

The Messenger

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SWEDENBORGIAN CHURCH

APRIL 1982

Easter Reverie

*Three crosses stood on Golgatha
Sharp etched against the sky,
Between two thieves they nailed Him
And left Him there to die!*

* * * * *

*"Father forgive them—they know not
what they do"
His prayer is still the same today
For us who are not through
With hatreds and with bitterness,
We crucify Him too.*

*"I will not leave you comfortless"
He rose again to say
"Lo, I am with you always"
And still we turn away!*

* * * * *

*Dear Lord we ask forgiveness,
May this season of rebirth,
Stir hearts to love as Thou didst love
All people of the earth.*

Evelyn Frost Buck



Luke 23: 50 to
24: 11

THE EMPTY TOMB

*Rev. Randall Laakko
Wilmington, Del.*

"There are two things that are certain in life: death and taxes." Taxes we are familiar with, but the first hand experience of our own death is still an unknown of our existence. But we do know that it is certain.

Our death is a hard, cold fact of our existence. From the instant we are conceived we move steadily toward that moment in time when our vital signs cease, never more to function. Some have temporary extensions of life through medical intervention. Still, there is the absolute and final time of dying.

As I read through and pondered the Biblical records of the events connected with the death of Jesus, I was struck as I had never been before by the rock-hewn tomb. Cemeteries and gravestones serve as a constant reminder of the death of life. The rock hewn tomb of Joseph of Arimathea in which Jesus was buried serves as such a symbol of remembrance. Stone has the symbolic meaning of lasting and enduring truth. Stone represents absolute and certain fact. A tomb hewn in stone images the fact of death as well as the lasting and final quality of that fact.

Jesus had been one of a kind. He had lived and taught the value of life. He had loved the people he met and urged that they too learn to love others, even those who would do them injury. In his last hours he again confirmed his inward harmony with that teaching. Toward those who were killing him he had held this attitude: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." The newly made tomb, in which no one had yet been buried, was a fitting grave for this singular Man. The truth of his life and words, as though wrought in stone, might also be imaged by the stone hewn tomb . . . a symbol of life's hope and meaning. Never mind that it was a hollow rock, empty, soon to be filled with a body. Love and truth, caring and trying—they are not empty or hollow. They do not have to come to naught—or do they?

How do you feel about the fact that there seems to be little justice in the world? How do you deal with the truth that injury, hardship, pain, evil things, people and events often have the upper hand? My reactions range from fear, to rage, to resignation, to perplexity. How can these things be? Why are they allowed and

permitted by people, by societies, or in the end by a loving God? When love and truth seem so genuine and actual, still life can be brought low by any one of a thousand events. Some of these thoughts must have filled the minds of those who loved and followed the Lord Jesus when his death came. Their hopes and dreams had been destroyed. Jesus would now never be the anointed King of the yearned for independent Jewish state.

After his death all that remained for the disciples was the final burial ritual. With prepared spices and ointments they return to the tomb for the last act of devotion. Only the women have the strength and courage to do what is needed. The truth of the tomb, the certainty of rock, the fact of death's permanence all merge together blurring the mind. "Who will roll away the stone for us from the door of the tomb?" Our object of mission lies inside. Under the stress of grief the thinking part of who and what we are does not always function well. There are within strange, unanswered feelings that death and loss create.

THE MESSENGER APRIL 1982

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Those feelings find ways out. They are alive.

To the tomb we go, moistening the way . . . Cold, though warming now, the sun gives its light by which we see . . . This path oft travelled by souls, we now join in grief, though not in time; it is not so uneven now, in fact, its course is plain . . . We stumble still . . . Going on, all the while not wanting to arrive . . . Did it happen? Is it true? . . . Bad, horrible dream, nightmarish . . . Turning one last time, there it is, that rock of death—hard, cold stone holding to itself a form, cold, lifeless like itself.

Closer, closer still we move, pushed on by all that's been, the certainty of death, images of dying, devotion's last act, hopes and dreams that we must now lay to rest . . . In we go half pushed, half falling . . . And now what we see or do not see no mind could, or ever will, fully comprehend . . . **This rock hewn tomb is empty,**

except for us.

This tomb is still in rock, rock that is certain, unchanging fact. So easily it could have imaged the lastingness of death. **But now it stands empty.** This hollow rock of a tomb is meant to be a sign of the eternal newness of life. The young men said, "You seek Jesus who was crucified: **HE IS RISEN. HE IS NOT HERE.** Now go and tell."

What was once the only truth of tombs has now been changed, now and for all time. What had Jesus said some days ago? "If these followers were silent, the very stones would cry out." Now an empty rock hewn tomb shouts out a new and lasting truth: "O death, where is thy sting; death, where is thy victory?" The force of death has been swallowed up in victory. **JESUS CHRIST IS RISEN TODAY.** Alleluia and Alleluia.

The Literal Sense of The Bible: Hosea

*Dorothea Harvey
Urbana, Ohio*

God's Word to Amos was to a people confident in prosperity and in military security. In 750 B.C. Jeroboam II had been in power for almost forty years, and Israel thanked God, sure that no evil could touch them. Amos spoke God's judgment against Israel for buying people, letting national prosperity blind them to injustice done to persons at the bottom of the economy, and of the legal process. And Amos specified a military judgment by Assyria, destroying the national Israel. The nation declared him subversive and continued on its way.

But now Jeroboam was dead and the power of Assyria was a clear threat. Four kings after Jeroboam were killed in fourteen years in revolutions as the nation sought desperately for security. Amos has spoken of justice to a people blinded by success. Now the prophet Hosea came speaking of knowledge of God to a people blinded by panic.

What were Israel's alternatives now? The most obvious was to grasp at any outer forces to save the situation. They could hope against hope for another strong king, a political savior. They could trust in the size of their army, their number of chariots, horses, and soldiers, a military security. They could "hire allies among the nations," calling on Egypt or even on Assyria itself, a solution by international strategy. They could rely on their wealth, and economic security. They could turn to other

gods, to Baal and Asherah, the powers of rain and of green trees in the fertility cycle of nature, a pagan alternative of reverencing the outer, physical power of nature, and identifying themselves with it. Or they could make their worship of God into an outer form, externalizing it in images to be the objects of ritual mourning and rejoicing and sacrificing, to force God's favor, a religious idolatry. All these things Israel did, persistently and often. In panic the outer solutions are attractive.

The less obvious alternative was to turn their culture around, renouncing "swearing, lying, killing, stealing, committing adultery," and violence, and building a nation based on positive justice in the social order, as Amos has asked. This Israel did not do.

Hosea called Israel to a third and more interior alternative, a return to knowing the Lord their God. The reason for the lack of justice was that the people were "destroyed for lack of knowledge." In the land that had "no faithfulness or kindness, and no knowledge of God," there was deceit and violence (Hosea 4: 1 - 6). It was this knowledge, this immediate closeness to God and knowing of the depth of God's love, that was the decisive reality.

This knowledge was the basis for both justice in the society and fruitfulness in the earth, as the Lord said,

I will betroth you to me forever; I will betroth you to me in righteousness and in

justice, in steadfast love, and in mercy. I will betroth you to me in faithfulness; and you shall know the LORD.

And in that day, says the LORD,
I will answer the heavens
and they shall answer the earth;
and the earth shall answer the grain,
the wine and the oil,
and they shall answer Jezreel;
and I will sow him for myself in the land
And I will say . . . "You are my people;"
and he shall say, "Thou art my God."

(2: 19 - 23)

With this knowledge, Israel would be concerned for justice to persons, putting first things first. Without it, Israel was a half-baked "cake not turned," or "like a dove, silly and without sense," rushing back and forth between Egypt and Assyria, looking wildly for help where there was none (7: 8 - 11), or like a frantic cult-seeker, piling up rituals and techniques, not aware that God desires

"steadfast love and sacrifice,
the knowledge of God, rather than
burnt offerings."

(6: 6)

Hosea called for knowledge of God as God, not confusing God with any outer force at all, not even religion. And knowing God meant knowing a depth of love that could not have been more strongly stated. One of Hosea's analogies for God's relationship to Israel is that of husband and wife. In this analogy of God as loving and faithful husband to an unfaithful Israel, the unfaithfulness and resulting suffering of the wife are not followed by repentance and change. Instead, God makes love to her again, speaking "tenderly to her." Only then does she come back and answer again in love "as in the days of her youth" and know her Lord (2: 14-20). The love and not the justice is what makes the change. In another analogy the relationship is that of father and son.

When Israel was a child, I loved him,
and out of Egypt I called my son.
The more I called them,
the more they went from me;
they kept sacrificing to the Baals,
and burning incense to idols.
Yet it was I who taught Ephraim to walk,
I took them up in my arms;
but they did not know that I healed them.

(11: 1 - 3)

God's love is steadfast, gracious, no matter what we do to turn away, while ours swings in and out in different circumstances. As such

God's love is beyond us. God is God. But as God speaks in Hosea, that love is of a piece with ours in passionate caring.

How can I give you up, O Ephraim!
How can I hand you over, O Israel! . . .
My heart recoils within me,
My compassion grows warm and tender.
I will not execute my fierce anger,
I will not again destroy Ephraim;
for I am God and not man,
the Holy One in your midst,
and I will not come to destroy.

(11: 8 - 9)

The anger is there, the anger of deep love that sees the beloved turning away to unreality, harming himself or herself.

I am the LORD your God
from the land of Egypt;
You know no God but me,
and besides me there is no savior.
It was I who knew you in the wilderness,
in the land of drought;
but when they had fed to the full,
they were filled, and their heart was
lifted up;
therefore they forgot me.
So I will be to them like a lion,
like a leopard I will lurk beside the way.
I will fall upon them like a bear robbed of
her cubs,
I will tear open their breast,
and there I will devour them like a lion,
as a wild beast would rend them.

(13: 4 - 8)

And yet this anger will not be executed. The Holy One in our midst who cares so much "will not come to destroy." The love is the reason for the anger, and even when for very love's sake it will not force us back, but suffers in anger and in hurt, it is still there until finally the beloved returns and finds mercy in God. (14: 3)

How could the man Hosea hear God's Word of such amazing, vulnerable divine love? I see no reason to doubt the implication of his own account, that he found himself loving an unfaithful wife beyond all rational limits, and so experienced something of God's love affair with humanity (chs. 1 - 3). If God's love, so far beyond our own, is yet of a piece with ours and vulnerable, then we can know it, and this too is part of the meaning of God's love, that we can know it.

To know love like that does not mean staying the same and turning to external factors to get what we want. It means being touched by a new kind of life, and Hosea includes the comment that Israel was not ready for the new birth this involves.

The pangs of childbirth come for him,
but he is an unwise son;
for now he does not present himself
at the mouth of the womb.

(13: 13)

In a time of national disaster with the people responding in panic, the Word of the knowledge of God came into being in a new way. And from the time of Hosea we have no excuse when we forget the Love that is there with us, and get pulled into our culture's panic. A

people or a culture that confuses kings, or chariots, or lining up with the right peoples in the world, or wealth, or cults, or anything else, with the infinite God, will lose its way. Panic is infectious. It is not easy when we are infected to know exactly what the justice is that God asks in our society. But God does not ask that we do this by ourselves. Our God asks that before we act ourselves, we turn and know the Love of that One who first taught us how to walk, and who is with us still.

A NIGHT CHAPLAIN'S REPORT SHEET

*by Ron Brugler
Pittsburgh, PA.*

The Federal Street Extension is becoming icy as I descend into the North Side area of Pittsburgh. The Allegheny General tower watches over the city as another night approaches. It is a Wednesday, and I am on my way to the hospital for night chaplaincy duty.

At 7 p.m. I enter the office and "check in." I dial 21 on the telephone and am greeted by the familiar computer voice that I've come to know as Bernice. "Your ID please." I dial 7810. Bernice replies, "7810, no messages, status out of hospital—not available." I then correct her by dialing 2, which let's her know I am now in the hospital, or at least that 7810 is.

Next I review the surgery list for the following morning. As night chaplain, I try to visit everyone who is scheduled, but before doing so the list must be checked for room numbers, type of surgery to be done, and the patient's religion. Next I put these names onto cards and arrange them according to floors in each of the two buildings. Following this I review the days computer census listing. This is checked to follow up on patients who have been in the hospital for a long time, as well as for new admittals. Since Allegheny General has an average daily census of more than 600 patients, reviewing the list takes some time. At 7:45 p.m. I am ready to begin my rounds. I put on the green chaplain's coat and name tag, slide my beeper onto my belt, lock the office door and walk down the long hallway towards the old building.

Allegheny General is not a place for someone with a fear of elevators! The old building is seventeen stories tall, the new building twelve. My evening rounds begin in the old building, starting with the twelfth floor. The upper floors

have been empty since the new building opened last summer. The remaining floors will be vacated as soon as their new floors are finished.

Despite its age, twelve is still known as "the Hilton," since the rooms are all private, some even with their own baths (remember its the old building!). Here I visit three patients. John, who is scheduled for open heart surgery. Martha, who is a "Life Flight" patient from Wheeling, W.Va., recovering from emergency surgery. And Sue, who is a 79 year old widow in failing health. Each visit is 10 - 15 minutes long, ending with a much appreciated word of prayer.

The stairway is then taken to the eleventh floor, for me the most depressing place in the hospital. Here I visit a man who has a self inflicted gunshot wound to his head. He isn't conscious, but his wife has been beside him for two days now. She needs to talk, needs reassurance that he is going to pull through. Desperate promises are made. "Chaplain, if he makes it I swear to God that I'll go to church every Sunday."

Next I visit a man who slipped on an icy sidewalk and broke his left hip. He is lonely, frightened by not fully realizing where he is. He takes my hand for a silent moment of human contact. We pray, but my silent prayer is for a different kind of old age.

My prayer is rudely answered in the next room where I visit with a twenty four year old mother of two from Florida who is the victim of our country's fascination with celebrating the New Year. She had been on her way home from a Christmas visit with her parents in Erie. A tragic car accident on I-79, her husband and children dead. She does not know, and couldn't

understand now even if she were told. As I said, the eleventh floor is very depressing.

I take the elevator down to the sixth floor; two intensive care units, the trauma unit, and the family waiting room. It is the kind of floor that television dramas are written about. Seeing my green coat a nurse walks up to me and tells me of an emergency just up from the Life Flight. A ten year old boy injured in a sledding accident. His family is in the waiting room.

Stepping inside to talk with the family I find twenty or so people sitting staring desperately into space. Cigarette smoke hangs nervously in the air. They look up at me as if to say, "If you're the chaplain, then it must be bad news." I quietly ask for the family and we step outside. In the hallway tears are shed. He's such a good boy . . . He's slid down that hill hundreds of times . . . Chaplain, they've got to save my baby!" We kneel in the hall and ask for God's help, strength and comfort; and especially that Billy be held in the Lord's arms. The prayer ends; silence looms between us until the trauma nurse comes up to us and says that Billy is stable, but still in critical condition. The mother decides to stay the night, the husband will go home with their two other children. I tell them both that I'll be back in the morning.

As I ride down the elevator I glance at my watch, 10:05 p.m. The next floor's cards are sorted out. The elevator doors open and I walk down two long corridors to the East section of the old building, and take another elevator up to the second floor. This is the self-care unit which houses over seventy patients who are in for various testing services. Here people first learn of their cancer, heart disease, and other major surgery. I stop at the nurses station for any referrals. "Chaplain, please see Mrs. Taylor in 246, she's very depressed." I enter her room and introduce myself. "What church are you minister of? Swedenborgian? What kind of church is that?" A friendly conversation follows when suddenly, BEEP, BEEP, BEEP, Bernice beckons.

I excuse myself and go to the nearest telephone and dial 21. "7810 call extension 3346." A nurse on the tenth floor of the new building answers my call and asks that I come right away to be with the family of a dying patient. The elevator is taken, the long walk made down the hallway into the new lobby. Silence fills the room, interrupted only by the echo of my footsteps, since visiting hours are long past over. The night security guard tips his hat as I walk past.

This elevator ride is very fast making little time to mentally prepare for the visit. As I

approach the nurses station I can tell that it has been a hectic night for the staff. I'm directed to room 1026, and on my way pause for a moment at the window to look out at the city. I look down at our church which is dwarfed by the miles of city lights stretching down the Ohio River. In the haze of the snowfall, the city seems as though it has no end.

In 1026 I find six adults. Their mother lies on the bed. She has been dead about fifteen minutes. The children are waiting only for the doctor to confirm what they already know. I ask if they would like a word of prayer but my offer is refused. My presence is however appreciated. They talk of their memories. Of what a nice person she was. Of how now her and their father are together. The words come through lump-filled throats. The doctor arrives. "I'm sorry but the patient is deceased. We will take the body downstairs until we hear from your funeral director." One daughter begins to cry and says "That's no patient; she's my mother." She leaves the room. A son turns to stare out the window. I sense that there is nothing for me to do here, so I leave. Sometimes a chaplain's goodbyes are left unsaid.

I stop on the rest of the floors to check with the nurses stations. Several referrals are made, but the visits are brief due to the lateness of the hour. This makes little difference though. When one is in need, a simple prayer can mean much more than a lengthy visit.

As I step into the elevator once again I realize that I'm getting hungry. It's now just past midnight. I decide to take advantage of the free meal offered to the night chaplain. I press the button for the second floor, and head for the cafeteria. There I am greeted by Louise, the night cook. Somehow I've managed to remember her name since the day I started at Allegheny General, a fact that she has never forgotten. "Have you any of your famous cheeseburgers tonight?" I ask. "For you I'll fry one, honey!" She smiles and motions me over with her spatula. "That family over there could use some cheering up," she almost whispers, "I hear there's been an accident."

I get a cup of coffee, a mainstay of night chaplaincy, and walk over to their table. We discuss the night's snowfall, the telephone call with the news of a bad car accident, the hurried trip into the city some fifty miles from home. Their daughter had already been brought into the hospital by Life Flight and was taken immediately into the operating room. We await any news together. An hour goes by, several cups of coffee emptied. For this family there will be no sleep this evening, but I find myself

growing very tired. We share in prayer, and I offer to check back with them in the morning. They look at me as if the morning will offer more hope and smile.

I walk back to the chaplain's office to fill out the report sheets. I note the evening's occurrences and visits on the form, and leave a note for Rev. Crawford, the day chaplain. Next I head for the on-call room and a few hours sleep.

The on-call room is an ordinary hospital room that is used during the day as an out patient recovery room. Sleeping there is more of a time for prayer and reflection. I must admit to a few dreams of sleeping there and awakening in the operating room by mistake! This is no doubt a result of the sounds that drift in from the emergency room, but tonight the sounds are few and I soon drift off into sleep. At 6 a.m. Bernice calls me once again. I quickly dress and dial 21. Bernice tells me to call the trauma unit. Billy is taking a turn for the worse. His mother needs to see me.

When I arrive on the sixth floor I'm met by the trauma nurse. She takes me into his room, which is filled with the machines, tubes, and sounds that I used to find so frightening. I still find myself cringing at the sight of such a small boy having so many tubes connected to his body. The nurse tells me that they have done a brain scan. The results show no brain activity. In Pennsylvania, that defines death.

The head trauma nurse, P.J. enters the room. She tells me that the boy is dead, but that the family must consent to turning off the respiration machine. They have not told the family yet, in hopes of obtaining permission for organ donation. The doctor enters the room. Together we become a team. We will meet with Billy's family and explain the situation. The doctor tells me that the family is strong in their faith, and just might consent to the organ donation.

I am chosen to bring Billy's mother and father to the family conference room. When I enter the family room, they look at me and immediately know what has happened. Billy's parents embrace, the tears flow freely. We walk together to the conference room. There the doctor and P.J. explain the situation as caringly and lovingly as is possible. "Billy is in no pain, but there is no hope for recovery. We've done all that we can." P.J. begins to cry and hugs the mother. The father sits silently. After a few moments P.J. asks if we could share a word of prayer, which we do. The parents then ask, "What do we do now? Can we see him?"

The doctor explains to them that the respirator will not be turned off until the family gives permission. He explains to them in all honesty that he could not turn it off before getting the results of the brain scan, but also that even though Billy is dead, some of his organs are being kept alive. Before they see Billy, he asks that they consider donating Billy's heart. Both parents sit silently for a few minutes, then Billy's mother begins to speak.

"I never thought that my son would be taken from me. I know how much it hurts. Maybe, just maybe some other child can be helped by this tragedy. John, what do you think?" Billy's father just sat there, then nodded his head in approval. "But first," he said, "can I see my son?" The doctor then took them to the room.

Twenty minutes later I go back to the office, having left Billy's parents near the elevator to the parking garage. It is now 8 a.m. and the hallways are filled with the sounds of the arriving staff on the day shift. I sit at my desk and fill out my final report sheet. I take a few moments to just sit in silence. I am exhausted. I dial 21 on the phone for the last time and Bernice's unchanging voice greets me. 7810 is now "out of hospital, not available." I put on my coat, and walk to the parking garage. When I start the car the voice of KDKA welcomes me to another morning in the snowy city of Pittsburgh.

"And this just in to the KDKA newsdesk, a team of surgeons at Presbyterian Hospital are preparing to transplant a heart into a young girl who . . ." I turn it off, it's not news to me.

CONVENTION CAMP WORKSHOP

A workshop for Camp Counselors and Directors will be held at Almont, Michigan from May 21 - 23, 1982. The purpose is for Convention camp staff members to share the benefits of their experiences and their concerns in running their camps. The goal is to strengthen all of our Church Camp programs. Participants will be sharing their skills in pre-planning, session themes, craft ideas, recreation and more.

Perry Martin, Ph.D. will facilitate the weekend, drawing upon the wisdom of all who attend. There is substantial help available for travel, room and board. For more information write:

Rev. Gardiner Perry
605 E. Eleven Mile Rd. No. 4
Royal Oak, Michigan 48067
Tel. 313-546-7583

S.N.A.P. 1982

Holy City, California July 9 - 18

Fryeburg, Maine August 24 - 29

The Holy City program will focus upon the integrating of the physical, psychological, and spiritual aspects of growth. **PHYSICAL:** Tai Chi, Reflexology, Assisted Stretching, and Principles of Vegetarianism and Macrobiotics. **PSYCHOLOGICAL:** intensive interpersonal groups, Spiritual Hypnosis. **SPIRITUAL:** Prayer and Meditation, multi-cultural worship, Inner Healing. Staff: Eric Allison, Paul Martin, Gardiner Perry. Site: ¼ mile walk up a steep mountain side. The living conditions are primitive; sleeping bags rolled out on the forest floor, an outdoor kitchen and no running water. Cost per person \$75.00. The location prohibits children from participation.

The Fryeburg program will focus upon the integrating of New Church concepts into every day living. **CHILDREN ARE WELCOME** when accompanied by adults. The facility is a peaceful retreat located on the banks of the Saco River overlooking the majestic White Mountains. This camp has the comfort and

convenience of modern kitchen and bath facilities, soft beds and large comfortable meeting rooms. Cost \$75.00 per adult, \$25.00 per child. Staff: Ruth Crowell, Laura Lawson, Sue Turley-Moore, and Gardiner Perry.

Scholarships are available for both programs. A \$50.00 reduction is compensation for those who work during the Holy City work week July 4 - 9.

Inquiries about the Holy City S.N.A.P. should be addressed to Eric Allison, Church of the Good Shepherd, Margaret Ave. and Queen St. N., Kitchener, Ontario N2H 2H7.

Inquiries for Fryeburg S.N.A.P. should be addressed to Ruth Crowell, RFD #1, Box 72, East Stoneham, Maine 04231.

All inquiries should include the following information:

1. If this workshop were the best that you could imagine what would it be like?
2. Give two reasons for your desire to attend.
3. Are you now or have you ever been under medical or psychiatric care? If so please explain, (type of problem, medication, etc.)
4. Name, address, phone number, date of birth.

CONVENTION '82 RATES AND FINANCIAL AID

Rates for room and meals at the University of California, Irvine Campus for Convention '82 are as follows:

- Double room—\$27.00
- Single room—\$33.00
- Sitting room and
Bedroom (Double)—\$36.00

Financial assistance is available for families planning to attend Convention this summer. To encourage the participation of young children as well as Leaguers at Convention, \$2500 has been set aside to assist with travel and on site expenses of children of all ages. The Pacific Coast Association contributed \$1000, Convention gave \$1000, and the San Francisco Society added \$500 to this special fund. All requests for financial assistance must be in Ron Brugler's hands by May 31st, 1982. Contact: Rev. Ron Brugler, 266 Lafayette Ave., Pittsburgh, PA 15214 (Tel. 412-321-3124).

FROM CHURCH RECORDS

BAPTISM

SAWATSKY—Twyla Dawn Sawatsky, daughter of James and Donna Sawatsky, was baptized into the Christian faith in Roblin, Manitoba on January 30th, 1982, the Rev. Mark Carlson officiating.

BAPTISM—CONFIRMATION

UNRUH—Winfred Unruh of Dodge City, Kansas, was baptized and confirmed into the New Church in Montezuma, Kansas, on January 31, 1982, the Rev. Eric Zacharias officiating.

DEATH

UNRUH—Jake Unruh, 83, of Montezuma, Kansas, died on January 12, 1982. The resurrection service was held in Montezuma on January 14, the Rev. Eric Zacharias officiating.

The Peace Page

Is There A Place To Hide?

Nuclear Weapons:

How many?

How powerful?

The United States and the Soviet Union have the most weapons. France, Great Britain, and China have them as well. India, Pakistan, Israel, South Africa, and others may have them or be trying to get them. Even terrorist groups may be able to make and deliver nuclear bombs. The general public does not know at whom all of these weapons are aimed.

Harold Brown, the Secretary of Defence under President Carter, reported that the United States has about 9,000 warheads and the Soviet Union has approximately 7,000. Both the U.S. and the Soviet Union can hit each other with nuclear warheads by means of hundreds of missiles launched from land, by sea from submarines, or dropped or shot from bombers. Many of the missiles and bombers can carry more than one warhead.

Each nuclear warhead is, of course, extremely powerful. The explosive power of a bomb or warhead is described by the word "megaton". A one-megaton bomb would have the explosive power of one million tons of TNT. The bombs which destroyed the Japanese cities of Hiroshima and Nagasaki to end World War II had the explosive power of only 10 to 20 thousand tons of TNT. *So a one-megaton bomb—the size of the kind which could hit us—is about 50 to 100 times more powerful!*

Altogether the United States and the Soviet Union have so many megatons of nuclear weapons that in a war they would produce nearly 1,000,000 times the explosive power used against Hiroshima. This doesn't include all the smaller, so-called tactical nuclear weapons each side has, or the nuclear weapons held by all those countries mentioned above. If a nuclear war were started—by accident or on purpose—by a superpower, or another nation or group—the destruction would be beyond anything ever before experienced by the human race.

What a nuclear war would do.

What if an enemy attacked the United States with only 1/20th of the weapons that could be

used against us? One U.S. government study described the effects on Massachusetts:

Right after the attack there would be 3,200,000 killed or injured—over ½ the population. In the long run many more people would die from injuries, exposure to radiation, lack of food, water and adequate shelter.

There would be little medical care and few facilities for the hundreds of thousands of people with burns, or suffering from radiation sickness, blast effects, shock, or other injuries. Epidemics of plague, typhus, cholera or other diseases would break out.

There would be serious shortages of food with stocks largely destroyed and little hope of replacing them. Children, the elderly and the sick would suffer the most. Others would find their effort to survive and recover hampered by the lack of food.

There would be widespread destruction of homes and schools. People would not be able to return home for weeks, months, or even years. Basic services such as sanitation, fire, police, and even sewage disposal and water supply would be severely disrupted. There would be severe energy shortages. Economically, Massachusetts would be virtually destroyed.

The worst may be unknown.

What is likely to happen is horrible; what can't even be guessed at could be worse. This was the conclusion of an important U.S. government study of the effects of nuclear war. It's almost impossible to calculate what would happen to our environment—air, water, plants, trees, animals, etc. More serious, society as we know it might collapse under the combined pressure of massive death and destruction, fear, despair, conflict and anarchy.

What can we do?

After learning about the things described in this booklet the City Council felt a responsibility to act. It ordered that this pamphlet be prepared to inform you of the risks and dangers we all face. It directed the Civil Defense Department to "conduct a program through all the media urging the citizens of Massachusetts

(Cont'd on pg. 71)

EASTER BOUQUETS

WE BELIEVE

We Believe Life Continues After Death

We believe that the Lord has revealed what happens after we die so that all the mystery of death is removed, so that we will not be afraid to die, so that we will know He ensures that everyone will choose their happiness.

We are taught that the spiritual world is a real world. It is substantial and the people there have real bodies, and have houses, gardens, towns and cities. But it is all formed from spiritual substance. This world in which we live is formed of natural substance and seems to be real to our natural bodies. Our life in this world is only temporary. Its purpose is to prepare our spiritual character. When we die we leave behind the natural body in this world and pass into our spiritual body in the next world. Dying is just passing from one form of life to another, rather like passing from the womb into the life of this world.

The passing over is a painless experience and is described as a most gentle awakening and we are surrounded by a sphere of peace and love. Those we see are those who love us and through their gentle guidance we are shown that we are indeed in the next world.

We are not sent to heaven or hell. We awake in a world which is midway between heaven and hell. In that world we reveal the true spiritual character we have developed. All hypocrisy is taken away from those who are selfish, all weaknesses and failings are put off by those who have tried to be unselfish. It may take a long time before all this sorting out is completed. We will probably have to visit counsellors and take part in psycho drama to discover what we really want to be. Eventually our true character will be obvious to ourselves and others and we will naturally move to those who have a similar love to ourselves. (Birds of a feather flock together). Those who love themselves above all else and tried to find happiness in possessions will be drawn to hell. Here they will live as happily as they can be, prey to fears, jealousy, greed, and discontent. These and only these are the tortures of hell.

Those who have chosen to live from a love for the Lord and their neighbour are drawn to

heaven and become angels. Their life continues for them in an active life of use to one another.

They marry and enjoy all the delights of living in a world where there is only peace, beauty, laughter, and joy. This is why the Lord said in the Gospel, "The kingdom of heaven is in you."

John Sutton

*From the Sydney, Australia
New Church Manual.*

THERE IS NO DEATH!

THERE is no death! We close our eyes
from strife to find surcease,
And open them in glad surprise
To Heaven's eternal peace.

THERE IS no death! But tired of earth—
Could we but understand;
The weary soul is giv'n new birth
Into a better land.

A glorious land of birds and flowers,
Of joys beyond compare!
Of sunlit streams and leafy bowers,
And beauty everywhere!

There like with like together blend,
There Love finds its true mate,
And friendships there will never end!
O blissful, happy state!

There man's true character is known,
His secret thought revealed,
Man stands for what his is, alone,
His Book of Life unsealed.

There all things in the heavens effect
One grand, harmonious whole;
There man's surroundings will reflect
The beauty of his soul.

There is no death! That loving heart
So tender and so true,
Still of our lives it forms a part,
Still beats for me and you.

For when in death we recognize,
In Heaven's bright reflection,
The entrance gate to Paradise,
There is no death! 'Tis Resurrection!

There is no death! But, Lord, we pray
That Thou wilt grant us aid
To live, so when Thou call'st we may
Go, and be unafraid.

—B. G. A. Laitner

NEWS FROM THE GRASS ROOTS

Happy Birthday, Swedenborg! At the celebration held at the **Elmwood Church**, dinner and worship were followed by a performance of the **Elmwood Junior Choir**, under the direction of **Audrey Little**, and a play performed by the **Bridgewater and Elmwood Sunday School** children, directed by **Louise Woofenden**. Of course, there was a birthday cake A birthday cake also marked the celebration of Swedenborg's birthday in **Kitchener** and it was the occasion of that society's annual meeting as well At **Kemper Road Center** a family potluck marked the celebration At **Pawnee Rock** church friends sat at the table according to the season of their birthdates and had the opportunity to sample the cakes at all the other tables—all this in recognition of Swedenborg's birthday, January 29, 1688!

The **West Coast Association of Swedenborgian Churches** is sponsoring from Friday, March 26, to Sunday, March 28, a "Spring Renewal Retreat", to be held at **Palos Verdes, California**. It will be led by **Perry Martin, Ph.D.** and **Lorraine Sando, M.A.**

Come May 1st, there will be an outdoor mini-bazaar in the beautiful courtyard of the **Philadelphia** church. Plants will be displayed for sale, as well as crafts and baked goods. This is the first of numerous, exciting events leading up to their 100th Anniversary in May 1983, of the church building.

The **Church of the Good Shepherd in Kitchener** is busy planning for the 150th Anniversary of their society to be celebrated in the summer of 1983. **Fran McIntosh** is chairing that committee.

One of the most heart-warming things we have learned of in some time comes out of the love shown to **Lena Moore of Great Bend, Kansas**, by her granddaughter, **Sally**. She prepared fifty-two gifts for her

grandmother—one to be opened each Sunday.

The Reverend and Mrs. **Richard H. Tafel** have returned after a three week visit in **Georgetown, Guyana**. They went there at the request of General Convention and have wonderful stories to tell of their experiences in that promising New Church Society.

During this cold winter the Resource Group of the **Cambridge** church has been dreaming of some exciting plans for May—a "Flower Festival". Thanks for the inspiration of this event go to **Sally Reed**, who found that on a certain weekend in May, many of the churches in England open their doors and display lovely arrangements of flowers with accompanying Biblical quotations. Tea and cakes are served and everyone absorbs the beauty of the spring-time. The support of all their talented and artistic people is being enlisted to make this what Keats would call, "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

Mary McCormick of Riverside, California is assembling, in book form, articles on "How I Became a Swedenborgian" or "Why I Remained a Swedenborgian".

Members of the **Fryeburg New Church** were good samaritans recently when they held a Community Benefit Supper for **Murray and Roberta Lord**, who had a fire in their home.

Have you heard about the **Harms Birthday Fund** in the Western Canada Conference? The idea was proposed by **Mr. William Harms of Nanaimo, B.C.**, who early last summer sent a check to **Lisa Reddekopp, Secretary of the Conference**, in the amount of \$88.00—one dollar for each year of his age. He proposed that all members of the Conference be invited to do the same. This growing fund would help to provide New Church ministerial services throughout the Western Canada Conference and especially for the isolated people.

The Peace Page (cont'd from pg. 69)

to communicate to their representatives in Congress and the Legislature the necessity of continuing negotiations with foreign powers" to control nuclear arms. The School Committee also acted to establish a curriculum to support "children's and young people's understanding of the history, scientific background, economics and politics of waging peace in the nuclear age."

From a pamphlet prepared by the City Council of Cambridge, Massachusetts.

SPECIAL SUNDAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION PROGRAM AT CONVENTION '82

The Sunday School Association will present a program based on learning from two books: **Tom Verney's *The Secret Life of the Unborn Child*** and ***How to Teach Your Baby to Read*** by **Glen Doman**. The program will explore the implications of early infant learning for Convention's Religious Education program. This special session is scheduled for Friday, July 2nd, 8 to 9:30 a.m.

ADVANCE CONVENTION REGISTRATION

"Swedenborgians Living the Life"

University of California, Irvine Campus

June 30 — July 4, 1982

Name (s) _____

Address _____ Phone _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Accompanied by:

Children

Name	Relationship	Age of Children
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____

Mode of transportation _____

Arrival time _____

Give date, hour and name of airline, bus or train information if applicable.

Our site for Convention this June has been found. It will be held at the beautiful University of California, Irvine Campus in Orange County. The campus is located 40 miles southeast of Los Angeles, 80 miles north of San Diego, and 5 miles from the Pacific Ocean. Mt. Baldy (10,064 feet), is about a 90 minute drive from the campus (50 miles).

The campus was designed around a large central park, which can be used for recreation, picnic lunches, or even small outdoor group meetings. There are twelve tennis courts, six indoor handball/racquetball courts, basketball courts and many other athletic facilities available for us, including a swimming pool.

The residence halls are located within easy walking distance of the meeting rooms and the dining hall. Each complex accommodates a maximum of 48 persons in 24 rooms. The rooms are arranged in groups of four (12 upstairs and 12 downstairs), with each group of four rooms sharing a bathroom and a small living room. There is a larger game room and balcony on the second floor, and a formal lounge and patio on the first floor. There is one laundry room on the second floor, with a small sitting room next to it.

We recommend that people flying to Convention arrive at Los Angeles airport (LAX). Shuttle service is available between LAX and John Wayne airport for \$8.90. Bus and taxi service is available from the J.W. airport to the campus.

Bus and train service is available, but it is not as convenient. Trains arriving from the east stop in Los Angeles, first, and then travel back to Santa Ana (about 11 - 12 miles from the campus). Greyhound bus service is also through Los Angeles to Santa Ana. After arrival in Santa Ana, it would be necessary to transfer to a local bus line or make other transportation arrangements. Taxi fare would be expensive.

Karen and Stan Conger
Local Arrangements Chairmen

RATES

Convention rates have been set as follows :

- \$27.00 per person per day — double occupancy
- \$33.00 per person per day — single occupancy
- \$36.00 per person per day — single bedroom with sitting room

A registration fee of \$15.00 is due at the time you register up to May 1st when the registration fee becomes \$25.00. No registration fee will be required from League members or children. Please fill out registration form above, enclose registration fee, and forward to Roger Paulson, Convention Central Office, 48 Sargent St., Newton, Mass. 02158. Make registration fee checks payable to "1982 General Convention."

The Board of Education Announces PRE-CONVENTION CONFERENCE 1982

Sunday, June 27 to Wednesday, June 30

at

The University of California at Irvine
(One Hour's Drive from Los Angeles)

— THE SPIRITUAL CONNECTION —
CO-CREATING THE BELOVED COMMUNITY

Leaders: LORRAINE SANDO, M.A. and Others

Last year was our first Pre-Convention Conference. Because of requests from participants for another, your Board of Education is pleased to present the Second Pre-Convention Conference.

This year the Conference will begin Sunday evening at 6:00 p.m. at which time we'll have our first group meeting. At 7:30 p.m., participants will join with ministers and minister's spouses for an extended family gathering, beginning with a buffet dinner in the Gold Room. This evening of joyous fellowship will extend to 10:00 p.m. Cost information on this meal is unavailable at this printing.

Monday morning our Pre-Convention Conference community will gather at 9:00 a.m. We'll have all of Monday, Tuesday and until noon on Wednesday to be together.

The purpose of our being together is to co-create a beloved community where persons can develop and nurture new and old relationships, share new and old learnings, ideas and feelings, and increase awareness of and deepen our spiritual connections with each other. In short, to "be" who and what we really are with each other.

We will provide a climate to facilitate spiritual connections through a variety of structured experiences—prayer, art, music, journal writing, doctrinal discussion, movement and exercise forms, dream work, healing, and small and large group experiences. Participants' talents and resources will be welcomed as we weave our community tapestry.

Your leader Lorraine Sando is a Family and an Art Therapist, and an Artist and Creativity Consultant. She is well known in Convention, having served on General Council and staffed seven Post-Convention Conferences and last year's Pre-Convention Conference. Others will join Lorraine in leadership roles.

The cost will be \$15.00 registration plus Room and Board Charges at University of California at Irvine of \$27.00 per day double occupancy, \$33.00 per day single occupancy, or \$36.00 per day for a bedroom sitter. Please send your registration by June 1, 1982 to Marian Kirven; Executive Secretary, Board of Education, 48 Sargent St., Newton, Mass., 02158. Make checks for \$15.00 payable to the General Convention of Swedenborgian Churches.

Name _____

Address _____

Phone _____

Type of Room desired _____

Registration times at Irvine —
Sunday, June 27 from 2:00 p.m. to 9:00 p.m.

MITE BOX 1982

An Act of Charity—and of Use

The object of our affections this year is Camp Paulhaven in Western Canada. Located in an area where there must still be good, fresh air, and beautiful surroundings rich in natural correspondences, it is a place where children meet in the summer time to learn about and to experience God. What more delightful place could we have to help along?

But what of our giving? Most of us today, unlike the Widow and her mites, do not have to give of all our living. Some of us no longer keep a box but simply write a check or give cash at Convention time. Somehow it seems we have lost our incentive, our inspiration.

Whether or not we already keep a box it seems to me that we can make this giving to the Mite Box a more spiritual experience by thinking of it in the light of uses, as explained by Wilson Van Dusen in his new booklet on **USES**. He seems to say that to perform uses with the awareness of the spiritual quality and

purpose of those uses is to put oneself in touch with the Divine.

With this in mind, I plan to think of this when I drop coins into my newly made box. Perhaps I will think of the use the money is to be put to, or of the wonderful friendships we have in Alliance, of how God works in such mysterious ways, of the people who give their love and leadership at the Camp, of some particular use I might perform for another that day, or a myriad of other things that invite the Divine into my mind and life.

As the flight of a bird changes the air around it, every thought of love transforms the quality of the space around it. Keep the love thoughts flowing as you deposit your coins, see them as a use. The performance of uses can become a way of personal and spiritual growth. Make it a big gift all around!

See you at Convention. Please try to come. It will be a new experience, another time to love.

Marge Ball

WE GET LETTERS

Great News From South Africa

Dear Paul:

I know that you and our very many American and Canadian Friends will be glad to know that we have at long last won through and that the Government has now given permission for us to erect our college here at Orlando! Yes indeed! It has been a wonderful breakthrough. And now what remains is for us to submit the plans and then to go ahead with the job! There are some problems to solve yet, but they are minor, compared to what we have just achieved. And I want you to join with us in offering our most grateful thanks to the Lord for achieving what seemed so very far-off only a few weeks ago!

While waiting for permission we did not sit idly, waiting. We hired a Conference Center some fifty miles away from here, at a place called Magaliesburg, which is on the other side of Krugersdorp! Krugersdorp, as you may know, is where I was born and incidentally, also where the New Church in this country was started. From there, on the way to Mafikeng, westwards, is Magaliesburg. Forty-two students attended and there, for four weeks, we delved into an intensive course on the Doctrine of the Lord. We also managed to go through Swedenborg's Doctrine of the Sacred Scripture,

and did some chapters in Genesis (Hebrew)! Two of our men were completers, and at the close of the session, received New Church Ordination, and were made Probationary Ministers and ten were made Evangelists. This was on the 29th of November, 1981. The total attendance: 489. This service was at Orlando. I believe that this year we will be in our own buildings (God willing). Please pray for us. There are great obstacles in our way. But we dare not fail.

Love,
Obed Mooki,
Orlando, South Africa

Building Inner Peace First

Dear Paul:

Your Peace Page excites me. I was in process of trying to word a resolution when the February *Messenger* came, including the beginning of that page with encouraging mention of the anti-nuclear forces and mention elsewhere of the concern of doctors about the "ultimate epidemic", the aims toward "The World We Choose", letter from Virginia Branston on the Peace Academy, and even the theme of Convention "Swedenborgians Living the Life".

I'm sure very many of us are distressed, hearing of increases in nuclear strength so we'll have power in the anti-nuclear conferences—

and hearing that nuclear war could be contained. My resolution was not to be a resolution to be adopted by those meeting as delegates to the Convention in California—it was rather to be a plea to the individual members of all our Churches, each to act according to his or her own convictions toward preventing destruction, in fact, a plea to turn our individual potentialities over to the Lord for His creating a regenerate civilization. Someone else could have better suggestions than I as to steps to take: writing to our representatives, to the appropriate committees, even the President, and of course, the proper people in the conference for limitation of armaments—not to belittle meditation and prayer. To my way of thinking, we haven't begun to appreciate the release of spiritual power in compassionate prayer—not to change God but to reorder ourselves into the stream of Divine Providence and to extend our love through the world family.

This letter is being sent instead of a resolution. I do not feel that this is the appropriate kind of thing to vote about in a Convention meeting. Each individual's own convictions must be respected and there is more power in the devoted action of all our church individuals than in a public vote of a majority of delegates.

We recognize that we have been all but destroying the potential of our time. So we are now — a little here or a little there — trying to reverse the destruction of our physical environment and of our ideals and compassion, and we are trying to allow inflow of spiritual life. Remnants there are. Can they be nourished? Can we “conspire” to enrich each other's potentialities for a new church aborning before too late?

Perhaps we fail to recognize the greatness of the personal potential within each one of us.

“With God, all things are possible!”

Margaret W. Briggs,
Intervale, N.H.

A Plea For Peace Now

Dear Paul:

Enclosed find my check for \$15.00, for the *Messenger*. I am sending this in deep appreciation of your continued effort to bring the subject of peace to our attention. You have been publishing some very fine articles, mostly from non-New Church folks, it seems.

Most pleas for peace, it seems, are based on the destruction, death, expense, disaster, etc., involved in the actual war, and we set the date

for that years in advance. I feel an urgency about this:—I am most concerned with our prelude to war—what is happening right now. (I have lived through three big wars and have suffered through the build-ups, and feel I cannot live through another.) We are being bombarded daily with fear, hatred, distrust, by leaders of our country. Can we wait five or ten years for the “Lord's Kingdom of Justice and Love” to triumph? It is now we must act. Swedenborg has given us the vision of the Grand Man. And yet, how many of our good New Church people, including ministers, think that “Russians”, “communists”, “entente”, “pacifism”, etc., are dirty words and intimidate others of different opinion, calling them naive, unpatriotic, dupes of the Soviet Union? What are we doing to ourselves?!

I could go on and on. I am so emotional about this that it is difficult to write dispassionately. (My first article on peace appeared in the November 1929 “New Church League Journal”, so this is not a new anguish for me.)

So praise God for you and the new Peace Page! The Peace Page will be a vent—an opening through which to vent our feelings.

Marjorie Barrington,
Falls Church, Virginia

We Can Learn Peace

Dear Paul:

Let me hasten to add impetus to some highly innovative thinking expressed in the February issue of the *Messenger*. The thing is filled with creative thinking. Your opening article initiating the idea of a Peace Page, coupled with Virginia Branston's letter concerning the organization known as the National Peace Academy hopefully indicates a powerful force for a radical change in direction of human lifestyles for thoughtful and active Americans, as well as people of all nations.

Just in case casual readers may overlook the possibilities suggested in her letter, I desire to urge more and more readers to contact The National Peace Academy for information. Address: National Peace Academy Campaign, 110 Maryland Avenue, N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002. I would stress that this campaign in no way inhibits our own national efforts for reasonable armed defense as so many so-called peace efforts in the past, but is focused on organizing the best minds in the nation to learn and apply the principle of conflict resolution. Without it, there can be no peace. And it is a very definite learned science.

Space prohibits further explanation of this

effort. But we do urge very strongly that readers search this out for study and action. If the numbers grow who respond, it may yet be possible that a generation of grandchildren will exist who will be able to know what efforts we will have made to save the world in the Name of the Prince of Peace. This is the number one priority of our time.

I have always seen myself as a sort of "plodder," but when I see in the pages of the *Messenger* what is going on in our Dept. of Education, in the various committees who plan our convention sessions, etc., even I get the feeling—the wonderful feeling of Inspiration.

Most Sincerely,
Galen Unruh
Hutchinson, KS.

A Call To Witness For Peace

Dear Editor:

Mr. Zacharias said (in his editorial introducing the Peace Page, February issue), "We can't do much. Our Church is small; our voice is feeble." But I do not believe that smallness in numbers has to make our voice feeble. One small person with a loud voice can sway a multitude.

We have an important message to give to the world. Swedenborgians perhaps more than any other church should be able to help the people of this earth see that the struggle for peace is primarily a religious struggle. The writings don't tell us to stop fighting. They just make it clear what it is that we have to fight: not the rich and powerful people, but the loves of power and riches—in ourselves as well as in the politics of our world; not other people or other countries but the influences of the hells in all of us.

Human beings must stop warring against each other. Against lies and deception, greed and hatred, we must join our hearts and voices to take up the cry of the prophet Joel:

"Proclaim ye this among the Gentiles: prepare war, wake up the mighty men, let all the men of war draw near; let them come up: Beat your plowshares into swords, and your pruninghooks into spears: let the weak say, I am strong."

Joel 3, v. 9 & 10

To make our voice loud and clear, we have to do some growing, and I don't mean necessarily in numbers: I mean in sureness of the power and rightness of our message and in willingness to take the risk of raising our voices with zeal.

It is important to witness where we are, as

Mr. Zacharias said. But it is also important to go where we are needed: into the arenas of political action, journalism, the arts, personal ministry to our neighbors, etc.—taking with us the special perspective we gain from also going inside ourselves and seeking out the violent thoughts and desires there, and struggling with them, and learning the wisdom of love.

Laurel Odhner
Philadelphia, PA.

The Meaning of Gentle Persistence

To the Messenger:

I enjoyed the last "Feminine Connections" and the feeling that these women could feel the real meaning of our work. It inspired me to tell you of my happiest day.

I am 53, and feel like a vanishing breed. I am a homemaker, a wife, a good wife, and a mother, not always such a good mother, but I try. Sometimes I wonder what my life is all about. I love my life, yet in this world of 1980's, and working women outside of the home, I wonder at myself. Today I no longer wonder. I am happy and filled or whatever it is you have to be today to be a woman.

On Sunday evening one day in October, all my children called home. I realized during the conversations that all of my five children had been in church that day. I was so happy I wanted to jump and shout. I wanted to praise God and I did.

If you are a mother, then you know how the heart waits while they are looking for their world. You know of the searching and disenchantment that goes on in their lives.

All you mothers out there, keep praying, because prayers are answered, and someday you too will get that telephone call and a young voice, saying, "Mom, I joined the church today," or "Mom, I met a nice lady in church today," or "Mom, could you make a suggestion for the Christmas program," or better still, "Mom, I read that book by Swedenborg you gave me, and I liked it."

Alice Ford
Downing, Wisc.

New Church Centennial in New Zealand

Dear Sir:

I would like to bring an important event to the notice of your readers. The New Church in New Zealand is planning an international gathering to celebrate its centenary. It will be

held in January, 1984. We hope there will be many people from the world wide New Church attending.

We are planning a full programme for the ten days camp. There will be a mixture of lectures, discussions, worship, and recreational activities. All age groups will be catered for.

If anyone would like to receive more information about this event please write to:

Mr. & Mrs. W. Huttley,
19 Duncan Avenue,
Te Atatu South,
Auckland, New Zealand.

Yours sincerely,
John Sutton,
Auckland, N.Z.

Friendly Words from England

Dear Editor:

I have been reading your journal for some months, among many publications we receive at the New Church College, and I must say it is one of the most intelligent, interesting and uplifting periodicals I have read.

May I comment on your last two issues, for January and February? Having spent many years working for the conservation movement, I was delighted to read Louise Woofenden's letter on the campaign in Massachusetts,

studying wetlands management, solid waste disposal and the development of training courses for young people in ecological subjects. This is giving true meaning to the teachings of Swedenborg and taking 'him' away from the insulated and more limited approach of the academic. That lovely and expressive letter from Carole Rienstra, under 'Feminine Connections', on the beauty of New England (my spiritual home!), brings one closer to the truth and what God's creation is all about.

Arthur James' contribution on Prof. Bush's reply to Emerson, was a valuable addition to my collection of material on the subject. In fact, your readers may be interested to know that I had no knowledge of Swedenborg until I read Emerson, and that was via Thoreau!

I appreciate the ecumenical nature of the journal and that you face up to the many problems of our society—peace, violence, crime, and the many other external manifestations of man's inner sickness.

I hope at some later date to make one or two contributions; on my experience of New Church 'membership' and on the exploitation of the natural world.

John F. Pontin,
Bury, Lancs., England
(Development Officer, New
Church College)

THANK YOU

Our grateful appreciation to the following readers who have sent contributions to the *Messenger* in recent weeks: Fred Burdett, Massachusetts; Alice Memmott, Illinois; John McLevige, Illinois; Marjorie Barrington, Virginia; Edith Evans, Oregon; Modesta Thostenson, Washington; Frances Hanauer, Kentucky; Dean Trombly, Michigan; Fredericka Sweeney, Indiana; Gustave Bischof, Pennsylvania; and Bill Blackburn, Ohio.

DEATH OF REV. JULIAN H. KENDIG

HAVERHILL—A memorial service will be conducted at 11 a.m. April 10 in the Church of New Jerusalem, Cambridge, for Rev. Julian H. Kendig, 69, of South Williams Street, a retired minister, counselor, hospital chaplain and short story author. He died Feb. 6 in Union Mission Nursing Home in Haverhill.

Rev. Kendig, a native of Portland, Maine, where he attended schools, moved to Brooklyn

Heights, N.Y., in the late 1940's. He also resided in Kansas and was a minister for the New Jerusalem Church in Pawnee Rock, Kansas.

In 1957, he came to the Boston area where he was active as a private counselor until his retirement in 1975. He had lived in Haverhill the last five years.

Rev. Kendig was past president of the Council of Ministers of Portland, and had served as chaplain at three hospitals in Portland. He was a member of the Swedenborg Foundation, New York City.

Rev. Kendig also was the author of several published short stories.

As a student, he attended The Academy of New Jerusalem in Bryn Athyn, Pa., and transferred to the New Church Theological School in Cambridge, now located in Newton. He was graduated and ordained in 1942. He also attended Harvard and Columbia.

He leaves his wife, Marion F. (Scott); a daughter, Nancy Montagna of Silver Spring, Md., and two grandchildren.

Boston Globe

URBANA COLLEGE UPDATE

Urbana College's Winter Quarter registration is now complete and the preliminary figures for on-campus enrollment are: 314 students (Full Time Equivalent to 313); preliminary figures for off-campus student enrollment are: 330 (FTE 265). The total Urbana College Winter Quarter enrollment is 644 (FTE 578).

Kathy Mason, UC's Registrar, states: "Enrollment for the first two quarters of the 1981 - 82 academic year has met or exceeded the projected, and budgeted, figures for both quarters. Historically, Urbana College's Winter Quarter enrollment has been considerably lower than for the Fall Quarter; this year, the steady state enrollment is an encouraging indicator for the College."

The main-campus Evening School Program (E.S.P.) was re-instituted in the Fall of 1981 and continues its positive growth pattern for the two-quarter period. Dr. Harold Dickerscheid, Dean of the College, notes: "We have now had one full quarter in which to modify and improve our main-campus E.S.P. The Winter Quarter will offer students a broader selection of courses and a refined schedule. We will continue to offer students an opportunity to obtain a two or four year degree entirely through evening courses and are hopeful that this 'new' program will continue to grow and develop through the current year as have similar evening programs in several of our off-campus centers."

Off-campus enrollment, which has remained steady through the second quarter, has also been bolstered by its several evening school programs. Robert Headley, Director of Off-Campus Programs, comments: "We are very encouraged by the steady rate of growth in our three correctional institutions . . . London, Marysville, and Lima State. The enrollment in these three correctionals, plus enrollment in our Bellefontaine, Dayton, and Columbus centers offers us excellent opportunities for the current and coming years."

A new program AIMS (Adults in Management Sequence), is being offered for the first time this Winter Quarter. AIMS is designed to assist adults who seek upward mobility on the job or who wish to re-enter the business world. Ina Mae Wagner, AIMS Coordinator, will continue to survey the communities served by Urbana College to determine the extent, and direction, of interest in this new program sequence.

Lectures by Eugene Taylor

On April 28, 7:30 p.m., 1982 Eugene Taylor will deliver an address entitled "Ralph Waldo Emerson and the Swedenborgian Tradition at Harvard," at the Swedenborg Chapel in Cambridge, Massachusetts. The talk, co-sponsored by the Swedenborg School of Religion and the Harvard United Ministries, is part of an ongoing series of events during Emerson Week, to be held at various locations throughout Boston, Cambridge, and Concord, April 25 to May 2, in commemoration of Emerson's passing, April 27, 1882.

In addition to other evening lectures and Sunday morning talks that Mr. Taylor will be giving this year before Swedenborgian audiences, he has been asked to give a major address on "The Religious Psychology of Emanuel Swedenborg" to Division 36 of the American Psychological Association at their 90th Annual meeting in Washington, D.C. the last week in August. The invitation suggests that after 100 years, psychologists interested in religious issues are again awakening to the importance of Swedenborg's ideas.

Cordially,
Eugene Taylor

FROM CHURCH RECORDS

BAPTISM

KLINE—Katherine L. A. Kline was baptized into the Christian faith in the Church of the New Jerusalem, Cleveland, Ohio on Feb. 7, 1982, the Rev. Gladys Wheaton officiating.

CONFIRMATIONS

WELCH, WELCH, BRIGHT, UNRUH, HADLEY, HADLEY—Kevin Albert Welch, Kent Aaron Welch, Tricia Adell Bright, Conrad Joseph Unruh, Eric Morton Hadley, and Tina Jo Hadley were confirmed into the New Church faith in the Pawnee Rock, Kansas New Church on Feb. 14, 1982, the Rev. Eric Zacharias officiating.

WORTH WATCHING

In April, "FOR OUR TIMES" looks forward to the following seasonal celebrations: **April 4**, Passover (composition by Ezra Laderman, honoring spirit of Abraham); **April 11**, Easter, from Duke Chapel; **April 18**, Orthodox Easter; **April 25**, Martin Niemoller, Holocaust remembrance. Check your local CBS station for these Sunday morning broadcasts.

THE UPPER ROOM

HE IS RISEN

Leon LeVan
St. Petersburg, Fl.

Many conflicting ideas have been advanced through the centuries to account for the Lord's empty tomb. One rumor started within the day—that the Roman guards were paid "large money" to say they had slept at their posts, while the disciples came by night and stole the Lord's body away. That report has had at least one good result from our standpoint. It assures us the Roman occupying force did not know what became of the body of Jesus.

Had the Romans known where the disciples might have hid His body, they would certainly have recovered it and punished the guards. No, the Romans did not have any idea what became of the body of Jesus which had been sealed in the tomb—and there are many people today who are just as much at a loss as the Romans were. They know that Jesus was crucified. They know that a spear was thrust through His heart on the Cross. But beyond that they do not know how to explain the events of that first Easter day.

Another group wanting to know what became of the Crucified One were the Jewish authorities—particularly the high priest and the members of the great Council, the Sanhedrin. Those ecclesiastical authorities had been informed of the Lord's declarations during the three previous years that He would "rise again;" and if they could point to the Lord's body in the grave they could then demolish the idea that He had been the Messiah. It was to their great advantage to know the whereabouts of the body of Jesus, since nothing could provide them with greater justification than to be able to say: "There in the grave is the Galilean whom His disciples claimed was to be the Messiah, the King of Israel, and the Son of God."

A third company wishing to know what happened to the Lord's body were the disciples—and they the most ardently of all. How early Mary had gone for the anointing—"before it was light." How agonizingly she had run through the early morning to tell the disciples that the grave was empty, and how breathlessly Peter and John ran to see for themselves,—and found indeed that it was so! They did not yet understand; and they thought the Crucified Lord must have been spirited away by the Romans or Jews.

Thus, the same problem—"what became of

the Lord's body?" confronted all three groups that first Easter morning. Each group wanted to know for its own reasons. Each needed the answer. But only they who loved the Lord were able to see and believe the answer when it came—as only they who love the Lord are able to believe that answer today. No worldly materialist, no material-minded philosopher, can believe (even now) that the Lord Jesus Christ really rose from the dead.

Jesus, the Risen Savior, did not disclose Himself to Mary in the tomb. She bent down and peered into the darkness. But what she saw there was the sight of "two angels" dressed in white who told her: "He is not here. He is risen as He said." When Mary turned back from the tomb she saw Jesus standing before her, but did not know it was He.

The Savior asked: "Why weepest thou?" "Whom seekest thou?" Mary supposing Him to be the gardener said: "Sir, if thou hast borne Him hence, tell me where thou hast laid Him, and I will take Him away." Not until Jesus called her name—not until He said "Mary"—did she recognize the Risen Lord. You and I are like Mary. The Lord calls us at all times; but only when He is able to reach us so intimately and personally that He calls us as it were by name—only then are we able to know Him truly, and love Him with all our hearts.

The sepulchre indeed is empty and the Lord is risen as He said. But it would be a mistake to believe we must look back through the centuries as the one true place where we can find the Savior. The Lord Jesus Christ is not behind us but before, the most glorious Reality before mankind today. The tomb that Mary found empty is empty still. Death is conquered. "Death is swallowed up in victory." When Jesus rose from the sepulchre He proved Himself Master of death and Conqueror of the grave. He is the most living Reality in the world today.

By every law known to man, the grave should have been empty and sealed that first Easter morning. The body of the Lord should have been lying within, just where it had been placed three days before. But it was not there. The grave was open. Nothing was there except the linen garments. That is the miracle of Easter, and even now it still remains a thing of wonder and amazement.

The eternal truth is, Christ the Lord came forth from the grave, came forth the Risen Lord, the Redeemer of the world, the Savior of all who put their trust in Him. Well does the church rejoice and sing: "Jesus Christ is risen today. Hallelujah."

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