

“Ghosts in the Machine”
by Mark Bloomfield

July 18, 2007

"It's the blood of the Druids that never shall rest..." Stan Rogers

Books, Bucks, Bloomfield: the three 'B's.' Wherever, whenever and however these three ingredients come together, results always have and always shall quickly follow.

In this instance, the third 'B' was the shipment of 480 large hardcover Urantia Books from 533 courtesy of an anonymous donor that eventually came into my possession, 380 of which were delivered to my small boarding house room in Port Elizabeth, South Africa, on Thursday June 7, 2007, whilst the remaining 100 were kept for me at the shipping agent's warehouse in Durban where they arrived by sea.

Just five weeks later on Wednesday 11th July, 310 books had been seeded across the nation the story of which is the subject of this special report. By the 16th, another 40 copies had arrived in Windhoek, Namibia, with me by bus for the Namibian seeding and the remaining 130 were left at my lodgings in Port Elizabeth to be seeded upon my return to South Africa, both of which will be described in subsequent reports in the coming weeks.

A second shipment of 500 books has been urgently requested in order to do southern Africa any kind of justice, the case for support for which has been included beneath this report (see below).

From the outset I knew I was going to need more books. Five minutes after entering Port Elizabeth (P.E.) Public Library, my first South African seeding target, the lady librarian had put the library's internal distribution network to their other 21 metro branches at my disposal and asked how many copies I could spare. My reply of "22" caused her face to light up. That very same day, visits to the local college and the Greek Orthodox community among others confirmed the trend: first world infrastructure, third world openness and approachability.

Perhaps back in the apartheid era things may have been different but as matters stood, the whites have had to embrace change whether they liked it or not whilst the blacks and coloureds have started to create their own middle class with time on their hands to do more than just try to survive the day.

Living out of cheap boarding houses and backpacker hostels and eating simply as has always been my way when in the field, all the remaining books were stored under the stair well of my boarding house before taking the day bus from P.E. to Durban that weekend to pick up the 100 books waiting for me at the shipping agent's warehouse.

Though South Africa's mostly first world infrastructure helps in terms of a good road system and internal public library distribution networks, life is relatively expensive which increases the need to work quickly. But as this nation's gun crime statistics show it's three major cities as the world's most dangerous after Baghdad, whilst taxis are too expensive and city mini-buses usually more hassle than they're worth, seeding cities on a shoestring must therefore be done nearly entirely on foot despite the inherent risks.

Durban was the first major urban hit with 85 books seeded across the greater metro area, once again balancing the block seeding of public library systems with the individual hand seeding of both secular and religious centres of learning. Like the 8000 plus seedings of previous years, a record is being faithfully kept of each and every centre where the revelation has been given, such a record in and of itself occasionally making interesting reading.

An hour from Durban, the town of Pietermaritzburg, capital of the province of Kwa-Zulu Natal was hand-seeded in a single morning. A visit to both city and provincial library system headquarters there proved that between the two, I could, had I have so desired, block seed the entire shipment of books there even without leaving the province.

After returning to P.E. to finish seeding there, a hundred books went with me on the overnight bus back to Cape Town where I had arrived in the country from my previous assignment in the Far East.

Each morning with a backpack of books on my shoulders, your fieldworker walked through both well to do and slum neighbourhoods to reach the day's targets armed only with a telescopic steel baton in his back pocket to fend off murderous armed street thugs.

In addition to the usual secular seeding targets, the usual religious ones: bishops and archbishops, bible colleges and seminaries, Jewish, Hindu, Muslim and Bahai centres of learning. On the 26th of June, even the Cape Town Church of Scientology accepted the revelation for it's library after a long and friendly presentation.

After returning once again to P.E., a morning was spent seeding historic Grahamstown nearby before another overnight bus with another hundred books inland this time to Bloemfontain, capital city of the Orange Free State. Arriving with only a thin sweater and rain mac over my shirt at 3.30 in the morning into exactly minus 6 celsius, I was shivering almost uncontrollably as I tried to guard the books from both predatory fake taxi drivers and the street thugs who had clocked me, all the while carrying every cent I had in the whole world in cash around my waist.

A few days later with 60 books in place I loaded the remaining 40 on to the long haul bus to Windhoek, Namibia that I could seed before returning to S.A. on a new three month visa to enable me to finish seeding the last of the remaining books still stored in P.E.

As the books were being loaded on to the bus, the burly driver in broken Afrikaans-English asked me if I was going to Namibia. Upon my confirmation he said the books

would most likely be confiscated by Namibian customs and not to blame him if that happened. I told him I'd take my chances. Having been in a string of similar situations before, Michael was once again petitioned to the effect that I can't help him if he doesn't help me.

Knowing something was going to have to give as I waited in transit from Bloemfontain in the small town of Upington near the border for a scheduled 6.30pm departure for Windhoek, it occurred to me that for some reason the bus had not re-emerged for boarding yet. Six hours later, it finally re-appeared which meant that instead of arriving at the Namibian border in mid-evening, we got there at two in the morning, only to be waved through the customs section by bleary-eyed customs officials who wanted only to go back to sleep.

Having broken down in the middle of the Kalahari Desert later that same morning, we finally limped onwards with only two forward gears arriving in Windhoek some nine hours behind schedule from where this report is now being written. Tomorrow morning seeding in earnest will begin here but that will be covered in the next special report in the near future.

The 'ghost' of revealed truth continues to quietly filter into the machine that is both the religious and secular establishment and all that, on a worldwide scale. The World Seeding Mission ensures that such a benign apparition just keeps appearing and ever more frequently to the end that whereas previously stumbling across fifth epochal truth would have been close to impossible, the time will come when it becomes almost impossible not to.

Epochal revelations markedly change a planet's history and the fifth shall be no exception so long as it's followers do what needs to be done to continue it's worldwide dissemination and right now that means among other things another 500 books to your fieldworker at the earliest possible convenience.

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Second UB Shipment to Southern Africa:
The Case for Support
by Mark Bloomfield

June 29, 2007

A twenty-minute barrage of searching, probing questions from the residing reverend of the Lutheran Theological Institute in Pietermaritzburg before gratefully and graciously accepting the Urantia Book into his institute's library collection.

Free breakfast plus a one-hundred-Rand donation (about \$15) towards my seeding mission on behalf of the Durban Catholic Diocesan Chancery in appreciation of their free copy.

A personal audience with the Archbishop of Cape Town who after accepting his free copy wanted to chat about Mother Teresa whom we had both known.

The Durban Theosophical Society offering me their premises as a free base of operations after receiving their copy.

The retired Methodist Bishop of Port Elizabeth, having founded what is called the Centre for Spirituality, Wholeness and Reconciliation in neighbouring Humewood, after a long question-and-answer-session about the book assuring me he will read it carefully then show it around all his closest colleagues in the area.

The Port Elizabeth Bible Society freely conceding that the book they had received could in certain circumstances easily become more use to them than the Bible.

Each municipal and provincial library system in turn invariably and enthusiastically offering use of their internal distribution networks to reliably get as many donated Urantia Books out to as many of their numerous branch libraries as we'll care to donate to.

* * *

These typical examples of recent experiences of hand seeding the Urantia Book into various learning centres of South Africa are only a few among many others that could be mentioned thus far. In fact, with over a quarter of the first shipment of 480 books already seeded, I have yet to experience even a single negative encounter whilst presenting the revelation.

It is this somewhat pleasantly surprising “third-world” openness towards new truth, combined with a first-world infrastructure and degree of reliability to get books where they are needed with the added advantage of English being near universally spoken and understood, that makes South Africa one of the world's most desirable seeding targets. That South Africa is both the economic and civilizational powerhouse of the continent, together with her population centres being such diverse melting pots, only adds to the case for hand seeding this and surrounding countries carefully, systematically and thoroughly.

In order for that to happen, however, we need at the very least another shipment of 500 Urantia books to Durban in the coming weeks where they will be relayed overland to Johannesburg where I will await them. Without such, the public library systems cannot be fully utilized to bring higher truth to earnest truth seekers, and many learning centres

like the ones alluded to earlier will remain sadly unministered to which, in my view, would be both a tragedy and a travesty.

A second shipment would fill all the gaps in South Africa and also enable neighbouring Namibia, Botswana, Swaziland, Lesotho and Mozambique to be similarly hand-seeded. And with the seeding of all such countries complete, enough books will be set aside for the hand seeding of basket-case Zimbabwe with its 8000% inflation and 80% unemployment. (As an ultra-high risk mission it will naturally be left to last.)

Your fieldworker, as should by now be well known, is able and willing to remain in the field on an indefinite basis and as always is daily adapting to the environment in which he finds himself. The cost and means of shipping and seeding books here is a known quantity, and enough UB quotes exist that point to the calm, careful, free and loving presentation of the fifth epochal revelation to the potential and actual leader/teacher strata of all races, nations and religions of the world as being Michael's plan and the Father's will as to make a small book of.

In this light, I therefore ask you my brethren to please help offset the cost of donation books and/or to towards the small trickle of funds needed for my daily living expenses as to allow this all to happen over the coming months.

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Nocturne: A Special Report from Namibia
by Mark Bloomfield

July 15, 2007

If you're one of those far-seeing visionary types who in their slowly growing numbers are either graciously supporting or thinking of supporting the Fifth Epochal World Seeding Mission, you might perhaps gain a new perspective on the dynamics of these transition occurrences between dispensations by putting yourself into the shoes of the following person:

You are the rector of Namibia's largest Protestant theological seminary situated in the quiet southern outer suburbs of the nation's capital, Windhoek. As if from nowhere, a tall European figure whom you'd probably remember even if he'd only come to fix your air conditioner is ushered into your office whereupon he greets you politely by your name (however he found that, introduces himself, and explains the reason for his unexpected visit.

He's courteous but confident and calm, focused but friendly and articulate enough but in an unrehearsed and spontaneous way. As a man of the cloth, between the person before

you and what he has brought you, your sixth sense quickly kicks in and you send word to all your colleagues to immediately meet in the conference room to which you gently lead your unexpected though not unwelcome guest.

Ten minutes have elapsed. You and all your lecturer colleagues are studying several open Urantia Books whilst seated around a large rectangular conference table, of which from the centre of its length your guest explains in animated detail both the gift he has brought together with what effect such has had upon his own life.

In all that he says, Christian teachings that you are all too familiar with keep shining through. In expressing how his experience with the book increased his love for God and His Son as well as his desire to serve his fellows, touching upon his subsequent humanitarian background, he correctly alludes to this as the acid test of the book's validity: that a bad tree cannot bring good fruit and vice versa, and for his own part, "by their fruits you shall know them."

Fair enough also that mention is made how truth sometimes appears in unorthodox raiment and at any hour not merely from a passing stranger but that even the highest such might be uttered by a small child. But whereas non-Christian religionists and atheists alike might never pick up a Bible, no such defensive shields are raised against the Urantia Book as a book of truth which by nonetheless validating all truth that the Bible contains, thus becomes a potentially powerful untapped resource for all truth-sensitive Christian denominations.

Questioned as to the book's origins just as tea and sandwiches were being served, he answered with a flurry of questions of his own:

"Did God stop loving us 2,000 years ago? And would He not wish to continue to reveal His love for us as and when we evolve new capacities to receive such? Would He not want to fill such new found capacities even to overflowing?"

"God desires all His children to grow in grace and spiritual maturity."

Holding the milk pot to all present after topping up his tea, "We cannot keep just taking the milk of spiritual infancy after growing to the point of needing to part take of solid food," as he gestured with his eyes to the sandwiches.

"Besides, show me a Bible reader who doesn't believe in both miracles and revelation! This book only continues what pattern was first established in the scriptures themselves millenia ago."

It was not so much the immediacy of each forthcoming answer as though he'd been asked the same questions a thousand times over as much as each being not 'an' answer but rather 'the' answer . . . the only one he could have given and the one that went straight through us.

Even quizzed as to his own background, motivations, how he had arrived here and where his home was, his answers were revealing:

A simple layman who, having found something he believes to be true, beautiful and good, and thanks to a benevolent publisher and a small clutch of generous supporters, simply enjoys freely and voluntarily sharing such with his brethren the world over. Without so much as a tent for a homebase and no vested financial interest in any ultimate result, a simple pleasure is taken in laying the book before all nations, races and religions of the world that they might have their own experience with it.

And when the time eventually came for mutual parting blessings having left two copies of the book for the seminary, he departs as he arrived, walking with his day pack on his shoulders, a good hour's walk back to the city, never to be seen or heard of again.

* * *

Whilst any seeding target is only rarely given two books, the above is otherwise in no way untypical of what happens on a near daily basis whilst seeding any given country. Of only 42 copies brought into Namibia (reflective of its tiny population to land ratio), a whole string of parallel experiences could have been narrated.

From Windhoek, the four-hour journey across the Namib Desert to seed the final half dozen books in Swakopmund and Walvis Bay, (hitchhiking to and from the latter to save on a taxi fare) both on the Atlantic coast, where this report is now being written. Then, the 35-hour overland haul this Sunday back to Port Elizabeth via Cape Town to pick up the last batch of books for the further 20-hour haul to Kimberley in the Northern Cape, then on to Uppington and Springbok to finish this the first phase of the southern Africa drop of 480 books.

Immediately thereafter I will have need of a further 500 books into Durban port for this most essential of all missions to be able to continue without delay but that can happen only with your full support so ask your Heavenly Father in the meantime what He would have you do.

Additionally, with separate funds set aside in Australia to replicate the free schools model for impoverished and illiterate children successfully employed in northern India and to a lesser extent on the Thai-Burma border, I've decided to hold off for a while until I reach some of Africa's most hopelessly failed states to which Namibia cannot rightfully claim to belong.

As for a revelation's seeding, you can see by the earlier example that once bestowed, things can never be the same again for any learning centre visited: the revelation, once found cannot be 'un-found', in as much as you can't change history.

See here the 'crossover' nature of these inter-dispensational days as two tectonic plates of world history uneasily abut one another. As each learning centre is presented with the

revealed truth of a new epoch, one dispensational clock within each centre stops simultaneous to the clock of the next immediately starting . . . and quite indifferent to any human inertial lingerings to the contrary.

A fish. A loaf. Half a bottle of blood-red wine: the fish supper of common labourers in communion with their Master and semi-recurrent theme of these the Gardener's Chronicles.

But whereas labourers of the fourth epoch take their supper as the closing culmination of their work day, the labourers of the fifth epoch, being the nocturnal labourers of the day yet to come, part take of such sustenance not that they might sleep but instead, that they might work.

Their 'day' has not yet dawned but they labour to the end that to the Glory of God, the dawn of their day eventually might come.

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A Near Fatal Blow
by Mark Bloomfield

August 2, 2007

In a bizarre and somewhat surreal turn of events I find myself unexpectedly torn away from my mission temporarily in order to stay out of a South African jail cell!

It all started a few days ago on the return overnight bus journey from Windhoek, Namibia, to Cape Town, South Africa. At the South African immigration post, instead of giving me another 90-day visa as was up till now standard procedure, they said they didn't do that any more and that I need to go to the Department of Home Affairs in Cape Town to apply for an extension to my current visa which expires just a few days from now on the 5th of August.

On arriving at the aforementioned office the following morning, I was told that they no longer renew visas and that I have to be out of the country before my visa expires on the 5th. It wasn't that they were unsympathetic, but only that the law is the law.

Obviously, the first question I asked was whether I could hop across a border, say into neighbouring Botswana and come back in again, to which they responded that I cannot now re-enter from any nation on the African continent!

Yikes!

With only days to get myself off the continent or face deportation and/or imprisonment, I rushed to the travel agent with the last of my emergency funds that I had stashed in a hollow belt and explained my situation.

Three destinations were about equal in price for a return ticket: Buenos Aires, London or Bangkok, but knowing I could live cheaper in northern rural Thailand as well as re-visit the freeschools I had set up there along the Burmese border last year, I choose the Bangkok flight and paid the equivalent of \$1270 (US) which all but cleaned me out, having no other funds in the whole wide world as a reserve after so many years as an unpaid volunteer.

Having resigned myself to the fact that I have just lost my emergency fund (for which incidentally I don't wish to be compensated for from money donated to the African seeding project), the next issue was to decide how long to stay before returning to South Africa to resume the seeding mission.

As many will know, we are still waiting for a new batch of Urantia Books to be printed, and that having been so, will need around a month to arrive by ship to Durban where the first batch arrived.

Knowing that visas cannot be renewed and that there will be a delay in receiving the next batch, I chose to book my return flight after slightly less than one month hence in order to avoid using up precious South African visa time waiting for books to arrive.

In the meantime, the 120 or so remaining books still stored at my old boarding house in Port Elizabeth are quite safe and the landlady has been notified of this rather infuriating but utterly unavoidable delay.

As for all those supporting the Africa seeding mission, your patience and understanding during this awkward interlude will be deeply appreciated.

All things considered, I did the one thing I had to do in order to stay in the game, albeit at the crucial loss of my last financial safety net.

In search of the Father's will,
Mark Philip Bloomfield

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The Thing About Paul
by Mark Bloomfield

August 30, 2007

YOUR surest guarantee that these chronicles have, over the long years, constituted a perfectly true and accurate record of events is the mere fact that half the time they're simply too bizarre to be fiction. Were it not to have actually happened, you simply couldn't dream it all up.

Briefly to summarize:

Upon my overland re-entry to South Africa from the eminently successful Namibian seeding run, Immigration refused me a second 90-day visa due to a recent change in the law, instead allowing me to re-enter only on the five or so remaining days my original 90-day visa had left to run.

On applying for a visa extension at the Immigration Office in Cape Town the following day, I was informed they no longer extend visas and that if I wanted a new 90-day visa I had to leave the entire African continent and re-enter South Africa from a non-African nation.

Between Buenos Aires, London and Bangkok, the latter was the slightly cheaper option but by far the smarter one as it meant the freeschools project from whence I came could be re-visited and more time spent with Ben Bowler, an Australian UB reader with a growing interest in the fifth epochal world seeding mission, who currently runs the freeschools project with his fiancée on the Thai-Burma border.

The \$1200 (U.S.) equivalent for the round-trip ticket to Bangkok took nearly all the last of my own emergency reserve funds to buy but it meant that no donated funds for the Africa mission were touched. Additionally, the 3 weeks away would buy time for the next batch of seed books to South Africa to get on their way without my using up valuable visa time to wait for them to arrive. Upon my arrival in Bangkok, however, word was received from a group of generous salt-of-the-Earth types in the southern United States, who were previously unknown to me (and who prefer to remain anonymous), who had heard of my plight and promptly reimbursed me the air ticket price, thus enabling me to retain, after my Thailand expenses are met, a small but possibly life-saving emergency contingency fund upon my return to Africa.

* * *

"Slightly calamitous but charged and highly creative" might be how one or two of my relationships with my brethren might be described, but in Ben's case especially, such also bodes well for the future of any kingdom-related cooperative effort we might attempt together.

In such a light, the fact that during our visit, a minor scooter accident together broke my left shoulder, snapping the clavicle bone clean in half, as well as inflicting minor cuts and bruises on each of us, need not necessarily raise any eyebrows but instead be as easily half expected and passed off with a dismissive shrug of the shoulders (broken or unbroken as the case may be).

Adding still further to this already heady equation, a few days ago word was passed to me that 1000 English Urantia Books from Delhi (that I had spent 6 months in India overseeing the printing of some years ago), together with 1000 French books, are to be freely donated to the Africa Seeding Mission.

You therefore have a lone fieldworker with a few crumpled hundred-dollar bills between him and the abyss and a broken left shoulder back in the number two gun crime nation of Earth after Iraq, seeding the remaining 120 books of the first book shipment. Beyond that, another 2000 books are coming his way to finish seeding South Africa as well as all of Africa's remaining fifty plus nations from Cape Town to Cairo, thence back to old Jerusalem if all goes well, that intended future headquarters of the Fifth Epochal World Seeding Mission.

* * *

Hollywood throws hundreds of millions of bucks at its fictitious fairy tales of how the world is saved by its swaggering heroes when the way it will likely be actually saved in real life and eventually won back for Michael will likely as not be on a pocketful of loose change and by another rag-tag bunch of dead losses who couldn't boil an egg between them without setting fire to the kitchen.

The thing about Paul two thousand years ago is that, like him or loathe him, he just never quit. Knowing he was onto something indescribably big, he just kept going till the bitter end.

And even though he carried with him only a distorted, adulterated and incomplete fragment of what we are carrying, the world is a markedly different place as a result of his efforts.

You just couldn't script all this any better could you?

What other name could there be for this mission than 'this game of ghosts'?

In search of the Father's will,

Mark Philip Bloomfield

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A Mission to Die For
by Mark Bloomfield

September 18, 2007

"Hmm....tricky," your lad of all chores thought to himself as he gave calm, clinical consideration to his increasingly precarious situation.

A hundred large hardcover Urantia Books plus personal luggage, deposited by the big Afrikaans bus driver on to the pavement of downtown Kimberley, on a bright Sunday morning after two back-to-back sleepless overnight bus trips from Cape Town via Port Elizabeth and Bloemfontain. Left shoulder still out of action, unarmed with all his cash on him as always, with the local street life already around him and not believing their luck.

To the complete astonishment of the biggest, baddest-looking thug amongst them, I walked straight up to him, looked him right in the eye and, pointing to the boxes, told him to watch my luggage and make sure no one takes anything before I headed off up the road without even waiting for his response or bothering to look back.

Not far along the road I came to a petrol station where a young black guy was pumping gas. Putting a twenty-Rand note (about \$3) into his empty hand I asked him to call me a cab and, pointing to where I had left the books, started back for them, again not waiting for a response.

Ten minutes later, both the taxi driver and the gas station guy who had followed me back after a few minutes had loaded all the books into the taxi whilst my reformed hoodlum friend faithfully kept watch with the same look of bewilderment on his face and I was on my way to my next set of four walls and a bed, staring out of the vehicle's window indifferently and wondering what to do about lunch.

A good week or so ensued during which time, in addition to the usual mix of hand-seeded academic and religious institutions together with the block seeding of the public library system by trying to say the right things to the right people, my recently invented adrenaline sport of black-township-transiting was further indulged in. Trudging through such squalid, broken-down slums to get to where I needed to be, as a lone white man loaded down with books, always seems to make the heart race and the mouth so dry you can't swallow, but to emerge unscathed again is to feel blissfully alive.

Another cramped overnight bus journey put me back in Port Elizabeth and that same old rundown boarding house, under the stairwell of which the revelation has been freely and

safely stored all this time -- a humble little Victorian townhouse that has over the months taken on something of a shrine to the spirit of it all.

Monica, the kindly old landlady of Irish ancestry who lives there, is one of this world's true characters. Doomed to a life of incessant turmoil, upheaval and family tragedy, her staunch Catholic faith always holds her as, doting over me like a mother hen, she gleans me at every opportunity for all my experiences with Mother Teresa back in the nineties. Her husband, Rayhart, as kindly as she but an Alzheimer's sufferer, forgets me if I'm even away for a few hours and must, upon my return, be re-convinced he knows me.

Vulnerability....humanity. That is the story the human response to this revelation will have to tell on High and across a vast universe. At first glance somewhat pitiful and pathetic but with a subtle undertone of gentle grace and dignity just beneath the surface that no modern-day Herod or Caiaphas could ever sensitize to. Just plain, ordinary folk like Monica and Rayhart together with all those good people on the homefront that support this mission faithfully playing their roles in helping a divine revelation on its way.

And so before dawn the next morning, fond hugs of farewell and on with the last 26 of the first shipment of 480 Urantia Books to dour, cosmetically-challenged East London four hours up the coast. A few good seeding days culminating in a wonderful visit with the lady pastor of the city's Presbyterian Church after her sermon and that was the end of the first shipment.

Another overnight bus this time to Johannesburg where thanks to Tamara and the folks at Urantia Foundation, 200 more books are soon due to arrive by air from New Delhi where they were printed some time ago. This batch should keep me busy until a further 300 arrive some weeks from now by sea to Durban, putting the running total for Southern Africa at just under the thousand.

That ought to be enough to give the whole of Southern Africa including sick puppy Zimbabwe a light dusting of first-phase fifth epochal seed.

So vital, so critically important to the spiritual economy of this planet is it that the potential and actual leaders and teachers of all nations, races and religions discover the very highest revelatory truths out there to be found, that no price -- personal or financial - - can be too high a one to pay to ensure the success of the Fifth Epochal World Seeding Mission.

And whatever final price any genuine fieldworker will end up paying to stay in this "game of ghosts," the continuing financial support from the homefront remains crucial to the mission's success.

We are a team of equal partners in this most essential service to humanity.

In search of the Father's will,

Mark Philip Bloomfield.

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African Seeding Mission: Brief Update

September 18, 2007

Yesterday afternoon (1st October) 200 Urantia Books arrived at the residence of South African reader and cherished sister Simone Cox where I am currently staying in a guest room under Simone's generous invitation, 30 minutes east of Johannesburg.

The books arrived from new Delhi where they were printed and stored for some time and are the first 200 of 1000 English books from the same source allocated to the African Seeding Mission along with 1000 French from a different source.

Today, Simone drove me around Jo'burg in her car on this the first seeding day of the new shipment which culminated in the first 15 books being hand seeded which would otherwise have been seeded on foot. Needless to say, being chauffeur-driven around seeding targets is something I would not have much difficulty in getting used to but alas, will not last forever!

The publisher who air-freighted us the 200 as a stop-gap estimate that it would take another 70 days for the next shipment of 300 books to arrive in South Africa by sea: far too long to give me any visa time to seed them while air-freighting again, though much quicker, is prohibitively expensive.

Obviously a change in plans was called for, so I notified New Delhi to ask them to send by sea the 300 to Mombasa, Kenya, instead of to South Africa which will give me ample visa time to seed what books I have here across all those difficult and time-consuming targets in southern Africa, then journey to East Africa to collect the 300 arriving there by sea. If I time the second 300 book shipment correctly, I should be able to return from the East African seeding leg back to South Africa to immediately finish the southern African leg. The remaining 200 English of the 1000 allocated will be used to fill in across West and North Africa a little further down the road.

Visa constraints periodically come in the way of my preferred plans but with the continued support from the home front will never alter the final result. All Africa stands to be seeded so whichever order it is seeded in hardly matters.

What does matter in my view is how this whole episode demonstrates to one and all just how effective a team effort this entire mission is becoming. As a fieldworker, it's all too easy to rave and enthuse about all the positive and memorable experiences that take up

my days, most of all the human interaction between myself and those I present the revelation to, but none of this will ever happen if those loyal "homesteaders" from across the full width of this movement's spectrum ever once failed to "believe without seeing" which at the end of the day calls for a more profound form of faith than my own.

In search of the Father's will,
Mark Philip Bloomfield.