

from

# TALKS AND WRITINGS

knoxville students of  
THE URANTIA BOOK

"As mind evolution is dependent on and delayed by the slow development of physical conditions, so is spiritual progress dependent on mental expansion and unfailingly delayed by intellectual retardation." page 739D  
from a Life Carrier

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VOL IV No. 6 June 1985



most People Feel

## A DREAD of OLD AGE and DEATH



You've heard the old saying, "Nothing is sure but death and taxes."

Well, there's another thing that's sure if you live long enough. It is Old Age.

Most people dread it. They also dread death. But they are more afraid of death than of old age, so they grow old.

Why is it that those two inevitables - death/or old age should be so dreaded?

Does that sound right in a good universe with a loving Father God? That two things that are dreaded should be inevitable?

And they aren't things to tackle in youth and get it over with. They are staring us in the face all of our lives. And we get closer and closer to them.

So why are they dreaded?

Let's take old age first:

In this materialistic age we have magnified the sex urge out of all proportions. To many people, being sexually attractive is one of the main reasons for living. (Actually some "professionals" have the temerity to say that an active sex life is essential to health - even in old age!) And, as everyone knows, the older you get the less sexually attractive you are. So you try to hide the fact that you've lived. You won't tell

Aye, there's the rub. Some people are so caught up in getting theirs (sex, food, cars, clothes, houses, trips, etc.) that they never give a thought to the real, enduring things. And therefore, they don't grow mentally and spiritually - or at least so infinitesimally, you can't detect it. So, they are doomed to unhappiness. For "Happiness and joy take origin in the inner life." (pg. 1220, U.) and "The highest happiness is indissolubly linked with spiritual progress." (pg. 1098)

Another reason people dread old age is that they dread sickness, pain and being non-functional. But, maybe, as we learn more about the health rules, those things can mostly be eliminated. We'll just wear out and drop dead. Like the wonderful one-hoss shay. What a way to go!

And, now, why is that inevitable DEATH so dreaded?

I think it is because so many people have no idea why they are here on this planet. They don't realize that this is the beginning of a joyful adventure in the universe, and that death is the door to a much better life.

It's a liberation, a "shedding of the flesh"! It means the "trial trip in the flesh is finished" (pg. 26)

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To a thinking person there is something wrong here. If sexual attractiveness (with sexual activity) is so important to health and happiness of people, the Life Carriers would have designed it to continue. But they didn't. It was made for the reproductive years.

As physical attractiveness decreases, mental and spiritual attractiveness increases. Or it should.

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But if the "flesh" (material) is all they know, of course they don't want to shed it.

Helen Hutchinson



Be thankful for your afflictions! They are blessings in disguise. To a God-knowing mortal they may be the tempering fire that turns the soft iron of immaturity into the



## PSYCHOLOGY FOR TODAY ???



Rx

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In a world torn by stress, strife, frayed nerves and fractured relationships - the Psychologists, Psychiatrists and Pharmaceutical houses are enjoying a 'field day'... and the syndrome is getting worse daily. It has even become fashionable to have a personal "therapist". In some circles the in conversations include the exchange of information regarding the merits of the latest anti-stress prescriptions from our 'therapists'. We continue to DO more and more to relieve the symptoms.

Among wives and mothers, a chief topic of conversation is how frustrating and impossible it is to keep peace among the occupants of the home. What must a wife and mother DO to bring about harmony? 🤔

More and more the stress in offices and the job market has mounted as the competition and pressures to produce or else has accelerated. What should a boss DO to relieve the situation?

Having worn the shoes of all these relationships myself, I have asked the same questions hundreds of times... What should I DO???

The solution is spelled out clearly and simply in the Urantia Book, (pg. 1610-11) by Jesus, the Master Psychologist.

Under the heading, "Diversion and Relaxation" (1610-11) we read that the Apostles of Jesus and the disciples of John had been frantically attempting to work out differences in their philosophy for days and trying to carry out their mission. They were going from bad to worse in their relationship. Andrew finally reached the breaking point. He admonished Jesus to DO something about the dilemma... whereupon Jesus presented his master solution and it worked. He DID NOTHING, directly. He knew, at this point in their emotionally charged state, that they could not reconcile any differences. 😞

He, instead, invited the twelve to take a 3 day R&R with him, completely away from all the problems of the day and no one was to discuss the current problems, not even Jesus. Jesus used some of the time to instruct them in the value of relaxation. The rest of the time was spent in recalling happy days and experiences, (pg. 1611 par.2) 🌳


After 3 days they proceeded back to camp, rested, with changed ideas and renewed spirits, ready and willing to go forward harmoniously. (pg. 1611, par 5) What a 'fun' way to solve problems!

As I considered the effectiveness of Jesus' Psychology, I wondered why we don't think about these simple, inexpensive remedies to today's problems. My mind wandered back to my childhood. (too bad more of it did not rub off on me at the time.)

My mother's solution to sibling squabbles was to separate us and put us to work. Her theory: "If you aren't enjoying your play you might as well be using the energy to accomplish something worthwhile". It was amazing how quickly this method worked to make us realize the value of play. 🌿

One grandmother solved the problems by calling time out for a 'tea party' which she shared with us while we all talked together. Sometimes she might suddenly 'need' our help or advice for her problems. It always worked. ☕


The other grandmother often made up songs about our childhood problems which included the solutions, and we sang them with her. Much more effective than a lecture! One special example which is still dear to me happened when a new grandbaby came into the family. I had been the 'big cheese' for several years and she


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

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Such a simple solution to what could have been a threat to me. But, it worked. I always felt close to this little cousin. But, the most important thing was that I learned a life long lesson in arithmetic: Love is not divided, but multiplied when new babies are added to a family. What a wise grandmother!

$$2+1=3$$

What would happen today, if we stop DOING so much to solve emotional problems and concentrate upon DOING NOTHING but loving and understanding unselfishly. 

Helen K. Smith

Brothers and Sisters, let's take heart! We've come a long way. At age 73 I can remember when things were pretty much as depicted in the story below. HBH.

For those who may be tempted to reflect kindly on the 'good ole' days, the reality is, life was not all rosy and bright. It was cruel and harsh as we are reminded in the following story by Tom Jukes.

We need to be graphically reminded once in a while, for we are then better prepared to appreciate the scientific progress and discovery from which our lives benefit today.

"The harmony of all life in this idyllic town followed a biological balance in Nature, a balance which man had not yet learned to disturb by drastic intervention on his own behalf.

"As the sun went down, the buzzing of mosquitoes could be heard in the town; the malaria parasites in their salivary glands were about to continue their life cycle in the red blood cells of human victims.

"The last slanting rays of the sun lingered on the small headstones in the town graveyards. Here slept the children who had perished from diphtheria, scarlet fever and whooping cough. Beside them lay the bodies of those who had lived and died in harmony with proliferant typhoid germs. These bacteria, uninjured by chlorine or antibiotics, teemed in the limpid stream that ran at the edge of town. It flowed through meadows where grazed cows beneath whose hairy flanks swarmed trillions of tuberculosis organisms, waiting for their milky ride that would take them to the lungs of the townspeople.

"Life for these folks was a struggle with unrelenting Nature. Some of them including the Carney family, had fled from Ireland at the time

of the potato famine, when a fungus disease had turned the food supply to a stinking black slime, so that many people had perished from starvation and from diseases resulting from starvation.

"Famine had not laid its hand on the New World, but farmers knew what it meant to see a good field of wheat flattened by stem rust and the Hessian fly, a scabby and wormy apple crop lying on the ground; to see rows of young corn destroyed by cutworms and wireworms, pigs dead from hog cholera, and Canada thistles choking out the oats as the white, fluffy seeds sailed on the breeze to the next pasture.

"It had been a warm afternoon, and a hush had settled on the grocery store. Faint sounds could be heard: a friendly rat gnawing in the cellar; the rustle of weevils in the cracker barrel; the high-pitched buzz of flies that were struggling in the sticky festoons hanging from the ceiling, and the stealthy patter of the cockroaches that darted across the floor.

"Yes, life was in harmony with its surroundings. The women who, a century later, might have been writers of science fiction horror stories, were too busy with their housework to read humor magazines. They were squashing black beetles; beating the clothes moths out of the winter woollens; scraping the mold from the fatback pork, and wondering if they could afford the luxury of a chicken for their Sunday dinner."

Dr. Jukes is a professor of medical physics at the University of California-Berkeley. He is a member of the CONSUMER ALERT Council of Advisors.

### Michael's Song

When the morning sun  
Reveals a golden eye  
I feel the tugging of  
Your heart;  
And the rivers run  
But never do run dry;  
And in our time  
That's just a start.

Son grow

Dear

Ann Landers:

This morning as I walked through a parking lot, a car whizzed by, and the driver threw a lighted cigarette out the window. It struck my leg.

The woman parked her car and got out. I picked up the cigarette, threw it back at her and said, "Lady, you dropped this." She replied, "That's all right. I really didn't want it, you b-----."

Was I wrong to confront her? I realize one should never react to rudeness with more rudeness, but she was so obnoxious and arrogant I couldn't help myself. Your opinion, please. — Bugged In Hartford

Dear Bugged: You should not have thrown the cigarette at the woman. When you did that, you brought yourself down to her level. Moreover, you could have burned a hole in her coat or worse yet.

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And in our time  
That's just a start.

Son grow  
Through everything I know  
And through the distant eons chart  
The simple truths aglow  
That light each little part  
Of our endless paths back through  
My heart.

(Written by Bruce McCoy for  
his son, Michael, age 2)

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Dear Bugged: You should not have thrown the cigarette at the woman. When you did that, you brought yourself down to her level. Moreover, you could have burned a hole in her coat or worse yet, her arm, in which case, YOU would have been the guilty party.

It is never smart to tangle with strangers. One never knows who is carrying a gun, a knife, or a sharpened screwdriver.

Better to have stepped on the cigarette, picked it up and said politely, "I'm putting your cigarette in the trash container. Fires can cause a lot of damage."

Actions like the above are probably what Jesus meant when he suggested that his followers "be wise and alert in the quick and positive reaction of good to evil to the end that they might effectively overcome evil with good."  
Remember — Good is always

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