



Clyde Bedell

April 25, 1898 ~ January 22, 1985

At noon on January 22, 1984, Clyde Bedell began his transit to the Mansion Worlds. On that day, he joined a growing number of Urantian graduates who knew with certainty where they had been, where they were going, and why they had been here. Like them, Clyde had discovered his inner power, his infinite guide; he unreservedly devoted his life's work to sharing the wealth he was; is.

His bold courage, his living faith, his untiring passion for sharing his light of truth, will stand forever as yet another profound example of what one man can do when he acts resolutely and without fear, proclaiming through the living of his life, "Father, not my will, but your will be done!"

His love remains with us...

Interdependence

Early man lived independently, alone.
His weaponry he made himself - of wood and stone.
He fed himself on flesh and greens he found
at hand, on hoof or paw or in the ground.
His shelter usually was a cave or tree -
vantaged with approaches he could see.

How different is this world of ours today.
Dependent are we on a world of men, at work or play.
If we could eat but what we make alone, we'd starve!
To glut on food today we need but cook and care.
We choose 'mongst fruits and garden foods galore,
at many a near-by shiny, well lit store.
We switch on lights that other men have made.
We're clad and shod in things in common trade.
Our doors are locked and hinged by small hardware,
thot up by men who've saved us care.
Our stoves and furniture and games we play,
are handiwork of families far away.
The belt or zipper, hat, or shield from rain -
are products of forgotten folk from memory lane.
Refrigerator, heater, TV set or phonograph;
the books we read or jokes at which we laugh;
we owe to others! It's quite as tho we had a staff
of myriad men and women, keen to give
us anything we need to help us live.
We ride, we look (if need thro custom glasses),
we medicate and recreate and go to classes -
dependent day and night on other lads and lasses.
We get teeth fixed, and get clothes washed with soap,
and hear inspiring talks of dreams and hope.
We turn a faucet on and water pours!
A thousand things around us, mine and yours,
we owe to men and women we will never see!
We're bound to them in brotherhood, it has to be -
God told us. How blind and thotless are the lines we lead,
when what's been done for us by others we don't heed.

I like to pause each day, a thanking time or two
to flash a thousand gifts in fond review,
that I have had from fellow men! God bless them all!
How tough my life would be had I to do it all —
the all that separates from savagery the life I call
my own. Dear God, if I have benefit from brotherhood
so helpful in all ways to me, let me have brotherhood
also with those around me whom I see.

Let me not take for granted all the good I've had
from men and women down the ages who've been glad
to do their all — invent, create, proceed to make, perfect,
the things in which their devotion we detect.

Help us to love the myriad souls now dead,
who've made our lives replete, instead
of like the sauges, dependent on his toil alone.
Please! For our taking without thanks, let us atone!

Help us to see the brotherhood of man
that's proved in our dependency,
and for our sad neglect to love we ask your clemency.
C. B.