



**Ardent  
Ascent**

# Ardent Ascent

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*Men of Clay, Children of Fire*

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## PREFACE

The vast scope of the Urantia revelation serves as a profound stimulus to any reader's imagination. An artist's imagination finds here an unprecedented challenge: entirely new horizons are revealed for a spiritual planetary art. In the twenty-seven years since the first printing of THE URANTIA BOOK, the artistic response to this challenge has been unique, especially in music and painting. The purpose of this anthology is to display for the Urantia family the equally unique response of poetry to the environment around the Urantia papers. *Ardent Ascent* features in this founding issue new styles and especially new content in poetics not possible before 1955.

This anthology also hopes to achieve a new level in the articulation of the living experience of Urantians in these times. Poetry is an especially suitable vehicle to express those particulars of individual feeling and perception which are all too often ignored.

So, to make this expression possible, I spent one year soliciting poetry from around the country, starting with poets I had met at the 1981 Conference of the Urantia Brotherhood. The result was encouraging: hundreds of poems were received from over thirty writers. Five practicing poets, one from California, two from Florida, one from Colorado, and one from Arizona, supplied valuable assistance in paring down the raw submissions. Especially generous donations were received from the Tortoise (San Francisco), and the Family of God Foundation, as well as from many poetry-loving individuals. My hearty thanks to all those who helped see this project through with their generous financial, literary, artistic, and moral support of *Ardent Ascent*.

The poems which remained after the painstaking process of choosing and editing fell into four divisions. These were four dimensions of response to the new horizons that appear for the Urantian poet. The first is termed "Gems of the Ascent." This chapter title signifies the thought-gems that arise along the path of the ardent ascent.

The second dimension, poems of "Petition, Praise, and Celebration," collects that verse which emanates from the innermost parts of the poet. These poems embrace feelings of faith, hope, thanksgiving, ecstasy, and adoration.

The experience of inwardly-discovered value moves the poet to turn with heightened sensitivity to the human world. Thus, this third type of response is entitled "On Love and Friendship." The

"mutual regard of whole personalities" leads the poet to write of both painful and fulfilling relations with others.

Experiences with the confusion, injustice, and spiritual depravity of our world, and the resulting aspiration for the spiritual transformation of this planet, have led some of our poets to write on a more epic or even prophetic scale. The new butterfly of an emerging brotherhood of beings, under the Fatherhood of the Infinite, may be glimpsed in these poems of the final chapter. *Ardent Ascent* ends with a tribute to Christ Michael, because the new revelation of his life on this planet will inspire many more poems and other works to come.

B.D.B.

*Ardent Ascent is dedicated to  
the memory of Emma L. Christensen*

"Christy" 1890-1982

*These poems are offered to consecrate her wish  
for the spiritual unity of the Urantia movement.*

**Only a poet can discern poetry in the commonplace  
prose of routine existence.**

*THE URANTIA BOOK*  
p.557

**Poetry is an effort to escape from material realities to  
spiritual values.**

*THE URANTIA BOOK*  
p.2080

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Cover design is by Terry Kruger.

...The recognition of *true relations* implies a mind competent to discriminate between truth and error. The bestowal Spirit of Truth which invests the human minds of Urantia is unerringly responsive to truth—the living spirit relationship of all things and all beings as they are coordinated in the eternal ascent Godward.

THE URANTIA BOOK  
p.647



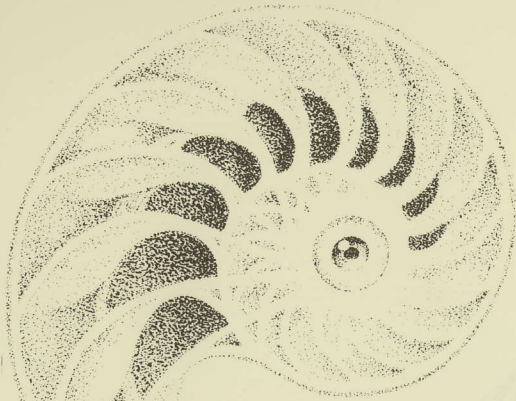
# Gems of the Ascent

THE INNER AND OUTER GOD

the inner God  
radiates.  
the outer God  
creates.

I touch them both  
simultaneously  
as I spread the rays  
from within  
and am shaped  
from without.

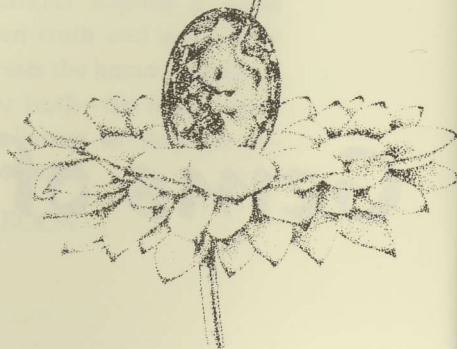
*Errol Strider*



THEOREM

The arrow of the soul  
is drawn on the resilience of the mind  
by the bowstring of the will,  
dying for release  
into the focus of fusion.

*Stan Hartman*



BASS ROCKS, GLOUCESTER

As I walk beside this interface  
the surf's salt fleece chills  
my watcher's cheek  
with pale disintegration  
of ambiguous waves,

but the rocks rest, refreshed,  
holding jewelled pools  
to the spumy air  
that blends above with mist,  
windless.

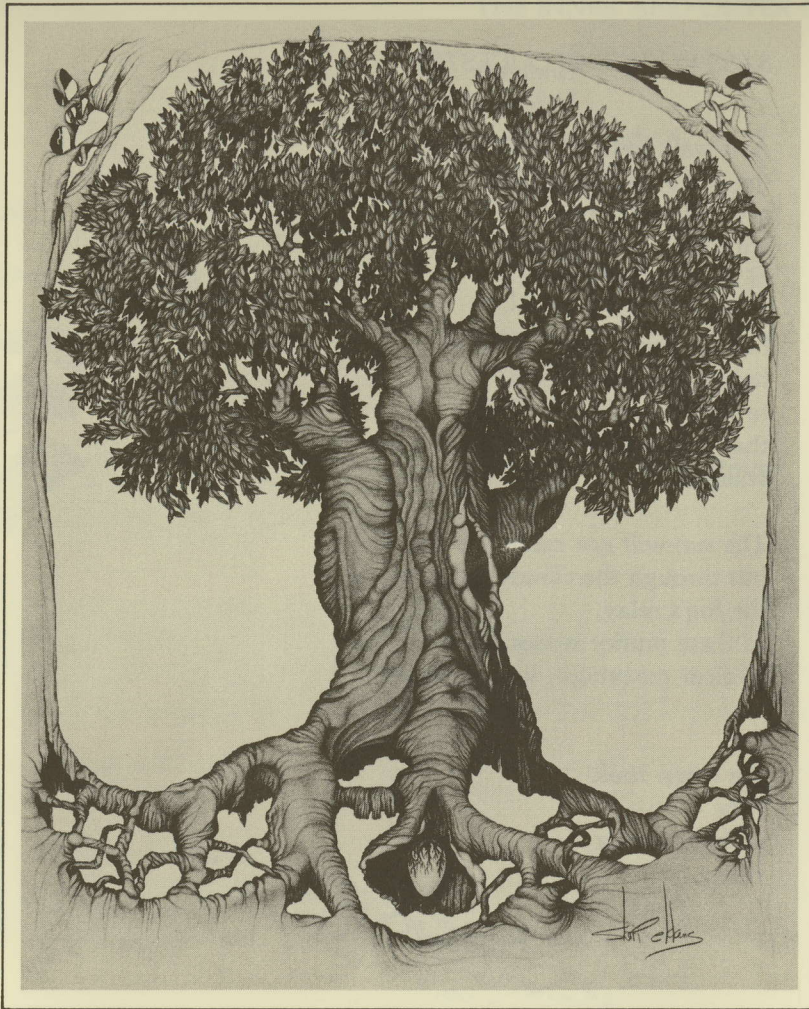
The sun will not come this day  
but through the clouds' translations,  
the fog's relay,  
as these murky senses do  
to clear meanings', values', way.

But  
the roses: look  
here  
—the dripping  
rose.

*Stan Hartman*

The rain-blast gust  
that  
Presupposes  
The non-fragility  
of roses

*JoAnn Eichman*



...The cults of tree worship were among the oldest religious groups. All early marriages were held under trees, and when women desired children, they would sometimes be found out in the forest affectionately embracing a sturdy oak.

*THE URANTIA BOOK*

p. 94 5

for trees

you are the quorum of the garden  
in the garden of the gods

you are the gentle laughter of the mother spirit  
unchanging in your superior stature

you stand proud to preside over us in your  
tall and illustrious ways

you seek to preserve us  
no man could have a better slave

from you fall the pages of life's story

years of unspoken reflections cast  
to the authority of the wind

you are a banner of green glory  
waving in the summer breeze

you are an emblem of status  
in quo in the winter freeze

you are the colours of the rainbow  
my heart and heavenly showers

you are the guardians at night  
who watch away the hours

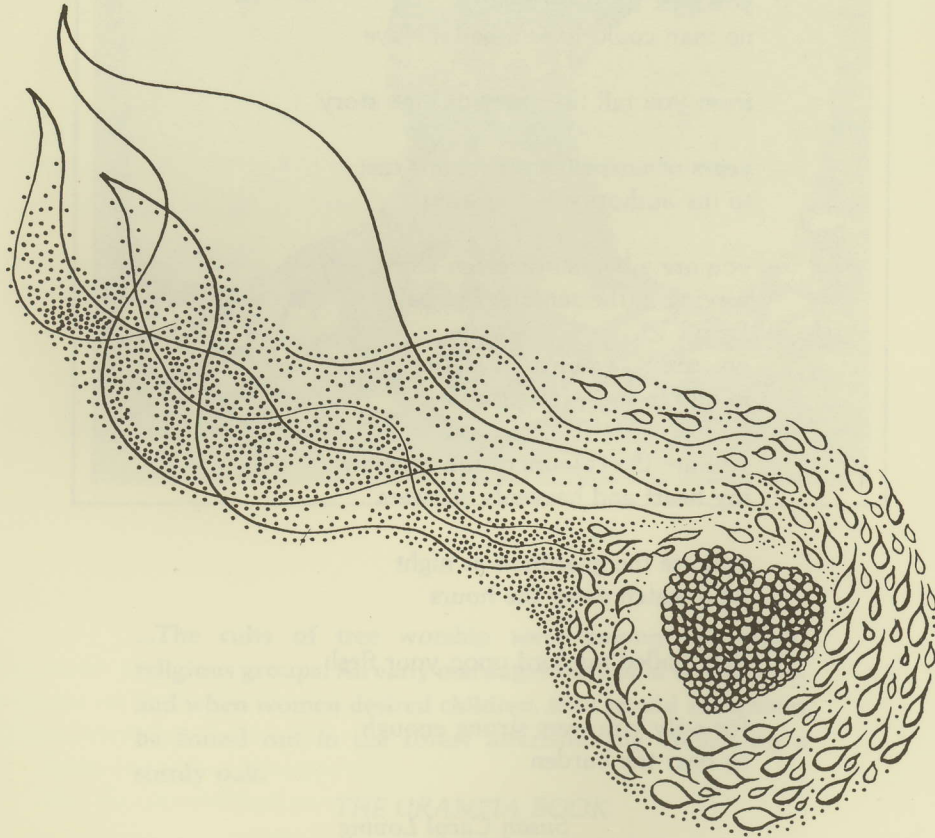
they nailed my lord upon your flesh

for only you were strong enough  
to bear the burden

*Susan Carol Loving*

My heart's been twisted round  
Intertwined  
So many times it seems in chains.  
But still  
Beneath that illusion  
It beats free.

*JoAnn Eichman*



inside my heart

inside my heart there is a glow, an ember, an ash  
for my forehead, a warm glowing moon smiling  
in the sun

a match flickering to light my high, a flame where  
i stand abreast a dogwood tree encumbered  
by crazy vines

around my bosom they come, sending runners  
to encircle and choke the nebs of my fountains;  
down about my pelvis they slither and weave  
in and out about my thighs, to chastise  
my valley of love

inside my heart there is a glow, outside a cocoon;  
in the womb i labour as tongues of fire rape  
the vitality of me

the dogwood smolders from the rage, and smoke trickles  
from my wounds, as i sigh my heart is consumed;  
the cocoon disintegrates,  
ashes consecrate

and i ascend like a phoenix, my wings tearing the air  
into ribbons as i soar higher higher higher, with fervid  
strokes i swim the sky, my wings beating beating  
beating, higher higher higher

with the heartbeat of god in innubulous space

*Susan Carol Loving*



"BE YE PERFECT . . ."

Broken is as beautiful as whole,  
And sometimes even more.  
The sea casts shells and stones  
With violence  
Upon this special shore.  
And so with men.  
Given living for experience,  
Some choose to take  
The steeper road  
Of suffering.  
And gather wisdom's  
Encrustations  
Sooner than the mass.

*Patricia Jarman Fearey*

## ANIMAL AND ANGEL

An animal and an angel contended.  
Upright the animal held his head,  
Nor humbled himself for what he said.

"I am out of the womb of the world.  
Sinew and passion and strength have I.  
My lusts nor my origins do I decry.

"Fruit of my nature is all the race.  
I sate my hunger and quench my thirst.  
Created free, no bonds do I burst.

"Up from the ooze have I slowly come.  
Ravage not: Harm not others: I've learned.  
Otherwise take I, all I have earned."

\*

The angel—beautiful—envoy of God,  
Stood and smiled and nodded his head  
And understood all that the animal said.

"But there was Jesus of Galilee.  
He lived, and leavened the stuff of life,  
Nor measured his strength, nor practiced strife.

"Rights you have, but they do not weigh.  
Since Jesus taught man's brotherhood,  
Rights are oft waived for the greater good.

"One's method of living is not what he's earned.  
It's better a matter of what he's taught.  
Ponder I pray you the word Jesus brought."

\*

The conflict continues day in and day out.  
And I am weak the struggle to see,  
For the angel and animal dwell in me.

*Clyde Bedell*

## THE HOUR OF HUMILIATION

the ego,  
standing up and preening,  
strutting around the stage...  
in the mind,  
waiting for laughs and applause,  
like a comedian,  
the fool!

parading itself before spirited morticians,  
not understanding the need to be humbled,  
to be the fool,  
with no applause,  
just whips and scourging  
and thorny wreaths around his head

smugly self-deceived,  
basking in feeble acclaim  
jaundiced reviews wending their way into oblivion—  
an ignominious performance  
attended only by critics  
and jaded pedestrians  
who stop long enough to gape and spit...

a defrocked, defunct comic  
foolishly curled up  
on the empty stage floor  
with only the light of a rehearsal bulb  
throwing his tears in shadows...

the ego,  
a disrumped has-been  
sobbing on the splintered performance place  
with echoes of canned laughter  
scorching his brain.

*Errol Strider*

## ORIGIN

Not from the stars I come,  
Nor from the spiral tides  
Of worlds far born—  
Though I have known all these.  
Not from sunfire do I stream,  
Nor from the stilly winds of space—  
Though these ring echoes in my heart.

There is no where  
Where I come from.

I am born from tenderness,  
From hush between each second's tick  
Upon the arbitrary clock of now.  
I am born from steady gaze  
Upon all changes, these  
The only hold on truth.  
I am born from fragile strength  
Which winds within the bendings  
Of a dance so vast  
That this created I,  
This fraction of myself—  
As sensor and participant—  
Can never reach its edge  
Or touch a center  
I could know as ultimate.

I move through flesh  
Upon the tiny atom's wing.  
And there is naught of me  
But breath,  
And pause between.

There is no where  
Where I come from.  
For I am born of love.  
To Love is my return.

Not from space,  
But from the heart of Light I come,  
And light am I  
As seed-filled down upon the breeze.  
Not from time,  
But from the Ever Now  
I venture forth.  
And I am free  
As dawning's song  
To be,  
Becoming  
One with who I Am.

*Patricia Jarman Fearey*



i have been in the desert

looking, seeking, reaching out, bending  
down, touching, feeling, lifting the earth  
in the palm of my hand i saw a breeze  
of radiant energy in the image  
of my eye

i did perceive christ  
walking across the land spread  
beyond the reach of man's reasoning

the image drew closer  
and excitement constructed  
a unique sense of pleasure inside  
the spirit of my being

inside the spirit of my being  
delicate hands of anticipation held  
my physical body spellbound  
and removed my social  
conscience

i gave my self to christ

out of the desert he took me  
with my mind and soul he did lead me  
into eternity

i did transcend

i did climb across the arch of life flowing  
through my mind with exuberance in step  
i tripped the light, fantastic

i leaped across with soul in mind  
into the loving arms of god  
has taken hold of me

by the hand of my lodestar  
in the image of my eye  
i do perceive  
christ

all mighty i am sensuous to the aspersion  
of your spiritual love

i am content

*Susan Carol Loving*

## DEATH

What cruel fate ordained  
That from the moment of birth  
On earth  
Begins our deathly dirge  
So that in our every waking  
Sleeping moment  
We become obsessed  
With the thought of death?

And slavishly  
We begin our funereal march  
In a convoluted search  
For manifold elixirs  
To flee  
The black hand  
Of death.

If we should but ponder  
That instead of staying this monster  
We only become  
As the living dead  
Now afraid of living  
Now afraid of dying  
Dubiously suspended  
In a nebulous dimension,  
We would cease  
This infernal struggle

And see life  
As it really is  
A point in cosmic time  
An expanding adventure  
Into self-knowingness  
An invigorating search  
For the essence of living,  
And when death finally hails from beyond  
Perceive, then,  
An even greater adventure  
Awaiting us.

*Rose Jones*



## EXCERPTS AND IMAGES

My vantage point one evening, as dusk deepened into full night, was by the waters of a bay. I watched the full moon come up behind the surrounding hills—large, round, amber, and absolutely beautiful. As it rose slowly above the rim of the hills, and as its pale color transformed into pure whiteness, a shimmering path of moonbeams came from the far shore and travelled across the gently undulating waves of the bay in an unbroken line until it stopped directly at my feet. The sight was breathtaking. When I moved, my shining path of light moved too, coming ever on across the water straight to me.

So it is with our eternal quest. The Father sends a beacon of love out through space to light for each one of us a shimmering path to perfection.

*Nancy Grimsley*

...Rains came showering the earth  
And soaking the earth  
With values—just waiting to be absorbed.

*Lynn Chapman*

...The seas of time stretch and divide  
God's mountain from our beach.  
And yet within our reach  
The Ancient One resides,  
Interpreting the tides.

*Francyl Streano*

...Sounds of waking miracles fill the air  
A breeze brushes by. God is here.  
The breath of our love breathes in me.

*Penny Poole-Oster*

Together we'll stalk the frontiers long past sunset  
To finally rest in the arms of potential  
And await the bright call of the wild eternal.

*Francyl Streano*

Imagine a lazy summer afternoon and the humble seconds that pass by to bind it together. They seem insignificant, so fleeting, so trifling in meaning, but throughout the universe libraries cannot contain all the beginnings, endings, decisions, dreams, conquests, defeats, loves and hates, births and deaths, that have blinked on and out in that one short second.

The twinkle of time that just moved by may be the point where time left off and eternity began as measured by some mind in the unsearchable past. But to a God-believer, eternity begins when he decides to live by eternal values; to the Kingdom-builder, the future is here and it is eternal.

Mark well then the lowly second, for each moment adds to a past eternal history made of countless connected moments. Each second is a breath of forever, and at once filled with the experience of a present-future eternal life. Immortality as seen through the eyes of a God-knower is lived out by seconds and each moment becomes an exquisite instant in the circular time stream of the eternal now.

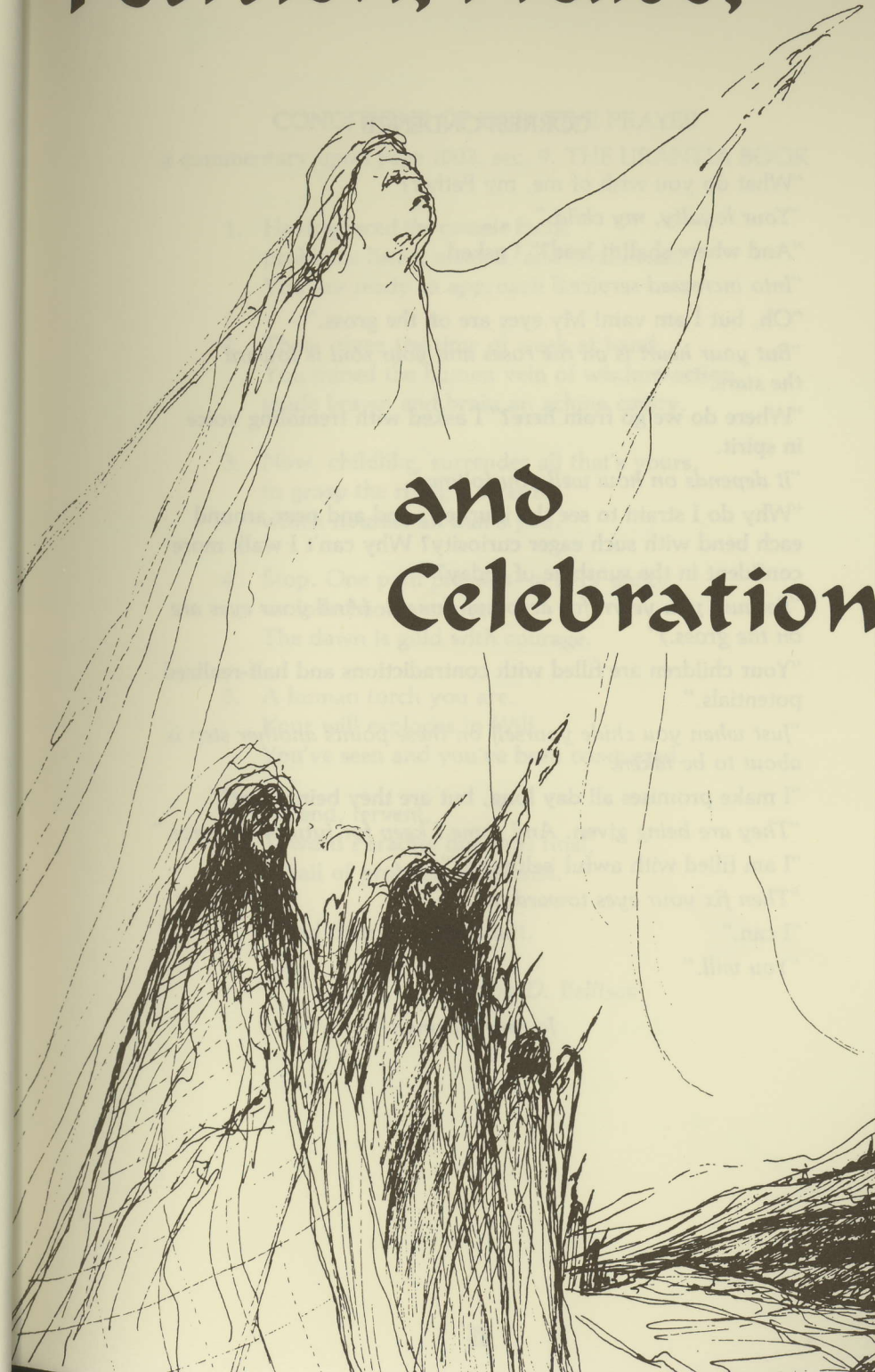
*Michael Hanna*

...I found the truth  
in a circle.

*Steve Sawyer*

# Petition, Praise,

# and Celebration



...And so it is: You worship God; pray to, and commune with, the Son; and work out the details of your earthly sojourn in connection with the intelligences of the Infinite Spirit operating on your world and throughout your universe.

THE URANTIA BOOK

p.66

## CORRESPONDENCE

"What do you wish of me, my Father?"

"Your loyalty, my child."

"And where shall it lead?" I asked.

"Into increased service."

"Oh, but I am vain! My eyes are on the gross."

"But your heart is on the roses and your soul is toward the stars."

"Where do we go from here?" I asked with trembling voice in spirit.

"It depends on how well you follow."

"Why do I strain to see the journey's end and peer around each bend with such eager curiosity? Why can't I walk more confident in the sunshine of today?"

"Because you yearn for accomplishment. (And your eyes are on the gross.)"

"Your children are filled with contradictions and half-realized potentials."

"Just when you chide yourself on these points another step is about to be taken."

"I make promises all day long, but are they being kept?"

"They are being given. And some I keep for future reference."

"I am filled with awful 'selfhood.'"

"Then fix your eyes toward me."

"I can."

"You will."


JoAnn Eichman

## CONDITIONS OF EFFECTIVE PRAYER

a commentary upon page 1002, sec. 9, THE URANTIA BOOK

1. Having faced the cosmic facts: problems listed, classed, and swallowed; You are ready to approach it.
2. Then, given the time of week at hand, You mined the human vein of wisdom-action, made brawn and brain an aching cavity.
3. Now, childlike, surrender all that's yours, to grasp the rising Currents, which nourish all that's you.
4. Stop. One path prevails—a fiery dance on indecision's corpse. The dawn is gold with courage.
5. A human torch you are. Your will explodes in Will. You've seen and you've been conquered.
6. Ascend, fervent, Toward Paradise horizons final, a trail of problems mastered.
7. Tread then in faith, adult.

Byron D. Belitsos



PRAYER




The reluctant sky  
lifts my head to the stars  
and I pray a dream  
into celestial light.

That in some chilled future day  
our isolated sphere  
out of the night and ages  
of epochs of time

Will share again  
with Gods from space  
a glimpse of love  
away from darkened years.

That such a hope  
will save us from our fears.

*Patrick McNelly*



ADJUSTER CURRENT

Thank you Father, for  
There is a river of peace within me  
More precious than golden thread, it winds  
Binding up old wounds with  
Its clear and cleansing water.  
Spirit river running softly  
More beautiful than the sonnets of olde  
My precious river runs into the currents  
Of a cosmic ocean  
In melodious cascade.

*Joyce Dutton*

PRAYER

Father, make me deaf and blind  
to victories.  
Keep me ever facing forward  
from the past.  
Unfold before my eyes  
Only the ascending trail unto that mount  
From which your ancient sermon  
spoke to all the world.

Open my ears only to words  
Which are a clarion call  
To cleanliness of heart  
and hope and mind.  
Breathe your word softly into my soul,  
That it may grow  
With the greatness of my blessings,  
And that I may sometime place  
The proceeds of its pains  
Before your altar—some gift to men.

*Clyde Bedell*



A SYMPHONY OF HAIKU PRAISE

God is infinite  
Which means He is always near . . . .  
Reach for Him inside.

The Father is love  
He listens to us deeply . . . .  
Talk to Him—*quiet*.

He never began;  
He is the Creator of all.  
He will never end.

The First Source and Center,  
Extending Himself in life.  
We all may know Him.

He upholds all things.  
He embodies all beauty.  
God is our Father.

Like the sun with light—  
He radiates His pure *truth*.  
Open yourself . . . see!

He is energy . . . .  
Is the Universal Father.  
Know that you are His child.

Rest in His power.  
Feel the flow of His energy.  
Live in His wisdom.

We can be perfect.  
Unceasingly, He is here.  
We can be with Him.

Look inside: *listen!*  
Fragments of Himself He gives.  
Look around and *know!*

*Sara Blackstock*

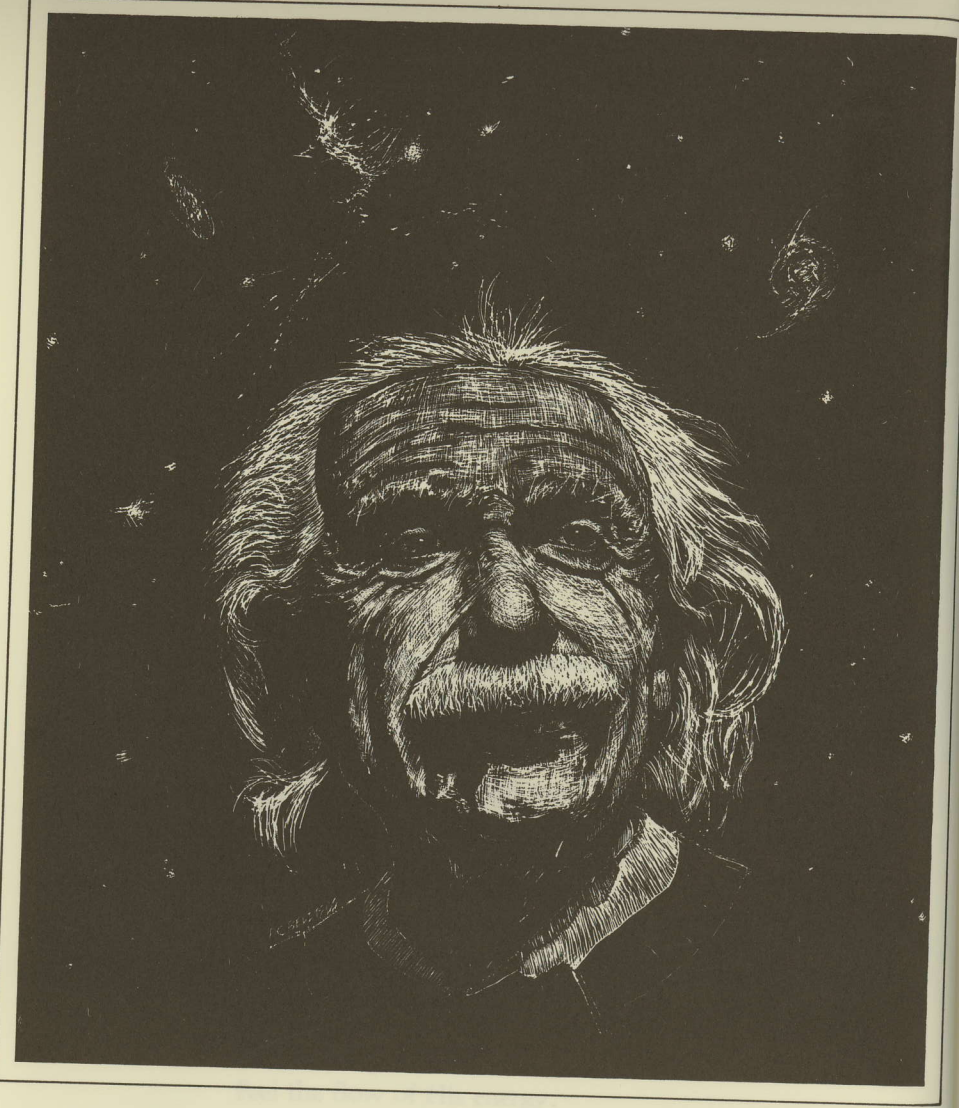
WORSHIP CIRCLE

Beautiful Circle,  
You seem a fair guide.  
Seeing your perfect curve,  
I fill with calm delight.

Fellows gather round me;  
Our eyes shine in gratitude.  
We share openly,  
This glad common ecstasy.

Free from fleeting impulse,  
Knowing revealed truths,  
We circle in on thoughts of Sonship,  
And our souls are illumined, gently.

*Byron D. Belitsos*



The foundation of the universe is material, but the essence is spirit. The Father of spirits is also the ancestor of universes; the eternal Father of the Original Son is also the eternity-source of the original pattern, the Isle of Paradise... Matter may appear to manifest inherent energy and to exhibit self-contained powers, but the lines of gravity involved in the energies concerned in all these physical phenomena are derived from, and are dependent on, Paradise. The ultimatons, the first measurable form of energy, has Paradise as its nucleus.

THE URANTIA BOOK

p.467

#### AN EXPRESSION OF COSMIC WORSHIP

Oh, Father of all the invisible worlds,  
True Godhead of galaxies, star-drifts, and suns,  
*We adore your Enormity*, stupendous whirls  
Of great nebular arms and vast space-sweeping runs  
Of subliminal energies infinitesimal  
Ranging the star-fields and shining on earths; new births  
Of galactic star-clouds taking form in the ethers,  
Encircling the cosmic domains' shining brilliance,  
Awakening wonder in all God-believers  
Who take in the vastness and utter resilience  
Of all the wide, fanciful, cosmic parameters,  
Illumined by myriad, space-borne light-emitters.

Expressions of glories untold from your heartbeats  
Are pulsing throughout all the circuits and lanes  
Of the starry dimensions in limitless repeats  
Of outward-gushed energies, dynamic rains  
Of your Limitless Power upholding each atom  
And every ultimatons throughout the regions,  
As Life permeates all the series of atomic  
Nuclear life-forms, numbering legions,  
And all the assemblage of God-bestowed creatures,  
Observant and growing, bright children of Light,  
Sing anthems of homage to you whose vast features  
Are beamed from your Prior, Pre-manifest Bright-  
Ness of Limitless Unity, now ceaseless endeavor,  
Unending expansion for your and our pleasure.

*David Glass*



MEDITATION

Churches and ashrams  
ring their bells,  
attracting some

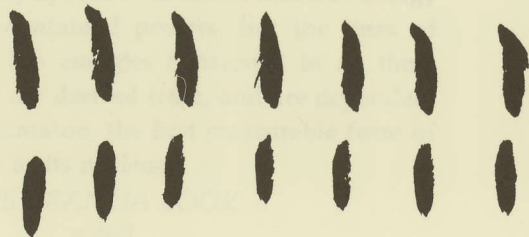
while others refuse  
partial solutions  
to the complete problem

and pass by

knowing that, really, you're  
all you need in that encounter  
always here and now, wherever

Children of the Milky Way  
commune  
in a larger room

*Stan Hartman*



EARTHRISE

Somewhere round the stars, spinning circles in another atmosphere  
is the land where we belong.

But, Earth, I longingly embrace you—

Wider than my open arms,

Closer than a mother's unborn child.

Far into Eternity, dwelling beyond the Milky Way

and cloaked with the dawn of another sun,

let us remember our origin.

This is the glorious beginning,

this meager planet on the backroad of Infinity.

*Jo Ann Eichman*

AMBROSIA EVENING

Ambrosia evening

Cast your jasmine-scented spell  
around me

and weave your subtle magic  
into my sinews

While I tread the soft grass

and inhale your delicate aroma.

And when my tomorrows come

Let me remember you  
as the magic of the gods

and think on your silken web

For tomorrow's cares

may need

an Ambrosia evening

to swallow them up.

*Rose Jones*

# On Love



...As they walked along, Jesus said to John, "John, do you love me?" And when John answered, "Yes, Master, with all my heart," the Master said: "Then, John, give up your intolerance and learn to love men as I have loved you. Devote your life to proving that love is the greatest thing in the world. It is the love of God that impels men to seek salvation. Love is the ancestor of all spiritual goodness, the essence of the true and the beautiful..."

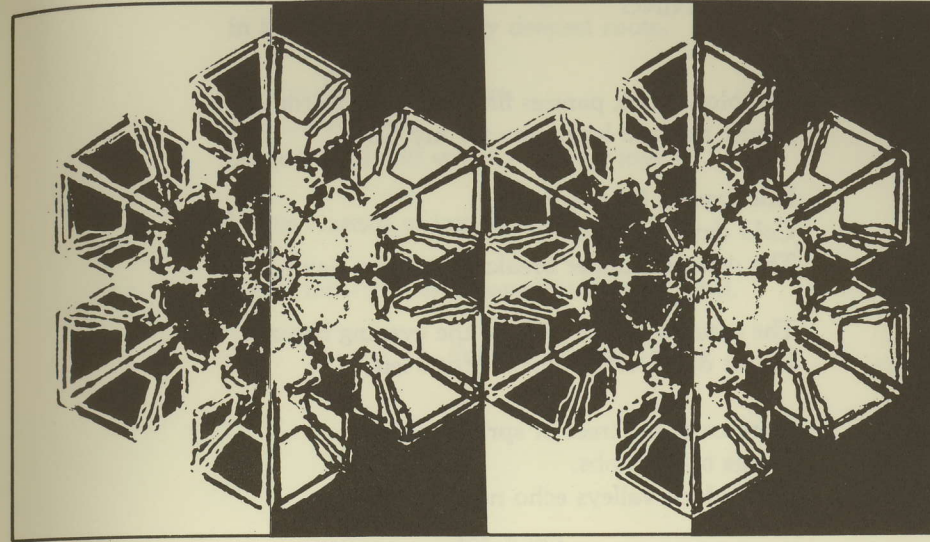
THE URANTIA BOOK  
p.2047

and  
Friendship

## MY FRIEND

You do not know  
this friend of mine,  
Whom you call dull, drab,  
Colorless, and plain.  
You have looked upon him  
From within the bright  
And shining aura  
Of your own conceit.  
And you have seen  
His modest, unadvancing side,  
As one sees some great  
Stained glass window,  
Dark and sombre,  
From the bright outside.  
But I—I have beheld  
This friend, from well within  
The compass of his soul.  
I have looked within his heart  
And peered through It  
At range on range  
Of worlds and peoples  
And philosophies.  
And where you saw  
The unrefracting side of him,  
Uncolored in the brilliant flame  
Of your conceit,  
I saw the flashing, striking  
Play of sun through color.  
I saw the picture,  
Felt the warmth and fire  
Of artistry and inspiration.  
You do not know my friend.

*Clyde Bedell*



## TWO SIDES

It is not right that I should let you  
Think me kind, gentle, virtuous,  
A saint in man's disguise.  
I feel unfair, and ill at ease,  
When I glimpse trusting, blind  
Affection in your eyes.  
Why can't I make you understand  
That I am not one thing  
All through, but have two sides?  
One harsh and unrelenting, clay-like,  
And then the one to which  
Your inner self confides.  
You only see the orthodox,  
Smooth, social side of me—  
Like some lone mountain's leeward slope.  
You never are around to see the rugged side,  
Which with the North winds  
And the winter's snows must cope.

*Clyde Bedell*

## AWAKENING

The blood-dark pansies lift their faces to the light:  
I must rise and leave you for my God.

Hot days in February,  
Cold days in May.  
The distant thunder breaks to call my name.

The candles flicker gaily in the evening breeze:  
I must dance what time to me is left.

Stars cross the trees of springtime,  
Wings open tombs.  
The hidden valleys echo now with drums.

I must rise and leave you for my God.

The olive branch has weathered many ancient storms:  
But I must turn to plant new seeds of strength.

Sea-swells within the chambers,  
Sun on my heart.  
I have grown beyond the life you touch.

The mountain morning shades the hillside for a while:  
But I must breathe the air of freedom's climb.

Earth-streams are running faster,  
New times of need.  
And there is music dawning in my mind.

I must rise and leave you for my God.

The shadowed centuries have taken far too long:  
I have learned at last to know my love.

White bells are beaming space-songs,  
Winds carry birth.  
New altars summon me to meet my soul.

The living bough divides again and yet again:  
In blossoming I tap my deepest roots.

Fire opals on the waters,  
Life wants to fly.  
Someday all will soar to flaming joy.

I have learned at last to know my love.

And I must rise and leave you for my God.

*Patricia Jarman Fearey*

## EPISTLE

for Anne

Pride  
is the relation between  
triumph and loneliness.

Pride causes exile,  
and in exile  
triumph is forgotten.

When triumph is  
forgotten love  
comes to show  
one home.

When one  
is home,  
one is limited

only by love,  
which can suffer

no downfall

nor reward.

*Stan Hartman*

NO GREATER HONOR

(dedicated to all my friends—and supposed "foes")

No greater honor deem I there to be  
Than to be joined with you in eternity.

We'll gather all the treasures of earth's store,  
Then find in our ascension so much more.

The Living Light to higher worlds will lead  
Where bright, new revelations we shall read.

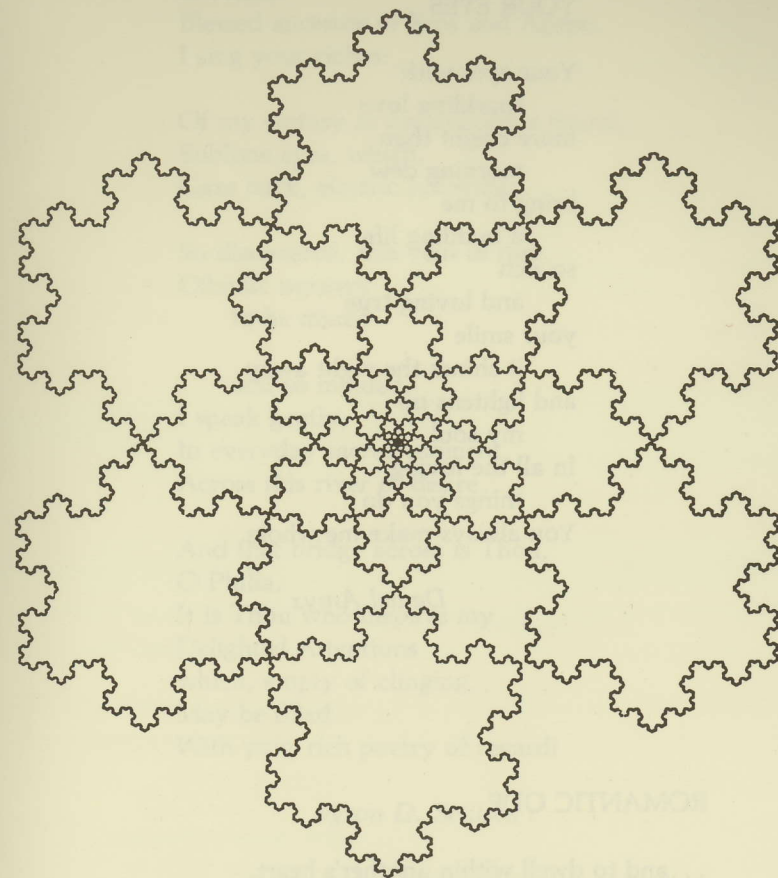
The Light shall lead us on to conquer space,  
Beferried inward toward God's holy face.

At last on Perfect Paradise we'll stand  
To be embraced by God's resplendent hand.

Eternal loyalty we then shall swear  
To do God's perfect bidding everywhere.

Praises and hymns of joy to God we sing—  
Creator, Controller, Upholder of everything.

*David Glass*



**"...But I declare to you that my Father in Paradise does rule a universe of universes by the compelling power of his love. Love is the greatest of all spirit realities. Truth is a liberating revelation, but love is the supreme relationship."**

*THE URANTIA BOOK*

p.1608

## YOUR EYES

Your eyes with  
    sparkling love  
more bright than  
    morning dew  
bring to me  
    a budding life  
so rich  
    and loving true  
your smile  
    it shines the night away  
and lightens up  
    my soul.  
In all the loving  
    things you do  
You always make me whole.

*Daniel Amyx*

## ROMANTIC ODE

... and to dwell within another's heart,  
For melting moments immeasurably sharing  
Golden light- and love-swirled thoughts,  
That when I search those searching eyes  
My sight not end at the gleam in crystal caught,  
But flow on through the night to a hallowed place,  
And there to find our thoughts close-clinging,  
As two tendrils tangled in the yellow glow of dawn,  
As two themes enwoven by symphonic singing.  
Entwined this while we twirl toward light—  
With reaching, grasping, child-like hands  
We mold our present scenes and dreams  
In search for great and noble plans.

*Brian Cox*

## O PHILIA (O FRIEND)

O Philia!  
Blessed ancestor of Eros and Agape,  
I sing your riches:

Of my ecstasy at discovering a friend,  
Sublime eyes, which,  
Gaze back, electric knowing...

So discovered, this vein of rare  
Cthonic mystery  
    to be mined

    and so minded,  
I speak gently,  
In everyday sacred moment,  
Across this river of desire...

And that bridge across is Thou,  
O Philia.

It is Thou who inspires my  
Delighted Attentions  
which, empty of clinging,  
May be filled  
With your rich poetry of regard!

*Byron D. Belitsos*

## MY DEAR FRIEND

I have walked in your rainbow,  
sung on your hills,  
run thru your woods,  
tumbled in your sun.  
Thank you.  
Now I wear your  
colors of truth—dignity  
and delight—and walk and sow  
these colors of you like seeds:  
I breathe you  
over worlds.

*Mel Quinn*



LOVE POEM

This morning, my Luminous One,  
I am a clown  
laughing and rolling around in the dust  
at your feet.  
And still you love me.

I give you my words  
and the breath I use to lift them.  
I give you my eyes.  
I give you the water I carried over seven hills,  
the little hand still waiting  
to write your name.  
I give you everything that is already yours.

And then I understand.  
I look to your cloud-colored face  
and offer what you are too shy  
to ask for—my love.

*John Witschel*

GRACE

Singing  
Along the wind  
One day —  
Just a little song —  
I turned a corner  
In my life  
And walked  
Into your eyes.

There,  
Time stopped  
Within your beauty.

My song began anew.  
Its gypsy strains  
You welcomed home  
Once more  
Within  
Your wordless  
Hymn to silence.

Love sang within me.  
And I knew  
My name.

*Patricia Jarman Fearey*

GONZAGA RETREAT HOUSE ROAD, CAPE ANN

for my mate

The pond against this Brace's Cove  
I wrote of once  
with the rhetoric of longing,

but now we walk beside it hand in hand,  
in the time of the budding of new salt roses,  
and find no nuns—no sisters, no brothers—

our child in your strange new belly,  
the tide about to rise, with wind,  
the regular Atlantic surf,  
impressive and no less wide  
for being predictable,  
the wounds of last year's wild northeaster  
nearly healed,

and joke about eating all the seaweed,  
what a banquet on this board,  
and wonder what is happening to us  
that we should flow so,  
without resistance, to this yield.

The little shore birds  
piping and prancing  
in their world of whirling motion  
command us for a while,  
then we watch them fly  
where we can't follow.

The road along the seawall  
beckons us, and we return.  
Finding the secret cardinal finally  
from his song,  
we stop where a wild rose lies open  
before we wander on,  
between old homes of stone,  
from tympanic loomings,  
back to town.

*Stan Hartman*

A CHILD TO COME

My child is coming soon . . . . .  
some slippery thing, I expect . . . . .  
without much sight  
or knowledge.

I'm not sure what to feel about him.  
Oh, yes, it's a him.  
Modern science, you know.

So he has a name,  
more than an abstraction.

I'm waiting for him  
to come and teach me  
what it is  
to be a Father  
so that I can understand mine  
who waits for me  
to see  
and know  
and respond to Him  
as His son.

*Errol Strider*

BAPTISM

for my child unborn

To a baby life  
is colder than the womb,  
so give your hands:  
your warm hands, first,  
warm-water bathing,  
preceding the weave  
of cloth

—wet hands, of a man's  
warm-welcoming massage,  
assuaging  
the child its birth—

the only nourishment  
between the cord cut  
and the first suck

is  
the father's hands,  
ideally,

if he can surrender.

*Stan Hartman*



NEW BABY

Tread softly, breathe gently  
lift your eyes.  
Here is God in an infant's guise.  
No one knows what part  
of the Infinite is here—  
You are in the presence of a new born child.  
Let your heart tremble!  
What prescient weight is here  
for world redemption?  
What rocketing, heart-easing Light  
for men is here, no one can guess!  
Breath-catching wonder—seedling soul—a babe!  
As Lincoln—St. Augustine—  
and even the Christ were babes.  
No one can know but that  
some lesser Savior gurgles here . . .  
A soul to lead the world to sob,  
or strike its shackles free, or cheer!  
A martyr, statesman, teacher,  
scientist, peace-maker, may be.

Tread softly, breathe gently, lift your eyes.  
Here in this room, an infant lies.

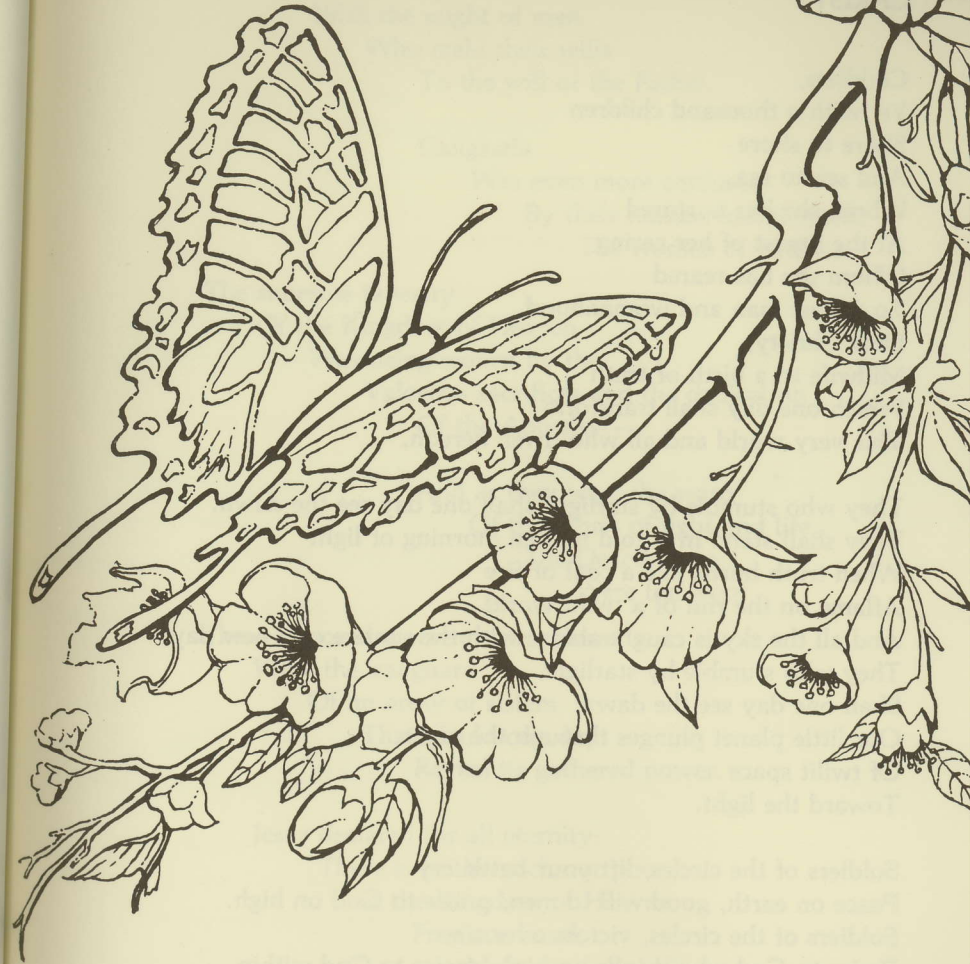
What world-shaking implosion  
of possibilities!  
This spark of life.  
I look at babes and dream—and wonder,  
If thru their works God's word will thunder!

*Clyde Bedell*

... Thus does the so-called Christian church become the cocoon in which the kingdom of Jesus' concept now slumbers. The kingdom of the divine brotherhood is still alive and will eventually and certainly come forth from this long submergence, just as surely as the butterfly eventually emerges as the beautiful unfolding of its less attractive creature of metamorphic development."

THE URANTIA BOOK

p.1866



## Toward a New Epoch



CHRISTY

Childless,  
Yet with a thousand children  
Shore to shore  
And sea to sea  
Whom she has nurtured  
At the breast of her caring,  
Whom she has reared  
To robust man and womanhood.  
Dear Christy,  
Midwife to a birth of truth  
Which one day shall transform  
This very world and all who dwell hereon.

They who stumble by starlight shall one day see the dawn.  
They shall stand in a gold molten morning of light  
When truth burns like a coal of fire  
Aflame on the rim of a twilit world  
And all the sky is caught ablaze with the sunrise of a new day.  
They who stumble by starlight  
Shall one day see the dawn.  
Our little planet plunges through the night  
Of twilit space  
Toward the light.

Soldiers of the circles, lift your battle cry:  
Peace on earth, good will to men, praise to God on high.  
Soldiers of the circles, victors over sin,  
Praise to God who dwells on high; praise to God within.  
Soldiers of the circles, sons of God are we;  
Marching through the gates of time to eternity.

Amen.

*Vern Grimsley*

MARY MAGDALENE'S SPEECH  
from *MEN OF CLAY, CHILDREN OF FIRE*

...As the Prince of Darkness  
Had failed to reckon  
With the might of men  
Who meld their wills  
To the will of the Father,

Caligastia  
Was even more confused  
By their human complement,  
The women of Urantia.

The supreme tapestry  
Of the Kingdom of Heaven  
Was being woven by the  
Valorous sacrifices and the dedication  
Of the Apostles—

And as they were the warp  
Of the fabric of light and life,  
The Deaconesses  
Were the woof.

These honored women of the planet  
Were the vanguard  
Of an army of sisters  
That would one day  
Reveal its gathered power.

Jesus declared for all eternity:  
"There is neither rich nor poor  
in the Kingdom of Heaven,  
Free nor bond,  
Male nor female."

The Master first—  
And then the Spirit of Truth—  
Freed us forever  
From bondage, custom  
And ritual.

I, Mary Magdalene, believe the Master knew  
That those who minister to the children  
Of the planet would one day  
Minister to nations. . .

Those who bind the wounds of their men  
Will one day  
Bind the wounds of the world . . .  
Those who have been downtrodden and exploited  
Will one day rise,  
Seize the initiative of love  
And free the planet  
From the weaklings  
Who have drenched it  
In innocent blood.

The Master knew that there would come a day  
When a partnership of men and women,  
Children of the Light,  
Would achieve the dawn  
Of the Kingdom of Heaven on earth.

The sisters who so loyally served  
The Father and the Son  
Would one day join their brothers  
In chambers of power,  
In the pulpits,  
In the circles of wisdom,  
In the elite corps of art and commerce.

For greater is he who is in us  
Than he who is in the world . . .  
Our glory shall be more lustrous for its delay,  
Richer for its ultimate justice.

*Larry Mullins*



## THE CONVERTER

Why do you wonder that it's so important for me to convert you  
to my belief?  
Don't you understand that I cling to my belief desperately  
for structure,  
for some fixed point in my reality,  
for authority,  
(God, I want authority.)

They didn't let me play.  
They didn't want to frustrate me . . . no limits.  
They didn't understand that I craved limits.  
I craved a "no" . . . to know where my boundaries were.

Are you surprised then that I latch onto my religion of authority,  
to the dogma,  
the only way.

"It must be the 'Only Way' for I need some clear-cut path.  
I can't deal with limitlessness . . . with Faith.  
I need belief."

So,  
if you are out there on a different path, you are denying mine  
and I can't tolerate that,  
because, don't you see?  
Unless I have limits, I can't have any worth.  
My belief now gives me worth.  
The box I've placed myself in identifies me.  
How could infinity define me?

So I've got to try to convert you, for as long as you stand  
outside of my beliefs, you threaten the very support of my being  
and remind me that it isn't complete.

(But it's all I have, and I'll keep it and make you submit to it  
even . . . even . . . if I have to crucify you.)

*Errol Strider*

A METAPHOR ON HOLY BOOKS

They lay in the meadow  
between the city and the sea  
nearly every one of them  
    staring at the sun,  
    all lying in its incredible warmth  
some lulled into quiet ecstasy  
others dancing in the brightness—  
    heads raised in adoration  
    voices calling others to look up  
        and stare at the sun  
        until all would join  
        their dazzling darkness!

Some called to me,  
"Why do you look aside?" . . .  
"at candles and caldrons  
    beacons and beach fires.  
    They cannot light the sun!  
Stare steady with us."

No, I said,  
No —  
    for it is fitting  
    to see the rising sun at dawn  
    and bless its deepest sunset flame—but otherwise  
    turn  
and look at the earth when daylight bids one walk  
    in the world  
    of hamlets and cities—  
or strike out upon the open sea in ships  
or plunge beneath the earth  
    to find there the sun in smaller rays  
    useful to living—  
    illuminating  
    penetrating  
    focalizing  
    dynamizing  
in a million little ways  
that spell our evolution.

Look out and down and in as well  
and behold the sun storing in a blade of grass  
    transforming in the stomach of a cow  
    sleeping for epochs in the lump of coal  
that leaps to life

that drives the wheels  
that carry the lives like yours and mine  
forward in space and time.

It is ALL the sun, my friends—  
    green in grass upon which you lie  
    ticking in clocks that keep your time  
    humming in wheels that spin cities into motion—  
    blowing in winds that bring the clouds and bend the grain  
And most of all  
it is the sun  
    pulsing in our bodies making  
    real our minds  
that channel spirit-flames  
    invisible  
    all-powerful  
        *behind* the sun—yes, behind the sun  
        your eyes in their dazzled darkness  
        in their bright blindness  
        do not see beyond!

Come with me instead  
    and look with width  
    and breadth  
    and depth  
into the multiplicity of sunlight spangled everywhere  
    rainbow colored  
    creative fragmentation, even more creative  
    integration—  
sunlight weaving into the Supreme fabric  
of evolutionary synthesis.

Behold the sun  
then run with me to the sea  
or join in the precious labor of the city  
    forming and reforming  
    in currents of time and space.  
And when the evening falls  
and lights come on  
    it is the sun in yet another form.  
And do not forget to walk the countryside in deeper night  
and bask in awe  
    beneath the countless suns  
    whose distant starshine  
points to fields of light transcending  
ALL FINITE VISION.....

David Schlundt

A PRAYER FOR SHARING A REVELATION

Dear Father God:

I have read again of the last days of Jesus on Urantia,  
and of the faith and of the deaths of the Apostles.  
The Apostles were ordinary people, who suddenly—  
as most of us here—became donees in the awesome presence of  
Epochal Revelation.

As they realized this fateful truth, they assumed totally the  
responsibility  
for its life-changing, world-changing dissemination.

Again, as in the past, my eyes welled with admiration  
and appreciation. And their outreaching love  
gave rise to a renewed and swelling love in my soul.

But a tide of impatience and despair floods my heart  
toward those self-satisfied Urantian readers  
who rate themselves ready for our transcendent message—  
while self-assuredly they declare the world is not ready.  
These readers expose their privileged personalities to curative truth,  
but they say their spiritually hungry fellows are fit  
only to embrace confused and groping man-fostered cults,  
and religions which teach that God has no more  
to reveal of himself than He could reveal to Bedouin minds  
and a world without science 2000 years ago.

These readers ignore the many demands of Jesus  
for ongoing universal evangelism, while they wrap themselves  
in our heart-, mind-, and soul-expanding Revelation.  
They feast at our planet's unique and foremost  
spiritual banquet, and decree the world at large  
—declared "unready" by them, not by the Revelators—  
fit only for spiritual baby-food for their ailing souls.

If the world had been ready for Jesus and his message,  
He would have lived to transform this planet,  
and the Apostles would not have died so cruelly.  
The world is never ready for Epochal Revelation.  
If it were it would not be needed.  
But many *individuals* are always ready, who make more ready.  
And when their evangelism makes still more ready,  
the world has become ready. There is no other way.

Dear Father-God: Open the eyes and hearts  
of these complacent readers who regard themselves  
deserving of your unfolding Word—  
but want the rest of the world to wait for its blessings.

Fire their souls, Father, with a determined eagerness  
to expand and advance the futures of their fellow men  
—now—at once—so their fellow men may  
may enjoy the illumination they themselves have gained.  
Show them the selfish folly  
of privately absorbing Jesus' love and instruction  
within intimate small groups, while the world is deprived  
by their assumed super self-worthiness.  
Enlighten them further, Father-God, so their hearts will pound  
with intermingled joy and sadness—  
this is such a world of contrasts!  
With intermingled rapture and despair—the world's so tragic!  
So they will heed the Master's oft-repeated command  
to spread his Gospel—his healing, soul-awakening Gospel.

The greatest joy and satisfactions of Jesusonians  
is not in isolated basking in, and discussion of, God's love.  
But in bringing others to his love.  
And the greatest joy of all, the sustaining rock of all ages,  
is realization that ultimately—  
despite the storms and testings of every Urantian life—  
there can be an ineluctable forever and forever future  
with the infinitely loving Jesus and the Father-God himself.

As our hearts glow with inward and private gratitude,  
forgive us all, even the most successful and ardent  
evangels among us, for being so wanly and fractionally effective  
as your emissaries and representatives on earth.  
For if we can read, and if we believe, we know it is our task  
*now*—to promote the understanding and comprehension  
among all peoples, of the teachings of Jesus.  
And we know that your progressive evolutionary plan  
throughout our universe is for dissemination of the New Gospel  
now and forever, and forever now.

Amen.

Clyde Bedell

## THE FIFTH EPOCH

Ah splendor, the sun of mystery has burst,  
its once-concealed spectrum spreads wide for all:  
the rainbow body of revelation appears,  
and the Fifth Epoch is born at last!

A destiny seducing the sanest imaginations,  
a wilderness of horizons, undefined  
—the poet's eyes open wider  
with vision less defiled;  
calm in the balmy night he lays,  
(the new galaxy turns overhead)  
and dreams the face of humankind:  
pink its cheeks with sisterhood;  
bright the eyes with insight into brotherhood.

and so he prays...  
That we share these Words with millions,  
'til these teachings are read in pavilions  
of twenty capitols,  
'til a lark's song is broadcast from Teheran's minarets  
and Chinese communists meditate in mountain temples  
and the scarlet tanager alights for heaven, never to return.

and 'til a child is born,  
from each transforming passage,  
a wise new generation, growing in the gleams,  
of each ray of revelation,  
(these hues of truth were once heresies)  
—transformed to adults,  
to mature love's blooming,  
who dauntless in the ardent ascent,  
build a new epoch out of ink  
from a millenium drenched in blood.

*Byron D. Belitsos*



from THE COMMANDMENT

...Never before has rested  
Such an opportunity upon the page of history.  
Given into our hands  
by loving biographers  
Working for eternal goals.

It belongs to the children of time.  
Victory from here  
Will be theirs alone.

*Neil Francey*



christ was damned

christ was damned

and when his heart broke  
from the pressures  
and his flesh

became empty clothing  
limp on three nails

some imagined his blood  
would run rampant

wild and angry  
to the four corners  
of earth

to stain every human hand  
and every human foot  
with the stigma  
of guilt

they were wrong

christ was damned  
but not by god

by man

yet his heart did break  
through the achievement of his goal

and the spirit of truth spilled forth  
upon an entire universe

*Susan Carol Loving*

## PROPHECY

Sludge-laden, twice a thousand steaming roots  
Stir  
Quiver  
Fall away.

The body rises, dirt ripples off,  
The musky shadows reveal a man.  
Yes, this man was buried once, and rose,  
And now he rises again, in metaphor, to ask a question:

*Must you make a gospel of my death?  
Did I not say that love is the way?  
And though one came after me who taught the gashes in my flesh  
I ever admonished you to teach life.  
Verily, a gospel that is nailed to a tree  
Will fall when the tree rots.  
I brought you the salvation of joy and life,  
And you made it a sacrifice and a mortification.*

*Shout your feeble cry over the mountains,  
Let it trickle down the rivers and out to the sea,  
Have your fill of misery.  
—And return.*

*And stand.*

*And seize the kingdom in your hands.*

*Steve Finlan*

... You shall not portray your teacher as a man of sorrows. Future generations shall know also the radiance of our joy, the buoyance of our good will, and the inspiration of our good humor. We proclaim a message of good news which is infectious in its transforming power. Our religion is throbbing with new life and new meanings. Those who accept this teaching are filled with joy and in their hearts are constrained to rejoice evermore. Increasing happiness is always the experience of all who are certain about God.

THE URANTIA BOOK

p.1766