

## I N S P I R A T I O N S

Dear Friends,

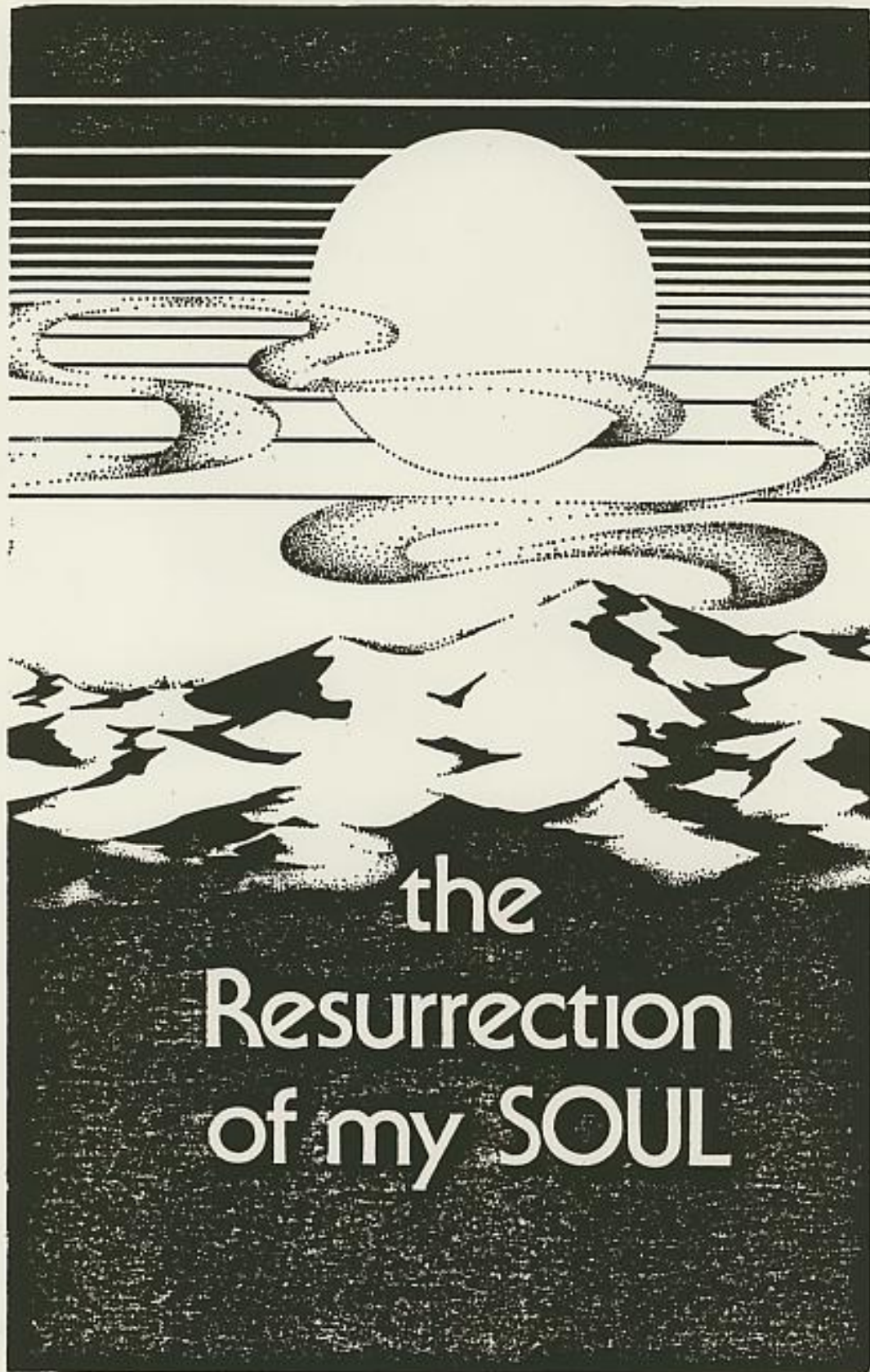
I propose to send you the enclosed essays and poem in the place of two bi-monthly issues: "The Love of the Universal Father", "How Do We Get to Heaven?" and "The Resurrection of My Soul." The two bi-monthly issues represented by the enclosed are the March-April issue and the May-June issue.

"The Love of the Universal Father" is the transcript of a speech I gave at the recent Cedar Hill Conference (near Dallas) for Readers of The Urantia Book the theme of which was "Live in My Love."

"How Do We Get to Heaven?" is an attempt to restate some of the knowledge and understanding we have received from the revelators on this subject. It is designed to provide readers with something to share with other people who do not intend to read the revelation. It is also useful to readers as a compilation of facts about the survival process which I hope will be helpful.

"The Resurrection of My Soul" is a poetic way of describing the resurrection experience. Except for a few words newly coined by the revelators, this poem can also be shared with non-readers.

I hope that these items will provide pleasurable reading and intuitive, spiritual insight.



the  
Resurrection  
of my SOUL

THE RESURRECTION

OF MY SOUL

By: David Glass

(1980)

Gone, the last devoted thumping  
Of my earthly heart;  
Surrendered, now, to a quelled repose,  
The busy hive of my tale-telling senses;  
Lapsed, as into an autumnal sleep,  
The twittering glancings of my nerve-tethered brain;  
Deep thoughts and fleetful imaginations,  
Sublime longings and daily attentions,  
Now sleep the sleep of restful reparation and true pacific wholeness,  
As, in the chrysalis of my cosmic cocoon,  
I slumber through the winnowing of time  
And release the tide of my material self  
Back into the flood of its emergent energy,  
The reclaiming ocean of original causation.

I have now left that stream  
Of physical flowings and temporal fluxations,  
For I have sailed beyond the rim of matter  
And drift toward the shore of a new morontia light.  
The eventful turns of my planetary sojourn  
Now resolve themselves, uncoiling into human memories,  
Retained within the hearts and minds and souls  
Of those who share my cosmic youth on earth.  
There do I live even yet as a resounding echo  
In the reverent halls of recollection  
Where my deeds and doings left their fond recordings  
In the retentive awareness of my terrestrial mates.

And yet, in my soul, the memory does retain  
    Only those worthy children of my mind  
Which aided in the forward trek toward God,  
    The Source and Center of my laboring love.  
Releasing all that did not help me to survive,  
    God forgets, forgives, forsakes, foregoes all  
The unretained adjuncts to my former self.  
    And I shall retain them neither in my soul,  
For only that shall wend its way to heaven  
    Which of the dark and insubstantial vanities of earth  
Shall break away into that celestial light  
    Which yields no footing to the false step of error.  
Healed in wholeness, retained as a unique child of light,  
    I am salvaged from the terrestrial wash  
And ferried to a farther shore of brilliance above,  
    One of deathlessness, serenity, and peace, a harmless haven.

On flow the indifferent hours while, wrapped in serenity,  
    My sleeping self knows not that it does know  
The secret of survival: simple soulfelt faith,  
    The trust in God which sanctions blessed repose.

Approaching the glimmering surface of my newfound world,  
    My transport seraphim glides through silent space.  
Guided by wisdom and ability beyond the scope  
    Of earthly understanding, she advances  
Beyond the gravity grapings of my native sun,  
    Out past the circling planets of the solar circuits,  
And on to the dim outstretchings of vibrating space,  
    The interstellar reachings of the cosmic vault.

Newness and light, healthfulness and hardiness,  
These new impressions of my approaching mansion world  
Do not break in upon the slumbering sensitivities  
Of my serene and sleeping soul, unwatchful of all.  
Down to the bright globe's surface and hovering into her proper position,  
My guiding seraph decelerates her flight  
And hums the vibrations of the new sphere,  
Coordinating thereby with its higher frequencies.  
Settling into position with gradual motion,  
My guardian lowers gently to the revolving surface,  
Entering, from above, the opened roof-portals  
Of the resurrection halls of mansonia one.  
Motion diminishes to a hovering height-holding,  
And the bright amber seraphim reaches her appointed tangency  
Within the luminescent walls of the receiving hall,  
The Temple of New Life and Restored Vitality.  
Silent assistants move to their positions,  
Transferring my quiet, sleep-conquered soul  
Into its chamber of vitalic restitution  
And close the doors upon this sanctified alcove.

All is peace.

Somewhere, a spark of light flashes brightly  
And, reflecting to and fro within the closeted confines,  
Illuminates the chamber with unearthly brilliance, omnipresent light.  
That done, a quiet motion from within myself begins.  
Awareness bobs up buoyantly into a new bright sphere  
Of knowingness and life, self- and other-recognition,  
And my restored alertness blooms again indefinitely.  
From within the shining orb of my returning consciousness  
A masterful voice resounds, saying, "Awake, my beloved!  
Arise, my child!" And I do awaken.

The forceful newness of my awareness streams out like light  
Through unfamiliar senses and fresh but untried limbs.  
I find motion possible; I inhale a new breath;  
My form permits me to sit up and to gaze.  
My senses focus upon the precise adornments  
Of my resurrection chamber's inner surfaces.  
I am aware of a sense of balance, hearing, touch, and inner reflection.  
My foot seeks out solid foundations; finds them; I take a step.

Oh, what a long journey do I continue  
With this first morontia step, this first new pace!  
From my native planet, for perfect Paradise am I bound,  
An ascension of many, many, innumerable cosmic leagues.

The chamber door opens. A choir of loving faces greets me.  
"Hello, beloved! Welcome to mansonia!"  
With no other word, I move forward,  
Simply adoring the light and love of all I see.  
The group moves apart to receive me among themselves.  
I step into the hallway of diversified brilliances.  
My new senses fill with the impressions of the unfamiliar hall.  
Light enters my mind and begins that inner-outer dance of life.  
After a few awesome steps, I speak, "May I sit down?"  
My first morontia utterance. Wordlessly,  
I am ushered to a cushioned circle near at hand.  
There I sit with quietness and wonder my only unspoken expressions.  
"It is now three days since you left Urantia, dear one."  
Urantia. I know that name: my native sphere of time.  
Recollections stream into my gathering consciousness,  
Times and places all interfusing into a symmetrical re-cognition.

Again I look about to take in the forms,

Designs, embellishments, and vistas of the hall,  
From a regathering memory, personalities, visions, and scenes  
Pass before and within my synthesizing awareness.

"This is mansonia one," I confidently state.

Sublime superemotions of gratefulness and fully fulfilled faith  
Sweep through my vitalizing soul as

A poem of gratitude forms in my new mind,  
"Oh, how wonderful," my only outward expression. My inadequate words  
Fading into reflective silence, I am again observant,  
Drawing into every chamber of my mind

The details of the premises. A new wish  
Translates to motion within my frame, and I arise.

"May we go forth?" I ask, not knowing quite  
What I am requesting. "Go forth, my child? Yes, we may."

A small number of the group accompany me  
Down the long glistening hallway of light  
Toward the circular, central meeting-plaza.

"Here do all our resurrected sons and daughters

Gather before we introduce them to the local grounds.

You will be permitted many days to acquainte yourself

With the surrounding areas before we commence any planned activities."

Throngs and masses moving to and fro,

Quietly, except for whispered comments;  
Many beings move about in vanquished wonderment,  
Taking in the simple accoutrements of the high-vaulted architecture.

"This is the group from Urantia," I hear.

None seems familiar and yet I am filled  
With a fraternal recognition of my fellow survivors,  
Those who knew first-hand the challenges of planet 606.



A golden-robed figure proceeds toward us  
From the recesses of a nearby hallway.  
All become instinctively silent as  
The masterful being moves to a lighted dias.  
"Greetings, my dear ones! It is the joy of all mansonia  
To welcome each of you to your new home.  
This is the realm you learned and dreamed of  
In days gone by on your native spheres.  
Time and effort and faith have delivered you to us  
And to this gladdened day of true celestial joy.  
And now do we, your first companions,  
Come to acquaint you with your newfound home.  
We will be your ministers, your guides, and your interpreters  
And we will soon accompany you upon a tour  
Of the neighboring environs in proximity to the Temple.  
You will have your promised ten days of leisure  
To satisfy your desires to learn about the mansion spheres,  
Their peoples and activities, and those friends of yours  
Who have preceded you to the halls of bright mansonia.  
Through this passageway you will find  
Friends to acquaint you with the environmental details  
Of your new world and its varied social usages.  
We welcome you into the progressing fraternity  
Of advancing life and ever-heightening attainment.  
May you be blessed with peace as you survey  
The sectors of your new domain for continuing life!"

The golden one ceased speaking and stood down,  
Walking through the masses and through the portal  
That he had indicated. Therethrough passed the multitude  
In reverential calm, warmed by the shared smiles of new love.

In the adjoining hall, we meet our Morontia Companions,  
    These children of the Mother Spirit  
Who are ready to begin their service of accompanying us  
    Through the varied days of our long mansonia career.  
We are told about the inhabitants of the planet,  
    The spironga and the adorable spornagia.  
Each of us is presented with a schematic design  
    Showing the whereabouts of local structures and gardens.  
Each environmental representation has embossed upon it  
    The designation and location of each one's residential quarters.  
A beginner's glossary of the local universe tongue  
    Is distributed to each member of the polyglot throng.

A pinkly glowing form approaches me.

    "I will be your immediate companion  
For the next few days. Come, let us go out  
    Into the neighboring morontia fields and gardens!"  
All the throng begins again to move in various directions,  
    And I follow my Companion through a nearby passageway.

The light is slightly brighter as we emerge outside and  
    The expansive landscape stretches distantly in all directions.  
Gazing up, I see the radiance of the clear morontia sky,  
    Lit by no observable sun: the light filters in from everywhere.  
As my view descends to the violet horizon,  
    I see distant plateaus and majestic highlands  
Covered by a purple vegetation, a forest of tree-like plants.  
    In the mid-foreground, I espy a shimmering lake,  
Placid as the unruffled surface of a small pond  
    And on it gliding waterfowl of brilliant yellow hue.

To the right, I see the extensive structures  
Of the resurrection hall, the Temple of New Life.  
And farther to the left are the intriguing forms  
Of our glistening residential domiciles,  
Featuring balconies, stairways, promenades, and patios.  
We take a few steps along a textured path  
That leads through the rolling gardens of magenta marigolds  
To a white pavillion supported by seven white columns.  
My guide seems to be leading me to the pavillion.  
"Here, my friend, it is intended that you should meet and greet  
Your guardian seraphim of earthly association,  
She who with you trod the diversified path of decisions and actions."

We halt a few steps before the pavillion.  
A perfectly oval sphere of radiant amber mist,  
Observable in the blue distance, approaches the pavillion.  
Passing between two columns, the light settles  
Onto the platform of the pavillion, vibrating with faintly acoustic sounds.  
The forward motion ceases as the orb of light hums quietly.  
At the top of the oval, the amber radiance dissipates  
And, fading lower and lower, discloses  
A whitish figure etched in outlines of resilient blue.  
The diaphanous luster of the figure's features  
Fills the central pavillion with an auric sheen of azure splendor.  
When the amber envelopment is entirely vanished,  
The form seems to nod her head in loving recognition, and speaks.  
"I am your seraphic guardian, beloved.  
I have accompanied you through all the perilous pitfalls of progression.  
Throughout your growing awareness of the divinity in all.

I assisted you by arranging many meetings  
    With helpful companions and wise associates in your mortal life.  
I was thrilled by your election to commence  
    The adventurous spiritual path that leads to our Father on high.  
Since that joyful day, I have known that we would one day meet  
    Here in heavenly mansonia to continue the eventful ascent.  
We still, as you know, have ever-so-far to go, precious one,  
    But you and I will be close companions  
Through all the venturesome enterprises of the higher worlds.  
    We shall be close associates through our life in Nebadon  
And on throughout the cycling scenes of life in vast Orvonton.  
    This cosmic domain of Nebadon, our local universe,  
Is the creation of our Divine Mother and the Sovereign Father, Michael,  
    Who first thought to give you life on Urantia of Satania.  
You are their child, my brother-sister,  
    And the welcomed scion of all the celestial family of beings.  
Know that in all that awaits you, I shall be laboring  
    To coordinate events and personalities  
To make your sojourn here one of increasing meaning,  
    Augmenting value, and expanding love.  
You are my chosen ward, and I do love you  
    With the fullness of the Mother Spirit's care."

With these words, the angelic personage moves nearer to me,  
    Steps down from the pavillion's platform,  
And advances toward my wondering, gazing self.  
    Discernable forms move out from her two sides  
And I can see that she means to embrace me.  
    I step unsteadily forward with uncertainty but with faith,  
And I am met by an irresistable flow of divine and motherly affection.  
    The extended forms enclose my entire being and for a moment

Everything seems lost in the perfect peacefulness of all-enveloping love.

My mind becomes alert with the awareness

That wisdom, as well as love, is streaming into my receptive soul.

A sense of deepening understanding of the meaning of existence

And an awakening sense of direct awareness of true reality

Dawn within my soul, and,

As the angel releases me, I find a new assurance

And a confident trustfulness welling up within my self.

As the seraphim recedes from me,

The amber luster appears again at her feet,

And, as it moves up over all her elegant form,

She is lost to view in the perfect oval of glowing radiance.

The sphere of light floats out from the pavillion

And I stand unthinking before the white palatial columns.

All at once, the pavillion becomes for me

A Temple of the Father of All Life.

I take a step forward, lift my head toward the dove-white dome,

And speak, "Oh, my Father, I thank you

For the trust and for the love which you have given me.

How can I bespeak the perfecting essence of my beatified gratitude?

A new life of even more devoted yearning

Shall I live in this my new inviting home.

Show me your will daily, let me know your wisdom,

And together we shall complete all the adventures

Of the intriguing climb to eternal perfection in supernal Paradise!"

These words trail into reverent silence.

And then, from within my own mind, unheard by my Companion,

Come these words, "My devoted child,

I am indeed your Father, now, for all time, and for eternity.

Ever remember that I am here within your very self.

I am the reality of your true, everlasting, and eternal nature.

Love me with the devotion with which I love and serve you

And no secreted chamber of my Infinity shall I withhold

From you, my child, my pride and joy.

From eternity, I pledged to you the unconditional love

Of everlasting watchcare and unending preservation.

You are henceforth and forever indestructible, my dear one,

For, in your freely chosen and incontrovertible essence,

YOU ARE I. Come, now, let us be on our way."

When the rapture of this communication has somewhat dispersed,

I extend my hand to my nearby Companion,

And with a gleeful nod, gesture over the expanses of the gardens.

"Yes," I say aloud, "Let us be on our way,

To adventures new and to love and life as yet unfolding!"