

New Age Frontiers

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LETTERS AND REPORTS

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Max Dugaw

Dear Family,

Each dawning day has its own unique and special beauty. Yes, each day brings also its special problems, but even they can be charged with a good excitement. In February here, amid sunshine, rain and snow, the crocus — the first I saw was a yellow one — bloomed. We view a pleasing picture and we praise the artist. The crocus is Father's art. And what an Artist He is! In a Sunday sermon recently, Tricia observed that we work, we pray, yet oftentimes we forget our praise to Father. Sometimes of late I feel ever so silly and childish. Do you know the song "April in Paris" (more aptly, "April in Principle")? The lyric goes: "I never knew the thrill of spring, never heard its precious ring . . . 'til April in Paris —" May I be silly and childish a moment to say: Praise Father for the bright beauty of that first impetuous bloom!

Brothers and sisters, we are still five in Philadelphia, but teaching many at the Center. Barbara and George have commenced a new term of Principle teaching at the Free University. We amazingly are finding past friends more responsive at this time. Truly, this year the rhythm of growing momentum is being felt. Widespread interest and commercial exploitation of Indian philosophy and its teachers ("gurus" to the hip) may prove a good preparation for Principle.

Our Family spent one Sunday afternoon door-to-door witnessing. We are excited by the prospect of warm weather and street preaching.

Tricia has a new part-time evening job, switchboard operator at University of Pennsylvania Hospital, which offers financial aid and more — new witnessing territory! I am in the midst of my first writing project since joining the Family. I feel the slow emergence of a higher spiritual atmosphere at the art store. Many of my fellow salesmen have heard portions of Principle. If a raunchy joke is told, someone will say, "Get those low spirits away from me!" or "Max, take him up to the Center tonight!" To say Saturdays are trying outdoes the English for understatement. Around three, when the store resembles the subway at rush hour, Eddie will say: "Max, all right, I'm ready for the Center." All words spoken in humor. And yet, a new awareness.

I also continue witnessing to customers, at times well, other times not so effectively. Case in point: one afternoon an extremely "genteel" lady gave me her membership card to a Fundamental Christian organization in order to get her discount. I told her I belonged to the Unified Family. "Oh, are you a born-again Christian?" she asked

with a certain air implying subversive activity. "Yes," I replied. "And far more." I spoke briefly about the Completed Testament. She interrupted by stating loftily, "For us, the Gospel is complete." "Oh, yes," I smiled. "I've heard about you. You must be one of those who believe in the God Is Dead philosophy. We believe in a living God who has never stopped revealing His truth." She departed soon after I counted her change.

Little Jubal is progressing. He prays on hands and knees with head upon the floor in a strange jargon only Father understands. (As he was watching a TV cowboy opera, I heard him calling: "Horse! horse!" Wonderful, I thought, he's finally learning to talk. Later, I tucked him into bed and he reached out for his stuffed monkey who wears white sneakers and holds a banana. "Horse! horse!" he said, hugging the beast.)

St. Louis Family, we were delighted with your visit last month via NAF. For Tricia and myself, late comers to Principle, becoming acquainted with all of you is especially exciting. The longer we tread the path of Principle, the more deeply we seem to know and feel related to all our brothers and sisters, including those of you we have not actually seen.

We in Philadelphia join you in rejoicing over the wonderful news 1968 has brought from our homeland. We are praying and moving with you every day to hasten our Leader's visit to America.

In His Name, Max.

*

Los Angeles, California

Lisa Martinez

Dearest Family,

As I read the feelings, ideas, experiences, and testimonies expressed in the Newsletter each month, I cannot help but feel those words as if they were mine too. I feel so privileged each day to share my life with you as I grow closer to each one of you in spirit. I feel even more privileged knowing that God can share His feelings with me, undeserving as I feel, but desperately needed to help build the foundation for the Kingdom of Heaven on earth. However, being privileged is not enough as I begin to realize that a responsibility is involved when one feels privileged.

Recently, Rusty (Gary) Fleischer and myself were very fortunate to be given the responsibility of witnessing at the University of California at Berkeley with Edwin Ang and Farley Jones. Every day, for about three hours starting at noon, we witnessed to the Berkeley students and invited the interested and prepared individuals

to hear an informal discussion-lecture given by Edwin and Farley. For the remainder of the day we were either present at the lecture, studying, witnessing on campus again, or preparing a place to witness that evening. At first two or three hours didn't seem very much to me, but I began to realize witnessing takes much energy, for we are not just talking for the sake of talking anymore, but we are testifying to a cosmic event, a New Age that is taking place right at the present time!

The students at Berkeley are very receptive, open to new understandings, but many are being misled by the meditation groups that seem to be becoming quite popular on the college campuses. The atmosphere at Berkeley campus is a very free one compared to the University at Los Angeles. One student even remarked that they are very cold at UCLA. At the Berkeley campus there are so many clubs and organizations with their tables lined up every day to attract students that one could just about major in student activities alone. Everyone has a dog and there are dogs all over the place; in the lounge, in the library, and even in the classroom. They should call it the Bark-ley campus, not the Berkeley campus. At twelve noon when the students are coming out of their classes, the plaza becomes the busiest part of the campus where there are street preachers, hippies, and vendors. And as you walk down Telegraph Avenue after class you see psychedelic shops, restaurants, coffee shops, dress shops, bookstores, jewelry stores, art shops, newsstands, posters all over the place; all of these are congested together. It's like a mini-downtown San Francisco.

Back at Los Angeles City College where Rusty and I now attend as full-time day students, no meditation groups have been formed, but great demands, resignations, and personal feelings have created a great change in the atmosphere since I last attended LACC. A lot of tension is building up here as the opposition between individuals or groups becomes greater and greater. Negro students no longer want to be called Negroes and have their own "Black Student Union." They have a leader by the name of Rhashidi, who strikes me as a very negative and hateful person from what he has written in the Collegian, our campus newspaper. The Mexican students also are establishing a feeling of unity and joining with the students of the Black Student Union. Our student government is not in such a fine state either. (I don't think anyone voted at the last student body election.) I now read the Collegian closely, and students are constantly crying for unity! peace! get out of Vietnam! stay in Vietnam! the right to do this! the right to do that! And on top of that my philosophy teacher says man created God in his image! My biology teacher says the subject-object, positive-negative, male-female characteristics throughout the creation follow from a man-made law! Meanwhile, as my blood boils, I continue to post literature and try to find those students who truly want to unite mankind, not organizations or groups of people; and I invite them over to our open house on Sunday afternoon.

Once in a while, for no special reason, I suddenly stop and think what an important role we are playing in this dispensation; and I can feel our Father saying to us: If you only knew how much I need and love you, you could not bear it; and the feelings you

feel now are only a small part of what I have felt for six thousand years. Now it is your turn to know truly what a broken heart feels like. You prayed to me for true love and truth; you were sincere and wanted to know. Do you realize you have asked for a responsibility no other person in history has ever realized? Now you must work hard and truly serve. You want to dedicate your whole life to this dispensation, but do not think it will be easy. You are only just beginning to experience responsibility; don't think you have stopped growing, for you have a far greater responsibility ahead of you. Work hard for me now. Don't worry about the future. Go out and search for your lost brothers and sisters and love them with the heart of the heavenly Father. Don't ask for physical reward; I will reward you when the time has come, then you will be thankful in the end that I have done so.

So many times we think we have done quite a bit of growing and know the Principle very well. But after a while God will use our brothers and sisters, our spiritual parents, and even people not in the Family, to point out we have grown only a small — though significant — part, and we humbly again try to realign ourselves with God, and jump back into the race of Center activities.

This year, I want to fulfill the new motto of the Unified Family: "Full Scale Advance," as I know each member here at the Los Angeles Center wants to. And already the changes that have occurred, both physically and spiritually, prove that each of us truly wants to realign himself with God. They are not easy changes to make in some cases, but we're all still here growing and becoming stronger, determined to find our other brothers and sisters for our True Parents, and make this year a fulfilling one.

I want you American young people to determine to take up this responsibility. Standing on the borderline between good and evil, you must be aware of this responsibility in order to bring people to God. I want you to be the people who find capable people for God. When you find them, serve them as servants, pouring out your wholehearted love. Do your best in order to take these people to God. (Leader's Address, February 20, 1965, Los Angeles.)

*

Denver, Colorado

Judy Barnes

Dear Washington Family,

I really miss all of you very much. I wish all the Centers in America and everywhere else could capture your atmosphere of love mixed with hard work. Nearly all our members here want to read through the Principle again, so I guess that will be the topic of future meetings. We all know it is important to thoroughly understand the Principle. I was happy to have the opportunity to grow a little faster in a short time by learning and living the Principle all day, every day. This is the way it should

be in all Centers. Now I really understand the importance of members' coming to visit you in Washington. I do so wish that all of our Family members across the U. S. would make a strong effort to go to your Center. It is so important to listen to the wonderful words of wisdom from Miss Kim, to share in the vast knowledge of Philip, and to find out exactly what it means to be a member of the Unified Family through the give and take of love which binds the Family in Washington so closely together.

The day after I arrived our Family got together, and I shared with them what I had learned in Washington and all the things Miss Kim had said during some of our meetings. Also, I shared many of the experiences which we encounter in trying to bring new members into our Family. I really miss DDW [Door-to-Door Witnessing]. Everyone should try that once in a while — if not more often.

So, dear Family, since we in Denver need some young people, I have decided to get busy and do something about that situation. I thought I would enroll in one of the local colleges here in Denver, probably will take a course in religion and work from that angle. It will have to be a night course or courses since I still need to work. But I can still contact young people in the classes. So I have been checking into the details the last few days. The spring quarter starts March 26, so I'll keep you informed on what happens.

It sounds like everything is progressing nicely in all directions there in Washington. We were all so excited when we saw the article in the newspaper about the 430 marriages in Korea. Boy, what a victory for God's side! It is just great to see Father at work in all parts of the world. Sometimes I get so anxious for the complete restoration, but I realize that only hard work and dedication from us can bring this about. I guess that we should always try just a little harder, then Father will always help us.

We are also looking forward to the new study course. You will notice how anxious we are by the number of orders you will receive!

I miss you all very much, and I keep you always in my thoughts. So, I will always keep in touch. With love through the True Parents.

*

Vienna, Austria

Paul Werner

Dear Miss Kim,

Today I would like to write you about what has happened since you left Austria. Everyone was very happy about your visit and each one learned quite a bit. Later we went through the speeches you had given while you were here in Vienna and Emmi

had written down. We also learned from further discussions. We thank you for everything.

Shortly after you left we opened up a new Center in Graz, a nice, big apartment with only girls in it. Inge Meyer leads this Center. One new girl accepted and another one just about. One has moved in. Graz is working very hard; many people hear of the Divine Principle.

Linz is hard ground. Hilde and Brigitte are still by themselves working very hard.

In Vienna we made very good progress. Four more men have accepted — Hans Fuetsch, Kurt Schumak, Kral Leonhardtsberger and Franz Peherstorfer. Seven of our men are now living in the other quarters and one is about to move in. In Headquarters we have one addition; Herta Berauer is her name. Everyone is working very hard, day and night.

On January 2, we opened up our first business in Europe — a kindergarten went into existence. Three of our girls are working there now. Up to this day we have 30 children in it. The profit will not be very great, since people make normally about half as much money as in Germany, so not at all to be compared with U. S. standards. Well, now we have a little foundation and are trying to establish a solid ground spiritually and physically.

I just heard from Peter that he had started to fast to lay a good foundation for German development. He wanted to make a long fast, but he got knocked out by a flu epidemic. So he had to quit after the fourteenth day. I myself made three times seven days since you left, to have a better start. Everyone here is praying and working hard. Results will come very soon. We are trying to have something to offer our beloved Master when he comes. Christel is okay and so is everyone else.

Take the greetings and best wishes from the entire Austrian Family.

In the Name of our True Parents.

*

Jaykaynagar, Dist. Burdwan, India

Narayan Bihari

My dear Sylvia,

I hope you got my big letter from Essen. I arrived here on February 29 for a holiday with my parents. The trip was of about 20 hours and rather boring, as I was not allowed to leave the airport buildings. I flew via Rome, Cairo and Karachi to Calcutta. This place is a very small village, about 230 km. westward from Calcutta. I grew up here so I have a lot of sweet memories of this place.

I have seen my parents, my sister and younger brother after seven years. We all have changed a lot. My younger brother, who was in high school when I left for Europe, has become a medical doctor and employed in the village itself. My sister is at Shantiniketan University, which was founded by Tagore. She was a baby when I left. Now she has developed to be a fine girl of 20 years. She is very much interested in our group. Very soon I will start teaching her Divine Principle.

Hope to hear from you. I remain, with a lot of love to you and everybody else in Washington, yours.

*

Rochester, New York

Marshall Frothingham

[Marshall, member of the Washington Family, is spending several months in Rochester for special training as a part of his job.]

Dear Family,

I can see you all sitting at dinner listening to someone read this to you, and I wish I could be there. In fact, I am now trying to decide whether or not to try to come home this weekend.

This first week has really been hectic. I spent too much time in New York City [visiting Family] and left about 5:00 p.m. in the rain and fog. I arrived here at about 1:00 or 1:30, got to bed about 2:00 a.m. The next morning we had a criterion test which had to be passed to stay in the class. I wasn't expecting this to come until Wednesday or Thursday, but I was fortunate enough to get a 92. I thought that would relieve the tension so I could study Principle, but Monday night I was up almost all night with something similar to, though not as enduring as, the flu. Tuesday it snowed all day and I left work an hour and a half early to see the doctor. Wednesday morning I felt fine again, but the car was covered with snow and more was coming down, so we walked to school. This morning I still didn't feel like excavating for the car so I rode with someone else. When I got back this afternoon, the car had been towed away so I'll have to retrieve it tomorrow afternoon.

The problem is that this week all of the possible unforeseeable events have been happening to me. I only hope that the experiences of this week help to prepare me for those to come in future weeks. I'd better stop writing and start studying now or I never will. Love, in Their Name,

*

Chicago, Illinois

Martha Vertreace

Dear Miss Kim,

There is a verse in Luke which says, "Foxes have holes, and birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath nowhere to lay his head." I used to think about that at night and cry, because it was true of Chicago. But now it is no longer true. We have found a Center! We had paid indemnity for it. We had the flu (both Sue and I), I was hit by a car, and the night we found it, a man tried to bother us, and I had to use my teargas gun on him. We had searched for so long. We were in the Hyde Park area looking, and Father showed me a place, and we went there. At first, the manager was a little hostile. To live here you are supposed to have at least a two years' record of working, and security, plus a month's rent in advance. We (Sue and I) had neither. So I witnessed to the manager. Then she said that she liked our movement and had even heard of our Leader! We told her that others might move in, and she said it was good, as long as we felt they would benefit from our life. She let us pay in part and pay the rest later. I was shocked. We had looked and looked for an apartment, but people turned us down because we are a religious group. But she let us live here for that very reason!

We had prayed and prayed for a Center. Travis and I spent much time in prayer and looking. The Center is a one-bedroom apartment, with a large living room, kitchen, bath, dinette, hall, closets, and lovely furniture. It's near the lake. When our Leader comes, he can see a little of it from the bedroom window. We are about five minutes from my train, about 30 minutes from Sue's job, about 15 minutes from the University. Ideal! We never could have found such a thing by ourselves. Father had to help us. Orah also has moved and is living with Julie, one of our new members, in Hammond. We will not let the line of communication between the two Centers break. Our love to all.

In Their Names.

*

Amsterdam, Holland

Teddy Verheyen

Dear Miss Kim,

The work here in Holland is progressing very well. Doris and Johan are working very hard there in our headquarters in Laren. May I thank you again for sending them to Holland. They have done something almost impossible, namely, to bring the first family in Europe back to our Father. The indemnity has been tremendous.

Mr. Van der Stok is like a real Dutchman — very understanding. Mrs. Van der Stok is truly an exceptional woman. Frank, Johan's brother, has come to the understanding of our Father's truth very quickly. Gita, Johan's sister, is just like a real Dutch girl. Then two boys, Rennie and Hans, have accepted, and many others are learning. Doris, Johan, Mr. and Mrs. Van der Stok are teaching day and night, and many people have heard. But the Dutch are very careful. But once they have accepted they will give all. Frank, Gita, Rennie, and Hans are bringing many children to hear our Father's word.

Here in Amsterdam we are not doing as well. But we are also progressing. Hans is a very good witnesser. Reinco is a very good translator and will translate your new book. Thea, a girl, and my physical brother are coming along very well.

The Newsletters every month are very good, and I learn very much from them; and I thank all my brothers and sisters and the one who is doing the printing.

I am so happy to have a physical body because I can do so much with it. I feel many times so very sorry for the martyrs and the early Christians who were thrown to the lions — just to establish something that was not even final. And I thank them very much for working very hard. I hope that they are not disappointed in us.

I pray that America, Father's blessed land, will come to our Father. Thank you all there for working so hard. Father has worked so hard in the history of the Americans. How much I love you all! It is a privilege to work in America. In the beginning when I was in Holland I walked often to the airport just to sit and wished to take an airplane just to see you all. This sure was indemnity. Father love you all very much. Americans in many ways are just like children. Better stop thinking about you; otherwise I will take a plane tonight. Sometimes I wished to be in America even just to do the dirty jobs (housecleaning) so that I could be near to you all.

In our Father's Name — How good it is to have a real father!

*

Rome, Italy

Martin Porter

Dear Miss Kim,

Please excuse this very overdue letter. Thank you very much for your letter.

Marisa left her job to form FUTIC, which is the "United Family Translating, Interpreting and Typing Agency." It seemed a good idea to use all Principle talent on a project that can earn and be useful for the movement here as a whole. Until it really gets underway we are using the dining room as the work room and we collect work from the clients so they don't come to the Centre.

I don't know if you are still using the interview idea, but here in Rome it is having a great success, as the Italians like to express their ideas very much. Many new people are coming, and so we'll see!

We have now printed almost all the Master Speaks Series and are now translating the Leader's Addresses. Carlo is a great help here and so is Marisa. She is very smart and asks more difficult questions into Principle than most, so we are all learning a lot. She is also very good at witnessing as she says just what she feels and has no fear. We all hope she can move in. Her sister is planning to get married and when this happens her mother will go back to her home town so Marisa will move in then if not before.

I read with great interest the New Age Frontiers of February. Thursday was a day of great celebration. We all went to the Holy Ground at 7 a.m. and by 7:30 we were in the Leader's room praying and singing and thanking Him. There was such a joyful atmosphere, and today also we are celebrating as some members couldn't be with us. We also made a tape to send to Korea. Previously we had sent letters and a telegram.

So, Miss Kim, we are all very active searching for Father's children. We all send deepest love to you and all our brothers and sisters in America wishing you all great success in this year.

In his precious Name,

*

Laren, Holland

Johan Van der Stok

Dear Miss Kim,

Today it is a couple of days after the 430 couples' wedding ceremony in Korea. What a great event in history! Hans Kroll found some papers with articles and pictures about the wedding and when my father heard this he bought 20 copies that very day. Our Father is so great to prepare this for us. If only the world around us could imagine what is happening at this very moment in the universe!

Did our Leader appear on television in the USA? He did here last Sunday night. Our neighbor Reinier Hofstet, also a new member of our Family, saw him. He was so excited when he told us about it. He was just looking and there our Leader appeared, and Reinier jumped up in his chair in his excitement. They mentioned that it was the biggest wedding every known and they all had fasted for seven days and they mentioned the name, Holy Spirit Association for the Unification of World Christianity.

We haven't found a house for a Center, but my parents have given their house to be used as a Center here in Laren. We had to put a new floor in the garage. Later we

have to put in a new ceiling. With a blackboard in it, this place can become a good lecture room.

All our love goes to you over these many miles. Greetings to all brothers and sisters in Washington.

*

Washington, D. C.

Travis Jones

It is simply amazing to see the work at the Washington Center evolving and going into high gear; and this month, as always, that was what was happening. Throughout the Center you could find many varying jobs being accomplished simultaneously.

You might go to the basement to do your wash and find six girls headed by Miss Kim collating the new Study Guide. Nearly 6800 pages must pass through inspections and arrangements before the final product is produced. At the same time in the kitchen George Edwards is having kimchi, rice, and cheese (with other leftovers thrown in) for a snack, while Vivien Barron is vacuuming the living room. You will definitely find someone — most likely Sylvia Rogndahl — pouring over tax forms in the dining room, and feeling hopelessly lost until our tax consultant (Jonny Stevens) shows up. Upstairs Philip is studying for an exam, and some people are outlining; and the sound of typing is always heard on the second floor. Then suddenly a bell rings. No one is really sure who the ringer is, but several people drop what they are doing to pile in the "Witno-bus" and go to the nearest University campus to witness. And that is only the beginning.

It is really amazing that all of these people from varying backgrounds and beliefs can work together constantly without at least one person blowing his top. What is the force which can weld all these people into an effective fighting unit when they are witnessing and yet allow them to do so many various jobs? Well, we have the answer; all of us know that a family centered on God is the most effective unified force in existence. It is this force, all of these people working for Father, that allows the creation of a new Study Guide after Miss Kim has spent so long writing it. After the manuscript is written it must be proofread several times, then the pages are photographed, made into plates, and readied for printing. After several days' work the presses roll, and you begin to have gangs of workers collating each chapter, binding, punching holes, and making final checks — until each person feels a part of the finished product. It is this working together that keeps everyone full of energy.

This same principle applies for hunting for a house. You can't just go out and buy a house for a Family that wishes a combination home, lecture hall, church, and study center for twenty. Everyone at the Center looks for houses or real estate agents. Sylvia finds them as she is working on Saturday and Anne Furnas drives around looking

for a new house here or a house for sale there until the entire Family has looked at at least 21 different houses. But there is the time when you see the house that just fits the requirements and the final contract is signed. This was a Family project and it took an active Family several months to find "just the right house."

You might ask, "Well, what happened this month in Washington?" That's easily answered? We printed a Study Guide; bought a new house (we'll be moving in May); learned several new songs from the New York Family; witnessed; ate lots of food; witnessed; filled out income tax forms en masse; witnessed; and to top everything off we added a new meeting on Friday nights so that now we meet three times a week to teach.

But the important thing is that we worked as a Family actively forging onward in our fight to restore this world to our Father.

*

CORRECTION

The new Study Guide Edition of The Divine Principle is being distributed this week. It is a revision of the Fourth Edition based on the latest Korean book.

Contrary to our previous notice, checks for orders should be made payable to Yung Oon Kim and mailed to 1907 "S" Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. 20009.

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NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE

The May New Age Frontiers will be the special Parents Day issue. Please send photographs and reports of your celebration to Headquarters by April 20 in order to have them included in the May NAF.

The New York and Philadelphia Families will be spending the weekend here in Washington, and we understand that Los Angeles and the Bay Area Families will be getting together as well. Through your letters and pictures we hope to complete the whole circuit across the country so that all can share in every Center's activities, even if belatedly.

We at Headquarters pray that each celebration will be both rewarding and stimulating to greater activity and commitment in the Father's work.

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ARTICLES

The Road Not Taken

Sandra Singleton

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one person, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear,
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same.

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I —
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

--Robert Frost

People love to speculate on what might have happened if they had chosen another path. A successful businessman asks himself what might have happened if he had decided to go into dentistry. The alcoholic wonders how life might have been had he refused that first drink his friends offered him. At the height of a typical family argument comes the complaint, "If I had married John instead of you —"

Sometimes it is unfortunate that we cannot travel both ways when we reach the cross-roads. If we could only take a few steps and retreat if the path should prove undesirable! Many people have expressed their regret on having taken the wrong path or having made the wrong decision with the common cliché, "If only I could live my life over!"

But we have only one chance at earthly life and can expect to live only a few score years — for many, even that short time is halved, or even quartered. It is no wonder, then, that people step so cautiously onto new paths, and tread gingerly along them, alert for any little sign that the road may lead to difficulty. Many are even afraid to select a path, but hesitate at the neutral crossroads, looking up one road and then another, afraid to take either. Others choose the road that the multitudes travel — even if it leads to despair. There will be crowds to cry with, they reason, for misery loves company. Some are gamblers enough to name one road "heads," the other "tails" and flip a coin.

Roads are fascinating, in that often they look quite similar at the outset but end very differently. Some are straight, while others twist and bend. Some go along beautiful river banks; others climb arduously over mountains. Many are smooth underfoot, while others are hilly and rocky. Often they wind uneventfully through the woods; at other times they are paths to excitement, adventure. Many roads are great eight-lane highways; others are hardly footpaths.

But one never knows how he will find his road or where it will lead until he takes it. Peeping down that road tells only what it is like a few feet away. One has the right to hesitate, for once he starts his road it will be difficult — if not impossible — for him to return. If he likes the other road even less, he will have to return to the first road and reencounter the same difficulties which caused him to retreat before — and it will be so much later in the day!

How does one set about choosing a road, then? He may need guidance. Jesus stated that man should keep to the "straight and narrow path," and warned against following the crowd and the easy way. Yet people forget. They think of all the trouble it may take to clear the tree trunks and stones out of the little neglected path. They think of how the untrimmed thorns in the bushes along the path may cut into their feet. They consider how sore their fingers may become as they struggle up the rugged mountains; how blistered and sweaty they may become while clearing away a path that only strangers will travel after them. And so they plunge down the beaten path, only to discover that long ago all the wild flowers were picked and all the blueberries by the side of the road eaten. They meet a few discouraged persons, bored by the monotony of the wide road, and laugh at them for choosing the difficult way. Finally they discover that the road just circles about the base of a beautiful mountain, and they realize only then that only the narrow road scales right up its side. Then they look at their watches and discover that full half the day has been wasted in reaching the dusty mountain base, and they must rush if they are to reach the safety of the mountaintop by nightfall.

The little road has its difficulties, too; it is so little-traveled that weeds grow in spots that feet have not yet trampled, and they trip the unwary. The way is mostly uphill, over rocks and gullies. One must climb over and encourage exhausted travelers who have stopped to rest or given up. But there are ample compensations along the little

road, too. The birds still sing in the branches along this untamed trail, and here and there one sees rare animals which are afraid of the noisier big road. The stars shine brighter on this road. One encounters another lone traveler who joins him as a companion for awhile. When the clouds gather, the trees along the way offer shelter. And despite the hazards of the arduous climb upwards, there is always the promised joy of the mountaintop.

Do not overlook the hardships of this road. Often side trails lead out from it — some lead back to the beaten track; others, immensely tempting at first, thin out and disappear into the dark woods surrounding them. Thus, we must not veer off the path, or we become lost, or stray off in some undesirable direction, to finally find ourselves standing alone in a dark and treacherous woods. But for those who persevere awaits the serenity of the mountaintop, the dwellingplace of the Father.

If this little road is the only path to God, why is it so rocky? Why is it not worn smooth? Why are there no blazing signs pointing the way to it? The little path has been hidden for many thousands of years — lost, because no one cared or dared to travel it. So it was that the mountaintop has been shrouded with clouds as the Father wept in loneliness and unhappiness. These clouds hid Him from all; many could not recognize Him, and since no one could find the path that led to Him, His loneliness grew and grew. When one man tried to lead the world to the Father, he was slain on the path. His followers tried to keep to the path, but it was difficult for them to remain constant with so little to guide them forward.

But the Father did not give up. He found another who dared travel that path. If we think the way is rough now, can we imagine what that first True Man must have felt? He was alone on that road; often the way must have been terribly painful and discouraging. The road led through tears and suffering; the road led to the very gates of hell and death. It led to many fearful confrontations, and trails that would have caused many men to perish. But he persevered, his eyes fixed on the mountaintop. The clouds were parting and for the first time he saw what no one had seen before — the tearstained face of the Father. The path was almost insurmountable; he sweated, he bled, he cried along the way. But when he climbed over the last obstacle, the joy he realized made up for all his tears.

This path is open to us. It is not nearly so arduous now. We can expect to encounter difficulties, for despite the entreaties few have chosen the path, and many who now tread upon it amble along as if this path were of little importance. But this is not so. This is the time when we must work as hard as we can to hurry to the Father. We must study and work and pray each step that we take. Then, years from now, we shall have no occasion to say, "How I wish I might have done this or that!"

Not once in a lifetime, but at least several times a day, we reach a crossroads in our lives, and our selection of roads may quicken or totally misdirect our paths toward

the mountaintop. If we consider every act, every thought, every decision that we encounter as we walk along this little path as an action for or against Father, and direct all our thoughts and hopes toward Him, how can we help but come closer to Him? It is a fact, whether one is driving, plowing or walking along the road to restoration, that we tend to gravitate toward any object we fix our eyes upon. Let's make the object at the end of the road our Father.

*

Witnessing

Judy Barnes

We are wasting too much time on things that are not God's work. Here in America, time, not money alone, is of the utmost value to our Unified Family. Money is important to survive, but time is what we have the least of right now. We should be going out and gathering God's lost sheep back to Him. The harder we try, the more persistent we are, the closer we come to God. When we succeed, He succeeds and feels joy. When we fail, He feels this and His heart breaks. His heart has been constantly breaking for 6,000 years now. Every day, we must continually witness for God. At work, at our "leisure," and throughout all our waking moments we must try every way we can think of to tell others of God's Truth. We must go out, meet people, whether in a casual or businesslike way, and make our own opportunity to witness to them. When we do this, and get results, we will always be happy because we are making God happy. There is nothing, and no one, more important than God. This is very important to remember, because sometimes we tend to forget.

With such short time, we must bring people to God, even if we must employ the most unusual methods. This is extremely important in order to grow spiritually. Never, never, give up. There is always someone, somewhere, who needs the Divine Principle. It is our job to find them and teach them quickly.

So, dear Family, let's not waste time sitting around in meetings singing and discussing. This we can do later on our own time, and we do not learn or grow quickly in this way. By learning, I mean learning about God's nature, and what His ideal for mankind really means to Him. We must not waste time talking idly about Principle; this does nothing. We must do something about it. We should not waste time on housework, jobs, leisure. These are not the most important things.

Let us love the Father and live His Word down to the very core of our heart and to the very essence of our existence. Let us not let even a second go by that we are not doing Father's work. We must be firm not only with ourselves but with the way we tell others. Don't take no for an answer. Put your whole personality, your whole life into Principle, overcome all faults and obstacles which may block your way to Father's heart. Wipe away everything that does not fit into God's plan.

So, from my observances in Washington, the two key words in growing spiritually in God's love are "witness" and "teach." This is God's work and should be our work, because unless we are willing to share the worries and problems with Him, how can we share the joy and glory with Him? This is the only way we can grow into Perfection.

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A Sermon

George Edwards

The topic for my sermon was suggested by a speech of Mr. Won Pil Kim on November 12, 1967, and published in the New Age Frontiers:

An antique may have historical value and people may treasure it, but I don't want to become an antique. I rather wanted to progress constantly rather than this. Because I didn't want to be an antique, I always examined myself in the sight of what God would like me to be. Therefore I was never satisfied where I was. This doesn't mean I complained about my position, but I was hesitant to remain in a satisfied position.

I think that whatever other problems we may have, either individually or as a group, the worst feeling we can have is one of satisfaction. Each of us has had setbacks materially as well as spiritually since we came into Divine Principle. In compensation we have been thrilled as we were never thrilled before; we've had the most serious moments we've ever experienced and some of the most innocently happy experiences in the give and take with other Family members. Before we heard of the Divine Principle, most of us had a pretty easy life materially: we never had to think of where our next meal would come from, or from whom it would come. Because of this material well-being we were not led to contemplate many of the simpler problems of life and the deeper problems concerning our existence. Science was the place to go for the answers to questions about the physical world. The Bible, as interpreted by American ministers, urged us to pray, attend service, and obey a number of commands to care for our spiritual needs. Thus, for most of us, the decisions that mattered, and still do for those not yet in Divine Principle, were reached by application of the knowledge we gleaned from textbooks. That was the knowledge that guided our lives and its correctness or appropriateness determined our well-being.

With such a background it was only natural that hearing the Divine Principle and gradually understanding it would cause many strange things to happen in our daily lives. Old habits were immediately dropped, while new ones were picked up. Our old goals in life and our former standards of behavior were forgotten. It has even been claimed that complete personality changes have been brought about by the influence of the Divine Principle. Although I personally haven't been in long enough to see quite so dramatic a change in anyone, what changes I have seen in others and in myself, in addition to the power and love contained in this new teaching, have convinced me of the possibility of such a vast change in a person.

This period of spiritual upheaval in our lives is certainly free of any charge of complacency. It may not always be a period of progress, but it certainly is not one of stagnation; for most of us here the period of our lives when we first found

the Principle was a most glorious and incomprehensible time (whether we always enjoyed the little aches and pains which seemed so big then really doesn't matter). If we look back objectively, we must agree that we were being helped a great deal spiritually and in many other ways that we weren't aware of in the slightest degree then. In retrospect it may seem that we then were only an inch away from rejecting the Unified Family. God's promise that He'd give us no more trouble than we could handle ourselves was proved true by our experiences during that troublesome time. The help then was necessary, for coming from a middle class American background we were just not prepared — not emotionally, not spiritually, and not intellectually — to go around one of the most sophisticated cities in the world (and Washington is sophisticated, whether or not we approve of all of the features of its sophistication) doing the things we do — singing on street corners, asking people to come to a lecture because something (with a gleam in our eye) happened in 1960 (which we never do tell them explicitly).

After passing through this well-protected incubational period, we are cast back into the world again; we find that it's quite a different world because of our new understanding of it. Our attitude towards our job, old friends and earlier forms of amusement is entirely changed.

At about this time God's love is withdrawn just for a short time to see if we will sink or swim — or just tread water. We each know so well on how many of these occasions we failed to pay our five percent. But God returned each time and picked us up, as our parents used to when we were learning to walk. Sooner or later, we are expected to pick ourselves up and keep going for increasingly longer stretches. Will we be prepared to do this? It is this latter stage in which we are going to spend the rest of our lives and one of the most dangerous pitfalls we'll meet is that of complacency.

As we get older, there is a natural tendency to stick to the cliches, the crutches, those comfortable tools that have served us so well in the past. Some well-learned tricks are just as cute in an old dog as in a young one, but not too many. We must keep learning new tricks and discard those of our childhood and youth. So much more is required of us.

In our growth toward God, toward being a co-creator with Him, we necessarily have to become very wise and loving — more so than we can now imagine. To be satisfied at any given moment is like telling God that we're okay just where we are and would like to be granted our membership card. But God's is an exclusive club, and membership must be earned by an ever-increasing sacrifice and use of all the talents we possess. Whenever we return from witnessing or hear that several new people have just come into our Family, or hear a successful financial report — that's when we are the most susceptible to succumbing to self-satisfaction or complacency. To God this must be the worst possible event — one of His children who is supposedly closest to Him becomes proud of his efforts to the point that he will rest on his laurels, that is, stand still spiritually.

An observation of Divine Principle members shows one that the awareness of the need to be always busy, thus always trying to grow, is greatest in those members who have already advanced the furthest. As anyone can see with a little meditation on the Principle, our faith is one that cries out to be lived by God's children. Soon one comes to sense part of the unbearably heavy weight of God's loneliness expressed in the message given to our Leader. If we will reflect seriously on each event in our daily lives in relation to which decision will bring us closer to God, we will never become the antiques Mr. Kim spoke of. We will not have to be dusted by someone else in order to show off our brilliance. Our glow will be one of our own making, a reflection of the Father.

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The Promise of Spring

Rebecca Boyd

In the winter all the world seems to be made of just one uniform, dull tone. The dead grass seems almost the same color as the frozen earth. The trees all look the same with their bare brown branches; there are no leaves or blossoms to distinguish them one from the other. Even the sky seems the same — day after day, the same all-over gray cloud cover.

But when spring comes, everything changes. Miracles happen! From those bare tree branches suddenly burst leaves and flowers of every color and type. The grass turns fresh green again, and from below the barren surface of the earth the hidden seeds and bulbs send out their brilliant shoots and flowers. The sky turns blue and is flocked with sailing clouds of all different kinds. The whole earth is filled with new fragrances and sparkles with a coat of the new sunshine.

The new strong rays of the sun make the earth disclose all her secret treasures. All the hidden beauty is developed. So, in this cosmic spring, the great love of the heavenly Father is unlocking the whole wealth of life for all humanity. The world that we have known is only the external shell of winter. Today the Father is putting His life into His creation, and everything is coming to live and bloom. Today is the birthday of His true world, in which everything is new.

Then I saw a new heaven and a new earth; for the first heaven and the first earth had passed away, and the sea was no more. And I saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband; and I heard a great voice from the throne saying, "Behold the dwelling of God is with men. He will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself will be with them; he

will wipe away every tear from their eyes, and death shall be no more, neither shall there be mourning nor crying nor pain any more, for the former things have passed away." And he who sat upon the throne said, "Behold, I make all things new." (Revelation 21:1-5)

In the autumn, when the cold weather begins, the sap in the trees withdraws from the outermost branches deep into the trunk and roots. Their source of life gone, the leaves die and fall off the tree. The tree seems dead, even though there is still life deep inside and there is still the potential framework for new leaves and fruit. But when the spring sunshine begins, the sap begins to rise again into every twig of the tree and causes new buds to form.

Nobody notices all this happening. Those who are longing for the spring to come may see the first bud break, and then before anybody knows it all the bareness of the winter tree has been engulfed in foliage. This new life may seem to have happened suddenly, but in reality the transformation has been going on silently deep inside the tree for many months.

Likewise, the external creation has been waiting thousands of years to be filled with the life which was promised by its creation. The Father's image has been hidden in the inmost heart of man until this day, when at last His motivating energy is moving through the hearts of people and stimulating new life. All the dormant things are awakening. From the heart of the Tree of Life, the Father's love is being circulated inch by inch up the trunk and into the great limbs of the tree. Finally this energy will reach to the tip of the smallest twig of the tree, every single individual in humanity. Then the whole tree will burst forth with the greatest glory and bear abundant fruit.

Like the creation in winter, you and I and everyone have been dormant. How does one "burst into bloom"? How does one participate in this cosmic spring and be truly a part of the rebirth of the universe? First we have to know how God is working.

When the spring comes we always feel excitement and anticipation in the freshness and newness of everything. Without thinking about it, we just feel this way! This is the nature of spring. And when new life begins to grow in our spirits, we feel excited because something new is beginning. But the spring is really only preparation for the summer and the fall when the fruit of the spring blossoms will grow and ripen. Spring, summer, the fruit, and all things were created to fill man's needs and to give him joy. The excitement of the cosmic spring is because we are also beginning to fulfill the purpose of our creation, that is, to fill the needs of the heavenly Father and to give Him joy. Thus, the atmosphere of anticipation fills everything today.

For the things of creation to keep moving with the current of life, they have to keep growing toward maturity and fulfill their potential. If a sprout decides it has grown

quite enough and wants to continue to just be a sprout, it will die. The same is true of man. It is our natural desire to want to keep going ahead, to reach our goals and attain our purposes, to want to pursue the maturation and fruition of every idea and of all the potential that we have.

Change is the fundamental aspect of growth, which in turn is the whole theme of the workings of creation. In this final dispensation, responsibility, hard work and sacrifice are themes, because they are restitution for what God paid to bring us to this point. If we resist change and growth, we are completely out of harmony with life; if we resist responsibility and sacrifice, we are completely out of harmony with God, and we have refused His invitation to share His life. This invitation is the priceless gift He has given to this generation. Whether we like it or not, we are destined to be perfected, to fulfill the purpose of our creation.

But our growth is also important to every other part of mankind and creation. God has to start somewhere to resurrect a whole world. So He begins with those who respond first. Our Leader explains that God has been seeking those to whom He could entrust His secret — His heart, His ideal, and His providence. He wanted those whose hearts were like vaults, deep enough to be able to contain His great truth. One had to be found who could understand the heart of God. When our Leader discovered the Principle, what did he do? Understanding the will of God, he began to build a true family of humanity, with whom he could share the Father's love. He didn't keep the new life to himself.

The cosmic spring is the new breath, the coming of the new truth, but it is not yet the fulfillment of it. God is expecting us to continue to respond, to grow, and to promote the growth of many other people to a full relationship with Him. This is His whole purpose in calling us. He wants to find those He can trust to carry on His work until it is finished, until His love finds response in every corner of His universe.

When we are most caught up in our own problems, God seems far away from us. In this dispensation, no one can sit around all day long just enjoying the love of God. It would soon leave him. The new dispensation has changed everything. Those who are awakened by it will be clearly shown a new requirement of God — that our love for Him be so unconditional that we never worry about what happens to us, about our own comfort. In this final dispensation, it has been made clear to us that the fulfillment of discovering the nature of God is to become like Him; the essence of knowing His love is to pass it on to others. This knowledge is the most precious gift in all history because through it the great heavenly Father reveals to us His heart.

When we live only centered on ourselves, when we think of our Family only as a happy haven instead of an army fighting for God, instead of His body longing to embrace all mankind, we are like sprouts that refused to grow any further, or buds that never burst; we are standing on the threshold of a new world and refusing to enter; we are like spring

that never became summer.

In the spring everything completely spends itself in becoming something new. Seeds burst to become sprouts, and those sprouts are transformed into blades, which in turn give way to a full plant bearing fruit. When we only take the Father's love and spend it on ourselves, it stops coming. What a great privilege it is to be shown this truth! Nothing in the creation was made to come to a dead end; it is man who invented this whole concept because he could not see the whole truth. From the Father Himself down to the smallest particle of the atom, everything maintains its existence through give and take, through forming a circuit, through both giving and receiving. Nothing is an end in itself.

As we have noticed in our own lives, in making others happy we become truly happy. In comforting others, we can be comforted. In inspiring others we become inspired. In teaching the truth of God we grow in our understanding. In spending His love on other people, we are more and more grateful that He permits us to be His channels. In using our talents and ability for Him, we find them growing and multiplying.

There is no end to this kind of give and take. This is the eternal circuit of love and joy that the Father is making to include His whole creation. Through wholeheartedly serving one another we reflect Him and for the first time He can dwell intimately with us. In this way we have become really His Family.

Our whole lives are like seeds with potential for tremendous growth, almost unlimited growth. But when the seed begins to grow it bursts completely out of itself. For us too our growth means we have to burst completely out of ourselves; it means that we must be bigger than our own individual lives. It is only we who can choose to stop growing or to slow down. The Father's hope for us is endless. As long as we continue to respond, He will give us work to do. As long as we continue to seek deeper understanding of Him, He will reveal Himself to us. As long as we continue to want to overcome all obstacles between ourselves and the accomplishment of our goals, He will keep the way open before us. There is no ceiling on His world.

The circuit of energy that has been initiated with the cosmic spring is one that will embrace everything and everyone. If we have been caught by that energy, it is because the Father is asking us to form a part of that eternal circuit. Let us work hard to fulfill the beautiful promise of this spring. Let us devote all our energy to fulfilling His purpose. To live in His love means to live in the eternal circuit of give and take; it means to completely spend oneself for Him and others. If you stop for a moment you can feel His anticipation this cosmic spring — for you, and for me, and through us for the whole world.

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SISTER-CITY TRAINING SESSION

During the month of January, the correspondence and telephone bills began to rise between New York, Philadelphia, and the Washington Headquarters. Finally, in the middle of the month, a plan began to manifest in small origami-bedecked invitations for a Sister-City training program.

The theme for the weekend was "May Our Characters Reflect the Unique Role to Which Our Father Has Called Us: The Heavenly Personality." It is not strange, therefore, that the session quickly became focused on the Personality of the heavenly Father. Man's life is fulfilled as he becomes a reflection of the heavenly Father. To be united with heaven we must gain understanding of the heart of God and through this understanding come to think with God, feel with God and do His will.

Saturday morning as we had exchange over teaching Principle, we discussed how we could present things in a way that would more easily meet the experience of those we taught. For example, when we teach about our spiritual nature, we can put the clarification more in terms of this world. We are spirit, and we don't have to talk so much about spirit world and "ghosts." Physical seeing corresponds to spiritually dreaming, envisioning, or grasping an idea or concept. Physically, we feel as we do spiritually in joy, sorrow, anger, or as we are touched by persons or events. Each person has definite spiritual tastes.

We were so grateful to have Miss Kim join us for all of Saturday afternoon, during which time she answered questions. The bulk of what she said was on the Personality of God: Our masculine and feminine natures and definite personalities made up of our thought, emotion and will are the expression of our Father's infinite Personality. The richness of life comes from the fact that we are each individual personalities which experience joy, sorrow, creativity, and love. In God is the richest Personality. He is the Father of the Oriental and the Occidental, the man and the woman. All persons can find compatibility with Him.

In our lives we must come to know God and establish a right relationship with Him. We will experience how God has personality and realize how essential to our life He is as we come to know Him closely. When we get to know a friend how wonderful it is! How full our lives become! The fullness we experience as we come to know God is beyond measure. This is the greatest treasure; people just don't know where the treasure lies!

The cosmos is like a body. God is the brain of the cosmos. Nowadays even the heart can be replaced in a body, but the brain never can be, for the brain is the seat of the personality. God is the centrality of life and we must come to have centrality in our lives through a relationship with Him. Our Leader is like the spinal cord. Even if

we are but a small nerve in the toe of the body, if one stubs his toe, isn't it immediately felt by his brain? "God feels everything immediately from me; I want to be so aware of Him that I feel immediately from Him."

We must not take advantage of the Father's love, for He also has wrath — and on Americans, too. If we violate His love, He must disapprove. We must gladly suffer and make conditions for the salvation of this land. If witnessing or our job is difficult, we must use these trials gratefully as a condition by which America can be saved.

One yet-unborn member asked Miss Kim about the oneness in all the creation. "How can I feel one with a tree?" We can't feel one with a tree, for a plant doesn't have senses like ours. The natural world only symbolically reflects our inner life; the animal world reflects our emotions. An animal feels hurt as we do. The plant kingdom reflects our intellect; it doesn't hurt, but it does grow to bear fruit. Knowledge of truth or intellect is only the means. The fruit or purpose or goal is a life of goodness. We must not only develop our understanding but also bear fruit. Young people must come to direct their lives by the purpose and goal rather than just the means.

As we moved on into the evening, we discussed further what is meant by the heavenly personality. Of course, the Divine Principle is the discipline which frees us to express our unique heavenly personality. After learning the principles of art, one becomes free to express himself in many forms and media. Through Principle we become free to really express ourselves.

We talked about how one's worth to God is determined by his sense of responsibility. The greater the responsibility we bear, the greater our unity with Father. For example, the more we yearn for a person, the more the feeling of fatherhood or motherhood fills our hearts. God is spilling over in His desire for us to share deeply with Him. Also, since the feelings of men such as Jacob and Jesus are eternally present in the spirit world, through our lives and prayer we can come to directly experience these feelings. If we can capture these living experiences, we can capture the secret at the heart of Principle.

We also discussed Sunday worship. More important than outward form is the inward heart. Philip told us of the ceremony of a Korean couple on reaching the age of 60 years. Their grandchildren dress in new clothes and hang an empty purse at their sides. They bow formally before their grandparents and then the grandparents place coins in the children's purses. When we come to worship service worrying about the meal or how much sleep we didn't (or did) get, or what our hair looks like, God is pushed away; our purse is already filled and there is no room for the coin He may be holding for us. On the one hand, we must come to Him empty and hungry. On the other hand, we must come with full hearts. Our Leader often avoids people around the Headquarters who are inactive and a drain on him. We come close to the Father through our witnessing and teaching, our struggles and victories. Then our Father desires to meet us and pour out His abundance of heart.

The weekend was full; it was stimulating. It heightened our longing for the Father and directed or redirected our efforts. We set ourselves homeward nourished by spiritual and physical plenty and determined to quickly align ourselves more completely with His will. At the same time there was an unsatisfaction in the weekend. As Philip verbalized our feelings: No matter how stimulating and rewarding it is for the members to get together, it is far more fulfilling to see a new face and feel the Father's response toward a new life. Full and overflowing, it was to this greatest training ground that we eagerly returned.

— Barbara Mikesell

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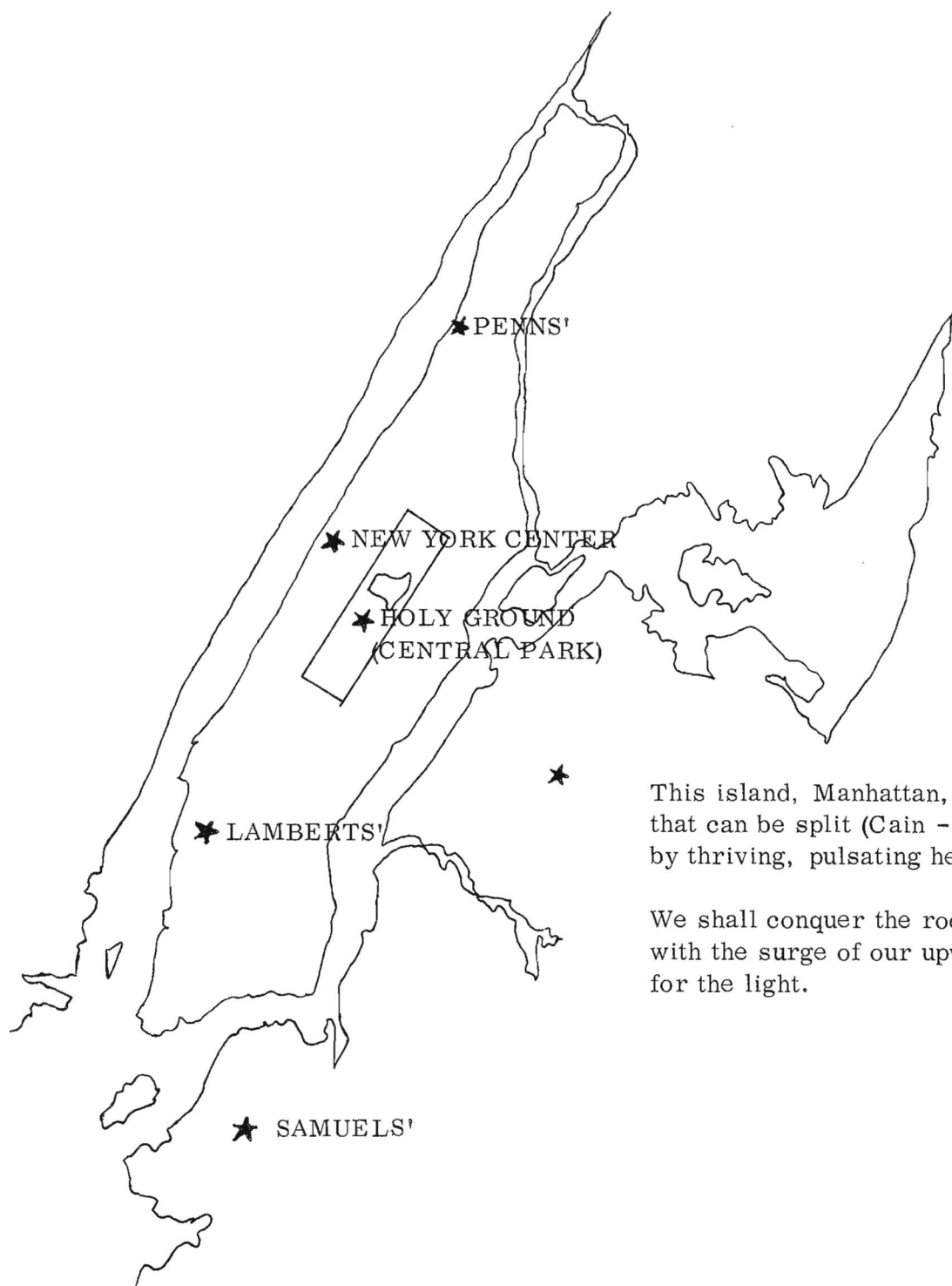
We feel ourselves to be outsiders, uprooted, in exile here below. We are like Ulysses who had been carried away during his sleep by sailors and woke in a strange land longing for Ithaca with a longing that rent his soul. Suddenly Athena opened his eyes and he saw that he was in Ithaca. In the same way every man who longs indefatigably for his country . . . will one day suddenly find that he is there.

— Simone Weil

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Brightly beams...

new york family



This island, Manhattan, is a rock that can be split (Cain - Abel) by thriving, pulsating hearts.

We shall conquer the rock with the surge of our upward desire for the light.



Betsy: "I told him the conclusion first.
Is that bad?"



Helen: "You're busy every Tuesday this
month too? Well, then, how about
Wednesdays?"



THE LAMBERTS:
Clay, Lillian, Jim,
Michelle, Lisa.

Diane: "And then after we've covered
all the apartment houses in
Manhattan, we'll zip back to
the Center for a quick lunch;
and then we'll . . ."



Hate for the
 filth,
 crust of
 evil which
 covers it.

Hate for the
 distortions
 that twist
 the beauty.

Hate for all
 in the ugly,
 hateful city.

Standing from afar and
 feeling its longings,
Love grows,
Love for the pitiful,
 twisted spirits.
Love for the particles
 of beauty that still exist.
Love for the love that remains,
 despite.

A new feeling springs up,
 churning from within —
 an eagerness to go forth,
 an impatience to reach all,
 friends and strangers —
A longing to
 fill their empty longings
 with a softly
 warmly growing
 fullness.

My spirit reaches out
 to remold
 all the distortions,
to create in all
Your love,
 Father.

DIANE GIFFIN

Popular opinion used to have it that the universe revolved around the earth. Copernicus broke this illusion, but most of us seem to have retained the notion that all things revolve around "me."

The immediate locale, as well, is likely to be considered the very axis of the world. New York City is no exception. If you look at a map of the USA, you'll notice how New York appears, even geographically, to be "way out." Historically, this city has led the nation in political unrest (for instance, the recent teacher strike). And somehow, the perverted existence here tends to cloud the imagination, or memory, of a more natural way of life.



To rectify this universal fallen characteristic, all of us — the Unified Family — are working to restore the proper center: God as the infinite Center of all things, and the True Parents as the visible center and link to Him. We all know how the effort to restore our individual selves involves the painful removal of the focus from self — out, out — through the rightful order of dominion. In this city we have before us constantly the blatant manifestation of wrong-centeredness and distorted give and take. This serves as a festering wound that drives us to rectify the Satanic domination. Particularly as a Center, therefore, we try to maintain a continual flow of give and take with the Headquarters Center, our link with the True Parents. We're fortunate that we're located close enough to visit frequently and place ourselves in the mainstream of vital inspiration.

Before our national organization was set up in Washington, D. C., the first missionaries were sent out from there to New York City. Alexa Altomare and Moon Hye Yoon came in 1964 prior to the first visit of our Leader to this country. They were succeeded by Mrs. Hurd, who was joined in the autumn by Philip Burley and, in the spring, by Barbara Mikesell and myself. The coming of Wesley and Gladys Samuel and Sylvia Rogndahl in the summer of '66 marked the turning point in New York history: the beginning of self-sufficiency, wherein the membership was found in the city rather than imported. Since then, several others have come: Gio Mathis, Mary Penn, Nora Martin, Farley Jones, Helen Ireland and, more recently, Betsy O'Neill. When Philip left in October '66 to direct the Washington Center, New York stood to lose in terms

of local leadership; but we've profited more than I can say from the vitality that began to emanate from our developing Headquarters. Most of those who were found in New York City went to Washington for training for a few months or longer. Again, our local loss was an overall gain. To see each new one growing straight and blossoming is more than adequate compensation.

From the following articles you'll get some idea as to the specific makeup of the New York Center. As ever, we intend that the overall picture will have expanded in the near future. But for the moment: an impressionistic sketch of New York Center.

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Did you ever notice,
ambling through the woods,
how here and there a large rock
lies split in two
while a triumphant young tree
projects up between the halves?

How can it be
that the softer substance
holds superior strength?

The rock is so hard,
so impenetrable . . .
yet that very refusal to yield
is the condition of its destruction.

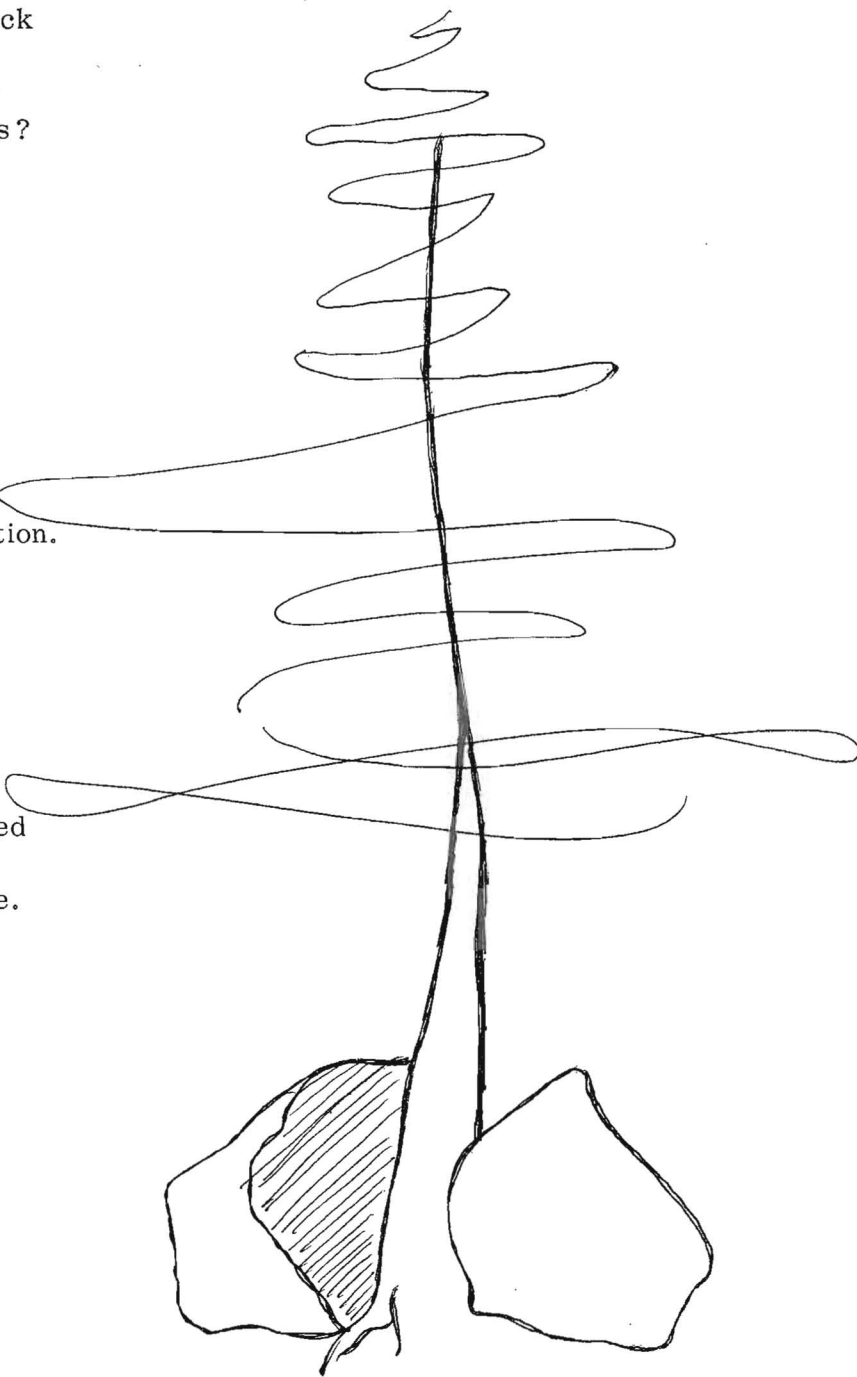
The sapling is irresistable
in its aspiring to grow.

Throughout the Scriptures,
all things must first be severed
and every man circumcised
to gain entrance to the Temple.

New York's dilemma
is that this island
has long been a stronghold
of the uncircumcised

it could not determine
its rightful sovereignty.

We, then, must be the shoots
to split this rock,
saplings grafted into our True Root
— the Tree of Life.





HELEN IRELAND

Picture New York as a huge, thriving metropolis, thriving on evil. The year 1960 came, and the world sovereignty of evil ended. Evil could no longer thrive; it began to die. As it died it left empty shells of once-occupied (with evil) office buildings, stores, schools, buses, people. A rock becoming covered with dead debris, rustling in the wind, being soaked by the rain to eventually rot.

This is our mission field — a rock which is still death, decay. Our mission is to clear away all this trash, and at the same time bring forth new life, as lichens begin the life process on barren rocks. We begin this process from our Centers outward, so first, a description of the New York Center.

Our Center, a three-room apartment on the West River, is quiet, a place of comfort and simple beauty amid the barren ugliness out there. We try to comfort our Father by allowing Him refuge here, away from a city which still causes Him to grieve. Living at the Center are Betsy, Diane, Monique and myself. (Betsy and Monique shared the apartment before Betsy joined the Family. Then Diane and I moved in. Monique planned on moving out, but somehow she couldn't leave. She's now heard the conclusion, and we hope she'll make it to Washington.)

Living out from the Center in strong outposts are Wesley and Gladys Samuel and their two children; Mary Penn and her three children; and Jim and Lillian Lambert and their three children. There are many "cousins" too, who have studied by aren't quite Family.

We are clearing away all the lifeless debris around us so we can grow and begin the growth process for others. This is done by fire — the easiest and quickest way — and our Center is the tinderbox. New York is Sodom and Gomorrah together, and it must be judged completely. Since moving to this center, we've been trying different schedules for teaching and witnessing. Diane and I work at desk jobs during the day, and Betsy goes to school. So Father's work, our real work, begins usually after five.

Since we are still a small group in terms of numbers, our schedule is always flexible, but we try to have regular introductory-Chapter I lectures on Tuesdays. So the week might run like this:

- Monday: Home, dinner, scurry out with our trusty fire-shooters (the tongue is a fire, sometimes sharpened physically with kimchi) to witness.
- Tuesday: Home, dinner, clean and prepare, raise spiritual atmosphere to encompass whoever may come. One blessed night we had six young, strong Catholic seminarians. We felt Father's longing that this strength be used for his work.
- Wednesday: Home, dinner, prepare perhaps for second chapter to be given to someone who came the night before. Witness.
- Thursday: Home, dinner, usually another lecture, and sometimes two going on simultaneously. (A couples of times we've even set up three lecture areas — one in the living room, one in the bedroom, and one in the kitchen, amid pots and pans.)
- Friday: Joy! Usually always a witnessing night. Because New York City is so huge, with so many different types of people, quite naturally there are many different places to which to set the spiritual fire. We've tried various "brotherhood" clubs, societies for "self-realization," the Gibran Society, the East Village scene, church young people's groups, college groups, you name it. Perhaps our most productive ground has been through the church groups and the college groups — at least they seem to still be alive and searching, even willing to work. Our Center is near Columbia and Barnard, Union Theological Seminary, Riverside Church, and Central Park.
- Saturday: Shop for the next week, prepare for the sermon on Sunday, finish up odds and ends. After supper we go out witnessing, and then late, in a new burst of energy, we clean Father's house for His day of glory.
- Sunday: We rise early, dress warmly, and walk to Holy Ground, often singing "So ri chi go" or the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," or some other rousing song. People of New York, come alive, we feel like shouting. Holy Ground is in the middle of Central Park, a nice walk on a bright morning. There we usually sing one or two songs, and then pray quietly, as there is much park activity around Holy Ground. The Ground itself is a huge rock, from which is growing a brave, strong tree of life. It's symbolic of New York, which is a barren rock, yet the rock is being split and at the same time new life is developing from it. There are a few patches of soil, already (beginning for new life) which we seeded last fall. What a privilege to be able to grow anything from what was once sterile.



Meeting for worship is usually Sunday afternoon, so if people want to attend churches for witnessing, of course there's time. Strong heart is more important than numbers at this point, yet through singing and prayer we are able to share with Father our joys and take on His sorrows. After singing and prayer, one of us gives a sermon, or shares a passage from our Leader's addresses or Miss Kim's words in the NAF.

Following the services there is coffee, and strategy-planning, as we prepare to go out witnessing door to door. We decide, arm ourselves with invitations and address books, and march forth. This witnessing technique, learned from Headquarters, is a real opportunity to see how the lost children live, and it is an education in learning how to get around whatever barriers they've built in order to fill them with life, joy, peace. It's so important for each of us to be cosmic people, able to communicate with each of our lost brothers and sisters.

Sunday night may be spent in teaching, attending a young adults group at a church, or in calling those who are studying to schedule them for the following week. Often, late, we prepare for bed, keeping one ear cocked toward the door or telephone as we wait for the return of a brother or sister from Headquarters. They'll come in, bed is forgotten, and all the news from Headquarters is shared.

So that is New York Center. We have remained small mainly because, as midwives, we have been able to assist at the births of New Age children, then send them to Washington to be raised, made supple and strong, and perhaps to become new life for other cities.

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WHAT DIVINE PRINCIPLE MEANS TO ME

WESLEY SAMUEL



Throughout my life I have longed for a solution to the problems of the world in which we live and I have often visualized a world of peace, love, and happiness. Studying the Divine Principle I have found both.

Principle explains the past and shows us the future. The past has been a mystery and a stumbling block for me. Principle explains the past. And the future is bright, and it will take us to the ideal of creation.

In the world of today there are problems, but the real problems live in the heart of man. Once we understand our fellowman and are together in heart, there will be peace and happiness on earth.

Principle is like a dream. This brings to mind the song:

Last night I had the strangest dream, I never dreamed before:
I dreamt the world had all agreed to put an end to war.
I dreamt I saw a mighty room and the room was filled with men,
And the paper they were signing said they'd never fight again.

And when the paper was all signed and a million copies made,
They all joined hands and bowed their heads and grateful prayers were prayed.
And the people in the streets below were dancing round and round,
While swords and guns and uniforms were scattered over the ground.

Last night I had the strangest dream, I never dreamed before:
I dreamt the world had all agreed to put an end to war.

Yes, this dream will become a reality. At this time when the kingdom is being established and we know that the Lord of the Second Advent is victorious, it brings tears of joy into our hearts. We become stimulated and motivated to work hard and go on to the end.

Finally, I can say with an honest heart that I thank our Heavenly Father for being patient and leading me to the Principle. In Principle there is a new people, a new heart, and a new world being created; and I am a part of it.

Jesus said, "You, therefore, must be perfect as your Heavenly Father is perfect." Principle shows us the way to perfection.

Divine Principle means everything to me.

*



"Hey, wait a minute! That's only the Preface — you can't accept yet!"

GLADYS SAMUEL

Many wonderful things pass through my mind, but I don't know how to begin or how to explain.

When I heard Divine Principle, I knew it was the truth and that here was the answer for so many problems in the world today. We look around us and see Satan's world; we must be strong and keep in our minds that we have something protecting us that is more powerful than Satan and we must win and restore this Satanic world with our Father's help.

In the Name of our True Parents.



THE SAMUELS: Wesley, Gladys, Kevin, Michael.

TESTIMONIES



A hostile rock
may be made congenial
by the many little flowers
that cling tenaciously
to its crags.

Each plant loosens
the rock surface
and, withering in due season,
contributes its own matter
to the sparse soil.

Succeeding generations
of flowers thus grow
ever more strong,
better nourished, and
more securely rooted
than the ones previous.

Succeeding generations
of our Family,
offering themselves
as living sacrifices,
leave behind
more fertile ground
for those to come.

BETSY O'NEILL



My dearest Family,

With a common heart in Father we begin our lives. It's as if each one of us has been watered carefully and plucked from eroding soil and placed in a fertile garden to live eternally. How my heart swells with gratitude for this blessing. How I long to know our Father's heart more deeply so that I too can save His agonizing children as I was saved.

All my life I have wondered what it was I must do. I knew it was His work. I knew I was to serve. I knew it required total commitment. I wondered if I'd ever find an outlet, a channel, a direction for this love I felt for others before it turned to bitterness from disillusionment. I sensed it was mine only to give, but where?

Entering a convent seemed like one way to appease the yearning. I knew the fulfillment my older sister found in this life, yet somehow it just wasn't me. What was "me," and could I ever find a life I could live wholeheartedly?

I went to Boston College in 1961 to study nursing. I became so involved with studies, social activities and school responsibilities, it was as if I did not look up for four years. After graduation in '65, I continued to skirt the real world by going to Jamaica, W. I., for a year with a Lay Missionary Program sponsored by the Jesuits.

After several months, I thought that the unity with God I experienced with man and nature was my answer to stay for at least a few more years. After six months, though, doubts set in. What were we really giving? Where was the brotherhood that I initially sensed among the members I lived with? Now, I sensed only lack of charity and outward friction. Sometimes I was stricken with the thought of the "hollowness" of my words as I preached the Catholic doctrine to hearts that were already warm and peaceful despite tremendous physical deprivation.

I came home to Boston withdrawn into myself. Why am I forcing myself to sign up for a two-year program of study in New York City when I don't have enough vitality to read a newspaper? The "great potential" was sinking fast into herself. I was totally confused at this point, but I went. I found solace from a city where there was no expectation for smiles, joy, or giving. I thought that coming closer to Satan's world would help me "fit" better in life. This led to only emptiness and loneliness. I began to resolve that this was all life could ever be, and any happiness that was to be mine would come only first by accepting this. But why did I foolishly think for so long I had something special to do for Him?

About a year ago, the answer to all these questions, a way to a new reality, was closer than I recognized. The thought struck me, "Go to the bookstore." I had not seen Farley Jones in two years, but he was standing there big as life with a Father-sized grin on his face. I listened to what he told me about Principle but tuned in more to the sense of renewal, vitality and sincere brotherly love I felt from him. I was glad for him that he had found so much, yet I blocked the possibilities of Principle for myself. I did want to know more, though.

In October, Diane Giffin called me. I went that night and was most refreshed by the peaceful, loving hearts of Diane and Helen. Why was I talking, laughing, and sharing so much? Where were the barriers I had worked so hard to construct? Each time I went to the Center on 49th Street, I was beginning to feel more at home, yet fighting this feeling all the way. When I heard the conclusion, I sensed such conflict. I felt something akin to anger at Diane for leading me to such a dilemma. I could not believe that I would find out about the most significant event in the history of mankind in their living room. Where were the great church leaders, the pulpits booming with this triumphant message?

My first trip to Washington set me in motion towards discovering the reality of Father's truth. As we walked into the sea of "brightly beaming" faces around 1 a.m. I knew something was up. I was so refreshed from all that I saw, all that I felt; yet I was still not sure. Farley had written to me to "go to the Center often. Be not afraid of commitment, but be desirous of inescapable fulfillment." These words stayed very much with me and often spurred me to the Center when my fancies would have taken me elsewhere.

I often tried to stay away, but I found no peace until I was there. After a month of resisting, Father let me know most definitely in prayer that all of Principle was true (even the part about Jesus and his mission). I could no longer say, "I'm just not sure." I knew it was true, but I still wondered where my heart was.

A few weeks ago I had the privilege of spending a week with our Family at Headquarters in Washington. Father's love sang from hearts that responded to His joy and grief. My mind could no longer doubt; my heart could not hold back.

Now it is all a reality to me. I pray that Father can use my life for this restoration. Let us unite in our responsible actions to hasten the birth of Father's kingdom.

Love in the Name of the True Parents, your sister.

*

MARY PENN

Dear Family,

I am a baby one year old, but I came to this earth in the year of our Lord, 1920, on a Missouri farm. There were five of us. I was the middle child but the oldest girl. Our mother died when I was eight and Dad remarried when I was fifteen. Our paternal grandfather was a very strict Methodist minister, so I got a little bit of a Pentecostal upbringing although it was fading fast even in my childhood. As I look back, I can see that this shaped me into a most serious child. At age twelve I spent a week at the camp meeting grounds founded by my grandfather. I dedicated my life to Christ then and have studied ever since to know him better.

For this purpose I went to college to study psychology, sociology, etc. By that time I no longer expected to find the answer in the Church, but Father led me to a college where a wonderful man was religion professor. He was a disciple of Reinhold Niebuhr, so I became Neo-orthodox. There was a group of about fifteen to twenty of us who followed him. We met every weekend to discuss our faith over a common meal. We ran around seeing plays, movies, speakers, etc. and interpreted everything in the light of our faith.

In 1941-42 I spent a year at Barnard College studying with Ursula Niebuhr while my friends were at Union Theological Seminary with Reinhold and Paul Tillich. Many of them paired off and are now out in churches all over the world.

Since this has to be brief, I can only say my life was true indemnity from then on, and I never understood why things turned out as they did until I heard Principle. When I was twenty-six I became so concerned with what God wanted me to do that my family couldn't understand me and called me an impractical dreamer. So I worked in an overall factory, ran a Vacation Bible School by myself for Negro children, taught a one-room country school (all eight grades). Then I studied for a year at a Methodist college to get a religious education degree to add to my AB in sociology.

Returning to New York in 1948, I worked with Rev. James H. Robinson, Church of the Master, in Harlem, where I lived in the parish house. He is now well known for Crossroads Africa. After that I worked at a mission in the Bowery. Finally I gave up my religious side in my work and felt I could only reach people through my singing. Since 1950 I have done nursery-kindergarten teaching, mostly at Riverside Church and other church-related schools. Now I am in Harlem in an early-childhood public school so I substitute for classes up through the second grade. For anyone interested, there is plenty of good indemnity involved!

I raised my three children to have a very personal devotion to Jesus. By this time I had thrown out all theology because it seemed to make it hard for me to feel God's love.

For twenty-four years I have struggled to keep my faith alive in a world that seemed calculated to crush my spirit. The only thing I had left when I heard Principle was that God may be limited here, but in spirit world He would make everything right somehow.

The greatest blessing has been the way my children gather with me every night to pray. Every Friday is children's night. Ruth has three friends, Mitch and Jim three also, so that our table is often crowded and all our beds too, for they often stay all night. They range in age from seven to fourteen and live close by. My children told them about our Leader so I have taught them more thoroughly.

I join all of you in the joyous anticipation of the arrival of our True Parents. The Medical Mission Sisters say it best:

Christ come quickly, there's danger at the door,
Poverty aplenty, hearts gone wild with war.
There's hunger in the city and famine on the plain.
Come, Lord Jesus, the light is dying;
The night keeps crying: Come, Lord Jesus.

Want demands a hearing in far too many lands.
The sick go unattended; death deals a heavy hand.
The dreams of men are empty, their cup of sorrow full.
Come, Lord Jesus, the light is dying;
The night keeps crying: Come, Lord Jesus.

The world awaits in darkness a mighty burst of light,
To set the lame man leaping, to give the blind man sight.
We have the prophet's promise, we await the Prince of Peace.
Come, Lord Jesus, the light is dying;
The night keeps crying: Come, Lord Jesus.

Your sister in Christ.

*

EXCERPTS FROM MISS KIM'S LETTERS

Dreams are sometimes reflections of the subconscious. Or they can be a recollection of past experience which expresses itself in a dream as memories sometimes express themselves in thoughts when you are awake. Thus, it doesn't necessarily mean that the things in your dream are still part of your life. However, once we have done anything, it is not easily erasable from our memory. Therefore, we like to store only good things in our memory. This is why every day's life — every action — is so important. No one chases after us, but our memory makes us happy or sad. Nevertheless, I wouldn't suffer from a guilt complex because of dreams. Once you have turned away and started new life, then the old, sinful life is no longer reality, but only memory. I would rather strengthen my will, being reminded by the memory not to repeat the past actions, but do enough good to make up for them. So I would laugh at Satan, who brings me back the painful memory, and tell him, "I will never yield to you again."

I can well imagine the sexual license in your present situation. In order to justify their own actions, people must laugh at you and ridicule your refusal to participate. For them it is a casual action, but for you it is a matter of life and death. Just think that one action of Adam and Eve brought the tragic human world and this long frustration and grief to God. In order to restore what was done through one action, how much righteous blood has been shed throughout history! Even today, our Leader and all of us are working so hard. When you think of the entire implication, vertical and horizontal, you won't even feel sympathy for or inclination toward their action. Supposing you yield once. From that moment, your prayer will lose power and you will feel distant from God. Not only is God distant, but you lose the inner earnestness by which you can draw God closer to you. How could you ask Father to protect you each day while you are undeserving of His protection? Can you see the serious consequences one action can entail? If you waste your energy in such dissipation, you will be more tired and will be hindered in carrying on your duty. You never know what emergency you will encounter. Therefore, by all means you must save your energy.

Just think that the hosts of heaven are envying you for the opportunity you have on earth. Just think what a great mission the Father is expecting you to fulfill in your life. Just think all our Family in America and elsewhere are praying for you daily. How can you yield to Satan who will come in a subtle or natural way to you? You must be exceptional. A few hundred members in the West are gleaned out of several million people. You must be one exception out of millions. We have a higher ideal than the secular people. Our joy is different from their joy. We have a goal to reach and a mission to fulfill. For this, I renew my vow every day before God. You must do the same thing.

God is trying you to build your will power. Therefore, you are battling on two fronts. You must not be defeated on either one. Both enemies are deadly. I hope to see you

with a triumphant spirit — with a memory of your life which will bring happiness and joy to the Father and to yourself for years to come.

* * *

To be a leader you have to have many qualities. You must have 100 percent dedication and an exemplary life to others in all aspects. Because you cannot raise people higher than what you are, you must strive to be exemplary. If you are not clean, neat, diligent and orderly, you cannot make others clean, neat, diligent and orderly. Being stubborn and disobedient to the Father, you cannot make your followers obedient and responsive to you. Therefore, you must be an example to others in all respects. You must be a good organizer and administrator to direct even a small number. Organization is constantly needed in activities of your group life. If you are a poor organizer, your followers will not trust your ability in your work. You must be constantly self-motivated and a source of inspiration. They may express frustration and depression at times, but you should be so firm that in these times you are a source of their stimulation and determination. Therefore, you must endure and persevere far more than your followers. When you don't have all these qualities, you cannot bring a successful result. If you don't bring successful results, you would often feel more frustration and depression. Can you examine yourself where you stand?

It is important to have cheerful and comfortable surroundings, even physically. Cold, damp and terribly inconvenient surroundings cause constant depression. Why should one have such unnecessary adversity to overcome constantly, thus wasting energy? Besides, who will come to find spiritual rest and comfort where you don't find them yourself?

Our Leader likes clean, neat, cheerful and comfortable surroundings and personalities. He doesn't make any exception on this matter. He always stresses personal cleanliness and good grooming. This is very typical of our Leader. He wants all of us to feel the same way because our body is the temple of the Father, and we are the children of the Most High and we have to reflect our Father in every aspect of our physical life.

You may think of the life of St. Francis or that of John the Baptist and consider that it is saintly to neglect physical care. But this is a mistake. Our time is different from their time. Physical restoration and physical manifestation of God's will is an important aspect at this time.

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