

This is the whisper of

FORT SANDERS FAITH SONS

(Ft. Sanders is a historical area just north of UT, Knoxville, Tn.)

We have this urgent urge to communicate so we decided to send a newsletter to addresses that we have. The next one will come when the urge gets strong.

Questions

1. Mike Brady wonders if what the scientists call black holes could really be architectural spheres, like Jerusalem, that don't reflect light.
2. Helen Hutchinson wants to know the meaning of the word extemporized as used in the first sentence of para. 4 on page 2086.
3. Was Lucifer present on Mt. Hermon? On 611 it sounds as if he were. On 1493 it seems to say he wasn't.
4. George Farnham wanted to know what was meant by the "mark of the beast" but he found it on page 539.

POEM - by Mike Brady
TO KNOW LOVE'S
SOFT RHYME
AND MOMENTS FILLED
WITH FROLIC
SPINS MEMORY THREAD
ADDING WOOL OF TIME
TO LIFE'S FABRIC

PICK A SENTENCE

Is there a particular sentence (or two) in the U-Boo that intrigues you? Like page 483, second paragraph sentences 1 and 2. Is there a contradiction in Par. 2, sentence 3, page 1236?

Misconceptions

1. That it's bad to grow old.
You're gaining experience, and appreciating more and more the exhilaration of philosophy and the joy of work.
2. That death is bad.
Actually it's the greatest blessing. God hides its beauty from us (maybe) so we can get our mind on our work here. How terrible to NEVER be able to shed the flesh.
3. That youthful beauty and sex are the things in this life most to be desired. Actually neither is necessary to a happy life.

A PROJECT

Will some talented and imaginative writer come up with a story about some unlucky person who discovered the fountain of youth and was never able to shed the flesh?

A SONG - By Bruce McCoy

(The scene is a campfire by a lake. Several people are sitting around it. A traveler approaches.)

Come circle here awhile beside the moon
Help us to finish off this brandied spoon bread;
No one here's gonna say there aint no room,
This hotel's got no walls around its pine bed.
Tales of you and yore make up a tune
And the night's dark empty space is like a loom shed.
Morning sure will come, but not too soon
And the universe is watching oer this time tread.

You say that you're the one who walks the night,
You say that secrets keep you from your own;
Come join us round the fire here by the moon:
We'll see bout getting your stomach's empty tombs filled.

Refrain { Listen to the voice of the Spirit deep inside;
There's no where in there where you can hide;
He's not a cop, he's a lover and a guide -
Listen to the voice of the Spirit deep inside!

Promenade promenade around the Isle,
At the edge of the water, stay awhile.
Let fall all attachment and all quile,
Slip between the cracks in single file.

Refrain

(Bruce composed a nice tune for this song.)

What do you think of the Shroud of Turin? Jon Lewis points out that the U-Book says they "nailed his hands to the wood," and that the marks on the shroud are through the wrist. But the midwayers may have thought of the wrist as part of the hand, rather than as part of the arm.

And on page 2030 it tells what became of the linen sheet.

Send any communications
To:

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