

Love Songs

FAITH SONGS

knoxville students of
THE URANTIA BOOK

VOL III NO. 3 April, 1984

It is

Spiritual Unity

Not Uniformity*, That Jesus Wants!

Maybe we're getting too uptight about the differences of opinion among us about many things, advertising, voices, etc. Of course, we're no worse than the Apostles' were — but 2000 years later maybe we should be better than they were. Jesus left us some instructions:

On page 159 it seems that James labored under the same illusion that some of us do. He asked Jesus how they could learn to all alike so to enjoy more harmony. "When Jesus heard this question, he was stirred within his spirit so much so that he replied, 'James, James, when did I teach you that you should all be alike?' . . . 'What I require of you, my apostles, is spirit unity — and that you can experience in the joy of your united dedication to the whole-hearted doing of the will of my Father in heaven. . . . Spiritual unity is derived from the consciousness that each of you is indwelt and increasingly dominated by the spirit gift of the Heavenly Father."

Also on page 1625 it tells of a time when Jesus left his apostles with John's apostles at the Hilboa camp so they could thrash things out together. "they learned to differ, to debate, to contend, to pray, and to compromise; and throughout it all to remain sympathetic with the other person's viewpoint and to maintain, at least some degree of tolerance for his honest opinion."

Of course, they were brothers in the kingdom — they had the same ultimate goal, the same priority — as do we.

Helen Hutchinson



* How dull things would be if we all thought alike!

Once upon a time

Let me tell you a story I once read someplace. There was once a mountain peak with a wonderful, beautiful view. People came from everywhere to stand on the mountain

to see the view. This convinced them that people were tired of views, so in the name of Progress and the Tourist Economy, they turned the mountain into a Carnival

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Let me tell you a story I once read someplace. There was once a mountain peak with a wonderful, beautiful view. People came from everywhere to stand on the mountain and drink in the beauty. The village at the foot of the mountain charged a dollar a person to all tourists. But few of them could stand on the mountain at one time, so the villagers leveled the top of the mountain to make more room and increase the take. This seemed to work, so they kept enlarging the area on top of the mountain. Finally they had a place up there that would hold 10,000 people, but alas! the mountain was only 40 feet high, and everybody stopped coming

to see the view. This convinced them that people were tired of views, so in the name of Progress and the Tourist Economy, they turned the mountain into a Carnival area, and every night you could see the lights and hear the loud music for miles around. They still attracted people, but it was the kind of people who like carnivals instead of the kind of people who like beauty. [There are more people who like Carnivals than there are beauty lovers, and they're increasing by leaps and bounds. Think what will happen to the earth if they're not checked!]*

(I'm not saying there isn't a place for carnivals, too.)

H.B.H.

Yesterday, I sat in the middle of the empty den in our recently purchased new home. I was painting some furniture and thinking. I glanced out of an open window into the back yard. I really meant to survey what needed to be done in the yard, soon. But, instead, I discovered a few beautiful flowers in all their glory, already there to greet my glance. Green was already showing in the grass and tiny, light green buds were beginning to cover the dead looking branches on the trees. There seemed to be hundreds of birds congregating and some of them seemed to be in rehearsal in preparation for their annual "Spring All Sing" scheduled to take place in my very own back yard. Suddenly, I was aware that the real beauty of this yard did not depend upon me and my efforts at all. This realization reminded me that we have every reason to believe that we shall have a wonderful tomorrow, if we but open our eyes to see and our ears to hear it.

A Meditation of Gratitude



Somehow, I already knew that this place would be more than just a new house. It seemed like a private sanctuary. I walked out on to the back patio in the early evening. The yard is enclosed with a redwood fence, six feet high. All around the fence on the outside, tall trees grow. They are beginning to look 'fat' as clusters of tiny, lacy leaves are in the process of maturing. Soon all the branches will be covered completely and the dead twigs will not be visible. It was quiet, calm, and beautiful as the moon slowly rose from someplace, which at the moment seemed awesomely near by. It peeked through the 'cracks' between the branches. As the gentle breeze moved the leaves to and fro the moon seemed to wink at me as if to assure me that all is well in the realm of the universe - and as long as that is true there is really nothing else to worry about anyplace.

I can't remember ever seeing a pessimistic bird, flower, tree or animal, can you? It was obvious, even if they could read the headlines in people papers or hear the reports of doom on people radio and T.V. that they would not necessarily believe that it must come to pass.



They seemed little concerned about what was taking place outside the territorial boundaries which each species had staked out for themselves. The fact that some territories were higher up in the trees than others mattered not at all. They were busy taking care of their own problems and minding their own business, confident that the God who made them and placed them in their own particular nitch in His universe, is capable of taking care of them and their needs and will do so. Even the screams of a passionate cat who strolled through the yard in search of his mate did not unsettle



Thank you God, for these wonderful moments of meditation to ponder the things of Eternal beauty and worth. Grant me to judgment to take time out more often to leave behind the hurry and worry of a world of activities fashioned by man - to be alone with You and Your gifts to all who will, for a little while, "Be Still and Know that You are God," the giver of all life's truth, beauty and goodness. Whenever I feel that my responsibility is too great, remind me of the birds, flowers and trees

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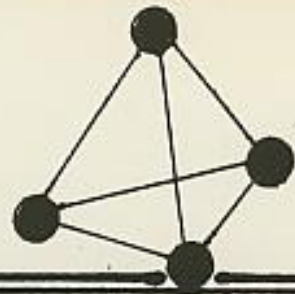


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AMEN

Helen G. Smith



COMMUNICATION

Mike Brady

This is the first of a three part series about things that happen to human beings which the body of psychological thought cannot satisfactorily explain -- PSYCHIC PHENOMENA. In this, part one, I am going to deal with human to human communication by listing the following quotes from the Urantia Book with page numbers followed by the number of lines from the top of the page.

"There truly exists within you a conspiracy of spiritual forces, a confederation of divine powers, ..." P.381 L.20

"Mind is the indispensable channel of communication between spiritual and material realities." P.608 L.37

"Human minds are sometimes observed to be running in channels of astonishing similarity and inexplicable agreement." P.191 L.42

"Spirit gravity pull and response thereto operate not only on the universe as a whole but also even between individuals and groups of individuals." P.82 L.30

about Mind Energy Manipulators:

"These are experts of intercommunication between morontia and other types of intelligent beings. This form of communication between mortals is practically non-existent on Urantia." P.504 L.41 (it does exist!)

"Intellectually, socially, and spiritually two moral creatures do not merely double their personal potentials of universe achievement by partnership technique; they more nearly quadruple their attainment and accomplishment possibilities." P.495 L.1

"Experiential spiritual presence is in accordance with the underlying conditions or states of spiritual receptivity inherent in the individual minds of the realms. The differing factor in spiritual presence, or reaction, is the fluctuating differential in its recognition and reception by will creatures." P.150 L.14

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