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THE BOULDER SCHOOL

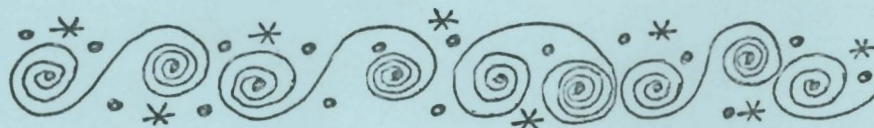
HOW I FOUND THE URANTIA BOOK

or

HOW THE BOOK FOUND ME

Collected by

Julia K. Fenderson



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For the Boulder School

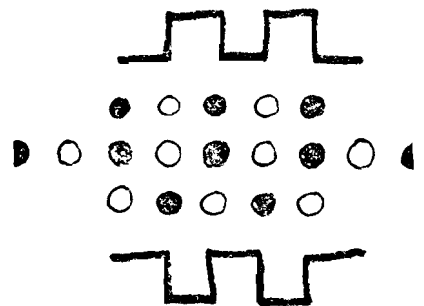




HOW I FOUND THE URANTIA BOOK

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HOW I FOUND THE URANTIA BOOK

or

HOW THE BOOK FOUND ME

Introduction

One of the joyful experiences of URANTIA Book students everywhere, is to share the story of "How I Found the URANTIA Book". It doesn't matter how long you have been reading but each one in a little study group sincerely enjoys hearing about how you found the Book and likes to share his story. Finding the Book has proved to be a momentous event in the life of every true URANTIA Book student. Often a study group, meeting for the first time, will open discussions by each one telling his very meaningful story. It was exhilarating and inspiring to hear these stories in Alaska, Australia, Canada and in various islands of Hawaii, as well as in many study groups and gatherings on the mainland.

Noting the keen pleasure and delight everyone experienced, I conceived the idea of broadening this sharing base by reproducing each story in the exact words of the story-teller, and then compiling them in expansible form so that new stories could be added as they came in. Please send yours!

After hearing innumerable, fascinating stories, certain important facts began to emerge and common denominators began to appear....but I won't deprive you of the pleasure of those discoveries.

A few contributors did not leave their name and address as they handed their papers to me in a crowd. If you happen to be one, please let me know. Others, please do send in your story with name and address and your permission to share it.

I hope these stories give you the spiritual inspiration and joy they continue to give to me. Also, they point up certain work we must each be doing.

Please mail your story to:

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Note; Any small donation will be deeply appreciated to help defray costs of production and postage.



CLYDE BEDELL
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 Author of The Concordex

HOW I FOUND THE URANTIA BOOK

Rube Goldberg, famous cartoonist, used to draw unbelievably complex mechanisms of cogs and springs, levers and fans and wheels, perhaps activated by a cat or squirrel, or feather in a breeze, and the end result would be an astonishing denouement completely foreign to the many elements that brought it about.

The chain of events that led me into the extreme good fortune of membership in the Forum to which the URANTIA papers came, was -- it seems to me -- a somewhat Goldbergish series of coincidents and meticulously dove-tailed time-delayed semi-denouements. (That sentence leaves me breathless).

How can a man or woman be so fortunate as to become intimately associated with an Epochal Revelation? As every reader-believer of this generation is! The sublimity and vast importance of our Great Book was remote indeed from the cogs, levers and wheels of jobs, cities, and persons that managed to so greatly bless me.

I shall begin when I was 23, in 1921. After two or three wonderful years in Texas I returned to Chicago because my mother was scheduled for an exploratory operation. I applied for a job with an advertising agency whose "house-ads" every week in Printer's Ink convinced me its owner was a great exponent of research-based copy that sells by serving the reader. A devotion to such service-rendering copy had already served me remarkably. I applied to Walter Hoops -- that agency head -- and got the job. Six months later he and I learned I had not applied to him in response to an ad he had just run for a star copywriter. I had never seen his ad.

Lister Alwood, a gifted writer and poet, much my senior, was my best friend there. I met there, too, a girl who joined Hoops after I did. I asked that lovely creature for a date, and was told "soon". However, before the "rain check" I gave her was honored, Lou Honig--an agency head from San Francisco stopped in Chicago on an Eastern trip and asked me to join his agency on the coast. That was at the suggestion of one of his key men with whom I had worked in Texas. My beloved mother had departed for the Mansion Worlds, so I took the San Francisco job, leaving the "rain check" unused.

After two years in California, I received a long wire from Alwood urging me to apply for an \$8,000 job he had applied for unsuccessfully. (I was making only \$400 a month, and \$8,000 was a mint of money almost 60 years ago!) I applied for the job and was asked to come to Chicago for a personal interview. I told my boss of my dilemma and that good man said: "Go get it if you can, and God bless you. If you don't get it, come back and go to work and forget about it." I got the job.

The first evening I was back in Chicago I had dinner at Lister Alwood's home. He asked if I would like to attend with him on Sunday next, a meeting at the home of a famous psychiatrist - a Dr. William Sadler--great speaker and teacher. Perhaps some reading, but interesting discussion and conversation for sure. I accepted. Before Sunday came, I had a date with the "Hoops lovely", making the rain check good. We had not corresponded, but I had carefully kept the address.

CLYDE BEDELL

The first Sunday I was back in Chicago, I went to my first Sadler Forum meeting. It was the last Sunday in September, 1924. After the meeting I asked the Dr. if I could bring a young woman the next Sunday. (I would occasionally tell this story before Florence and would always say that Dr. Sadler asked a few questions about the "young woman".) When he found she was literate he said "yes". Florence Evans attended the next Sunday, and from that day to this we have been identified with the Forum-that later received the URANTIA papers-or its succeeding organizations. However, Florence departed this sphere for the Mansion Worlds in 1979, a week after our 53rd wedding anniversary. (Yes, our two sons are dedicated "URANTIANS.")

Florence and I knew the FIRST URANTIA BOOKS would issue from the presses while we were on a round-the-world trip for me to do some work in Australia and New Zealand. The Doctor's brilliant son Bill, a fantastic student of the Papers, agreed to air-mail a copy to us as soon as he could lay hands on one. That copy, so fully underlined after much reading and work over it, is now so underlined, that the underlining has no emphasis. It bears in the front this inscription. "First URANTIA BOOK! Glimpsed in Rome, 11:40 A. M., October 1, 1955. Clyde and Florence Bedell." An addition reads: "First reading completed 4/22/'56. San Francisco, 10:48 P.M."

My life (with the enthusiastic approval of both my sons), is dedicated to help--in every way I possibly can--"promote, improve, and expand..the understanding of the peoples of the world of the teachings of Jesus." We should all pray that all people in our Movement, from Chicago outward over all the earth, might discover those quoted words from the Foundation's Declaration of Trust. How many people in a millenium can be early recipients of an Epochal Revelation? It is our duty to bring its message to all the spiritually-deprived people we can reach, in character and keeping with the character of our Book. How many times a day can we, every day, say "Thank you God!" in a meaningful, demonstrating way?



Henry Begemann

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2242 CE Wassenaar

Holland, Netherlands

We found The URANTIA Book in a bookstore in Amsterdam. We never go to Amsterdam, if we can avoid it, as we don't like that city. It is the New York of the Netherlands. We went to that bookstore because we had read about it half a year before, when it opened, and it looked attractive. It had one copy of The URANTIA Book in the store. Though we knew nothing about the book and even less about the Foundation or the Brotherhood, we were attracted by its size and some things we read in it. We decided to buy it, though the price was about \$40.00. I think it was the only copy for sale then in Holland and I always felt that we were guided to it.



M. Seklemian
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MY SEARCH FOR TRUTH

"Those who seek shall find." There are thousands, millions, who are searching, some desperately, to find meaning in this life, why we are here and where we are going. I was one of those desperate seekers. When my wife (of 48 years) passed on I suddenly began to search. What happened to her? Is there a soul or something that lives on? I had given up on standard churches including "off-beat" religions when I was 25. My wife and I went happily on, not giving much thought to life and death. Then came the shocking experience--the departure of my loved one into the unknown.

Unknown! It was terribly hard to take. I could not accept death as the end. My science studies taught me that nothing is destroyed. An inanimate, lifeless atom endures forever. It may change form but it never ceases to exist. Even a light ray is forever. If a lifeless atom is forever, how come a beautiful personality, a fantastic, living, loving, incredible intelligence must perish? I couldn't accept that. It didn't seem right. Surely this personality had to be a million times more important in the scheme of things than a lifeless atom. Or a stray light ray.

My search for truth began. I re-read the gospel. I examined Gibran, Gurdjieff, the philosophers ancient and modern. I took a flying trip to France to study with the renowned Maharishi. It's amazing how little real information is available about life after death and the survival of the soul, if there is a soul. The more I studied, the less sure I was.

For five years I lived in torment, hating life and even railing against God. I finally considered suicide as a means of learning the truth about death. At this juncture I received a note from Clyde Bedell. He enclosed a sheet of paper describing the URANTIA Book. He said, "Thought you might like to know what I've been working on lately." (The Concordex.) I immediately wrote a check for both books and sent it to Clyde. I thought, "Who knows--maybe I should look into this. I've known Clyde for years. If he's involved it can't be all bad."

Clyde promptly sent my check back. He wrote "I don't want you to pay for these books unless you really want them. Read first, then decide."

It's useless for me to tell Urantia Book readers what a thrill it is to open this incredible volume and start reading. All doubts fade away. All questions get answered. And faith is renewed with a bang!

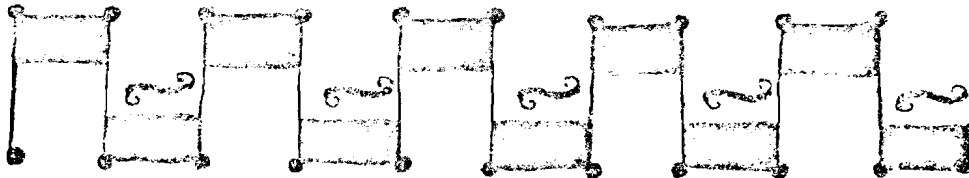
I've told this story before: I took my heavy packages to New York and, one Saturday morning, with a full weekend of work to do, I started reading, Sunday evening I put down the Book. I had not slept a wink or paused to eat. I hadn't done a stitch of my planned work either. That evening I wrote a note. "Dear Clyde; You successfully ruined my weekend."

M. Seklemian

What prompted Clyde to send me the Urantia Book? Even though I had known him as a businessman for many years we were not particularly close. I had lost track of him for years. And he had no idea of my personal loss and desperate search for truth. What persuaded him to suddenly break the silence and send me that first note?

Clyde says I made the first step. There had been a devastating fire in Santa Barbara and 300 houses had been destroyed. Of the long list published in the local newspaper my eye caught Clyde Bedell! I knew he had been living in Santa Barbara but I had no idea he had sold his place and moved away. The house, still credited to his name, headed the published list of homes lost. I did a very simple thing. I tried to reach Clyde to offer him my house, to tide Florence and him over in this emergency. A simple, neighborly thing to do.

Clyde says that gesture moved him. We both agree our Divine Thought Adjusters got together and decided the time had come for my search to be answered. I am forever grateful to Clyde Bedell for his thoughtfulness and, far above all, I am eternally grateful to our Father for this fantastic revelation and for the Hope and Joy it has brought me. I have one mission now--to be ever aware of my Thought Adjuster's leadings and zero in on others who search.



Jo Ann Eichmann
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 Richmond, CA 94805

HOW I FOUND THE BOOK (OR HOW THE BOOK FOUND ME)

I always enjoy telling the story of the most important day of my life--my introduction to the URANTIA Book. But that day stands as an island--everything prior seeming to lead up to it and everything subsequently leading increasingly into it. In 1968 I was living in Newport Beach and attending the University of California at Irvine and majoring in philosophy.

One day upon arriving home from classes my next door neighbor met me at my door. Knowing of my intense spiritual quest he greeted me by saying, "I ran across a book you might find interesting." He handed me The URANTIA Book and the minute I held it in my hands and leafed through its pages something deep within me exploded. I knew of a certainty this was IT--the culmination of my search.

My friend told me someone at the hospital where he worked bought the First Edition URANTIA Book in a secondhand bookstore some years ago. Although having a vague idea the book was in some way special he never read much of it. He lent it to Ed, my neighbor, for one day, explaining it seemed a difficult book to obtain and wanted it right back. I persuaded Ed to lend me the book until the next day when it had to be returned. Ed realized how much more all this meant to me than it did to him.

I went into my apartment and proceeded to read for eighteen hours--until time to go to work and school the next day. Ed arranged it so I could borrow The URANTIA Book until I was able to receive my own copy.

For nearly three years I had the book entirely to myself not knowing another human being on the planet who shared the Revelation with me. Finally, I wrote to Chicago, was put in contact with Julia and my active involvement in the movement progressed at a steady pace!



VIRGINIA LEE HALLOCK
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 Salem, Oregon 97301

HOW I FOUND THE URANTIA BOOK

THE URANTIA BOOK found me, since I actually found it on my table one morning. I had known Marion for only a few months, but she is a responsive and generous friend. Knowing my interest in religion and philosophy, she had left a stack of books from her own library on my table. I hadn't even looked at them until the next morning. On waking that morning I had meditated as usual and carried a special thought for a more poignant answer to Truth than I had found. Before I even glanced at the paper I picked up THE URANTIA BOOK, scanned the Table of Contents, perused it further--and I was hooked. I started to read from the beginning, and although I had assimilated everything from Holmes to Blavatsky to Troward, this Book made sense. I could read, at first, only a few pages at a time. I called Marion and told her that it would take me at least two years to read this book, and I hoped she wasn't in any hurry for it.

As I became interested then, so did she, and we decided that I should get my own book. None of the book stores in Salem had it in stock, and only one had heard of it. The Ruff Times group, of which Marion is the leader, meets at her house monthly, and at the September meeting one of us mentioned THE URANTIA BOOK and surprisingly Bob overheard the comment and told us of his long acquaintance with it. It was through him that we visited a study group in Corvallis and met Julia Fenderson. It's been clear sailing from then. Like a sponge, my mind has been absorbing every shred of information about the Book.

My religious background had been eclectic. My father, an intellectual, had been a Christian Agnostic--but an inveterate searcher of Truth. My mother was a Southern Baptist and it was the Baptist Church and its Sunday School that I had attended in Washington until we moved to Oregon. We made this move when I was 13, but the church was so conservative that I drifted over to the Episcopal Church where most of my friends were going. Y.P.F. was fun and Episcopal youths were permitted to dance and have more fun. Subsequently, I was confirmed by the Bishop of Eastern Oregon and I became the "pillar" of the Episcopal Church. I was president of the Altar Guild, and was the only woman in the state who was on the Bishop's Committee. (After I married and moved to a smaller town, I helped start a mission group and we didn't know that women, then, were not allowed on the Bishop's Committee. They let me remain.) For years I worked with the Episcopal Church and the very year that we moved from the small town to Salem, the church I had helped start was built.

My studies, I must add, had not been confined to the Episcopal Church. I had read Emmett Fox, Ernest Holmes, Judge Troward, and had even studied with the Rosicrucians. When I moved to Salem, I visited both Episcopal Churches where I felt the emphasis was more social than spiritual, so -- for a time -- I church-hopped. I even attended some Ba'hai meetings which I thoroughly enjoyed, yet I felt more Christian than they. A P.E.O. friend introduced me to Woodland Chapel which was a Religious Science Church. The minister was a thinker, a real searcher for Truth, so I lingered here long enough to take three years of metaphysical philosophy. A change in ministers dampened my enthusiasm for this church and more recently I have again been church-hopping.

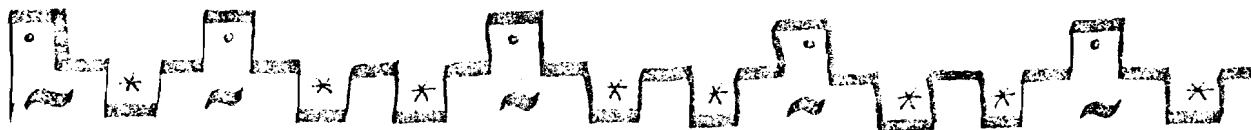
Virginia Lee Hallock

I have no apologies for my sustained search for Truth, since I know that my finite mind cannot grasp the ultimate. One thing that fascinates me is the fact that my Methodist minister grandfather became in his mature years somewhat of a rebel. I have inherited part of his library, and in it I found a two volume set entitled The History of the Warfare of Science and Theology. This book stated that Christianity had set science back 1500 years--and according to the notes and underscoring, my grandfather believed this. I have read the first volume and I came to the realization that this Methodist minister grandfather had been stuck with the beliefs of his youth. He would have been a heretic to voice from his pulpit what he actually believed. He died before I was born. How I wish I might have known him. How I wish he might have known THE URANTIA BOOK. The History of the Warfare of Science and Theology was a wonderful forerunner for my study of THE URANTIA BOOK. I would love to paraphrase it for popular reading. I'm sure the copyright has run out since it was published in the 1890's. It is so up-to-date, yet so at odds with traditional religion. I have long realized how man-oriented and man-made churches are. The wide variety of denominations indicate the discrepancies of Christian interpretation. I truly believe that those of us who are privileged to have found THE URANTIA BOOK, can by example and demonstration revolutionize religious thought without proselytizing. Believe me when I see that someone is ready, I'll be there to help.

I am not sorry for my searching and my studying. All these years of various church experiences and omniverous studying have paved the way for my acceptance of THE URANTIA BOOK. The book that Marion lent me, by the way, had belonged to Helen Steen whom Julia Fenderson knew well. Helen's son had given it to Marion along with other books from Helen's library. I'm happy to say that Marion has it back. I have my own book AND Concordex and a study guide.

My search is over, but THE URANTIA BOOK will be an influence in guiding and directing me in my work as a seminar consultant and lecturer. The 28 statements of human philosophy on pages 556 and 557 of THE URANTIA BOOK were already part of my philosophy. I have actually used (before I ever saw THE URANTIA BOOK) No. 6 in putting on seminars for business and government.

My life will be better and far more exciting for having found THE URANTIA BOOK, or -- thanks to Marion -- for its having found me.



ELDRED COCKING
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HOW I FOUND THE URANTIA BOOK

In the fall of 1959, I picked up a copy of the URANTIA Book while browsing in a Chicago bookstore. In the next five or ten minutes I perused the table of contents and read a few random samplings of the text. I concluded that the book was probably just another occult-metaphysical production. I set the book down on the display table and briefly wondered if it would be worthwhile to buy and start reading this sizeable and weighty volume carrying a book title of which I had never even heard.

The next day I returned to the bookstore with no doubt in my mind. I had definitely decided to buy and read the URANTIA Book. It was a decision which was to deeply influence my thinking and actions in the years ahead. What were the determining factors behind this decision? Why was I willing to pay any attention to this strange book? From whence came the urge to become acquainted with the contents of this lengthy treatise by completely unknown authors?

After more than two decades of reading and thinking about The URANTIA Book and its amazing message, I have little doubt that spiritual guidance was the decisive factor in finding and studying The URANTIA Book, just as it was the same leading of spirit which influenced my human mind to persist in a quest for truth over several decades before encountering and receiving the revelatory message of The URANTIA Book.

During the long quest for mental and spiritual enlightenment I encountered much recorded information about the lives and thinking of spiritual teachers and leaders, philosophers, theologians, and scientists. Most of these personalities and their writings were interesting, a few were inspiring, but - with one exception - none of them were both inspiring and convincing. That exception was Jesus of Nazareth as revealed in the New Testament and in my thinking about him.

The problem about Jesus was the fragmentary, incomplete biblical record of his life and teachings, together with the multiplicity of sectarian interpretations of his message. I believed that Jesus was the greatest figure in human history, even though I realized that I understood all too little of his message and its implications. I longed to know more about this mysterious Son of God.

The URANTIA Book was a marvelous answer to my felt need for more enlightenment about Jesus and his heavenly Father. And the wealth of additional background information about the cosmos and its Creator was tremendously impressive and illuminating. This amazing tour de force revealed a stupendous cosmic coordination in the life and teachings of Jesus and his program for human salvation. And so it was that I discovered in the URANTIA Book a new revelation of Jesus and a vastly improved presentation of his saving message.

In summary, a persistent and uncomfortable hunger for truth is the real explanation of how I found the URANTIA Book and stayed with it. Spiritual guidance in satisfying that hunger prepared me for the new revelation and ensured my acceptance of this gift from God.



Roger J. Abdo
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HOW I FOUND THE URANTIA BOOK

Finding the URANTIA book is the culmination of many years of searching for truth, reality and God. I have explored religions, philosophies and hundreds of books over a forty year period. My greatest blessing is in keeping an open mind in the face of variations of religious practice, prejudice and even superstitions.

In spite of these, my attitude remained focused on the ultimate truth, God. But even though I was accepting Jesus, the Trinity doctrine seemed hazy and in need of much explanation.

The URANTIA book has opened a clear path for me to follow, giving me a renewed surge of vitality and assurance that what I am searching for is within my grasp.

I found the URANTIA book first by accidentally finding the Concordex with its basic leading questions on the face of the jacket.

I bought the Concordex right on the spot and after four days of intensive search finally found a book store that actually kept copies of the URANTIA book in stock. All the others promised delivery from two to four weeks. I even called Chicago long distance to the home office and they could only promise a two week delivery.

When I found the book I was not aware of the wonderful group of URANTIANS that precede me and offer me assistance, friendship and feedback. I am very fortunate and blessed and eager to share my discovery with others.



Beverley J. Wold
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12.

HOW I FOUND THE URANTIA BOOK

The URANTIA Book and I came together late in 1962. A copy was loaned to my husband by a Riverside County Planning Associate of his as a result of their discussing philosophy and religion on their lunchbreaks. The friend had used URANTIA as a reference book in a course he took while getting his engineering degree at USC in Los Angeles. I found out later that it had been placed in the University library by Julia Fenderson soon after it was published. So the ripples of this epochal revelation pushed out to be discovered by a truth-seeker who was designing parks in Riverside, California. So it was, that my husband brought this big blue 2" thick, five pound book home and put it on our bedside nightstand for some shared reading before we went to sleep some night.

He had a busy job, and I was in charge of a large therapy department at what was then Riverside County's largest general acute hospital, with four main treatment areas in various buildings, with quite a large staff of therapists and trained volunteers. I felt I wanted something not too heavy but gripping and educational before calling it a day--like an Irving Stone novel--and small enough to hold in one hand--not a 2097 page gargantuan collection of "papers" seemingly authored by "outer-space" entities... But I thought--well, let's give it a try. It was my turn to read and I let the book open where it would.

It spread open at the place where it describes the earth being peopled by red, yellow, blue, orange, green and indigo races! Well..... we surmized this might be better than Irving Stone, Orson Wells, and a few others collectively. So we started at the beginning. We were greatly inspired and thrilled by the enlarged concept of God--His Nature and Attributes as set forth in the first three papers. It was like putting flesh and skin on the bare skeleton picture outline in the Bible.

Often I have read the first and last parts of a book to see if I want to read the in between. So we turned to Part IV to read about the seventh incarnation of our Universe Creator coming to this earth, as a mortal, to demonstrate by his life and teachings the true Will, of God and his many attributes, as nearly as mortals are able to grasp. It was about Christmas time, and reading about the Love and Compassion of Michael for His created creatures was very touching.

It didn't seem to matter "who wrote the URANTIA Book?" (As so many people have asked me since). But as we read it seemed to be the Truth. It filled in all the gaps and unanswered spaces in the Bible about the Life of Jesus, his earthly family, what he did in those "missing years" before he started his direct ministry to his chosen disciples and the multitudes of his time. And so many other questions were answered in simple, gripping language; and yet the literary form was so eloquent. URANTIA made the message of Jesus, so sketchy and abbreviated in the Bible, come alive in a vibrant, meaningful way. It gave direction for everyday present living, and it made the teachings of the Bible so much more understandable too.

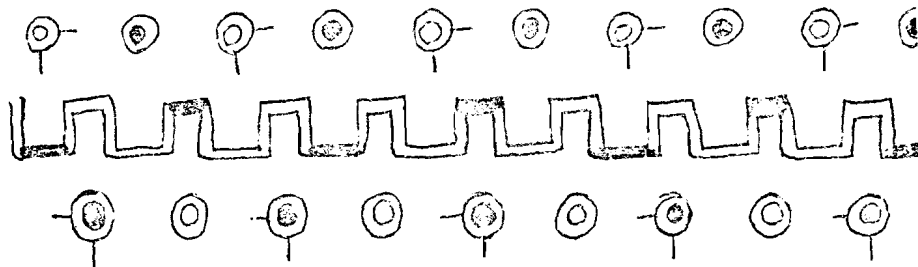


Beverley J. Wold

Our spirit guides were lovingly and gently leading us on, for we discovered that some friends in Riverside had also found the URANTIA book through a "New Age" study group. They had gotten a notice from Georgia Gecht, then secretary of the First Urantia Society of Los Angeles, of a meeting the first Sunday of the month to be held at a bank in Culver City. We all went to find out more about the URANTIA book from them.

Julia Fenderson was at the door, along with others, warmly greeting and introducing people. The meeting was very inspiring, the hospitality so warm and sincere--and no collection plate was passed! We returned many times and soon started a study group in Riverside.

It was the beginning of what is now nearly a twenty-year association with FUSLA, myriads of associations with URANTIA BROTHERHOOD all over the USA and other countries, and deep spiritual experiences, with an expanding knowledge of the journey to Eternity as road-mapped in URANTIA.



Karen Jeppesen,
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"Seek and Ye Shall Find"

The way I found the book seems typical. I grew up in the Lutheran Church. I was a "Jesus freak" for a while, but never intensely, it was just fun. I asked a lot of questions. The answers became circles after a while, so I quit asking.

As a senior in high school, a gifted teacher introduced us to the "truth" of myth and the falsehood of what we often consider fact. He then taught us Eastern Religions from the inside, (instead of those pagan heathens). I did an independent study of religion for an Advanced Seminar. Though too ornery to realize it at the time, my teacher was leading me to understanding that there are many facets of personal religious experience, how each person interprets their religious longings and experience in light of their culture and cultural beliefs. This meant there was a "truth" in religions. There was one thing that tied all religions together, making them more than a giant psychology delusion. What was this truth? It was experienced.

I became interested in gestalt psychology, as expanded consciousness. Then drugs, then mysticism. Just when I was starting to get in over my head a friend told me, "I know a book you might be interested in. It's the history of earth, written by beings beyond time and space."

Study and experience told me this fantastic statement was probably true and might even be the key. For by now I had seen that while all religions had truth, some contained more truth than others. In my mind there was a triangle of truth with some religions closer to the top, others near the bottom, but none at the peak of truth. I thought maybe the truth was beyond what we might know on earth. My intellect was prepared, so too was my soul.

My faithful Thought Adjuster had been encouraging me to prayer and worship, though I didn't believe in a personal God at that time.

A couple days later I went to the bookstore with a friend, where I had been told I could find this URANTIA (Earth) Book. As I was paging through the table of contents, another woman came in to look at the book. I was so excited to meet another URANTIAN. Soon I asked a lot of questions, how she came to find the book, etc. Her brief and meaningful replies astounded me and made me more curious. She said she would be having a meeting of all the Iowa City URANTIANS in two weeks and the area representative would be there. After such a revealing coincidence I bought the book, reading it that summer. I remember so vividly walking into the URANTIA gathering two weeks later. The atmosphere was so high I felt like I was walking two feet off the ground. At first I was very suspicious. Are they like Scientology, wanting money, will they warp my mind, like the pseudo sciences I had studied? None of this happened.

Every day more doubts and fears fall to the truths of living as revealed in the URANTIA Book. Praise God.

G. Walstrom

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Age 81.



HOW I FOUND THE URANTIA BOOK

Some boys used to come to the canyon where we lived in Colorado to listen to some occult lectures on Sundays, and as we lived 13 miles from Castle Rock, there was nowhere to get a meal, so we invited them to our house for dinner after the morning lecture. They were students in Boulder University. They had gone to the Denver URANTIA Society and were talking about it, and one Sunday in July 1956, Roger Darnell brought the URANTIA BOOK all wrapped up like a box of candy.

Well, I started reading it, and by the end of the year I had finished it. So after me, Marie, my wife read it too, and then we asked Roger to bring three more books, which we soon sold. After that we started ordering the books in 10-book lots. So a few of us would get together for a URANTIA Book reading once a week. From then on we always kept some books.

Through the years we have distributed over 70 URANTIA Books.

Marie made heavy plastic covers for all the books to save the fly covers and the reading on them. Dear Marie, she is now on the Mansion Worlds.

Note: Gus Walstrom is now on the Mansion Worlds with "Dear Marie."

THE BALLAD OF "BIG BLUE"

As an adult I had become interested in the study of music and had taken lessons, so I had vowed that when my children were in school and sufficiently independent, I would go back to college and take music courses. In 1968 we moved to Virginia Beach, an occasion which caused me to look again to my goals and since there was a small college near and the time seemed right, I enrolled in freshman courses in the Music Department.

During Christmas vacation my husband, Russ, had talked me into going with him to visit the A.R.E. Foundation at Virginia Beach, the old Edgar Casey Sanatorium which looks out upon the Atlantic Ocean. I had, as a matter of principle, avoided such places, not because I didn't believe almost anything is possible, but simply because it wasn't my cup of tea. There must be a hundred frauds for every one truth in the psychic and healing claims. However, Russ persisted on the basis that we owed it to ourselves to see something unique right in our home area.

While at the Foundation, I learned that there was a large library of unusual books dealing in psychic phenomenon, fortune telling, prediction, astrology, religious philosophy, etc., etc. There was also a book store, and while there I bought a couple of books for Christmas presents. Russ wrote a check for them and we left. That, it seemed, was that.

By the end of the school year I knew that an occupation in music was not for me. I had been holding off on acknowledging the fact, but on the day I returned from my last final, I had to examine what I had been pushing aside. I was quite discouraged that this long-held dream was not valid and in the course of my mental circles I exclaimed, "Well, God, what am I supposed to do?"

The phone rang. The woman on the other end of the line informed me that she was calling from the A.R.E. book shop and that the check my husband had written back in December (some five months before) had been dated 1965 instead of 1968. I was embarrassed and promised that I would get right in the car and come out to write her a new and good check. In five months she had not been able to find me at home because I was attending classes.

On the way to the Foundation I thought over what I had said, and what had happened. I decided since I had asked, I ought to see if I had received an answer. The only thing I could think of doing in connection with A.R.E., was to join the library as an associate, and start reading.

Whenever I went over to the library to return and take out more books, I went through a little routine of reminding myself of what had happened, and of preparing a very open state of mind as I scanned the shelves. I choose books because they had pretty covers, or were on a subject that interested me or that I knew nothing about. I pursued interesting subjects and discarded a lot of trashy ones. I began to wonder why all those "inspired" people could not write in simple understandable English. Apparently, their inspiration didn't extend that far. I read great predictions, Buddhist philosophy, and the art of crying. A lot of it was obvious and pretentious fakery, and some of it was interesting. By fall, I was a veteran of the card catalog and a trail of references.

About this time I read a book by a psychic who lived about the time of World War I and the subsequent post-war period. He had in the appendix of his book (whose name I cannot remember) an account of a major vision or whatever. The main character in the vision was "Urania", a goddess described as a daughter of heaven and earth -- of the sun and the moon. I was familiar with the classical pantheon (thanks to four years of Latin in high school) and this was an unconventional portrayal of Urania. She is usually one of the Nine Muses, the goddess of the heaven and astronomy. Anyway, the author's description so interested me that I wished to look up more on the subject of Urania. I trotted back to the A.R.E. library.

The card catalog contained only one book under the letter "U", URANTIA, THE BOOK.

Only one URANTIA, THE BOOK was contained in the library. And that was in reference and could not be taken out. I climbed up the step stool to reach it (for it was on the top shelf) and almost fell off when the weight of "Big Blue" made itself known. That afternoon, I sat at one of the oak tables and one of the oak (hard) chairs and started in on the "Foreward". I'm not afraid to read long books but it did strike me that it was going to take me several lifetimes to get through a book of that size and solidity (no pictures) if I could only spend a few hours a week on it. I put "Big Blue" back and continued my chance encounter with literature.

About two weeks later I approached the check-out desk with my weekly selection. There on the cart of volumes to go on the shelves, was a wide blue book. The librarian informed me that they had gotten a second copy so that one could go on the circulation shelves. I had seen it twice and I decided I ought to check it out. And this time I got beyond the "Foreward".

Because it was from a library I paced myself at a paper a day to get through it. The librarian allowed me to renew it as long as no one was on the waiting list for it. By November I had ordered my own book from Chicago, and I finished the fourth section in my own book. As I read it I knew it was what it said. It was as though I had been deliberately primed on the other reading so I would have some similar material for comparison. As far as I was and am concerned, there is none. (no comparison.)

We lived in Virginia Beach for another seven-and-a-half years and I never found another reader except my family members to whom I introduced the book. In 1976 when I finally got to Chicago I met other readers at 533, the first besides my family I had talked to about the book. I have been reading and discussing it ever since, but I am happy to report I have many readers to talk to and share with now.



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COMING HOME TO FATHER

As a college sophomore I remember pondering the word "God". I couldn't think what it should mean. It seemed just a word, with no referent, an invention of man. How could people even talk about "God"?

Then I remember hearing the idea that God is abscondite, hidden. He is nothing identifiable. One could only say what he is not. Sort of a black hole in space, maybe. But what use was that? I didn't care enough to think.

Then I got interested in Eastern thought--in Brahman and atma, man merging with the universe oversoul through contemplation and self-identification with deity. That made a little more sense to me. But with it I threw out the idea of any specialized deity attribute of Jesus. Jesus was just a highly developed man of insight. We were all equal sons of God. What could be so special about Jesus?

My next step proved more fruitful. I began consulting the I Ching. Its philosophy became my ethical and moral foundation. I discovered the wisdom of self-restraint. I cultivated a sense of spiritual center. I saw that I was the creator of my destiny. I plugged my life leaks. My living efficiency rose. With a brother I revived a business of my elderly father. I found the young woman whom I wanted to marry. Providence smiled on me. I was working with life.

I had arrived at a point where the desire to harmonize with life, to know the universe will, was my rising intent. In reality I was searching for God. It was his cosmic eye that saw my need. I found the URANTIA Book. Thank you Jay Newbern! For a year I picked at it.

Its style entranced me--straight, flat-out declaratory about the most enormous topics, universe organization and deity manifestation. I liked simple sentences with simple truths, such as God never being subject to surprise. I was intrigued with the foretaste of those things which I would discover when I reached Paradise and searched the written records of the beginning of things.

It was good science fiction, a great story, space age drama, and a masterpiece of prose.

But deeper currents worked on me and within me. I read the first chapters on the Godhead simultaneously with a determined effort to rapidly complete the Jesus section, to understand the life and teachings of Jesus. The ideas of God and God-Man, Father and Son, Father-Brother, and God-Father grew within me. I revered the idea of God the Unknowable, the Absolute, descending to God the personal, into God-Man. I reveled in its fact: Jesus of Nazareth, Son of God, Son of Man. How perfectly right for the Infinite to come to man as man: a descending Son of God offering the helping hand, man to man. It made sense, a perfection of sense. God made sense. He spoke to us, as one of us. How right! How natural! How beautiful!

This idea isn't new with the URANTIA Book, of course. But the incarnation idea had always been linked in my recollection of Christianity with the atonement: Christ crucified for our sins, the sins and guilt of the whole world shifted onto an innocent lamb, to be crucified, whose blood was to be shed to appease the ruthless wrath of a stern and inflexible God of justice and punishment. That made me sick. I was relieved and heartened to find this idea sifted out and discarded as a remnant of the primitive tribal superstitions and beliefs of the Hebrews, an assault upon the perfection of the divine love, his unchanging love.

The URANTIA Book finally makes sense out of Jesus for me. Jesus makes sense. I believe him. And because of him I know something of the Father. What is God if not, at least, the Father of his children? A Father even as this Son so portrayed him. Yes, God is person. What sense to a world of men endowed with personality, free-will, and deity aspiration? if not to herald the ever ascending scale of personality realization--even to the ultimate discovery of the primal personality, the bestower of personality, the Universal Father!

So, what is God to me now? He is the one eternal reality. He is my Father, who wills the well-being of all his children, my brothers and sisters in spirit, and he desires that my will become as his will. He is what Jesus says he is. As a child I was raised with some primitive ideas about him, as a student I rejected them, and as an adult, and as a Urantian I accept him in his truth. I am a Christian. I am his faith son.

I see how the world is in need, as was I in need of a refreshed Christianity, shorn of its paganism and institutional barnacles, its shells and skeletons of creeds and rites and rules, and ecclesiastical tickets to heaven. How we have waited these near two-thousand years for this cleansed message with its simple call to the worship and love of God in faith service to man.

But I find even more than this in the URANTIA Book. It is the resolution to every theological question I have ever entertained. I understand the source of sin in the world (which is not our racial guilt). Above all, I see an end to it. It is not far off. I see the cosmic drama of the Son of God come down to the least of his worlds, that none might be lost. I see a glorious destiny for those who join in faith to follow his example. I see a new age. I see Christendom reigning in the hearts of all men. I see URANTIA reigning in the heavens, reborn. We have a destiny. A universe beholds us.

And, most importantly, we have work at hand, to the fulfillment of which we can go in confidence that aught is in vain, that each vaguely perceptible step is one lasting step closer, that each day each victory of the divine through us is lasting, eternal, from the first, because we have willed it so, and so believe.

We go to inherit a never-ending always-expanding universe, firm in the faith that human striving is not in vain, that man is no mistake, that eternity is ours in so far as we ever go forth to receive it. Thank you Father. Our hearts runneth over.

Blessed is he who cometh
in the name of the Lord!

Amen

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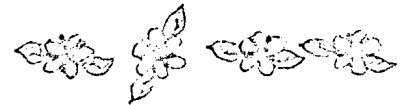
20.

In 1960, the URANTIA Book was first brought to my attention by my husband-to-be, Jeff. But at that time I was not interested. After we were married my life was busy and full, acquiring a college degree, then teaching for two years. Next came raising a family of two children. Jeff's career required moving frequently in those first seven years. During that time, I would occasionally pick up the URANTIA Book, more out of curiosity than anything else, and read at random an interesting paragraph or a few pages. At Christmas and Easter I would read the accounts of the birth and death of Jesus.

In 1968, we purchased a home near a new, small Congregational church. The minister of that church was the catalyst for the changes to take place in my religious life. Over a period of a few months it was the combination of his sermons and conversations, and my observations of the way that he lived and cared for others, that awakened in me a growing hunger and thirst for knowledge of Jesus and of God on a personal and intellectual level.

And so, this URANTIA Book, which for so many years had been touched more often to be dusted than to be read by me, was eagerly taken from the shelf and read by a new me.

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Here is my story:

About four years ago I was a graduate student in philosophy at Northwestern University in Evanston, Illinois. I had the opportunity to be host for a few days to a teacher of Transcendental Meditation. During one of our many discussions I asked him, "How does Indian philosophy relate to the teachings of Jesus?" He said little but mentioned the URANTIA book. He explained that he had traveled to the Chicago area partly in order to visit the URANTIA Foundation, and he invited me to come with him. I declined. He made his visit, said nothing about it and left the next day.

Increasingly curious, I drove down to 533 Diversey Parkway, introduced myself and said, "I understand that you put out a book, and I'd like to see it." Because it was nearly 5:00 o'clock, I only had time to read the titles of the Papers; I thanked the lady and said, "I don't think I want to spend \$20 for that today."

That night I had extraordinarily vivid recollections of the titles of the Papers and determined to read the book. So, the next day I drove down again to the Foundation and asked to buy a copy. The lady explained, "This is a book of philosophy and religion. It is best to read it from beginning to end." And that is exactly what I did!

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HOW I FOUND THE URANTIA BOOK

I studied Self Realization Fellowship teachings three years and was initiated into Kriya Yoga in Detroit. The part that impressed me most in the meditations was to "Go Straight To God". I could never go through a Guru. Even then I felt something missing. As Jesus was not the central figure - only accepted as another great Guru.

I was badly in need of real meaning to my life. I truly wanted a partner. The three sons were all grown and living in other parts of the country. For years I had longed to move to California. After living 19 years in Atlanta and 15 years in Chicago, I made the move west. I had enjoyed a certain degree of success in the business world, but my greatest need was a spiritual one.

My heart was heavy and I was so in need of finding some answers in my life - when - one day - waiting in line to pay a traffic ticket, a very clean-cut, friendly gentleman, Wally Ziglar, asked if I had ever heard of the URANTIA Book. I replied "No", but his sincerity was so real, I asked him some questions. He told me it was an inspired writing which would give me all the answers about creation and the nature of God. I knew that what he was saying was true. That afternoon I went to the Costa Mesa library and checked out the book. I was almost struck down with awe at the magnitude of the book.

I bought the URANTIA Book about a week later. That has been over three years ago and I am still in a spirit of amazement over the beautiful truths contained in this masterpiece. How blessed I felt at having this revealed to me. Out of all the millions of people in the world searching and hungry for truth, I am honored at having these answers. How can I absorb and comprehend more - fast. It seems as though it will take so many years to fully sort all this out - but I know I have all the time in the world. As a child and heir of God - I can be all things - and I can truly become perfect - ONE THING AT A TIME - because HE tells me I can.

I thank Wally Ziglar for being my messenger.

P.S. I married Allen Jones three months after finding the URANTIA Book and he is also a reader now.



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As a Christian minister (nondenominational) I was searching for a more complete definition of spirit, both for my own enlightenment and also to find more specific information for another interested person. As doctrine I had been taught that spirit was simply an activating force, but I was aware that the original Greek and Hebrew words had meanings that also included qualities of mind.

In the La Jolla, California, public library, I picked up a copy of the URANTIA Book and, flipping haphazardly through the pages, noticed a number of papers defining the Father's spirit as a fragment of himself that indwells our mind and "adjusts" our thoughts.

After getting the book home and scanning the sixty-five page table of contents my doctrinal prejudice against the words "Trinity" and "Evolution" almost caused me to put the book aside without reading further, thinking that it was probably written by a Catholic author. But my brief glimpse of the Thought Adjuster section roused my curiosity enough to consider what "the opposition" had to say about it. I felt that I should at least be familiar with their viewpoint.

My second impression after noticing some of the authors: Divine Counselor, Universal Censor, Mighty Messenger, etc., was that perhaps it was a Rosicrucian publication since they use some rather high sounding titles.

Still, my objective was further research regardless of the source of the information. As I began reading about the Thought Adjusters I gradually became more and more impressed by the friendly yet unquestionably authoritative tone of the writing. In fact I found the material so believable that I decided to see whether the book defined Trinity in the standard way that Trinitarians accepted it.

Aware that most of mankind's knowledge is only partial at best, I discovered that the Father, Son, and Spirit can truly function as a Trinity just as many religionists believe. At the same time my belief that Jesus was not the second person of this Trinity was also confirmed.

Similarly the new revelation corroborated my belief in the direct creation of Adam and Eve while convincingly broadening my understanding of man's evolutionary beginnings on this planet. Here again opposing views of science and religion were both shown to be partially correct. The book's explanation that man was the final result of a long series of sudden mutations that "Life Carriers" in cooperation with divine spirit had designed as an inherent part of the original life implantations thoroughly satisfied my theological logic.

This much enlightenment was sufficient to overcome the other two obstacles to my reading the entire book. First, it was an unusually long book containing many scientific explanations that I thought probably wouldn't be very interesting. And second, it would require me to acquaint myself with what seemed to be a great many new terms with extensive definitions. Would it be worth my time? I decided to start at the beginning and read it at least as far as it would continue to hold my interest.

Accustomed to keeping close track of the time I spend on various projects, I began the reading on March 16, 1972. By page 651 my notes had become so lengthy that I began to first consider the possibility of buying a copy of my own from a used book store. I was surprised to learn that used URANTIA Books sold quickly and that many of these dealers were acquainted with the book whereas most clerks in religious book stores had never heard of it.

About this time I also discovered the Concordex which not only contained far more exhaustive reference material but had it indexed for fast retrieval. After all the writing I had been doing this would have been a real bargain for me at double the cost. Still, I bought the Concordex simply as an aid to revive my memory of the ideas I had read whether or not I ever finally did get a personal copy of the URANTIA Book. I just couldn't believe that the book could continue to sustain my interest for an additional 1,400 pages.

I noticed personal differences in writing style from paper to paper but no inconsistencies; minor differences of speculative opinion but no contradictions. The incidental fact that I found no typographical errors in such a long book also impressed me. It seemed almost too perfect. I felt sure I'd find some parts of it disappointing before I reached the last page. At the same time I found my interest intensifying. I even began praying at the end of each day that nothing unforeseen might happen to prevent me from reading the book through at least once.

Often I would read a statement that sounded so complex that I was sure it was beyond my understanding. Yet, invariably throughout the book each succeeding paragraph continued to clarify the concept presented until it seemed that my mind could at least grasp hold of it with some degree of actual comprehension.

After 407 1/2 hours I completed the first reading on June 18th averaging slightly more than 11 1/2 minutes per page, although I remember spending more than an hour per page through some sections.

With the exception of a few book dealers and librarians, no one I spoke to knew about it and no one I met had read the book beyond more than a few pages. I searched in vain for book reviews and magazine articles about it. The thought suggested itself to me that I might be the only person on earth who had read it, because as a minister discussing many of the subjects the book contains with thousands of individuals and hundreds of congregations over a period of more than twenty years, no one had ever mentioned the URANTIA Book. Yet I couldn't believe that there wasn't a group of people somewhere who got together to talk about what they had read and how they could best put the information to use.

Alvin Kulieke, then President of the URANTIA Brotherhood, was the first to reply to my inquiries. The next letter was from Clyde Bedell who told me about the Los Angeles Society; through them my name was given to Captain Bill Hazzard in San Diego who invited me to the meetings at his home where, in turn, I met Betty Tackett--one of the group who had the privilege of reading the URANTIA Papers before they were published, and the individual who had donated the book that I discovered in the La Jolla Public Library. In discussing it, neither of us felt that my finding it had been just a chance occurrence.

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HOW I FOUND THE URANTIA BOOK (OR VICE VERSA)

In late August 1965, I left the United Air Lines ticket counter at Dalles Airport (located in Washington state but serving Portland, Oregon) musing at the alliteration on the ticket just issued me: DALLAS--DENVER--DALLAS--DULLES, the latter airport serving Washington, D.C., but located in Virginia. Only Denver seemed out of place, but there was no direct flight from Dalles to Dallas. Shortly thereafter I boarded an airplane for Denver.

To pass the time I carried a paperback book on Edgar Cayce. When airborne, I read some of it.

On the seat next to me, nearest the window, sat a woman. My recollection of her appearance is very dim. My present impression is that she was slight of build, very tastefully dressed, and was either light-complexioned or pale. Her hair was, as best I remember, a light shade of brown. As a wild guess at her age, she seemed about my age (at that time, 45) or older.

As we approached Denver I recall talking to her about the Edgar Cayce book. It contained something about reincarnation. She asked me if I believed in reincarnation. I responded that I neither believed nor disbelieved in it, that I did not have enough information about it upon which to base an intelligent belief, but that I did believe in an afterlife of some sort. In the course of a relatively brief conversation she asked, in effect, if I was seriously interested in finding out what happened to people after they died. I replied that I was, that the study of religion was almost a hobby, and that I had bought the Edgar Cayce book to see what answers, if any, it could provide to my many questions about the role of man in the world, and his future.

At some point in the conversation she asked if I had ever heard of a planet called Urantia. I had not. She said she belonged to a group which considered that we live on a planet called Urantia, and that when we die, we simply go to another planet for a while, then to another and another, etc. I remember her saying with proper dignity, assurance and pride that she knew "exactly where" she was going when she died.

Upon inquiring where she, and the group, got their information, she responded that it was all contained in a large book called the URANTIA Book; that there had been a limited publication of it, but quite a few were available; and that more books were being published. She mentioned something about Chicago.

The woman seemed quite concerned that she did not have a copy of the book with her to let me have at the time. She urged that I find and read a copy of the URANTIA Book, and said that my search for the truth would never be complete until I read it. She said nothing more about its source or contents.

We both deplaned at Denver, Colorado. I had only a few minutes to change planes to Dallas, and I assumed Denver was her destination. I went to the boarding area for my plane. While standing there waiting to board, someone tapped me on the shoulder. It

was the woman. She said, "There is someone here I would like for you to meet," and led me back into the lobby area of the terminal. I had already forgotten her name, but she remembered mine.

In the lobby stood a very dignified man, well dressed, with white hair--apparently in his late 60's or beyond. With him were several people. I remember a woman standing on each side. The woman from the plane said to him, "This is the man I told you about meeting on the airplane." Just as we were being introduced and shaking hands, the loud speaker called for the boarding of my plane. I did not understand his name. He quickly asked if I were seriously interested in learning about the role of man in the universe and about man's relationship to God, to which I replied an unequivocal "Yes". He said, "Then you must get a URANTIA Book." He expressed regret that he did not have one with him to give to me, but emphasized, as I rushed away to board my airplane, that I should read the book.

I recall that at some point in the hurried conversation one of the women at his side said the man was the head of an organization with the word "Urantia" in it. I have no opinion whether it was a foundation, a brotherhood, a society or even a study group. My impression was that it probably equated to a local church.

Ordinarily, I would have forgotten the incident. There was nothing in my experience with which to associate the word "Urantia"; in fact, I did not even know how to spell it, and after a while I wondered if I even knew how to pronounce it. But on the plane to Dallas I kept thinking about the happy and peaceful look on the faces of the man and three women, and wondering if the URANTIA Book had anything to do with it. I was also impressed with the assurance of the woman on the plane, and with the apparently sincere concern of both the woman and the man that I read the URANTIA Book. Somehow, it continued to haunt me.

Within a day or two after arriving in Dallas, I spent an afternoon in my sister-in-law's apartment telephoning bookstores listed in the yellow pages trying to locate a copy of the URANTIA Book. The universal response to my inquiry was "the what book?" Then they asked me to spell it. I could not. I had them begin it with a "U" and an "Eu", and try the last syllable by spelling it with a "t", an "s" and a "ts". Nothing worked.

Some days later, upon returning to the Washington, D. C. area, I called all of the major bookstores in the area inquiring of the URANTIA Book, but with no success. I then went to the Library of Congress. An attendant helped me to look under "religion" for the book. It was not there.

Over the next few years as I traveled from city to city, if I had any extra time I spent it telephoning bookstores for the URANTIA Book. Among the cities in which I made telephone calls were: New York, San Diego, St. Louis, Houston and Atlanta. In early 1968, I visited a large bookstore on Okinawa where many American and European books had been duplicated and were on sale at bargain prices. There was no URANTIA Book.

In 1970, I attended a seminar in Chicago. One afternoon I remembered that the woman on the airplane had mentioned Chicago. I telephoned two major bookstores from the hotel. The second had heard of the book, but did not carry it and suggested that I might find one in a secondhand bookstore. That evening, instead of seeing "Hair" with others attending the seminar, a colonel and I spent the evening browsing through secondhand bookstores looking for the URANTIA Book. We still did not know how to spell it, but our phonetics were correct. Nevertheless, we found no trace of it.

The search for the URANTIA Book became such an obsession with me that I developed the habit of ducking into every used bookstore I saw and inquiring if they had a URANTIA Book. The standard answer was "a what book?"

Upon moving to California in 1971, my wife, Lucile, met occasionally with the wives of the law professors at Pepperdine University School of Law. In the spring of 1972 she was scheduled to host the group at our house. A day or two before the meeting our dog dashed through the living room of the house, became tangled with a lamp cord, and broke the glass base of a large decorator lamp. Lucile wanted it replaced before the meeting. I felt it could be repaired if I could find the right glass base. Consequently, I set out to find a glass base of the proper color and size.

The first five lamp shops had nothing that would suffice, and I became quite discouraged. The fifth one was located on Main Street in Santa Ana. As I left it, I saw next door a secondhand bookstore. As was my custom, I stuck my head in the doorway and said to the man behind the counter, "Do you have a URANTIA Book?"

"Do I have a what?"

"Forget it!" I replied.

"Hey, wait a minute," he called. "I didn't say that I do not have one. But I have been in this bookstore for (many) years, and no one has ever asked me for a URANTIA Book. In fact, I never heard of one until the other day. One just came in. I put it aside to see what it is, but if you want to buy it, I will sell it to you." He then walked back to a desk and picked up a dusty but unused copy of the URANTIA Book, which he sold to me for \$10.00.

The book was from the second printing in 1967, two years after my plane ride to Denver. It had no address of any kind within it. It was not until over a year later when I saw a new URANTIA Book in a Pickwick Bookshop (the second one I had ever seen) that I knew there was an address to which I could write for information about the book. The book was a later edition, and had the Chicago address in the flyleaf.

In early 1974, after I had started several persons to reading the URANTIA Book, I wrote to Chicago, and was placed in touch with Julia Fenderson in Los Angeles. Until I contacted her I had never talked with anyone except the woman on the plane and the people in the Denver airport who had ever read the URANTIA Book. By that time I had read the book twice, and I was on the third reading.

Oh, yes: the sixth lamp shop had exactly the right glass lamp base to repair the lamp, and the ladies' meeting was a success.

