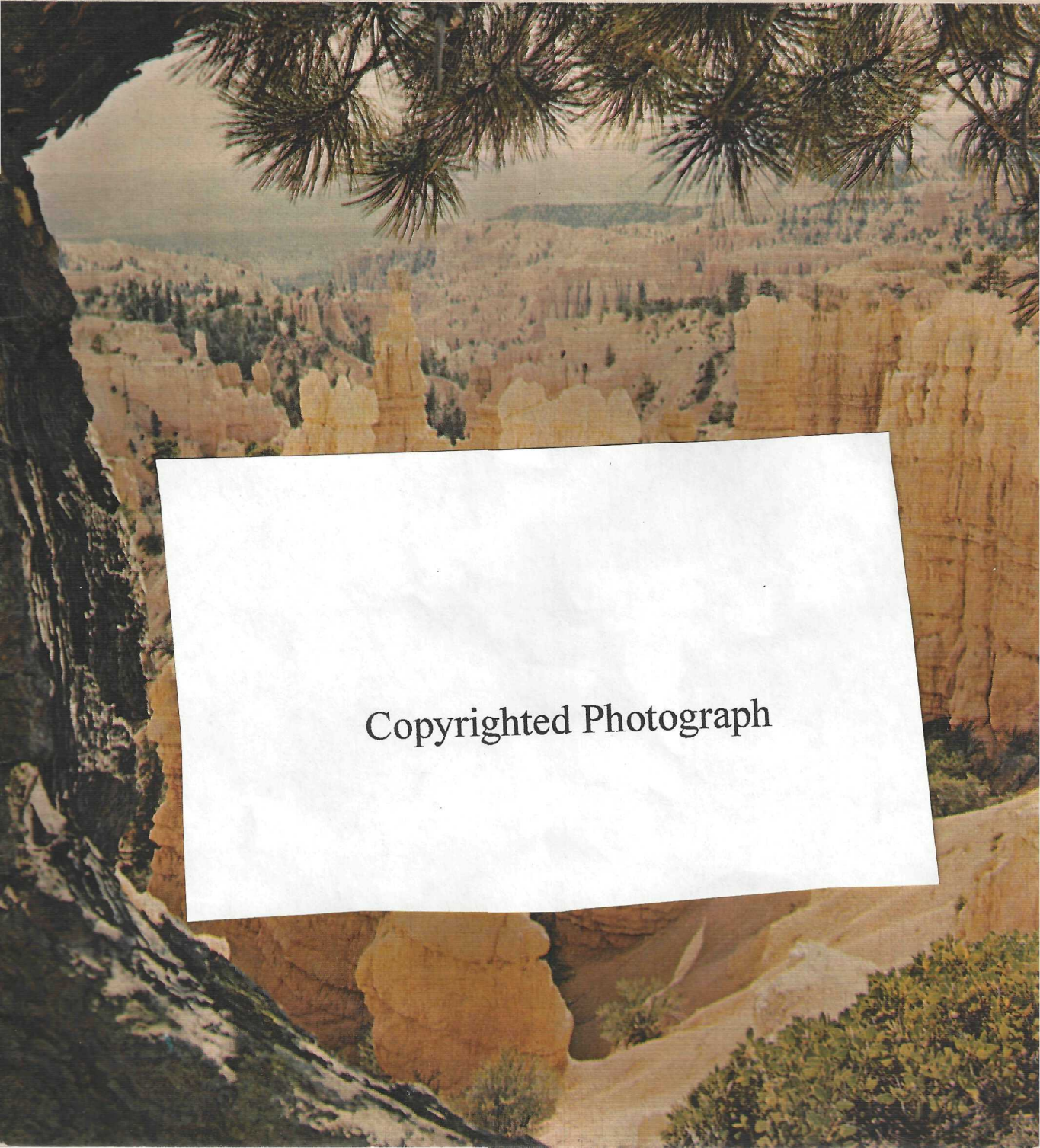


UNITY

APRIL
1970

A Journal of Modern Thought

A scenic photograph of a canyon, likely Bryce Canyon, featuring prominent orange and yellow rock formations and spires. Pine branches are visible in the upper left corner. A white rectangular overlay is positioned in the lower half of the image.

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UNITY

A Journal of Modern Thought

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Unity is more than a movement—it is a universal principle, the perception and self-application of which change man's consciousness and revolutionize his living. Unity is man's opportunity to cooperate with God.—*Richard Lynch.*

Cover Photograph: Bryce Canyon National Park
(Robert Holland)

By Glenn Clairmonte

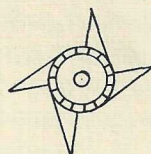
Early last November, what may have been the most significant ecumenical gathering of the decade was held in the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles, attended by more than six hundred men and women. It was the Survival Seminar, under the joint sponsorship of Unity School of Christianity and the United Church of Religious Science. The speakers invited to participate represented many and varied faiths and disciplines. As Rabbi William B. Silverman said: "This seminar is the first activity of this scope. Of course one of the principles we follow is the omnipresence of God, which all religions teach."

Each of the eleven sessions during the four-day event opened with an invocation and closed with a benediction. Never was there a more congenial group of dissenters, nor a more considerate choice of language for the expression of their polite dissent. Mainly, however, those present eloquently stressed their affinities and carried the audience by their enthusiasm, their dedication, and their unity of purpose.

The first session was presented by the young members of The Phenomenon of Man, Inc., whose intention is to explain in simple terms, with screen illustrations, the abstruse theory of the universe deduced by Father Pierre Teilhard de Chardin in his combined studies of anthropology and theology. His distinguished exposition of atoms and cells as the "building blocks of the universe" traced the development on earth of matter that in time burst into life, and of life that burst into spirit. For those who were hoping for encouragement in their determination to save the human race from extinction, there was effective assurance: "The world has taken too many risks during the last ten or fourteen trillion years to abandon the life process now," said de Chardin, in effect. Man's progress cannot be deflected but must reach onward to the culmination of spirit.

After this rousing introduction, the first major speech was made by Dr. Rollo May who

The Verdict Is Love



is, among other things, Supervisory and Training Analyst at the William Anson White Institute of Psychiatry, and author of "Man's Search for Himself" as well as of many other books. He called attention to the danger of man's failing to recognize himself as a person of significance against a gigantic technological power. A society in which technology has become the central concern threatens to devour what is precious to us and forces the rising generation to struggle for new moral values. Quite rightly the young claim that technology was made for man, not man for technology.

"This is the first generation to assume that it has no future," said Dr. May. "They will have a chance only if we realize the danger of their not having one."

He went on to say that modern man's feeling of impotence has changed to anxiety. This in turn has become regression and apathy (diminished consciousness)—until, of necessity, aggression appears. Kierkegaard in the last century warned against the loss of a sense of direction, and more recently the late Paul Tillich warned against the anxiety of meaninglessness. "These are no longer psychological theories; they have grown into actual psychological difficulties."

Survival is not enough. "Not life, but the good life," said Aristotle. Life can be cherished only to the extent that it is devoted to the right values.

Man is searching for love and for the meaning of human relationship generally. Dr. May quoted Martin Heidegger: "The foundation of a human being is *care*, a state of being which characterizes man as man. We become men by

virtue of being able to care."

Within our time compassion has been discounted and sex has been expected to carry the burden. Unfortunately, in this process the several aspects of love that the Greeks respected—*eros*, *philia*, and *caritas*—have been discarded. But all kinds of love are based on care. Love pushes us toward a new dimension of experience: "I am more a person because I have struggled with this." We must begin a pilgrimage toward full consciousness in which love is life's richest experience.

Dr. May's words, emerging from his emotional depth and his rich experience, apprised the listeners that the solution to the human problem lies within themselves, within their capacity to care.

The second speaker was Dr. Ashley Montagu, the social biologist who has had an ebullient career, even once upon a time acting as a Canadian Mountie in the Peace River area. He is the author of a score of popular books such as "Humanization of Man," "Life Before Birth," and one that especially pleases the ladies, "The Natural Superiority of Woman."

He explained: "Anthropologists inquire into the way human beings got to be as they are, leaving verification of the facts to others. In this country there is no education, only instruction. It is necessary for us to learn that we are not superior to, but a part of, nature. Man is not descended from the gorilla (at news of which the gorilla sighs with relief)."

He stressed that a baby, born as an action of love, is able to live more effectively than he could in the absence of good treatment. At birth he has the genetic potentiality of becoming a human being, but if he is not nourished with love he grows up to be only "a people," not truly human.

"Man is destined to be a lover not only of his fellow man but also of all of nature. In the absence of this love of nature he goes into a parody of being a human being. As Chapman said:

'I tell thee Love is Nature's second sun causing a spring of virtues where he shines.'

"How are you going to change the world? Begin where charity begins, with yourself.

Behave in a loving manner. Once a Rabbi and a Quaker met, and the Quaker asked, 'Is your congregation growing?' The Rabbi replied, 'I'm afraid my best Jews are Friends.'

"It is our obligation to insure survival not only corporeally; corporeally man is not worth more than ninety-seven cents. He is worthless unless he is a spiritual creature. His unfoldment must be continually as a spiritual creature, according to the kingdom that is within him."

Actually the symposium was a feast of love, for all the speakers stressed the need to love, and "You can't reach heaven by betraying earth" was the quotation that began the speech by Dr. Evarts G. Loomis, founder-president of Friendly Hills Fellowship, a nonprofit organization for the correlation of medicine, counseling, religion, and the arts.

"If we are to keep a perfect balance between our humanity and our divinity," he said, "we must be ready to speak only the words that we are ready to live by. We are living in a three-dimensional world and must learn to find expression in the fourth dimension of being. This must be personally discovered. It is ready for us when we are ready.

"Beethoven said, 'I must live with myself alone, but I know in my heart that God is nearer to me than any other is. Deep is the heart, but if nothing forces us there we never plunge to the bottom where everything is.'"

The Rev. Monsignor John V. Sheridan, personal representative of Cardinal McIntyre and pastor of Our Lady of Malibu, spoke of religion as a human-divine relationship, illuminating the past and anticipating the future.

"Not only who we are but what we can become has mystery. You marvelous people seem to have fused in a happy way science and religion with all the implications: religion's inner humanness, science's material achievements, a series of beginnings, a fusion that can satisfy our deepest requirement. Faith, in the Old Testament context, meant God's fidelity—that kind of faith in which God caused me to be myself and because of which at any given moment I must be better."

He urged us never to discuss human life in terms of mere survival but always in terms of deeply rooted aspirations, the unique, irre-

pressible self within each of us.

"We have a challenge to transcend ourselves and to be drawn into a destiny which exceeds the actual you and me. To be genuinely aware of the significance of you as a human being is to be conscious of being potentially better than you are now. You are free to live at the summit of your intention. I not only share a destiny beyond myself by being a member of the human family; besides, I am myself and therefore am greater than myself. Now is the most opportune and important moment of my life, but it is only one moment in the chain of many moments."

Dr. Donald Hatch Andrews' first subject was "Is Space an Escape, Salvation, or Extinction?" Later he spoke also on "Does Man Really Want to Survive?" He is Professor Emeritus of Chemistry at Johns Hopkins University, Distinguished Professor of Chemistry at Florida Atlantic University, and consultant at the Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory for the Atomic Energy Commission. He is author of many scientific papers and of the exciting book *The Symphony of Life*. His erudition lifted the audience to a higher level as they strove to encompass the concepts he has developed through his long career.

Dr. Andrews said: "I believe what I see in the unseen. In this world that surrounds us we find our destiny. The cell of a living creature is the building block of life as the atom is the building block of matter. Every little cell is cooperating with all the other one hundred trillion cells in a living body."

And he gave a vivid description of the life within a cell which, despite its relative smallness, is like a great cathedral whose interior exudes light and shines with color, not only in the one octave that we know as from red to violet but in dozens of octaves, while great vibrating loops synthesize whatever is needed for the life of the cell. The molecular DNA contains the genetic heritage of the human being inside of which it operates. This is a collection of atoms intricately woven in patterns that determine the unique personality.

"This is not a static picture, but motion, for the cell is alive and will replicate cells like itself, in shifting patterns of music. Life is streaming

in, not only from all the other parts of the body but also from the universe outside, and the light from all these cells is streaming out, going out through the universe. Each of us is broadcasting a symphony to each other. If we could only see, the light that is streaming from my face right now is in terms of colors. We are all transmitting in this way. My atom waves are mingling with yours right now, yours with mine, all tied mysteriously to the core of our earth. This room is filled with these waves at this moment, waves from the farthest nebula. Distance is really an illusion, for the essence of those stars is right here in this room, just as our essence is throughout the universe.

"What happens in these waves now is projected in time. Every bit of your heart goes out into the universe and will go on to eternity. Every thought you have and your every action is being stamped on the record of the universe. We are writing our lives on the pages of eternity. Just as we know that space is an illusion, time is also.

"In this domain beyond time and space we are unfolding our destiny, growing in terms of this inevitable harmony and these colors that are impossible for us to imagine in our present state. Somehow, we know not how, we are projecting ourselves into the eternal, stepping through a door into a dimension all truth and love. We have to change the patterns of our thinking in order to reach the truth behind this picture."

As Dr. Andrews spoke each listener's mind was enlarged and his vision became broader with a craving for precise truth in living.

He concluded: "It is not seeing with the eye but seeing with the mind that gives us a basis for belief, and in this way science and religion are one. We are now entering an age when we will hold the power of life in our hands, and if it is to be used properly it must be in a world dominated by love."

Next came Charles W. Thomas II, president and director of the Center for the Study of Racial and Social Problems in Los Angeles, National Chairman of the Association of Black Psychologists, and faculty advisor to the Black Student Psychological Association. He quoted from a spiritual:

"I went to the rock
And the rock cried out,
'There is no hiding place here.'

"It is necessary to go to the rock to see what kind of person we think we are. While one is in the valley it is necessary to listen to that little voice that speaks so loudly to what we are. It is unfortunate that sometimes it takes a crisis to prove to us the creative opportunity not only for mankind generally but for the fulfillment of oneself.

"Help me to help you to help somebody to build a sense of community not in the big things but in the small day-to-day things, a gentle pat on the back, a kind word, a look into the eyes to see the reflection of oneself. This is difficult because we don't always appreciate the fact that the meaning of life goes beyond merely the battle of existence.

"Tomorrow arrived this morning, bringing with it a challenge to mankind and the pressure for knowing how the world seems to the other fellow. The full impact of this symposium will not be realized until some time in the future. Let us hope that we don't feel good at this seminar and then go home and forget it."

Under the general question of "Does Medicine-Religion Have an Answer?" the Rev. Dr. Paul B. McCleave, of the Department of Medicine and Religion of the American Medical Association, entertained the audience with his jovial personality and his continuous wit. In all seriousness, he answered "yes" to the title question.

"Man is a whole being, physical, spiritual, emotional, and social. If man is seriously ill in any of these categories, his illness affects the others. Medicine cannot answer with a drug; religion cannot answer with a sacrament. Wholeness demands that we take on all we can to find the fullness of life.

"I believe there are three lives, and this is where medicine and religion have an answer to the question of survival. We must ask, 'What is life?' not 'What is death?' When we talk about survival, let us talk about life for a change: (1) cellular life, which continues to live even though the physician has declared the body dead; (2) physiological life, which dies when brain, heart, lungs, reflex, vision, etc., no longer

respond; (3) your soul, spirit psyche—your meaningful being—which is the third life, the spirit in which I believe. If you blast me with a bomb, you haven't destroyed the true me.

"Then we come to that beautiful word *love*. Only my spirit can love. My defense system takes care of the spirit—the only defense is faith.

"Yes, medicine and religion have an answer: we are going to make it known that life is not only physiological. I am little, like you, but my God can do the impossible. Talk to Him."

In the Colonial Room adjoining, there was a display of books written by the speakers, as well as Unity and Religious Science periodicals. Here men and women milled about between sessions, making friends, sharing convictions, basking in the climate of agreement, disinterested relationship, rare comradeship.

After one such interval we were addressed by Dr. John Charles Beck, chief of the Psychiatric Clinic of the Santa Monica Hospital and course chairman of medicine and religion at the UCLA School of Medicine Extension, as well as consultant of the Los Angeles County Department of Mental Health.

He said: "Ministers provide sanctuary and ritual and confession. The psychiatrist does not require penance. Mental illness by its nature involves medical problems, but psychiatry operates in terms of behavior: what makes people behave as they do? You may be surprised to learn that 62% of psychiatric treatments are successful, and 61% are not.

"I once had a very dear colleague whose difficult profession was counseling people who had encountered an extreme catastrophe. He was frequently confronted with the question, 'Why me?' Justifiably he never could find an answer. Finally he assumed the position that it would be presumptuous of him to try to answer. Then he would say, 'Indeed this is a mournful thing, and no one will be able to relieve your burden, but it is possible that out of this you will find something within yourself.' If you can tolerate a stress you have a very good chance of overcoming it, and in our reach for survival this kind of toleration can play a big part."

When Dr. Maxwell Maltz took the podium he

spread a friendly feeling over the hall with his modern-length haircut and his long white sideburns. He is a world-famous plastic surgeon who has changed many a life with his loving skill, and at present there are five million copies of his book "Psycho-Cybernetics" in print.

Dr. Maltz asked, "Is there an answer?" And he continued: "All of us have taught about survival, but none of us have told you what to do about it. Learn first the fundamental thing: control the violence within yourself. It is necessary for you to be a success as a human being. Make all the money you want, but success has nothing to do with money—it has to do only with your search for self-respect. By helping another perhaps you will attain your own survival. You can't be a success with other people unless you have love for yourself, that is, I mean your dignity, your self-respect.

"The first two minutes of every day are vital—when you look in the mirror. A person of confidence or a person of frustration looks out at you. Make your choice. If by survival we mean creative living, then I am for it. Indifference destroys your sense of survival, especially indifference to yourself. If because of some disappointment you feel frustrated and withdraw from life, that is tragic. You have the moral responsibility to create your own sense of fulfillment.

"Begin to understand yourself. Remember that others are seeking the same thing you are seeking, self-respect. The integrity of your own self is victory over yourself. Always expect a miracle—because you yourself are a miracle and have the greatness to survive. You have the capacity to rise above yesterday. Come and walk into the sunshine of the now.

"To live creatively you have to live every day; you have to adjust to reality every day; you have to yearn for improvement every day. You are destined for rich fulfillment every day.

"Who is ready to accept the fatherhood of God? Who is ready to accept the brotherhood of man? Who is willing to throw off the shackles of the past?

"We live in a tremendous age, in an age of miracles, and the greatest miracle is a human being awakening to his own potential."

One of the most inspiring of the symposium

speakers was Dr. William B. Silverman, Senior Rabbi of the Congregation of B'nai Jehudah of Kansas City, Missouri. His most recently published book is "Judaism and Christianity—What We Believe."

He said: "To survive group turmoil we need light. I feel like the pig who was talking with a chicken on the subject of ham and eggs. The pig said: 'For you it's a contribution. For me it's total commitment.'

"When Frederick the Great asked his courtiers to show him an authentic miracle, he was told, 'Look at the Jew.' Yes, for three thousand years there has been a collective effort to exterminate the Jews, and each of them says, 'I will not die but live to declare the glory of God.' There is no alternative.

"When a Jew was told that an earthquake was expected in twenty-four hours, he said, 'And so we have twenty-four hours to learn how to live.' This means reverence for life, no matter what.

"Without a mission, without a sense of being a witness to God, without thinking of himself as identified with the Covenant, without the mission to build a better world in co-partnership with God, the Jew could not have survived. It takes more than life to live. To live meaningfully means to have spiritual insulation through a mission, a cause. In a cartoon, Pogo said: 'God is not dead. He is just unemployed.'

"I am not worried about our speed, if only we are going in the right direction. Faith is the extension of reason from the known to the unknown. 'In all the time we spend assessing the attributes of God we could be stringing pearls for heaven.'"

At the closing banquet the International Children's Chorus, under the direction of Sy Miller, sang several numbers, and the entire assemblage rose to join in the song "Let There Be Peace on Earth." Then Dr. Paul H. Smith, Chancellor of Whittier College, was introduced as the speaker of the evening. He told about his conversation with Alice Roosevelt Longworth, who said, "Life is an unending succession of problems." Even Abraham Lincoln, he reminded us, had said, "How could I have succeeded if it had not been for my failures?"

"We are in a tremendous movement of

pacifism throughout the world," said Dr. Smith. "In the field of national policy pacifism has always had to come someday. Even toward the end of the last century it was admitted, 'The Civil War burned more good than evil.' In Washington today there are a lot of people who are just as soul-searching as we are, and I think we are going to see some changes in ethics in this country. If we can have a symposium like this one here, there is no reason we should not have it in a hundred other places too. This sort of thing could transform the world. One of these days the light will break through, and we will come to the point where dropping bombs on each other will be as unthinkable as cannibalism. We are experiencing a complete revolution.

"Lift up your vision. Keep your faith high. Let us continue the work we have begun here together. We haven't reached our destination but, thank God, we are on the way."

In order to give a fitting close to the event, representatives of host groups were called upon to speak.

J. Sig Paulson, author and lecturer, spoke for Unity. He mentioned the different available powers: atomic energy, hydrogen, the religious establishment, the military establishment. And he made it clear that these were not enough.

"Think of the consciousness that has ruled man for so long. Are we really going to solve the future of man through the approach we have been discussing here? Right now the matter of survival may have a question mark, but the next step of our work will be followed by an exclamation point.

"Man can be destroyed no more than God can, for man is the manifestation of spirit. In this seminar we have broken through an area of love. We have created an atmosphere that has made each participant feel a warm glow, communicating ideas without fear of censure, without resentment, without sacrifice of personality. A door has been opened to the greatest room in the universe: the room for improvement. It is up to us to decide if we will enter that room. Let's not be like Zeke, to whom a neighbor said, 'How are you, Zeke?' Zeke answered: 'Not so good. I have nothing left to do but to die.' 'But, Zeke, the world has some-

thing for you to do.' 'Well, I ain't gonna do it.'

"Man is an infinite being, without limitation. The only limitation lies in his cultural institutions, his religious, commercial, and military concepts. Let us not be reluctant to accept the idea of humanity. Being human we have a capacity to link with our Creator, our Source, with our brethren, we have a capacity to dream about moving out into the universe and then to do it.

"But don't you agree that we need a change in our participation in this universe of which we are such a vital part? We need to improve our attitude, our vision, our relationships. To me it is wonderful to realize that science is the research department of religion, that no facts revealed through science can ever contradict the truth. We are discovering that we have always been together, that it is only in our limited concepts that there has seemed to be a separation."

Speaking for Religious Science was Dr. William H. D. Hornaday, also an author and a lecturer, head of the United Church of Religious Science and minister at Founder's Church in Los Angeles. He too of course was aware of the serious implication of this great symposium. He said: "Spiritual dynamics has been generated here today. It has been distilled into simple language and has been moving in the minds and hearts of all men."

Dr. Hornaday recalled that anyone coming to see Dr. Ernest Holmes in earlier days had reason to bless the highway over which he drove and the other drivers he passed or accompanied on the way. Similarly, when Dr. Hornaday was visiting Dr. Albert Schweitzer in Africa, he learned to bless the life of a beetle or life wherever it was manifested.

"We are a sufficient number right here to make a big difference in the world by our blessing tonight. We have something to do. Let us not ask God to do the thing that He created us to do. I am better for having attended this symposium; I am more humble, but more anxious to get to work. The answers we may not know, but we know of a Power that does know.

"Let us prove what we believe, and so we shall find the one happiness that will bring peace."

The *Second* Easter

By Walter Starcke

Every Easter I have a retreat . . . a personal retreat. I more or less stay alone for a couple of days, reread the Easter story in the Bible, meditate on its meaning, and listen for the word within. As a matter of fact, I have a communion all by myself, read the communion parts of the Gospels, and with all the sincerity of my heart wash fresh again.

The few months before last Easter had been a fallow period of rest with little inner revelation. Now it was time for the Easter retreat. On the eve of Easter Sunday I received a long-distance call from a part of my family in Texas. The whole family was on the various extensions excitedly talking about the goings and comings of family life, when at the last moment, as we were hanging up, the man, a good orthodox Christian but usually silent and undemonstrative, said, "Christ is risen." We hung up with this cry still ringing in my ear. This stuck with me . . . this thing, Christ is risen. It is the kind of Christian jargon I had rebelled against in my early life along with the insistent emphasis placed upon the death on the Cross and such, but something in the man's voice had a different note to me. It had a note of hopefulness. It had a note of "Christ is risen, so I can."

On Easter morning, as was my custom each Sunday, I prepared to visit a close friend and student for a time of communion and revelation. It came to me with particular importance that day not to forget my Bible. All morning the cry from the night before remained, "Christ is risen." I looked up Easter in the Bible's concordance and was surprised to find only one reference with the word *Easter*. It was the 12th chapter of the Book of Acts.* In the past the **Book of Acts** had meant little to me, but now **this one** chapter became more personally

important than almost any other chapter in the Bible. The following is a sentence-by-sentence interpretation that unfolded itself.

"Now about that time Herod the king stretched forth his hands to vex certain of the Church." Mind you, this was Herod, the same king who had caused Jesus to be crucified. Once more he stretched forth his hand, his material power, the arm of flesh, in order to vex those people who constituted the church—the spiritual family of all those who are seeking a life lived by spirit. He stretched forth his hand to vex those who were dedicated to breaking the bonds of social, material, and physical limitation.

"And he killed James the brother of John with a sword." The same sword that stuck into the side of Jesus. "And because he saw it pleased the Jews, he proceeded further to take Peter also." When the word *Jews* is used, naturally it doesn't mean the Jewish people as such but rather any who live by law alone . . . those who oppose a message of grace. What do the Jews symbolize, and what does law symbolize? Something different than today? Not a bit. Today the world or material sense lives under a belief in the law of eight hours' sleep, in the law of age, the law of vitamins, the law of protection, the law of money—they accept money as supply. Society, as we know it, is based on the rule of law, an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. Society has many laws that we can easily accept as spiritual, but when society makes a God out of law, it destroys a life lived by grace. To please the Jews is to please those who live for nothing but the law, who do not accept the message of grace which the Christ brings into consciousness. The message of grace that says there is a way beyond law where you can "take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat or

*King James version

what ye shall drink." It is a message which says to the man who is sick by the roadside: "What is to hinder you? take up your bed and walk, for there is no law tying you down." So Herod, the muscleman, the man with a sword that managed to kill James and saw that by destroying James he pleased those who were under law, proceeded further to kill Peter.

Now who was Peter? Peter was the rock on which the church was founded. You remember Jesus said, "Whom say ye that I am?" And Peter said, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." And Jesus replied, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock, I will build my church." On the state of consciousness which knows no man after the flesh, on the state of consciousness which didn't see Jesus as a body, but knew He was the Christ, the invisible Christ which we all are, on that consciousness, Jesus said, "I will build my church." So by taking Peter, Herod thought he was taking the heart and soul of the church.

"And when he had apprehended him, he put him in prison, and delivered him to four quaternions of soldiers to keep him: intending after Easter to bring him forth to the people." Herod, the high point of material power, took Peter, he took you and me, he took all mankind and put us in prison. That's where we are. We're in the prison of belief in supply, of material limitations, of daily routine, of the ignorance of our fellow man. And to guard us he put four squadrons of soldiers, the four aspects of life that bind man in his ignorance, the four horsemen of the Apocalypse.

"Peter, therefore, was kept in prison: but prayer was made without ceasing of the church unto God for him." While he was there in bondage the church members were all praying for him. We, in whatever way we know, are turning with faith in an invisible power.

"And when Herod would have brought him forth, the same night Peter was sleeping between two soldiers." Peter, even Peter was asleep as any who are not awake to their true identity, as we are when we lie down in the prison of material sense. The soldiers were the acceptance of bad and good which has chained us since man ate of the tree of good and evil. Our entire bondage on earth is created out of

our belief in what the Orientals call the pairs of opposites, the belief in bad and good which created a power apart from God. This acceptance, or sleep, is of the mind but it is as real as any material chain. It keeps us in bondage to the earth. It keeps us in prison. We are bound with both bad and good. The minute we think something is good we have created the bondage of bad. To be free we must stand guard over our thoughts constantly so that we can refuse those thoughts that are created by a belief in bad or good. We have no free will, as such, apart from the free will to stand guard over what thoughts we still let in. Many in the ages of Oriental mysticism have attempted to keep out all thought, but by denying the God-given instrument of the mind they have been doomed to failure. We let thoughts in, but we can stand guard and test to see, "Is this thought based on bad or good?" If it is based on either, as judgment, we've just taken sleeping pills.

"And, behold, the angel of the Lord came unto him, and a light shined in the prison: and he smote Peter on the side, and raised him up, saying, Arise up quickly. And his chains fell off from his hands. . . ." What came to him? What smote him? The angel of the Lord. The angels, as we know them, are God's truths which we have ever present with us. God is all truth. God is infinite, and a finite mind cannot comprehend infinity. But we can comprehend individual truths. We can comprehend that two and two are four, but no mind can comprehend the whole of mathematics. When truth expresses itself in a way that I can grasp, it is an angel of the Lord, and these angels are around us constantly to protect us.

When we entertain truths, angels, in consciousness they bring us harmony, peace, freedom, and the reality we seek. They are legion, "closer than breathing, nearer than hands and feet." When truth came into Peter's consciousness the "light shined" and dispelled the darkness of bondage. It smote Peter on the side, like a blast. When the revelation of Truth comes to us, it never comes gently. It smites us. It shakes us up. It breaks through the ignorance. A thought or revelation has no power unless it is coupled with the experience of the truth that it bears. When Truth smote Peter, the material

chains fell from his hands. They were not torn from his hands. When light comes into a dark closet it doesn't fight the darkness. It doesn't rip out the darkness. Where the presence of light is there is no darkness, no bondage, and the chains slip from our hands. The angel said, "Arise up quickly" . . . now, in this instant . . . and when he did, when he rose in consciousness, he was free.

"And the angel said unto him, Gird thyself, and bind on thy sandals" . . . put on your shoes, we must proceed, we must travel. "Cast thy garments about thee, and follow me" . . . clothe yourself with the robe of realization that wherever you go, I go; I am your buckler and your shield.

"And he went out, and followed him; and wist not that it was true which was done by the angel; but thought he saw a vision. When they were past the first and second ward, they came unto the iron gate that leadeth unto the city." When they came out of bad and good, or right and wrong, the first and second levels of bondage, they came to the iron gate which leads to the city. The city is freedom. The city of God is freedom and the iron gate, the toughest material we know, was Peter's last barrier, the last obstacle to his freedom and ascension, and it "opened to them of its own accord," not by human hands. "And they went out, and passed on through one street" . . . he was single-minded now, on one path, no longer dualistic, no longer had a will apart from his Father's. "And forthwith the angel departed from him." This individual truth was no longer needed. We entertain individual truths in our consciousness only when needed, and as they are legion we have only to turn to the Father and whatever angel we need is revealed to us.

"When Peter was come to himself," when he was once more back under his own responsibility, as you and I have done daily, even after we have been illumined, even after we have been touched by the Spirit, he realized that life was not made up of eternally floating on a cloud of Truth, and he said, "Now I know of a surety that the Lord hath sent his angel, and hath delivered me out of the hand of Herod, and from all the expectation of the people of the Jews." He said, in effect, "I know for certain

now that Jesus Christ's resurrection is not His alone. I have put an end to the expectations of those who believe that life is lived only by material law. I have been shown that Jesus' resurrection, Jesus' triumph over materiality, was not a unique experience for Him alone, but is possible for all who entertain His truths, who have 'that mind which was in Christ Jesus.' "

No wonder the cry "Christ is risen" rings with power and feeling for today we can cry, "Peter is risen" with the same feeling or perhaps even stronger feeling, because the fact that Peter was freed bodily without using human means shows that we, too, can become free.

We come through our lives having glimpses of faith, glimpses of miracles, glimpses of truth. And when we do, we affirm and reaffirm our faith. We say: "Next time I will not go under. Next time I will not weaken." But the next time we are tempted to believe that there are those in our church, or business, or in our home who have power over our good, we are denying our freedom. We are once again believing that we are children of the prison of life. We forget that we need not struggle against these things, that the angels of the Lord will liberate us.

We once again believe that we are material people with age and bodies that can be crucified. What do we worry about? What can we have to worry about? We worry about our bodily health, about our supply, about our companionship, all these things that are crucified on the cross of life, and in direct ratio as we worry about them, we are losing faith in an ultimate resurrection. We have heard, and we have preached, that Jesus was resurrected, and now we see that Peter was resurrected, too, even as you and I, out of the bondage of materiality. So here we are today in our chains, in our prisons, but we can exult with great joy, "Christ is risen," because that is saying: "I can rise. This thing is not going to lick me. I'm tempted to believe that it can; the world says it will, but no, sir, I will rise because Christ rose, and Peter rose, and Peter walked out of his shackles . . . Peter walked out of his prison."

With the freedom Peter attained we may feel this is the end of the story, but let us read on: "And when he had considered the thing," when he fully realized the significance of the experi-

ence and its revelation, "he came to the house of Mary the mother of John . . . where many were gathered together praying." He came to the family of those who were seeking the Truth to the best of their ability. "And as Peter knocked at the door of the gate, a damsel came to hearken, named Rhoda. And when she knew Peter's voice she opened not the gate for gladness, but ran in, and told how Peter stood before the gate. And they said unto her, Thou art mad . . ." Even today, when we ask that people believe in the invisible, the untouchable, or the miraculous we are met with the same words: "You're mad. You're nuts."

"But she constantly affirmed that it was even so. Then said they, It is his angel." In other words, "You've seen a spirit, had a vision, imagined him." "But Peter continued knocking: and when they had opened the door, and saw him, they were astonished."

Now get this . . . these are the Christians who actually saw Jesus crucified. These are the Christians who studied at the feet of Jesus. These were Jesus' star pupils, those with whom He had worked the hardest, to whom He had given the most, loved the most, and yet they were astonished when they saw Peter. That is why I call this "the second Easter." Jesus was taken by the hand of Herod, and was crucified, but He was resurrected. If Herod could do this to Peter, if he could conquer Peter where he had failed with Jesus, he would have triumphed for all time . . . he would have condemned mankind for all time, because he would have proved that the resurrection from material bondage was a unique experience for Jesus alone, not for you and me as well.

For the last two thousand years mankind has lived with the first Easter. They have revered the miracle of the Resurrection, but they have worshiped it as an experience of one Man. Now we are beginning the age of the second Easter. The same chains of iron that bound Jesus bound Peter. The same sword that pierced Jesus was to kill Peter. The same material prison held him . . . and Peter walked out resurrected, freed by the same spirit that resurrected Jesus. This was just as much a miracle as Jesus' miracle, and just as much a resurrection. In fact Peter's resurrection was Jesus' greatest

miracle, for it is a far greater miracle when a teacher shows that he has passed his power and his freedom on to his student than when he has demonstrated these for himself alone.

Let us rejoice, for now we can say, "I can rise," because Jesus rose and was able to pass on this consciousness to all mankind, proving for all time that it was not His experience alone, but for you and for me. The spiritual family saw, with their own eyes, and yet they thought: "It can't happen to Peter because he's just one of us. He can't be resurrected. He can't get off the cross." All this time they had missed Jesus' message. They hadn't believed Him. They thought this was just Jesus' consciousness, and they deified the man. If they, who studied at Jesus' side, had such difficulty in accepting the possibility that His Christ consciousness could also be their consciousness, we today, two thousand years later, can forgive ourselves our difficulty.

"But he, beckoning unto them with the hand to hold their peace, declared unto them how the Lord had brought him out of the prison. And he said, Go shew these things unto James, and to the brethren. And he departed, and went into another place." He didn't even enter the house. No more time for sitting around in little prayer groups beseeching a God apart, no more trying to pray things into being. They had seen now. It had been demonstrated by one of them. He did not enter the house but rather he said, "go and show the world . . . go. Show your brethren this miracle, and free all mankind." A tree that is not picked of its fruit ceases in time to bear; "to him that hath shall be given, from him that hath not will be taken away the little that he hath"; cease using a muscle, and it will atrophy. These sound like brutal truths, but they are fact. We, all of us, have seen the power of Spirit, and we have each had a vision of Truth. We must now go out and tell it to the world or share it with those who are seeking.

When the world of man's mind created an inhuman Jesus, a unique Jesus, flawless, untortured by the frailties that we recognize in ourselves, when His healing power was classed as a unique dispensation from God, when His commission to us that greater works we would do was ignored, mankind was tricked into a life of

bondage . . . sin was perpetrated in Jesus' name. But now Easter can be a whole experience for us, one in which we reverence the first miracle of the Master's resurrection, and the

second Easter when Peter proved that the same consciousness of freedom, the same angels, are at hand for you and me.

The Spider and the Seedling

By Phyllis Simolke

Over a period of seemingly endless months, I watched a loved one suffer great pain. His predicament tore at my heart and chafed my emotions raw. Whenever I would leave his side, I would go to the chapel, fall on my knees and hold tightly to the prayer, "you will live! You *must* live! Live! Live! Now!!" I would thank God for answering my prayer, and return home. I repeated this routine daily.

The doctors seemed amazed that he lingered on and struggled so desperately for the thin thread. I smiled quietly, knowing the fervency of my prayers for the continuance of his existence on earth.

Then one afternoon, after my hospital visit, and subsequent dynamic prayer session, I came from the chapel, drained and weary. I sank onto a stone bench in the garden, looked down, and there caught in a spider's web was a winged seedling struggling in the breeze to free itself. The seedling was of no use to the spider; it only cluttered his web and prevented his catching prey. If the seedling were free, it would waft on the wind, settle in some fertile spot and become a sapling that would, in time, grow into a shade tree.

I could not resist the compulsion to free it

from its trap and blow the captive seedling gently into the air. At once the spider came forth and began mending his net. The seedling wafted up and away on its purposeful journey. All was restored to God's plan for fulfillment—both spider and seedling.

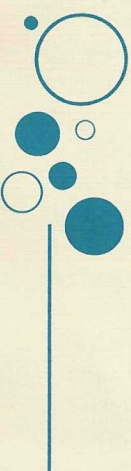
Could I do less for a loved one? Was it right to hold him captive in my thought and prevent him (and perhaps myself) from the fulfillment of God's perfect plan for us both?

I reentered the chapel, sat quietly, trustingly, and closed my eyes.

"Loving Father, not my will, but Thine be done. No more struggle. No more fear. No sense of loss shall be mine. If You care for the spider and the seedling, then how much more must You care for him and for me! I am holding him in the web of my selfish prayer. Let him loose to begin a new and greater life. I now set him free—free to fly!"

I came out of the chapel feeling at peace for the first time in many months. My loved one slipped peacefully into the currents of eternal life a few days later, without fear or struggle. He is free at last! And I am patiently, carefully, hopefully rebuilding my web of life. Who knows? Perhaps I will catch a shining star.





"The WORLD IS READY"

By
Robert P. Sikking

Many years ago Charles Fillmore said: "One day the world will be ready for what Unity has to offer. When that time comes, people will stand in line for this Truth." It is our belief that that time has come. *The world is ready.* The world is ready for Unity; it is ready for the tremendous Truth message that Unity has to offer. In international politics, in human relationships, the world is ready. Youth in its rebellion against the crystallized institutions of our day is ready for what Unity has to offer. The question remains: is Unity ready to meet this need?

In June, 1970, just at the outset of a new decade, there will be a gathering together of Unity friends, students, teachers, and ministers to highlight the great blessing that Unity has to offer to the world. The occasion will be the Unity International Convention-1970. This will be a convention of Unity teachers and speakers from around the world, adding to and drawing upon the consciousness of Unity friends who will gather in the Municipal Auditorium in Kansas City. This convention will present Unity speakers, Unity methods, Unity prayer-consciousness—and everyone who has been inspired by Unity will want to participate.

Just think of the spiritual power that could be released in the world if it were possible to unify the consciousness of Unity students, teachers, and ministers around the world! Think of the tremendous concentration of

spiritual energy that could be brought to bear upon the challenges the world has to meet today if all of those inspired by the Truth that Unity presents could come together in one place for one purpose!

On August 19, 1928, the Sixth Annual Unity Convention convened at Unity Farm, near Kansas City, Missouri. Many pages were written to tell about that convention. The new Silent Unity building had been rushed to completion in preparation for the convention. Complete cafeteria service was provided in the building. Auditorium facilities, a large, comfortable lounge room, shower rooms, and literature and information booths were provided as well. More than seven hundred delegates from the United States, Canada, and England participated. At dedication services for the new Silent Unity building, more than fifteen hundred persons were present. A "tent city" of one hundred and fifty tents was constructed only a hundred feet from the new building. The still-unfinished Unity Tower served as a platform for viewing a scene of enthusiasm, inspiration, and joyous involvement among the delegates. Loudspeakers were set up on the Tower so that music could be a part not only of the inspiration but of the fellowship and recreation afforded those participating.

The program for that ten-day convention included the names of many spiritual leaders of great significance in their day, remembered to this day as the pioneers of the Unity Movement. Workers from Unity Headquarters in Kansas City participated to increase the understanding of Unity School and its many functions and services. Silent Unity, the prayer ministry of Unity, was transported *en masse* to Unity Farm to contribute a special spiritual

consciousness of blessing to all who participated. Charles and Myrtle Fillmore, Georgiana Tree West, Ida Palmer, and Frederick Andrews were among those who shared their insight and inspiration with the delegates. Ernest C. Wilson, who was then editor of *Youth* magazine, took an active part in a special young people's day.

The convention concept was first attempted in 1923; the first "Unity Conference and Healing Revival" was held in Kansas City and attracted nearly five hundred out-of-town students. That spiritual experience was to be the start of a tremendous, vital activity that would affect the lives of innumerable people around the world. Charles Fillmore, addressing the visitors, said in part: "This is the first gathering in the way of a conference of the movement called Unity. I feel that you are a unit in your spiritual understanding of the object of this gathering. . . . In this gathering in the study of spiritual things we shall be drawn closer together and we shall feel that spiritual unity which is really the object of this conference. . . . The name *Unity* was revealed to us by Spirit. When we had adopted a definite name, a plan of work began to unfold and we saw the great possibilities of Unity. We were wobbly until the name *Unity* came, and that seemed to be the crystallizing idea in our minds. . . . Unity is not a sect, not a separation of people into an exclusive group of know-it-alls. Unity is the Truth that is taught in all religions, simplified and systematized so that anyone can understand and apply it. In Spirit we are one, and it is our work to make that unity a fact in all the relations which men have established in the world. One of the problems set before this conference is the demonstration of unity among all people, regardless of race, color, religion, politics, or possessions."

During those early convention activities of the Unity Movement, the inspiration of Truth-minded people brought forth many innovations that have blessed Unity students and friends over the years. *Daily Word*, the first issue of which was published in July, 1924, grew out of this consciousness of unity. Frank B. Whitney was encouraged by Myrtle Fillmore to create the new publication, which by now

has touched the lives of countless millions. In 1928, *The Sunlit Way*, by Ernest C. Wilson, was first published by Unity School to coincide with the Sixth Annual Unity Convention.

Growing out of the convention idea were three clearly-defined areas of activity within the Unity Movement. First there was the Training School program, offering the teachings of Truth to those seeking more active participation in the ministry, as well as to those who were looking for spiritual growth and evolution in themselves. In the years following the conventions, a training school evolved that today includes the Unity Correspondence School, the Unity Institute of Continuing Education, and the Unity School of Ministerial and Religious Studies. All Unity teachers and ministers have obtained their training through these phases of the Unity School outreach and they, in turn, have contributed to the great field ministry that exists around the world today.

The Unity Ministers' Association came into being in 1933, as a direct result of the early convention activities and the informal meeting of Unity leaders each year at Unity Farm. From 1929 to 1966, the UMA unfolded and grew to function as a body whose primary objective was to increase the effectiveness of Unity's outreach through its center ministries around the world. In 1966 the Unity Ministers' Association became the Association of Unity Churches. This step gave legal identity to the field movement and has, in the succeeding years, evolved into a strong, stable organization functioning in unity with Unity School and its outreach in the field.

Since 1928 there has not been another Unity convention involving laymen as well as ministers and teachers. In the intervening years there have been the annual conferences of Unity ministers and teachers, which have been a source of inspiration and strength to those involved professionally in the Unity ministry. Over these years there has existed an untouched potential and a need for Unity students to be able to draw together and make their contribution to the spiritual evolution that is the movement of Unity. Workers in Unity centers and churches have again and again expressed their desire to have a more

active involvement in the inspiration of Unity. This year, because we believe that "the world is ready," the Association of Unity Churches is convening the Unity International Convention-1970 to bring together leaders and students, teachers and friends.

In addition to the great speakers within the family of the Unity Movement, an invitation has been extended to authors of all the Unity books in print to be on hand to meet delegates and autograph copies of their books. The finest vocalists and instrumentalists from Unity centers and churches around the country are being invited to lend their special gifts to the success of this convention.

A vital part of the program will be the "Limelight on Laymen." This program will feature outstandingly successful and articulate laymen for whom the principles of Unity have been of vital importance. They will share their experiences in using Truth to accomplish suc-

cess in their particular fields.

Any gathering of Unity people is a joyous experience. This convention will certainly be no exception; the "joy songs" and inspirational music that have been our unique contribution will have a big part in our sessions.

During the evening sessions there will be three entertainment programs, drawing upon those gifted persons who have been involved in or have shown an interest in participation in our Unity approach. Many gifted and talented artists will be presented to thousands of Unity people in the context of a joyous prayer consciousness.

Unity International Convention-1970 can be the demonstration opportunity of a lifetime—the opportunity to demonstrate not only what a great Truth message can do for individual people, but what it can do for a world that hungers for its healing love . . . a world that is ready!

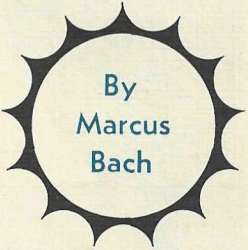
Be Still

By R. H. Grenville

Be still. How still?
Can you be
like a green leaf on a tree
when no wind stirs the bough?
Can you be still as thought
or the silent wing of Time
that passes even now?
Can you be heart's love deep
as pools in mountains are,
fed by their secret springs?
As still as light that falls
from some far distant star
on a little child, asleep?

Be still. Be still as these.
Welcome the silences
that heal and bless.
For stillness is the core,
the very heart, and more,
of livingness.

"There's Charlie!"



By
Marcus
Bach

A Dolly Varden is a char and a char is a fish of the trout family, and the name of this char was Charlie. That was fair enough, though there was no telling whether it might not better have been named Charlene. No one was even sure it was a char, for that matter. It could have been a Kokanee or a Kamloop (both of which also claim Kootenay Lake in British Columbia as their habitat), but the Whitcomb family had decided it was a char; and whenever they sat on the patio of their Kootenay cabin and there was a swish and a splash some forty feet from shore, they'd say, "There's Charlie!"

It all started five years ago when John Whitcomb, his wife Milly, and son Bobby, age four, were out on the flagstone patio one spring evening shortly after they had finished building their summer cabin. It was a wistful evening with a calm lake. A mystic blue drifted in from the wooded mountains and the afterglow of the sunset filled the sky with ribbons of color. Everyone was quieted by the bewitching charm of nature when suddenly there was a splash in the still water and Bobby cried: "A fish! A big one! Look at the ripples!"

The ripples formed a rather good-sized ring, then rings within rings spread out until they ebbed away and all was silent again.

"What kind of a fish was it, daddy?" Bobby wanted to know.

"Must have been a char," John said.

"A what?" asked his wife.

"A char. I thought I caught a flash of its red belly."

"If it's a char, then let's call it Charlie," said Bobby and for a four-year-old that sounded like pure genius.

"Charlie," agreed John Whitcomb and his voice was soft with a kind of reverence that matched the evening. They sat there while the

crimson in the sky changed to golden gray and the lake became deep blue.

After a long silence, Bobby asked, "Is he far away now, Daddy?"

"Who?"

"Charlie."

"No, he isn't far away. He's probably got his nest right out there where he splashed."

"You think so?" Milly asked skeptically.

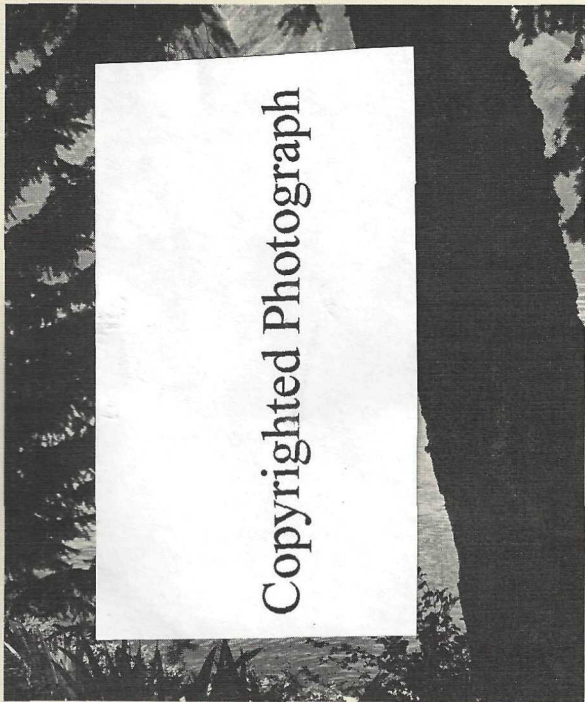
"Why, yes," John replied. "I imagine he lives right around here."

"We'll see him again?" Bobby asked eagerly.

"Well, we'll hear him, I'm sure," his father said, "on still nights like this."

And through the years they did hear the splash, not only on quiet evenings but sometimes in the morning when the waves lapped the rocky shore at the promontory where their cabin stood. For five years Charlie was a member of the family, a pet which no one ever actually saw but which they at least knew was always there.

The Whitcombs enjoyed fishing. They were not fanatic fishermen but they were ardent. Whenever they fished, however, they studiously avoided the area that Charlie had staked out for himself. In fact, they usually fished on the other side of the lake but many were the times when they watched with anxiety and a prayer as fishermen in trolling boats combed the waters almost directly over Charlie's bailiwick. Never once (as far as they knew) did Charlie rise for a lure, and many were the times



Photograph By Lorena Bach

when, after one of these fishing excursions, the family would be on the patio and there would be the splash and the ripples and they'd say, "There's Charlie!"

Just once Milly said, half in fun: "But is it right for us to affirm that no one should catch Charlie? After all, some of those fishermen may need fish for food just as we sometimes feel we do."

"There is such a thing as serendipity," John said. "They may not catch a fish as big as Charlie but they will get others along the way. That's how serendipity works. We should learn to appreciate the lesser catches even though the big catch may seem to elude us."

Five summers, and everyone had gotten to be five years older. John was now thirty, Milly twenty-seven, and Bobby was nine. Obviously Charlie had gotten older, too. At least, Bobby imagined the swirls the char made were louder and splashier. They were less frequent, too, as if the fish were taking things easier. Three or four times a week was about all the playing around he did but it was enough to let the world know that as far as life in the lake was concerned, it was, as with the Whitcombs on land, going along very well.

As a matter of fact, however, life was only partially well with the Whitcombs. John, who was an architect and who did a great deal of his work at the cabin, was having a rather difficult time. A home-designing project into which he had put considerable time and money had backfired because of building costs and John really needed a more secure position, at least until the building slump ended.

In mid-July he had a telephone call. The president of a West Coast architectural firm, a Mr. Flagler whom John had met at a convention in Los Angeles, called to say he was attending a meeting in Calgary and would like to stop in and see John on business. Frankly stated, his firm was adding another member to the staff and Mr. Flagler said he would like to interview John for the appointment.

Playing it cool, John said: "Plan to spend a couple of days with us if you can. Are you a fishing enthusiast?"

"I'd rather eat them than catch them," said Peter Flagler.

"We'll certainly see that you have a fish dinner," John told him confidently. "Do you prefer them baked or fried in cornmeal?"

"Baked, if I had my way," said the voice at the other end of the line, and John was already visualizing how "Whitcomb" would look added to the firm name of Flagler, O'Brien, Johnson, and Cohn.

So it was a time of excitement at the cabin and Milly said she wished she had more than just three days to get things shipshape. She agreed with John that this was their big chance and the possibility of a big break. Even Bobby got into the act. He said he would help his dad catch the best possible mess of Kootenay trout for "Flagler Day."

Now there was the rub. By a most incongruous state of affairs the days prior to Peter Flagler's coming were hot, dry, and dead calm as far as the lake was concerned. It was a most unpropitious situation for catching fish. You must know something about Kootenay Lake to understand. This four-mile-wide and hundred-mile-long lake has always enjoyed a good reputation as far as sportsmen are concerned. Usually the waters are live and kicking and you can generally catch a creel full of Kokanee if

you work at it. But there are days when the lake resembles a mill pond, dead calm, seemingly stagnant, and to all intents and purposes absolutely fishless. Whatever the reason, and no one has ever convincingly figured it out, some of the worst of these days are in mid-July, and the worst ever were the three days before the scheduled arrival of Peter Flagler.

"Skunked again," said Bobby when he and his father came in empty-handed the night before the coming of the honored guest.

"No matter," said Milly. "There are any number of things I can fix. Chicken, ham, steaks, even a salmon soufflé if he insists on fish."

"I promised him a *baked* fish," John agonized, "a real baker. Here he'll be with us for one evening, a man with the job I've been praying for. I practically told him we had the fish on ice. 'Well,' he'll say to himself, 'what kind of a fellow is John Whitcomb? Promises me a baked trout and serves me a can of tuna. Now I begin to wonder about his architectural ability!'"

"Oh, well," Milly said lightly, "maybe tomorrow will see a change in the weather and they'll begin biting."

"That's all we can hope for," John agreed.

The next morning the lake was so still John said it looked as if a man could walk on the water. He needed a miracle almost as big as that. With Bobby with him in the boat they fished the sandy beaches, the coves, the rocky points. They worked the mouths of streams, the shallows and the deep. John tried fly-casting, bait-casting, and even still-fishing. No luck. High noon. Peter Flagler arriving at four-thirty. Milly said she would begin unfreezing the lamb chops.

"Lamb chops on Kootenay Lake!" John cried.

Then he quieted down. He went, so to say, to his mental drafting board and sketched a course of action. Fortunately some friends were taking Bobby away for an afternoon swimming lesson and that left only Milly for him to reckon with.

"Milly," he said, "I don't know what you're going to say about this, but the time has come for us to sacrifice Charlie."

"Sacrifice—what?"

"Sacrifice Charlie," John repeated, gazing out at the unruffled section of lake where the char was wont to play.

"You couldn't!" Milly exclaimed. "You wouldn't! Think of Bobby!"

"I am thinking of Bobby. I'm thinking of all of us. This is my one chance for a worthwhile job. Security. Status. I'm past thirty, you know. I'm not going to flub this one."

"You mean lamb chops might flub it? Oh, now, John!"

"Lamb chops might flub it," he replied in dead seriousness. "I'm psychic about these things. I know how these executives figure. It's got to be Charlie. It's my only chance."

"You mean you could eat Charlie? You really and truly could?"

"As a fish of sacrifice? You bet I could."

"Well," said Milly with a flash, "you'll have to catch him first."

"That's right," said John, somewhat unnerved. "I'll have to catch him first."

The drone of the outboard as it trolled back and forth in front of the Whitcomb cabin was like the whir of a plane in a holding position circling the airport, circling, circling. Milly, busy in the kitchen, caught herself holding her ears in desperation. Then she stood at the window watching as John played his trolling rod back and forth, back and forth, as he varied his speed, changed his lures, circled, zigzagged, and covered the spot where Charlie lay. Milly did not know whether to laugh or cry. Instead, she took the lamb chops from the freezer to let them thaw.

John's mental struggle was fully as desperate. He wanted Charlie and he didn't want him. He felt like a poacher, a sneak thief. But he also had something to prove: his psychic feeling. Flagler's bid depended on a fish. A big fish. A baker. Men are funny that way. When they are promised something they expect the promise to be fulfilled.

The motor purred on. It was now two-thirty. In fact it was two-thirty-five, to be exact, when the rod in John's hand sent an electrical impulse through him and nearly knocked him out of the boat.

"Milly!"

He shouldn't have yelled. He knew better,

but he yelled just the same, and Milly rushed to the patio and stood there with hands pressed against her cheeks watching the incredible proceedings. For even John under less strenuous circumstances would never have tried to horse in a fish the size of this one and even reach for the net.

The char broke water some thirty feet from the boat, and John simply began cranking the reel. Then the fish sounded. John yanked it back up with a motion that should logically have jerked the lure from its mouth.

"Easy! Easy!" John was talking to himself as if he suddenly realized it was now a case of touch and go. His line sang out from the reel. It got under the boat and for an instant terror came to John's eyes. He didn't really want that fish and yet he knew how desperately he needed it, and in this mental conflict he had a vision of losing fish, lure, job and all.

"Gone!" he yelled to Milly.

"Gone?" she echoed. "You mean it got away?"

"It got away," he began but a mighty tug on the rod told him differently. "No! It's on! It's still on!"

His reel jammed, or he thought it had. He got hold of the line and yanked the fish hand over hand straight into the boat in a most unorthodox exhibition of fishing skill. But there lay the char, a six-pounder at least. John gazed down at it with tears in his eyes.

"He's a beauty, Milly," he sobbed. "He's a real beauty."

Milly turned away.

Peter Flagler, a pompous and impressive man, drove down the lane at four-thirty. He had said he would arrive at that time and promptness with him was a virtue. He said he liked men who kept their promises.

Bobby returned at five. When his father met him at the bottom of the lane, the boy's first whispered words were, "Did you get some fish?"

"I got a big one," his father whispered back. "A baker."

"Where'd you get him?" Bobby asked. "On the other side of the lake?"

John swallowed hard and said, "Way on the other side." That, as far as he could recall, was

the first white lie he had ever told his son. But, he asked himself, couldn't the words *other side* mean just about anything?

It was a magnificent dinner, and Peter Flagler had a confession to make. He was on a meat-free diet by doctor's orders but fish was highly recommended, especially baked fish. So he was doubly appreciative of the *pièce de résistance* which had been prepared especially for him. He was sure that someday when John Whitcomb was a member of the firm, he could return the favor. What a lovely setting for a cabin, and how interestingly the architecture fit into the scheme of things! He liked the patio especially because of the intimacy with the water and the hills, and the quietude that held it in its embrace.

"One gets a feeling for, well, for the deeper things of life as you sit here," Flagler mused. "The hidden things, you might say."

There was no need to answer that. No need at all. But just then there was a sound, a hearty splash and a swirl that ruffled the placid waters of the lake and started ripples flowing, rings within rings.

"Say, now!" Flagler exclaimed. "What was that?"

"Oh, that," said Bobby, "that's Charlie! Isn't it, Dad?"

Dad was unable to reply. In fact, he may not even have heard. The sound of the splash was like thunder in his ears. But Milly managed to say in an awed voice: "Yes, Bobby. That's Charlie."

"You see," said Bobby, "it's got something to do with serendipity."

"Oh, it has, has it?" Peter Flagler responded. "That should be interesting!"

From a letter written by a college student:
"President Cuyler made a speech this evening about the modern generation being flip-pant and superficial. He says that we are losing the old ideals of earnest endeavor and true scholarship; and particularly is this falling-off noticeable in our disrespectful attitude toward organized authority. We no longer pay a seemly deference to our superiors." ("Daddy Long-Legs," copyright 1912.)

PEACE and

From the Writings of Charles Fillmore

CHRISTIAN UNITY

The eye of a prophet is not necessary to see bankruptcy, disruption, and virtual chaos for the nations of the world if they persist in carrying out the destructive plans that their rulers are so feverishly making. Although they all claim that they love peace and are really trying to attain it, they admit that a worldwide war is just around the corner and they know of no way to avoid it.

The so-called civilized nations are being educated in the art of war until they have become so war-minded that they accept war as an inescapable disaster. But not all the people want to destroy their neighbors. There are millions of peace lovers who willingly would make great personal sacrifices if they were assured of a way to establish lasting peace in the earth.

Where shall we find these peace lovers and how may we get them to bring into action the power that will save our civilization from the disaster that threatens?

The answer is that the majority of them are members of religious organizations that are making no concerted effort for peace. Lack of church unity ties the hands and minds of millions of church members who are eager to launch some kind of religious crusade for peace. Peter the Hermit, riding his little mule and shouting "God will it," stirred all Europe and inspired crusade after crusade that wrested Jerusalem from the Turks. A crusade leader today could rouse the Christian churches and organize a peace demonstration that would make the world dictators tremble on their thrones.

However, so long as the churches fail to

cooperate and march as a unified army for peace, such a crusade will be impossible. Even politicians submerge their pet issues for the sake of some national issue, for which they organize and which they carry to success by popular vote. Jesus said that the sons of this world often are wiser in their generation than the children of light. So the churches are stricken with impotency in the face of terror at the sight of the dogs of war. Yet within the grasp of the churches is the power to inaugurate the millennium. If the churches will agree to forget their creeds and ordinances for a day and live up to the commandment that Jesus said fulfilled the whole law, they can conquer the world.

That commandment is, "You shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, and with all your soul, and with all your mind. . . . You shall love your neighbor as yourself."

To meet successfully the psychological waves of war that are now surging through the race thought will require the united cooperation of all Christian people the world over. The love of God through Christ must be preached from every pulpit as the one and only foundation for a lasting peace. Then the cultivation of those attributes that enter into the composition of love must be emphasized in the daily contact of man with man and nation with nation.

Most persons think of divine love as something far removed from practical life, as something that has to do with the ecstasy of religion and that is experienced only by saints.

The fact is that love is a compound thing that is the unifying principle of our common association. Without the use of the elements that make up love it would be impossible for humans to live together.

In his book "Love the Supreme Gift," Henry Drummond analyzes love as described by Paul

in I Corinthians: 13. He compares love to a ray of light, which when passed through a prism comes out on the other side broken up into its elements, all the colors of the rainbow. He says love is composed of virtues that we hear about and practice every day in every circumstance of life. He gives the spectrum of love nine elements:

Patience—"Love suffereth long."

Kindness—"And is kind."

Generosity—"Love envieth not."

Humility—"Love vaulteth not itself, is not puffed up."

Courtesy—"Doth not behave itself unseemly."

Unselfishness—"Seeketh not its own."

Good Temper—"Is not provoked."

Guilelessness—"Taketh not account of evil."

Sincerity—"Rejoiceth not in unrighteousness, but rejoiceth with the truth."

"Patience, kindness, generosity, humility, courtesy, unselfishness, good temper, guilelessness, sincerity—these make up the supreme gift, the stature of the perfect man. You will observe that all are in relation to men, in relation to life,

in relation to the known today and the near tomorrow, and not to the unknown eternity. We hear much of love to God; Christ spoke much of love to man. We make a great deal of peace with heaven; Christ spoke much of peace on earth. Religion is not a strange or added thing, but the inspiration of the secular life, the breathing of an eternal spirit through this temporal world. The supreme thing, in short, is not a thing at all, but the giving of a further finish to the multitudinous words and acts which make up the sum of every common day."

These simple virtues, which even men in the commercial world are finding valuable in their intercourse, are found to be the component parts of the primal element that stabilizes and harmonizes the universe—love. A recognition by the Christian churches that this mighty power exists and their willingness to acknowledge it and with all their members practice it, will establish peace the world over.

(Originally published in *Unity*, December 1939.)

Coming of Age

By Elizabeth Landeweer

Seeking a new direction
In which I may turn my face,
I take my lamp to a window
That opens on inner space.

My inward sky twinkles with stars' light,
And I rejoice in their shine,
For each is the lamp of another
Whose soul is waking like mine.

Across the dark and the distance
Each of us signals to each,

And sends the beam of his being
As far as the heart can reach.

No astronaut of the future
Will ever set foot on this shore
Without the greeting of brothers
Who have been here often before.

We keep a timeless communion,
Affirming again and again
A whole new dimension of spirit,
And the coming of age of man.

"I Am Here"

Have you ever caught yourself thinking of God as always being somewhere else? Do you really think of God as being right where you are, this instant? Or do you, down in the secret depths of your consciousness, still think of God as being far off somewhere in the blue void of space? It is a natural tendency for most of us to think of God in this latter way, because we have been conditioned by powerful forces to think of God as being absent from us right now.

Due to our great respect for the Scriptures, we may think of God as having been present and real to men at one time, but that was long ago. The men the Bible tells of in the Old Testament—Abraham, Moses, David, the great prophets—knew God for themselves.

The New Testament tells how God was revealed through the life and works of Jesus. We know that Jesus knew God for Himself; He even called God "Father." God was very real and always present with Jesus. The disciples of Jesus—Peter, John, and Paul—also knew God for themselves. They proved it by doing miraculous works of healing. Peter and Paul even raised the dead by God's power.

We also have the Church's doctrine that if we are "good" and are saved, we will meet God in heaven after death.

So we can recognize two common ways to think about God. We may think of God as being present, real and accessible to men, a long time ago, in ancient Hebrew and early Christian history. Or we think that God's presence will be real to us, far ahead somewhere, when we get to heaven. These modes of thinking about God led Elizabeth Towne, one of the great New Thought pioneers, to observe that God was worshiped as the great "I Was," or the great "I Will Be," but seldom as the great "I Am"!

Yet our Bible emphatically asserts that God

is not far back in ancient history, that God is always current, always of the now and the here. Nor is God contained in any sacred book or building. God is not far off from man in some ethereal environment or paradise hidden in outer space. The Bible says bluntly that God is omnipresent. One passage says that if man were in hell, God would be right there in hell with him—in short, that it is impossible for man to go anywhere or be anywhere that God is not.

God is always where we are, no matter where that may be. "Do I not fill heaven and earth?" says the Lord." This means that God is omnipresent.

Omnipresence is a miraculous word. The prefix "omni," from the Latin word *omnis*, means "all" or "everywhere." God is all that there is, and this allness of God is everywhere. Naturally—since it is all there is.

The whole structure of the modern Truth movement rests upon the principle of omnipresence—that God the good is all, and this all is omnipresent. God the good, everywhere present, everywhere to be found . . . evil, seemingly so great, so widespread and powerful, in reality having no real presence or power, because God is all there is anywhere.

Yet how difficult it is to think of God as being omnipresent, present everywhere at one and the same time, and at the same time to believe that God is an infinitely large and awesomely powerful Person, to be found only in the sky, after we die. Somehow we must correct our beliefs about the absence of God.

One of the easiest ways to grasp the fact that God is everywhere present is to think of the nature of life. God is the life in everything that lives. God is the life-sustaining elements we draw from the air when we breathe. God is the life in the earth, which sustains and supports

vegetation. God is the lifegiving elements in water; we must have water to live. God is the life in the sunshine, which vitalizes all living things with a flood of golden power. Paul said of God, "He himself gives to all men life and breath and everything . . . for 'In him we live and move and have our being.' "

Therefore we can know God for ourself as life. God is the life essence, the life presence, an everywhere-present, warm and living force from which all things alive derive their livingness. The little rosebush in my garden and the gnarled oak up on the hill, as well as the tiniest insect or micro-organism living on either of them, all are drawing their power to live from God at every instant of their existence.

Life is simultaneously present and expressing itself in the swarming fishes of the warm South Seas, and the lonely polar bear of the frozen Arctic. There must be a great life broadcast filling the universe, cosmic, never ceasing, more unfailing than the tides of the sea or the rising of the sun.

John said, "God is love." It should be easy for us to know God as love. The very life that is in us is born of love. Life loves to be alive in living things. Life loves the tiniest atom of creation in which it dwells; it loves the most insignificant insect in which it is living, just as much as it loves man. This may be hard for us to accept, for we tend to think of ourself as a lord of creation, the very center of the universe.

We can understand more about divine love if we think of it as the providing idea, the providing principle of all creation. Jesus told us that God provides bountifully for all His creation. He cited as examples the wild flowers, and the little birds which need to eat almost continually because of their fantastic circulation and metabolism. Though no man may be interested in their needs or in satisfying their hunger, the Creator is, and He lovingly provides for them. God supplies the lily with all that it needs to unfold its dazzling beauty.

Yes, there is a providing principle of love operative in both man and nature as a whole. And since God is omnipresent, then love, the providing principle, is also omnipresent. It is also all-wise and all-powerful, hence able to do anything. The Bible says that God can provide

water in the arid desert. "I will make . . . the dry land springs of water."

Now in order for this providing principle to care for our needs, it must be intelligent. It must be aware of us and our needs, and also how to supply what we need. It discriminates between the needs of a man and the needs of a bird, and makes full provision for each. So along with love, the providing principle, there is always wisdom, the intelligence principle.

It is necessary that wisdom be united with love, for love as principle knows only one thing: to give. We all recognize that parental love must often be restrained by wisdom. Wisdom in the parent restrains the child, and prevents overindulgence.

I believe that divine wisdom and divine love are like two sides of the same coin. In the divine economy, love is always wise, and wisdom is always loving. Left to itself, love might pour out the abundance of God without restraint. It might (figuratively speaking) give an elephant's portion to the ant. It could surfeit man with good that he was not ready to use properly, or to appreciate.

Therefore wisdom, the intelligence principle, always guides and controls love, the providing principle. Wisdom demands that we earn or deserve what we get; that we do not get great things until we are ready for them.

We are moved to admiration when it dawns upon us how God is able to be omnipresent as whatever form of good we desire. Right where we are hungering and thirsting for good, in the midst of our difficulties, God, the giver of all good, is omnipresent as love, the providing principle, eagerly awaiting our prayer to give us the desired good. And God is also present as the intelligence principle, which knows our particular needs, and will show our human mind how to accept them from divine love.

The goodness of God, being infinite, reveals itself to us in infinite ways, some of them quite unexpected. In order to reveal itself to us, it communicates with us. Many years ago a certain man used to advertise his system of mental culture with a headline, "I heard God's voice!" Many people have heard God's voice, but did not recognize it.

While I was still in the business world, and

had just embarked on my study of Unity teachings, the depression was in full force. The only job I could get was selling a line of cheap candies and cookies on commission. With a sample case in each hand I walked from one small store to another, occasionally making the kind of sales one makes at small stores, but struggling to keep my thoughts positive. I was full of resentment at having to walk, having been a territory manager, with my own car and a liberal expense account. To the best of my knowledge I was trying to apply the Unity teachings, but with little apparent results.

When I reported in to the sales office one evening, the credit manager told me that a store to which I had sold an order on credit had closed without notice. The proprietor was missing, and they assumed that he had skipped out to avoid paying his debts (a rather common practice at that time). The careworn, haggard credit manager said to me: "You recommended him for this credit. If you can't find him and collect the bill, I'll take it out of your commissions." This would have been no mean feat, since I had made nothing that week. However, the threat was sufficient.

Next morning, after inquiring around near the still-closed store, I was given the customer's address. It was in the poorest part of the city, and as I walked along my distaste for the job of collecting became acute. Arriving at a small apartment building I climbed the worn stairs and found myself in a hallway, with what seemed a dozen doors confronting me, none of them numbered or marked.

Everything looked clean enough, just old and poor. The neutral-color paint had been washed, but it covered wood so old and soft that it had an odor. There were other smells. I felt totally discouraged. Involuntarily I exclaimed to myself in disgust, "Who in the world would live here?"

Something spoke in my brain. It said, "I am here."

My reaction to this was singular. I acted as matter of factly as if hearing a voice in my brain was old stuff to me. Nothing like this had ever happened in my experience. But I was too much immersed in my difficulties and emotions to realize that at the time. I just said to

myself in a rather confused way: "Well, this is what they're always saying at Unity, that God is everywhere. That means He must even be in this terrible place. Well, if God is here, I'd better not knock it. Maybe He'll help me find my customer behind one of these doors."

Just then, as if on cue, a door at the end of the hall opened. A little gray-haired woman, clean and neatly dressed, with a pitcher in her hand, came to the water tap near me. I asked her if Mr. T— lived there, and told her my problem. She said he did not live there, and gave me his right address. She also earnestly assured me that he was an honest man, and would pay his bill.

She was right. I found my customer, who said he had sold the store, but would pay his bill. Evidently he did, for I never had to.

It was some time before I gained enough understanding of Truth to realize what an amazing thing had happened to me. God had actually communicated with me, by some sort of silent (yet audible) words, right in my own head. I had been feeling desolate and alone in this big, unfriendly city. Now I no longer felt so deserted and friendless. God was with me and aware of me.

Why did I suddenly hear those words in my mind? Why did the little woman come out of her room for water just after I had acknowledged that God was in this place, and would help me? Because she was the answer to my need. She knew where the man lived. If she had not appeared, I would have made a perfunctory effort to find the man and then walked out. But God's wisdom was aware of my need, and God's love answered my prayer.

Striking though this was, it was not until much later that the really remarkable part of the experience dawned on me: the reality of an independent, isolated thought suddenly manifesting itself of its own volition in my brain. At that time, I was not familiar with the mode of prayer called the silence, so I did not know that such a thing could take place. Was it a supernatural occurrence? Could it ever happen again?

I bought a copy of E. V. Ingraham's book *The Silence* and learned of what is called the still, small voice, or the "inner voice." This sub-

ject fascinated me, but my first efforts to follow directions and practice the silence was laughable. "Take this affirmation," I was told. "Repeat it silently or audibly. Concentrate on it. Then just be still and listen. Give God a chance to speak with you." In the privacy of my room I tried to follow instructions. I made up my mind to be still for at least fifteen minutes. Closing my eyes, I concentrated on the affirmation, then waited. After what seemed to me an almost endless period of time, being unable to stand the strain any longer, I opened my eyes and looked at my watch. Two minutes had gone by.

Obviously I was keyed up and tense. I needed to relax. My attempts to relax made me aware that I was not really sitting down in the chair and letting it support me. Instead, I was poised on the edge of it, with tensed muscles, like a wild bird ready to fly. "I'm all ready to jump up and go," I thought. Jumping up and going had been my keynote for a long time. I was always going around hunting for the job that was not there, the sale that eluded me, the end of the rainbow. Disappointment resulted in cynicism, resentment, and increased tension. Yes, I needed to relax. Patiently I practiced being still physically and mentally to become aware of God.

Within a few weeks I began to feel that this was working. There was some sort of change within me. My mental attitude was more hopeful. I had a new experience of feeling some sort of inner warmth in my body, at different times in my lower limbs. It was like a gentle glow of inner heat, very distinct, quite different from body warmth.

Faithfully I attended all the meetings at the Unity center, always expecting something miraculous to happen that would solve all my problems. But it never did—fortunately. What I really needed was a totally new way of life.

Spring came after the long, cold winter. The sky was soft and blue, with white clouds. In the city parks where I spent many hours (now being unemployed), brilliant tulips bloomed and wild cherry blossoms scented the air. Children ran and laughed and played. I noticed something.

I could sit in the warm spring sunshine and

read Unity literature for hours. What I read seemed to be a part of what was going on in the park around me. It harmonized with life. Occasionally I would find on a park bench one of those religious pamphlets warning me of sin and the wrath to come. This type of literature, to some newly developed sensitivity of vision in me, seemed saturated with darkness. It was jarringly discordant. Under its influence the flowers, the birds, the laughing children suddenly seemed all wrong. Instinctively I decided that it was the flowers and the children that were right, and the notions in such pamphlets that were wrong. Their gloomy threats did not agree with the omnipresence of a God whose presence gave fullness of joy, and who sent His blessings upon saint and sinner impartially.

At the Unity center they were trying to form a men's group, and I was invited to attend the first meeting. But I wanted no part of it. I was still in what a friend later characterized as the "bedroom phase of Unity," when all one wants to do is retire to his room and read. I was absolutely not going to that meeting. But it was odd how hard I had to argue with myself to stick to this decision.

On the afternoon of the day set for the men's meeting, I was walking along the street, at last feeling quite at peace with myself about not going to the center. Suddenly I had the strangest feeling that someone was with me.

I knew that I was alone. There was not another person on the street within blocks. Yet the feeling of being accompanied was so strong that involuntarily I looked around and back over my shoulder, just to make sure. Of course there was no one there. I felt a momentary tingle of fear. Surely there was someone with me. And yet I felt so natural and so good, as though I was walking in a companionable silence with a close friend. Then the feeling vanished.

That evening, at the men's group meeting, I was elected secretary. What happened to all my resolves not to go? I just decided after supper that it might be fun to attend. Did that feeling of a friendly presence accompanying me in the afternoon have anything to do with it? I rather think so.

One thing is sure: God's omnipresence has its

own ways of revealing itself when His children, in their need, are heedless or ignorant of His presence. "There is a friend who sticks closer than a brother."

Many years later, when I had been a Unity minister for a long time, and was newly in charge of a California center, a friend drove my wife and me around the town. Pulling up in front of our house after the drive, his motor stopped. He was quite disturbed at this, as it was 12:20 and he had a luncheon appointment at 1:00.

We located the trouble easily. A small connecting device between the foot feed and the fuel line to the carburetor had broken and slipped off. We put it back on, so it would function, but there was nothing to prevent its coming off again. He had to drive across town to the dealer's garage, where repairs could be made.

Our friend was really upset. "It's noontime, and there'll be no one on duty at the garage. I'll never be able to keep my appointment now." Irritation and concern were in his voice. He looked at me, obviously expecting me to pass some metaphysical miracle and put things right, because if he had not taken us driving this might not have occurred.

I remember his puzzled expression when I said to him triumphantly, "Man is instantly in touch with any idea of God that he needs." This was one of my Truth standbys at that time. It had worked wonders for me over a term of years. I thought I was giving him a pearl of great price, which would automatically solve his problem. But it was like Greek to him. With a look that almost shouted, "What kind of a nut are you? I ask for bread and you give me a stone!" he drove away, hunched over the steering wheel in an attitude of discouragement.

My confidence in the affirmation was unshaken. I concentrated on it for a few minutes, then feeling sure that his need was met, I turned to something else.

Several days later his good humor was restored. I asked him: "What happened that noon hour? Did you get your car fixed?" He smiled and said: "You know, a funny thing happened. I drove into the garage, and there was no one there, just as I expected. But then a mechanic I

happened to know came in. I told him what I needed. He got the part and put it on. Since he was on his noon hour, he wouldn't charge me for the work, just sixty-five cents for the part. I was on my way in five minutes; in fact, I was early for my luncheon appointment. Funny how that worked out, wasn't it?"

I said, "It certainly was."

Have you ever caught yourself thinking that God is somewhere else than where you are? It is not true. "There is a friend who sticks closer than a brother." That friend is the omnipresence of God, the everywhere-present, instantly available presence of good. Not just a vague, dreamy theoretical vision of good, but concrete, practical, tangible good. The kind of good you need at the moment when you need it; good you can put your hands on; good you can put into your pocketbook or into your stomach, or even into your automobile, if need be.

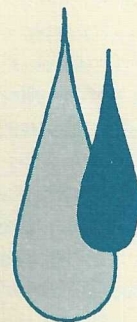
Omnipresence of good reveals itself (or perhaps transforms itself) into a friendly mechanic at noontime, or a silent voice speaking to the inner ear in a slum apartment house, or a friendly, unseen presence accompanying one who has decided upon a course of action against his own best interests . . . the omnipresence of good in action.

Once I was scheduled to catch a train in Oklahoma. For some reason we were a little late in starting, and then we were delayed by the traffic. As it was the last train I could get that night I became quite anxious.

One of my companions in the car put his hand on my arm and said, "Relax. Either the Lord is in charge of your affairs or He is not!"

We make such brave statements of faith, and yet we become anxious over such a trivial matter as getting to a train on time! Had I missed it, no catastrophe would have occurred. I would have been inconvenienced a little, but nothing major would have resulted. After all, if I truly believed that God was in charge of my life, missing that train (had it happened) might well have been the guidance I wanted.—Norman K. Elliott; *"The Lord Your Shepherd."*

The of **GOLDEN AGE** **SCIENCE** and **RELIGION**



By Roland Gammon

The great world of the Twentieth Century—our beautiful, kinetic, abundant, exploding, infinitely complex world, so bright with promise and progress, so beset by perils and problems which dwarf those ever faced before by men—stretches before us to re-create as we will. The choice is ours. Each one of us, alive as this turbulent, awesome century enters its final decades, must make his own persuasive choice and serve and support it constantly—for love not hate, for peace not war, for law not license, for beauty not ugliness, for quality not quantity, for disarmament not destruction, for brotherhood not racism, for art not anarchy, for the United Nations not narrow nationalism, for the church not outmoded materialism, for population control not “standing room only,” for the individual not the manipulated masses, for the fullest measure of education, health, nutrition, literacy, liberty, loveliness, ethics, faith, moral earnestness, material resources, personal progress and the good things of the good life as individually and collectively we can attain for every man, woman, and child on the planet Earth.

So, with the parts of paradise all around us and with the permanent Golden Age within our

grasp, we still must heed the measured warning of such international pundits as economist Barbara Ward, who writes in “Christianity and Rising Men and Nations”: “Only if we use the energies of our prophetic tradition to mobilize our vast wealth for the redemption of the world . . . only then will it not crush us, suffocate us, blind us, and make us dead at heart.” And, with fourteen nations on the verge of a nuclear bomb capacity and with no world control over nuclear proliferation, the fourteenth annual Pugwash (Nova Scotia) Conference of world scientists strongly “reiterated its concern about the danger to mankind from the further development and use of nuclear, biological and chemical weapons. It no longer appears possible to maintain any lasting distinction between incapacitating and lethal weapons . . . devastating biological weapons may be far cheaper and easier to produce than nuclear weapons, thus placing greater destructive capacity in the hands of many nations.”

Similarly, author Laura Huxley, the brilliant widow of Aldous Huxley warns, “Never before in the history of humanity has the delicate balance between the forces of destruction and creation been so perilously poised. We cannot

afford to lose even the smallest opportunity to tip the balance in favor of intelligence, beauty, and love."

Fortunately for mankind, awareness of these realities is spreading rapidly. Dr. Thomas Lough of the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency recently stated that some kind of international regulation will become absolutely essential within this generation. The nation's first symposium on arms control, bringing together civilian and military experts, was held recently; a conference on World Peace through Law brought three thousand Supreme Court justices and international law experts to Washington. Pope Paul came to the United Nations to ask again for "No More War"; and religious leaders of every denomination are convening local conferences and interfaith meetings from coast to coast and country to country.

Actually, as Dr. Robert M. Hutchins, president of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, told his impressively-staged *Pacem in Terris* Convocation, there is more international cooperation than most of us are aware of—in aviation, communications, agriculture, health, meteorology and other areas covered by United Nations agencies. The United States belongs to eighty international organizations, supports six thousand international conferences, and keeps one thousand four hundred and thirty treaties and agreements.

Technology has demonstrated once more how small is our globe and how easily we can destroy it. Incredible as it would have seemed a few years ago, men have walked and worked in space, and on the moon. Both the United States and the Soviet Union are planning manned orbiting laboratories; but no agreement has yet been reached on whether we will merely extend Cold War into colder space.

Providentially, our own time of troubles has produced and is producing what William James calls the "cosmic patriots" needed to lead mankind from its present wanderings in the wilderness into the promised land of peace, beauty, and spiritual enlightenment. Everywhere, every day the century's mighty teachers, bards, and way-showers lift men and women from the night consciousness of the jungle to the dawn consciousness of the new day: Mahatma

Gandhi, India's blessed peacemaker who freed his nation while demonstrating to the world the redeeming principle of Ahimsa or nonviolence; Albert Schweitzer, Africa's doctor-saint whose towering moral genius rested on renunciation and who perfectly embodied the Master's charge, "If anyone would be first, he must be . . . servant of all." Japan's Toyohiko Kagawa, selfless scholar, poet, and courageous missionary to the poor who tried to bear Christ's Cross for all humanity and who could write just before his death several years ago: "The slums have enriched my life greatly. My whole theology and the message God enabled me to give are based on my life experience of befriending the slum people"; Albert Einstein, Germany's "breakthrough" mathematician-philosopher whose formula gave to men the energy secret of the stars and who could yet say, "The most beautiful and profound emotion we can experience is the sensation of the mystical"; Sir Winston Churchill, England's conqueror of conquerors who in the finest hour of the world's darkest days emerged as the Godly archetypal leader and who in the all-critical conflict between the forces of light and darkness provided the iron will, charismatic eloquence, and unfaltering faith which rallied the free world to victory; Boris Pasternak, Russia's hero-turned-man-of-letters who wrote his own anti-communist manifesto in "Dr. Zhivago" and who although forced to forego the Nobel Prize for Literature took his stand on the side of values, spiritual vision, and non-dogmatic religion; Dr. Frank C. Laubach, America's tireless missionary teacher whom Norman Vincent Peale calls "a true flesh-and-blood saint" and who has taught an estimated seventy-five million of the world's illiterate adults to read and write. Hear the clarion call of his "Awake Crusade"; "We must organize an army of Christlike compassion to save four-fifths of the world's people who are hungry, illiterate, and diseased. We shall never be able to cope with Communism until we understand that it is the result of desperation, injustice, and hunger. We have enough scientific knowledge and technical skill to lift the entire human race up out of poverty and ignorance to a new level; instead of a world of hunger, we can have a

world of abundance . . .”

To the real scientist in latter-day America, as to the real religionist, there is no common clay. “We are still in the dawn of the scientific age,” says Cressy Morrison, former president of the New York Academy of Sciences, “and every increase of light reveals more brightly the handwork of an intelligent Creator. With a spirit of scientific humility and of faith grounded in knowledge, we are approaching ever nearer to an awareness of God.” Adds Notre Dame professor of religion, John A. O’Brien: “The findings of nuclear physicists offer new and striking confirmation of man’s age-old belief in God. To the real scientist, every particle of matter is aglow with miracle and with mystery, singing a refrain in homage to that infinite Power from whose creative hands it comes!”

In this revolutionary light, religious truth

and quantum physics are not as far apart as first supposed. Today, both the scientist and the churchman generally believe in a First Cause, an all-powerful Creator, an ordering, animating Intelligence pervading and suranimating the cosmos. Both believe in a meaningful universe in which the reality behind appearance partakes of the nature of Mind and the principal purpose of man’s evolution seems to be the attainment of ever-higher consciousness. Both, trying to fit their findings within the jigsaw puzzle of a new universal idea, now perceive a common identity and a needed metaphysics in the nonmaterial universe they are beginning to espouse. So, at last, modern science confirms the vision of the ancient prophets. As the British divine, C. S. Lewis, wrote just before he died, “The scientific absolute is beginning to look more and more like God.”

Thought Starters

By Elizabeth Searle Lamb

What connection is there between thought pollution and air pollution?

Do you ever use prayer to get a parking place?

Is there a spiritual “generation gap”?

Could you pray effectively through the medium of drawing, making music, or dancing?

Do you have spiritual curiosity?

When a problem comes up, do you look for the “growth opportunity” it is hiding?

Do you ever shut the door on that inner nudging which is God’s guidance?

Do you have a spiritual stockpile? How big is

it?

What would be the five most important steps to take if you embarked on a program of personal spiritual development?

Is mind expansion a valid goal?

Can you say “No” without feeling guilty, when you are asked to do one more public-service job?

Have you ever received spiritual guidance in a dream?

How many nonessentials could you cut from your daily schedule to give you time for unhurried prayer?

Call to Action

By J. Sig Paulson

To walk or to sit?

On joyous reflection, I reach a conclusion, to wit:

I should walk at least twice as much as I sit;

The good Lord’s provided but one retractable seat,

And two healthy, vigorous, mobile feet!

BUILD YOUR

RESERVES

By Dorothy S. McLaren

You can have anything your heart desires, when you desire it. You can go anywhere you want to go, when you desire to go. You can do anything you want to do, when you desire to do it. True? Certainly! Out of your "reserve" comes your way of life.

A desire is a thought. Thought is the basis of all wealth. If you are lacking in any good thing, you have thought yourself into that circumstance. How often do you say "I can't afford it"? That thought became a habit pattern, and the result is the feeling of insufficiency and actual lack in your life. You have consciously built a "reserve" of lack thoughts!

To think yourself into a state of wealth, reverse the process. Replace any thought of lack with, "I can buy anything my heart desires, when the desire comes to my mind." On credit? To buy anything on credit, one must have reserves. Why not build enough reserves to pay cash? Desire is the thing itself beginning to take form. Why not strengthen it to form the thing or the money immediately?

Desires come to your mind from the wealth of God-Mind. In the reservoir of God-substance all things are already available. You, as a son of God and one with God, have enormous reserves within you. Therefore, the things desired are yours at the time the desires come into your mind. Once this truth is embedded in your deep feeling nature, your subconscious mind, the

desires must draw to themselves the actual outer forms.

God, invisible substance, out of which all things are formed, is all around you and awaits the power of your words and thoughts, your demands, to begin the process of forming particular objects. Even a small desire begins to shape substance into the designated form—but without the strength of faith, the form cannot bridge the gap between the visible and the invisible. You may have a number of wishes that you have put into words, one after another, without expectation of manifestation. In this case, God-substance is in constant movement—shaping first one thing and then another, without finishing anything.

Strong, well-defined goals, complete with the power of faith, the determination of will, and the exercise of ideas that come to your mind, must manifest—because the substance of God is passive and responds to the power of the word placed upon it.

You can pay any bill *when it is brought to your attention*, if you really desire to pay it. If you resent it, you block the way. Know you have the power to meet any financial need, any test, any experience when it enters your consciousness because you are using God-Mind, which is replete with all-good, a resource for every conceivable thing or need. Do you believe this? You are where your own mind is. You are where you believe you are. Your affairs are in their present state, because you have believed in that state. Your life is the outpicturing of what you have faith in and what you have decided is true. This is the truth in all areas of life.

"Life is what you make it," my father often said. He believed that, and he worked to improve his life. These words became as common to us children as table salt, and they were impressed on our minds along with the taste of home-made bread and the meanings of the Ten Commandments. These words gave us wings of freedom, for they denote the mastery of the human mind. We were told: "You can achieve whatever you set your heart on. You can learn whatever you're willing to study. You can be whatever you desire to be, if your desire is strong enough to be actualized through you—not just given to you, but exercised through your consciousness and your efforts." With these words we built reserves of faith.

Make your mind work for you, not against you. Prosperity has been defined as the understanding of wealth to the extent that one feels no lack of material things, of time, of ability, of life, of strength, or of any conceivable good. To live in the constant realization of wealth is to build reserves of wealthy ideas, timelessness, power, life and all good in your mind—reserves which in turn are expressed in your life and affairs.

To know the truth is to be constantly and continuously conscious of what is true; then there will be a wealth of material things for you to use and a wealth of wonderful experiences for you to enjoy. In all your conscious moments, especially when you are alone and can let your thoughts wander where they will, are you thinking about what you truly desire? Jot down all your random thoughts for one hour. Take a good look at them. Do they follow a trend? Is it negative? Do you see where you can change that trend?

You *can* reverse all negative trends of thought. Fill your mind with your heart's desires. Be so conscious of them that your feeling nature is saturated with them. Give as much concentrated thought and feeling to your desires as you have given to negation. Rooted in every problem is the solution. Reverse the problem, and you see the solution. The solution to unwanted conditions is to put equal effort and thought and action into what you do want. It's as simple as that. Your efforts, your work, your energies will bring forth after their

kind—the desires of your heart.

Imagination, a power given to you by God, irresistibly draws to you whatever you picture. Faith works with imagination. A young college student had a deep desire to become a doctor. He received excellent grades in his pre-med courses. But he needed money. A minister told him to imagine a framed license to practice medicine, with the student's name on it, hanging on his wall, and to see himself working with patients. He did, thus building reserves of faith in his mind. Within a few weeks, a wealthy aunt gave the young man ten thousand dollars, saying that there was more if he needed it. He could pay it back if he wished, but it was not necessary. The desire in the young man was strong enough to attract the needed money. Substance is compelled to form according to the power of thought, words, and faith.

What makes a good salesman? His faith in himself and in the product he is selling. What makes a fine minister? His faith in the Spirit of God in him to move through him and be expressed in his words and prayers. He speaks from the overflow of his experience and knowledge. What makes a wonderful mother? Her faith in herself to love, and her faith in her children to express the best that is within them.

Build your reserves. A mother fills her heart with love to pour out on her children, her shelves with food as reserves to meet the demands of her family's hunger. Businessmen build reserves in their bank accounts, to use when demands arise. Even when businessmen obtain loans, they get the money from the bank's available reserves.

Reserves are funds (or things) set aside to use again. They are intended to re-serve, or serve again, for some future purpose. These are reserves of mind as well as reserves of materiality. Out of the reserves of mind come the world's reserves. Out of your reserves of knowledge comes your ability to read and understand these words. These reserves cannot be taken away from you, nor diminished, unless you refuse to use them. Reserves of faith are forever yours, by right of your own consciousness.

What reserves belong to you now? Do you have reserves of negative thoughts that rush into your mind at every hint of trouble, every

symptom of illness, every sight of a bill? These reserves are re-serving you according to their nature, and will continue to do so as long as you preserve them.

When you build a bank account, you add money regularly. When you build mind reserves, you add thoughts and ideas regularly. Plan the building of your mind reserves. Store a wealth of ideas. Store mental pictures of your heart's desires. Store reserves of faith.

You earn money by doing, by working, by investing—and then you put it away. You earn mind reserves by using ideas, by using faith, by using your talents, and there is always an overflow to store. You have had experiences that have strengthened your faith and given you a

reserve of faith and experience. After you have learned how to do a job, you do it automatically, out of your reserves of knowledge. After you have experienced something with feeling, you can call on that feeling again and again.

From the reserves in you, what you must do, you can do. In emergencies you have strength enough to lift a truck, ideas enough to get you out of a maze of difficulties, faith enough to bring you through. Within your mind is a well-spring of ingenuity, imagination, and wisdom seldom called upon in daily living. Within the depth of your consciousness is the great Resource, the divine Self of you, the Spirit of God which you can tap for anything and everything your heart desires.

Manifest Your Heart's Desires

By Charles Lundgren

To reap the glories of life and direct life into the channels of greatest good, one would do well to understand his true nature. Then, with confidence gained, the individual can bring about all desired conditions.

All is creation, and comes from the Mind of God. God is Spirit—which is to say, invisible and undifferentiated Consciousness, by its nature creative.

Soul is differentiated Consciousness—that is, individualized—and being part of Spirit must perform its creative chores. The soul's instruments for creating are mind and body.

Mind is a mechanism, a computer, a recorder. Inscribed therein are all of one's individual thoughts and experiences. This is the device

that the soul manipulates and with which it creates. The process can be switched into an automatic or volitional control position.

The body is a mechanical contrivance which the soul habitates and manipulates. It has feeling tones, called emotions, which are byproducts of the soul's movement through body and mind.

To create the conditions the person (soul) desires, be it health, wealth, etc., one has merely to channel the constantly flowing creative force by visualizing the goal in consciousness (which is in fact creating it), and then allowing the automatic action of the mind, with the cooperating parts of body and emotion, to bring forth the overt manifestation.

Prosperity—a permanent guest!

You invite good into your life when you know that your Father-God is a lavish giver and you are His heir.

The Unity Prosperity Bank plan is an excellent way to increase and strengthen your faith in God's power to supply all your needs. It is an excellent way to save for Unity literature for yourself and friends. Why not send for a Bank today? Complete instructions will be sent to you. And in the assurance that God's supply is limitless, Silent Unity will be praying with you for the duration of the drill.

Prayers Answered

FIVE YEARS AGO I DEVELOPED CANCER of the tongue, lower palate, and tonsil. The doctors were pessimistic; they told me that, with cobalt therapy, there would still be only a fifty percent chance of cure. The only alternative would be surgery, with the consequent loss of my tongue.

I chose the cobalt therapy. I am a Roman Catholic, and I was confident that intensive prayer and faith in those prayers would save me.

Then a friend (also Catholic) gave me your address, praising your efforts and your selfless dedication to prayer for the intervention of God in critical human matters. I wrote to you, and you quickly replied. You assured me that I could count on your prayers. I was reassured and heartened.

After daily doses of radiation for three months, the doctors concluded I had reached the level of maximum toleration. They dismissed me, instructing me to return to the hospital for further examination in thirty days. There was no pain during this intervening period, and, when I returned for the checkup as scheduled, the doctors were astonished.

In place of the large, malignant lump which had been in my throat, there was now only a soft and painless scar! The doctors freely admitted that this was a miracle; they had (I learned only recently) almost given up. And doctors, really, seldom do give up.

God bless you, ladies and gentlemen, for your devout prayer and your profound confidence in its efficacy.—*R.C.O., Florida.*

ENCLOSED IS MY CHECK FOR THE BOOK "PROSPERITY NOW," by Mary Katherine MacDougall. During this period of depositing coins in my Prosperity Bank and praying, I have sold some furniture which I had been trying to sell for six months previously. Also, I received a generous salary raise which I had not expected.

Thank you so much. I know I shall never be without Unity publications.—*Mrs. H.D.T., Washington.*

ENCLOSED IS OUR CHECK, in thanksgiving. We took a trip abroad, during the past two weeks, and had asked for happiness and a safe journey.

Even in our wildest dreams we could not have had more perfect weather, more congenial people, or a nicer trip. In the magnificent cathedrals of the world, we felt uplifted and cleansed. The plane trip, though long, could not have been smoother or more pleasant. Everything fell into place.

Also, we had left our son at home; our home was spotless when we returned, and we returned to a more congenial atmosphere than when we left.

I know that your prayers, added to mine, made all this possible. Thank you.—*P.R.W., New Jersey.*

I WAS VERY HAPPY TO RECEIVE THE PAMPHLET AND PRAYER that came with your recent letter.

I had asked you in a previous letter to continue your prayers for my wife and myself. I am happy to tell you that since then I have succeeded in giving up smoking; I know it was through your prayers and ours that I was able to let go of this habit after 45 years.

I enclose a money order for the love offering which I have saved in my Prosperity Bank. Please continue your prayers for us. May God continue to bless your great work.—*L.D., Michigan.*

I WANT TO TELL YOU how grateful I am for your concern; I have truly made progress since I began saving regularly in my Prosperity Bank. I do not miss the amount saved, and somehow my whole personality seems to have taken on a greater semblance of order since I started doing this. Even if I saved only a penny a day, I think the idea itself would be most beneficial.

I can see remarkable progress through systematic saving.—*P.W., California.*

MANY THANKS TO YOU AT SILENT UNITY from the heart of a grateful mother. My oldest son is home from Vietnam, safe and sound, as I prayed he would be.

I hope that my experience in using Truth throughout this harrowing time may help others whose hearts are gripped with fear when loved ones are called to duty in the armed forces.

I wanted to share my gratitude with you, as you have had an active part in the prayers which brought this happiness about. Again, my loving thanks.—*Mrs. A.K., Ohio.*

THANK YOU FOR YOUR PRAYERS. My daughter, son-in-law, and two grandchildren had a safe trip to Oregon, and then back to North Carolina, where he is stationed.

I have always felt that calling or writing to Silent Unity is like having my own "hot line" to God. That is why, this time, I am sending my love offering in advance.

God bless you all.—*Mrs. G.F., California.*

WITH A THANKFUL HEART, I would like to tell you what a tremendous influence your prayers and periodicals have had on my life, since I first learned about Unity several years ago. They have brought me back to light from sorrow, pain, self-pity, loneliness, and unhappiness. Many times I procrastinate, but God always leads the way back to the light.

Please continue to pray with me for understanding and guidance.—*B.L., Michigan.*

Monthly Thoughts from the writings of *Charles Fillmore*

Illumination

When we go forth in the understanding of man's perfect nature, we find a new state of consciousness forming in us; we think and do many things not according to the established custom, and the old consciousness rises up and asks, "By what authority?" We have so long looked for manmade authority in religious matters that we feel that we are treading on dangerous ground if we dare to think beyond prescribed doctrines. Right here we should appeal to the supreme reason of Spirit and proclaim what we perceive as the highest truth, regardless of precedent or tradition, mental ignorance or physical limitation: I AM is the "image of God," the "only begotten Son" (the expressed, or pressed out, Mind) of the Most High. This is our true estate, and we shall never realize it until we enter into it in *mind*, because there it is, and nowhere else.

Paul says, "For all who are led by the Spirit of God are sons of God." We are "heirs of God, and fellow heirs with Christ."

I am a child of God, filled with wisdom and understanding. My way is clear.

Healing

It is taught that Jesus was exclusively the "only begotten Son," but . . . He proclaimed the unity of all men in the Father.

In this matter of sonship is one important point—those who perceive their sonship as a possibility, and those who have demonstrated it in their lives. "You must be born anew" . . . the first birth is the human, the second birth is the transformation and translation of the human to a higher plane of consciousness as the son of God. It is the establishment in man's consciousness of that which has always existed as the perfect-man idea in Divine Mind.

To manifest this perfect man in mind and body, we must affirm our unity with the life, substance, and intelligence of God. The affirmative state of mind is a binding, holding process; it involves all thoughts and all thought manifestations that come within its scope. It is the putting away of the mental error and entering into conscious relaxation of both mind and body; it is being open and receptive to the great unselfish Mind of the universe.

I am a child of God, filled with His life. I am strong and whole.

Prosperity

The spoken word . . . moves the intelligence inherent in every form, animate or inanimate. Man, being the highest emanation of Divine Mind, has great directive power and is really co-operator with God in forming the universe.

The better man understands the character of God and his own relation to humanity, the more unselfishly will he exercise this power. Some are using it in selfish ways, but this should not deter others, who have a better understanding of the law from using it in righteous ways. "Whatever you ask in my name, I will do it," is a promise that none should ignore.

Speak to the law supreme the desires of your heart. If your word is selfish, that which will come to you through its use will be unsatisfactory, but you will profit by the experience and thus learn to speak words of righteousness only. It is our duty as expressers of the divine law to speak the word, and cause the Garden of Eden, the everywhere present Mind-Substance, to manifest for us and in us in its innate perfection.

I am a child of God, receptive to His rich ideas. I am prosperous and successful.

UNITY CENTERS and CLASSES

Each of the following ministers is conducting a Unity work in keeping with the Christ teachings as interpreted by Unity School, and is affiliated with the Association of Unity Churches.

ALABAMA

Birmingham—Lee Hannaford, 2803 Highland
Mobile—Dorothy Thomas, 1151 Springhill

ARIZONA

Green Valley—Lucille Parrill, P O Box 1088
Mesa—Marcella Garland, 714 E 6th st
Phoenix—Blaine Mays, 1745 W Northern
Prescott—Norman Tarbox, 116 N Montezuma st
Sun City—Mary Adams, 10815 110th
Tucson—Larry Swartz, 1212 N Sahuara; Jack Clemenson, 4601 E 1st st

ARKANSAS

Little Rock—Ruby Rawlins, 1516 Spring
Pine Bluff—Ruby Rawlins, 1909 Laurel

CALIFORNIA

Alhambra—Albert Ransford, 25 N 2d
Anaheim—Jean Stewart, 1648 West Broadway
Arroyo Grande—Jeanne Jorgensen, 175 N Halcyon rd
Atascadero—Jeanne Jorgensen, 7550 Cristobal ave
Bakersfield—Donald O'Connor, 2001 Truxtun ave
Berkeley—Grace Copeland, 2236 Parker st
Burbank—Wm Aull, 3607 W Magnolia
Castro Valley—Herbert & Beulah Ornbau, 20121 Santa Maria
Compton—Margaret Butterworth, 411 S Santa Fe
Covina—Dorothy Armstrong, 1111 W Badillo
Culver City—Opal Zoellner, 10724 Barman
Escondido—Dorothy Edwards, 651 W 7th
Fresno—Peter Rhea, 985 Palm
Glendale—Clifford Carpenter, 119 S Kenwood
Inglewood—Frank Hax, 327 Manchester
La Crescenta—James Serada, 2819 Montrose
Laguna Beach—Hazel Van Dusen, 678 Glenneyre st
Long Beach—Sarah Switzer, 935 E Broadway
Los Angeles—John Hinkle, 635 S Manhattan Pl; Trudie Liddell, 7825 S Western ave; Sadye Thomas, 4929 S Broadway
Manhattan Beach—Kenneth Fagerlin, 228 32d
Menlo Park—Irene Wetzel, 727 Live Oak
Merced—Elizabeth Burtle, P O Box 1047
Modesto—Ruth Holden, 1308 Coffee
Monterey—Russell Kemp, 407-A Calle Principal
Morro Bay—Jeanne Jorgensen, St Peters-by-the-Sea Church
Napa—Helen Quigley, Brown & Oak
Newport Beach—Loren Flickinger, 2101 E 15

North Hollywood—Wm Aull, 11050 Hartsook
Oroville—Unity, 1650 Robinson st
Palm Springs—Duane Fowler, 815 S Camino Real
Palo Alto—Mabel Carlin, 534 Forest
Pasadena—Thomas Skalitzky, 836 E Washington
Pomona—Gertrude Tuntland, 524 E Pasadena
Rancho Bernardo—Dorothy Edwards, 2 Seven Oaks
Reseda—Dell Powers, 18300 Strathern
Richmond—Harvey Jacobs, 28 & Nevin
Riverside—Max & Francis Flickinger, 3767 7th st
Sacramento—Phillip & Dorothy Pierson, 1415 L st; Rue Nickels, 4553 North ave
San Bernardino—Mary Cooper, 6767 Del Rosa
San Clemente—Hazel Van Dusen, 129 Serra ave
San Diego—Ross Breakwell, 4085 Camino Del Rio, South; Robert Stevens, 3770 Altadena ave
San Francisco—E hel Higgins, 2690 Ocean
San Gabriel—Ralph & Lucille Knox, 325 S Pine
San Jose—Edward Jennens, 1540 Hicks; Warren & Marguerite Meyer, 1146 University ave
San Leandro—Juliana Coppock, 501 Joaquin
San Luis Obispo—Jeanne Jorgensen, 863 Pacific st
San Mateo—Alma Redfern, 18 Second ave, No 201
San Rafael—Candida Wright, 24 H st
Santa Ana—C Leroy & Hertha Tuntland, 401 E 6
Santa Barbara—Wm Helmbold, 227 E Arrellaga
Santa Cruz—Eugene Sorflaten, 407 Broadway
Santa Maria—June Jones, 121 N Vine
Santa Monica—Sue Sicking & Joy Turowski, 1245 4th
Santa Rosa—Helen Wade Quigley, 1064 Vallejo st
Seal Beach—Whipple Bishop, 13540 El Dorado dr, Apt 48 D
Stockton—Marjorie Staudenmaier, 48 W Poplar
Torrance—Emma Muffley, 2256 Torrance
Tracy—Marjorie Staudenmaier, Bldg & Loan Hospitality Room
Ventura—Harry Newman, 33 Chrisman ave
Vista—Victor Zarley, 171 Unity Way
Walnut Creek—Marie Giles, 1871 Geary rd
Whittier—Edna LeSage, 6736 S Bright ave
Yucaipa—Jay Dishman, 12113 California

COLORADO

Boulder—Lloyd Gibbs, 2150 Pearl
Colorado Springs—Jack Barker, 317 E Boulder

Denver—James Lewis, 3021 S University blvd
Grand Junction—Mabel Donaldson, 3205 N 12
Pueblo—Ann K. Winstead, 217 Broadway

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Bridgeport—Richard Noonan, 116 Bartram
West Hartford—Merton Thorpe, 1 Walbridge rd

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington—George Stone, 1100 17th st NW

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Clearwater—Howard Bradford, 631 E Turner
Daytona Beach—Robert Kehoe, 237 S Ridgewood
Delray Beach—Mary L Kupferle, 101 NW 22d
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Ft Myers—Unity, 2073 Lafayette
Ft Pierce—Crystal Leonard, 2302 Ave "C"
Hollywood—Fermor Manley, 2740 Van Buren st
Homestead—Louise Earle, 1212 N Krome ave
Jacksonville—Wm & Bonnie Grenson, 634 Lomax; Sallye Wannamaker, 1778 Spires
Lakeland—Sune Richards, 4215 South Fla
Lake Worth—Thomas Coates, 631 North H
Melbourne—Myrtle Dark, 411 Strawbridge ave
Miami—Charles Neal, 411 NE 21st
Naples—Jack & Joan Kern, 365 Fifth ave S
New Port Richey—Carolyn Mohn, 239 W Gulf dr
Orlando—Carolyn Essex, 503 S Orange ave
Pensacola—Dorothy Thomas, 1507 E Moreno
Pompano Beach—Frances Jarrell, 261 SE 13 ave
Sarasota—Dorothy Roy, 800 N Coconut
St Petersburg—Paul Barrett, William Hines, 801 6 ave S; Catherine Brooks, 511 Prescott S
Tampa—Ruby I Wagner, 626 No B
Venice—Mary Hinkle, P O Box 1603
West Palm Beach—Hal & Lassie Rosencrans, Thelma M. Bean, 1957 S Flagler

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HAWAII

Honolulu—Stanford Hampson, 3608 Diamond Head Circle

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Arlington Heights—Dorothea Fowler, 1801 E Palatine
Belleville—Mollie Nirk, 1400 East B st
Bloomington—Wanda Martin, PO Box 258
Chicago—Johnnie Coleman, 8601 S State; Janet Beaudry, 410 S Michigan; Julia Lloyd, 4824 S Forrestville; Doris Caldwell, 1245 W 63; Lula Nute, 1650 S Central Park; Carrie Bowens, 1900 N Sedgwick; Allison D Harrell, 1040 W Leland ave
Decatur—Hazel Erisman, 317 W Decatur
E St Louis—Thos Boswell, 656 N 79
Evanston—Ross Goodman, 3434 Central
Granite City—Thos Boswell, 3200 Village Lane
Mattoon—Grace Wright Green, 3100 Oak ave
Oak Park—Richard Billings, 405 N Euclid ave
Rockford—Rudy Leidig, 115 Regan
Rock Island—Mabel K Swanson, YWCA
Springfield—Margaret Cain, 709 S 7th

INDIANA

Ft Wayne—Jean Bould, 3200 Leroy
Gary—Freddie Brown, 2111 W 11th ave
Indianapolis—Charles Roth, 907 N Delaware

IOWA

Burlington—Mabel K Swanson, YWCA 4th st
Cedar Rapids—Mabel K Swanson, 1015 2d ave SE
Clinton—Mabel K Swanson, 601 5th ave S
Davenport—Evelyn Diederich, 318 Whitaker Bldg
Des Moines—David McClure, 414 31st st

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Wichita—Carl & Lois Moran, 2160 N Oliver

KENTUCKY

Louisville—Frank Hanson, 757 S Brook

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Shreveport—Jeannette Hedge, 721 College

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Portland—Edna Sessions, 16 Columbia rd

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Cambridge—F Carter Titus, 881 Massachusetts
Framingham—Marjorie Russell, 214 Concord st
Worcester—Wesley Price, 544 Main st

MICHIGAN

Battle Creek—Eleonore Krafft, 286 NE Capital
Bay City—Aelola James, 252 N Jackson

BIRMINGHAM—Ernest Ramsey, 1152

Bennville
Detroit—Glenn Mosley & Carol Marie Guental, 17505 2d blvd; Lois Anderson, 146 Englewood; Ruth Mosley, 4727 Joy rd
Ecorse—Beatrice Morris, 421 Salliotte & 13th st
Flint—Shirley Bring, 1001 W Carpenter rd
Grand Rapids—George Millar, 1711 Walker NW
Grosse Pointe Woods—Ray Eversole, 19583 Mack
Jackson—Eleonore Krafft, 1331 LeRoy
Lansing—Edward Hoge, 240 Marshall
Livonia—Marlyn White, 30025 Curtis
Midland—Aelola James, Community center bldg
Pontiac—Everett Dell, 8 N Genesee
Royal Oak—Onita Meyer, 2500 Crooks
Saginaw—Aelola James, YMCA

MINNESOTA

Minneapolis—Lee Norment, 2401 Al-drich ave N

MISSISSIPPI

Jackson—Jessica Gowan, 1053 N Congress

MISSOURI

Independence—Bonnie Armstrong, 3122 S Chrysler
Kansas City—Ernest C Wilson, 707 W 47th; Geo Hilbert, 1000 E Berry rd; Unity, 320 S Indiana
Lee's Summit—Jane Paulson, Village Chapel
Lemay—Paul Funk, 3701 Bayless
Overland—Kate Evans, 2422 Goodale
Springfield—David Schumacher, 2214 E Seminole
St Joseph—Bernice Ketchum, 1202 Felix
St Louis—Joel Boehr, Skinker & Forsyth; Philip Nicola, 3616 Bates; Florence Brummer, 4621 S Kings-highway; Louise Lawrence, 5165 Delmar

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Billings—Jess McGuire, 101 Lewis
Bozeman—Josephine Wilson, 314 N Black
Butte—Marietta Ide, 300 S Montana
Great Falls—Hugh White, 1023 2 ave S
Livingston—Josephine Wilson, 322½ W Callender

NEBRASKA

Omaha—Dan Saunders, 1317 N 42d

NEVADA

Las Vegas—Marie Kapp, 1431 E Charles-ton blvd

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Montclair—Marlowe Kline, 84 Orange
Newark—Helen Crombie, 84 Clinton
Ridgewood—Louise Phipps, 365 S Maple
Teaneck—Katharine Brookman, 735 Rutland

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Albuquerque—Paul Butler, 201 Dallas NE; Viola Siemen, 1219 Tijeras NW

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Bronxville—Anna May Nielsen, Hotel Gramatan
Brooklyn—Donat Nedd, Tower Hotel, 25 Clark st
Buffalo—Lillian Matthews, 1243 Delaware
Flushing—Chase Willet, 42-11 155th
Huntington—Adelaide Dibblee, 559 Woodbury rd
New York—Eric & Catherine Butterworth, 143 W 51; Stella Wrenn, 17 E 11 st; Flash Washington, 360 W 125; Ida Bowles, 226 W 145; Marie Cruz, 100 W 72d st
Rochester—Gerard Belanger, 55 Prince
Syracuse—James Heinecamp, 300 W Seneca turnpike
Utica—James Heinecamp, YMCA
Valley Stream—Emma Filiault, 14 E Mineola
White Plains—Claire Waters, 262 Martine

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Asheville—Florence Anderson, Rm 609, Northwest Bank bldg

OHIO

Akron—Joseph Jones, 1075 W Market
Canton—Fred Beale, 2508 Market N
Cincinnati—Millie Leslie & Marjorie Hartzell, 18 W 9; Lee Alberts, McMillan at Woodburn
Cleveland Heights—Winifred & George Hausmann, 5637 Mayfield rd
Columbus—Curtis & Gladys Wilson, 3568 Olentangy River rd; James C. Morgan, 1858-c Tamarack Circle N
Dayton—Bette De Turk, 5158 Old Troy Pike
Hamilton—Ruth Seaton, 117 Ross
Lakewood—N Olsson, Detroit-Cook bldg
Middletown—Ruth Seaton, YMCA
Springfield—Nancy Compton, 2215 E High
Toledo—Wallace Tooke, 3433 Secor

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Oklahoma City—Alice Cronley, 318 Midwest bldg

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Philadelphia—Angelo Giordani, 245 S 16
Pittsburgh—Franco & Martha Giudici, 818 Liberty

PUERTO RICO

San Juan—Santurce—Conchita Melen-dez, Calle Victoria 1555 stop 23
Ponce—Nicolina Benitez, Primer Piso Edificio Torres

TENNESSEE

Memphis—Eleanor Marshall, 1 E Parkway N; Montee Falls, 1062 S Wellington
Nashville—Esther Lewis, 1612 Woodmont blvd

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Amarillo—Unity, 2224 S Taylor
Austin—Bernard & Polly Dozier, Ste 316, 1122 Colorado
Corpus Christi—Marie Paben, 517 Hopper
Dallas—Ruth Gillespie, Cora Crandall, 5634-8 McCommas, E. I. & Carmen Moshier, 10014 Regal Park Lane No 209
El Paso—Fayeth & William Fox, 1300 E Rio Grande
Fort Worth—Ruth Johnston, 901 Page
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VIRGINIA

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Norfolk—Joyce Kramer, YWCA Freemason st
Richmond—Charlene Linnell, Hotel Jefferson

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Bellingham—Howard Armstrong, 1311 I st
Bremerton—C Thomas Sikking, 1712 Trenton
Edmonds—Ella Peterson, NB of C bldg
Everett—Joseph & Helen Stiegler, 8015 Broadway

Greenbank—Beulah Scott, Greenbank Club House
Port Angeles—John Adams, 224½ E 7
Seattle—Grover Thornsberry, 200 8th ave N; Ella Peterson, 12746 33 NE
Spokane—Kenneth Brabeau, 1124 W 6 ave
Tacoma—Mary Stovin, 2102 S 23
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Milwaukee—William Fletcher, 1820 E North; Emma Terrien, 634 W Wisconsin; Jack Hamilton, 4315 N 92d st
Sheboygan—LuVerna Bauer, 2409 N 8 st

AFRICA

Nigeria—Samuel Uba Oti, PO Box 622, Onitsha; A Njoku, Sr, PO Box 21, Uzuakoli

AUSTRALIA

Brisbane—17 Eagle Terr. 1st Fl. 4000 N Quay

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Lachine—May Armstrong, 4250 Broadway
Ottawa—Unity, 101 Cameron ave
Toronto—Mary Dunning, William Detweiler, Edward Rabel, 173 Eglinton ave W
Vancouver—Dale & Minnie Newsum, 5840 Oak
Windsor—Rollie Closson, 595 Victoria ave

Winnipeg—Lucile Johnston, 633 Portage

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Unity-Europa—53 Bonn-Bad Godesberg-5, Deutschherrenstrasse 190

JAPAN

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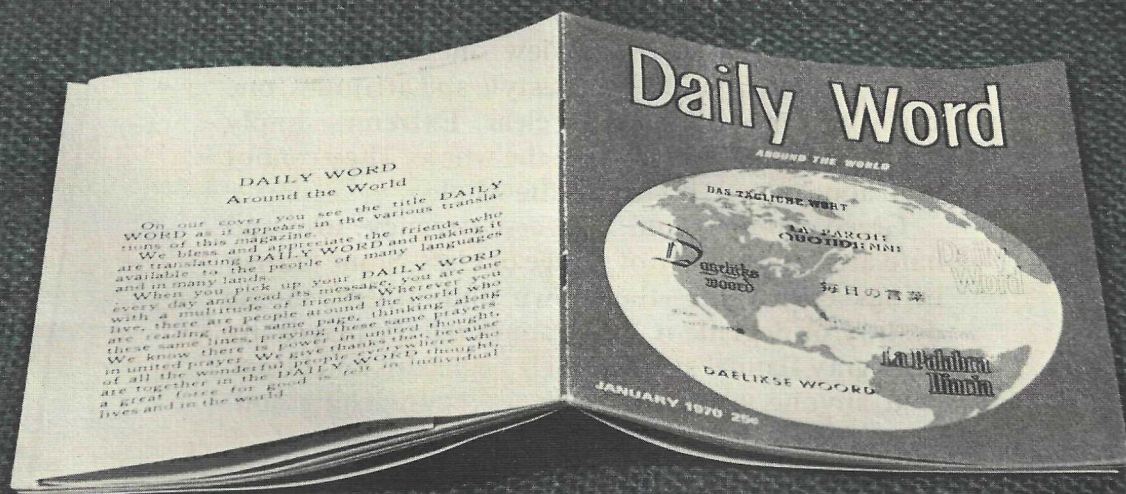
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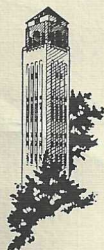
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The MIDDLE Ground

As today's generations view one another suspiciously across a gulf of years, style and attitudes, one truth becomes abundantly clear: Extremes simply cannot be made to illustrate the whole. They cannot even approximately *suggest* the whole.

Greed, compassion, savagery, decency, love and hate are a monopoly of no age or class. Some human beings enrich life—their own and others'. Some destroy or degrade it. You cannot tell the players by their gray flannel suits or their buckskins and beads. And anyone who says otherwise is preaching nonsense.

And dangerous nonsense, at that. There is no man, no group, to be more feared than the one who claims to have sole possession of the truth. Behind every war, every pogrom, every inquisition you will find men of that conviction.

Between the angrily parochial extremes of today's generations there is a broad middle ground where individuals—whatever their age or costume—can usefully communicate. Their success in doing so depends very largely on their ability to resist the temptation to view one another as caricatures.—*The Kansas City Star*.

