

Fort Sanders

FAITH SONS KNOXVILLE

URANTIA BOOK STUDENTS

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The Ultimate Cruelty

My New World Dictionary says: Ultimate: beyond which it is impossible to go; utmost.

So what is the ultimate cruelty? We can think of many, like being betrayed by a dear friend, spurned by a lover, rejected by parents, etc. But from these and similar ones, a person will, not only possibly but probably, recover. But there's one that may be beyond hope. What is it that's so terrible? To condemn a child (a personality) to have to inhabit a defective body and/or live in a degenerate home.

The abnormality may be mental retardation — what people used to call idiots, imbeciles, or morons. (I don't suppose a personality could inhabit an idiot's body) Or it may be physical deformities. I know a woman who almost miscarried at three months. That was nature's way of getting rid of a faulty embryo. But through "heroic" measures the doctors prevented it. The baby was born mentally normal, but he had a huge flat head, and little tiny thighs and legs, which he has never been able to use. He has always had to live in a wheel chair. His father couldn't take it. He shot himself.

Also, even if the body is normal no child should have to live in a home where crime is considered an okay way of life.

The URANTIA Book warns us that we are way behind a normal planet in doing something about this utmost cruelty.

A list of pages follows which has thoughts pertaining to this most urgent issue.

Eugenics	560C	909B
References	592B-C	920B
	595A	921A
578	596D	1028C
	627D	1186B
	734C	1198B
	739D	1207D 1220

Read paragraph 3 on page 1915, and then read paragraph 9 on page 2076. Doesn't that send happy thoughts swirling through your mind?

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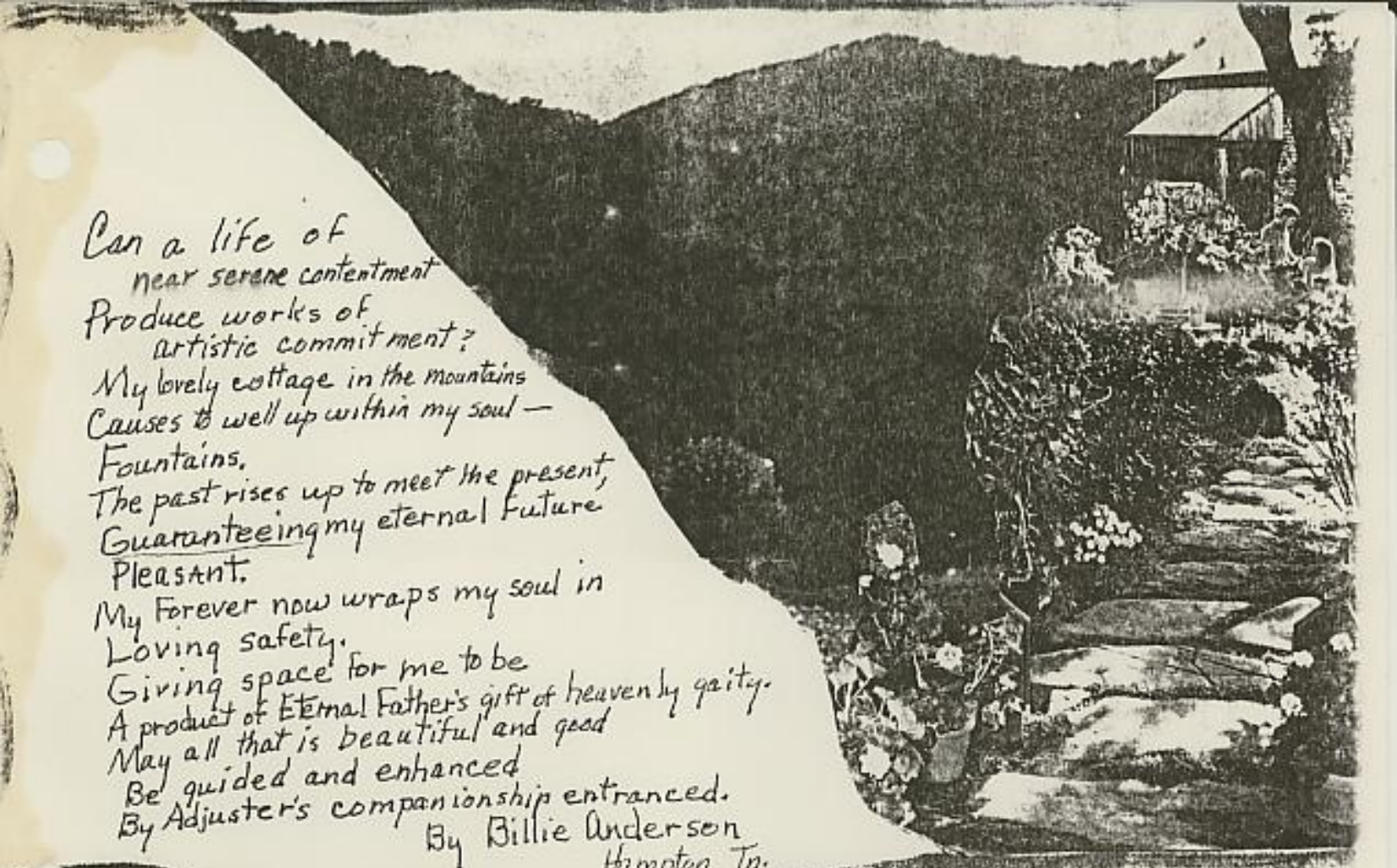
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	793C	1774B
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	848D	
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and many others,
I'm sure.

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Do you like the idea of living, but not that of aging? How can you do one without the other? Don't try to hide your age. It's no disgrace to have lived.



Can a life of
near serene contentment
Produce works of
artistic commitment?
My lovely cottage in the mountains
Causes to well up within my soul —
Fountains,
The past rises up to meet the present,
Guaranteeing my eternal Future
Pleasant.
My Forever now wraps my soul in
Loving safety.
Giving space for me to be
A product of Eternal Father's gift of heavenly gaiety.
May all that is beautiful and good
Be guided and enhanced
By Adjuster's companionship entranced.
By Billie Anderson
Hampton, Tn.

The following poem was sent to us from Dick Strickland in Flint, Michigan.
We pass it on to you.

A GRACIOUS GIFT FROM GOD, and OUR GREATEST RESPONSIBILITY

Because God Loves us Wisely, He gives us all free will,
To love and serve each other, or be craven, even kill.
Yes free will may be used well, or used ill in selfish styles,
But He Truly Has Good Reason to allow us free will trials.
Indeed He Knows our thoughts and acts should not result from force,
Because our hopes for dignity must have a free will source.

He shines from every one of us, who lets His Light come through,
But sad to say, for many, we much too rarely do.
So with Love He sent His Perfect Son to help with Higher Ways,
But prideful temple rulers, refused and caused Him frays.
Denying His True Nature, they contrived to have Him slain,
But His Love and Resurrection proved Pharisaic sins are vain.

Of course He had some evil foes, who really thought Him wrong,
But some who knew His Righteousness still joined the deadly throng.
Yes, evil comes from ignorance, we know not what we do;
But sin is when we know better, yet knowing, we still do.
So this freedom that He gives us is our woe, as well as blessing;
Some choices surely serve His Will, but some are most distressing.

For He does not stop our ill will, like that which slew His Son,
Nor does He Will to interfere, when we choose our selfish "fun".
Even now, well meant Christians cant, and in errancy thank the Lord,
That Pharisees so foully chose, to crucify Christ our Lord.
But Christ is not our Scapegoat, nor His Father's Fatted Lamb;
He's our Savior, yet needless victim of God's abused Free Will Plan.

Fountains,
The past rises up to meet the present,
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Of course our Lord has Risen, and Reigns with God on High,
But neither force men's spirits into Truth, or stay a Lie.
Even prophets have free will, to say what they might want;
So some, they say it very well, while others, they do not.
However, even those who do, are sometimes found in error,
For Perfection in God's Will, is a Wisdom very rare.

That's why the very scriptures, whether old, or of today,
Are surely men's free thinking, and what they chose to say.
Some words are very Sacred, Inspired, Divinely True,
But some are very ugly, God's Love not coming through.
Yes, we know He forces no one, to pursue, or do His Will,
But when we understand It, It becomes our greatest thrill.

(3-28-83, D. Strickland)

Are you a frantic fraternity * person? Running around here and there "doing good" to this "poor soul" and "helping out" that "poor dear" — mostly to puff up your own ego.

There is danger here. Especially if it's money and food you're doling out.

In the last paragraph on page 1520 Jesus points out that danger.

Also on page 1447 in the statements from Buddhism that Jesus wanted Ganid to know, it says, "perpetual care kills"

And on page 1038, par. 7, it warns us about "false sentiment."

By helping people too much, and in the wrong way you may actually be preventing their becoming self-sufficient. Or you may enable them to continue drinking too much, or taking drugs. You become an ENABLER — you enable them to continue being social parasites or drunks or drug addicts.

I'm NOT saying, "Don't go around doing good."

I AM saying, "For heaven's sake, be discriminating about it. Don't give crippling gifts."

(*Frantic Fraternity is a term coined by Bruce McCoy)

On a table in the corner of my living room there stands a heavy brass cross that once graced the altar of an old church.

One morning a few days ago I went out about dawn to get my paper. As I came up the front steps I happened to glance through the window into the dark living room. That cross was shining brilliantly in the dark!

I stopped. Where was the light coming from? The rising sun couldn't hit it. I found it was reflecting a hall light west to the west of it.

Suddenly seeing that brilliant cross shining out of the dark was a heart-warming experience. How many, many times has the light from the cross shown into the darkness of people's lives, and given them hope.

H.B.M.

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Twelve O'Clock On the Porch



The drooping pine, with arms
out-stretched
Protects me from the noon-day sun.
Racemes of vines dance with delight
at the kiss of the breeze.
The plum tree makes a lacy,
green screen,
with dots of purple here and there;
I lie relaxed —
My breath goes deep —
Beneath I feel the arms of God —
Everlasting Arms.

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Helen Hutchinson
1982

