

New Age Frontiers

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AMERICA RECEIVES HER BLESSING

Gordon Ross

(Gordon did not include in his report any record of the activities at the Centers throughout the trip, feeling that' this information would be included in the reports from the Centers themselves. This essay includes only his impressions of the trip as the Leader's Official Party journeyed between Centers in the continental United States.)

Perhaps some would like to follow the journey of our Master by map while reading this account. Therefore, I will begin by stating the route numbers of the trip from Oakland to Washington DC and back,

Oakland to San Jose via Interstate 680 (Nimitz Freeway; San Jose to just south of Gilroy via Highway 101; Calif. 156 to Monterey & Carmel; San Luis Obispo via State Highway 1; Highway 101 to Los Angeles. During our stay in L.A., we visited San Diego via Interstate 5 (U.S. 101).

Los Angeles north on State Highway 14 which joined with U.S. 395. At Lone Pine we took a road which leads to the entrance of Mt. Whitney. Lone Pine to Death Valley on State 190. South from Furnace Creek on road which follows Death Valley to Bad Water (about 40 mi. south of intersection at Furnace Creek); back to Furnace Creek & east on State 190 to Death Valley Junction; left on Nevada State Highway 29; right at Lathrop Wells & U.S. 95 into Las Vegas,

Las Vegas via U.S. 466 & Ariz. 93 to Kingman, Ariz. & Phoenix.

Phoenix north via Ariz. 69 & 79 to Flagstaff; U.S. 89 to just before Cameron; Ariz. 64 to southern rim of Grand Canyon; returned on Ariz. 64 to junction of U.S. 180 to Flagstaff; east on Interstate 40 (U.S. 66) to Albuquerque & Amarillo, Texas; SE on U.S. 287 to Decatur; Texas 24 to Denton; south on Interstate 35E to Dallas.

Dallas via Interstate 35 (U.S. 77) to Oklahoma City & Topeka, Kan.; Interstate 70 to Kansas City & St. Louis, Missouri,

St. Louis south on U.S. 61 to Cape Girardeau; east on Ill. State Highway 3; crossed bridge into Kentucky at Cairo; U.S. 60 to Paducah; south on U.S. 45 to Union City, Tenn.; U.S. 51 to Memphis; U.S. 70 to Little Rock, Ar.; U.S. 65 to Tallulah, La.; east on U.S. 80 to Jackson, Miss.; U.S. 49 to Mendenhall; Miss. 13 to Foxworth, Miss. 35 to State border where it became La. State 21 into New Orleans across causeway over Lake Pontchartrain.

From New Orleans U.S. 90, U.S. 27, U.S. 19 & U.S. 98 to Lebanon Station; U.S. 336 to Dunnellon; U.S. 41 to Tampa,

From Tampa via U.S. 41 to Miami; Highway 1 down & back Florida Keys; north to Daytona Beach via Sunshine State Parkway (Interstate 95; U.S. 17 from just south of Orlando to Interstate 4 at Sanford to Daytona; north on U.S. 1 to Jacksonville; U.S. 17 thru Savannah, Ga. to Charleston, S.C.; Interstate 26 to Columbia,

Columbia via U.S. 1 to Raleigh, N.C.; U.S. 1 & Interstate 95 to Richmond, Va.; Interstate 95 to Fredericksburg; west on Va. State Highway 3 to Culpeper; U.S. 522 to Winchester; U.S. 11 to Martinsburg, W.Va. & Hagerstown, Md.; U.S. 40 to Frederick; Interstate 70S to Washington DC.

Washington DC via Baltimore-Washington Parkway to Baltimore; Interstate 95 to Wilmington, Del.; New Jersey Turnpike to Philadelphia, Pa.; U.S. 1 to Trenton, N.J.; New Jersey Turnpike to New York City; Interstate 95 to New Haven, Conn.; Conn. Turnpike (Interstate 95 & U.S. 6) to Providence, R.I.; U.S. 1 to Boston, Mass.; Interstate 95 to Portsmouth, N.H.; over bridge to Kittery, Me.; back to Portsmouth; U.S. 4 to Concord; Interstate 89 to Henniker; N.H. State 9 to Brattleboro, Vt. where it becomes Vt. State 9; Vt. State 9 to Bennington, & entering New York it becomes N.Y. State 7; N.Y. State 7 through Troy to Interstate 87S to Albany; west on Interstate 90 (N.Y. Thruway) to Buffalo; north on U.S. 62 to Niagara Falls; return to Buffalo; Interstate 90 to Cleveland, Ohio.

From Cleveland on Interstate 90 to just south of Toledo; north on Interstate 280 to Toledo; Interstate 75 to Detroit; Interstate 94 to State border north of Michigan City, Ind; Indiana State 39 south to Interstate 90 into Hammond; north via Interstate 90 to Chicago, Ill.; west to Lombard on freeway which runs into U.S. 30.

Chicago via Interstate 90 to Madison, Wis.; north to Wisconsin Dells where we picked up U.S. 12 to St. Paul, Minn.; north via U.S. 10 to St. Cloud, Minn.; U.S. 52 to Fargo, N.D.; south via U.S. 81 to Madison; S.D. State 19 to Humboldt, S.D.; State 38 to Interstate 29 to Sioux Falls, S.D. & Sioux City, Iowa; U.S. 77 to Lincoln, Neb.; west via U.S. 34 to Grand Island; Interstate 80 to Lexington; U.S. 30 to Cheyenne; south on U.S. 87 & Interstate 25 to Denver, Colo.

Denver north to Fort Collins; U.S. 287 to Laramie, Wyoming; west via U.S. 30 & Interstate 80 to north of Coalville, Utah; south via U.S. 189 until we picked up U.S. 40 to Salt Lake City, Utah.

Salt Lake City via U.S. 89, Interstate 15, Interstate 80N, & U.S. 30S to point between Rupert & Burley, Idaho; north of Twin Falls via Idaho State 25 to Bliss; U.S. 20 & Interstate 80N to Boise, Idaho; north via Idaho State 15 to New Meadows; U.S. 95 to Grangeville; State 13 to Kooskia; U.S. 12 (Lewis & Clark Hiway) to Missoula, Mon.; U.S. 10 E Interstate 90 through Spokane & Seattle, Wash.

Seattle south via U.S. 99 to Longview; U.S. 30 thru St. Helens to Portland; Interstate 5 to Eugene; U.S. 99 to Red Bluff, Calif.; U.S. 99W to just west of Woodland; unidentified stretch of freeway to U.S. 40 north of Vacaville; U.S. 40 to Interstate 80 and Oakland.

[Location and description of Holy Grounds will be included in next month's New Age Frontiers.]

Driving for our Leader was the most pleasure-filled and joyful experience I've ever had, because of the opportunity to be with him and come to know him better. When we started out, George Norton and I had no idea we would be travelling across and up and down the continent and back -- a 15,000-mile journey -- in forty days! However, by the time we reached Albuquerque, N.M., our Leader had given us a very good idea of the speed and timing at which to proceed! Let me now highlight the trip for you, brothers and sisters, from San Francisco to Washington DC and back again.

On Friday morning, Feb. 19, 1965, the Master's party, consisting at that time of our Master, Mrs. Choi, Miss Kim, George, Eva Sepp, and me, left Oakland, Calif., bound for the Los Angeles Center. Our shiny blue 1965 Plymouth Fury III station wagon purred contentedly as we sped along the Nimitz Freeway, bypassing San Jose. Turning off Route 101 above Salinas, we went toward the Coast where we began following Highway 1 to San Luis Obispo. The area around Monterey (former capital of California) and Carmel, with their historic buildings, quaint woodsy houses, and breathtaking 17-mile drive in a forested cove along the beach, filled our souls with delight at the beauty of our Father's creation! During the drive along the beaches and cliffs of Highway 1, as we passed in and out of redwood groves, by artists' huts and mansions, up and down hills, and through meadow-like fields, we spotted many birds and stopped to look at the seals

on the rocks below. Our Leader even caught sight of a deer on top of a mountain near us. The day was sunny and warm, and evening found us at our destination -- Los Angeles.

Our Leader, Mrs. Choi, Miss Kim, Teddy Verheven, John Finkerton, George and I left Los Angeles on Feb. 25th (Thursday morning), and headed for Las Vegas, Nev. Our Leader was amazed at the vastness of the desert and the height of the mountains which jutted so sharply up alongside the highway as we drove toward the town of Lone Pine, gateway to Mt. Whitney, the highest mountain in the continental U.S. (elev. 14,495'). After climbing to approximately 8,000' above sea level, we stopped in a small grove of pine trees where our Leader blessed the ground, then covered with a foot of snow. From the heavenly heights of Mt. Whitney to the infernal depths of Death Valley, we descended until we reached the lowest point of land in the Western Hemisphere -- Bad Water, Death Valley, 280' below sea level. There our Leader blessed the ground, again covered with white, but this time it was salt, not snow. Then, as the hour of dusk came and went, we sped on toward Las Vegas, the largest city in Nevada, and gambling capital of the U.S.

In Las Vegas, our Leader, Mrs. Choi and Miss Kim stayed at the Stardust, a very lavish motor hotel "On the Strip" (a mile-or-so-long portion of the highway where luxury abounds in the form of exclusive motor hotels and restaurants). The neon lights of the gambling casinos downtown were so bright that they literally made a whole section of the city appear bright as day! The next day (Feb. 26), our Leader blessed ground and we left for the Phoenix Center in Arizona.

Our journey to Phoenix took us over the Hoover Dam, one of the largest dams in the world, which incidentally bridges the States of Nevada and Arizona. Our Leader wanted to take the half-hour tour down into the center of the dam to see how it was made and how it functioned. After our tour, we hurried on through the desertland of Arizona, arriving at Phoenix early that evening. At Phoenix, Teddy and John left to return to L.A., and Sue Hubbard and Jim Percy joined our party. The seven of us departed early the next morning (Feb. 27) destined for Dallas, Texas, via the Grand Canyon.

The view as we journeyed along the Canyon's southern walls was inspiring, with great red rocky cliffs falling to the Colorado River far below. After stopping briefly to examine the Canyon through the enlarged eyes of high-powered binoculars, we travelled on through the desert plains of twisted cactus, yucca, rocky bluffs, and the southern foothills of the Rocky Mountains until we reached Albuquerque, N.M., where we spent the night.

Early the next morning (Feb. 28) we blessed ground in Albuquerque after having some difficulty in finding a pebble and some dirt at the City Hall, since it was surrounded by a cement sidewalk. However, we chipped a piece of stone off the corner of the City Hall, dug some dirt out from between the cracks of the sidewalk, and continued on our way.

In Albuquerque, we left Sue and Jim at the bus station, and sped on to Dallas through the dry Texas Panhandle. Undaunted by a raging dust storm near Amarillo which filled the car with grit, we arrived in Dallas that evening. During our trip across the southwestern states, our Leader was continually impressed by the vastness of the area, and many times commented on how large the United States was. Much of the time we spent travelling through the plains and deserts of the southwest, our Leader utilized his time in learning English with his "English teacher", Mrs. Choi.

From Dallas the next day (Mar. 1), we drove to Oklahoma City, encountering in Oklahoma what were undoubtedly some of the worst roads of the trip. The scenery of rolling hills and flat land, dusted lightly with new-fallen snow, captured our attention. After a, during which our Leader saw his first buffalo near Anadarko, we travelled through flat prairie land north and east along the 80-mph freeway to Kansas City, Kan., where we met Leonard Edwards in the City Park where our Leader was to bless ground.

The following day (Mar. 4), our car left Kansas City and eased its way through tumbling snowflakes across the plains and rolling countryside of snow-covered Missouri to Creve Coeur, a suburb of St. Louis and the home of the Oswalds and the Weirs (correspondence course students). In St. Louis the roads were icy-slick and the snow half-way up the side of the car, but we all (including the Oswalds) were in high spirits as we drove to the Holy Ground. After a comfortable night's rest, we turned our craft southward toward New Orleans, La. (Mar. 5).

On our journey to the deep south, we first stopped at Paducah, Ky., to bless ground. To reach the State of Kentucky from the State of Missouri, we had to go through Cairo, Ill., and cross the Mississippi River. The weather of Cairo, by the way, is exactly like that of Cairo, Egypt, for which it is named. At this point on the trip, our ears must have been dazzled by the words of our Leader and our eyes dazzled by the snow-covered ground and the greatness of the mighty Mississippi, because after we crossed the bridge a sign greeted us saying, "Welcome to Ohio!" We had taken the wrong bridge! Around we turned, and hurried back over the bridge to Cairo. Again we crossed over the river, this time by another bridge. "This time we'll get it right," we all thought. The welcome sign of the State loomed large ahead: "Welcome to Missouri!" Missouri?? Sheepishly and somewhat perplexed, the driver of the car turned his steed around and set off determinedly across the river. We made it!

From Paducah, we went south to Memphis, arriving at night. We were proceeding directly to the ground to be blessed when our Leader casually commented that we had passed a certain restaurant once before. Gales of laughter filled the car! We had been driving around in a circle! To find a suitable piece of land in the melting snow and slush of a pitch-black wooded park was quite normal for us by then. But the local police doubted the normality of our intentions, and "interrogated" George about our plans. George showed him his Association card and explained our intent. The policeman accepted his explanation and left, slightly bewildered. Our Leader performed the ceremony without delay.

From Memphis we drove on to Little Rock, Ark., where we stayed overnight and blessed ground in the morning (Mar. 6). Several early-morning golfers witnessed the ceremony, but appeared less disturbed than George and me who were worrying about the flight path of possible stray golf balls.

From Little Rock, we drove along the typically narrow roads of the south, through Vicksburg, famed fortification of the Civil War, up and down the hills of Alabama, through the swamplands of Louisiana to New Orleans, infamous for 19th-century slave trade and 20th-century Mardi Gras. Our hearts were saddened at the sight of the squalid huts and poverty of so many people in Arkansas, Alabama, and Louisiana. We were all the more grateful in knowing that our Leader had established the condition needed to eliminate this misery, and that he would take steps as quickly as possible to renovate the land and the people. To reach New Orleans, we crossed the longest causeway in the U.S., 29 miles across Lake Pontchartrain. For a while, we thought ourselves to be steaming on the high seas. Only the tiny winking lights of bobbing ships greeted our eyes as we sped swiftly through the silent darkness of that great lake. Our Leader was eager to proceed on the journey, so, with the New Orleans Family and several other Family members who had arrived earlier, we blessed land in New Orleans the night of arrival and left early the next morning (Mar. 7), taking Douglas Burns and Ernest Stewart with us.

The sky was blue, and the Gulf of Mexico waters dancing in the sunny warmth of the day reflected our mood as we drove along the Louisiana-Alabama coast to Mobile. There our Leader blessed land, and we hurried on to Tampa, Fla., through the swamplands of stunted trees, black water, thick undergrowth, and Spanish moss.

We arrived at Tampa in the early morning hours (Mar. 8) to be greeted by the Tampa Family, Mr. Ro Hi Pak from Washington, and others who had preceded us. After blessing land in Tampa later in the morning, we travelled down the west coast of Florida through the numerous resort cities to Miami Beach, where our Leader blessed a beautiful site of soft green turf and

swaying palm trees. There he dipped his finger into the smooth, gentle and warm waters of the Atlantic Ocean and, in Korean, wrote in the sand next to Mr. Pak's "Ahbogee" (Father), the word "Ohmonee" (Mother).

Quickly then, we drove south along the 150-mile string of Key Islands and connecting bridges to Key West, the southernmost area of land in the U.S. The next morning (Mar. 3) we toured the town of Key West, inhaling the fresh salt air and basking in the warm Florida sun -- such a contrast to the cold of Kansas and Missouri. Our Leader again dipped his finger in the waters of the southernmost beach in the United States where the Atlantic embraces and is warmed by the waters of the Gulf Stream. There he took some of the sand and seashells as souvenirs, and briefly stopped at the former home of the late Ernest Hemingway, noted American author.

The view during our morning drive back to Miami was breathtaking! The blues and greens of the water, land and sky formed an ever-changing mosaic of soft beauty. Herons, ducks, pelicans, kingfishers, birds of all kinds flew along the roadway sunning, sporting, and diving for fish. In Miami we had lunch at the window top of a downtown hotel and watched the Bay shipping traffic as we ate the delicious food which America can provide so well. After lunch, we drove past row after row of massive resort beach hotels, glistening white in the afternoon sun.

From Miami we went north to near Ft. Pierce, where our Leader, Mrs. Choi, Miss Kim, Mr. Pak, Doris Walder, George and I bade Rebecca Boyd, Tom Robinson, Ernie Stewart, Douglas Burns, and Maggie Compton goodbye. Then we travelled to the overnight town of Daytona Beach, famous for its beautiful beach whose sands will support even the weight of a car. From Daytona (Mar. 10) we proceeded north away from the sunny sands and palms of tropic Florida to the charm of the antebellum south. Our first stop -- Savannah, Georgia,

When our Leader blessed the ground there, Doris said to us that she sensed the presence of many spirit-men from the historic days of Savannah. How true that statement is for all the blessed spots over which the Master has prayed,

We departed then for Charleston, So. Carolina. No sooner had we arrived than we honked the horn for Gary Elliott, who hopped aboard and we were off for Columbia, the capita; of So. Carolina. Only George had met Gary before, but Gary and I established a close bond of brotherhood in the tight quarters of the car's rear-window seat. He was so excited at our Leader's visit that he could hardly listen as I explained the significance of the Holy Ground ceremony, but kept turning around to look at his True Father.

In Columbia we spent a very comfortable night at a motel owned and operated by Negroes. The next morning (Mar. 11), after blessing ground and bidding farewell to Gary, we headed for Raleigh, N.C. The back country of the Carolinas is rolling and covered with pine trees, and has a real rustic air about it matching the soft drawl of its inhabitants. After blessing land in Raleigh, we journeyed to Richmond, Va., where we visited a memorial building dedicated to those from Virginia who had lost their lives in World War II and the Korean War. Enclosed in small glass cases at the foot of the glass wall etched with the names of the honored dead were relics from the sites of the campaigns in which the war heroes had fought. The thought of so many dying in the two wars gave rise to further thought in my mind of the 6,000-year battle between God and Satan, and of the oh-so-many who have been born "dead" and who have never even tasted of the life which flows from the heart of our Father. Awake and rise, oh ye dead, to life immortal! Hallelujah! Our Father has come!

Leaving Richmond after blessing ground there, we travelled to Fredericksburg and stayed overnight. The next day (Mar. 12) we penetrated the hills of the Alleghenies and arrived in Martinsburg, W. Va. At the Windwald Motel south of the city limits, part of the Washington Family joyfully greeted our Leader and accompanied us to the blessing site. From Martinsburg, our Leader went in a car supplied by Joe Badra of the Washington Family, gaily bedecked with colored flags. We journeyed through Hagerstown, Md., to Washington DC, and to the home of Mr. Pak in Arlington, Va., arriving Friday afternoon, March 12th. The Washington Family greeted us enthusiastically and with much ceremony.

After several days packed full with official and unofficial meetings, tours, times for getting acquainted, and -- most important -- the blessings of the White House and Capitol lawns, our Leader said we must hurry back to California. Imagine our surprise! We had expected to stay a while longer. Nevertheless, the morning of March 18th found our Leader, Mrs. Choi, Miss Kin, Mr. Pak, Mr. Nishikawa of Japan, Moonhye Yoon, George, me, and the luggage snugly packed into our faithful vehicle, now a mature young adult with 0,000 miles under its hood. Mr. Nishikawa and Daikan Onuki had flown into Washington while we were there, and Mr. Nishikawa was now accompanying us back to the West Coast. His bubbling humor and enthusiastic air and expressive "Wonderfuru!" kept all of us laughing most of the 7,000-mile journey.

Our first stop was Baltimore, famous for its white marble steps, in the tiny State of Maryland. Our second was Wilmington in the even tinier State of Delaware, where city blocks are called 'squares,' and the favorite sport is boating.

The next city to receive our Leader's blessing was Philadelphia, Pa. There we stayed several hours to visit Arthur Ford, a well-known trance medium, whose spirit guide, Fletcher, had given witness to our Leader as the Messiah and Leader of the New Age. Fletcher again gave witness: "The light around you [all of us in the room] is so bright that it would blind most of you... In other circumstances, my instrument [Arthur Ford] and you should take off your shoes. You are sitting in the presence of Truth incarnate!"

Two Episcopalian priests, friends of Arthur Ford for 10 years, were enthralled by our Leader's presence and words, and by the testimony which Fletcher bore. They want, by all means, to study the Divine Principle. Mr. Volker of Philadelphia, who has been studying the DP but has not yet accepted fully, was also somewhat taken aback and no doubt uplifted by the moment of the occasion. After the sitting, our Leader gave some words of advice to Mr. Ford, saying that he should study the Divine Principle and seek the highest spiritual level rather than remain in the one he now occupies.

After blessing land in Philadelphia, we turned along the New Jersey Turnpike to Trenton, capital of New Jersey. We arrived at the site of blessing in the evening. From Trenton, we went north to the impressive skyscrapers and jangling traffic and bustle of New York City. We were greeted in that megalopolis by the DP Family of New York, who treated us to an appetizing dinner of Korean food. Then we all bedded down in Moonhye's small apartment. The following morning (Mar. 19th) we went to Central Park for the blessing. We then fought the New York City traffic upstream to the New York City Hall and bade our New York Family "ahn young hee kay sipsio!" And we left for the New England States on what was to be the most "blessed" day of the trip!

The farmland of Maryland, Delaware and New Jersey began to change to the typical wooded land of provincial New England. We followed the twisting course of a small river through shady glens and forest groves of pine and birch, until reaching the university of New Haven, Conn. Our Leader blessed an area and we hurried north to Providence, R.I., site of his next blessing. From Providence, we travelled on to Boston, Mass., arriving about 7 p.m. The citizens of that respectable city were nonplussed to see us downtown in the Boston Public Garden praying and dedicating the land to God. The traffic on the Eastern Seaboard is very heavy -- people are really "on the go!" -- and we didn't reach northern New Hampshire until 10 that evening. A full yellow-orange moon shone down on our Father as he blessed the frozen ground in the City Park of the seacoast town of Portsmouth. We then crossed the bridge and entered the State of Maine. Our Master, with a heavenly schedule to meet, wasted no time in choosing the site of his next blessing. The small village of Kittery, Maine, population 5,000 and 1/2 hour's drive from Portsmouth, received the greatest honor in its history as our Leader blessed its City Park. Pressing onward through the chill and frosty night scene of New Hampshire and Vermont, we reached our destination -- Brattleboro, Vermont. Time: 3 a.m., Mar. 20.

After giving his blessing to Brattleboro later in the morning, the party continued its journey westward through Vermont and New York State to Buffalo and Niagara Falls. The Falls rushed over their precipice, a ropr of spray and icy white chunks. As we walked on the frozen snow-covered

ground, the earth crackled and snapped with joy at the footsteps of its Lord. The spray from the Falls froze to attention on his garments as the Lord of the Universe passed through the flanks of barren trees frozen in white like sentinels during the review of their Commander-in-Chief.

Leaving Niagara Falls and Buffalo behind, we plunged into a raging Lake Erie blizzard which lasted the 200 miles to Cleveland, Ohio. Our Father's angels were almost visibly present, guiding the car safely along the snow-packed freeway in the midst of blinding snowfall and turbulent wind. Were we ever glad to see the smiling faces of the Cleveland Family and see ourselves down to steaming dishes of rice and meat!

After a comfortable night's rest and a hearty breakfast, we left (Mar. 21) for Detroit, Mich., the next city to receive our Master's blessing. From there, we journeyed on across the frosted snow-covered ground of Michigan and entered Indiana where our Master blessed a park in the city of Hammond near Chicago. Our destination, Lombard, Ill., the home of Eileen Weill and the Chicago Center, wasn't reached until late that evening, but the hearty welcome warmed both spirit and body.

Since our Leader's purpose in coming to the United States was primarily to bless ground, we were unable to stay in Chicago (or many other Centers) longer than overnight, and after the ceremony the following morning (Mar. 22) we sadly bade goodbye and set off for Madison, Wis. In Madison, we sat and talked with Mrs. Marjorie Hill who had just completed the Divine Principle Correspondence Course lessons, and who had learned of our early arrival two days earlier. Having blessed a small park near her home, our Leader and his party left Mrs. Hill, full of joy and somewhat dazzled by the swiftness of all that had transpired, and set off for the twin cities of Minneapolis-St. Paul, Minn., separated only in part by the newly-springing Mississippi River. In the city which bears the name of the one who accomplished so much to lay a foundation for Christianity, we settled down for the night.

When we walked to the site of the blessing the following day (Mar. 23), the snow reached halfway up our legs, and we were only too glad to follow in our Master's footsteps. At every point of the journey, his energy abounded, his zeal was unflagging, and his pace was untiring. The snowy hill on which he performed the ceremony in St. Paul was no match for his swift strides, and we soon left the city for Fargo, N.D. The temperature in St. Paul the night we arrived was -4°F. What was the temperature when we arrived at the coldest city in the continental U.S. at noon the next day? -4°F!

Having blessed Fargo, we turned south to Sioux Falls, S.D. Surprisingly enough, South Dakota offered little hindrance in the form of snow or ice, and we made good time through the flat expanse of the southernmost Dakota, reaching Sioux Falls by early evening. As we crawled on our hands *and* knees up the steep, icy, and snow-covered hill which our Leader had so easily walked up, I had to admire the endurance of Mrs. Choi and Miss Kim who did not hesitate to follow him to the top. Like most of the blessings in cold weather, the ceremony at the summit was brief. Not hurried, but brief, I'm sure our Leader was concerned about our welfare. He himself never wore gloves while performing the ceremony, and our hearts ached when we saw his red and frost-nipped hands.

On to Sioux City, Iowa, and another blessing, brief but not unimportant. Then to the overnight stop of Lincoln, Neb., at which another snow storm enshrouded us with falling flakes. The hotel manager was very considerate, and let us have three rooms for only \$12.50. When George and I reached our room, imagine our surprise to discover that what we thought was the door to the closet turned out to be entry to another room with two double beds! A total of four rooms, and seven double beds. That night we made our four hours sleep count! The next morning (Mar. 24), after brushing a foot-deep pile of snow off the car, we went to the site of the Holy Ground. Nearby was a small zoo and, from their pen only a few feet away from us, a flock of sheep silently watched the Shepherd of Shepherds sanctify the earth,

ground, the earth crackled and snapped with joy at the footsteps of its Lord. The spray from the Falls froze to attention on his garments as the Lord of the Universe passed through the flanks of barren trees frozen in white like sentinels during the review of their Commander-in-Chief.

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On to Sioux City, Iowa, and another blessing, brief but not unimportant. Then to the overnight stop of Lincoln, Neb., at which another snowstorm enshrouded us with falling flakes. The hotel manager was very considerate, and let us have three rooms for only \$12.50. When George and I reached our room, imagine our surprise to discover that what we thought was the door to the closet turned out to be entry to another room with two double beds! A total of four rooms, and seven double beds. That night we made our four hours sleep count! The next morning (Mar. 24), after brushing a foot-deep pile of snow off the car, we went to the site of the Holy Ground. Nearby was a small zoo and, from their pen only a few feet away from us, a flock of sheen silently watched the Shepherd of Shepherds sanctify the earth.

The warm days of the coastal climate were a welcome change to the cold of the north, and we laughed gaily as we journeyed on to Eugene, Oregon, birthplace of our American Family. It was here that Miss Young Oon Kim started her mission to America, and she escorted us to the houses in which she had first lived, translated the Divine Principles from Korean into English, and held meetings. At present, Mr. Kim and David Bridges maintain the Eugene Center. As a special favor to America, and in memory of Miss Kim's first missionary activity, our Leader blessed an area of ground in Eugene. Before leaving the city, we visited Oak Hill where Galen & Patty Pumphrey, Doris Walder, Pauline Phillips, George Norton and Miss Kim lived during the early days of our movement in this country. After a delicious Chinese dinner in Eugene, we said goodbye to the Oregon Family. Words cannot describe the emotion we all felt, and all of us had tear-stained cheeks as we embraced one another. Truly we are a Family united by the heart of the Father.

We left Eugene about 7 p.m. and drove down through the mountains of southern Oregon and Northern California, down through the Sacramento Valley, down through the Vallejo Hill, down, down, down -- to the City of Oakland, forlornly left behind forty days earlier, and now eagerly awaiting the return of her Lord.

The San Francisco Family greeted their True Father with shouts of delight at 5 a.m., March 30th, and after a breakfast so carefully prepared by Kathy Martin, we talked for a while and then rested for a few hours before spending the remainder of the day touring San Francisco. That evening, the Bay Area Family all gathered at the Martins in Oakland and had a sparkling question and answer session with our Leader until 2 a.m.

The next morning (Mar. 31), we accompanied our Leader, Mrs. Choi and Mr. Nishikawa to the airport to bid them farewell with strongly mixed emotions. We were sad because we knew we would not see him for another year, yet happy because we knew he was going on to continue the fight against Satan in Washington DC and throughout the world. Our tear-filled eyes and hearts pressed against the rain-spattered windowpane as heaven and earth became one in a close embrace of love and tenderness. Our Father pressed and waved his hand against the plane's window, while Mrs. Choi held up the 'V' for victory sign -- and they were gone, leaving us with inspiring memories, and the strength and faith to "fight the good fight" and press on to the final goal of One God, One Christ, and One World!

The Master's Visit with the Cleveland Family

My Dearest Family:

Pauline Phillips

Where do I start? Words cannot begin to express the most joyful and historical event to have ever taken place since the Creation, The day the American Family has been looking and-waiting for came at last!

I must start with the Cleveland Family's first meeting with our beloved Father, which took place in Washington DC. Emma, Ken Pope and I lived in a high state of excitement from the moment we knew Father's plane had landed in San Francisco. We wanted to be there to greet him with the Family, but the miles were too many. Our next goal was to be in Washington DC to greet the party upon their arrival. We arrived there on the morning of the 12th (March). Two of our Washington Family met us at the bus station and took us to the Fellowship House where everyone was in a state of expectation and excitement. We were tired after our long ride on the bus, but who could sleep? The Lord was really coming! No, we could not rest ~~this~~ day!

It was 4:30 p.m. when our Father and his Family arrived. No one knew what to do as they drove up to the house in Arlington, I was so excited I thought I would break inside. Not only was I to meet my real Father for the first time, but I was going to see three of my older brothers and a sister, and my beloved mother Miss Kim, after being separated from them for one year. I wanted to run to the car and gather all in my arms, but on second thought I stood back at the end of the line waiting for each of them to come to me, That first handshake I will always remember! My heart sang out! How wonderful, wonderful to be with God's real Family, with our real Father after 6,000 years of waiting. The tears that ran down my face I could not stop, I didn't want to, for they were tears of joy from the bottom of my soul.

We spent three beautiful days, listening to our Father teach every night till late hours. We sat in a circle, our ears bending forward, afraid we might miss one word. No one moved to go home till the last good-night was said to Father. No one slept for three days, and the strange thing was that no one got tired. We were really living in the Kingdom of Heaven, because the King was with us,

We didn't want to leave. There was so much love, so much power, and oh so much joy! Heaven was on earth, and who wants to leave heaven? But we had to return to Cleveland to be ready for their visit with us. On the way home, I could not believe the beautiful days we had had were real. The tour of Washington with Father and Col. Pak leading the party; the trip to the White House where we sat in a circle on the lawn; picnicking on the Capitol lawn; our Father feeding the little squirrels; having dinner with him in his room; Father leading us in singing Korean songs; and singing special songs to us. He sang with such power it felt like it would lift you off the floor. Was this all real? Am I in a dream? Yes, it was real, very real! Our Father was with us, teaching us from the heart of the Heavenly Father;

We cleaned the house from top to bottom till it shone. We thought, "The King of Kings is going to stay in this house. How can we not have everything just right for him?" Word arrived that they would be here on Saturday, the 20th. The most blessed day in the history of Cleveland. Dinner was ready by 2 p.m. The weather was zero, with lots of ice and snow on the roads,

Our Father arrived about 11 p.m. on a cloud. Of course the cloud was the seven members of his party: Mrs. Choi, Miss Kim, Mr. Pak, Mr. Nishikawa, Miss Yoon, George and Gordon. They were tired and hungry after their long drive. Dinner was served at midnight, with our Father sitting at the head of the table surrounded by ten of his children. Soon after eating we went to bed. I didn't want to sleep. We had only a few hours of our Family living in the house with us. I wanted to be awake every moment of it.

Breakfast was served at 8:30, March 21st, the first day of Spring. There was no sign of Spring outside! The weather was zero again. Inside our hearts, Spring had really come to us. How warm and glowing it was with the Master in our midst!

Soon after breakfast, we left to bless the Holy Ground. The place chosen was University Circle in Wade Park on the east side of the city. There are three universities located around it. It was freezing cold, but who could feel the winter wind? We could only see heaven and earth being brought together in this one spot,

They left all too soon. As we stood waving goodbye until they were out of sight, I could see them all waving and smiling. If only the whole world knew the true love of our Heavenly Father! If they could only taste this love, they would not stop until they knew the true heart of God. We must work even harder to bring this true love to this starving generation of people. They want this love that we have found, but Satan holds them away from it,

Oh Father, please come back to us soon. We already feel homesick for you. You have brought the reality of God to us, as we can plainly see you in the Father and the Father in you,

Next day, we went back to the blessed land. As we were looking for the spot on which our Master had stood when praying, a policeman came over to us and ran us off the ground, asking what we were doing. Seems no one is allowed on the grass! Satan is not going to let us have that piece of land easily. We must fight a war for it. So now we go and sit on some steps above the spot to pray. As long as we keep off the grass it will be all right,

We plan to start Sunday morning services on the steps as soon as the weather warms up and more people are around. It is a most beautiful spot and will attract a lot of people this summer. We feel that God has chosen this piece of land as His, and we will keep it as His no matter what happens. God's front line is also Satan's front line. The war to defeat Satan will begin on this piece of ground!

We have also planted an apple tree as a symbol of the Principle's first year in Ohio. As the tree grows and brings forth fruit, it will

symbolize the fruit this city will bear for the Father. We go to the tree and pray everyday. We will love and pray for this tree just as we will love and pray for the fruits that come forth from this city, We must make all men the tree of life, to live in a oneness with our Heavenly Father.

I will close this letter with a few comments on our Master. What a true Father he is to his children! We can see all parts of our Heavenly Father in him. Who can doubt after being in his presence for a few days that he is truly "The Lord to Come"? My love has grown much deeper for him since meeting him. My respect is much more than before. He is really the King of Kings and Lord of Lords! Some day soon, the whole world will know him. He will shine as a mighty sun into the universe, and will light the whole world with his Divine love, Divine wisdom, and Divine power. Let us shed our sweat, our blood, and our tears while there is yet time! Let us work beside our True Father as his devoted children obeying his command, as he directs the world into the Kingdom of Heaven.

In his most blessed name, I do write these things. Your sister, Pauline

News from Dalias

My Dearest Family:

Maggie Compton

As I sit here looking out the window at the beauties and wonders of the creation that our beloved Father has given us to bring us joy and comfort, it has brought to mind many of the conversations I have had these past few months with my many brothers and sisters. The conversations have dealt mostly with individual problems and concerns that we each have had with the things that have meant a lot to us.

Even with the blessing of meeting our beloved Master in person, we are still dwelling on our own selfish desires. Who are we to want anything or fee; we deserve anything for ourselves? Our Master is the most loving, selfless, and powerful person ever to exist. What an example to follow!! We have been crying that no one will listen to us, but what kind of an example have we set for those to follow? Have we honestly been loving to them? Have we honestly looked at them as children to lead to God? Have we really looked in our hearts and asked God to lead and direct us in whatever way He wills, or have we been looking at them as though we are better than they? Have we felt that the time has come for us to pamper ourselves and have others do the work?

Our Master had done nothing but pour forth his love on us. We sat there lapping it up like a bunch of puppies, and then sit back and wait for more. America is our responsibility and we must shoulder that responsibility! Our Master has suffered more than enough. It is time we took some of the weight off his shoulders. America has been much too soft. We are a product of America; Let us be like our ancestors who fought and died for freedom and the right to worship! Now we have even more to offer our country than ever before -- the right to the Kingdom of Heaven, a world of love and true brotherhood, instead of a world of hate and graft! We must truly forget ourselves and our desires, and start fighting! We must look deep within and find our Father's desires, and take action in accordance with them no matter what the consequence. We should stop and look at ourselves. Have we truly reached the state where we would die for our beloved Master? If not, we had better hurry up and get to that state. America is failing and we are responsible. Our desires and hopes will soon be lost forever if we do not start fighting now, and with the knowledge that we will not give up until we have taken our last breath!

We have been, and still are, too caught up with the physical. We have not cut away the old so that we can truly feel our Father's breaking heart. Have any of you looked at our Master when he is feeling sorrow, or wondered why he is feeling it? It is so deep that just to look into his eyes and see it is like having a knife go deep into your flesh. Even as selfish as we are, he still loves us and is so giving to us. Amazing, isn't it? Do we love our brothers and sisters that much, or do we readily judge them in our own pious way? If we cannot love them enough, how are we ever going to bring more to our Father's Family? If we don't truly love each other, how are we ever going to love others?

When we discipline, do we do it because we love the one being disciplined, or are we boosting our own pride? Are we trying to appear powerful instead of truly trying to teach others to learn of and love our Master? We must be honest with ourselves before we can help others. We are not lords. We are not examples to follow. Our Master is our example, and the depth of his love has no end!!!

We are truly shallow in our love, We still have much to overcome. We must strip ourselves of all pride and be true servants to one another. We are responsible for the people of America, and if we continue to think of ourselves and be unwilling to suffer a great deal for our fellow countrymen, we will fall as the Romans did!

Stop and think, what is the one thing that keeps us separated from our Father, It is pride, for pride is the source of all things evil, such as jealousy, anger, etc. What is pride but self-love? As long as we continue to love ourselves, we will not succeed, We are guilty of this, and must start facing it and correcting it now, We truly can do nothing ourselves. It is only God who can do for us, and it is up to us to make the channel in which He can work,

To our beloved Master, I ask that he forgive our selfish ways, May we become a nation he can be proud of, May each of us lay down the old and fight for God! May each of us be more giving and less receiving in everything we do. We must come under the complete freedom of God before we can feel His heart and experience His desires in all ways. We must show society that we have something more than they have dreamt of, so that they will yearn to become a part of it. We must appeal to them as not of this world, but not so strange that we scare them away, We must show them how beautiful it is to live with our Father every moment,

To our beloved Father, I thank Him from the very depths of my heart for this opportunity, I yearn to know His every desire. May I be obedient to His every wish, May I have nothing cluttering the way for Him to be able to use me in whatever way He wishes. You have given us so much, May we quickly turn the hearts of Your children to You, so that Your broken heart may feel joy in all things of creation,

To Satan, I say that you are on your way out! Soon you will find no base to work with, and you'll have no alternative but to join the love and goodness of the world to come, Your acts have been more than heinous, but our loving Father can forgive even one such as you.

We, my brothers and sisters, are becoming stronger by the day, Watch out, for *we will win!!!* America will once again shine in her glory, and return all things of glory to our Father. The whole world will give to our beloved Father in all ways. We will not stop until our Father has won a total victory! May we stand as a mighty fortress, all with one heart for now and evermore! With much love to each and everyone, through our beloved True Parents, Maggie,

News from Germany

Dear Miss Kim

Peter Koch

We have intensified our efforts to establish a firm foundation for the restoration of Frankfurt, Germany and Europe, Here are some of the details:

Reiner lost his job, Since he is by far our best "getter", we told him not to look for another job, but we would support him financially, This way he can witness full time in the city, in coffee shops, on the university campus, in museums, at the swimming pool, and wherever there is good Principle material,

A few weeks ago I had to go on a business trip to Zurich, Switzerland. The first church I claimed had quite a good vibration, The next was the "Grossmunster," the church in which Ulrich Zwingli started his reformation. The vibration there almost turned by stomach, When I found the next three churches locked, I got quite angry with the Protestant Church. By those locked church doors, they are locking out the people who would seek God in the churches or who want to pray there, Surely the church is dead! On Sunday I went again to the one "good" church to attend their only service, You could have put all the people present in the first three pews,

Early in January, the national folk dance group of South Korea gave a performance in Frankfurt. We decided to use this as an advertisement for our group, Reiner did an excellent job pulling a lot of strings to get the necessary permissions so we could build up an exhibition of Korean culture in the foyer of the theater. About 400 people attended, and each one entering was handed an envelope with an invitation to our group. So far only two people have come, but there might be more, At the end of the performance, Ursula went to the stage and presented the dancers with a flower bouquet and a card with greetings from the Unification Church in Germany,

However, the main result of this evening was in a different direction. In search for things we could use for the exhibition, we got in contact with Mr. Sepyo Hong, the Frankfurt representative of the Bank of Korea, He not only gave us all the help he could, but he even introduced us to Mr. Sung-Ho Lee, the second man of the Korean Embassy in Bonn, who in turn introduced us to the Ambassador, We have received help from the Embassy, and we have the impression that their attitude toward our movement is very positive. This may be helpful in the future.

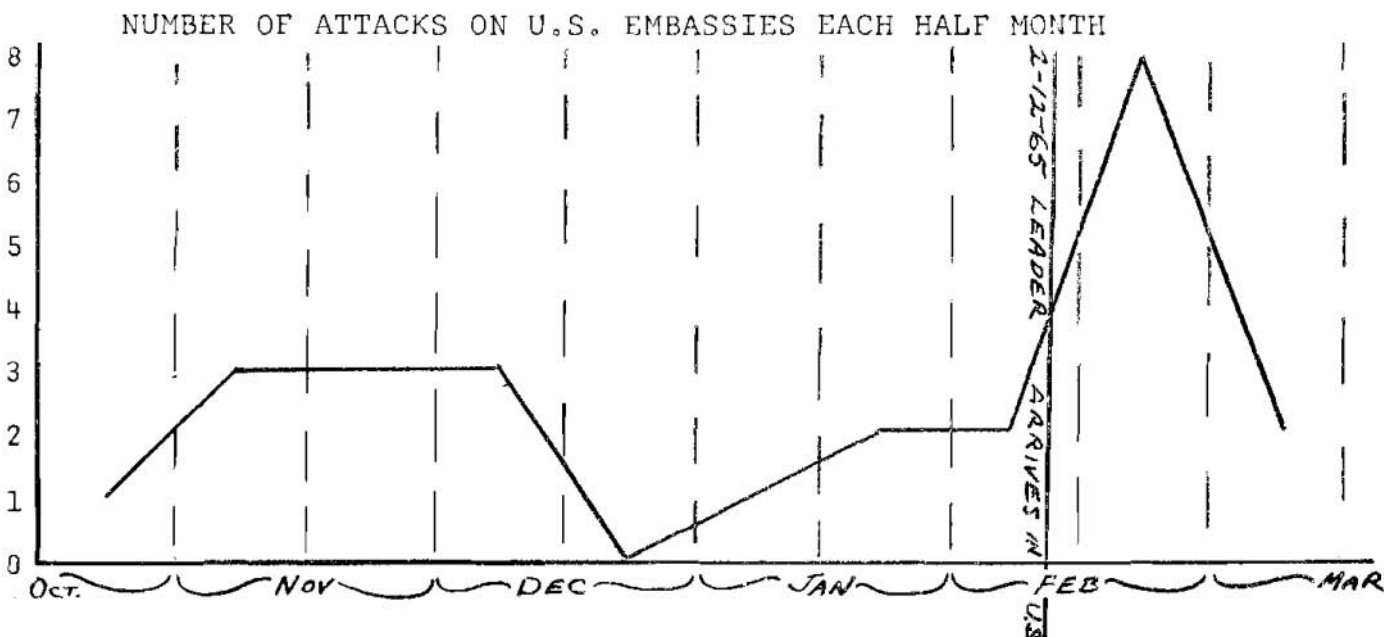
My love and devotion go to Father, Mother, you, and all my brothers and sisters in God's Family, Yours, Peter,

Watching Satan at Work

Oakland Center

Lowell Martin

While the Leader was planning his first trip to America, Satan was busy sponsoring attacks on our U.S. embassies throughout the world. Two or three attacks within a half-month period are enough to upset our State Department. When the Leader actually arrived in this country, the frequency of attacks increased even more. There were eight in the succeeding 15-day period, as illustrated in the chart below.



News from Holland

Dearest Family:

Teddy Verheyen

Thank you so much, my loving Father, for having this country -- Holland -- prepared in such an excellent way. How many miles must you have been walking, Father, creeping along the lonely roads with a desperate hope for love, and tears streaming from your eyes. Thank you, Father, for your Son who has taken so much of a burden from your shoulders, and brought hope finally to you. You sometimes even smile because of him. Thank you, my brothers and sisters on earth and in the spirit world, for your prayers. My love to you always, Theo. Verheyen.

A telegram dated Apr. 8, 1965 from Amsterdam reads: To follow your example, Father, is the greatest experience. From Theo and Humphry.

News from Tampa

Dear Family:

Rebecca Boyd

Gary Elliott is beginning his third week with us here, rounding up financial reinforcements for his attack on Carolina. It's a real joy to have him with us for a while. Tom is also preparing to join Ernie in Miami in a short time, so Gary will be here with me a while until I also move on to Miami -- hopefully with a Center well established in Tampa,

We've been very busy recently, with some response! Old Tampa has been a tough nut to crack, but I am sure she's worth cracking! We have quite a few people in various stages of understanding and various states of excitement.

We've all been thinking and talking of you all much the past few weeks. I know the Master's visit really unified us all tighter together spiritually, and to him and our Heavenly Father! What a wonderful, wonderful thing has happened and is happening! With love in His Name, Rebecca.

New Addresses

Tampa Center	307 South Boulevard, Apt. B, Tampa, Florida, 33606
Ernest Stewart	SFC Ernest C. Stewart RA12287440, Hq, Btry, 2d Msl Bn(NH) 52d Arty, Homestead AFE, Florida, 33033
Theo. Verheyen	Rozengracht 60, Amsterdam (C), Holland
Orah Schoen	1286 W. 115th St., Cleveland, Ohio 44102
Dallas Ceneer	1818 Summit, Dallas, Texas 75204
Gordon Ross	1139 Wellington Dr., Oakland, Calif, 94602 (will forward)

News from Washington

Marjorie Hill

[Marjorie, our new sister in Madison, Wisconsin, completed the DP Study Course in mid-March, was visited almost immediately by our Leader and his party, came to San Francisco for Parents' Day, and returned with Miss Kim to Washington DC where she will be spending several weeks with our Master in further study. This is the first report of her activities there.]

So much has happened in barely more than 48 hours! The pace -- inner pace as well as outer events -- is faster here even than in S.F.

I was overwhelmed by the reception here at the airport. The Leader, Mrs. Choi, Col. Pak, Mr. Nishikawa, two Korean girls, an American girl and a Syrian boy named Joe -- all were there with a red carnation to pin on each of us. Flash pictures: of the whole group and then, astoundingly, of the Leader and just me. I was so aquiver by this time, dazzled again, that as we stood beside each other I asked him to hold my hand. And so he did. We stood hand in hand, and when the picture was over he gave it a little squeeze. I loved him then.

At the Pak's, we were taken to a small room I have named the Throne Room. In a magnificent wing-chair covered with rich gold brocade, he sits at one end of the room. Usually in slippers or stocking feet, and wriggling around in his talk, with a foot often up under him. Those invited in to talk with him respectfully sit below along each side, or at the opposite end, at the end of a long coffee table which goes down the center of the small room. When water or fruit is brought him, it comes on a red lacquer tray, the water in a gleaming silver pitcher.

After some talk, dinner was served, and I was placed at the side of the table next him. White linen, white and silver china, a centerpiece gracefully arranged of American Beauty roses in a golden footed container. Rice with many Korean dishes. I ate from the bowls before the Leader, from the same dishes. It was truly an overwhelming experience. I wasn't too overwhelmed to eat and enjoy it.

Saturday was a festive day -- the National Cherry Blossom Festival. The big thing in the day was the Parade. The party had seats in the bleachers. It was the one mild fair day in a week of bad weather before and after! A gala day. The parade was fine, the float of the Korean Foundation for Culture & Freedom was not large, but respectable. Doris, three other girls and some Karate boys were on it. All made a deep obeisance as the float passed the stand where the Leader sat. After, we watched in the Sylvan Theater beside the Washington Monument the crowning of the Cherry Blossom Queen, selected from among more than 50 girls representing the states and territories. The Leader and all of us enjoyed the good show of music and dancing that went with this.

Then back to Arlington for a rest and a bit to eat before driving in several cars to the Karate Tournament under the auspices of the Korean Foundation and the Jhoon Rhee Institute of Karate. The gala day ended with a couple of hours afterwards at Col. Pak's, celebrating the successful tournament and honoring Jhoon Rhee.

Sunday, orders from on high permitted us to rest. All at Fellowship House slept late. Gordon is living here now, several other boys, about four girls, and me. Late in the afternoon, back to Col. Pak's. Some of us had another session talking with the Leader in the Throne Room. Later, about 25 came for a class. Col. Pak lectured on the Resurrection and then

had a coffeetime upstairs when people just talked to each other.

Col. Pak made the announcement that now the parade and tournament were over we must not relax, but start something new and different. A serious study program was to begin next morning at 7 a.m. for all living at Fellowship House., Gordon Ross was to take charge as resident director, Col. Pak would come each morning to lecture. in the afternoon study and prepare our own notes, ready to lecture if asked the same principle we had heard in the morning. This began to sound grim, especially when it was said we would have to go out in teams and lecture in parks, etc. This for practice in self-confidence and speaking to all kinds of people, not so much to get members. For our own growth, it was a quiet and sober group of 10 who went to bed last night at the early hour of 11 p.m. Very sober again at this morning's first lecture,

Col. Pak impressed on us the need for cheerful obedience from the heart. He had looked rather unhappy the night before and also this morning, "Even I don't like some of these things," he confessed, "but I must do it cheerfully as our Leader directs. He is directing this primary, first study course in Washington, and from it, from you, as we talk things over the next three weeks, we will learn much for future training."

It is a great honor, someone said on the way home last night, to be in the Leader's own group here. He plans and directs, Col. Pak executes. Yes, you can envy us, but we shall be worked hard -- as hard as we can take, I have no doubt, First orders today were to clean up the house, organize daily schedule, meals, etc. Keep household accounts, Doris is the kitchen manager. Both she and Gordon have done so much Lecturing and teaching already, but here they are, required to do beginner's work all over again. And me -- older than all the rest in years -- doing all this stuff too! It's quite a workout, and no telling what we will be like when we complete the course.

I am to go tomorrow to visit Philadelphia with Miss Kim, I am excused from lessons here. No one can do anything or miss a meeting morning or evening without permission, Remember my dream about taking dictation in God's workshop? I think this is it -- the dictation. I'm afraid I slide into the subject position too often and easily (due to my years and pride in intellectual grasp), and probably this is to keep me in the object position -- train me thoroughly to feel it. Probably also the same for Doris and Gordon. Anyhow we three, and Mr. Nishikawa, are getting the works as well as several quite young new ones,

About the Karate Tournament: NBC was there and the officials were excited about this new art or sport of Karate, and said they would certainly televise it every year. It will be on a national hook-up May 16. Doris sang Korean and American anthems very well, The Korean Ambassador, who has not cooperated so far with the Korean Foundation for Culture & Freedom, was there and was impressed; promised wholehearted support from now on. Also White House Chief of secret police, Also Marshal of District of Columbia. Also a few other officials. The Leader is much pleased, and from now on Jhoon Rhee's Karate will be linked with the Korean foundation (and, of course, Principles), Through Karate the hoodlums will be reached. The Leader thinks of everything! We have several appointments with important people, including the Senator from Wisconsin. One little link after another is being forged -- very fast now the Leader is in Washington. It's fascinating to watch this, and will grow more so. Much love, Marjorie,

News from the Philippines

Jim Adams

Comments of Rev. J. R. Dummelow (Queen's College, Cambridge, editor of "The One Volume Bible Commentary", Macmillan, 1956): Gen, 1:26 "the plural form 'us', which occurs again 3:22; 11:7 & Isa. 6:8 has been interpreted as the Holy Trinity, but this would be anticipating a doctrine which was only revealed in later ages. The thought is perhaps that of God speaking in a council of angelic beings..."

Father, you have given your Son a big heart for a big job, Give us additional strength to help him cast aside all things in the universe that would serve to empower our woeful enemy, and strength to multiply our effort to learn the Principle well, In the name of our True Parents.

Changes of Note

Gordon Ross and Pauline Phillips will soon become travelling representatives of the Family, travelling about the country from Center to Center to teach, advise, and help raise new members of the Family. The Oakland Center will remain their point of reference, from which mail will be forwarded to them and information about their activities and whereabouts can be obtained.

With this issue of New Age Frontiers, printing of all Divine Principle material will be done by Galen Pumphrey in the Denver Center. Contribution for the newsletter should continue to be sent to the Oakland Center, however, since the masters will continue to be typed in the Bay Area. Deadline for material to be included in the newsletter will be the 10th of the month. Material received in Oakland after that date will be held for inclusion in the issue of the following month. Please do not send contributions to Denver. It will only delay its publication.

Reminder

World Day (the Day of All Things) will be celebrated this year over the Memorial Day weekend. The exact date is May 31st (May 1st Lunar calendar).

For your future planning, Children's Day this year is Sunday, Oct. 24th.

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