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Following the three days period of sanctification, we had our ceremony concerning the Third Generation Restoration by the Blood of a Lamb.

Mr. David Kim and David Bridges from Eugene, John Schmidli from St. Helens, and Stephen Carroll from Chicago united with the Portland family in behalf of all the Northwest families.

After a brief visit to the Sacred Ground site we had the very significant and moving ceremony. How our hearts were thrilled to realize the significance of what this ceremony means to this work. I pray we will all work now with renewed strength and courage to further the work for our Master.

Copies of the full meaning of the ceremony and procedures to follow were sent to all the Northwest families. If you will study this report it will give complete understanding of all that was involved.

Chicago, Illinois

Following is the translation of Gerald Johnson's relay essay titled "Our Obligation" which appeared in the May 1 issue of the Sung Wha Monthly in the Korean language:

Beloved Heavenly Family, what a pleasure and honor it is to be able to greet you in the name of our beloved Master. I was first introduced to this faith by Mr. John Schmidli about three years ago. Through his tireless efforts, I learned about our Lord and Master and the glorious truth which He brought. Now, just one month ago I have had the double honor of seeing Him in person in our chapel. It is in no way possible for words to express the joy and happiness that comes from meeting Him.

For six thousand years Heaven has waited for this time and through the ages many men have longed for the age that is now beginning. Both great men and small men have prayed and worked for this day. Many millions of men in many different countries have shed blood, sweat and tears in hopes of being able to contribute something to bring about what is now taking place. How humbling it is to realize that one is fighting in the last battle which will win all that men in the past have hoped for. How humbling it is to realize that the Heavenly Father has allowed

one to recognize our Master and to join with Him in the accomplishment of mankind's greatest hopes.

Yet, in this last battle, there is much that must still be done. Though for six thousand years God has been working through His servants on earth, we see that man still suffers and causes other men to suffer. We see that man still does not know the Heavenly Father and how much He suffers because of us.

Therefore, as we think of how many men have gone before us to shed their blood, sweat and tears for the world, and how we are part of the last battle, we must redouble our labors. We should think of the ninth and tenth verses of the sixth chapter of Revelations:

"I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held. And they cried with a loud voice, saying, How long, O Lord, Holy and true...?"

Surely the souls of all the men who have died for the Kingdom of God cry out "How long, O Lord?" Thus we must hurry, for these cries will continue, and the heart of the Heavenly Father will ache, until we have won our battle, the last battle of all.

Washington, D.C. - (May 4, 1965)

This report by Marjorie Hill is taken from the May 15 issue of the New Age Frontiers:

Last Monday we all went out to Dulles airport to put Miss Kim on the jet plane for London. . . .

Doris Walder left for Rome on Tuesday in the late afternoon. . . .

. . . Mr. and Mrs. Everett Johnson came to stay at Fellowship House for several days to learn the Divine Principles. . . . Everett Johnson is an inventor and a seeker after knowledge in many areas. For his benefit, Gordon arranged to give the entire sequence of lectures in three days, beginning after lunch the day they arrived. Everyone in the house was also supposed to attend, and did unless duties took them elsewhere. There was a lecture in the morning, one in the afternoon, and also evening. There would be two lectures some of these times, of course, to get all 12 in, and also allow for many questions and answers. Sometimes Col. Pak gave one of the lectures, but mainly it was Gordon, talking between 6 and 9 hours a day. His presentation is clear, concise, rapid and deep. Everyone is greatly benefited by his teaching, to say nothing of his warmth of personality, and feeling and sensitivity and grasp of what is appropriate and needed in every situation.

We finished up the last of the series late Thursday night, and were to leave Fellowship House by 6:30 a.m. for New York. . . . Gordon made our loading chart, so everyone knew in what car he was to ride. Two station wagons, a Volkswagon and the sedan of the Johnsons carried 26 people and their luggage. Most of us were right here at Fellowship House, but we drove to Arlington where we picked up our Master, Mrs. Chei, Miss Choi, Col. and Mrs. Pak.

. . . We left Washington a little after seven, and reached New York and Mrs. Hurd's apartment before noon. . . In this tiny place, they had prepared a Korean dinner of many kinds of delicious dishes. Our Master sat in the big orange chair and His meal was served on a card table in front of Him. . .

This was where we ate breakfasts and dinners for the three days we were there. . .

Immediately after lunch we started sightseeing. First objective was the Empire State building. Not only did our Master spend a long time praying from each corner of the main observatory on the 86th floor, but stood in line a long time after that to get to the top by the elevator that runs on up to the 102nd floor glassed-in observatory. From this point on a clear day the visibility is 80 miles, but it had grown a bit hazy that afternoon, so we didn't see that far - but far enough. Tiny island full of building blocks and streets through which crept ants, with a ribbon of water encircling it beyond which spread the boroughs for miles.

We went next to Rockefeller Center and took a tour through NBC-TV studios. Then to Radio City Music Hall. This was about 6:00 p.m. and people were murmuring about being hungry. Food and sleep never deter our Master from doing things, so we all saw an early evening show, timed just right for us. We got in just as a really magnificent and reverent Easter pageant started. After that the usual variety acts, all good, with the Rockettes doing a number of impressive routines. The movie was Operation Crossbow, a grim picture of war.

. . . . Friday was the day for the boat trip around Manhattan Island, the whole morning was taken up by it - very pleasant and relaxing, and another fair day. In the afternoon we took a drive through New York City which we had studied from above and from circling all around it by boat, but the street traffic is terrible and we got bogged down in it. It took a long time to get anywhere, still keeping the four cars together. Some got lost and never did join the group but went back to the apartment.

However most of us found our way to Central Park and the Sacred Ground. It is on top of a rock, from which grows a cherry tree. We sat down there for a long time. Various ones sang, and Gordon gave his song of the Fall and Restoration, an original one with words in no known language. A most attractive young couple joined us and the young man, a business man, confided that he wished he could believe and belong to something like the Divine Principles. We hope to follow him up.

After dinner in the apartment, American this time with cold sliced ham and potato salad and ice cream, we sat and talked. Or rather, our Master talked. He gave a long discourse about the necessity for total commitment and what it means personally, as well as discussing the world situation.

Sunday was World's Fair Day -- off early by subway, and arrival as the sun came through clouds of early morning rain. It was a perfect day weatherwise (and otherwise) with just the right temperature (about 68° maximum) and a little breeze. The fair, of which I had heard so many criticisms, surpassed my expectations. Beautiful architectural creations, magnificent avenues lined by large trees (all transplanted there, of course),

many fountains and spectacular water displays, flags, lawns of green spring grass, and beds and beds of flowers -- now pansies predominate, but tulips were coming into bloom. Imagine great sweeping beds of all blue pansies, or all white, or yellow. And flowering crabapples and other blossoming trees, too.

I won't detail the buildings and exhibits we saw, but we did take in a number of very worthwhile ones that gave excellent historical background and displays of western technology. One of those which impressed me I must mention. It was in the General Electric Building, a demonstration of atomic fusion by methods they have developed. We entered a large domeshaped dark room, stars and lightning in the dome, then spiralled down a ramp about three stories. There in a glassed-in chamber was some apparatus which, while we watched in the dark, made a tremendous explosion. Atoms were fused, instead of being torn apart.

The last thing at night was the Johnson Wax movie. "To Be Alive", a marvellous color film shown on three screens simultaneously, with different pictures on each screen, but all blending into a glorious whole. The theme is simple: "It's a great privilege and a joy to be alive here on this earth."

We reached the apartment about 11, again more food. . . . We'd had a day -- from 10 in the morning till 10 at night, walking, walking, standing in lines, taking in impressions with all our senses--always racing after our Master with His fast pace, and endeavoring not to get lost. We'd been ordered to stay together and did very well -- considering crowds and distractions -- but a few times some members did get separated, and we'd have to search and stand around waiting for them.

The last one to get "lost" was our Master Himself. He abruptly disappeared while we were waiting the 40 minutes necessary to get into the last show. The gates were open, no Master, no Col. Pak. Alarm among the Family, like lost children. But we decided to go on in ahead and wait. We were herded into fenced-in enclosures for another wait--a great mob of perhaps 500 people. We kept jumping up and peering to see if our Master had arrived. No one knew where or why He had left. Even Gordon seemed anxious. Finally, just before the last move forward signal, He showed up. Mrs. Chei was with Him, too. Where had they gone? Next door to see a show of magic--like a little boy--He just didn't want to stand in another line, and ducked out to see something interesting--magic tricks!

To my surprise Sunday morning I discovered that at midnight two carloads had gone out to tour Manhattan again, because our Master wanted to see the city by night. They had got out and walked around in Times Square. They returned about 2:30, and were in bed goodness knows when. He takes very little sleep, and expects others to be able to do the same. Surprisingly, many are able to do it. Joe Badra for one. Joe did all the driving, kept the hours our Master did, and showed no sign of fatigue, even on the way home Sunday when everyone else was exhausted.

We left about noon Sunday, as our Master went to the United Nations Building. A special concession was granted to Him (with Col. Pak) to go to the emergency session of the Security Council.

. . . We got into Washington about 10, were asked to stop for prayer and thanksgiving and a bit of food at Arlington.

It was a hot, dirty, bedraggled crowd, too tired to talk much. But the being together at the end of the long trip, the sincere thanks to the Heavenly Father, the admittance of mistakes and shortcomings on the trip and the promise to try to do better made a spiritual bond between us all that sealed the trip, sanctified it, and so was worth the extra hour. Our sleep was better for it afterwards.

Col. Pak came to Fellowship House to sleep Monday night after the trip, sleeping on the couch in his front office. He said, beaming up the stairs as I was getting ready for the night, "Well, Marjorie, mission accomplished! We did it, the New York trip!" What a load and responsibility that trip had been for him. To take everybody, because that was what our Master saw must be done a week ago when faces grew sad when it was discussed and first appeared that only a few would be chosen. To take so many, to do it without spending a fortune or having any mishaps -- this was a real achievement!

There was no rising bell this morning, nor any lectures.

For one day in the span of three weeks we got to sleep, to eat a leisurely breakfast, to wash our clothes or hair or do the other things we'd put off or done hastily. The recuperation was remarkable. By 4:00 p.m. five of us were taking a stiff hour - long examination on Divine Principle which Gordon had announced. Then after dinner, a lecture again . . . Introduction and Principle of Creation given by Gordon, with two new people present, and a couple who heard very little. Thus the cycle is renewed. . .

News from London, England - May 6, 1965

This report from Miss Kim is taken from the May 15, 1965 issue of the New Age Frontier:

Prior to my departure, I spent a whole week in Philadelphia, primarily to visit Mr. Walter Voelker who had invited me to explain the Divine Principles. As usual, I had to encounter a violent attack on some points of our message and other matters. After two days of uneasy feeling, I saw his eyes full of tears. Since then we have become intimate and eternal brother and sister. The Voelkers are Quakers, and his wife, Christine, helped us by creating the warmest loving atmosphere with her dedication and deep love...

Having been introduced by Mr. Voelker, I was able to meet and speak to eight groups of people, about 160 people of various backgrounds. Most of them knew Arthur Ford, and Fletcher's testimony had raised their curiosity about our Master. A great many of them have expressed their eager desire to study the message...

I arrived on April 27 and have been here nine days. I have been contacting people (one to three persons a day), teaching the Divine Principles or arranging meetings to speak. I have been meeting physicists, leaders of various present-day metaphysical groups, a canon of the Anglican Church, occultists, spiritualists, Quakers, psychologists, and independent searchers. The reaction is varied and quite challenging. I can't say yet that I have sown the seeds, but I am plowing the ground in order to sow.

Pioneering work is always exciting because it is so adventurous. London is a most fascinating city to work with our message. It is very important to use a different technique or terminology for different groups. For instance, you don't use the words, new revelation or Second Advent to Anglicans, psychic phenomena to Quakers and certain metaphysical groups, and so on.

Most English people think that they know everything and have everything. I have to overcome a lot of obstacles and difficulties. However, I have determined to love the English because I am going to make England my third Homeland...

Highlights from the May 1 issue of the Sung Wha Monthly

- 1) Gerald Johnson's relay essay "Our Obligation" in Korean with his picture (page 2)
- 2) Washington, D.C. group on Parent's Day wearing their white Korean gowns. (page 1)
- 3) The article and picture on the death of Mrs. Chrystine Hilts and her contributions in establishing the Seattle Chapel.
- 4) Master standing in front of the Capital Building in Washington, D.C.
- 5) List of Sacred Ground sites in the U.S.A. (page 1)

Important Days to Remember!

June 10 - High School graduation for Glen Hilts, from the Seattle Chapel.

Editor: Mrs. Esther Carroll