regularly, following orderly procedures, and everyone involved feels it's a big step forward. One of their first major decisions was to plan a public lecture and special service for the public which was held early in December.

In San Francisco, *Phyllis Bosley* reports that by the time this article appears in print, she will have met

with the San Francisco church board to discuss ways and means of improving general board effectiveness. She, and the ministers, are aware that certain areas of board management could be enhanced.

This gives you an idea of what the trainers have been doing to implement skills they learned at Almont last summer. If leaders in other churches and Associations are interested in availing themselves of this training service over the next 18 to 24 months, please contact any member of the Pastoral Ministries Support Unit: Pat Zacharias, Ron Brugler, or Paul Martin Grumman.

Paul Zacharias,
PMSU Executive Secretary

Moving Toward the Light (from page 2)

Jan Steward, it turns out, is a writer, artist, musician, and photographer who was a student of the late Corita Kent, a widely-recognized artist whose varied works include one of the designs for the "Love" stamp (reported to be the most popular stamp the U.S. Post Office ever issued), and the painting on the 150-foot natural gas tank outside Boston. Corita taught and was chair of the Art Department of Immaculate Heart College in Los Angeles for 15 years.

Learning by Heart, Teachings to Free the Creative Spirit, published by Bantam in 1992, is a book about Corita's empowering philosophy and approach to teaching, which Steward and Kent collaborated on for seven years before Corita's death in 1986. It is a visual feast from the first page, but more, it seems to issue the same gently compelling invitation as Jan's gate—come and join the dance of life, let go of your preconceived notions and know that when you allow the expression of your own inner flow, it will create natural harmony with the outer. As Corita said often to her students, "you can do it."

This little journey started with a sunset walk, and I sense it isn't over yet. Not a bad way to start the New Year. Wishing all of you many delightful follow-your-heart adventures in 1993!

EdSU Creates SCEC

At its August meeting, the Educational Support Unit established the Social Concerns Education Committee and clarified its purpose. The purpose of this committee is to provide education and access to materials relating to the social concerns of the members and affiliates of the Swedenborgian Church. SCEC will be a clearing house for informing and sharing ideas on social issues. It will be a committee concerned with peace, crime, environment, drugs, health issues, homelessness, poverty, etc., giving people ideas on how to help others. Members who wish to can use these ideas to stimulate and augment their own personal and community ministries. We as a church comprise members with many diverse points of view. Our Swedenborgian philosophy is based upon a respect for individual differences. Therefore we will not take a stand on issues that conflict with this basic philosophy. Rather the intent is to help educate individuals so that we can each reach our own conclusions. Our goal with the creation of this committee is to provide a vehicle for encouraging social responsibility to self and community. (Prior to this there existed the Social Action Concerns Committee [SACC], which was dissolved in February 1992.)

The following statement by the Rev. Dr. Dorothea Harvey further expands on the philosophy of the Social Concerns Education Committee:

Swedenborgians and Social Action

As Swedenborg sees it, love is the life of the human being, the reason for a person's being, the energy which keeps a person alive, the substance of life itself, Divine Love. This is no abstract concept. Love in the abstract is impossible. Love means loving, and loving does not exist until it happens.

A claim to be a loving person is empty if it is not followed up with action whenever possible. But love alone cannot produce loving action. Without understanding to give it direction and form, love is

blind, incapable of action. It takes wisdom to bring love into existence in any specific social, political, or economic situation.

If love requires wisdom in order to find expression, what is the source of the wisdom? The Swedenborgian Church has never presumed to tell its members what is wise in specific areas. Swedenborgians hold too dearly to their own God-given freedom and rationality to accept any one blanket direction.

What, then, will help? If we do not tolerate being told what to do, we do respect good reasoning to help us understand alternatives as we try to find out what is most loving in a situation. It is here that a social action committee can give crucial help. It can point out areas of concern and show probable results of different courses of action in these areas, and ways to take responsible action. I believe a social action committee can offer an essential service to a living Swedenborgian Church.

We are aware that there are many of you with personal and community ministries. We have heard of some of these through *The Messenger*, e.g.: the providing and serving of food to drug and alcohol treatment residents at Beacon House by the employees and staff of the Wayfarers Chapel. The Chapel has recently begun another social outreach program to Harborview House, a home for the homeless. Time, clothing and labor are being given there. There is much more going on that can offer inspiration to others to make this world a better place for all of us.

To bring attention to what Swedenborgians are doing in relation to social concerns, we are establishing a regular column in *The Messenger* to create the "yeasting" that happens when we hear each others' stories. This column will be a part of the tasks of SCEC. EdSU is inviting all interested persons to join SCEC. We will offer a mini-course at our next convention on social concerns and education. Please write EdSU, Chairperson Pat Tukos, c/o Central Office, 48 Sargent St., Newton, MA 02158 to express your interest. While the

committee is in formation, EdSU members will be doing the column for *The Messenger*. Let us hear from you!

Lorraine Sando
EdSU Committee Member

President's Update

Edwin Capon's activities in November included participation in the Communications Support Unit (COMSU) conference call November 4, the Cabinet meeting in Boston November 12 to 15, and a visit to the Boston church. The Capons spent the Thanksgiving holiday in California.

In December, President Capon attended the Financial and Physical Resources Support Unit (FPRSU) Augmentation Fund Committee meeting at Temenos between December 5 and 7. He and Esther spent Christmas in Boston. The Capons have at last moved into their new home in Woodbury, Minnesota, and are enjoying it very much. Because their home is in a new area, they have not yet, at this writing, been assigned a mailing address. Their new home phone number is (617) 730-8337. All mail should continue to be sent to the Virginia St. Church, 170 Virginia St., St. Paul, MN 55102.

More news in February. Meanwhile, the Capons send wishes for a happy and inspired New Year to all *Messenger* readers.

Ideas for Convention Mini-Courses?

If you have an idea for a mini-course, or want to volunteer yourself or suggest someone else to do one, please contact Pat Bowen, 48 Sargent St., Newton, MA 02158 (617/224-0504). EdSU meets in February, so please make your desires known by February 10.

We need you!

Opinion

Survival of Our Church

Dear Editor:

Over the years I have been as complacent as anyone, falsely believing that the life of this church would go on forever, and that someone else would always look after things. Not that I did not care, for I have spent most of my adult life trying to help kids who have been abused or who have run afoul of the law. For some reason I thought that someone would see that our own kids would have a Sunday school and a youth group and a continued involvement with the church. Up to a point this happens, but then as these kids reach a certain age, everything seems to stop and they leave the church. I was told that this was a natural phenomena and that at some period of time they would return to adult worship. Not so! Out of our seven, only the two youngest still have a regular church connection. When you look at the churches who are most active, there is no period of time when they allow their kids to leave. They have a structured involvement for their youth, from Sunday school to youth service to adult worship.

Having attended the annual convention in St. Louis in June, and having heard the concern voiced with regard to the sagging attendance of our church, (I am told that we are down to less than 1800 active members across North America) I wonder why we don't tap the one sure source of growth that we have available—our kids. After proposing an all-encompassing youth ministry, I was told that there was no way that certain segments of the church would allow the rest of the church to dictate its policies and that I would have great problems trying to pull off this "marriage." I wonder why? Are we all so involved with our own little "trees" that we cannot see the forest?

It seems that there is money available for growth and outreach, but this I was told, is targeted for new members. Well, my friends, what about our old members and what about our kids who are members, who leave the church because we have nothing for them and have not made them feel welcome?

Are we so sure of our survival that we can afford the luxury of allowing our youth to go elsewhere? I'm not!

Joe Lederman, member of General Council, Kitchener, Ontario, Canada

Commencements

Birth

Fox—Kyle Michael Fox, son of Stephen and Tonya (Pike) Fox, was born September 23, 1992, at Camp Lejeune, North Carolina.

Baptisms

Anderson—Hanna Elizabeth Anderson, daughter of Glen and Laura Anderson, was baptized into the Christian faith October 18, 1992, at the Swedenborgian Church in Bridgewater, Massachusetts, the Rev. Edwin Capon officiating.

Bandy—Lexi Lynn Bandy, daughter of Larry and Kim Bandy, was baptized into the Christian faith September 27, 1992, at the Swedenborgian Church in Pawnee Rock, Kansas, the Rev. John Bennett officiating.

Doepker—Tyler Joseph Doepker, son of Steven Sharzewski and Lori Doepker was baptized into the Christian faith October 25, 1992, at the Swedenborgian Church in Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, the Rev. David L. Sonmor officiating.

Lundblad-Burnell—Karli Ann Lundblad-Burnell, daughter of Kristen Lundblad and Russell Burnell was baptized into the Christian faith October 18, 1992, at the Swedenborgian Church in Fryeburg, Maine, the Rev. Dr. Gardiner Perry officiating.

Confirmations

Hebert—Katherine Ann Marie and Rebecca Lynn Hebert were confirmed into the life of the Swedenborgian Church October 25, 1992, at the Swedenborgian Church, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, the Rev. David L. Sonmor officiating.

Marriages

Caldwell and Platt—Donna-Marie Caldwell and Trever Platt were united in marriage June 20, 1992, at the Swedenborgian Church, Wolseley, Saskatchewan, Canada, the Rev. David L. Sonmor officiating.

Ledingham and Coffman—Betsy Ledingham and Bill Coffman were united in marriage July 11, 1992, at the Swedenborgian Church in Urbana, Ohio. The Rev. Deborah Winter of DeLand, Florida, officiated, assisted by lay leader Linda Blosser. Betsy Ledingham-Coffman is secretary and a lay leader at the Urbana Church.

Phinney and Crowe—Dawn M. Phinney and Jonathan M. Crowe were united in marriage October 31, 1992, at the Fryeburg New Church Assembly, Fryeburg, Maine, the Rev. Dr. Gardiner Perry officiating.

Deaths

Penner—John (Jack) Penner, 72, long-time member of the Hague and later the Saskatoon Swedenborgian Churches, entered the spiritual world September 26, 1992, in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Canada. A resurrection service was conducted October 1, 1992, the Rev. David Sonmor officiating.

Peters—Dr. John W. Peters, professor and later trustee at Urbana University, entered the spiritual world April 27, 1992, in Urbana, Ohio. A memorial service was conducted in Harvey Chapel at the university. Dr. Peters was the youngest brother of three Swedenborgian ministers. He is survived by his wife, Agnes, and three children. A scholarship has been established in his name.

Parliament of World's Religions

George Dole

We are pleased indeed to be able to include in this issue a registration form for the Parliament of the World's Religions to be held in Chicago this coming summer. The planning council for the Parliament worked its way through daunting difficulties, and has succeeded in putting together a program which promises to be both inspirational and directly constructive.

Swedenborgians have a particular interest in attending, since the event celebrates the centennial of the Parliament held in Chicago in conjunction with the Columbian Exhibition at the suggestion and under the guidance of Charles Carroll Bonney. Mr. Bonney was an eminent lawyer at the time, and a devoted member of the Chicago Swedenborgian Church. He had had an interest in world religions since boyhood; and in his account of the genesis of the Parliament, wrote that it was when he found the Swedenborgian Church

in Peoria, Illinois, that he finally found a Christianity which supported this interest—the theology that actually inspired the Parliament itself.

The idea for the 1993 Parliament originated in the Vivekenanda Vedanta Society of Hyde Park, Chicago, which traces its beginning to the 1893 Parliament, and holds Bonney in high regard. To the extent that it has been possible, both Gladys Wheaton and George Dole have been involved in preparations, and there is already news that several of our church folk from the East coast are planning to attend. It is an opportunity that will not recur for another century, and we hope many will find it possible to take advantage of it.

The Rev. Dr. George Dole is a professor in the Swedenborg School of Religion.

See Registration Form for the Parliament of World Religions on pages 11-12.

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.

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