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FAITH AND BELIEF -- LIBERATING OUR FIXATIONS

by

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We are told that "Belief fixates, faith liberates." I have pondered the meaning of this small sentence many times over the last 20 years since I first encountered the UB, at a time when my faith in a benevolent universal authority was exploding quite beyond all the specific points of belief-fixation that I had accumulated over the previous 22 years, points which I had inventoried quite well, but which were NOT (to paraphrase Wayne) very OMNI-INTER-ACCOMODATIVE (to paraphrase Bucky); though I hadn't met/read Bucky Fuller yet, his works were later to become the foundation of my efforts to make sense out of this rapidly spinning, communication-spanning, wild world that became the stage for

the Urantia movement to play itself out for the next couple of decades.

If truth, as Bucky used this term, was always "omni-interacomodative", meaning, I presume, something like it was always-and-ever infinitely expansive, somewhat like a geodesic dome is infinitely expandable (unlike compression structures which topple over after reaching a certain structural limit), then there is no "structural limitation" on "the truth". Bucky also said that "a truth once revealed cannot be repealed."

If this is so, how come folks in the Urantia "movement", supposedly in some way spiritually "united" without requiring some type of religious or intellectual or theological "uniformity", how come these folks have been doing such a good job of fixating each other over the last twenty years over what they believe, or "believe as truth". I offer the following thoughts as a somewhat distant, somewhat impartial, and somewhat disconcerted "reader-believer", as my personal contribution to the ongoing conversation, the outcome of which is part of how much truth we may experience (and are we not told that "the truth" is always and only "experienced", i.e., an experiential phenomenon, not something to be done vicariously or second hand?) In other words, it is my BELIEF that if my words are witty, my verbs vivid, I may present some cleverness which

may sound cute or impressive as the case may be, but may also be totally devoid of "truth content". If however, I am able to trust in the Spirit of Truth which I BELIEVE is available to us all, then perhaps I can spill out some words which may make some distinctions apparent and show some connections which may serve to clarify a conversational arena which has become increasingly polarized by doubt, suspicion, fear, and judgment.

It occurs to me, amidst all this speculation (which we are told inevitably falsifies) about "What's the Purpose -- of the UB in 1955, now, of this "message", of this "event" in my life or the life of 'the movement', of these 'global events' -- ?", that amidst all these dubious enterprises in speculation, earnest though they may be, that , LO!, there MAY BE A PURPOSE here!, as in there may be a purpose in this battle-of-beliefs that has been going on for much longer than the UB has been around. Bucky F. made a chart in which he had detailed overlays on a time line of, among other things, the speed of human travel, popular dances, US Presidents, his own publications, and on said chart he shaded in the years since 1945 with the title "Invisible Psychological Warfare" -- this after the traditional shading in of 1914-1917 for WWI, 1939-1945 for WWII, etc.

Of course, the religionists had been speaking of "the war for men's souls" even before Bucky made his chart. Of

what does this warfare consist, if not intercontinental ballistic missives, designed to implode on the readers' mental infrastructure such as to produce mutually-assured-defamation? The battle of back-and-forth judgment and counter-judgment, scary speculations fuelling precarious prognostications, all fed by the simple human desire to be safe and secure in the present, by knowing at least a little what's coming down the pike from the future. It has been a bull market for foretellers of the future, whether they claim their insights be coming from computer analysis of the Nikkei average or Nostradamus, whether they claim access to secret government files or secret directives from priveleged sources or public channels of cosmic wisdom. We all want to know "what's happening" and find that simply being in the non-blissed-out now of earthly upheavals, geopolitical transmutation, and ecological illogic a difficult task, at best. This "adventure in uncertainty" stuff sounds good on paper, but when we pass by it or it passes us by, we're back to that primitive human desire to get something for nothing (while simultaneously wanting to avoid getting nothing for something). We all want to join the parade, but don't want to jump on the wrong bandwagon ("Hey, what's this calypso-rap stuff, I thought we were doing John Philip Sousa!?" ) We're all agreed about the need to "do good as we pass by",

maybe it's just that there is substantial difference of opinion about where it is that "we" are passing by?

So the following images occur, that perhaps all these fixating beliefs ("Is \_\_\_\_ real? or is it memorex, or CosmoRex, or Caligastia Ex-Rex, or Machiventa Next-Rex?"), all these conversations between and among humans, aspiring believers and faithers, disspirited and disenchanting skeptics and/or credulous sponges, all these conversations represent our efforts to "climb the mountain of faith" by hammering in a temporary belief-piton from which to temporarily suspend our heavy disbelief until we can find a new handhold or foothold or wordhold or ideahold or concepthold on some higher level whereon we will be able to survey "the truth", the territory "as it really is"(?) [or simply from a new and "higher" level, which appears so much more beautiful and exhilarating because of its lofty view?] And haven't we all been conditioned to feel so much more secure with HANDholds and FOOTholds than with that which we might GRASP with our minds; and then, once we do think we're starting to get the hang of this mental grasping stuff, we become so cocksure of our own piton-position being the only RIGHT WAY up the mountain that we feel righteously justified in going around dislodging the mental-piton-fulcrums around which or from which some fellow climber may be attempting a trevass perhaps even more daring or risky than our own?

Or might they represent the combined efforts of all the kingdom builders to frame a structure worthy of eternity out of planks and platforms that inevitably end up getting labeled as Democratic or Republican or naive or judgmental or rotten or not square... We are of course well advised in Jesus' ONLY parable coming out of his own line of work, carpentry, not to spend a lot of time hewing and squaring a rotten beam, but unfortunately the UB gives us no "telltale signs of beam-rottenness", except to say that quality, values, are felt, and that if "truth" as experienced on the human level, (regardless of what else it may be on higher levels) is a QUALITY to be FELT, (more music-to-be-played than notes-to-be-written, more poetry-to-be-read/spoken than words-to-be-written) then so also must the spiritual fragrance, which we all desire to be known by, be a felt-experiential phenomenon, as opposed to a purely intellectual-mental phenomenon, which the Master so well advised us against (to win mens' hearts we must avoid overbearing intellectual appeals to the mind as well as ephemeral emotional appeals to the feelings, and instead direct our approach to the spirit which indwells all, abidingly awaiting awakening and acknowledgment.)

So indeed the beams must be sound, and "squareness" must be assured (that is, if we are building one of those traditional compressive structures that is destined to fall

down once it reaches a certain structural limit) -- perhaps this would be better put as to say that we must take pains with the measurement of the conceptual lines we draw with the vivid tension of our ideals, before we cut the sharp silence with wayward words, recognizing the limited conceptual capacity we are all coming out of.

We are told that the highest concept of God (presumably for this or any future generation, regardless of their scientific-material achievement, regardless of their philosophic sophistication, regardless of their religious-spiritual unity,) is that of a loving Father. Most loving fathers I have met want their children to live in harmony, not bash each other with their toys, pick up and put away things in their local environment, and all live together under the same safe roof, until such time as they can go off and start their own families under their own roofs.

So perhaps what is being experienced now in the planetary movement towards a new and unrevealed destiny is more akin to a bunch of childish boatbuilders all earnestly committed to making a sound structure on which to sail the high seas, (maybe sometimes mistaking the stream-of-consciousness for the Gulf Stream?) but having all sorts of disagreements over which beams are rotten, (I think sometimes maybe it's more like these "beams" are the leftover/throwaway popsicle sticks we kids used to weave

together to make a "raft" to sail down the gutter in a good rainstorm; we never liked using the ones that still had dried chocolate still stuck on them!) whether this beam is part of the boat or part of the scaffolding, and whose turn is next in the crows' nest and how soon do we set sail? (Or perhaps, how soon do the ships arrive to take the goodworkers away and leave the lazy behind?)

The above considerations may or may not make it easier for us all to keep the conversation(s) going; my hope is that we may be a bit less likely, after thinking about the above, to want to go and torment each other and steal or break or smash each other's toys just out of meanness, or try to be the Lord's tattletale by telling him which of his children have been misbehaving while he's been out of the classroom--I feel certain He hasn't missed who's been naughty and who's been nice, and he wont need to check our lists to tell!