

# The Circles

"Life is but a day's work—  
do it well."\*

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## The Difficulty of Being Objective

BY  
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AND  
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We've been pondering the attributes and attitudes of God these many years and marvel more and more at how he can always be objective about everything that happens. He understands everything so perfectly that when they nailed his son to the cross, he loved "them" as much as he did Christ and forgave them even before they asked. He must have seen the situation in an entirely different light than we do.

Remember how we reacted to the Kennedy assassination? And notice how some are still reacting 15 years later . . . demanding that the real culprits be found out so they can get what's coming to them? And there's God out there, knowing exactly what happened, yet loving the culprits just the same as the mourners and forgiving them even before they ask. If you think about it long enough it can really get to you. If some strange person on earth had displayed such an objective attitude during those first weeks of national mourning, he'd probably be accused of all sorts of traitorous things and persecuted on general principles.

Webster defines objective as: emphasizing or expressing the nature of reality AS IT IS, *apart from personal reflections or feelings*; also, expressing or involving the use of facts *without distortion by personal feelings or prejudices* (emphasis ours).

We thought about that long and hard and figured this is probably our biggest problem. Human beings are usually just the opposite — no matter what's really going on, it's how we think and feel about it that we get all fired up about. Webster says that's *subjective*.

He said, "Be you perfect . . ." and we said, "Maybe we'd better take a closer look at this problem." So we did — we looked at ourselves, and anybody else who was handy, and all the situations we could philosophize about. And, sure enough, it's a problem, all right.

We've been bouncing this thing around for months, and the trickiest problem we ran into was recognizing that we're really being subjective when we actually think we're being objective. We made a mind game out of it and finally

reached the point where we could laugh at ourselves as we were caught in the act of being subjective. It's even better when we catch ourselves.

It says on page 1094 that ignorance and prejudice are the greatest inhibitors of growth. It's hard to separate the two or to figure out which comes first — the chicken or the egg. Are we ignorant because we're so wrapped up in our feelings and emotions and preconceived ideas that we can't see the forest for the trees? or, do we misinterpret and distort reality because we're ignorant? We can't see reality as God sees it, that's for sure. In fact, we can hardly get ourselves out of a situation far enough to see it as the angels see it.

In a sense, we each view reality as if we were the center of the universe. We certainly start out that way — aware only of our own needs and wants and feelings. Everything else is outside of our "center" and we eventually grow to have a lot of thoughts and opinions and more and more feelings about what goes on "out

(Continued on page 8.)



# A BIRTHDAY MEDITATION

INSPIRATION

Once upon eternal time,  
I dwelt in Paradise, the central, eternal, glorious and ideal home of God. There I learned of: absolute patterns, of potentials of actuality, of ultimate destiny.

Once upon creation time,  
I learned of inseparable time and space, of planets, constellations, universes and superuniverses; of guardians of destiny.

Once upon celestial time,  
I learned of supreme spirit groups, of myriads of beings fashioned along the lines of one order of pattern creature on billions of worlds.

Once upon universal time,  
I learned of a divine personality bestowed upon a mind-endowed mortal cosmic citizen . . . me . . . the I that I am . . . indwelt by a prepersonal fragment of God the Father, a spiritual son of God.

Once upon a planet time,  
I learned of a new revelation of man to himself and other men. Jesus the Christ, a bestowed Son of God, portrayed man at his very best . . . and expressed the realization that *only* a God-knowing individual can love another as he loves himself.

Once upon a present time, this moment-of-reality time,

I learned we worship God: . . .  
first, because HE IS;  
then, because HE IS IN US;  
and last, because WE ARE IN HIM

. . . and . . .

that it is not at all strange that the cosmic mind should be self-consciously aware of its own source, the infinite mind of the Infinite Spirit . . . and, at the same time, conscious of the physical reality of far-flung universes, the spiritual reality of the Eternal Son, and the personality reality of the Universal Father.

Once upon a natal time,

I learned that this realization is the True Birth Day of those who have been gifted with not only the "Love of God," but of "conscious understanding."

So, for You especially . . . and for all of us who strive to be "one with the Father," may this day's meditation be truly a "happy birthday celebration."

Peace and Love from . . .

Lois Broadfoot  
New Orleans, Louisiana

## Unity

BY DAVID GLASS  
BRADENTON, FLORIDA

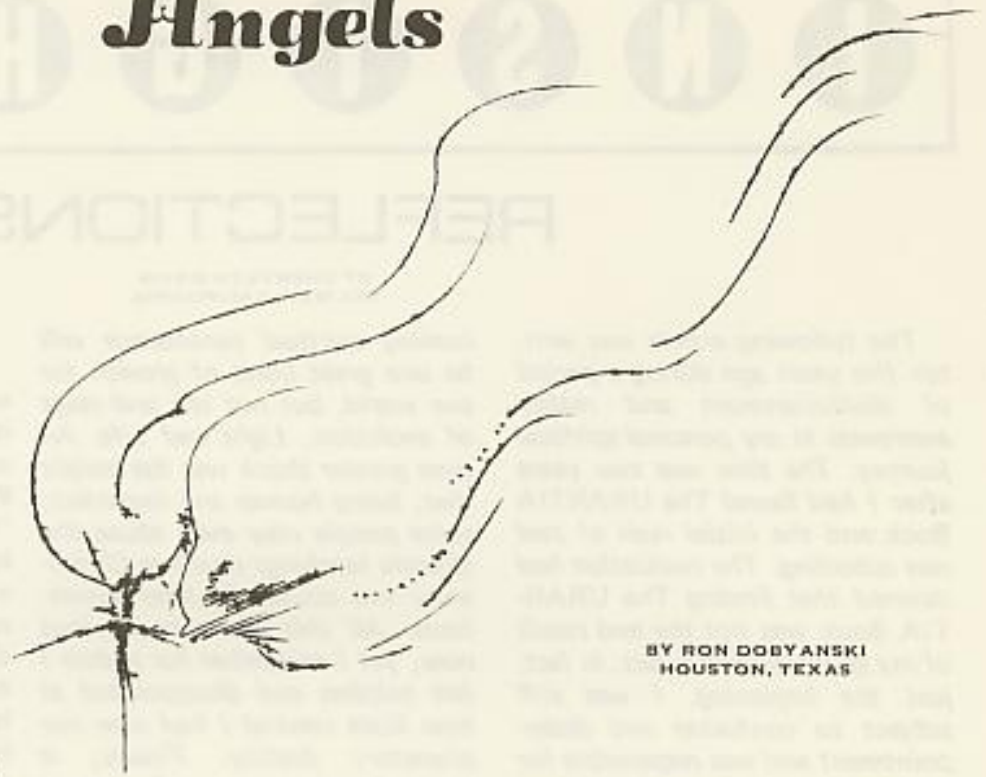
Man's love for God unifies  
his unmanifest, inner Self with Divinity;  
Man's love and service of his fellow man unifies  
his manifest, outer self with Divinity.  
Thus it is literally true that  
it is more blessed to give than to receive:  
By the action of spiritual giving,  
man coordinates and unifies his inner, perfect Self  
with his outer, evolutionary self.  
God gives man Himself  
that man may have loving contact with  
the most exalted aspect of God, his eternal Self;  
God gives man brothers  
that man may have loving contact with  
the humblest aspect of God, his mortal children.  
God would share his Entirety with man  
through the sequences of progressive evolution  
and the enlightenments of periodic revelation.

When I really look  
I see ~

All life  
seeks  
the  
Light



# Angels



BY RON DOBYANSKI  
HOUSTON, TEXAS

## Destiny

BY BRENDI POPPEL  
BAYSIDE, NY

There are mountains to master  
Slower and faster  
Perfection is a long road for man.  
There are rivers of reasons  
Ages of seasons  
Resurrection's but one bridge to span.

There are oceans of fishes  
Innocent wishes  
Dear hearts and souls want to believe.  
There are lessons of learning  
Milestones of yearning  
Before we can truly perceive . . .

God the Father  
Who sits upon his throne  
In the circle of eternity  
He is alone.

We worship you  
Father in heaven  
We will approach you at the center  
Of the seven . . .

There we will see  
Spiritually  
Opening the door  
To the Finality Corps.

Forevermore  
We will serve you  
We will be true  
In whatever we do.

For you are love  
Our Father above  
Our Creator and Friend,  
To you we ascend.

Pledging loyalty,  
Fidelity,  
With you we will be  
Truly free . . . sacredly  
On the holy path of destiny.

# I N S I G H T S

## REFLECTIONS

BY CHERYLYN DAVIS  
DEL MAR, CALIFORNIA

*The following article was written five years ago during a period of disillusionment and reality awareness in my personal spiritual journey. The time was two years after I had found The URANTIA Book and the initial rush of zeal was subsiding. The realization had dawned that finding The URANTIA Book was not the end result of my spiritual search, but, in fact, just the beginning. I was still subject to confusion and disappointment and was responsible for my own growth. The pattern was typical of psychological stages of growth: a period of rapid growth, plateau, decline, followed by a positive rush of new growth. During this transition I realized that our planetary evolution can work much the same way. Indeed, the*

*coming spiritual renaissance will be one great burst of growth for our world, but not the end stage of evolution, Light and Life. An even greater shock was the insight that, being human and imperfect, some people may even abuse the Urantia teachings much as Christianity was abused by later generations. All this seems so obvious now, yet I remember for awhile I felt helpless and disappointed at how little control I had over our planetary destiny. Finally, it dawned on me . . . all we are meant to do in this life is to live each moment faithfully; the joys of service aren't in end results or rewards, but the act of giving itself. The essence of patience is faith in the everlasting overcontrol and love of God.*

\* \* \*

I once had a dream in which I was asked: "If given the opportunity to envision one thing, what would you most wish to see?" Without hesitation I answered, "Show me my beloved Urantia in light and life, where love is lived and peace a reality." I was told I could have my vision, and when I did I would never again doubt the mortal evolutionary scheme. All human adversity and pain would be justified. But first, I was told, I must walk the evolutionary path; to discern light and life I must open my eyes.

Suddenly, I found myself staring down a long empty road. With great anticipation I began running toward the first horizon. But when I got there I did not find light and life. Instead, I saw violence, selfishness and hostility. Colors were clashing against one another, crosses were stabbing at each other and banners were twisting themselves threadbare. After anxiously finding the next horizon, I was again disappointed. I saw piles of starving, fat bodies. The air was so thick with inertia that I could hardly move. Everywhere I looked walls were crumbling from lack of support and the people were too weak to replace the stones.

Upon reaching the third horizon there were rumblings and zings of lightening. Torrents of rain swept me into a surging river and I felt pushed and uncontrolled. Beneath me the currents were dark and deadly, yet above me the rains were illuminating and cleansing. I felt I must be close to my vision. But my heart sank as

## Communicate with your Thought Adjuster

BY TERRY ELLIOTT  
CARROLLTON, TEXAS

Quite recently while rereading the papers dealing with the central and divine universe, I was reminded of a friend who had become exasperated over certain aspects of

For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face . . .

I Corinthians 13:12

the material and its relevance to our life here. As we are frequently reminded, our finite mortal comprehension is severely limited, and the dimensions of Paradise and Havona are of gigantic proportions, so large as to be overwhelm-

ing to our minds. Consequently, some of us are experiencing a lesser interest in certain of this information.

There is, however, an ameliorating aspect to all these details and facts — they describe the Paradise and Havona environs; the home of our spirit father, God, and his Paradise origin offspring; and the home of our indwelling spirit gift from God, the Thought Adjusters.

Perhaps our perusal of these details elicits a response analagous to nostalgia or fond remembrance in the minds of our spirit gifts. That being so, then by our meager

*(Continued on next page.)*

the next horizon turned out to be the most painful of all. I saw people bowing down to printed pages, making idols of words. Their hands were red with the blood of blue circles as they fervently built golden temples to encase their righteousness.

The journey of a thousand miles begins with one step.  
Lao-Tsze

Soon everything began condensing; the struggle of all ages seemed to be accumulating before me. Finally, the air became like concrete. I couldn't bear anymore. As I closed my eyes I felt drained and suffocated.

The next morning when my eyes opened, they were filled with plants and sunshine; my ears with bird chirps and cat purrs. I felt warm and snug as my numb body prickled with life. The first thing that caught my attention was not the jungle outside my window, but a sunbeam coming in. A new ray of light, a vibrant beam of energy that would gradually diffuse to warm my existence. I remembered my dream, but its intensity was gone. Instead of feeling frightened, I felt strangely glorious. My thoughts drifted back to the sunbeam; it reminded me of Jesus, his promise and his life.

The URANTIA Book will be a mighty lever with which we can provide the energy to lift our world to a higher level, but it is not the answer. The answer lies with our faith in God and our progressing oneness with him. Our lives flash on and off this world; we can adjust the flow, but no one of us can control its destiny. We can only make a joyful, dedicated statement of faith by showing God's triumph in our own lives, thus revealing his eventual triumph on Urantia. This is the essence of Jesus' life. Through full and intelligent faith, he conquered all obstacles and all fears, for all times. By our faith in God, through Jesus, we can do likewise.

Those who know the truth are not equal to those who love it.  
Confucius

(Continued from page 4.)

attempts to envisage the actualities of the realities we are studying, our Father's spirit would be gratified, and to please God's spirit should be our prime purpose in existing.

If we then project this ideal into every aspect of our lives, and allow his spirit the satisfaction of self-expression in and through each of us by our own determined efforts to lovingly serve all our brethren, how can we fail to meet the Father's injunction to become perfect as he himself is?

Look again at this mountain of sometimes overwhelming information. It is given to us for a reason

for are we not the lowest form of intelligent life capable of comprehending God and worshipping him? By its very inclusion in the papers it qualifies as understandable to beings of our order, and it must serve a purpose or it would have been omitted.

We can in this fashion utilize this information in our daily lives, asking our spirit to bring to our minds some memory of his pertaining to these things, and so we can have inspiration from our spirit gift from the Father to uplift us. Life will never be mundane for those who live in spirit now, nor will anything ever be able to overwhelm us.

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H U M O R

We are told that humor is essential to life here. We are also told that too much of our humor is coarse. We want to encourage everyone to discover or create and share worthy humor.

There's nothing wrong with being a self-made man if you don't consider the job finished too soon.

\* \* \*

An open mind leaves a chance for someone to drop a worthwhile thought in it.

\* \* \*

Urantians don't say, "The devil made me do it." They say, "The Spirit made me do it."

David Harper  
Eureka Springs, Arkansas



# ROOM TO GROW

BY SALLY SCHLUNDY  
URBANA, INDIANA

After attending a Sunday school class, my son who was 5 asked me, "Mom, if I steal would God really stop liking me?" In the seconds that followed I searched my entangled thoughts and emotions for some counterresponse. Looking down into those ready eyes, I managed to subdue myself long enough to reply, "Tavis, in your heart what do *you* think?" He looked away, pondering. Transformation. Inner peace replaced confusion. Walking away he responded with assurance, "No, God wouldn't be like that." This reinforced, for me, the understanding that God is innately *known*. We don't need descriptions of God to know God. If anything, verbalizations serve only to obstruct this knowing. Children have the advantage of freedom from the social definitions that tend to substitute for God. The best service we can offer our children is

allowing them the right and room to cultivate their own personal religion, enhancing their natural relationship with God by noninterference! Our task as parents is not so much to fill an empty vessel but to keep the vessel free of anything that might undermine this inherent knowing, this first-hand relationship.

You may give them your love but  
not your thoughts,  
For they have their own  
thoughts.  
You may house their bodies but  
not their souls,  
For their souls dwell in the house  
of tomorrow, which you cannot  
visit, not even in your dreams.  
Kahlil Gibran  
The Prophet

## WORD

BY J. WEST  
DALLAS, TEXAS

## HUNT

SON OF MAN  
SON OF GOD  
TRUST  
NEBADON  
CHERUBIM  
TRINITY  
SPIRIT

RESERVE CORPS  
SUPERPERSONAL BEINGS  
ETERNAL  
SACRED  
SUPREME  
UR  
ANGEL

S	U	P	E	R	P	E	R	S	O	N	A	L
S	P	R	O	C	H	E	R	U	B	I	M	A
A	O	I	G	O	D	N	O	D	A	B	E	N
C	F	N	R	E	S	E	R	V	E	Z	M	R
R	O	B	E	I	N	G	S	O	N	A	P	E
E	T	S	U	R	T	Y	T	I	N	I	R	T
D	L	E	G	N	A	S	U	P	R	E	M	E

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# HEARING GOD'S VOICE: a story

BY KAYE COOPER AND FAMILY  
ARLINGTON, TEXAS

Rob knew he shouldn't have asked the question. Joe always liked to feel he was the winner and this was an opportunity. Besides, he was an awful tease. Now Joe was saying about what Rob should have expected.

"Of course I can hear God's voice," smiled Joe. "Doesn't God talk to you, Rob?"

Rob fumed and gritted his teeth. It was his own fault. He'd brought it up.

"He talks to me all the time. Just yesterday . . ."

"You're lying!" growled Rob.

"I am not," Joe laughed.

"You are!"

"Can't prove it." Joe laughed again.

Rob shoved his fists into his pockets and started toward the school building. So much for talking it over with Joe.

As Rob walked home that afternoon, he thought about the question. He had been thinking about it for days — this matter of talking to God. Talking to God might be OK, if He would ever answer. But God never answered Rob — at least, Rob never heard Him. All those Bible stories said that God spoke to the people of long ago. Sometimes Rob would lay awake listening so hard, but God's voice never came out of the night to him.

He kicked at a knot of grass with his tennis shoe. He had asked Mom and Dad, but he still didn't understand. "God always answers us," his father had said. "We just don't always understand the answer."

Rob walked into his house and called, "Mom, I'm home." He could hear the vacuum cleaner running in the back of the house. He knew she hadn't heard him because of the noise. He started toward the sound. As he came to the bathroom door, he stopped. He could hear his little brother crying.

"Kevin," he called. "Kevin, are you in there?" The crying was coming from the bathroom. He turned the handle, but it didn't move. Kevin was locked in the bathroom. "Kevin, it's OK. Bubba is here. Don't cry. I'll get you out." The crying kept right on. Kevin was too young. He just couldn't understand what

Rob was saying.

Rob pulled open the linen closet door and felt for the metal pin which would open the door. It wasn't there. Kevin's crying was getting louder. Rob ran down the hall and burst into the bedroom. "Mom!" he shouted. She clicked off the vacuum. "Kevin's locked in the bathroom and I can't find the thing that unlocks the door."

"Oh, dear," she replied. She rushed to the closet, but she couldn't find the pin, either.

Kevin's baby voice was growing louder and louder. "Don't cry, Kevin. Mommy's here, too." Rob kept calling to Kevin. He knew it wouldn't do much good. Kevin was too young to understand. He could hear his Mom rummaging through her dresser drawers for something long enough, thin enough, and strong enough to fit in the tiny hole in the doorknob.

Then Rob thought of a paperclip. If he straightened one out, it would unlock the door. He ran to the living room desk. He found a paperclip and straightened it out as he ran back. The door opened easily with the paper clip. Mom grabbed Kevin up to hold him on her lap and comfort him. Rob patted his arm to help in the comforting. After a while, he threw the paperclip away and wandered into his room.

In a few minutes his mom came in. Kevin still clung to her neck. She sat on the bed and patted a place beside her. "Come sit here for a minute," she said. Rob sat down. With her free arm she hugged him close to her. "Thanks for your help today."

"It's OK," he said and smiled a little.

"You know," said his mother, "we're a little like Kevin was today."

Rob frowned. "How do you mean?"

"Well, we're God's children but we're still very young. We don't yet understand when He talks to us. When we get older, we will hear Him and understand. Right now we just have to have faith that He is helping us — even when we don't understand what He says."

"Oh," said Rob, and he felt a lot better.

(Continued from page 1.)

there." It is said that by the time we're six years old our attitudes are rather firmly established. Children rarely question what's really happening "out there" or why — their primary concern is how it affects them. They busy themselves learning ways to make things go the way they want them to. And how they want them to go depends on how they've learned to feel about themselves and their environment.

Once set, those attitudes and opinions and feelings are a part of us — unconscious for the most part — and all new situations are weighed from that point of reference. "Normal" is what's normal to us. We assume it's normal for everyone. It can, and often does, come as quite a shock to learn that people we've become very close to don't think or feel the way we do about some things that are pretty important to us. Once we realize this, we're usually inclined to "set them straight." For most of us, it's many a heartache later before we start to question our own points of view. Some go

We should take great care in teaching that we do not limit others by our own limitations.

Nancy Johnson

to their graves having questioned themselves very little — the way they see it is the way it is, and there is no other way. Period. And that's subjective.

Reality is whatever it is — nothing can change that. That's objective. It appears different to each of us because we see it from our own center-of-the-universe, and that makes our viewpoint subjective.

Thank heaven for the vicissitudes of existence and certain inevitabilities we must encounter (p. 51).

Essentially, vicissitude means change. It implies a change great enough to constitute a reversal of what has been and by means that are beyond our control. In the

plan of creature evolution, we're supposed to switch from subjective (and self-centered) to objective (God-like). We're assured it produces joy. We're assured that this joy is ours for the striving.

The pain or negative reactions we experience can only come from resisting the necessary changes. Oftentimes the discomfort is there and we honestly don't know we're resisting. Most religions teach something about the virtues of long suffering, and if we accept that and are brave about it, it may not occur to us to investigate what we might be doing ourselves that's causing the discomfort. We just accept it and find that we're better persons for having bravely endured. That certainly may be true, but that does not mean it was necessary. We have full control over how much discomfort we experience in our paradise ascent, and it is in exact proportion to how much we resist the change from subjective to objective. So even though our resistance may be unintentional, it nonetheless produces discomfort.

Most of our resistance is *intentional but unconscious*. We hold tenaciously to our ideas of what we consider to be right or wrong. Parties on both sides of a disagreement consider themselves right, or at least hold the other side to be wrong; otherwise, there would be no disagreement. Both sides are probably right, and both are probably wrong. We can see how others often make that mistake, but we have great difficulty being objective where our own value systems are concerned. We're told quite plainly on p. 555 that we can be technically right as to fact and everlastingly wrong in the truth. Subjective creatures that we are, we probably interpreted that as an assurance that those who are in disagreement with us are wrong. Our own views are "right," of course, or we wouldn't believe in them. We can correct this imbalance by trading viewpoints and trying to defend theirs against our own. We can see our views more

clearly then.

One of our favorite ways to resist change is also intentional but unconscious. We blame others for whatever misery comes our way. We know we wouldn't intentionally make ourselves miserable, so it's obvious someone else is doing this to us, and we can always come up with someone to blame. Psychology has made enormous strides forward in recent years. If we've kept abreast with the latest findings, we can readily see that it doesn't matter what anyone else "does to us," we're in strict control of how much we suffer as a result. And if the choice is ours, so is the responsibility for that choice.

If what we read is true about these people who can walk barefoot across a bed of red-hot coals without any sign of burning or pain, we can infer that all of us also have control over physical pain. We just haven't learned the trick yet. We know there are conditions called low and high pain tolerance. People with low pain tolerance often think people with high pain tolerance are just lucky, and sometimes they're a bit resentful about that or indulge in a little self-pity because they're not. It could be that people with high pain tolerance make their own "luck" by their attitude. Most will allow that they just don't give their pain any more attention than it takes to make it go away, and they busy themselves with some kind of work they consider more important than the pain. It's a technique of dwelling less on the self and more on what the self is doing, and that's a step toward becoming objective.

On page 555 we find support for this technique. It says the work we are doing is important. The self is not. It's a handy way to get rid of physical pain, but we find it more noticeably effective in ridding ourselves of a psychological burden brought on by ego. Who of us has not had our feathers ruffled more often than we



care to admit? And how often has the real joy of some of our better efforts been marred because we didn't get as much reward or appreciation as we were expecting. It goes on to say we lose a lot of energy to the wear and tear of ego dignity and how much more we can accomplish when we correct that problem. It's easier said than done, but just think of all the trouble and energy we'd save if we didn't resist the change!

Page 555 is full of ideas we can help ourselves with. We make a lot of plans in our lives that include other people — marriage, family, work, friends, groups, etc. The more subjective we are about what we expect from these relationships, the more certain we can be of disappointments. An unconscious subjective attitude is expressed here in slightly exaggerated form by: "I can't control myself, so I must control others in order to insure my happiness (or peace of mind)." Objectively, the opposite is more apt to succeed: "I can't control others, but I *can* control myself, and I'll be responsible for my own happiness (or peace of mind)."

Every day in many ways we're subjective. Everytime we feel the slightest discomfort, physically or emotionally, we can probably trace the cause back to some subjective attitude or opinion we're not willing to yield up. Some of these we wouldn't even admit to ourselves, much less to anyone else, so we busy ourselves at "growing spiritually." That's something like trying to build a house without a foundation — the first ill wind that comes along will blow it over. We noticed how often the book refers to our physical (emotional), mindal and spiritual growth, and we noticed, too, that it's always presented in that order. We presume that was intentional.

Sometimes we know we're being subjective and find it doesn't produce any discomfort. A closer look at "subjective" revealed that it comes in two forms — positive

and negative. Humans are subjective creatures — there's no escaping that reality. We accept three things then: (1) it must be a part of God's plan; (2) God's plan is perfect and loving; and (3) it must be to our advantage to be subjective.

It seems we would have to be subjective just to get started living and keep on living until our minds grow enough to respond to the spiritual gravity circuit. Babies might choose to cancel out and call the whole thing off after that rude slap on the rear they get as they arrive, but mothers' loving arms may help them decide to stick around and see what this is all about.

We'd have to be subjective to go inside ourselves and search for potentials to develop. Whatever motivates us to do this in the beginning doesn't matter. Eventually we'll learn that this is God's way of experiencing himself. If we went on realizing our potentials with that as the sole purpose — so God can experience himself — that would be pretty darned objective. We're probably more motivated by the eternal reward we've been promised. But that's okay. Our father delights in rewarding us.

Most of the time we're playing a subjective/negative game called "my will be done." When we exhaust our energies and realize it isn't worth the hassle, we can always transform and reenergize by taking a subjective/positive stand: "It is my will that Your will be done," which is what the game of life is all about. How much and how long we play around in the negative is strictly up to us.

We question that anyone but God can ever be totally objective, because he's the only one who will ever know all that is. We'll probably become objective only within whatever sphere we attain perfection. For us in the flesh, objectivity — reality comprehension — is an ideal. We will become increasingly objective as we discern more and more eternal truths, and the

## By Many Paths

BY PAT WATERMAN  
EULESS, TEXAS

*Continuing quotes from Urantia's  
spiritual heritage . . . .*

### Bahaism

(Most recent offshoot)



"Know thou assuredly that the essence of all the prophets of God is one and the same — their unity is absolute. There is no distinction whatsoever among the Bearers of The Message. They all have but one purpose; their secret is the same secret. To prefer one in honor to another, to exalt certain ones above the rest, is in no wise to be permitted."

Bahauallah  
19th century

revelators have already advised us that most of the truth we discern here is more relative and evolutionary than it is eternal. It's a long road to objectivity.

So maybe we would be wise to content ourselves with the awareness that we're almost totally subjective and spend more time converting negatives to positives. That's probably the key to discerning truths and becoming objective, anyway.

Do not be disturbed at being misunderstood. Be disturbed only at not understanding.

# SPHERES of INFLUENCE

BY GENE JOYCE  
RICHARDSON, TEXAS



At long last many people are ready and even eager to examine that most universal phenomenon of all — mortal death. Dr. Elisabeth Kubler-Ross, the most widely acclaimed crusader in this field, has recently published *To Live Until We Say Good-bye*. In contrast to her earlier book *On Death and Dying*, which covered the actual dying experience and also near-death occurrences, this latest book deals with the many positive ways in which all those persons surrounding a terminally ill patient can assist and share in a constructive manner. The text, which centers around four specific cases ranging in age from five to seventy-one, is accompanied by the excellent photographs of Mal Warshaw which reveal the significance of this opportunity for growth and spiritual progress not only in the lives of those who are dying but also for those who assist. The book elucidates the importance for all human beings to come to terms with this last major challenge of life on our planet in order to enrich and ennoble the lives of the living as well as those persons who are aware of their impending death. Dr. Kubler-Ross clearly proves her point that honesty and courage can achieve peace and acceptance for the patient as well as remove the danger of remorse and bitterness from the lives of those who remain.

Equally important, but geared more to the future, are the train-

ing workshops for the general public as well as medical students, social workers, hospital chaplains and nurses which Dr. Kubler-Ross plans to establish in all areas of the United States. Both her counseling and training programs have been instrumental in inspiring others to write on the subject of death.

Two outstanding books stemming from her investigations are *Life after Life* by Raymond A. Moody, Jr. (a collection of near-death experiences from which the person involved recovered), and the truly astounding enlargement on one of these cases written by the subject himself — *Return from Tomorrow* by George G. Ritchie, M.D. Ritchie's book is especially dramatic in that it is a first person recital, and gives in detail the emotional, mindal, and spiritual responses of a highly intelligent individual during the thirty-four subsequent years of his life. It illustrates the profound effect such an experience can wield upon the decisions and lifestyle of the individual, greatly validating the event itself.

Here is Moody's description of a being introduced to his mind as "the' Son of God": "This was not the Jesus of Sunday School . . . gentle, kind, understanding — and probably a little bit of a weakling. This Person was power itself, older than time and yet more modern than anyone I had ever met. I knew that this man loved me. Far more even than power, what emanated from this Presence was unconditional love. An astonishing love. A love beyond my wildest imagining." This, of course, is the Urantian Jesus who then asked the all-important question, "What did you do with your life?" A question concerned with values not facts.

The actual experiences recounted in the above mentioned books correlate with statements in *The URANTIA Book* encouraging mortals to view "funerals" with equanimity, faith, and joy rather than morbid fear and remorse as many do now. Such a change in attitude always proves "decidedly helpful" to those who have tried it.

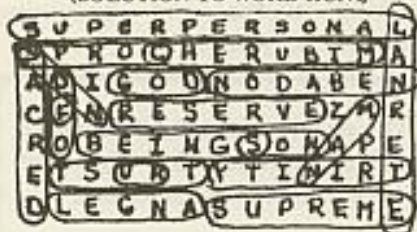
Jim Mills of Pensacola, Florida, would like to invite readers of the book to participate in a question and answer dialogue on the more abstract aspects of the book. If you have a question, please send it to us. He will express his ideas on the answer via the next Circles. If you have a comment on his answers, send those, too.

Here is a sample question and answer:

Q: Why does the Supreme Being have to depend so much upon the Deity and Unqualified Absolutes for his realization of growth in Supremacy?

A: As a contractor and builder, whether of things or men, must have raw materials for both, so the Supreme Being must have raw materials for the things and men which become his domain. These two absolutes furnish these raw materials. They are the giant nonpersonal and personal raw material warehouses of time and space. In their absolute nature God has insured that the warehouses will never, never be empty. The supply available will always exceed the demands made on it.

(SOLUTION TO WORD HUNT)



## The Urantia Book: Form and Formlessness

BY PHIL EVERSOU

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Many of us, when we first joyously discovered *The Urantia Book*, attempted to share it with our close friends, whom we naively expected to be as enthusiastic about it as we were. The actual results of such efforts were, I think, sobering for all of us. Perhaps there is no way of preventing new enthusiasts from making the same mistake, but we old-timers can continue to present cautionary advice based on our experience.

Paradoxically, the best way to promote the book is not to promote it at all. Person-to-person contact, rather than promotional literature and a promotional approach, will work, but mostly when one has no intention of "selling" the book or even of mentioning it. The person who wants it is "sold" when he sees it and recognizes — for himself — what the book is. My belief is that secondary literature of any kind does not help the person to recognize the book as such. The book itself must do it, while secondary literature may help to amplify and extend explanations. The function of the student of the book is to recognize the person who is probably ready for it, so all that has to be done is to show the seeker the book and let him respond to it. If he is interested and recognizes its value, a conversation ensues, and a new student of the book may emerge. But any attempt to persuade the seeker that he should read *The Urantia Book* (or any other book, for that matter) will probably fail. The person introducing the book operates effectively if he has no preference or expectation as to the outcome. I have found that I have been most effective in showing the book when I had no prior intention of

doing so — it just came up in the course of conversation.

There is a place for spontaneous enthusiasm about the book, particularly after one has been asked specific questions about it. It is certainly appropriate to share one's honest feeling about the book, but this should not carry over into an expectation that the other person should feel the same way.

The book sells itself to those who recognize its value, and in a "miraculous" way, all those who are looking for it — although unconsciously — somehow find it, I believe. I think this is because of the superhuman ministry behind the book, and this ministry knows who should get it and when. All we humans have to do is be willing to help as we can, even if we don't understand how it happens. We need to give up the idea of pushing the book in any way. The superhuman ministry is pushing it invisibly, which is the only right way in this planetary situation.

The book is a passive force in that people must come to it through their own search. It is a deep seed, not an early bloomer. It is at this time a special gift for the very few who are ready for it — much less than one percent of the population — as well as being an epochal revelation for the long term. The book portrays universal order and purpose on a comprehensive intellectual level which serves as a confirmation of the nature of reality for those few who at this time need it and want it.

Students of *The Urantia Book* have the unique opportunity of consciously becoming Jesusonians. The potentials of this opportunity are, I think, what comes out of absorbing the teaching of the book. The Jesusonian way of pro-

moting the book is not to promote it, and the essential reason for this is that the Jesusonian way is to promote the living truth. You don't need to rehearse to do that. The living truth is itself not a form — it has no boundaries, no definitions. It is an infinite value, and it uses form in various contexts to communicate. The book is a form — it is not the living reality that it describes so well. The authors of the book are well aware of this.

The Jesusonian approach is to communicate formless values, to facilitate the process of making truth and love come alive in others as it flows out of ourselves. Essentially, there is no message to give, in the sense of form, and at the same time we may use any appropriate words to aid in the process. "The Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man" may or may not be the right words to use in a given context. So we shouldn't be attached to any particular way of communicating. When we are in the here and now with a person, openly communicating, what we say is never a humanly prerecorded message — it's often a surprise to the speaker.

Attachment or revulsion to particular forms — verbal forms, physical forms, social forms, or whatever — create barriers between people. For then they do not acknowledge each other as persons first and foremost. They tend to see only the verbal, physical, or social form of the person, which they may disagree with and reject. It is not form that is the problem but attachment or revulsion to it.

If the Jesusonian teaching of the book is to be actualized, then we need to create unity without creating another uniformity,

(Continued on page 12.)

# about angels

BY GENE JOYCE  
RICHARDSON, TEXAS

The angels "love human beings, and only good can result from your efforts to understand and love them."\*

## What mortals have said about angels:

"Angels and men, two branches of the family of God, may be drawn into close communion and cooperation, the chief purpose of which would be to uplift the human race: To this end the angels on their side are ready to participate as closely as possible in every department of human life and in every human activity in which cooperation is practicable. Those members of the human race who will throw open heart and mind to their angelic brethren, will find an immediate response and a gradually increasing conviction of its reality."

Geoffrey Hodson

"When humans face testings and tragedy, they should remember the Angels who are always standing ready to lend Their celestial assistance, comfort and counsel."

Flower A. Newhouse

\* \* \*

## SPECULATION

We are told in *The Urantia Book* that the angels of health are

one of the twelve groups of advanced seraphim assigned to the supervision of our planet; therefore, it would be logical to assume there are certain angels whose specialty is healing. We wish to thank Lynn Chapman of New Castle, Colorado, for sharing the following personal experience with us. . . .

\* \* \*

When my son, Joshua David, was six months old he became completely paralyzed with what was later diagnosed as infant botulism. He lay in the hospital hooked up to IV's, heart and breathing monitors, and was losing temperature. At this point I had to make a choice of living in love or fear. I decided to become one with God and my baby, and I prayed for the Father's will and guidance (which was not always the hospital's will, but which they agreed to try). I sang continually, mostly "God loves my baby, and Jesus loves him, too," and just held him and became One. I felt his temperature rise, and in the corner of his room by his bed was

(Continued from page 11.)

another social organization, to do it. And the way that we unify is to recognize that we are unified — at the level of spiritual consciousness, the Jesusonian Circle, so to speak. To be a member of it, you recognize that you are a member of it. It is significant that all spiritual paths come to this same point that we like to call Jesusonian. It is the point where all the words and doctrines drop off and we see the same infinite light in each other.

a "presence," and I "knew" he would live. The being was larger than human and full of light. The more I talk about it the more the vision fades, but the feeling of the presence will never be forgotten.

At the same time I saw this, I found out later, an entire monastery was praying for him. I am not Catholic, but friends had asked them and several churches and prayer groups to pray, and I believe the love energy from prayer, as well as my own decision to become one with the Father and my son, raised the frequency of energy whereby I could visualize this "angel" for an instant and feel the presence in the room for several days. \* \* \*

\*Quotation from *The Urantia Book*, © 1955 URANTIA Foundation, used by permission.

Something there is that doesn't love a wall,  
That wants it down. I could  
say 'Elves' to him,  
But it's not elves exactly, and  
I'd rather  
He said it for himself. I see  
him there  
Bringing a stone grasped firmly  
by the top  
In each hand, like an old-stone  
savage armed.  
He moves in darkness as it  
seems to me,  
Not of woods only and the  
shade of trees.  
He will not go behind his  
father's saying,  
And he likes having thought of  
it so well.  
He says again, 'Good fences  
make good neighbours.'

Robert Frost

## THE CIRCLES INVITES YOU TO PARTICIPATE

Sharing is the cornerstone of *The Circles* — sharing our experience, our knowledge, our meanings and values.

Send your article (typed, double-spaced and limited to two pages, if possible), poems, artwork, etc., to us. (We also appreciate your letters and comments.) Deadline for the Fall issue is July 1; for the Winter issue, September 15.

Mail to: The Editors; 2001 Woods Dr.; Arlington, TX 76010.

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