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LOVE *and* STRAWBERRIES



I know of no food that I enjoy more than strawberries. Once, when my oldest child was about 1 1/2 yrs., I had a few weeks of sickness. I was weak and needed rest, so my husband took me over to Mama's to rest a few days. When I sank down into the pillows, the most blessed feeling of relaxation came over me. I could get well.

Mama had been picking strawberries for a neighbor who had several acres. The season was about over — not enough berries to pick to sell, but the neighbor had told Mama she could "glean".

As soon as I got settled down in bed, she took a qt. cup, went and roamed over those acres until she got me nearly a qt. of strawberries. Nothing ever tasted better. And, though we knew little or nothing about vitamins, those berries were the very thing my body was crying out for.

And now, fifty years later —

Thurs. my daughter Sarah, who lives about 12 miles from here, told me she would be over the next day and we could go shopping for garden supplies. Friday morning she called. "Mother, are you sick?"

"Well, no. I'm a little hoarse, and have a bit of sore throat."

"You know it's going to be cold today. Why don't we wait?"

"Okay." (with relief)

I didn't dress. I read a bit, worked a puzzle, and was watching *The Young and the Restless*, when I heard someone unlock the front door and come down the hall.

"That has to be you", I said, as Sarah came in to my room.

"Yes, and I brought you some strawberries!"

Nothing ever tasted better.

My mother loved me with strawberries, and 50 yrs. later my daughter loved me with strawberries.

"I am in the design to be a good to others" Page 108

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"Love is the desire to do good to others." Page 648

As You Grow Older

The physical decreases, the spiritual increases. Or it's supposed to. And we know the physical decreases. So if the spiritual part of you doesn't grow — increase — then you are slowly dwindling away to "nothing". Becoming unreal. (41D, 1301 A, and many others)





Justice of the Peace

H.B.N.

For decades my dad was justice of the Peace in the rural county where we lived. A college graduate (scarce as hen's teeth then and there) who had studied such things as Greek, Latin, Philosophy, Calculus, etc., a former teacher, and now, master of his own farm and family, he was Squire Barnard - liked and respected all over the county.

He conducted weddings and trials at his home. In cold weather they would be held in the parlor. In warm weather they might be on the front porch or under a maple or big oak tree.

I remember one wedding in the parlor. Dad married the local constable to a neighbor girl. He was as ugly as home-made sin and she was fat.

I guess it was a good thing they never had and children.

Dad was a just judge. On pg. 1571 Jesus tells us: "If you would guide others into the kingdom, you must yourselves walk in the light of truth. In all the business of the kingdom I exhort you to show just judgement and keen wisdom."

Well, how do you get to where you can do that? By prayer. My Dad believed very much in prayer. He was superintendent of the Sunday School for decades, but leading the Lord's prayer was the only way he prayed in public.

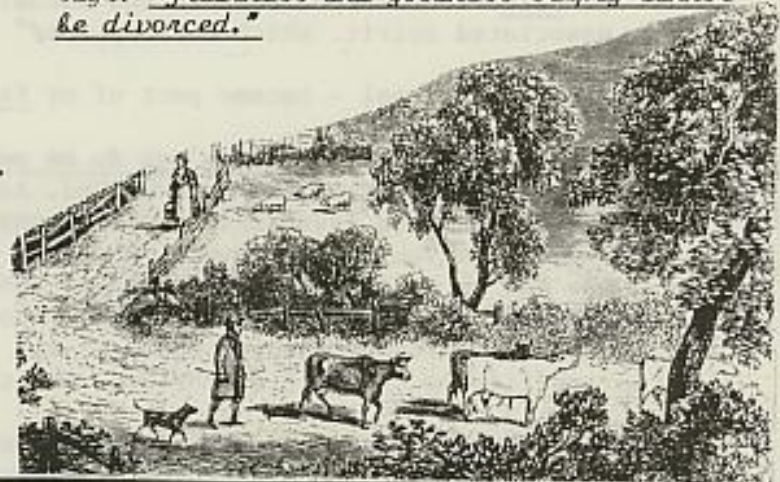
But my father's priority was to do the will of God, although he didn't talk a lot about it. He wasn't one of these that Jeremiah describes on page 1677: "You are near God in the mouth, but far from him in the heart."

I remember one trial. Mama's Uncle Will (who was governed by his emotions more than reason) got into a fuss with a neighbor about some cows and fences - and took him to court. Dad listened carefully to all the testimony and then decided for the neighbor. Uncle Will was madder than a wet hen for several weeks. He had thought that because he was "Uncle Will" the verdict would be for him.

I am sure that it must have hurt Dad to have to make those decisions. He enjoyed fellowship, not angry confrontations.

I remember one trial in which the defendant had brought along his black housekeeper to witness something. She came into the kitchen to wait until they needed her. I was about 12 years old then, and had just finished doing the dishes. I'm sorry to report that I had done a slap-dash, sloppy job of it. Mary just went and got the dish pan, filled it with water and began to really clean that kitchen. I was torn between two emotions - shame at the job I had done and pleasure at having the kitchen so shiny clean.

Yes, Dad was a Justice of the Peace. And the name fitted him well. He was just and he loved peace. He was also merciful and forgiving. He was good. And on page 317 it says: "Greatness and goodness simply cannot be divorced."



WOW! Did I get it in the neck for part of the above!

Helen Smith types my articles for me. She was typing the above article. The phone rang. This conversation took place:

HELEN SMITH: That's a beautiful piece about your father, but there's one paragraph in it that doesn't fit.

ME: Which one is that? (knowing all the time.)

H.S.: (Reads paragraphs 3 and 4)

ME: But that is just an example of a wedding. About the only one I remember.

H.S.: But our readers will think you're petty.

ME: Be that as it may. I'm making a point. Put it in.

Then that night I read it to the group, and they agreed with Helen Smith. But I explained that I knew this constable's youngest sister and she also was very

liked and respected all over the county.

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But I explained that I knew this constable's youngest sister and she also was very ugly. She was a nice person and a good friend, but the days of her youth were mostly heartbreak. She was repulsive to the opposite sex. Nobody wanted to date her.

The group said spiritual qualities were more important than physical. I agreed, but said we should be careful not to create heartbreaking situations just so someone could make a heroic effort to overcome. There will be enough to overcome.

They talked about physical beauty not being important. I said that beauty is a divine attribute (page 3). They said that meant spiritual beauty.

I said it meant physical, also. But that is the subject for another article,

BEAUTY.

(We "discussed" those paragraphs for about 45 minutes, and had a great time!)

(over)

Once Upon A Time - about 35 years ago

H.B.H.

My soul felt a great truth.

Now, I had been a professing Christian ever since I was 13. I was a good citizen, wife, mother, teacher, etc.

But suddenly I got in deeper.

The truth that my soul felt was:



I might as well want to do the will of God - because nothing else works!

Now, who wants to live a life that doesn't work?

So, my decision was that I would always try to do God's will - even if parts of me wanted to pursue a course that didn't seem to be God's will. I would pray, "Father, guide me into doing your will, whether I know what it is or not." A verse from "The Universal Prayer" by Alexander Pope expressed it:



"If I am right, thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, Oh teach my heart
To find a better way."



I had made the great decision. It was my will that God's will be done.

About that time my soul felt two other great truths.

(I say my soul felt these things because it was more than intellectual assent. I already had that. I would have agreed with anyone reciting them. On page 1219 the U-Book says: "Mind knows quantity, reality, meanings. But quality - values - is felt. That which feels is the mutual creation of mind, which knows, and the associated spirit, which reality-izes"

It was made real - became part of my faith instead of just belief. (pg.1114)

The first one was: Nothing can do me permanent harm. I am a child of God. Nobody can pluck me out of the hand of God. As Jesus tells us on page 1916: "Since your lives have been lived in the spirit and for the Father, nothing can be of serious concern to you. Kingdom builders, the accredited citizens of the heavenly worlds, are not to be disturbed by temporal upheavals, or perturbed by terrestrial cataclysms. What does it matter to you who believe this gospel of the Kingdom if nations overturn, the age ends, or all things visible crash, since you know that your life is the gift of the Son, and that it is eternally secure in the Father?"

I think this means we are to be zealous in our work to advance the kingdom - then relax. "The act is ours; the consequences God's"

It is hard to keep this in mind sometimes.

The next truth my soul felt was:



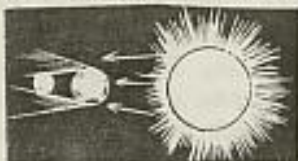
Justice (with mercy) will prevail. The mills of God grind slowly, but they grind exceedingly fine. This is a just universe.

On page 315 the U-Book tells us this is so: "But when mercy is exhausted, when the 'memory' thereof testifies to its depletion, then does justice prevail, and righteousness decree. For mercy is not to be thrust upon those who despise it; mercy is not a gift to be trampled underfoot by the persistent rebels of time."

The Poor - Pitiful - People Department:

Now, who wants to live a life that doesn't work?

So, my decision was that I would always try to do God's will - even if parts of me wanted to pursue a course that didn't seem to be God's will. I would pray, "Father, guide me into doing your will, whether I know what it is or not." A verse from "The Universal Prayer" by Alexander Pope expressed it:



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The Poor-Pitiful-People Department:

Those "frantic fraternity" people (usually of relatively high IQ) who are trying desperately to have fraternity without paternity.

One such said to me once, "Helen, what do you mean by salvation?"

ME: Surrendering my will to God's will - I desire his will to be done.

FF: That sounds more like damnation to me! Doing somebody else's will!

ME: Not somebody else's. God, the Father's! Within whom we live and move and have our being.

But it's hard to do this - as Jesus told Nicodemus at the bottom of page 1602.



GOD KNOWS only TWO KINDS of PEOPLE



On being questioned about India's caste system, Jesus tells Ganid (1468): "Though human beings differ in many ways, the one from another, before God and in the spiritual world all mortals stand on equal footing. There are only two groups of mortals in the eyes of God: those who desire to do his will, and those who do not. As the universe looks upon an inhabited world, it likewise discerns two great classes: Those who know God and those who do not."

And Jesus makes it quite plain in different parts of the book that we can't judge our fellows' immortal souls. That is not our province. We can't see that flicker of faith that he may have.

But nowhere that I have found does he say that we are not to judge (or evaluate, if you like that term better) the actions of our fellows.

On 1571 he says: "I warn you against false prophets who will come to you in sheep's clothing, while on the inside they are ravening wolves. By their fruits you shall know them."

And on page 1999 it tells us that Jesus refused to speak when in the presence of the curious and wicked Herod. Then in the same paragraph it says: "Jesus had taught his apostles the uselessness of casting their pearls before swine, and he now dared to practice what he had taught."

On page 1773 the Book states: "Animals respond nobly to the urge of life, but only man can attain the art of living, albeit the majority of mankind only experience the animal urge to live."

And on page 1775 we read: "There are just two ways in which mortals may live together: the material or animal way, and the spiritual or human way."

Then on page 1207 we read "..... and the supervising personalities of Satania look with favor upon the proposals of some of your more immediate planetary supervisors who advocate the inauguration of measures designed to foster and conserve the higher spiritual types of the Urantia races." (Do you suppose they have already done that?) (italics mine)



I know some of our readers think I look too much on the dark side of things. They're afraid of becoming smug and judgmental. And certainly we do need to remember our own imperfections and weaknesses and pray to overcome them. And we certainly don't expect our friends to be perfect.

It's our motives that count. But I'm just trying to keep us from becoming Pollyanna-ish and falling off the horse on the other side. We need balance, you know.



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HBA

Something I've heard during "enthusiastic debates"*

many times and in many different groups:

FRIEND: Who set you up (gave you authority) to decide what they're going to do (or not going to do)?

ME: Nobody. I can't make them do, (or not do) anything! I was merely saying what I thought they ought to do. It's my opinion.

(Didn't I tell you I was opinionated?)
(* a euphemism for "heated argument" — They make us think.)

HBA.

