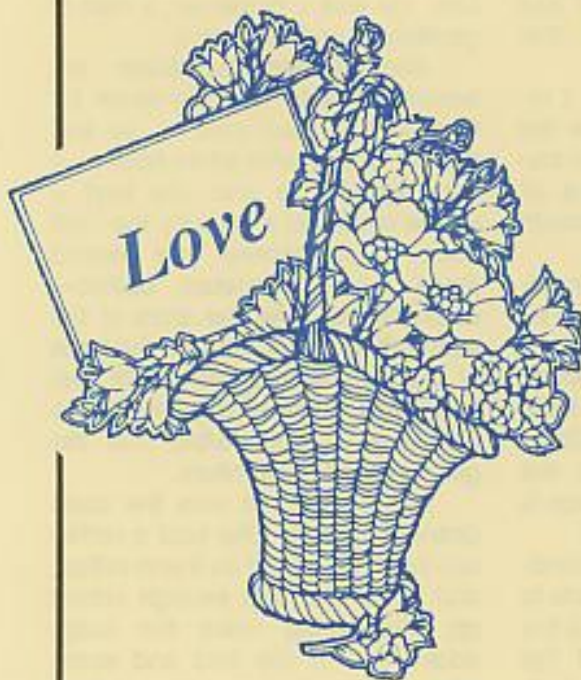


The Circles

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

Gifts of Love

Vol. X, No. 1&2 CONTENTS Sp./Sum., 1987



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Daisy

By Bonnie Norton
Kailua, Hawaii

My grandmother was always my favorite person. She was my comforter, playmate, mentor and guide. Grandma's name was Daisy, and I suspect it suited her. She had a crispness about her, like that of fresh cut flowers. She always seemed so energetic as she zoomed around the house in her starched calico apron. She was medium in height, but big-boned and sturdy. Her hair was white, short, and closely curled away from her face. She wore spectacles with bifocals, and at night there was a ritual cleaning of her false teeth before she retired to bed.

My earliest memories associated with Grandma go back to when I was still crawling. I have recollections of Grandma's big old boarding house in Champaign, Illinois. On one occasion I remember crawling up a very wide carpeted staircase to some rooms on a landing. I pushed open a door and peered inside a room. A young woman was lying in bed switching the dial on a nightstand radio. A man was standing in his blue terry cloth bathrobe by a hotplate pouring himself a cup of coffee; at the same time he was scolding the young woman in a harsh voice.

"Get out!" he yelled at me.

My heart backed up in my throat, and the door was slammed shut above my fingers. I remember trying to back down the staircase, but my father came along and picked me up. How could I explain to him what had just happened? I couldn't even talk! So I cried.

Grandma lived in a rural area near a college. Many of her board-

ers were college students. The house was wood and white, 19th century, with a porch in the front. There was an old porch swing near the front door. Many's the time I remember swinging with Grandpa as we snapped a bowl of green beans for supper.

Grandpa was very tall, maybe over six feet, and had a long face, all white hair and no teeth. He wore overalls, long-sleeved flannel shirts, and he never talked. I asked Grandma once why Grandpa never talked. She said he didn't have a tongue. What a shame, I thought. Both Grandma and Grandpa had very blue eyes--the kind that twinkled.

Grandma loved to cook. I remember being sent out to the red raspberry bushes with a coffee can to pick raspberries, but more of them made their way into my mouth than the can.

Dinners were served at Grandma's in a large dining room, with all the boarders sitting at her long antique dining room table, which was covered with a pastel linen tablecloth. There were two sliding wood doors that separated the dining area from the parlor (which is what they called the living room).

Sometimes after dinner Grandma would bring a big bowl of nuts to the table. Grandpa would crack the nuts between the palms of his hands. He showed me how to do it. As I recall, I had some success, but I have since tried it and have been unable to crack a single one.

Grandpa was Grandma's third husband. I was told she had outlived the rest, and she outlived him.

I remember visiting him in the hospital just before he died. He seemed healthy enough to me. I sat on top of his stomach and ate the buttered toast he offered me, chatting a mile a minute about something. Isn't it odd? I always remember carrying on lengthy conversations with Grandpa, but he never talked. (I am convinced that we must have had some kind of telepathic communion.)

Grandpa looked peaceful in his coffin as we moved along in line to view him at the funeral parlor. The Sunday suit looked out of place on him. He was a carpenter, a man of gentleness and few words.

After Grandpa's death the boarding house was too much for Grandma to take care of, so she moved to a smaller white house. It was light inside and she kept a yellow canary in a cage by the front door. Everywhere you looked there were crocheted doilies—under lamps, over the arms of the overstuffed chairs, and on the back of the sofa where you might rest your head. In those days men wore haircreme. God forbid that the grease got on the furniture.

Lye soap—that was the soap Grandma made. She kept a coffee can full of fat or lard as it was called, and when she had enough stored up, she would make the soap, adding lye to the lard and some mineral oil. Just recently a friend brought me back some of this soap from a country town in Pennsylvania. I keep the soap on my kitchen sink. I don't use it. I just like to look at it and sometimes give it a

See DAISY on page 8.

The Sunday Pants ©

By Duane Faw
Malibu, California



We were depression children. Today we would be called "poor," but the idea never occurred to us. No one dared call us poor, for too many others were worse off than we were.

The year was 1932, in the depth of the Great Depression. Hoover was president. When my father could find work, he was paid about \$1.00 per day. Mother was an excellent seamstress, and made more money sewing and washing clothes for others than my father could make, so my father helped with the washing. When she had the time, Mother sewed clothes for me, my two younger brothers, and my little sister--usually out of hand-me-downs. And as we wore holes in them, she sewed on neat patches. We were always clean, particularly when we went to school and church.

My sixth grade home room teacher was Miss Davie. One day in the early spring Miss Davie asked me to stay after school. We went into her office where she closed the door. I wondered what I had done wrong. Then she turned to me and smiled and said, "Duane, I tithe. But I do not give all of my tithe to the church. I believe the Lord wants me to use some of it to help those who are deserving. You go with your family to church twice every Sunday and once every Wednesday. I think the Lord would be pleased if you had a good pair of

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Sunday pants to wear to church. I have prayed about it, and I think he would like it. Would you ask your parents if they would be offended if the Lord let me use some of his money to buy you a new pair of pants?"

Although I was approaching my 12th birthday, I could not remember ever owning a new pair of store-bought pants. The prospect was very exciting as I ran home to ask my parents. I really did not understand why a tear ran down my mother's cheek as she said she guessed it would be alright, but I should accept nothing other than the pants.

The next Saturday Miss Davie met me in front of the local dry goods store. We spent the next hour shopping for just the right pair of pants. The store owner was very helpful. I selected a magnificent pair of long pants, by no means the cheapest. They cost \$3.98.

As I entered Miss Davie's car to be driven home, she paused and looked at me and said, "Duane, I did not spend my money for those pants. I spent the Lord's money. There may come a time when you will wish to repay the money spent on you today. If so, don't bring it to me. You must return it to the Lord."

I thought for a moment and then said, "Do you mean I should put it in the collection plate?" Miss Davie smiled and said, "I doubt if the Lord will let you get by that easy. I think that the only way you

can pay back God's money which is spent on you is by finding someone else who is worthy and needs help and spending part of your own tithe on them." I really did not understand it, but I remembered it.

My father thought the pants were too expensive, as they cost the equivalent of four days' work. However, they were excellent! Mother turned under several inches of cloth when she hemmed the legs, and let them out inch by inch as I grew. When my waist became

See SUNDAY on page 7.

Got an idea for an article?

The back cover tells about our next theme. But we are most happy to have articles on other topics too.

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All page references to The URANTIA Book are as follows: The page number is first, followed by a colon and then the paragraph number. Each indention on a page is counted as a paragraph, even if it is a single line long, as in numbered lists. Paragraph 0 on the page is the one which began on the previous page. The international citation which follows the slash refers to paper, section, and paragraph within the section.

Giving the Gift of Love

Love is the rarest of gifts, for the more you give of it, the more you will receive. Love has no existence unless it is expressed. Its only meaning lies in being shared.

Our best example and role model for giving love is our Father.

He not only accepts our love, but he also returns it to us. *The URANTIA Book* tells us that love is at the center of God's being, "God is love." (38:6/2.5.1) Since love is a gift, it is to be shared as freely and generously as the Father shares his

love with all of his mortal children. "God loves each creature as a child, and that love overshadows each creature throughout all eternity." (1304:7/118.10.5)

We cannot, however, share what is not within us. To love others we need to first love ourselves. We must know that we are the beloved children of God--so beloved that he has put a part of himself in each of us. How could we be unlovable or unworthy if the Creator and Perfect Father of the universe loves each of us? This beautiful knowledge is one of the greatest gifts *The URANTIA Book* has given me. Knowing that God is part of me, and that his boundless love and support are always there for me, helped me to know myself as lovable and worthy. Knowing the Father loves us is the first step in loving ourselves.

Sharing that love with others is the second step. By sharing that love we reaffirm our wholeness. "It is not possible to respect yourself more than you love your neighbor; the one is the measure of the capacity for the other." (1740:1/156.5.14) I once felt that love was in very limited supply, that if I gave too much I would be drained by the needs of others. I saw myself as being emptied of love with no one filling me back up. Now I seek every opportunity to give love. It makes me feel good about myself and more full of love than ever.

Service and doing the Father's will are our mandates here on earth. This purpose is expressed by

See *GIVING* on page 6.



Visualize This



We are standing on earth—just standing there and God is pouring his love down upon us. It's like fine, infinitely light-weight, dry, warm sand. It feels wonderful as it flows over us. But suddenly--we realize that if this continues to happen, we will be buried and suffocate. How terrifying! Then we realize that the

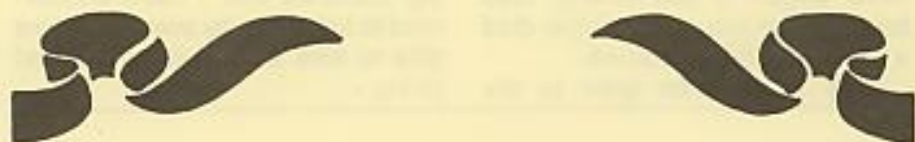
love doesn't stop at the ground; it doesn't obey physical laws, but keeps right on flowing away. Oh no! We must contain it. It's getting lost from us and we can't get it back!! So we create bodies and try to catch it in our hands, but our hands are so small and it's very difficult to hold--so fine and there's

*By Tommie Clendening
McKinney, Texas*

so much of it! So we get a cup--but that immediately fills up as do more cups. Next we try a box, but the sand's so fine that it flows out the seams and, of course, fills up and runs over. Now what?--Frustration!! So we build even stronger more elaborate material contraptions to contain it, but to no avail. We build frustration upon frustration as we try to contain and put limits on an infinite gift. Then we also create guilt feelings from trying to hold on to and selfishly keep to ourselves this beautiful gift.

Finally we begin to see how silly we've been! We are creators!! The purpose of God's gift of creative love is not to be contained, kept, hidden, hoarded--but to be given away freely, continuously and abundantly just as it is to be received. But because he loves us infinitely, he gave us free will to experience and perceive this creative energy however we choose to and for as long as we desire. We may even use it to mis-create, things like: fear, guilt, lack, frustration, selfishness--why, we can even misperceive the gift!

But, as with all children of a loving parent, as soon as we tire of the game we've made up, we can just stop playing it, come in and enjoy his presence and listen to and follow his guidance--and grow into the creative channels for his (our) love that he always knew we would be."




What is a Gift of Love?

*By Gene Joyce
Richardson, Texas*


What is a gift of love? To me it is a creative act, however large or small, performed for the benefit of someone else from which no possible benefit can come to the giver of the gift. Quite often it is something that is known only to the giver and the recipient. And the manner in which it is given should be gracious and spontaneous.

Such a gift came to me from an English teacher I had in the eighth grade. We were not particularly close but I remember she was an excellent teacher for whom I had respect if not much affectionate regard. One day she asked me to remain after class as she had something to tell me. It seemed that she had noticed that whenever she gave the class an assignment, an expression of displeasure and resentment would appear on my face. She made it clear that she believed I was unaware of my reaction and that if I knew I was doing it, I could correct it.

How many times in later life has her gift protected me from unintentionally arousing animosity in others because of an unconscious action on my part? Her decision to risk my misunderstanding was a generous act, a small deed "as she passed by," but I have remembered it for fifty-five years."



A Loving Gift of Tolerance



By Kaye Cooper
Arlington, Texas

Some gifts of love are recognized only long after they are given. Such was the case with a gift given to me by my mother-in-law, Billie. When couples first marry, they must usually make adjustments not only to each other but also to their respective in-laws. I realized even then that mine was a particularly easy time of adjustment with my husband's parents. They could hardly have been less like the typical stereotype of in-laws. They were comfortable to be with—uncritical and supportive. They never thrust themselves into our lives. Billie and I painted her house together; we sewed together; we generally had a good time.

It was only years later that I began to see that time more clearly. My husband and I were good students and considered ourselves to be quite intelligent. Some of that unconsciously arrogant attitude tinted my comments to Billie from time to time. She never resented my air of superiority nor even called it to my attention. She never retaliated in any way. She simply loved me and kept on doing good things for me. There was never a sugges-

tion of sacrifice, martyrdom, or self-righteousness in her forgiving tolerance. It just flowed naturally from her to me.

The more experience I gained, the more I appreciated the value of the gift she had given me. Because of her generous acceptance of me as I was, there were no additional strains on my marriage from "in-law trouble." My immature attitude which might, in another family, have begun a self-feeding feud between the two of us, simply died a natural death as I matured.

My appreciation grew to the

point that one day I decided I must thank her for her gracious attitude toward me years before. I finally worked up the courage (to thank her was to acknowledge my poor behavior) and approached her.

And that is when I recognized how truly loving her gift had been. To this day she maintains that she can't even remember my being obnoxious.

She lived an example of forgiving tolerance that I have endeavored to imitate in my own life. Some gifts of love just go on giving and giving."

GIVING from page 4.

"loving service bestowed upon one's fellow man." (1600:3/142.4.2) Love and service are related; service is an expression of love, a way of sharing it. It is the Father's will that we love each other and share that love. We are not here just to contemplate and admire, but to take action through loving service, as Christ did. Christ's whole life centered around service and love. "You are to love all men as I have loved you; you are to serve all men as I have served you." (2041:6/191.4.3) In everything he was perfectly loving and giving. He was not out to become wealthy or powerful, though it would have been easy for him to have become both. He knew that those things have no meaning in the greater universe, beyond this temporary life. What we can gain from this life that will serve us through our universe life is experience, moral strength and loving service to others. His life was an expression of this. This is

why, for so many of us, Christ's life is the guide we use for our own.

The Father's love would have no meaning if it were not shared, and it is the same for our love. Loving comes naturally but not always easily. It takes practice, and we must often overcome our fear that our love will not be returned. It is easy to share love with those who are wonderful and giving and love you back. But for sharing to be Christ-like, given freely to everyone, we must be able to share it even with those who act negatively or unlovingly toward us. "Love, freely receive from both human and divine sources regardless of your deserts, and love freely in return." (1740:6/156.5.19) I know this is hard, but it becomes much easier if you give love because you wish to share and give, not because you expect something in return. We cannot control others any more than Christ could control those who hated and feared him. We can give

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...

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love to others the same way the sun can shine on everyone; sunlight and love are qualities of the giver, not the receiver.

To share our love beyond our "loved ones" we need to look at how we can share it. "The affectionate dedication of the human will to the doing of the Father's will is man's choicest gift to God." (22:5/1.1.2) We all have gifts, many of which we are unaware. We are often admonished to look at our faults but not often to look at our gifts. Are you patient, generous, good with details, good with children, artistic, handy, or a good listener? These are just a few gifts that we can give, ways that we can show love. Explore the ways you can share your love through your own special gifts.

I enjoy being with people, encouraging them, helping them see their own potential. Teaching adults and helping them get their high school diplomas is my special way to share love. Being active in my daughter's school is another way to show love to all the children in our area. Writing is yet another way I share my love. There is no one way to share love. We are all unique and so are our gifts. Giving love should also be a continuous part of our lives, not something we do only on Sunday morning or Wednesday night. It can be a part of every encounter with other people. Giving feels good, that is why giving is its own reward. Love and the sharing of love are part of the fulfillment of our purpose on Earth. "You reveal divine love, not merely with words, but in your daily living. I send you forth, not to love the souls of men, but to love men. You are not merely to proclaim the joys of heaven but also to exhibit in your daily experience these spirit realities of the divine life since you already have eternal life, as the gift of God, through faith. When you have faith, when power from on high, the Spirit of Truth, has come upon you, you will not hide your light here behind closed doors; you will make known the love and the

mercy of God to all mankind." (2043:1/191.5.3)«

SUNDAY from page 3.

too large for the pants, she shortened the legs so they would fit my next younger brother. The pants not only served me long and faithfully, but also served each of my younger brothers, Sunday after Sunday, as we grew through the range of their sizes. I often wonder

what became of them.

Upon reaching manhood, I began to understand what Miss Davie meant. Every time I saw a deserving needy person, there arose a compelling desire to repay the Lord for those pants. The fact that the need was for something other than pants made no difference. The Lord does not insist on repayment in kind. Over the next

See SUNDAY on page 8.



Gifts of Love

God's presence

Inner feelings

Fifth chance

Thoughts of hope

Spiritual joy

Open minds

Family sharing

Love everlasting

One God

Value of beauty

Eternal faith

God's love,

Inner peace,

Fifth revelation.

Thought Adjuster,

Spiritual growth.

Open hearts,

Family caring.

Love divine,

One Son.

Value of truth,

Eternal life.

*By Catherine Pulley
Greater Manchester, England*



SUNDAY from page 7.

few years, I am sure the debt was repaid more than seven times over, even at inflated prices. I didn't keep score.

Later, I returned to my home town (Denton, Texas) for a visit, and I decided to go by and tell Miss Davie that I had repaid the Lord for those pants. When I knocked on the door of her family home, I was told that she had passed away the year before.

I went back to the car thinking, "Miss Davie now knows that I have repaid the Lord for those pants." As I got in the car, in my mind's eye I could see Miss Davie in the front seat smiling, wagging her finger at me, and saying, "No, you haven't!"

The vision is correct. Even to this day, when the situation presents itself, there arises in me a strong impulse to repay the Lord for those pants. I am not always re-

sponsive to this call, but I have been responsive a sufficient number of times to know that when Miss Davie invested \$3.98 of the Lord's money in me, she made a darn good investment. «

DAISY from page 2.

sniff.

Grandma had my dad put a rope-swing on the big tree in the backyard. I used to swing high enough to reach almost to the top of the tree.

For many years Grandma and I played hide and seek. We had an on-going game of who could scare whom the most. Sometimes we got pretty wild. I have a small scar under my nose where I fell and hit the glass on the coffee table which was the base to tag "home free." Mother put the nix on hide-and-seek for a while after that.

Daisy is in heaven now, and she probably works just as hard as she did in her little white house.

I have often thought about Grandma as my own youngsters were growing up. Now as the possibility of my becoming a grandmother approaches, I am aware of the fact that Grandma lives in me. Through me my grandchildren will know Daisy. I will comfort, love and care for them in the way that is unique from one loving generation to the next.

(I am currently Director of Activities for 42 grandmas and grandpas at the Good Samaritan Convalescent Hospital in Kaneohe, Hawaii. In this capacity I not only play with the senior citizens but minister to them also. Thank you, Michael, for trusting me with these precious ones. I may now return the love that was generously bestowed upon me as a child!) «



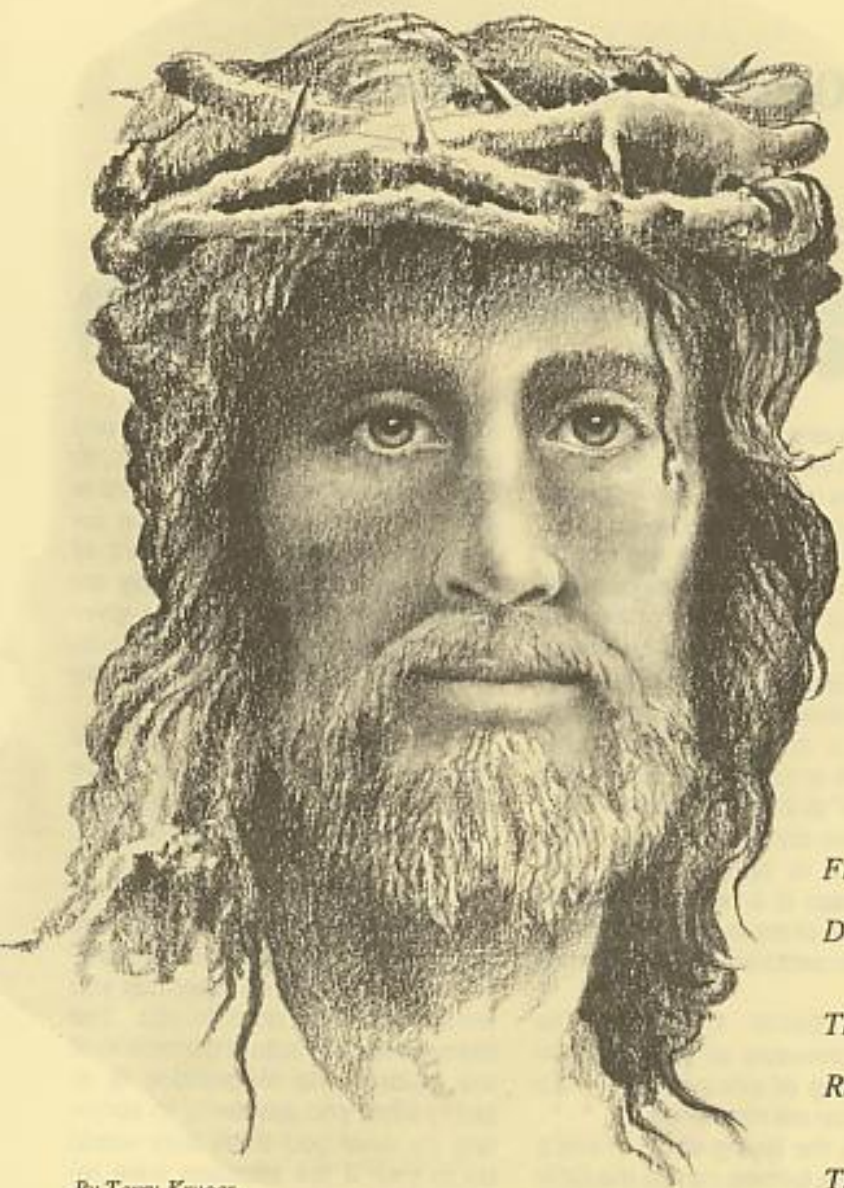
God's Gifts of Love

*By David Glass
Fort Worth, Texas*

We Love and Thank you, Father, for Your Many Gifts to us: Life, Temporal and Eternal; Your Living Love; Our Capacity for Faith; Our Capacity to Provide You With More Sons and Daughters Through Procreation, Thereby Gaining Insight into Your Parental Personality; The Uniqueness of the Personalities of Each of Us; Higher Ideas and Ideals; Truth-, Beauty-, and Goodness-Sensitivity; Our Bodies, Minds, and Spirits—Our Eternal Thought Adjusters; the Contribution of Adam and Eve and Machi-

venta Melchizedek to Our Planetary Culture; The Bestowal Life of Michael of Nebadon—Jesus of Nazareth; Our Capacities for Understanding, Compassion, Patience, and Tolerance; Good-Tasting Sustenance; Friendship With You and With All Your Cosmic Children; Our Capacity for Progressive Evolution and Ultimate Perfectionization; Our Deliverance from Selfishness; Our Quick, Perceptive Intuition; Our Capacity to Sense Your Presence; The Priceless Assistance of the Revelators and

Their Excellent Product: *The URANTIA Book*; Mortal and Post-Mortal Companionship; The Helpfulness of All the Personalities We Will Encounter on Our Ascension to You; Our Capacity for the Achievement of Paradise Citizenship; Your Proclamation of the Certainty of Our Finding You and Recognizing You Directly, Face to Face; Your Totality-Encompassing, Eternal Purposes and Intended Adventures for Your Near-Limitless Family; Your Abiding and Infinite Love... «



*By Terry Kruger
Boulder, Colorado*

Windows of Your Soul

*Framed with long and silent lashes
they glow a golden brown
Deep and pure and gentle
they speak without a sound*

*They shine forth so brightly
with love, and light, and truth
Radiating outward the beauty
acquired in your youth*

*They show the triumph of your soul
the trials overcome
And the light that pours forth
is God's living proof*

*That our world is but illusion
the imperfection that we see
Is but our own blurred vision
of the perfect world to be*

*To see them shine so brightly
is a pure joy to me
For it sets my heart asoaring
and lets my sorrows free*

*So hide them not from others
but let them light your face
That you may add to troubled times
your peace, and strength, and grace.*

By Thomas T. Foster

Gifts of Love: Study Notes

By Bill Cooper
Arlington, Texas



In studying gifts of love, let's remember what love is. Briefly stated, love is 1) the desire to do good to others, 2) unselfishness, and 3) friendship. It is also interesting to recall that love is contagious so that loving treatment of our fellows tends to cause them to think and behave lovingly. Consequently, a gift of goodness, unselfishness, and friendship not only gives joy to the giver and the recipient, but it also enables the recipient more readily to display these qualities too.

(1) 1874:4-5/ 171.7.1-2
Rather than carefully laying plans, Jesus conducted so much of his ministry by ministering "as he passed by."

Behaving lovingly does not require much planning. Jesus performed his loving service naturally and gracefully as he journeyed through life. When he saw an opportunity to ease someone's burden of living or to enhance the quality of a life, he acted. Everyone is able to do this. The opportunities to be supportive of others in their meaningful life struggles are available to us every day. Ministering as we pass by is available to us too if we resolve to incorporate it in our lives and if we save time from our tasks so that we can spend it in friendship. If it were God's clearly expressed will for our lives that we form the habit of behaving lovingly toward all people, would you do it?

(2) 1874:4-5/ 171.7.1-2
Graciousness is a fruit of the "love-saturated soul." Graciousness makes goodness attractive.

Graciousness is the quality of loving service which causes affection to grow and which makes goodness attractive and effective.

It is interesting that the contagiousness of love is apparently conditioned by the style or flair we exhibit as we go about behaving lovingly. Graciousness is characterized by kindness and warm courtesy. It is merciful and compassionate. It is relaxed, leisurely and elegant all at the same time. Considering the attractiveness of these qualities, it is not surprising that graciousness is a powerful additive for the lives of those who wish to be living representatives of the God of love.

(3) 1944:6/ 171.7.12
The supreme measure of true affection is the giving of one's life for one's friends. You are my friends.

I think the laying down of one's life for one's fellows can be the daily event of setting aside the selfish use of our lives in favor of using our lives for the purpose of graciously doing good for others as we pass through life. The decision to lay down one's self-centered life and to become habitually and graciously good and friendly is a decision which must be made over and over again as we live. It is truly a great gift.

(4) 1945:3/ 180.1.6
Loving service should be done as a friend, for a friend, not as a sacrifice.

The love in loving service is contagious. It is directed by the Spirit of Truth and it grows and spreads like a benign virus. Loyalty to duty is admirable, but it lacks the thrill, the excitement, the spiritually

exuberant passion of loving and being loved. Loyalty to love, to friendship, is far superior. There is vast and persisting motivation for good in the emotional content of doing good for another simply for the joy of doing it. Both the giver and the receiver of such friendliness feel the impression of its warmth.

(5) 1950:2/ 180.5.7
To love your neighbor as yourself is to live so that those whose lives touch yours receive the highest possible good.

Jesus' golden rule was to love your neighbor as yourself. This was intended to upstep the older golden rule of doing unto others as you would have them do unto you. Too many times the actual corruption of the golden rule in practice is to justify what you are doing to someone by what you think they would do to you, if the situation were reversed. This corruption and Jesus' rule are separated by vast ethical distance. But more than ethics is involved here. Truth, goodness and Godlikeness are served by loving treatment of our fellows—all of them.

(6) 1950:6/ 180.5.11
The golden rule and the teaching of nonresistance must be understood by living them under the tutelage of the Spirit of Truth who "directs the loving contact of one human being with another."

This passage gives interesting insight into the importance of living consistent with our faith. Apparently certain terribly significant spiritual truths can only be understood by living them. ◀

The Remembrance Supper*

By Vince Ventola
Venice, California

"Jesus did not require of his followers that they should periodically assemble and recite a form of words indicative of their common beliefs. He only ordained that they should gather together to actually *do something*—partake of the communal supper of the remembrance of his bestowal life on Urantia." (1091:9/99.5.10)

I am especially thankful for this exquisitely detailed portrait of the Master and his teachings as revealed in *The URANTIA Book*. We have been blessed with a most heavenly gift and a most sacred responsibility. As the years go by and we read and study the life of Jesus, I often wonder how our unseen friends view our spiritual progress. Do they see these teachings taking root in our hearts and minds? Can our guardian angels sense the transformation of our lives? Or, do we appear to be leaning toward a more intellectual approach?

One of the most profound teachings concerns the Master's establishment of the remembrance supper. On page 1942 we read:

"In the establishment of the only ceremony or sacrament associated with his whole life mission, Jesus took great pains to suggest his meanings rather than to commit himself to *precise definitions*. He did not wish to destroy the individual's concept of divine communion by establishing a precise form;

neither did he desire to limit the believer's spiritual imagination by formally cramping it. He rather sought to set man's reborn soul free upon the joyous wings of a new and living spiritual liberty." (1942:3/179.5.4)

And yet, *The URANTIA Book* clearly states only a paragraph away:

"Notwithstanding the Master's effort thus to establish this new sacrament of the remembrance, those who followed after him in the intervening centuries saw to it that his express desire was effectively thwarted in that his simple spiritual symbolism of that last night in the flesh has been reduced to precise interpretations and subjected to the almost mathematical precision of a set formula. *Of all Jesus' teachings none have become more tradition-standardized.*"

(1942:4/179.5.5) (italics mine).

Meditate on the meaning and deep spiritual significance of the remembrance supper. Take the time to pass the cup of remembrance and reflect on the promise of Michael.

I would urge all students of *The URANTIA Book* to reread "Establishing the Remembrance Supper." (1941:6-1943:3/179.5.1-9) Have we truly let this expanded revelation shed a new light on this sacrament? Do we still regard this particular teaching with the same precise interpretation we gave it before we found *The URANTIA Book*? Do we think this communion

of remembrance should only be celebrated in churches? Is there a way in which we, as students of this fifth epochal revelation, can partake of the remembrance supper together? Have we really considered all of the possibilities?

In the words of the Master: "When you do these things, recall the life I have lived on earth among you and rejoice that I am to continue to live on earth with you and to serve through you." (1942:6/179.5.7)

May you share a remembrance supper and experience the presence of Michael.

Beloved Michael, we feel your Love. We love your joy. We drink deeply from your cup of remembrance. Your Peace is a treasure in our lives—an oasis in a world of confusion. Tell us, Creator Father, what would you have us do with The URANTIA Book. Fill us with the courage to go into the world of all religions, nations and races with your message. Grant us the grace to awaken many hearts to our Father as we pass by. Teach patience to all who seek to proclaim The URANTIA Book to the world en masse, long before they themselves have truly matured in the kingdom. Transform their sincerity and over-enthusiasm into intimate and devoted loving service to those whom they would criticize most. Awaken us, Michael—awaken our hearts to your Love, our minds to your thoughts, and fill our souls with your Light and Life."



Outreach

We are eager to report on readers' experiences with sharing the concepts from *The URANTIA Book* with others or introducing the book itself to new readers. Please send us your experiences.

The Editors

An Adventure Called Hospital Ministries

By Elizabeth Jones
Santa Cruz, California

Once or twice a week, I make my way to a place where unexpected glimpses of humanity reveal to me the way the Father's love and man's frailty work together in our lives. This place is Petaluma Valley Hospital and I volunteer some time to spend with people who are in intensive care. I rarely see someone more than once or twice, so it is an experience of being in the present, enjoying the moment with a patient. Going up the elevator, I always ask my angels to be with me and use my visit for some good. They seem to love this kind of work.

To prepare for these adventures, several friends and I attended a seven-week program called Hospital Ministry with a Santa Rosa chaplain, Ken Meese, and a beautiful woman, Natalie McCreary. We were given a notebook compiled of spiritual readings from many sources. For each week's readings, we touched on such subjects as "Listening," "Pain, Suffering and Comfort: Emotional and Spiritual Dimensions," "Healing, Helping, and Affirming God's Presence," "Dying," "Aging, Loss, Grief, and Spiritual Growth," "Faith and Self-

Care." Each week's discussion was rich in deep sensitive insights. It was as if this group of twenty-five strangers, men and women of all ages, had come together to learn how to be of service in the face of pain and sickness and death. During those seven weeks, many of us had to face these things in ourselves and our own lives. It was as if the fear and sickness we all carry with us had to be faced, struggled with, and left behind before we could get on with our service work.

We discussed how best to visit with hospital patients. The approach that Ken suggested was to take the other-centered way with people, focusing on them. We then offer a fundamental attitude of acceptance of who they are. Listening is our main function and asking questions is our main reaction to elicit more meaningful responses from them. Let them be the star! Let them realize more who they are from our visit. We offer empathy over their condition but allow there to be distinct boundaries between us so they can have their own experiences.

Since many of these Jesusonian responses do not come automatically to us, we practiced them during our training, mostly in the form of role playing. Some of us found it difficult to respond to a "patient" so fearlessly, especially with everyone watching. Slowly we learned, from our own mistakes and from watching others, that our mock visits went best when we got ourselves out of the way and tried to really be there for the other person. We learned not to rescue the "patient"—not to try to fix it up, but to listen without judging, to allow them to be who they are. It occurred to me one week that this attitude must come close to the way the Father

feels about us.

Out in the field, all of us have had marvelous visits. To give you a couple of examples: I had some simple yet profound experiences last week. The first person I visited was a woman who was gazing at the ceiling; her eyes were roaming back and forth in an agitated way. I introduced myself and was not sure if she heard me. I decided to find her hand in the maze of tubes running all over her body, and as I held

See *HOSPITAL* on page 18.

Serving in an Established Channel

By Richard S. Omura
Lihue, Hawaii

I have been studying *The URANTIA Book* for over 10 years and its breadth and depth still amaze me! Before I came across the book, I prayed for a logical and comprehensible explanation of God and the universe. My prayer was answered a short time later when I discovered *The URANTIA Book*.

Rather than starting a new institution with the ideas, ideals and truths that it contains, I am participating in an existing religion. I believe the virtue of working from within an existing religious institution has been stated rather more eloquently by others. If those of us who have absorbed the teachings of *The URANTIA Book* work within different religions and achieve high positions in those institutions, we could act as catalysts to lessen the

gap between religions, thereby leading towards a single world religion which is one of the prerequisites for world peace.

Right now, I am an active member of a Buddhist religion called NSA or Nichiren Shoshu of America. It is spreading rapidly all over the world. There are many differences between the teachings in *The URANTIA Book* and the doctrines of NSA, but the similarity of ideas is astounding! NSA Buddhists believe that a part of the divine energy is in everything and that we can fuse with it by chanting "Namu-myoho-rence-kyo" which is a mantra that I believe symbolizes the Father Fragment (the Thought Adjuster). *The URANTIA Book* tells us we shall fuse with the our Thought Adjusters. The NSA has a very simple "human" way to do it. (Chanting may be compared by some to a child saying over and over again "bread, butter and milk . . . bread, butter and milk" on the way to the store so as not to forget anything. But it works!) Chanting "Namu-myoho-rence-kyo" keeps me constantly aware of the fact that a part of the Universal Father resides within me. Also, *The URANTIA Book* urges us to achieve world peace. NSA's primary objective is for "Kosen Rufu" or world peace through everyone's enlightenment to the Universal Truth. The major undeniable difference between *The URANTIA Book* teachings and the tenets of NSA is that NSA Buddhists do not necessarily believe in a personal deity but in the Mystic Law, a Force; whereas the book stresses the importance of having a relationship with the personality of God. I believe that a very strong-willed personality such as God is a force, but not merely a force, and I try to express this idea among other NSA members.

When viewed from a certain standpoint, the contents of *The URANTIA Book* dovetail and fit together incredibly well with the ideas and values of Nichiren Shoshu Buddhism. As an active member of NSA, I feel that I am

dynamically acting to do the will of the Universal Father. I am an American citizen of Japanese ancestry and therefore receptive to the cultural and intellectual values of both East and West. Even though I would very much like *The URANTIA Book* translated into Japanese, I feel that it is not intended for everybody. It is too intellectual for the majority of peoples that inhabit our still barbaric planet. But fortunately we can disseminate the Truths in the book by directly participating as members in the evolutionary religions. I believe the most important thing is for the basic Truths of the book understandable by all, to be known and lived up to by all Truth-seekers on Earth. Whether the group of Truth-seekers is known as Urantians, Buddhists, Moslems or

whatever is not important.

But to know the will of God is one thing . . . to do the will of God is another. After studying the book for about 5 years, I felt that I had a good working knowledge of the Why's, Who's and What's of the Universe . . . but I had no knowledge of the How's. How do I do the will of God? How do I improve myself and improve the world? I was in a state of "limbo" with no clear-cut goals and ambitions. So I prayed sincerely to God and asked for some way actively to improve my life condition so that I could dynamically strive to do the will of the Father on earth. A few weeks later I was introduced to NSA Buddhism. Having lived in Japan for over 18 years, I found the NSA practice of

See SERVING on page 17.

Let Us Join In Prayer*

"When a group engages in community prayer for moral enhancement and spiritual uplift, such devotions are reactive upon the individuals composing the group; they are all made better because of participation . . . Confession, repentance, and prayer have led individuals, cities, nations, and whole races to mighty efforts of reform and courageous deeds of valorous achievement." (999:5191.5.2)

We invite you to join us for the next few months to pray daily or weekly, as you prefer, on the following topic. (We would be happy to have your suggestions for future topics.)

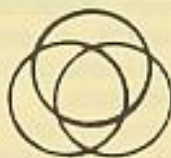
Prayer Topic

Let us pray for awareness of our opportunities to give those small gifts of love as we pass through our daily lives. In addition to the commitment of our lives to projects of worth both great and small, let us also minister in the pattern of Jesus, "As we pass by."

The Circles Calendar

The Circles is published three times a year. (We also solicit donations in November and March.) Our yearly calendar:

	Articles Due	Mail
Spring-Summer	Dec. 15	May 1
Fall	Apr. 15	Aug. 15
Winter	Aug. 1	Dec. 1



Life After Life

By Bill Lindsay
Honolulu, Hawaii

Life After Life, Raymond Moody, M.D. Published by Bantam. Softback. Copyright 1975. \$3.94.

Ever have an atheist friend who was reluctant to consider or discuss any existence beyond that of this present life? Ever wish there were some natural means of opening a dialog with such a one?

Now, thanks to Raymond Moody, M.D., and his book, *Life After Life*, a near-perfect solution to the problem does exist. Not only that, but the reading is fascinating and entertaining.

With a Ph.D. in philosophy and an M.D., Raymond Moody is well equipped to collect and interpret anecdotes of those who have near-death and clinical-death experiences, but who revive. Moody gathered scores of such occurrences in which individuals were able to recall some of what had taken place in their out-of-body state. While each account is unique in its emphasis, they all appear to follow much the same sequence of events. And the reader is convinced that he, too, one day will have a similar experience.

The fifteen elements these experiences have in common range from a loud ringing sound and rapid movement through a long dark tunnel to an encounter with a warm spirit being of light and love. The spirit seems to ask without judgment, "What have you done

with your life?" or "Has what you've done with your life been motivated by love?" For the subject (and for the reader) any fear of death is quickly dispelled by a heightened sense of awareness, a greater understanding as to the meaning of his life, and the significance of love, learning and service as life's real themes.

The non-believer who insists

that life extends but from the "womb to the tomb" will be challenged by Moody's efforts. His book will enhance the possibility of opening channels for dialog.

It might be added that a sequel, *Reflections on Life After Life*, by Raymond Moody, is also valuable reading, as is *Death and Dying* by Elizabeth Kubler-Ross, M.D.◀

In Concert

By Kaye Cooper
Arlington, Texas

Francyl Streano Gawryn has recorded a new tape of her music. The good news is that the technical quality of the tape is quite good. The even better news is that the songs are wonderful! There are some beautiful new songs by Francyl in addition to songs by other writers. The variety is impressive, as examples: one piece with music by Bach and words by Francyl, one by a blues song writer, one by a Latin American musician, and a delightful tongue-in-cheek ditty about a Baptist turned Buddhist. If the exquisite "Brother Sun, Sister Moon" doesn't send chills of beauty up your spine, you'd better check for your pulse.

The tape was recorded at a concert in Boulder, Colorado last August. One side is Francyl, the other Dave and Chappell Holt, a very accomplished couple whose forte' is a type of jazz which utilizes an intertwining harmony of their two voices, accompanied by Dave on the piano and Chappell on guitar. My personal favorite of theirs is "Love Fills My Sails" written for a family wedding.

The tape is a delight. (See "Things To Share" for ordering information.)◀

about angels

By Gene Joyce
Richardson, Texas

The angels "love human beings, and only good can result from your efforts to understand them and love them." (419:1/38.2.1)

What men have said about angels:

"As I wander through the dark encountering difficulties, I am aware of encouraging voices that murmur from the spirit realm. I thrill to music that beats with the pulses of God."

Helen Keller

"Come here, quick!" I awoke at three o'clock in the morning to hear my 5 1/2 year old daughter calling. My first thought was, "It can't be snowing outside. It's too hot." Dana's voice sounded as it does when she sees something beautiful for the first time.

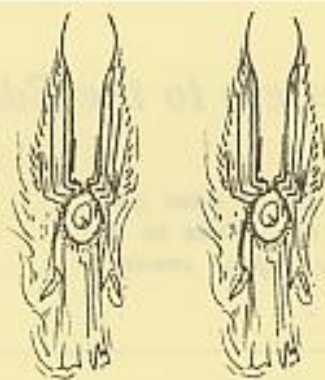
As my husband, Steve, and I went down the hall to her room, Dana called again, "Hurry. You'll miss seeing them."

Steve arrived first. As I came up behind him, he and Dana were looking up toward the ceiling of the room . . . at nothing. "Steve," I asked quietly, "what do you see?"

"Nothing," he replied, "but Dana sure does."

I walked to Dana's bed and sat beside her. "Dana, what is it?"

"Mama, can you see them?"



There're two of them. They're beautiful . . . they're beautiful."

I turned and looked at the room. I saw nothing but the normal material things in a five-year-old girl's room. I turned back to Dana and looked into her clear eyes. I softly touched her forehead—no fever.

"Dana, I think it's wonderful that you see something that's beautiful. Why don't you describe them to me, Honey."

"OK, Mama. They look like a light bulb."

"A light bulb, Dana?"

"Yes, Mama. You know, when you turn a light bulb on, how it looks? Except they're big, they're tall . . . and they're beautiful. They're light bulb, how do you say it? They're glowing."

"How many of them are there, Dana?"

"There're two. One is right behind you looking at me. The other one is over in the corner. It looks like she's writing something."

"Dana, do they have anything on?"

"Not really, Mama. They just sort of glow and kind of flowing. You know. Like the things you wear when you and Daddy are going to a real special party. One of those flowing things. That's what they have on, kind of."

"Do they have feet?"

Dana looked down. "No,

Mama. They don't have feet. I don't see any feet."

"What about wings. Do they have wings?"

Dana looked back up as if looking someone in the eyes. She smiled and said, "Don't be silly, Mama, they don't have wings because they don't need wings. They can just go and move any way they want to."

I turned and looked at my husband. I could tell that he was overwhelmed. He quietly turned around and left the room. I stood up and looked again to see if perhaps my middle-aged material eyes could see what she saw. How I wished I could! "Dana, I'm going back to bed now, baby. Are you afraid?"

"No, Mama, I'm not afraid. Are they going to be here forever?"

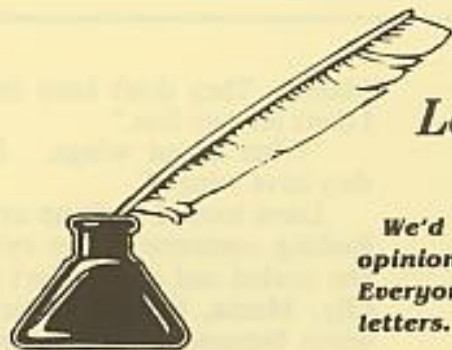
"If you'll allow them to be, they'll be with you forever."

"Hm. That feels good. I wish they wouldn't just pop in, though. I'm trying to get used to that."

"OK, Sweetheart. I love you. Good night." I went back to bed with a warm glow and a new feeling of knowingness.

To each of you: I will not try to analyze, quote a passage, or in any other way try to influence your thoughts about what happened to our 5 1/2 year old child that morning. I will leave it for each of you to discern what is true for you personally. As for me, each night when I go to sit beside Dana, to hug and kiss her and thank our Heavenly Father for the wonderful life we have, I also turn around to blow two soft kisses over my right shoulder and quietly say, "Thank you. I love you."

By Ann Garner
Arlington, Texas



Letters to the Editor

We'd like to hear your opinion too. Write to us. Everyone enjoys reader's letters.

January 1987

Dear Brothers,

The URANTIA Book tells us that children are the "supreme responsibility of human existence." We, the Blue Book Brothers, feel that it is time that we do something especially for the children of this movement. So, we are hosting the first BUFFALO RIVER SUMMER CAMP, June 14-21, 1987 in Ponca, Arkansas.

Jesus impressed upon his apostles the great value of beauty as an influence leading to worship, "especially with children." When agonizing over how unfortunate it is that little children should have their first introduction to concepts of God in "cold and barren rooms devoid of beauty appeal," he admonished his apostles to "introduce children to worship in nature's outdoors."

We are privileged to offer this camp in an environment of the pure natural beauty of Buffalo River Country, which remains as a rare, unmolested reflection of the creative personality of our Heavenly Father. Here, we boast that we have what the U.S. Interior Department calls some of the very cleanest air and water on the continent. The camp is actually located only a quarter-mile from this country's only national river, whose purity is protected by mandate of Congress. And it is here that the children will experience wilderness skills, alongside fishing, canoeing, hiking, swimming, and music, all in a wholesome atmosphere of teamwork and loyalty.

This camp is designed to illustrate to the child the way in which a positive attitude about life, coupled with an intelligent spiritual insight, can provide him with his most valuable earthly tool—LIVING FAITH. We have planned a week of stimulating activity that these young people can use to build confidence in their physical capabilities as well as solid lessons on the spiritual realities of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. Make no mistake. This will not be any kind of a regimented religious training school. We

fully realize that children evaluate experience "in accordance with the content of pleasure." Hence, there awaits them a truly fun time in a great place with a spiritual backdrop of religious truth.

To share in this unique opportunity as a camper (ages 8-14), helper (ages 15-18), staff member (ages 21 up), or Camp-A-Kid Contributor, please write BUFFALO RIVER SUMMER CAMP, GENERAL DELIVERY, PONCA, AR, 72670 or call (501) 861-5576.

We know that the children we train today in the revelation of the kingdom of God will, in a very few years, be side-by-side with us proclaiming this gospel to the world. We must be foresighted and "see the end from the beginning." And that "end" is that our children are the future of the URANTIA Book message.

We accept this challenge and thank you in advance for your support.

Fearlessly,
Joseph J. Morgan
Blue Book Brothers
Ministries

January 1987

Dear Circles Readers,

As of last September, Dr. Jeffrey Wattles is serving as Director of The Boulder School for Students of The URANTIA Book.

Jeff holds a B.A. degree from Stanford University, and an M.A. and Ph.D. in philosophy from Northwestern University. He has also studied at the Catholic University of Louvain, Belgium and at Fuller Theological Seminary. He is experienced in evangelism, planting study groups, and has for twelve years served as a classroom teacher in a variety of subjects, including philosophy, ethics, logic, world religions, the humanities, English, public speaking, psychology and history.

Jeff's vision of the basic structure of The Boulder School is based upon the two types of epochal revelation. Type I is

exemplified by the first two epochal revelations: The Planetary Prince's staff and the Adamic bestowal ministered to the full range of human culture—material and spiritual. Type II is exemplified by the next two epochal revelations: Machiventa Melchizedek and Jesus engaged in exclusively spiritual missions; they carefully avoided giving collateral social, economic, or political teachings. The URANTIA Book is a Type I epochal revelation; it addresses not only the spiritual needs of the planet, but material concerns as well.

The school itself is, by virtue of the role The URANTIA Book plays in it, a ministry which patterns itself after the first type of epochal revelation. At the school we study all of the papers, discuss the full range of subjects, and prepare individuals to share the book with others. A very important project connected with this study is to aid in the fostering of "thousands of study groups."

Jeff also wants to facilitate projects for those who desire to emphasize a second type of work, a specifically spiritual ministry, to be "exclusively devoted to the spiritual regeneration of men."

For information about admissions, fund-raising projects, and possibilities of networking, write to The Boulder School for Students of The URANTIA Book, 1622 - 18th Street; Boulder, Colorado 80302.

Sincerely,
John Hay
Boulder, Colorado

January 8, 1987

Dear Friends,

Centuries from now when The URANTIA Book shall have been translated into all languages and its teachings become an integral part of our spiritual heritage, I suspect that future generations will want to know what insights we had into The URANTIA Book. Just as we benefit by the insights of the apostles, so is our time unique and our perspectives valuable not

only for the future but also for the present, and that's one reason for this book, our book, *Insights Into The URANTIA Book*.

The book(s) will be by everyone and for everyone. For example, think of your favorite section, paragraph, or single sentence, something that really speaks to you in a special way, a revelatory way, then write down your insights for all of us to enjoy. This collection of quotations is a resource and reference guide of human reactions to revealed writings and a valuable way to turn to each other for human wisdom and evolutionary understanding.

Think of the countless intuitions that occur during quiet reading of *The URANTIA Book* or the many keen perceptions made in study groups around the world. Many of these insights could be helpful to us all here and now. These insights must not be like the flower that blooms and dies with no one ever having seen its beauty. My vision is a catalog of quotations, a chronicle of insights by twentieth-century *URANTIA Book* readers, and a means by which to preserve and expand the record of our thoughts as a true heritage for our successors.

This is a lifetime project, a Supreme-like project, if you will, one which we can share in and grow with as we continue to send in new observations. It is my hope (the grandeur of trust) that this work will, by our collective insights, further illuminate *The URANTIA Book* teachings and help bring us closer together in the process. And who knows, readers through the years and far into the future may find comfort in something we had to say.

Send to :

Insights
Michael Hanna
1188 Metten Avenue
Pittsburg, CA 94565

January 1987

Dear Friends,

I have just finished my coloring book on angels for children, and I am looking for a publisher in the states, Canada and Europe, if possible. It is 16 pages long. I had planned to print the cover in two colors and the interior pages, of course, in black and white. My next project is an angel puzzle book. Both of these projects are for the five-to-ten-year age bracket and come from our experience as teachers and *URANTIA Book* readers. They are intended for the general market, however, so I'm keeping content general and historical. I

SERVING from page 13.

chanting not too difficult and good for self-discipline and for focusing my energy. But I found the most difficult part was to ignore the fallacies and superstition and to embellish the Truth. Because of my argumentative nature at that time, I found myself constantly squabbling with other Buddhists over minor contradictions and inconsistencies of Buddhist theology. Fortunately, I have overcome that problem and, all in all, find the NSA Buddhist organization a positive and uplifting one. I am now continuously endeavoring to do the will of the Father by stressing the ideas and

values which are common to both *The URANTIA Book* and NSA Buddhist scriptures. If you are approached by NSA members, keep your mind and heart open. They are more like you than you might think!

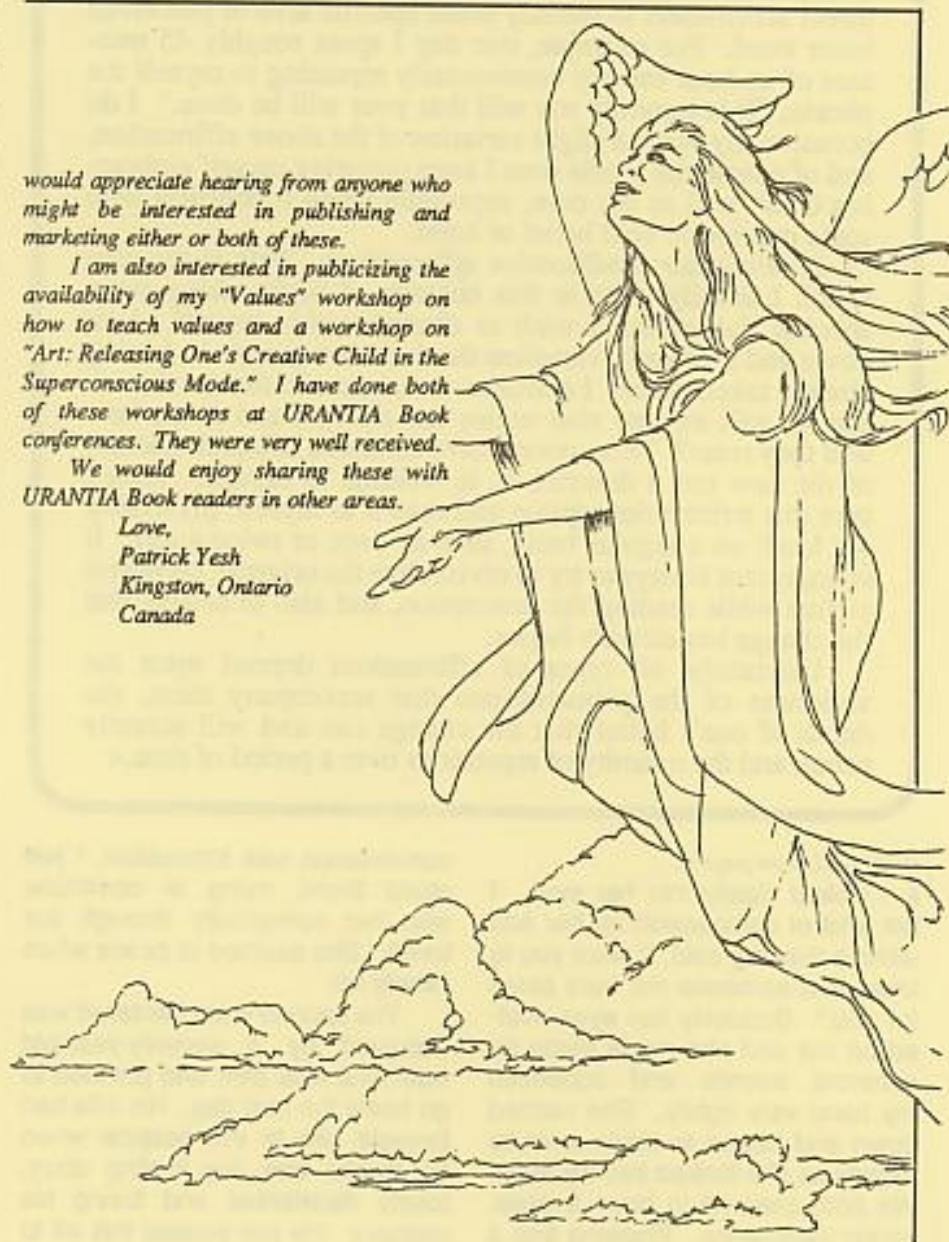
It is not easy trying to fuse the ideas, values and thoughts of the Eastern and Western civilizations so that we may have a harmonious world, but it must be done. It is often a very steep, uphill struggle. I just pray that I am accomplishing something worthwhile. Any encouragement, criticism or advice from fellow readers of the book will be happily received!«

would appreciate hearing from anyone who might be interested in publishing and marketing either or both of these.

I am also interested in publicizing the availability of my "Values" workshop on how to teach values and a workshop on "Art: Releasing One's Creative Child in the Superconscious Mode." I have done both of these workshops at *URANTIA Book* conferences. They were very well received.

We would enjoy sharing these with *URANTIA Book* readers in other areas.

Love,
Patrick Yesh
Kingston, Ontario
Canada



Affirmations

By John Hyde

Richardson, Texas

Affirmations, for me, serve a variety of useful purposes, depending upon the circumstances leading to their use. I find that I primarily use two types of affirmations:

1. *Situational affirmations.* One example of this would be in a potentially stressful situation to quickly come up with a phrase or sentence affirming my inner peace and total confidence in my divine guides and in the full utilization of my own potential. Another example might be a very short and direct affirmation to remedy some specific area of perceived inner need. For example, one day I spent roughly 45 minutes of an hour car trip continuously repeating to myself the phrase, "It is honestly my will that your will be done." I do occasionally voice a slight variation of the above affirmation, and of course the whole time I keep picturing myself embracing God's will as my own, especially when it conflicts with some previously held belief or habit.

2. *Behavior modification affirmations.* This is the type which I usually offer in this column. I begin taking some specific trait which I wish to change within myself. I sit down and creatively visualize the desirable change as having already taken place. I consider the picture in detail. For instance, will anyone else notice the change, and if so, how will they react? Then, once I have formed a complete picture of the new me, I describe it, in writing, to myself. Then I take this written description and read it to myself, preferably out loud, on a regular basis, such as once or twice a day. It is important always to try to revisualize the original, complete picture while reading the description, and also to *believe* that the change has *already begun*.

Ultimately, all types of affirmations depend upon the vividness of the picturizations that accompany them, the depth of one's belief that the change can and will actually occur, and the quantity of repetitions over a period of time.◀

HOSPITAL from page 12.

it, I looked clearly into her eyes. I felt a lot of compassion for her and without thinking said, "I want you to know that someone out here cares for you." Suddenly her eyes riveted on me and she made some incoherent sounds and squeezed my hand very tightly. She calmed down and began to smile ever so slightly as she looked into my eyes. We both seemed to have a deep, caring experience. Knowing that a

conversation was impossible, I just stood there, trying to commune with her nonverbally through our touch. She seemed at peace when I finally left.

The second room I entered was occupied by a seventy-year-old man who was alert and planned to go home the next day. His wife had brought him to the hospital when he awoke one day feeling dizzy, totally disoriented and losing his memory. He just passed this off to

getting old. He didn't feel bitter about old age because he said God had given him seventy wonderful years. He said he and his wife had raised three good children and that his family had never caused him any disappointment or pain in all their years together. He said faith was the binding element in his family and that faith allowed him not to fear old age and the decay of his body or death. I commended him on being a very inspiring patient. We discussed the importance of allowing every person to develop his own relationship with God. He had just viewed the U.S. President on television talking about his impending visit with the Soviet Chief. He commented that if we could all acknowledge our relationship with God and allow there to be many paths to God, there would be no need for war or weapons and we could begin to pool our resources to manage this planet. Since Hospital Ministries is nondenominational, I did not tell him how his ideas paralleled my "Urantian" belief that our human acknowledgement of God, as our Father, will help us to transcend all national boundaries and bring about the brotherhood of man. Since he had the idea all sewn up, I just said joyously that his faith and his conclusions about how to bring peace to our planet were illuminating and rang true in my experience. He told me what a great job I was doing by reinforcing people's faith. The visit ended as the nurse brought his dinner. We both told each other how we had been strengthened by our time together.

Giving service takes some extra time, energy, and commitment in my life. Sometimes it is difficult to squeeze it in with all my other jobs and roles. Yet the moments of doing Hospital Ministry often stand out as the most significant of my week. I feel glad to follow in the footsteps of my dear older brother, Jesus, who showed us the way in his life work, by being there for those who are sick, lonely, and in need of spiritual refreshment.◀

Things to Share

FIRST SOUTH PACIFIC REGIONAL CONFERENCE

The First South Pacific Regional Conference will be held in Sydney, Australia, October 8 and 9, 1988. Even though it's one year away, we'd like to give everyone plenty of notice so you can give serious thought to a holiday in sunny "downunder" in 1988. We'll send more details at a later date. Contact:

Kathleen Swadling
7 Walsh Street
Narrabeen 2101
N. S. W.
AUSTRALIA

NEW POEM

David Glass has received permission from URANTIA Foundation to print and distribute 200 copies of his new poem, "It Is Finished." This poem consists of 45 sonnets—630 lines which trace universe history from the times of Michael's decision to incarnate on Urantia to the beginning of the post-Master Universe expansion of the domains experienceable by creature personalities into the "Cosmos Infinite." Contact:

David Glass
6516 Westrock Dr.
Fort Worth, TX 76133

PRAYER STORIES

Bill and I are nearing completion of our book on prayer. We still need the personal prayer experiences of a wide range of people. We would appreciate receiving a description of the way God answered some of your prayers. Don't worry about being able to express it well—that's our job. Please send your experiences to:

Kaye and Bill Cooper
P.O. Box 1203
Arlington, TX 76004-1203

INSIGHTS INTO THE URANTIA BOOK

Michael Hanna is compiling a chronicle of insights by twentieth-century readers into *The URANTIA Book*—from quiet individual intuitions to keen study group perceptions. Share your reflections and evolutionary understanding. (For more information: See "Letters" in this issue.)

IN CONCERT

On July 22nd, 1986 in Boulder, Colorado, Chappell and Dave Holt joined Francyl Streano Gawryn for an evening of delightfully spirit-filled music. It is now available on cassette tape. (See "Spheres of Influence" for a review of the tape.) \$8.64 covers tape and postage in the U.S., Canada, and Mexico. Others please add \$2.00 for overseas postage. (Colorado residents add \$.46 tax.) Contact:

Highreach Music
315 Harvard Lane
Boulder, CO 80303

1987 MIDWEST CONFERENCE

The 1987 Midwest Conference for students of *The URANTIA Book* will be held June 19 - 21, 1987 at St. Ambrose College in Davenport, Iowa. The theme of the conference is "The URANTIA Book and You: A Spiritual Fellowship Conference." Contact:

Timothy Young
507 Woodlawn
Muscatine, IA 52761
(319) 263-8018
or
Patrick Kopp
1325 15th Street A
Moline, IL 61265
(309) 797-1565

As We Pass By



Most of the really important things which Jesus said or did seemed to happen casually, "as he passed by." There was so little of the professional, the well-planned, or the premeditated in the Master's earthly ministry. He dispensed health and scattered happiness naturally and gracefully as he journeyed through life. It was literally true, "He went about doing good."

And it behooves the Master's followers in all ages to learn to minister as "they pass by"—to do unselfish good as they go about their daily duties. (1875:4-5/ 171.7.9-10)

The Circles Winter 1987 issue will have as its theme, "As We Pass By." (Deadline: August 1, 1987) Starter questions:

How did Jesus minister as he passed by? What sorts of things did he do for people, thus filling their needs?

What are people's needs? Let's help to sensitize each other to the needs around us. What needs do you see as you pass through daily life?

How can we help? What acts of service have you seen, or benefitted from, or done?

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SUBSCRIPTIONS

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