

THE MESSENGER

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Have you ever noticed that Christianity is the only major religion represented by a symbol? It is true that Christianity's parent, Judaism, has its Star of David, but this is a recent development within the past century, and it would not be universally recognized. It is also true that many people around the world might be able to recognize some Buddhists, Hindus, Shamans, and other members of major religions by their dress. But there is no one symbol for any of these or other faiths that immediately identifies them around the world.

Yet, the Christian cross is known immediately around the world, in all its nooks and crannies. Indeed, so prevalent is the cross that it has also permeated our colloquial language, quite apart from any religious sense. Talk of "bearing crosses" refers to any number of burdens a person must carry. To "nail him to the cross" is a common expression signifying ultimate defeat (though its religious antecedent has it precisely the other way around!).

Unfortunately, this symbol has taken on some very negative connotations for modern people, when it should be a symbol communicating a hopeful message. To some it has come to mean fanatical obsession with suffering. To others, the cross represents the macabre side of Christianity—historical emphases best left in the history books. Many of the most successful modern churches make a great deal of Jesus' miracles and healing spirit, but almost nothing of what took place on Calvary.

Certainly, Swedenborg is not "orthodox" in his teaching of the importance of the cross. He

distances himself from the "vicarious atonement" belief, whereby Jesus supposedly gave his life as a ransom for believers. But in shedding this aged doctrine, he does not leave the cross behind as historical trivia. Rather, he lifts the cross to a new glory—and a more understandable one at that.

In submitting to the cross, Jesus underwent his final spiritual struggle. It was amazingly intense, according to Swedenborg. So much so that we cannot even conceive of it. But as such the cross becomes a symbol of strength through struggle. This concept of strength through struggle coincides with modern evolutionary theory, allowing us to see nature herself as a vivid example of this spiritual principle. Species evolve in response to crisis, says modern evolutionary theory. Whenever a species has been duly threatened, it either adapted or died. If food sources became scarce for a certain genus of bird, it either developed longer wings to cover greater territory (or made some other adaptation), or it starved.

Nature knows she cannot survive and evolve by avoiding problems. The response must address the issue head-on. Just so, the cross calls for us to come straight to the Source with our problems. It is a symbol that is recognized virtually anywhere in the world (still outpacing by quite a lot both Mastercard and Visa). Its power lies in its ability to say so much without the aid of so much as one word.



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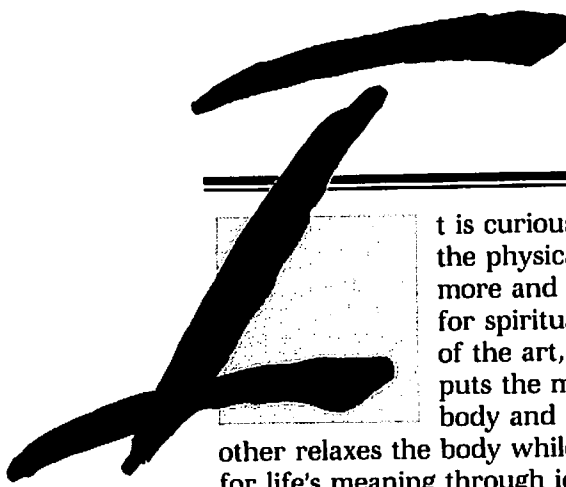
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In Quest for the Inner Presence: A Meditator's Journey

Thelma Claire Hamersley

60



It is curious that as we increase our knowledge of the physical world at an unprecedented rate, more and more of us are turning to meditation for spiritual guidance. Among today's proponents of the art, there are two schools of thought: One puts the mind to rest through relaxation of the body and repetition of a word, or "mantra"; the other relaxes the body while engaging the mind in an active search for life's meaning through identification with an Inner Presence that guides choices and offers strength. After many difficult years during which I desperately needed guidance yet could not seem to recognize it when it came, I have become convinced that meditation in the latter form is an urgently needed resource for enlightened application of humanity's advanced knowledge.

Curiously again, in my own efforts to grow spiritually, I often found that hardship, loneliness, and failure can cause communication with one's deepest consciousness to seem impossible, at times when such communication is needed the most! Once reestablished, however, I have felt that my consciousness has risen to a higher level than before. Several years ago, for example, I had moved to a retirement community in Florida, having felt guided by my Inner Presence to make this change.

Little had I realized in leaving longtime friends, the cultural advantages of the nation's capital, and the change of seasons, that I would feel my very identity and all that had given meaning to my life for fifty years had been left behind in Washington. Nor had I known how different my new associates would be—mostly widows who had never worked outside the home, whose interests mostly centered on halcyon perceptions of their youthful years and TV escapist programs. Many nights in the privacy of my apartment I would cry out, "Why did I do this? Why am I here?" I had burned



my bridges and could not turn back. I even blamed the Inner Presence for directing me to pull up roots and start over at my age. I felt trapped.

A phone call early one morning brought word of a sudden death of a dear friend in Washington with whom I had kept in close touch by telephone, letters and visits. In our years of friendship we had explored the enigma of life through science, philosophy, literature, art, music. Suddenly I had no one who shared my interests beyond the mundane concerns of everyday life. I felt incredibly bereft and even more alone.

A short time later, the director of the retirement community called to ask if I would head a group of residents to greet new "move-ins" and help them to feel at home. I hesitated, still wrapped up in my own grief, until the inner voice which I call my "Inner Presence" seemed to speak to me. It said, "You are needed to help others make an adjustment to change—the very problem you are finding so difficult to solve for yourself." I accepted the challenge, finally realizing that, while self-knowledge and sensitivity to one's own spiritual needs is the first step towards communication with the Inner Presence, giving of oneself to others is the final, necessary step in following such a guide.

How immature I had been in failing to realize I must search for the positive in my new environment, rather than dwelling on the negative aspects. Life consists of many deaths before the finally, physical one. Change is continuous and inevitable. In meditating on these facts I felt an unmistakable nearness to my departed friend. I ceased blaming my unhappiness on my Inner Presence as if it were the cause of my dissatisfaction, realizing once again that such guidance is always available when we take our egos out of the way.

These elemental lessons had taken me a lifetime to learn and begin to practice. Orphaned at an early age, I was brought up by my mother's brother and his wife, who had lost a child. Although it was hoped that I would take her place, I was unable to meet their expectations.

My guardians brought me up in the prohibitive beliefs of the Protestant churches of the day. I was sent to a church-affiliated college in South Carolina, a decision made on the strength of an advertisement in the church bulletin: "Our goal is to graduate womanly women."

Strict rules of conduct prevailed at school. Daily attendance at chapel and weekly attendance at church were required. The college was academically weak, and I graduated with a degree in two-and-a-half years, naive and immature, with no preparation for the realities of the adult world, no concept of my own spiritual needs.

I married a young man I had met through a college friend, and there followed fifteen years of moving from place to place as my husband pursued his career. Life became a series of illnesses complicated by pregnancies. We had three beautiful daughters, but my husband was seldom home. The children irritated him, and he said he should never have married.

The Great Depression was upon us. After using up all of my savings and discontinuing payments on our house, my husband returned to South Carolina, promising to send for us. I knew at the moment of his departure I would not follow him again. I dared not turn to my former guardians for help. I knew their attitude toward those who "squandered" their money.

I obtained a "work relief" job

following month.

Tears of relief and gratitude poured down my cheeks. I found a small apartment nearby, told the children upon their return from school that we'd be moving out of the dingy basement. At that point I was not yet ready to recognize the Inner Presence as a real and ready force in my own consciousness, and dismissed the inner prompt as an accident of fate.

The money was soon gone for

be denied.

The next morning another "miracle" occurred. A representative of the Welfare Department appeared at the door and offered me a clerical job at Headquarters Office. I served with other young people in the various programs designed to combat the ills of the Great Depression. It was the beginning of a long and fruitful government career.

I served at one point as Superintendent of Public Welfare for the city of Charlottesville, Virginia. When there less than a year, I was ordered by the City Manager to arrange for a city truck to take a family, who were clearly eligible for assistance under state and federal laws, so far away they could not walk back. He called them "poor white trash," not worthy of help. I was stunned as he continued the diatribe against them and others "too lazy to work." It seemed to me to be another voice that replied "I cannot do that—the man is ill, the woman has a small baby." After a brief pause I continued, "I'll send you my resignation tomorrow." In retrospect I look upon my decision to resign the Charlottesville job rather than compromise principle as guidance by my Inner Presence, which seemed to assert its wisdom despite my lack of awareness.

Years later, after experiencing an increasing number of such instances of inner guidance, I began consciously the practice of looking inward. I became affiliated with the Quaker Meeting House. Their belief in the "Inner Light" intrigued me. I became active in their adult study group. However, I became almost inevitably disillusioned. Services without structure offered opportunities for misguided persons to "sound off"; lay leaders admitted it was a serious problem. I transferred my membership to a Presbyterian Church and filled my days with creative volunteer work. I was satisfied; I had little time for reflection.

Then, at 4:30 a.m. on June 1,

How immature I had been in failing to realize that I must search for the positive in my new environment, rather than dwelling on the negative aspects.

with the Welfare Department making clothes for indigent hospital patients. It paid enough for food only. Crisis came when the landlady handed me an eviction notice to be effective in thirty days. I stood alone as I read the order; my inaudible cry was, "My God, what can I do?" It was then that I heard the voice of my Inner Presence for the first time, instructing me to write a letter to a certain person I had known as a small child in Roanoke, to ask her if my father had left any money in the bank where she worked. Returning to reality, I thought this an illusion of my distraught mind. Yet the illusion persisted; I wrote the letter to the street in Roanoke where my parents had lived when she was our neighbor. I expected its early return.

A reply came promptly informing me my father had left a checking account in the amount of \$438.52 in the bank where our former neighbor still worked. It would have gone to the city the

necessities. I gave up the work relief job to look for work that would support us. It was to no avail. I had no skills. Despair struck harder than ever.

One night I took medication for a violent headache. The doctor had warned me that an overdose could be lethal. I was tempted. Surely the children would be cared for. I looked at them sleeping peacefully. Suddenly I knew I could never desert them. I resolved to bury my pride and go to the Welfare Office the following day and apply for "Aid to Dependent Children." Many years later, I became deeply impressed by the words of Epictitus, a Stoic philosopher. He said, "When you close your door and make darkness within, remember never to say you are alone for you are not alone. God is within." I did not have those words to comfort me then as I considered an overdose, yet the guidance I received at that moment of deepest decision came from my own consciousness, and could not

1974, my world was turned upside down. A call from my son-in-law in Maryland informed me my daughter had been shot and killed by the eleven-year-old boy she had been caring for in their home under the supervision of a psychiatrist. The child was exceptionally bright but had been deaf and dumb since birth. He had been incorrigible, living on the streets by his wits until taken into custody by medical authorities. My daughter had majored in psychology in college, had worked with problem children, and was recognized for her success in dealing with them.

My daughter's violent and senseless death plunged me into despair and confusion. When a would-be sympathizer spoke of it as "God's will," I cried out, "If this is true, then I hate God!" I felt all my efforts in rearing my daughter had been for nothing; in the end her life had been taken away as if it had no value. I questioned more seriously than ever whether my own life was worth the struggle.

Several months of emotional numbness passed before I sensed once more the presence of the Inner Spirit. Within myself I sensed a mute rebuke, for my long denial of its presence when I needed comfort most; yet there was also a never feeling growing within me—a sincere desire to let the Inner Presence become, not just a "presence," but a true spiritual guide.

I had already resumed my volunteer work at church in a mechanical way, but the tenets of organized religion no longer satisfied my spiritual hunger. One sleepless night I resolved to assign the "good works" to a secondary place in my life and give priority to a more concentrated study of what it meant to let the Inner Presence control my life.

I began by reading material about "meditation" as it is defined by some authors today. I found it to be a practice of sitting still, quieting the mind by concentrating on a "mantra" or through some

other technique. It is described as "entering the silence," inducing a passive state. This seemed to me an effort to escape the realities of life. I soon abandoned that approach.

I turned to the sages of different times, studying the references to meditation by the great religious leaders as described in *The World's Great Religions* New York Time, Inc., 1957)

I was fascinated by the words of Mohammed, founder and prophet of Islam, who once told his followers upon returning from battle: "You have come back from the lesser to the greater struggle." They asked, "What is the greater struggle, Oh Messenger of God?" He replied, "The struggle within."

Siddhartha Guatama, born in Nepal around 563 B.C., spent forty-nine days in meditation, and later became known as the "Buddha" or "Enlightened One." Adherents of the austere sect of Zen Buddhism believe that enlightenment comes from a sudden flash of intuition which occurs during disciplined meditation.

Emanuel Swedenborg, a Swedish scientist, philosopher, legislator, and theologian born in 1688, wrote extensively on the nature of communication between the human and the divine. He said, "The world at large is the medium of divine communication to man. In knowing the world, man begins to understand himself. From that self-knowledge, he begins to understand the divine origin, provided he uses both reason and intuition." Swedenborg maintained that people should be appreciated for the good they do rather than for the protestations and dogmas they defend. He started no church, he fostered no cult. He believed in direct revelation through meditation.

Through the experiences of my life, even more than through my studies, I have come to believe that it is not through adherence to the tenets of any one major religion that modern humanity will achieve a higher consciousness, but rather through the integration of the total

self under the direction of the Inner Presence. This would necessitate a recognition by scientists and theologians that there is but one truth that exists outside of all organized dogma, and that a common effort to seek this truth is essential if the human species is to evolve beyond its present level.

Sri Ramakrishna, whose teachings during his lifetime (1836-1886) highlighted a renaissance of ancient Hinduism, made a study of other religions. He concluded: "Different creeds are but different paths to reach the Almighty!" He proclaimed, "I say unto you, he who longs for him finds him. Go and verify this in your own life."

There are many references to God as a spirit in the Christian Bible. In Chapter 14, verses 16 and 17 of the gospel of John, the author quotes Jesus: "I will pray the Father and He shall give you another Comforter; that he may abide with you forever, even the Spirit of Truth, whom the world cannot receive because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him, but you know him for he dwelleth with you and shall be in you." ■

Thelma Claire Hammersley has worked for the U.S. Government for thirty years; during those years she has conducted social science assignments in the Far East and has worked with the International Refugee Organization for the U.N. in Germany. She still does volunteer work, under the guidance of her Inner Presence, at the same retirement community in Florida.

Rules for Being a Human Being

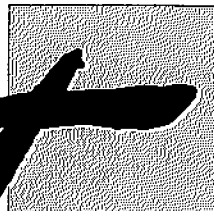
- 1. You will receive a body. You may like it or hate it, but it will be yours for the entire period on this earth.*
- 2. You will learn lessons. You are enrolled in a full-time informal school called life. Each day in this school you will have the opportunity to learn lessons. You may like the lessons or think them irrelevant and stupid.*
- 3. There are no mistakes, only lessons. Growth is a process of trial and error; experimentation. The "failed" experiences are as much a part of the process as the experiment that ultimately "works."*
- 4. A lesson is repeated until learned. A lesson will be presented to you in various forms until you have learned it. When you have learned it, you can go on to the next lesson.*
- 5. Learning lessons does not end. There is no part of life that does not contain its lessons. If you are alive, there are lessons to be learned.*
- 6. "There" is no better than "here." When your "there" has become a "here," you will simply obtain another "there" that will again look better than "here."*
- 7. Others are merely mirrors of you. You cannot love or hate something about another person unless it reflects to you something you love or hate about yourself.*
- 8. What you make of your life is up to you. You have all the tools and resources you need. What you do with them is up to you. The choice is yours.*
- 9. Your answers lie inside you. The answers to life's questions lie inside you. All you need to do is look, listen, and trust.*
- 10. You will forget all this . . . and you will remember.*

Anonymous

She the Vision Told

Carl Yenetchi

*The chaplain and the dean on a vision quest did go,
They met up with a parson and she the vision told.*



I am not sure when it all began, but looking back April 16, 1987 seems as good a time as any to start this narrative. It was April 16th that Mr. John Titus, acting Dean of Students at Urbana University walked into the Swedenborg Center at the University, to discuss something with me. After our business was completed, I asked him if he would like to drive with me to the annual Convention at the

University of Puget Sound. He agreed, tentatively, but said he would have to talk it over with his family and see if it was all right with them.

A few days later John told me that the trip was on, so we began planning our itinerary. When we turned to the map of South Dakota, we decided that we would go to Wounded Knee, the site of the last massacre of the Indians by the U.S. Army. After searching my memory, and checking with John, I am not sure which of us initially suggested going to Wounded Knee, but as time went by, it became evident to each of us that we were being "called" to Wounded Knee. This was more than just a sight-seeing trip. We talked about it quietly between ourselves, really nothing more profound than saying, "Something is waiting for us there," and the other one nodding.

67

On June 7th, Graduation Day at Urbana University, Ms. Muff Worden, executive director of the Convention Central Office, and a member of the Board of Trustees of Urbana University, was in Urbana and attended the Urbana Society's weekly healing service. After the service, while I was talking to her, I mentioned that John and I would be stopping at Wounded Knee on our way to the convention. She seemed intrigued and told me that she would be driving the convention van to the convention along with David Lederman, Sarah Dole, and Donna Sloan, and would be passing through Wounded Knee on June 22nd. We agreed to meet there around 3:00 p.m. June 22nd. We now had a place, a day and a time. Our curiosity about what we would find at Wounded Knee was growing daily.

I went public after talking with Muff. I began telling people about being called to Wounded Knee and asking people to pray for John and me on June 22nd. I got the three standard responses that one gets when he starts talking about visions; some people got excited and wanted to know all the details of the call, some people thought I was crazy, and some acted like they hadn't heard me and went on to talk about the weather. Thankfully, I ran into enough of the first group to build up a strong prayer circle around the trip.

On June 14th, the Urbana Society went camping at Kiser Lake here in Ohio. John and I had agreed several months before to co-lead the worship service that Sunday. We had not made any more plans about the service until we got together in John's office on June 10th. It took us about five minutes to plan the service. We felt the service was given to us; we did not need to plan it. Our service would be based on an Indian Sweat Lodge ritual.

We arrived at Kiser Lake on Friday, June 12th, and selected a site for the lodge, which John and I built along with Linda Blosser, a new member of the Urbana Society, on June 13th. The female presence while building the lodge didn't strike me as significant at the time, but it became important as we completed our quest. After it was built, John and I had a private service to purify the lodge. We burned cedar, which is an Indian purification procedure, and John played his Aztec drum. I told John after this that I felt the cedar-burning service was necessary to permit us to go to Wounded Knee.

68 ***As each
stared, I
began to
notice that
many people
had
experienced
the "Jesus"
chant as
having been
important,
and that most
of them had
not heard it
as "Jesus."
They thought
that it had
been an
Indian word
of some kind.***

The night before the sweat lodge service, John, Albie, a member of the Urbana Society, and I went into the woods to collect stones for the lodge. We returned to camp about 1:00 a.m. with our sacred cargo of stones. Albie went to bed at that time, and John and I went down to the lake and went swimming to cool off. When I finally crawled into my tent, it was 2:15 a.m. Before falling asleep, I had a vision of a pile of bones. As I walked toward the pile, I saw, sitting on the bones, a skeleton made up with a clown's face. The vision ended abruptly; I rolled over and went to sleep.

The next morning I got up and lit the fire to heat the stones for the lodge. The church members gathered and we began the service. After a short Bible reading, we formed a circle and chanted, "Here and Now," as we did a simple dance, next to the fire. John left the circle and collected the stones into a large metal washtub. When he was ready, we carried the stones to the lodge and placed them in the center. The members of the congregation entered the lodge, and water mixed with sage was poured over the stones, producing a fragrant steam filling the lodge. We began to chant the name, "Jesus, Jesus." After 15 minutes or so, we exited the lodge and walked to the lake. We again stood in our circle, and we began our cleansing. Silently when we were done, we returned to our fire and began to share with each other the various visions we had. As each shared, I began to notice that many people had experienced the "Jesus" chant as having been important, and that most of them had not heard it as "Jesus." They thought that it had been an Indian word of some kind. I remember saying that this was perhaps akin to the gift of tongues as it appears in *Acts*. Each person had heard the chant in their own prayed language. Here again, there would be echoes of this as our quest continued. It was after this service that I began to call our trip to Wounded Knee a Vision Quest, though John had been using the

term well before that.

Finally, June 21st arrived. John and I would be leaving on our quest at 3:00 p.m. EST. I was leading the service at the Urbana Chapel that morning. I invited the congregation to join me in the chancel in a circle, and I shared with them my vision of the bones and skeleton with the clown's face. Karen Cowen told me that one of the types of medicine men in the Sioux religion was called a heyoka, and that they served a function similar to that of the jester in medieval Europe. The main difference being that the heyoka was a holy man, and his clowning was a part of the rituals of the Sioux. Following the discussion, I presented the communion elements, and we all shared in a celebration of the Holy Supper.

I did not attend the healing service. Following the communion I went home and loaded my car. I took out the back seats so John and I could take turns sleeping during the trip. I took what was left of the communion elements from the morning service with me.

I arrived at John's house at 2:30 p.m. and we loaded his equipment. John played a short game of baseball with his elder son, Zachery, 8 years old. All his children bid their good-byes. Bev, John's wife, said her good-bye to John and then hugged me and gave me a kiss on the cheek. I promised to bring John home safe. I'm sure Bev felt we were going to encounter more than we were planning on finding. I remember John had a faraway look in his eye as we left.

It started to rain shortly after we left John's house, but it had cleared by the time we reached Indiana. We were not to see another cloud until we reached Wounded Knee. We passed the time talking about the Wounded Knee Massacre and other Indian lore, and singing along with our tapes, mostly the "Hippie" music of our youth. I played my James Taylor tapes several times the first day out. I felt young and free, like I

was 18. I was a "hippie" again and happy to be on the road. John talked about missing his family. This was to be a recurring theme during the quest, and each time we stopped, John would find a phone and try to call home. I guess I kind of envied him having that anchor, but I came to enjoy the reports he would make after calling home.

About sixty miles from the Pine Ridge Reservation, my car began to make a funny sound, and we pulled into a service station in White River, S.D. The attendant was polite and sympathetic, but said that he could not help us. He said that the best mechanic in the world lived in town, but we would have to hurry and try and catch him because he was going to be a pall bearer at a funeral that afternoon, and would probably be going home soon to change his clothes before the service. We rushed over to his shop, excited about meeting the best mechanic in the world, and wondering what he was doing in White River, S.D. The best mechanic in the world's name, by the way, is Elmer. He was a gentle man and diagnosed our problem after a short test drive. There was a leak in the right front axle boot of the car. The grease had leaked out and the bearings were wearing out. He refilled the boot with grease and he told us we would need a new axle boot. He did not have the part on hand. He charged us \$2 for his services and we were on our way again, determined to reach Wounded Knee no matter what. I noted that it was 102 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade when we left Elmer. We had lost about an hour from our schedule. Shortly after that, we were overtaken by the Convention caravan. The lost hour seemed important since it had helped us make our connection. We stopped and ate together, and then headed to Wounded Knee. John and I were in the lead followed by Muff and Donna in the Convention Van, and David Lederman and Sarah Dole bringing up the rear in Dave's Cadillac.

We reached Wounded Knee at

around 3:30 p.m.

Caring reader, this historic site is shamefully neglected. A 6' by 10' board, covered with graffiti and carvings, is the only marker at the bottom of the hill. The various sites of importance are not marked at all and are overgrown with weeds and grass. It is hardly a proper memorial to a people whose only crime was to attempt to practice their religion freely. Let me explain:

By the 1890s, the Native Americans knew that the only chance that they had of preserving their way of life was to turn to God, and when they did this, the phenomenon of the Ghost Dance was born. It began with the Paiute Nation. Christ came to them in the form of "Wovoka," and He taught them the Ghost Dance. This ritual spread to most of the other Indian Nations. There were many variations on the theme, but the basic tenets of the cult were that the Indians who danced the Ghost Dance would enter into a fellowship with their ancestors. On a judgment day that God would select, those who danced that Ghost Dance would be lifted up into the sky. God then would put new earth over the old earth, destroy all the other people on the planet, and live by the old customs.

This cult and the practice of Ghost Dancing made the white settlers and Army nervous, and they ordered all the Indians back to their reservations. Before this, they had been allowed to hunt, but not to live off of the reservation. A chief by the name of Big Foot, who was leading his people to the Black Hills, was overtaken by a Cavalry troop and brought to Wounded Knee where the Indians and soldiers camped that night.

The next day the Army decided to disarm the Indians by taking their hunting rifles. The Indians complied with this, except for Yellow Coyote who was deaf and did not understand what was happening. He refused to give up his rifle and began to yell at the soldiers. A bullet was discharged from his rifle, wounding a soldier.

***It was the
antler of a
deer sewn to
the hind foot
of a deer
wrapped in
leather in the
center with
fringe. After
dickering for
several
minutes, I
owned the
stick.***

The soldiers, already nervous, opened fire on the Indians with both rifles and artillery from a post on a hill overlooking the encampment. It was mid-winter and the bodies were left out overnight, and were later dumped unceremoniously into a mass grave on a hill next to the one from which the artillery fired.

John and I walked to the top of the hill and met an Indian and his son who were visiting Wounded Knee from Colorado. He pointed out to us some of the historically important locations. The rest we would determine from our own readings.

After spending the day without seeing one, we were now blanketed by clouds extending to the horizon in every direction. Lightning flashes and thunder crashes accompanied us as we explored the site, and a cold rain fell on us as we walked. A strong wind from the south was our constant companion.

John found an abandoned white clapboard church on a hill which we later determined to be the hill the artillery was fired from. When we entered, we found the pews turned over, the pulpit in the center of the sanctuary and Christmas decorations were strewn everywhere. I took one of the boards of the church that I found lying outside of the church. We walked down to the meadow below the hill and wandered toward the Wounded Knee Creek. In the lowest part of the meadow, I found some bones, either from a deer or a small elk. What was fascinating about these bones was that the spinal column was intact, half buried in the dirt. I took one of these vertebrae from the neck region. A hawk circled above us all the time we were there. We reenacted the fateful day, in our minds, which left us with an overwhelming feeling of sadness.

After about two hours we left the site and returned to the site where the Convention Caravan was still waiting for us. John and I were planning on camping at Wounded

Knee that night, so we said our good-byes. Muff pointed out a shack where an Indian lived whom she had spoken to while John and I were wandering over the massacre site. He had said we could camp by his shack if we wanted to that night. We went over to the shack and found nobody home, and decided to drive around the reservation while we waited for our benefactor to return. We got lost, and then the rains came in earnest. We were running low on gas and after finding a road sign and consulting our map, we headed north to Scenic, S.D. instead of back to Wounded Knee. We arrived there with less than an eighth of a tank of gas. We found no service station, but we saw the most remarkable thing. Two horses in a corral were rearing up on their hind legs. They looked for all the world as if they were dancing. It was a vision of a dancing horse that had given Crazy Horse his name. It sure makes you wonder.

We were travelling on an unpaved road which the rain had turned to mud. We went slowly, because if we lost the road, we would slide twenty feet down the ravine on either side of the road. We could see the wrecks of cars below us that had lost the road. We came to an area where there was no road, but a man was still working with his road grader. Everyone else from his crew had gone home. We saw other heavy road-making machines standing idle nearby. The man beckoned us to follow him and he made a road for us. We went through other small towns without finding a gas station and finally entered the town of Caputa just as the gas station was about to close for the evening. We filled up and then went into the trading post connected to the gas station. John began looking for souvenirs for his family, and I was just hanging around after buying a beaded hat. The manager of the trading post was quite a horse trader; John dickered on everything he bought. Finally the manager mentioned a Sioux Medicine Stick which I had not noticed. It was the

antler of a deer sewn to the hind foot of a deer wrapped in leather in the center, with fringe. After dickered for several minutes, I owned the stick.

When we left Caputa, we decided to head to Rapid City and see if we could find a garage where we could get the car serviced the next day. We camped at a KOA camp grounds that night.

In the morning I mentioned to John that I wanted to return to Wounded Knee. He said he had been thinking the same thing. We plotted a route that would avoid the mud road. After having my car fixed and running through a car wash, we were on our way about 12:30 p.m.

Our route took us through the Black Hills and once, when we stopped to attend to nature, an idea struck me. I borrowed John's hunting knife and collected some of the Black Hills' soil in a cup.

Around 7:30 p.m. when we reached Wounded Knee, we ritualistically spread the soil on the grave, and blessed the grave with the Sioux Medicine Stick I had bought the night before. We both felt like we had accomplished something important. The Black Hills were sacred to the Sioux religion. By adding this soil to the grave, we felt we had accomplished what we were called to do.

We had been met at Wounded Knee by the same grey clouds and wind, lightning and thunder which had greeted us the day before. The clouds had turned dark orange when we completed our service. As I hugged John, I heard him let out a shout. My first reaction was to think that I had grabbed his sunburn, but then he pointed southward and I saw a rainbow. John said there had been a lightning flash and a rainbow appeared afterwards. It was not a full rainbow, not the full arc, but more like just one leg of a rainbow. As we left, we followed the rainbow south, with the orange clouds above us and the rainbow before us. We thought our Vision Quest was over. When we reached

the Nebraska border, we left the clouds behind us and headed west for the Tetons. We stopped to eat at a little roadside diner and decided to drive straight through that night so we could spend more time in the Tetons. Around 9:00 p.m. a few miles west of Crawford, Nebraska, the transmission fluid boiled over and we had to stop. We had driven through South Dakota in above 100 degree weather, through the Black Hills in 90 degree weather and it had not been a problem. But for some reason, we were not going anywhere that night. We slept in the Crawford City Park like a couple of hobos. The clouds from Wounded Knee haunted my dreams that night as they would for many nights to come.

We had the car fixed and were on our way the next morning. Reaching the Tetons in the early afternoon, we fully intended to catch up with the Convention Caravan. But the nearness of the Grand Teton was too much to resist; we stopped. John went climbing, and I watched the mule deer playing in the stream. I returned to the car intending to listen to James Taylor one more time when I saw John walking across the field toward the car. John then told me that he had had a service upon the mountain and saluted the four directions in the Indian fashion. During his meditation a hawk had flown at him with its talons out, and had then flown away. John was extremely peaceful. I had found a bone in the woods, so I was sure we were still on the Vision Quest. The Lord still had more in store for us. We stopped at a lodge to have supper, and frankly, we relaxed too long listening to too many songs. We would not catch the Convention Caravan that night. We slept in the woods, got up early, and drove on to Yellowstone the next morning. When we caught up with the Convention Caravan, we borrowed their rooms and shaved and showered. We went with them to see Old Faithful erupt.

It was our stated intention to

stay with the Caravan from then on, but John went to get souvenirs for his kids at the gift shop (his family always being on his mind). I told Muff to go ahead and we would catch up later.

John and I chased the Caravan as far as the Gallatin River in Montana. Then we stopped to play in the river. We each sat on a rock in the river and fell into our own meditations. John, who had been greeted by the hawk at Wounded

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Knee and visited by the hawk in the Tetons, became the hawk in his meditation, flying over the valley, looking down upon himself and myself sitting on our rocks in the river. The hawk was becoming a very strong symbol for John and for our Quest.

Sitting on my rock watching the river, I was suddenly aware of someone else on my rock. I thought at first it was John, but when I turned to see, what I saw was a very familiar face, one I had seen every morning for the first 18 years of my life. You see, a picture of Jesus Christ hung on my bedroom wall until I went away to college. His face was clear only for a second, and from then on the image was vague. He motioned for me to move to the other end of the rock where there was a low spot. It looked almost like a carved seat in the stone. I sat there and he washed my feet in the water. He then said to me, "Add yours to mine, and then take from me." He pointed to a rock ten feet down stream from me and was then

gone. I walked to the rock and wedged between it and the river bank was a bone. I walked to the car and got the water jug out of the cooler. I took it to the river and emptied it out, and refilled it. I felt I had added mine to His and then taken from Him.

We had no chance of catching the Caravan that night. We camped at a National Forest Camp in western Montana that night. After pitching our tents and making our fire, John began to play his Aztec drum and I joined him on my recorder. After a few minutes we were joined by a young man from the next camp. The three of us played for awhile and then we talked. We told him we were on our way to the University of Puget Sound (UPS) for a church convention. He told us he was going there to school next year. He also told us his name was Noah.

The next morning when we got up and broke camp, I started looking around. John asked me what I was looking for and I told him I was looking for bones. He then showed me where he had thrown one the night before, because it was sitting right where he had wanted to pitch his tent.

We drove straight through to UPS, did our laundry there and relaxed. We told our story over the next few days to many people. We got the standard response: some people got into it, others thought we were crazy, and some acted as if they had not heard us.

One of the people who really took an interest in our Vision Quest was a class-mate of John's at Urbana University and of mine at Swedenborg School of Religion, Rev. Sue Turley-Moore. John and I had talked about being rebaptized at some point, using the water I had collected at the Gallatin River. We decided that we wanted Sue to administer the Sacrament. Sue readily agreed. We decided that it would be best if the service was held outside, and we finally decided to drive out to Mt. Rainier for the service.

Donna Sloan, who had been

interested in our Quest, and who as a member of the Convention Caravan, had been with us on our first visit to Wounded Knee, was invited along to witness the service. As we drove to the mountain, Sue and Donna also decided to be rebaptized.

We searched a few hours to find the proper place for the service. Sue was attracted to one place where she found a walking stick and a downed tree which made a rough cross. She said the tree made her think of her father. For her it was an affirmation that the issues between father and daughter had been resolved, crucified, purified, resurrected and released to the healing powers of the Divine. In this way she experienced a new level of peace with her past, a happier relationship with her father and thus a freedom to embrace renewal. She took the walking stick and a piece of the tree, and we left for the car. This was not the place for the service, but it had been a necessary stop on our journey. A little later on we came to a water fall and stopped. We all went our separate ways and when we returned to the car Sue said a spirit had run past her in the woods giggling and startling her at first, then allowing her to laugh at herself. It freed her to play with life's lighter side. I thought suddenly about my vision of bones and the skeleton with the clown's face. I felt we were still on the Quest, but approaching the end.

Donna began collecting wild flowers; Mt. Rainier was really in full bloom that day.

We went above the snow line in our search for the site for the rebaptisms. We had a snowball fight which relieved some of our tensions and then continued on. We finally found our site on the far side of the mountain. There were two downed trees that could serve as pews and a small creek that ran between them.

Donna read a meditation, Sue read from the Bible. The female presence was in control. I

remembered Linda's help on the sweat lodge the week before. A missing element was not present. I felt someone was watching us, and I kept looking around but not seeing anyone. Finally, when I turned around, I saw a faint image of a funny little character behind me. It was the skeleton man from my vision. I told Sue I thought we needed to move the service to where he was calling from.

We moved 10 feet east and Sue baptized John as Mountain Hawk, Donna as Morning Bird, and me as Grey Cloud, and then I baptized her as Lane Deer, Seeker of Visions. We returned to our log pews, and Sue prepared the Communion elements I had brought from Urbana. She blessed and broke the bread and passed it around our small circle. She then began to cry, and said, "You should be careful what you pray for. Jesus and some Indian are very happy right now."

John then followed a compelling urge and went up higher on the mountain, where he sat on a rock and had a private service. Sue had mentioned feeling a presence higher on the mountain. This presence called to John for communion. John said he felt overawed at that time. He reported no great vision, "only" a sense of peace and contentment.

I gave Sue my Sioux Medicine Stick at that time (she used it in a successful healing service later that week). She was Lane Deer, and it seemed appropriate. I gave Donna the board I had taken from the church at Wounded Knee. She stated in her plan of ministry a desire to found a church, and I thought it would help her. When John returned from the journey up the mountain, I gave him the elk vertebrae I collected at Wounded Knee to help with his back problem.

As we drove back to the convention we chanted, and it was a wonderful blending of Indian, Eastern, Western, male, and female sounds. When we finished, I asked Sue what she had seen during the

Communion. She said she had seen Christ and an Indian become brothers. They had smoked a peace pipe and spent a long time sharing each other's stories, crying and laughing together, empathizing and healing each other. Wovoka? Both had been overcome with joy at finding a true brother, one who intuitively understood the other. Both were explaining to the other the symbolic meaning of their traditions and rituals as our service was going on. Jesus was crying tears of joy that "on earth as it is in heaven" was actually happening, for as the two of them were communing so the four of us were reflecting a blending of traditions and rituals. Swedenborg's prophecy manifesting itself once again anew? I do not know, but this vision was the one John and I had been seeking. I knew we had completed our Quest, except to report it to you, gentle reader.

There is an ancient Hopi prophecy that confirms the uniting of the Indian way and the western way which states, "When the children of the white man grow their hair long, and wear beads and headbands, then shall the first non-Indian friends come." John, Sue, and I are from the hippie generation which came of age in the sixties.

One final postscript: When I returned to Urbana, one of the students I had been working with came and told me he had started free-basing cocaine. After talking with him for a while, I anointed him with the Gallatin River water. He told me the next day he had quit his job, where his cocaine connection was and was entering a drug rehabilitation program.

It sure makes you wonder . . . ■

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The Lord's Appearances After His Resurrection

William H. Beales

A Study of the records of the appearances of the Lord after His Resurrection, made in the light of the teachings of the New Church, holds out some exceedingly interesting possibilities. The writer ventures to suggest a few thoughts which may be of value in such a study.

Students of the Bible find ten different recorded instances of such appearances, of which eight are found in the Gospels, one in the Acts of the Apostles, and one in Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians. As these latter are not among the inspired books of the Word, they may be eliminated in such a study. Then, of the records found in the Gospels, one, that in *Luke xxiv.*, is merely a statement that certain of the disciples declared that the Lord had appeared to Simon, but no details are given as to time or circumstances. We have, therefore, seven different appearances for which there is the direct and detailed assertion of one or other of the Evangelists, as a basis of study.

Gathered together from the four Gospels, and carefully compared, we find that the chronological order of the appearances seems to have been as follows: First, the appearance to Mary Magdalene and the other women, at the sepulchre. Matthew differs with John here, stating that the women saw only "an angel" at the tomb, and that the women were met by the Lord as they were hurrying to the disciples. This is taken as a second appearance. The third was that granted to the two disciples on the way to Emmaus. Then there was the appearance in the room where the disciples were gathered, when Thomas was not present, which was followed by still another, a week later, under similar conditions, with, however, Thomas then being with the others. The sixth appearance was at the Sea of Galilee, and the seventh was on a mountain somewhere in Galilee, when it is believed that some five hundred were present, as well as the disciples.

While it is interesting and of some value, from the literal standpoint, to thus draw from all of the Gospels in order to attempt to form a complete picture of the Lord's appearances, it seems to the writer to be an unwise procedure when we seek to understand the spiritual significance of those appearances. Each Gospel is complete in itself, although part of the Word as a whole, just as each of the three heavens is complete in itself, although appearing before the Lord as a whole. To lift out one incident from *Matthew* and set it beside another from *John* is to break the spiritual order and continuity. Each Gospel presents the coming of the Lord and, at the close, the glorification of the Lord, as experienced and understood by a certain type of mind, and in the opinion of the writer it is a mistake to attempt to combine these four records, in seeking to learn the spiritual significance of any or all of them. Comparisons are, of course, helpful, but should be kept as such.

II.

The Gospel according to John contains perhaps the most beautiful and satisfying account of the appearances of the Lord after His resurrection. John's gospel is the gospel of love. It tells of the "coming" of the Lord to His "love-people," the "celestial." We are told that influx from the Lord flows directly into the *will* of the celestial angels, and from thence downward into the understanding, and then into the life. This is the right "order" of the celestial minded. In the light of this truth, how beautiful is the record of the Lord's appearance as told by John.

We see, in thought, Mary Magdalene, hurrying to the sepulchre, even while it was yet night. From her, we are told, the Lord had cast out seven devils. This does not mean that she had been exceptionally evil; rather, does it indicate the completeness of the Lord's saving grace in her life, for "seven" signifies what is holy. A heart greatly purified of evil—

clinging sorrowfully and tenderly to the memory of the Lord Who, in the bitterness of temptation, seemed to have been lost forever—going to the tomb “early, while it was yet dark” (before the light had dawned to enlighten the understanding). Yes, it was love which found the first indications of the Resurrection—the stone rolled from the entrance of the tomb. And love hastened to carry the message to the understanding—Mary ran in haste to Simon Peter, to tell what she had found. So influx from the Lord enters the will, and descends to the understanding with the love-people.

And Mary was the first actually to see the Lord, as John tells us of those days. She does not recognize Him at first, “believing him to be the gardener”—He Who cared for the plants and the shrubs. These, we know, correspond to the things of the intellect. Now, it is a law of the spiritual that outward conditions correspond, in the smallest detail, to the inner state. This law seems to have been operative in respect to these appearances of the Lord. When, therefore, we are told that Mary turned and, seeing the Lord, believed Him to be the gardener, we understand this to mean that she was in a state in which she was ready and willing to be taught—enlightened—guided by the Lord. She “turned” yet again, indicating a still nearer approach to the Lord and His influence, and then it was that she recognized Him, then it was that she cried from her heart: “Rabboni—My Master!” She saw Him as the Divine Truth Itself, which state He had then reached in His glorification.

III.

The second appearance recorded by John was that which took place in the room where the disciples were assembled. Here the Lord suddenly appeared in their midst, with His greeting, “Peace be unto you,” and at once He showed them His hands and His feet, upon which they saw the marks of the nails. The question of the nature of

the Lord’s body is too great to enter into at this time. This we know, however: the disciples had seen the Lord crucified; they had seen the nails enter the flesh. The Lord’s appearance at this time seems to have been for the purpose of convincing them that it was indeed *He*. Therefore, He accommodated His appearance to their states, and gave them the strongest proof they could receive—the signs upon His body.

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This appearance was in a room, the doors of which were fast closed. Now, a room signifies the mind. So we see in this appearance the Lord presenting Himself, in His glorification, to the understanding, as previously He had presented Himself to the will. Here are gathered all the faculties, represented by the disciples, with the mind fast closed against external evil influences.

Here, then, is the third appearance, and the trine is complete: celestial, spiritual and natural; the Lord entering into our hearts, our understandings and our lives. John emphasizes the completeness of these appearances when he declares, as indicated above, that this was the “third time” the Lord appeared to His disciples. Three stands for completeness of state—the complete resurrection of the Lord—the complete coming of the Lord to us in His glorified Human. The thought is emphasized by the last appearance being in Galilee, for Galilee signifies the realm of active living.

John appears to have coupled this and the next appearance as two aspects of one single appearance, for when we come to the appearance at the sea of Galilee, he states, “This is now the third time that Jesus showed himself to his disciples.” In a sense, *this seems* to be true. At the first appearance in the closed room, one of the disciples, Thomas, was not present. The second appearance in this room was a week later—indicating a new and advanced state of spiritual progress. Thomas was present on that occasion, and was convinced that the Lord had indeed risen. Thomas, like all the disciples, stands for a human faculty. He would seem to be a more external kind of faith than that represented by Peter—a kind of faith which depends for conviction more upon sense-impressions. Thomas must first thrust his hand into the wound in the Lord’s side before he could fully believe.

So we have the second appearance teaching us how the Lord appears to the intellect of understanding, in His glorious resurrection. Then we pass to the third appearance, that by the sea of Galilee.

IV.

The disciples are fishing. They have toiled all night but have caught nothing. Now, suddenly, there comes the voice of the Lord from the shore, and, looking, they see the form they loved so well. In reply to a question, they tell of their empty nets, and the word comes: “Cast on the right side of the ship.” They do, and the catch is abundant. Hurrying to the shore, they draw near to the Lord, and He gives them of bread and fish to eat. Then He delivers to Peter that marvelous message, urging him to be very zealous in the care of His “lambs and sheep.”

Now, spiritually, to fish, is to lift men up from the plane of natural thinking and living, into the higher realm of spiritual thought and life. It was in that sense that the Lord promised to make of His fisher-disciples “fishers of men.” In

this picture, then, we have presented, *in correspondence*, the disciples going forward with their true mission—the natural fishing representing the spiritual. But they had caught nothing. They were alone—the Lord was not present with them. Then He came, and at His command they fished from the *right* side of the vessel. The right is the symbol of the affections, the will, the love. It is when the disciple has the Lord with him, and does his spiritual “fishing” from the motive of love—the love of lifting men upward into spiritual thought and life, that his fishing is successful. And to support him in the work, the Lord gives to him of His goodness and truth—the bread and fish, prepared by His love—the fire.

Space does not permit any attempt to unfold the beauty of the appearances as recorded by the other evangelists. They all have their own peculiar and particular significance. The one angel sitting within the sepulchre, as recorded by Mark; the angel seated on the stone at the entrance, as recorded by Matthew; the two men “in shining garments” suddenly appearing beside the disciples when they entered the sepulchre, as told by Luke, or the two angels, seated, the one at the head and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain, as recorded by John—each has its own spiritual story to tell, for each pictures the awakening of different types of mind to the glory of the Resurrection. So with all the other details found in these divine records. It is a wonderful study, and well worth our closest thought. ■

The Rev. William Beales was for many years the pastor of the Church of the Holy City in Detroit. This piece originally appeared in The Messenger for the Easter issue in 1934.

Why I Am A Swedenborgian

Vonda Ens Krahn

Our ancestors are from Holland; our grandparents lived in Southern Russia and my parents grew up and received their elementary and secondary educations there. My Dad, Gerhard Ens, son of Cornelius and Barbara Ens, married my mother, Anna Dyck on October 16, 1883 in Neudorf, Russia. They left Russia with three small children—Katherine, Marie and Cornelius; and Annie was born on the ship. They arrived in Rosthern in 1892 in this barren country and stocked up Buffalo bones. I was born in 1907 and on November 22, 1909 I was baptized into the General Convention officiated by Pastor Jacob Schroder at Rosthern.

My parents having left the Mennonite faith and church, providence guided their interest and desire to become familiar with the doctrines of Emanuel Swedenborg's writings and created a new interest which they diligently took part in. When I grew up my place was with my family attending worship services on Sunday. In winter going by bob-sleigh.

To my knowledge, conventions and picnics were the highlights of the summer months. On July 18, 1921 General Convention was held at Rosthern New Church: a group of teenagers got confirmed by Pastor John E. Zacharias including my sister Ella Wiebe, Tina Bergen (Henschel), Kay Klassen (Berg), Alma Klassen (Sonmor), Herman Friesen and myself. Often on occasions like this my sister Pauline Ens (Bobbeth) favored the congregation with a song in the deaf sign language. The visiting Minister, Rev. Landenberger

from St. Louis on that morning being a guest at my parents' home; Ella and I set out that sunny morning to pick a bowl of fresh wild strawberries for his breakfast. Weeks later we received a postcard from him with thanks and on it was shown the interior of the New Jerusalem Church at Boston. His thoughtfulness meant the world to us, and the card is still in my album.

Once my parents and their friend Mr. A. Friesen took us to Herbert for Convention. We started 75 out early by car. There were no highways then and we got there by evening. My memory takes me to the various Zacharias families and my friend Justine Zacharias Light. Little did we know that we would be bonded in friendship in the Robin group that women from three Provinces use to communicate with each other.

When my Dad was Lay Minister we had a fairly large group for services from town and surrounding districts. We had to take turns reading a verse of scripture in the German language. Believe you me, it was difficult as we never had schooling in German.

On July 17, 1927, we, David Krahn and Vonda Ens, were married at Rosthern Church of the New Jerusalem. I felt highly honored when my brother, Rev. Isaac G. Ens officiated at our wedding.

I would like to say in closing how much we appreciate seeing our retired minister Rev. Henry Reddekopp and his wife Susanna at various church functions. Quite a number of his flock have gathered spiritual guidance and inspiration through his many services and leadership. ■

This is another in a series currently being published in the monthly newsletter for the Western Canada Conference of Swedenborgian Churches. If you would like to tell your story, send it to: The Messenger, 2107 Lyon Street., San Francisco, CA 94115

76 ***He described
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Thomas Lake Harris: Eccentric Swedenborgian Visionary

Gaye LeBaron

(Sonoma County has long been a fertile ground for those seeking to generate a new way of living, modeled either on a philosophical system or following the lead of a visionary. "Fountaingrove" was a community inspired by both a charismatic figure and a philosophical system. Thomas Lake Harris was a one-time Swedenborgian minister, who gained much fame for his writings. The poet Edwin Markham, for instance, was virtually a devotee of Harris. His Swedenborgian roots are obvious in some of his works. One tome he titled Arcana of Christianity: An Unfolding of the Celestial Sense of the Divine Word. Sound familiar? Harris' life had many chapters, and one of its more interesting ones was his attempt at Utopian Community building in Sonoma County north of San Francisco about sixty miles. Gaye LeBaron is a columnist for the Santa Rosa Press Democrat.—Editor)

There was no welcoming committee, no fanfare, no brass band as the regular northbound run of the San Francisco and North Pacific Railway steamed into the Santa Rosa station that February day in 1875. Only a few curious stares greeted the small party detraining, dusty and weary from a transcontinental journey. There were five in all,

among them two men destined to become important figures in the history of Sonoma County.

One man, erect, grey-bearded and commanding of presence, was obviously the leader of the little "family." He had come to continue his modest life's mission as a seeker after truth and a saviour to mankind. The other, a young and handsome Japanese, had come to plant grapevines. These two, together and separately, would build a place they would call Fountaingrove into a profitable ranch, a thriving vineyard, an award-winning winery and a hillside heaven on earth for those seeking refuge from the storms of life.

The older man was Thomas Lake Harris, the 52-year-old head of the Brotherhood of the New Life. He described himself as a theo-socialist. Others described him, variously, as a charlatan, a messiah, a fraud and the living link between God and man. He was the Father of Fountaingrove which is more than a writer's idle catchword; his disciples called him Father Faithful and listened for the word as it issued from his lips. His poetry, scores of volumes of high-flown imagery and fanciful phraseology, was dictated to him by the angels in the Celestial Sphere who had chosen him as an intermediary. His prose tracts, designed to save the world from an amalgamation of evils (many of them still abundant), caught the eye of Edwin Markham and other prominent socialists of the time. Harris was not a man to be taken lightly and his new Home Centre would be a place befitting a man of his stature.

The younger man was Kanaye Nagasawa, 22 years old, diligent, earnest and intelligent. He had come as the Father's favored disciple and right-hand-man, to take dictation, do many of the household chores and plant the grapevines that would make great wine. He came also, unknowingly, to become the master of Fountaingrove and a legend in his own time.

Harris and his party took lodging at the Grand Hotel in downtown Santa Rosa and closed the transaction for a fertile tract of land, 400 acres of oak-studded hillside north of town. Five months after their arrival, the quintet was living in rough shacks and tents Nagasawa erected on the site, and construction of the main house had begun. By November, the Home Centre was ready for more of the faithful and a group was called West from Harris's colony in New York.

The residents called it the Eden of the West and it was indeed nearly a paradise. The grounds were planted with exotic shrubs and trees which flourished on the slope that a Harris disciple wrote was christened "Fountaingrove, because high among the hills was an abundant spring of flowing water." A topographical quirk of nature had fashioned a thermal belt that runs even now across the area, a beneficence Harris certainly must have taken as a personal gift from his personal angels and one enabling the brethren to grow



oranges and grapefruit and avocados in addition to the fruit and flowers common to northern California.

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A project with the scope of Harris' new heaven on earth could not go unnoticed long by the community. The local newspaper took careful notice of the large-scale estate although the editor mistook Harris' motives, calling him a rich Englishman only wishing to accommodate his wealthy Eastern friends in the pleasant climate of Sonoma County. Harris, for his part, merely acknowledged the written and verbal accounts of his hillside splendors with a nod and an enigmatic smile, making no attempt to correct any misapprehensions about his mission.

Even when the house was finished, Harris' socio-religious intentions were unknown locally and his image as wealthy lord of the manor was successfully projected to townspeople watching in awe as he followed his celestial instructions by building two more structures at Fountaingrove. The Cottage, or Familistery, a commodious two-story house with two fireplaces, was designed for the women of the colony. It was surrounded by an English garden—and a high hedge. The Commandery, also two stories, was built to accommodate 100 men. Constructed entirely of redwood, it commanded a fine view of the town from a knoll overlooking the valley until destroyed by fire.

Those Santa Rosans fortunate enough to tour the manor house discovered that the imposing Georgian-style structure Harris named Aestivossa consisted of a magnificent wood-paneled entry hall highlighted by a carved staircase said to contain 83 original architectural concepts, and a series of four parlor-studies, each with a fireplace, ending with a high ceilinged large dining room, a crystal chandelier and a special spring floor, for this doubled as the grand ballroom. The furnishings, including European and Oriental art treasures and a library

estimated to included 10,000 books, were equal to and surpassing the structural splendor.

Thomas Lake Harris, having advanced from Father and Pivot to Primate and King, all self-imposed titles, was living like a king indeed at Fountaingrove. But it was only a means to an end. The entire Fountaingrove complex, according to its initiator, was designed to be taken directly to the Celestial Sphere when the millenium, or

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new age, long promised by the tenets of the Brotherhood, arrived.

How did Thomas Lake Harris, sitting in his study surrounded by his wealth, his 10,000 books and his gaggle of worshipful followers, attain this enviable position? And where did his money, so tastefully spent, come from? To tell a long and complex story briefly, it must be noted there was little that was celestial in his beginnings. Born in England, he came to the United States at five and learned his sums

in his father's grocery store in Utica, New York. His mother died when he was nine and childhood accounts read like a classic story of a spiritual, sensitive poetic child with an unsympathetic merchant for a father and, of course, the inevitable cruel stepmother who sneered at the memory of his beloved mother.

He turned to the ministry and was studying for a Baptist ordination when the Universalist minister in Utica took him under his wing and converted Harris. He wrote poetry or flowery sermons, found a pastorate in the Mohawk Valley, fell in love and married. He moved to New York City where his pretty young wife died in childbirth. The emotional impact of losing both women he loved tipped him into the waiting hands of a band of New York spiritualists, including Andrew Jackson Davis, who advertised himself as a "medical clairvoyant."

Harris left the Universalists, involving himself with a band of pilgrims at a colony in Virginia called Mountain Cove. When it dissolved into a simple financial disaster, Harris plunged into the works of Emanuel Swedenborg, the Swedish mystic. In 1885 he married a second time to a highly eccentric woman named Emily. She later became hopelessly insane. He founded the Church of the Good Shepherd in New York City for spiritually-inclined Swedenborgians and preached to such worthies as the noted editor, Horace Greeley. The British branch of the Swedenborgians sent for him, seeking a new prophet, but found him too mystical for their prosaic tastes, and he, in turn, became totally disenchanted with organized religion.

The trip was not a personal failure, however, for Harris discovered two things in England important to his development. One was that a spirit of social justice was awakening in England's industrial society. The other discovery was a gifted and urbane young member of Parliament and

his titled mother, both of whom, like Harris, were seekers after truth. But they, Laurence and Lady Maria Oliphant, had the one commodity Thomas Lake Harris did not possess that seemed to make truth come easier. That, of course, was money.

Harris came back to the United States as founder and spiritual leader of a society of Englishmen and Scots called the Brotherhood of the New Life. He was spiritual father of enough souls—with enough combined capital—to establish his first colony at Waissaic, Dutchess County, in northwestern New York.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the world, the second master of Fountaingrove was about to embark on a strange odyssey that would lead him to Thomas Lake Harris and ultimately to Santa Rosa. Hikosuke Isonaga was 12 when chosen as youngest of 20 students to be sent to Europe by the ruler of the Satsuma clan to learn Western Cultural ways in preparation for when Japan would emerge as a world power. An extremely bright child, born to the Samurai class, his family considered his chance to study abroad a great honor. It was also a great risk as western influences were banned in pre-Meiji Japan and the group had to depart in secrecy and under assumed names. Hikosuke Isonaga became Kanaye Nagasawa.

In Europe, the students were met by sympathetic westerners, including Laurence Oliphant, a member of Lord Elgin's expedition to the Orient some years earlier. Kanaye was sent to Scotland to study and when Thomas Lake Harris took a second trip abroad to cement his relationship with his British followers, particularly the rich Oliphant, he met Kanaye in Glasgow at Oliphant's bidding. When Harris returned to the U.S., Nagasawa was with him.

The small experiment at Waissaic, N.Y., with the symbolic 12 disciples was most successful, both as a Utopia and a business venture.

The sawmill, the store and the bank all showed profits. With the help of Oliphant and the most important of his original 12, Jane Lee Waring, who put her considerable family fortune at his disposal, Harris bought land on the shores of Lake Erie, 27 farms in all, and established the Brocton colony. One of his luckier conquests in the field of soul-saving was Dr. John S. Hyde, a skilled and greatly-experienced winemaker from

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Missouri. He taught Kanaye his trade and they planted vines at Brocton.

Thomas Lake Harris, as his financial successes grew, also increased in spiritual stature. He was still producing volumes of apocalyptic poetry and refining the basic tenets for his followers. Some of these bear brief explanation. Others are inexplicable out of the realm of comparative religion.

1.

The concept of God as dual. Jesus was not Jesus but Jesus-Yessa.

2.

Likewise, all men had feminine counterparts. Most were not allowed to discover their counterpart until they attained the Celestial Sphere. Harris, having reached the pinnacle, was wedded there to his counterpart, Queen Lily of the Conjugal Angels. Harrisites were instructed to disdain earthly marriage, remain celibate and wait until their counterpart was revealed to them.

3.

The Celestial Sphere could be attained only through the gift of Divine Breath or Internal Respirationism, a type of controlled breathing reminiscent of Yoga, taught by Harris. Properly done, internal respiration could produce a trancelike state that was considered oneness with God.

A fourth tenet was immortality. Not only was Harris immortal but he promised eternal life to all followers and when a death did occur it was explained as a removal to another sphere. But immortal or not, Harris was growing older and the harshness of the Lake Erie winters was taking its toll on his health. The trans-continental railway (on which Harris had gambled an investment and won) was completed and the advertisements of fertile land—particularly vineyard land—in northern California were filtering east. He wrote that the Lily Queen instructed him to move on. And after eight prosperous years at Brocton, with sound investments and devoted followers, behind him, Thomas Lake Harris came west.

In Santa Rosa, Harris seems to advance in aspect as well as age. The Primate of Fountaingrove was not as humble a man as Father Faithful of Brocton had been. He was doing much less suffering at Fountaingrove. At Brocton he spent much time in deep trancelike states wrestling with evil forces for the souls of his faithful. The emphasis at the Santa Rosa colony was more on writing and scholarly work, and less on spiritual combat. Perhaps the careful selection of those who surrounded him, for many, including the Oliphants, had been left at Brocton, accounted for the relaxed atmosphere.

Call her mother nature or the Lily Queen, the elements did smile on Father Harris and his family at Fountaingrove. Their agricultural endeavors were, from the outset, successful. The more important one, of course, was viticulture. But it was several years before the vines matured to begin winemaking

and the Brotherhood found temporary means of support.

By 1879 the land was cleared and Nagasawa with Hyde's supervision and Chinese labor help, laid out fields of stronger, more resistant grape vines—cabernet, riesling and zinfandel, all hardy enough to resist phylloxera, the vine-destroying insect that took such a toll of earlier California grapes. The first winery went up in 1882 with Dr. Hyde in command and Nagasawa learning. By 1888 the Fountain Grove label was well-established with prospering eastern outlets run by members of the Brotherhood. That year the winery produced more than 200,000 gallons.

But Harris was still a theologian at heart and the second most profitable industry at Fountain-grove was the conversion of wealthy seekers. Father Faithful was always on the lookout for world weary pilgrims with capital to invest. But alas for the Eden of the West, not all who came were sincere.

In 1891, there came to Santa Rosa a woman with the improbable name of Alzire Chevaillier. She left Boston, ostensibly to learn the secret of internal respiration from Harris. She listed her credentials as a woman suffragist, sociologist, spiritual scientist, philanthropist, nationalist, magazine writer and reformer. She came in June, with much luggage and her mother as chaperone, and was sent to live at Linn Lilla, Harris' mountain hide-away at the end of Los Alamos road. In December she left Santa Rosa in high dudgeon to write a series of articles for the *San Francisco Chronicle*, exposing Thomas Lake Harris as a hypnotic monster and demanding prosecution.

"He is the greatest imposter of the age," she wrote, "I shall use every endeavor to expose him and break up his community. I will curb his power if I have to take the matter to the president."

Up to this point, Thomas Lake

Harris' 30-year Utopian career had been marked by exceptionally good public relations. He had, in remarkably untroubled fashion, weathered a schism with Laurence Oliphant, a lawsuit over the Oliphant fortune and the Brocton lands, and the publication of a book vilifying him in the matter. Perhaps it was declining years, perhaps the tenacity of Miss Chevaillier's attack that made Harris react so violently to this last critic. Whatever the

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The Chevaillier articles charging Harris with vague-sounding perversions and describing in detail his trances, dwelt at length on the relationship between Harris and his devoted follower, Jane Lee Waring. Harris' wife, the poor demented Emily, had died in 1883, literally locked away from the world. Jane Waring long had been his hostess, household adviser, business consultant and traveling companion. Miss Chevaillier saw her as much more, although in her Victorian style she did not say exactly what. Her articles did reveal, however, for all the world to see, the strangest of the Harris doctrines, the Divine Counterparts, which, run through the pen of Miss Chevaillier, sounded sinister indeed. Bay Area clergymen, newspaper columnists and magazine editors rallied to her support and her fury mounted.

"I think," she wrote, "that my experience will help others. I am satisfied that ninety-nine of every

hundred girls who might be drawn under the spell of this . . . unscrupulous hypnotizer and mesmerist could by no means on earth escape from his power and they would be dragged down to ruin. Had not my dear mother been with me to sustain me during those awful times of trial, I know not what would have become of me, but this support, coupled with a will that is stronger than that of most girls, has been my salvation . . . The lion's den is still open and into it may be thrust many other women. I want to close the door and make the beast rave in his impotent wrath that there are no more victims for him to seize upon. . . ."

Through it all, Harris was silent. Once in letters to friends, he did make reference to Alzire as a "traveling whore" and suggested that she was actually a woman spurned—by him.

The businessmen of Santa Rosa, many of them Masonic Lodge brothers of Harris, signed a petition of support and the Santa Rosa physician who attended Fountaingrove protested Harris' innocence, suggesting a grand jury investigation to vindicate him. The controversy raged more than a month. What happened then, happened quickly. On Feb. 20, 1892, about 17 years after Harris arrived in Santa Rosa, Alzire Chevaillier lectured to what the *Santa Rosa Republican* called a "small but appreciative audience" at the Atheneum theater. One week later Thomas Harris and Jane Lee Waring were married by the local Episcopal minister and left immediately for New York. Harris never returned to Fountaingrove. ■

Annual Almont Winter Retreat Searches "Meaning of Life in Four Days"

Stephen J. Pulis

Over 60 teens from all over the United States and Canada gathered during the Christmas/New Year's holiday season for four days of fun, friendship and some more serious questioning of life's values and meanings at Almont's annual Winter Retreat. This year's theme, "the meaning of life in four days," was selected by the Almont Survivors during their summer camp session, and staff members Ron Brugler, Rev. Steve Pulis, Rev. Carl Yenetchi, Dave Lederman, S.S.R. student Karen Duffey, Kim Kearns, Rev. Bob Tafel and Gretchen Tafel were put to task to look at the question from several different angles. Sessions included looking at meaning from society, family, friendships, religion and significant others.

Dave Lederman and Karen Duffey used a carnation as a symbol of friendship and asked the kids to pass it to someone they didn't know very well as they defined what friendship meant to them. And Steve Pulis was visited by the "Great Swamis" of the north, south, east and west during his session to help him define the "true" meaning of life. Carl Yenetchi looked at the different kinds of families we can be part of while Ron Brugler questioned the values society often gives us. Kim Kearns asked how we can help each other when friends lose meaning to life, and Bob and Gretchen Tafel looked at how religion gives us meaning to our choices.

The retreat, however, was not all seriousness and contemplation as retreaters also enjoyed games

(this year's favorite—"What's the name of the game?" "Eggbert!"), music, just hanging out together and plenty of snacks and good food plus a movie or two.

The final session of the retreat, participants were asked to give their comments and suggestions for the next year. Some of their responses included:

► "This retreat was very fun. We had just the right amount of free-time and the sessions were inter-



Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, and Ontario kids gather for a smile.

esting. Especially the last few ones about friendships, etc., where we really opened up. The rules were fine—not too strict or too lenient."

► "More men."

► "Get some pop with brand names!"

► The winter retreat was very good. Thank you for your time."

► I liked the rap session and I think we should have more of those."

► The best retreat yet! Some beautiful things happened to and between people."

► "I enjoyed everything and learned a lot more about myself and others. Also, the sessions seemed to drag on and on . . ."

► "I thought this was the best retreat ever. Everyone was warm and loving."

► "How about more road trips?"

► "More snow!"

► "I'm not sure if I know the meaning of life still, but I can

assure you that I've gained new insights on goals and accomplishments to live for."

As the group closed for a final goodbye, arms around each other in a giant circle, a poem was read which was written by one of the teens during the retreat:

*Don't give up in your time of despair,
Believe in your shadow, for it is there,
Even when the light begins to fade,
And the darkness around you is made,
When the smiling sky seems grey,*



Ananda and "Stymie" at the dance.

*And tomorrow seems like an ordinary day,
Believe in yourself and your friends,
For they will be with you to the very end,
Stay with me my friend in this thought,
Either can't be exchanged or bought.
And perhaps in the making and maintaining of our friendships at the winter retreat is indeed where we can find the most meaning to life . . . "in four days." ■*

The Rev. Stephen J. Pulis is minister at the Church of the Holy City, Detroit.

The Upper Room He Is Risen

Leon C. LeVan

82 On several occasions after his resurrection the Lord instructed the disciples to meet Him in Galilee. The angel who rolled away the stone from the door of the sepulchre said to the woman: "Go quickly and tell His disciples that He is risen from the dead, and behold He goeth before you into Galilee." Jesus Himself said to the woman: "Be not afraid; go tell my brethren that they go into Galilee. There shall they see Me."

"Galilee" in the divine language of scripture represents the outmost or natural degree of human life, just as the province of Galilee was the outmost region of the Holy Land. "Judea" represents the celestial degree of life, "Samaria" the spiritual, "Galilee" the natural. So Jesus must have been saying in effect: "I will be with people even in their natural life. I will be with them in Galilee."

But now a further fact must be recalled—namely, that the Infinite God of Heaven and earth cannot be seen or approached by angels or humans as He is in His inmost divinity. "No man can see God and live." "No man cometh to the Father but by Me!" The "Father" is the Lord's inmost Divinity, His inmost Soul. That inmost Divinity in the Lord cannot be approached by finite angels or humans. So we must find Him and see Him in His Divine Natural degree, which is called His Divine Human. The Lord in His Divine Human can reach us even in our natural lives. He can "meet us in Galilee."

When the Lord made His

Human to be Divine, He glorified it even to the outmost materials of His human body. By so doing He made Himself "God with us."

In a purely earthly body the Lord would now be more than nineteen hundred years removed from us in time, and thousands of miles removed from us in space. But in His glorified Human He is with us in our daily lives today—in our very thoughts and affections, and in our actions. No mere human being (or angel) can be so real, so close, so precious as the Lord in His glorified Human. Thus does the Lord meet us on a natural plane. Thus does He present Himself to us in our human terms. We see Him in "Galilee."

In the incomparable volume by Emanuel Swedenborg entitled *The True Christian Religion*, it is pointed out that in Christian lands no one can henceforth be received into Heaven (into the True Christian Heaven) who does not acknowledge the Lord in his Human. We must worship the Visible God. We must recognize the Lord Jesus Christ as God. We must know that in His glorified or Divine Human, the Lord Jesus Christ is the One and Only God of Heaven and earth.

Christians cannot get a true idea of the sole Deity of the Lord Jesus Christ as long as they continue in the conception that God exists in Three Persons. Such a conception materializes the mind. It impairs rationality. It puts Christ in a subordinate position. It tends to the opinion that although the Lord Jesus Christ is deserving of worship, it is actually God the "Father" who is in the highest place.

We must remember: "The Word became flesh and dwelt among us."

There is no other God or Person in God except the Lord alone.

The "Father" is the Divine Love in the Lord. The "Son" is the Divine Truth in Him. The Holy Spirit is the out-going Life from

Him. We may also say, the "Father" is the Lord's invisible Divinity. The "Son" is His visible Divinity. The "Holy Spirit" is His out-going Divinity or out-going Life.

Those three Divine essentials are in the Lord Jesus Christ alone. They are the Lord's Divine Human.

When we pray, we must not pray to any other God—not to any specific essential of God—but only to the One Divine Human, the Glorified Lord Jesus Christ, who is the One Divine Man, Jehovah in Human Form.

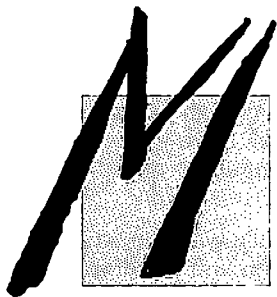
In ancient Jerusalem people saw only the material, limited, maternal human in Jesus before the Glorification, and they rejected the Messiah. They wanted a Messiah who would elevate them above all nations, not a Messiah who would have regard for their souls.

In the orthodox historical churches in Europe, Christians saw a Being called the Father and a third Being called the Holy Ghost or Holy Spirit; and the Christian church has largely continued in this Tri-Personal idea for hundreds of years.

But in the New Age church of the future, called the "New Jerusalem," we will worship the One Visible God as the One Divine Person, the Glorified Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. There do we see Him. There we behold Him in His Divine Human. There we meet Him in "Galilee." ■

Margaret Fuller Reviews Swedenborgian Thought

Leonore Spiers



Margaret Fuller was perhaps America's premier woman of letters of the nineteenth century. She is

associated with the Transcendentalists, though her essays evince an intellect less mystical and more politically conscious than most Transcendental thinkers. She grew up in a Unitarian household that had a strongly puritanical strain. They moved to Cambridge, Massachusetts in 1829, and for the next years Margaret grew up surrounded by the intellectual elite of this period, which included Emerson, Thoreau, the Channings, Edward Everett, James Freeman Clarke, the Alcotts, Hawthorne, etc., who were all close friends.

Particularly interesting at this time was the decline of the Puritan-Calvinistic tradition in favor of a freer, more individually centered spirituality, which had its roots partly in the growing Romanticism of German philosophers, English poets, and Oriental mystical writings. Margaret herself fell deeply under the spell of Goethe and his contemporaries, providing New England scholars with some of the earliest translations of works such as Goethe's *Conversations with Eckermann*.

After traveling West, she produced a book called *Summer on the Lakes*. She also edited, with Emerson, a journal called *The Dial*, commonly considered to be an expression of the Transcendental

movement. This occupied her between the summers of 1840-42. Overlapping this span was a series of *Conversations* she held with and for the women of the Boston area, thought by many to have been the first breakthrough of women into the higher educational echelons.

Her interest in feminism seems to have been lifelong, but at this period she produced the first American statement of women's rights in a short book called *Women in the Nineteenth Century*. As a result of her publications and the *Conversations*, Horace Greeley invited her to New York to become the Tribune's first literary critic, which she did partly to remove herself from Concord, where her intellectual and spiritual growth was beginning to feel stifled.

In 1846 she was finally able to realize a lifelong dream and travel to Europe, her bags filled with letters of introduction to all of Europe's literati. She met Carlyle, Wordsworth, George Sand and others. Through them she met Giuseppe Mazzini, later to be the hero of the Italian Risorgimento. She also met Adam Mickiewicz, hero-poet-in-exile of Poland, who had a major impact on her life.

In 1847 she arrived in Rome where she met, fell in love with, married and had a child by the Marquis d'Ossoli—not necessarily in that order. The fever of the revolution sweeping Europe at the time was not long in arriving in Rome. The Fuller-Ossolis became deeply involved in the republican cause. She continued all this while serving as Greeley's correspondent

writing a history of the revolution.

After the downfall of the Republican government, Margaret fled with her husband and child to Florence, where they were consoled by the emigre British-American community, including the Brownings. It is hard to know how or why Margaret's writings for Greeley were so ill-rewarded. Possibly she was simply a bad manager. The Marquis was penniless, having been the only



member of the family to have served outside the interests of the Pope and thus duly banished from the family coffers. At any rate, after a lifelong fear of the ocean, Margaret succeeded in borrowing just enough money to pay for their return journey aboard an old sailing vessel.

The ship was dogged by ill-luck, culminating in the final capsizing of the vessel during a horrendous storm off Fire Island. Not only were the three drowned, but her *History of the Italian Revolution* was also never seen again. Thoreau personally went and searched the beach for it. It was felt that this work might have assured her place in American literature.

A minor historical footnote is that her brother, Arthur Buckminster Fuller, was the grandfather of Buckminster Fuller, the celebrated and recently deceased scientist.

In her post as literary critic for Horace Greeley, the following column appeared in the early summer of 1845 reviewing three Swedenborgian books.

The late Leonore Spiers, sister of the late Rev. Richard H. Tafel, Sr., was a lifelong Swedenborgian and member of the Philadelphia Church of the New Jerusalem. She traveled extensively with her husband, Tomas H. Spiers, and was known as a fine watercolorist and occasional writer.

*New York Daily Tribune,
Wednesday, June 25, 1845*

SWEDENBORGIANISM

Review by Margaret Fuller of three Swedenborgian books, namely:

NOBLE'S APPEAL in Behalf of the Views Held by the New (or Swedenborgian) Church

ESSAYS by Theophilus Parsons

THE CORNER STONE of the New Jerusalem by B. F. Barrett

The claim to be the New Church, or peculiarly the founders of a New Jerusalem, is like exclusive claims to the title of Orthodox. We have no sympathy with it. We believe that all kinds of inspiration and forms of faith have been made by the power that rules the world to cooperate in the development of mental life with a view to the eventual elucidation of truth. That ruling power overrules the vanity of men, or just the contrary would ensue. For men love the letter that killeth better than the spirit that continually refreshes its immortal life. They wish to compress truth into a nutshell that it may be grasped in the hand. They wish to feel sure that they and theirs hold it all. In vain! More incompressible than light, it flows forth anew, and, while the preacher was finishing the sermon in which he proclaimed that now the last and greatest dispensation had arrived, and that all the truth could henceforward be encased within the walls of a church—it has already sped its way to to unnumbered zones, planted in

myriad new-born souls the seeds of life, and wakened in myriads more a pulse that cannot be turned down by dogma or doctrine, but must always throb at each new revelation of the glories of the Infinite.

Were there, indeed, a Catholic church which should be based on a recognition of universal truths, simple as that proposed by Jesus, Love God with all thy soul and strength, thy neighbor as thyself; such a church would include all sincere motions of the spirit, and sects and opinions would no more war with one another than roses in the garden, but, like them, all contentedly grace a common soil and render their tribute to one heaven.

Then we should hear no more of "the" church, creed or teacher, but of "a" church, creed or teacher. Each man would adopt contentedly what best answered his spiritual wants, lovingly granting the same liberality to others. Then the variety of opinions would produce its natural benefit of testing and animating each mind in its natural tendency without those bitter accompaniments that make theological systems so repulsive to religious minds.

Religious tolerance will, probably, come last in the progress of civilization, for, in those interests which search deepest, the weeds of prejudice have struck root deepest too. But it will come; for we see its practicability sometimes proved in the intercourse between friends; and so shall it be between parties and groups of men, when intercourse shall have been placed on the same basis of mutual good will and respect for one another's rights. Then those ugliest taints of spiritual arrogance and vanity shall begin to be washed out of this world.

As with all other cases, so with this! We believe in no new church 'par excellence.' Swedenborgians are to us those taught of Swedenborg, a great, a learned, a wise, a good man—also one instructed by direct influx

from a higher sphere, but one of a constellation, and needing the aid of congenial influences to confirm and illustrate his.

That the body of his followers do not constitute a catholic church would be sufficiently proved to us by the fact, asserted by all who come in contact with them, that they attach an exaggerated importance to the teachings of their master, which shuts them in a great measure from the benefit of other teachings, and threatens to make them bigots, though of such mild strain as shows them to be the followers of one singularly mild and magnanimous.

For Swedenborg was one who, though entirely open and steadfast in the maintenance of his pretensions, knew how to live with kings, nobles, clergy and people, without being the object of persecution to any. They viewed with respect, if not with confidence, his conviction that he was "in fellowship with angels." They knew the deep discipline and wide attainments of his mind. They saw that he forced his convictions on no one, but relied for their diffusion upon spiritual laws. They saw that he made none but an incidental use of his miraculous powers, and that it was not to him a matter of any consequence whether others recognized them or not; for he knew that those whom truth does not reach by its spiritual efficacy cannot be made to believe by dint of signs and wonders.

Thus his life was, for its steady growth, its soft majesty, and exhibition of a faith never fierce and sparkling, never dim, a happy omen for the age. Thus gently and gradually may new organizations of great principles be effected now! May it prove that at least in the more advanced part of the world, revolutions may be effected without painful throes. Such a life was in correspondence with his system, which is one of graduation and harmony.

I have used the word system, and yet it is not the right one. The works of Swedenborg contain

intimations of a system, but it is one whose full development must be confident with the perfection of all things. Some great rules he proffers, some ways of thinking opens; we have centre and radii, but the circumference is not closed in.

This is to us the greatness of Swedenborg and the ground of our pleasures in his works, that in them we can expatiate freely: there is room enough. We can take what does us good, and decline the rest; we may delight in his theory of forms or of correspondences, may be aided in tracing the hidden meanings of symbols, or animated by the poetic energy of his vision, without being bound down in things that seem to us unimportant. We can converse with him without acquiescing in the declaration that all angels have, at some time, been men, or the like, which seems to us groundless and arbitrary. It is not so with his followers; they are like the majority of disciples; if you do not know the master before knowing them, his true face will be hidden from you forever. Their minds being smaller, they lay the chief stress on what is least important in his instructions, and do not know how to express the best even of what they have received; being too mighty for them to embrace they cannot reproduce it, though it acts upon their lives.

So it is with all the books at the head of this notice. Noble's appeal has been, we understand, a famous book among the followers of Swedenborg. We did not find it sufficiently interesting to give a thorough reading. It is addressed to those who object to Swedenborg from a low platform. It arrays arguments and evidences with skill, and in a good spirit, and contains particulars, as to matters of fact, that will interest those who have not previously met with them. It quotes Swedenborg's letter to Mr. Hartley, written with such a beautiful dignity, and giving so distinct an idea of the personal presence of the writer, also the letter of Kant with regard to one of

Swedenborg's revelations as to a matter of fact, (the fire at Stockholm). The letter has been quoted a hundred times before, but it always remains interesting to see the genuine candor with which a great mind can treat one so opposite to its own, and pleasant to see how far such an one is above the necessity felt by lesser minds of denying what they cannot explain.

We have often been asked what we thought of these pretensions in Swedenborg. We think, in the first place, none can doubt his sincerity, and in few cases could we have so little reason to doubt the correctness of perception in the seer. Swedenborg must be seen by any one acquainted with his mind to be in an extraordinary degree above the chance of self delusion. As to the facts, the evidence which satisfied Kant might satisfy most people, one would suppose. As to the power of holding intercourse with spirits enfranchised from our present sphere, we see no reason why it should not exist, and so see much reason why it should rarely be developed, but none why it should not sometimes. Those spirits are, we all believe, existent somewhere, somehow, and there seemed to be no good reason why a person in spiritual nearness to them, when such intercourse cannot agitate, or engross so that he cannot walk steadily in his present path, should not enjoy it, when of use to him. But it seems to us that the stress laid upon such a fact, for or against, argues a want of faith in the immortality of souls. Why should those who believe in this care so very much whether one can rise from the dead to converse with his friend? We see that Swedenborg esteemed it merely as a condition of a certain state of mind, a great privilege as enlarging his means of attaining knowledge and holiness. For ourselves, it is not as a seer of ghosts but as a seer of truths that Swedenborg interests us.

But to return to the books: They show the gradual extension of

the influence of Swedenborg, and the nature of its effects. In Mr. Parson's case, they are good. His mind seems to have been expanded and strengthened by it. Parts of the more thoughtful portion of the great reading public. As to Mr. Barrett's discourse, the basis of Swedenborgianism had seemed to us broader than such a cornerstone would lead us to suppose. Generally, we would say, read Swedenborg himself before you touch his interpreters. In him you will find a great life, far sight, and a celestial spirit. You will be led to think, and great and tender sympathies are gratified in you. Then, if you wish to prop yourself by doctrines taken from his works, and hasten to practical conclusions, you can do so for yourself, and from Swedenborg himself learn how to be a Swedenborgian; but we hope he may teach you rather to become an earnest student of truth as he was, for it is so, and not by crying "Lord, Lord," that you can know him of any other great and excelling mind. But, whatever the result be, read him first, and then you may profit by comparison of your own observations with those of other scholars; but if you begin with them, it is, even more than usual, in such cases, the blind leading the blind. Confucius had among the host one perfect disciple; others have been, in some degree, thus favored, but Swedenborg had none such, and he is not far enough off yet for the common sense of mankind to have marked out what is of leading importance in his thoughts. Therefore, search for yourselves; it is a mighty maze but not without a plan, and the report of all guide-books, thus far, is partial. ■

86 **Communications Support Unit Envisions New Ministry**

James F. Lawrence

During the past year a plan to enact a new ministry conceived three years ago is moving towards fruition. During a special brainstorming session held at Blairhaven in the spring of '85, the now-defunct Department of Communications perceived that the work of the department fell generally into two categories: internal and external communications. The internal communications flow involved the various ways in which the department facilitated informational and inspirational communications throughout Convention. External communications were projects whose aim was to communicate something of the church's core message to the world beyond our membership borders.

In general, *The Messenger* is seen as roughly 90% an internal communications tool, with about a 10% outreach utility. On the other hand, most of our pamphlets are designed with primarily an "outside" audience in mind, though these are certainly read and enjoyed by many of our members. This even-handed breakdown of the work of the Communications group does not, however, indicate the lopsidedness of the emphasis over the past many years.

Around three-quarters of our budget is usually spent on internal communications. It is the belief of the Support Unit that a church expecting to grow needs to orient its priorities to reflect clearly those goals. To meet this objective, a new ministry, long the dream of some members, is in the process of being

hatched. This ministry will seek to establish and nurture a ministerial relationship between the Swedenborgian Church and people anywhere *through the mailbox*. Operating under the name of J. Appleseed & Co., this ministry will develop Swedenborgian literature to be offered through specialty markets (e.g. spiritual journals, wholistic publications, Christian magazines).

Time and energy will not permit me to be active as a parish minister, editor of *The Messenger*, a director of J. Appleseed & Co.; I must make choices. If I continue as editor through the annual convention issue in August, I will have edited and overseen the production of fifty issues (Muff Worden has guest edited two issues during my tenure to make the total 52). I feel that I have given, in four and one half years, a full effort to our church magazine, and now I am keen for a new challenge.

To any prospective editors out there, I can promise, as my predecessors promised me, that, more than anything else, the job of editor is fun. Being editor keeps one at the heart of all that is happening in Convention. I have not only found it to be a privilege to help shape the message that one's church is communicating, but a creative opportunity as well. If you think you might be interested at all, we encourage you to write to the current chairperson of the Communications Support Unit, Carol Lawson, whose address appears in this issue. ■

WANTED: Editor for The Messenger

**Knowledge of the Swedenborgian Church Invaluable*

**Writing and Editing Skills Essential*

**To Begin September 1988*

**Part-Time Position*

**Salary Negotiable*

Send all inquiries to: Carol Lawson, COMSU Chairperson
The West Farm
Route 1, Box 184
Dillwyn, Virginia 23936

Deadline: May 10, 1988

IMSU members "Gather at the river"

Information Management Support Unit members "gather at the river."



Members of the Information Management Support Unit held their Winter meeting at a waterfront chalet overlooking the Potomac River in Leesburg, Virginia.

IMSU guests at the January 16-17 meeting included Muff Worden helping coordinate computer work of the Central Office, Mr. Hal Warren, consultant to the Swedenborg Foundation for the upcoming Swedenborg Tri-Centennial and gourmet chefs Marian Kirven and Rebecca Marti.

Members of IMSU are Bill Etue, chair; Robert Kirven and Steve Koke.

Two current projects maintained by IMSU are a "Church Calendar of Events" and a "Computer Clipping service." Both are available free to any interested

church members.

The "Calendar of Events" lists all known planned meetings of Convention personnel and significant events of interest to Swedenborgians for the next 13 months. It is published monthly.

The "Computer Clipping service" includes newspaper columns and magazine articles concerning Personal Computers, other developments in "office technology" and occasional travel

tips such as Airline discounts. It is published every two or three weeks.

To contribute information to either project, or to include your name on either mailing list, contact Muff Worden at the Central Office or Bill Etue at 11833 Shire Ct. #1A, Reston, VA 22091. ■

If I Go to Heaven, Can My VCR Come, too?

Michael Leech

I have a food processor in my apartment. It cuts, dices, slices and other things I can't remember. It seemed like a good idea at the time. Since I bought it last year I've used it twice. It sits in the cupboard with the Wok. They keep each other company. It takes five minutes to find and set up, 30 seconds to use and another five minutes to clean it. When I need green peppers cut it's easier just to slice them by hand. 87

I suppose someday I might find a wife who, in a nonsexist way, has some greater knack for these appliances than I have, but lately I've been thinking of the many things I've bought that gather dust, break down, or just take up too much room for their uses. Stupid knicknacks, gadgets I can never find, baseball caps I hardly ever wear and keep buying, records I never liked in the first place.

Now don't get me wrong. Separating me from some of the better consumer goods I own, like my microwave, would result in an unpleasant scene. However, if it comes down to me or the microwave, the microwave can go. No contest. There's no gun in my nighttable. Even a criminal's life is more important than what I own.

With everything we own we have a new complication and possession to care for, even if its purpose is to make our life better, simpler or happier. Teddy bear Ruxpin talks for kids and sooner or later he says fix me I'm broken or he would if he wasn't already. I'm not talking about a lifestyle of the

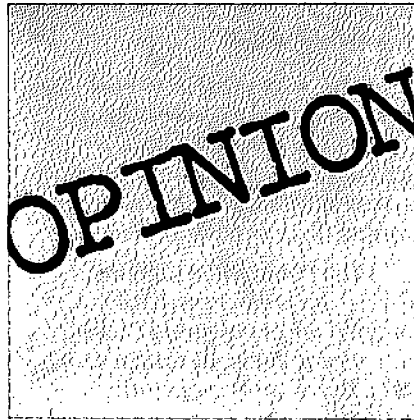
rich and opulent here, either. Lately I've been asking myself what I'd go after in a fire. I know I'd be tempted to go after my violin.

88 Such a plethora of question-able consumer goods are out there. I'm sure you can think of many examples wondering why anyone would buy some of this stuff. Even things that sound good may not be to a higher use in your life, if you think about it. I read of one gadget that, for several hundred dollars installed, would enable you to start and warm up your car by remote control while you stayed in your house sipping coffee.

I've heard people say they have to keep up consumer spending so employees won't be laid off or lose their jobs. If so, buy more bacon and fewer BMW's. Is the purchaser of a status car really fueling a responsible economy? Major shifts in new age thinking are already causing major worker dislocation for the greater higher use to be served. Will the new improved 1988 Glitchmobile really be more reliable than your 1985 Glitchmobile?

Working on my regeneration includes checking greed as a comfortable but not wealthy North American. What kind of world would this be if we only took what we genuinely wanted or needed and just left the rest of the pie for everyone else? Does anyone in this world need an air conditioned doghouse? The use of external things can serve the greater kingdom or at least not hinder it. Unchecked consumerism is self-love and greed. I don't think God would deny us the goodies of life, but rather that we share them with everyone to the degree we are sincerely able to do. ■

Michael Leech is a member of the Church of the Good Shepherd (Swedenborgian), Kitchener, Ontario.



Language is Off-Putting

Dear Editor,

May I comment on Steve Koke's interesting article in *The Messenger* (January, 1988)?

Swedenborg chose to write in Latin. Certainly that is his choice, but to think of it as the "universal" language of the day is to say Africa and the East do not exist. Further limitations are implied when Wm. C. Dick says in his preface to TCR (*True Christian Religion*) "by being published in Latin, the theology of

the New Church is firmly based on an immutable foundation that is no longer subject to the changes of a living tongue." God continues to speak directly to the hearts of people, does He not? And I would venture to say He speaks without the intervention of someone who alone "understands" and explains.

Perhaps the non-Latin-reading "common" person would feel more encouraged to read Swedenborg were it not for the recurring use of such phrases as "the Christian world is profoundly ignorant," "no one can see . . .," "no one hitherto has known . . .," "those who are simply" and so on. Such an approach can only widen the gap between the clergy and the laity.

I make these remarks as one firmly grounded in New Church doctrine from childhood on, but religion for me has become a very personal experience that does not hinge on one "Teaching."

Ella Baker
Madison Heights, Mich.

Correction

In the December 1987 issue of *The Messenger*, the author of the story "The Real Spirit of Christmas" was published as Edward Swiger. the author's correct name is Edmund G. Swiger. We regret the error.

ARTWORK, ANYONE?

Over the months, we [*The Messenger* staff] receive many compliments and suggestions. In response to one frequent suggestion, we would like to encourage our talented and creative readership to send us drawings, photographs, and general artwork. Please send clear copies (or permanently donate originals) with your name and your relationship to the church.

To: *Messenger Artwork*
c/o Carol Lawson
West Farm, Rte. 1, Box 184, Dillwyn,
VA 23936

POSITION AVAILABLE

The Blairhaven Committee is now accepting applications for

DIRECTOR
of Blairhaven Camp
& Conference Center

at Duxbury, Massachusetts
to begin September 1, 1988.

For details, write to
Blairhaven Committee
c/o Swedenborg Library
79 Newbury Street
Boston, MA 02116
or call (617) 262-5918

MINISTRY TO CHILDREN AND FAMILIES: Needs Survey

Through a new position under the Education Support Unit, I am now working on aiding and developing ministries to children and families. Your responses to this questionnaire are important for this effort. I am seeking to find out what your needs are, what existing programs are addressing these needs, and what new programs could be helpful. To assist individuals, local churches, associations, and Convention as a whole in ministry to children and to families, I plan to make available support services such as workshops, lessons, and consultation. Your responses will be VALUED. Please fill out this questionnaire and return it as soon as possible.



The Rev. Ted Klein, Ph.D., is the new Family Ministries Director for the Education Support Unit. Professor Klein lives in Boston, Massachusetts with his wife, Dr. Mary Kay Klein, the president of the Swedenborg School of Religion, and their three lively children, John, Kevin and Karen.

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1. What needs do you see as most important for children and families—in your local church?
Elsewhere in Convention?

2. What existing programs are addressing needs of children and families—in your local church?
Elsewhere in Convention?

3. What new programs could help to address needs of children and families—in your local church
(address)? Elsewhere in Convention?

4. Please include any suggestions you might have for the Convention children's program.

5. Please include any suggestions you might have for Sunday School programs in your local church or
in Convention.

6. What kinds of new workshops, lessons, or consultation would be helpful in supporting or developing ministries to children and families?

7. Listed here are examples of areas in family ministry where workshops, lessons, or consultation could be made available. Please circle the appropriate responses.

V—very much needed
S—somewhat needed
N—not needed
U—unsure

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Areas	Local Church				Convention			
a. Communication in families	V	S	N	U	V	S	N	U
b. Parenting	V	S	N	U	V	S	N	U
c. Family worship	V	S	N	U	V	S	N	U
d. Decision making in families	V	S	N	U	V	S	N	U
e. Understanding different kinds of families (extended, nuclear, single parent)	V	S	N	U	V	S	N	U
f. Confronting losses in families (death, divorce, separation)	V	S	N	U	V	S	N	U
g. Practicing caring in families	V	S	N	U	V	S	N	U

Feel free to list others you see as needed.

8. Would you be willing to participate in consulting, developing or teaching lessons, developing or conducting workshops? If so, please give a brief description of what you would be interested in doing.

9. Are there people you would recommend for any of these projects? If so, please include their names, and, if possible, addresses and/or phone numbers.

name

Please return to:
Rev. Dr. Ted Klein
(Children's and Family Ministry Programs)
273 Perham Street
West Roxbury, MA 02132

CONVENTION '88

Tentative Program

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(If no location listed, it has not yet been assigned)

SATURDAY, JUNE 25

- 3:30 PM—Council of Ministers Executive Committee (Board Room, 3rd Floor Library)
- 4:00 PM—Parents of children 12 & under meet with children's program leaders and sitters. Library, 1st floor center area.
- 5:00-6:30 PM—DINNER (Valentine Dining Hall)
- 7:30 PM—COM and Spouses gathering (Special dining room, Student Center)

SUNDAY, JUNE 26

- 7:15 AM—Morning Worship (Lounge, Student Center)
- 7:30-9:00 AM—BREAKFAST (Valentine Dining Hall)
- 9:00 AM—Council of Ministers (Boardroom, 3rd Floor Library)
 - Ministers' Spouses (Lounge, Student Center)
 - NCYL Officers (North West corner, 2nd Floor Library)
 - Children's Program (Library, 1st Floor, Center area)
 - Child Care (Rockwell Center) Van leaves Student Center at 8:55 AM.
- 11:30-1:00 PM—LUNCH (Valentine Dining Hall)
- 1:30-4:30 PM—Meetings as above
- 4:30 PM—**Free time/recreation**
- 5:00-6:30 PM—DINNER (Valentine Dining Hall)
- 7:30 PM—Meetings as above
 - NCYL Gathering

MONDAY, JUNE 27

- 7:15 AM—Morning Worship (Lounge, Student Center)
- 7:30-9:00 AM—BREAKFAST (Valentine Dining Hall)
 - Same schedule as Sunday through Tuesday

TUESDAY, JUNE 28

- 7:15 AM—Worship (Lounge, Student Center)
 - Same Schedule as Sunday and Monday
- 9:00 AM—Departure for Blairhaven for A Day at the Beach
- 1:00-9:00 PM—Setting up of Exhibits (Winslow Hall, rear)

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 29

- 7:15 AM—Worship (Lounge, Student Center)
- 7:30-9:00 AM—BREAKFAST (Valentine Dining Hall)
- 9:00 AM—Council of Ministers (Boardroom, 3rd Floor Library)
 - Ministers' Spouses (Lounge, Student Center)
 - NCYL assist at registration desk during day
 - Children's Program (Library 1st Floor, Center area)

- Child Care (Rockwell Center)
- Executive Committee of General Council (North East Corner, Library 2nd fl.)

- 10:30 AM—Augmentation Fund Committee Meeting (North West Corner, Library 2nd fl.)

- 11:30-1:00 PM—LUNCH (Valentine Dining Hall)

- 1:30 PM—Isolated Swedenborgians meeting and service (Library Auditorium, 1st Floor)

- General Council Meeting (Boardroom, 3rd Floor Library)

—Free time/recreation

- Children's Program (Library, 1st Floor Center area)

- Child Care (Rockwell Center)

- 2:30 PM—Women's Alliance Executive Committee (Northwest Corner, Library 2nd fl.)

- 3:30 PM—Networking Gathering (Education SU, sponsor) (Special dining room, Student Center)

- 4:30 PM—Choir Practice (all welcome) Winslow Hall, front)

- 5:00-6:30 PM—DINNER

- 7:30 PM—**OPENING OF THE 164th SESSION OF THE GENERAL CONVENTION** (Winslow Hall)

- Opening Service

- President's Address

- Stambandet (Brief performance by local Swedish Choir)

- President's Reception (Winslow Hall, Rear)

- Children's Program (Library, 1st Floor, Center area)

- Child Care (Rockwell Center/Dormitories)

THURSDAY, JUNE 30

- 7:15 AM—Worship (Lounge, Student Center)

- 7:30-9:00 AM—BREAKFAST

- 9:00 AM—**FIRST BUSINESS SESSION** (Winslow Hall)

- Greetings

- Order of the Day

- Nominating Committee Report

- Reports

- SSR Report

- Introduction to Minicourses

- NCYL Program

- Children's Program (Library 1st Floor)

- Child Care (Rockwell Center)

- 11:30-1:00 PM—LUNCH

- 1:00 PM—NCYL Program

- Children's Program

- Child Care

- 1:00-3:00 PM—Minicourses #1 (See separate listing—TBA)

3:15-4:45 PM—**SECOND BUSINESS SESSION** (Winslow Hall)
Nominations from the floor

5:00-6:30 PM—**DINNER**

7:00 PM—"REVELATION"—World Premiere of oratorio by
Rev. Ken and Laurie Turley, commissioned by
Convention's former Dept. of Communication in
Celebration of Swedenborg's Tricentennial.
(Tentatively scheduled at Newtonville Church).
Reception and dance following at Winslow Hall

FRIDAY, JULY 1 (CANADA DAY!)

7:00 AM—Memorial Communion (Lounge, Student Center)

7:30-9:00 AM—**BREAKFAST**

9:00 AM—Children's Program
—Child Care

9:00-10:30 AM—Minicourses #2

92 10:45-11:45 AM—National Council of Churches Speaker, Kenyon
Burke, in plenary session (Winslow Hall)

11:45 AM—Women's Alliance Luncheon (Valentine Dining
Hall)

11:45-1:00 PM—**LUNCH** (for everyone else) in Snack Bar and
Special Dining Room)

2:00-3:30 PM—**THIRD BUSINESS SESSION** (Winslow Hall)
Report of Credentials Committee

2:15 PM—Elections
—Recommendations for Ordination
—NCYL Program
—Children's Program
—Child Care

3:30-4:30—Sunday School Association Meeting (all welcome)
(Winslow Hall)
Children's Presentation

5:00-6:00 PM—**DINNER**

7:00 PM—Departure for Swedenborg School of Religion (Sign
up for rides at Registration Desk before 5 PM)

Vans leave from Winslow Hall and Woodland Hall)

7:30 PM—Swedenborg School of Religion Graduation (at SSR)
—Reception follows, at SSR

10:00 PM—Vans, etc. begin shuttles back to Lasell (Stand at
SSR front door to wait)

SATURDAY, JULY 2

7:15 AM—Worship (Lounge, Student Center)

7:30-9:00 AM—**BREAKFAST**

9:00-10:30 AM—New Church Theological School Corporation (SSR)
Meeting (Winslow Hall). All welcome.

10:30-11:30 AM—**FOURTH BUSINESS SESSION** (Winslow Hall)

11:30-1:00 PM—**LUNCH**

1:00 PM—General Council Meeting (Boardroom, Library)
CONVENTION OUTING (Mass. Association, hosts)
Departure of buses for Plymouth, Mayflower II
and Plimoth Plantation for afternoon, and
Blairhaven for dinner

9:00 PM—Buses depart for Lasell from Blairhaven

SUNDAY, JULY 3

7:30-9:00 AM—**BREAKFAST**

8:45 AM—Choir Practice (Winslow Hall)

9:30 AM—Worship Service, Communion and Ordination
(Winslow Hall)
—Child Care

11:30-1:00 PM—**LUNCH**

—Departure (coordinate your departure with the
Registration Desk before Sunday morning, please!)

2:30 PM—Departure for Post-Convention Conference at
Fryeburg New Church Assembly, Fryeburg, Maine
Theme: Family Unity through Correspondences

Two Events Sponsored by the Education Support Unit

During the week of convention, a day outing to the Swedenborgian Camp and Conference Center, Blairhaven, near Cape Cod in Duxbury, Mass. will be available for the modest fee of \$15, which includes travel, lunch and the full use of facilities. This will take place on June 28th.

After convention, the Education Support Unit is sponsoring a retreat at the Fryeburg New Church Assembly in Fryeburg, Maine as a way to unwind from the bustle of the convention week. Beginning with supper on July 3rd and ending with breakfast on July 6th, convention-goers can experience the peace and tranquility of this special setting. The focus will be on the family. There will be nature walks, a presentation on social concerns, a chance to watch spectacular fireworks nearby, and lots and lots of relaxation. Registration is \$40 from each person 13 and older. This will include travel to and from Fryeburg and full use of the facilities. In addition, there is a fee of \$30 per day for room and board for each person 13 and older (\$15 per day for those 12 and younger attending with parents) Scholarships are available. For more information or to register for both of these offerings, write to: Martha Richardson, RFD #1, Brownfield, Maine, 04010 (tel. 207/935-2501).

ADVANCE CONVENTION REGISTRATION

Convention, 1988, Newton, Massachusetts

Lasell Junior College

June 25 - July 3, 1988



(Convention Sessions: June 29—July 3 1988)

NAME _____ PHONE: _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE/PROV _____ ZIP _____

ACCOMPANIED BY: _____

  CHILDREN: NAME AND AGE:

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1. _____

2. _____

3. _____

NCYL MEMBERS BETWEEN AGES 13 AND 18 PLEASE FILL THIS IN:

_____ My parent/s will be at Convention. They are: _____


_____ My guardian at Convention (if no parents present) is: _____

REGISTRATION FEE


_____ I have enclosed a check for \$35.00 (due to costs this year, no discount—sorry!) made out to GENERAL CONVENTION '88, to cover registration. Everyone 12 years of age and over must pay this fee. Registration is PER PERSON and covers some Convention costs and special events. Mail this form and your fee to Central Office, 48 Sargent St., Newton, MA 02158.




TRANSPORT


(PLEASE FILL IN THOROUGHLY)

_____  I will arrive at **Logan Airport** on: Date & time: _____


Airline & Flight: _____

_____  I am driving to Convention on: Date: _____

My first meal will be _____  breakfast _____  lunch _____  dinner on: _____

_____  I am a passenger in the car of: _____

Arriving at Convention on: date: _____ time: _____

_____  I need directions to Boston _____

_____ OTHER MODE OF TRANSPORT _____

Arrival date & time: _____

HOUSING

_____ I would like a single room.

_____ I would like a double room, sharing with: _____

(If you don't have a roommate yet, be sure to answer the following:)


_____ I would like to have a roommate assigned to share my room.

_____ I/We would like (if possible) to have a room near: _____

Please also complete the reverse side!

SPECIAL NEEDS

Note: Lasell Jr. College does not have easy access for wheelchairs in most buildings.

- ☐ I am a vegetarian, with no other restrictions.
- ☐ I have these dietary restrictions: _____
- ☐ I am not able to climb stairs or hills
- ☐  I need wheelchair access
- ☐ I am not able to walk very far without discomfort
- ☐ I have these medical requirements: _____
- ☐ I am _____ diabetic; _____ a heart patient; _____ other: _____
- ☐ Other physical/special/dietary needs: _____

(If you don't let us know, we may not be aware of your needs!)

SPECIAL REQUIREMENTS FOR CHILDREN

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(Children's programs will run during Pre-Convention days beginning Sunday, and continue through the week until after worship on July 3)

- ☐ My child/children will be participating in the Children's Program for ages 5 to 12 beginning on: date _____
- ☐ My child/children will need the Child Care program for age 2 and under beginning on: date _____
- _____
- ☐ My child/children will need the Children's Program for ages 3 to 5 beginning on: date _____
- ☐ My child's/children's special needs are: _____
- ☐ My child has _____ has not _____ attended a pre-school program

OTHER PROGRAMS

I wish to co-register for the following programs:

- ☐ New Church Youth League Officers (June 25-June 29; officers only)
- ☐ Council of Ministers (June 25-June 29; ministers & SSR students)
- ☐ Ministers' Spouses (June 25-June 29; ministers' spouses only)
- ☐ *Day at the Beach at Blairhaven on June 28.
- ☐ Women's Alliance Luncheon on Friday, July 1.
- ☐ *Post. Convention Conference (July 3-6 at Fryeburg New Church Assembly, Fryeburg, ME)

NOTE: ASTERISK (*) DENOTES ADDITIONAL FEE REQUIRED.

(We will be in touch with you to give you more information on your choice.)

Rates for 1988 Convention Room and Board

Dormitory

Adult Single: \$35. — daily; \$280. — 8 days; \$140. — 4 days.

Teen (11 - 19 years): \$25. — daily; \$200. — 8 days; \$100. — 4 days.

Youth (4 - 10 years): Double: \$15. — daily; \$120. — 8 days; \$60. — 4 days.

Child (3 and under): No charge if occupying same room as parents, and no charge for food when fed from parent's plate.

For financial assistance for Convention attendance for young people and children please write to: Susan Weiss, P.O. Box 305, Somers Point, NJ. 08244

MESSAGES TO CENTRAL OFFICE? IDEAS? HERE'S SOME SPACE!

COMMENCEMENTS

Baptism

Kinder—Karl Michael Kinder, infant son of Gordon and Chris Kinder, was baptized into the Christian faith on February 14, 1988, at the Church of the Open Word, St. Louis, the Rev. David Rienstra officiating.

Pettersen—Wanda Patricia Pettersen was baptized into the Christian faith and confirmed into the life of the General Convention of Swedenborgian Churches on January 23, 1988 at the Portland, Maine New Church, the Rev. Robert E. McCluskey officiating.

Deaths

Roe—Edith Roe, 80, longtime member of the Detroit Society entered the spiritual world on

January 30, 1988. A memorial service was held on February 2, 1988 at the Woodlawn Chapel in Detroit, the Rev. Stephen Pults officiating.

Woofenden—Emily Ann (Yeomans) Woofenden, 95, beloved mother of Robert C. and William R. Woofenden, entered the spiritual world on February 8, 1988. It is hoped that a memorial service can be arranged this summer at Almont New Church Assembly during the camp session.

Marriages

Bodenstedt-Lederer—Lorene R. Bodenstedt and Joseph R. Lederer were united in Christian marriage on March 5, 1988, at the Swedenborgian Church, San Francisco, the

Rev. James F. Lawrence officiating.

Holland-Watt—Constance A. Holland and Andrew F. Watt were united in Christian marriage on March 6, 1987 at the Church of the Holy City, Wilmington, Delaware, the Rev. Randall Laakko officiating.

Kroelinger-Reinhold—Lori A. Kroelinger and David W. Reinhold were united in Christian marriage on September 12, 1987 at the Church of the Holy City, Wilmington, Delaware, the Rev. Randall Laakko officiating.

Roser-Watt—Mary C. Roser and Jeffrey W. Watt were united in Christian marriage on November 14, 1987 at the Church of the Holy City, Wilmington, Delaware, the Rev. Randall Laakko officiating.

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GENERAL DIRECTOR *Church Women United in the USA*

Church Women United (CWU) is seeking a General Director for its national offices in New York City beginning by July 1, 1989.

This person will be responsible for the implementation of CWU's policies and programs, financial development and administration, establishment of appropriate relationships with other organizations nationally and internationally and the employment and supervision of staff.

Church Women United is an ecumenical movement of Christian Women committed to the development of a visible ecumenical community of working for a just, peaceful and caring society, devoted to strengthening faith and using God's gifts responsibly and creatively.

It is an equal opportunity and affirmative action employer.

**Applications will be received from
May 1 through August 1, 1988.**

For further information or an application write to:

Dr. Kathryn E. Kopf
3324 West Queen Lane
Philadelphia, PA 19129
(215) 843-8512

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