

Holly's History

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WHEN I WAS 15, I REFUSED TO GO to the Catholic Church. Much to my surprise, Mother said, "OK". A few weeks later, my younger brother said he wouldn't go either. My Mother, who was the Catholic parent, said, "OK" and we stopped going. I couldn't believe my luck. The church meant nothing to me. I fought with the Nuns and missed confession without a thought. Why was Mother so compliant?

My parents went downtown to Chicago every Sunday afternoon and many Wednesday evenings. I had no clue why or exactly where. At age 16, my parents said, "you're coming with us". We went to 533 Diversey. The year was 1948.

Dr. Sadler had given the main room of his apartment over to the forum. It was light with windows on two sides, but a bit chilly. His son Bill led the meetings. He was good enough to hold my attention. He read the paper, talked about it and took questions afterwards. The book was not yet in print. It was on paper and Dr. Sadler's son Bill had the main copy. There were not copies for all of us. There were some happy jokes like "Thank goodness we don't have to sit on clouds and play harps." They had managed to raise the money for the plates for the book by then and they were stored in the basement vaults of the First National Bank of Chicago. The joke was that if there was the threat of a nuclear attack everyone knew where to go, the First National Bank of Chicago vaults. There was one young man in his twenties, I think, whose name I don't recall. Everyone else was old in my eyes.

My parents were in their 40s, so they were "old". Bill Sadler was so knowledgeable that any mention of a line was an immediate trigger for him to look up the paper. He could go right to it. Dr. Sadler was usually in the doorway in his wheelchair. Leone Sadler, Bill's wife, was in the back, if I noticed her at all. [She became a very close friend to my Mother]. Every week they

discussed a different paper, in order. They were on the latter part of the first section for most of that year.

The summer of my Junior-Senior year, I went down once a week and began to read the Jesus papers. What an eye-opener that was for a lapsed Catholic! I went reluctantly sometimes, but always came away uplifted. Bill took me to lunch at "Jacques" restaurant that summer and told me the origins of the book. Not who, but how. He explained what they were doing on Wednesday nights. They were thinking up questions for the revelators and reading the latest answers. By that time, my understanding was that the questions were put in a drawer by Dr. Sadler and sometime later, evidently not predictable, answers appeared in the drawer. My parents filled me in on some of the answers. Some, that I do remember are, them asking for the first translation to be in Japanese. The forum couldn't afford to do this translation at a cost of approximately \$100,000. Other answers were that some of the Reserve Corps of Destiny were Abraham Lincoln and Douglas MacArthur, who defaulted because of ego. There were other answers, but I've long forgotten, some of the founding fathers, I think.

My summer lunch with Bill Sadler became an annual thing all through my college years. It was always at "Jacques". We discussed many things about the book, but I had not read half of it yet. It had to be read in papers, one at a time, and at Diversey. So Bill expanded my knowledge. I went to the forum sometimes in the summers, but not weekly. I didn't get to know Christy much. She was always with Dr. Sadler as caretaker and worker. Bill was my father's best friend beginning shortly after he joined the forum sometime in the 1950s. They met for cocktails after work at least once a week.

After college I married. Bill Sadler was an industrial psychologist. He aptitude tested my fiancé before our marriage at my father's

request and my fiancé's agreement. Bill liked the results and sent them to some of his clients. The best offer came from Dayton, OH, so we moved there. Bill would visit from time to time on business. Because he had been asked by the Revelators to avoid air travel, he came by train from Chicago. The Revelators said they could save him from a train wreck, but not from a plane crash. That would be too obvious. The last we saw of Bill was for dinner one night in Dayton. I'm not sure when, but the weather was chilly. We took him to the best restaurant in downtown Dayton and then dropped him at his hotel. After the book was printed, his protection was withdrawn and I suspect he felt it, he had a breakdown a few years later. It seemed Bill Sadler died not many years after Dr. Sadler. The lawyer who set up the Foundation and Brotherhood and who patented the book and circles, died about 10 years after the printing.

My parents began a North Shore group at their house. They traveled to visit other readers from Finland to California. In order to raise money for the printing, Dr. Sadler had sold some of his Indiana dunes land to my Mother. Later, the state acquired it for less, but that wasn't important to her because it enabled us to print the book, that and donations from members and a big help from the Hales.

The contact with the Revelators ended with the printing of the book. My father bought 50 to 100 copies. I don't remember exactly how many, but I have one left. My mother later told me she met Dr. Sadler during WWII when she was trying to hunt up a psychiatrist for her mother, who was reacting badly to her diagnosis of Parkinsons. He invited mother to come to the forum. My father was doing war work in Washington.

I'm sorry about all the "I"s. I was asked to write my memories and I'm not a good enough writer to avoid "I"s in this case. □