

A VOICE OF

# Fort Sanders Faith Sons

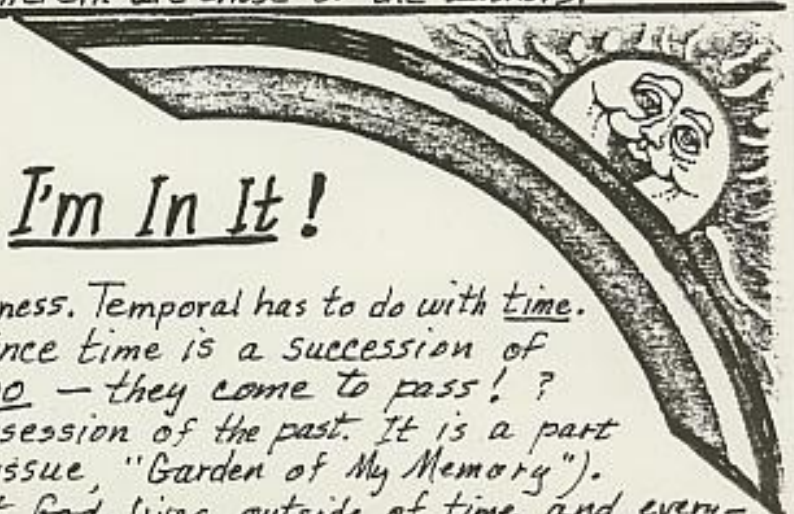


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## The EVERLASTING NOW — I'm In It!



The Book says this is temporal everlastingness. Temporal has to do with time. Time everlastingness? How can that be, since time is a succession of events — happenings that come and go — they come to pass!?

It seems to me that I'm already in possession of the past. It is a part of me and lives in my memory. (See Dec. issue, "Garden of My Memory"). But the future? Well, we know that God lives outside of time and everything is now to him. My finite mind can not yet grasp this — but it shouldn't surprise anyone that my mind is not yet capable of fully understanding the mind of God!

In the future I will be doing certain things. God the Father already knows what I will be doing. Some people ask what that does to my free will. It does nothing to it. Those things that I shall do in the future will be a result of the decisions my free will is making all the time.

If my personality has "eternalized" (1295) — Chosen to do God's will — the finalizer that I'm on my way to being is already true. But I can't yet understand it. I'm too inexperienced. [Those who don't eternalize are becoming unreal. they are not in the Everlasting now. I know — they tell us we can't understand it now]

I now have perfection of purpose. That I can understand. To do God's will. Faith has won that for me. But before I can be conscious of being in the Everlasting Now I have to attain perfection of understanding. (290). "Ability to comprehend is the mortal passport to Paradise".

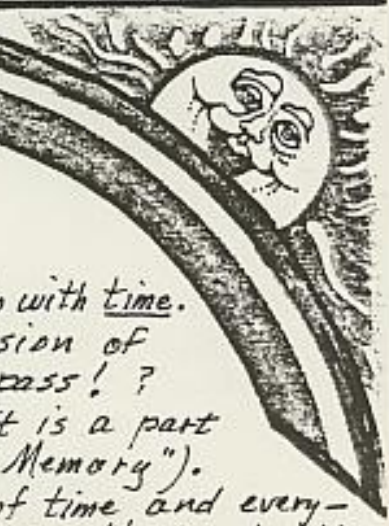
No. We don't understand now. But listen to the voice of the Divine Counselor on page 32: "Ever bear in mind that these profound truths pertaining to Deity will increasingly clarify as your minds become progressively spiritualized during the successive epochs of the long mortal ascent to Paradise." (my emphasis)

I received the following from Nancy Compton, formerly of our group. So you see why I wrote the article above. Love satiety? What on earth is that? "The perfect Creator is divinely Pleased with the adoration of the perfect creature." So — Nothing lacking.



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WONDERFUL WORDS

One of the reasons I enjoy reading the Urantia Book is the beautiful and delightful presentation of language by the celestial messengers. I've been jotting down some examples I like in the back of my Book, and some of them are:

	page #
University of surprises	159
Conceptual poverty	1
Love satiety	160
Zone of progressing	15
Whole-souled belief	1739

The everlasting now	1295
Divine value-Giver	195
Paradise rendezvous	144
Consecrated co-operation	1207
Cosmic complement	362
Finishing school for the pilgrims of time	54

Each of these word combinations looks like a good title for a book .....

Nancy Compton  
 1502 Albion Way  
 Signal Mtn, Tn. 37377



# Once again The ULTIMATE CRUELTY

Back in 1983, Vol. II, No. 3, I wrote an article called "The Ultimate Cruelty."  
Now I want to harp on it again.

I stated that the ultimate cruelty was to condemn a child (a personality) to have to inhabit a defective body, and/or live in a degenerate home.

That's what society is doing when it permits retarded people and habitual criminals to have children. Some people say, "They have a right to have children!"

Let's look at our "rights":

The Book says we have no natural rights. Nature confers none. 793

the Book says we have a divine right that no one can take from us: To choose our eternal destiny. To choose God. To choose to survive. 1135A

But as for social rights, in a democracy those are what society — through laws made by elected representatives — decrees that we shall have. The Book says: "The survival of large numbers of defectives and degenerates is not because they have any natural right thus to encumber twentieth-century civilization, but simply because the society of the age, the mores, thus decrees". page 794.

If society doesn't want civilization to go down the drain, it's high time it's taking a look at what's happening — the enormous increase of the subnormal. (77)

Once when I was talking about the ultimate cruelty, a shallow thinker asked, "Who gave you the authority to say what the ultimate cruelty is?" I replied, "Nobody. It's my opinion. All philosophy is the opinion of the philosopher."

Now I want to say a few words about the penultimate cruelty — keeping old people alive by artificial means after their functional life is over. Keeping them here in limbo when they might be enjoying the mansion world.

That is illustrated in the following article.

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## A Story of Joy and Sadness

I got both of those feelings when I read a short story in the Family Circle for Dec. 2. It was called, "A Pocketfull of Memories."

Three or four generations were meeting for a Christmas reunion at Grandpa Bill's house. Some were there, and watching for others. Someone called out "Uncle Tim and Aunt Stacey are here !."

When I read that, cold chills of joy ran all over me. It recalled the many reunions our Father's family had had at his house. Some one would shout, "There's Uncle Mack and Curtis ! Guess Aunt Nora wasn't able to come." Some one else might say, "Here comes Aunt Bertie and Uncle Sex !." (His name was Sexton, but everybody called him Sex and thought nothing of it. That was before there was so much talk about sex)

But they brought him home for Christmas. He came in and looked blankly around. He didn't know these people.

That is heartbreaking. He's home, but not at home.

There is so much of that these days. Do everything possible to keep old people alive ! Even after their functional life is over ! Pneumonia used to be called the old people's friend, because it took them off rather quickly before they had to spend months in a sick-bed.

But now! Just let a senile old person in a nursing home get pneumonia and see how fast they rush him to the hospital to "save his life". His life is lived ! He's ready to come up in another garden, as C.S. Lewis said about himself shortly before he died.

It's not what I want for myself.

When my work is over I want to go on. But



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I suppose it is the sense of belonging to a good family that is so satisfying. All the Aunts and Uncles were there — none of them divorced — It never occurred to them. A woman's place was in the home. Homemaking was a very important career. And indeed the U-Book tells us that it is the most important one for those who are qualified for it. Many places in the book it says the home is the foundation of civilization.

So much for the joy. Now for the sadness.

Although this was Grandpa' Bill's home, he wasn't there. He was 85 and in a nursing home. Most things he didn't remember.

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When my work is over I want to go on. But I hope to keep my wits about me to the end. I've got so much I want to say. C.B.N.



He looked blankly around.



# I Found A Paragraph!



How I overlooked it until now I don't know. You remember (maybe) that I did a little speculating about the Most Highs in the July issue.

By reading on page 1253 and 1488 about how the most High observer changes into a Most High regent in times of Political crisis (and this has happened 33 times in our history) and by reading on page 1487 about "the peculiarly critical stage of the evolution of political sovereignty in the twentieth century after Christ", I had speculated that the Most High observer was now acting as regent.

But that was only my speculation.

NOW I find this paragraph set off by itself on page 1201:

"When the planetary Vorondadek observer of Urantia — the Most High custodian who not long since assumed an emergency regency of your world — asserted his authority in the presence of the resident governor general, he began his emergency administration of Urantia with a full staff of his own choosing"....

It's true!

That was told in 1934. Maybe he was in charge during World War I. He was probably still ruling during World War II, and that's why we're not living under a dictator now.

I feel sure he's still in control. This is still the 20th century.

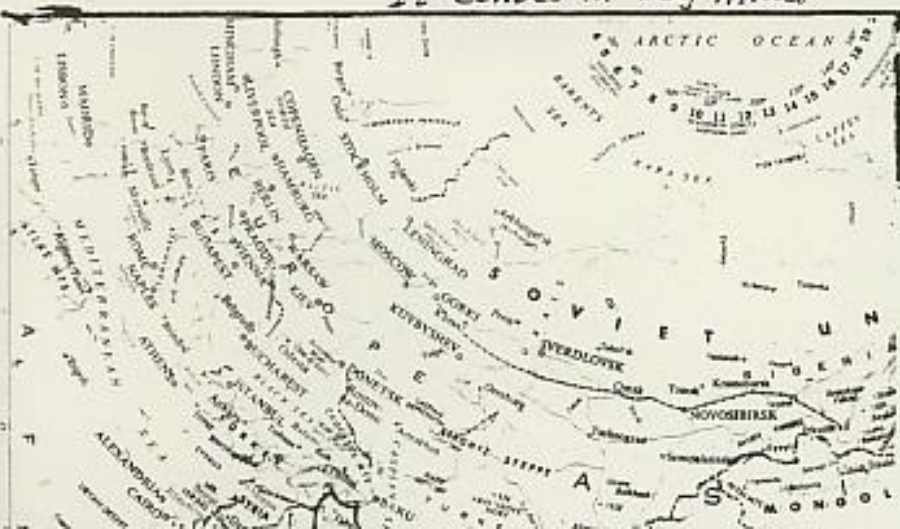
And he's probably in control so he can direct those "measures designed to foster and conserve the higher spiritual types of the Urantia races" (1207) that our planetary supervisors got permission to inaugurate.

The wheat has become too full of tares. They are choking it out. As it says on 1207, "This is an alarming picture!"  
It echoes in my mind.



An alarming Picture

An alarming Picture  
An alarming picture  
An alarming picture



Take a look at this map.

What separates USSR from the Indian Ocean?  
Iran, of course.

Avatallah Khamaini (1977)



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Take a look at this map.  
What separates USSR from the Indian Ocean?  
Iran, of course.  
Ayatollah Khomeini (sp?) is very old. Don't you think it's high time that we were establishing friendly relations with Iran again?  
HBR.