

# New Age Frontiers

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## TRIUMPHANT RETURN!



The Master and his family review 1,200 welcoming church members lined up at Kimpo International Airport on the occasion of his return to Korea from the first World Tour on October 10, 1965. Hyo-jin, his son, walks hand in hand with his father, followed by Lady Moon with Ye-jin, his eldest daughter, and Mrs. Won-pok Choi. In the right background is his new baby and second daughter, In-jin, carried in the arms of Mrs. Duk-sam Lee who is accompanied by Mr. Chin-tae Lee, Director of General Affairs of World Headquarters. At far right, partially obscured by cameraman, is Mr. Kwang-yul Yoo, Director of Cultural Affairs.



At the homecoming service held at the Seoul church on the day he arrived home from his eight-month tour of 40 countries, the Master is greeted by Mr. Hyo-won Eu, President of the Holy Spirit Association for the Unification of World Christianity in Seoul. The large placard above them reads, "Welcome Master back from the First World Tour."

## MILLENNIUM

Norman, Oklahoma

Buron Robinson

*From out the wretched, aching womb of earth---  
 A man child! Suckled at the meager breast  
 Of land, war-torn and weary, needing rest:  
 New Israel -- land Chosen for His birth!*

*Frail woman, an eagle with two wings strong  
 Did lift your child to God, and there He grew  
 To manhood. Flashing flaming sword He threw  
 The dragon down with all his darkened throng.*

*Cold clay in Cosmic Winter's frigid hour  
 Has thawed with warmth from Sun and Light and Moon --  
 At last freed from the deadly serpent's power,  
 All earth Grows toward Perfection's brightest noon!  
 Sweat, blood and tears for all He shed like rain.  
 Bow, universe! Christ-Truth is born again!*

... AND CROWN THY GOOD  
WITH BROTHERHOOD  
FROM SEA TO SHINING SEA!

Washington, D.C.

December 15, 1965

Jim & Mary Fleming

Our 21-day trip from the Pacific Ocean to the Atlantic Ocean began on Sunday, Nov. 21st. We had spent most of the night before loading the new white van from Mission Dodge with HSA records, equipment and personal belongings. As usual, we left too much to do at the last minute, and had it not been for the generous help of Lowell and Kathy Martin and Jim Adams, we'd probably be in Burlingame yet.

Our first stop after leaving the Burlingame Center for the last time was the San Francisco Holy Ground atop Father Peak. It was perhaps one of the most beautiful mornings we've seen there. The fog was beginning to lift and the East Bay hills were shining and clear, while the city below us had an ethereal, unreal quality about it. The top of Father Peak was in bright sunlight as the fog shifted and dissipated below us. It was like being in another world -- as indeed we were.

From this brief ceremony on the first Holy Ground in America, we went to 1309 Masonic, the San Francisco Center, for a last visit to the place where we first heard the conclusion of DP. The Robinsons had decorated the walls of the meeting room with signs, including 'good-bye' in several languages, and honored us with flowers. We had coffee and doughnuts in this historic Center which will always have such a special place in the hearts of so many foundation members in this country.

Then off to Oak Heart, the Holy Ground in Oakland, and the first Holy Ground to be sanctified by someone other than our Leader. It is a truly beautiful place (what Holy Ground isn't?!), and the lovely autumn weather, calm lakeside and dewy grass made the whole area sparkle. It was a brief but poignant ceremony at this feminine counterpart of San Francisco's masculine Parents' Peak.

Thence to the Oakland Center for Sunday Worship Service led by Miss Kim. To our surprise, her sermon dealt with our mission, and we received both unsuspected information about it and good advice in accomplishing it. We were very touched and rather awed to think that so much time and thought was being directed to us and our mission, particularly by this great and dedicated lady whom we love so much.

By this time it was 11:20 and we adjourned for lunch. The table was arranged beautifully in typical Kathy Martin taste, with the center of it being taken with a large cake in yellow and white reading, "With love to Mary and Jim." Kathy said she had ordered it with the names reversed, but the Old World Order insists upon putting the woman's name first.

When the time came for goodbyes (12 noon), the tears flowed freely. We love these dear, wonderful people, and we have all been through so much together. We hated to part from them, even though we know we can never be separated. With tears still gushing, we waved goodbye in the new tradition, and began our journey across our 'new' home -- the United States of America.

We had been instructed spiritually to strengthen ourselves during this first week, so we proceeded in slow, easy stages. One thing and

another contrived to keep us in California, and it was three days before we crossed the border into Nevada. Mary was violently ill on this third day, but nothing would stop us from continuing our journey. We drew strength from our visit to the Las Vegas Holy Ground, and again from the Holy Ground in Albuquerque, New Mexico, where we had hoped to visit with Tom Keryck. He is attending the university there, but we hadn't been able to tell him just when we would arrive and he was out when we went to his dormitory.

We took a few hours' side trip to go to Zion National Park in Utah, and were awed not only by the grandeur of the scenery but by the symbolism of the names of the various red Navajo sandstone formations. Our first stop after the Portals of Zion was the Court of the Patriarchs featuring three gigantic monoliths named Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. To the left were the Towers of the Virgin, the Altar of Sacrifice and the West Temple, while farther into the valley cut by the Virgin River are Lady Mountain, Angels Landing, Majestic and Cathedral Mountains, The Pulpit, Weeping Rock, The Great White Throne, Mountain of the Sun, Twin Brothers and East Temple. The valley is guarded by The Watchman which stands to the west of Bridge Mountain. It is a breathtaking place, all the more interesting because of the names man has given to God's creation.

To get back to the main highway east, our path crossed the new Glen Canyon Dam, second largest in the world. This dam is the northern control for the Colorado River (Hoover Dam is at the south end of the Grand Canyon), and constitutes the hope of the residents of this arid area for improving their crop facilities. So much of the United States is unproductive and unlivable because of lack of water, it will truly be wonderful to see these plains and deserts become lush and green with promise for a hungry world.

Our thoughts in this first week went frequently to the pioneers who travelled this unknown and hostile land to reach the fertile valleys of California. How did they ever manage to get wagons over these rough, rolling areas criss-crossed by deep gullies and spired with mammoth buttes? Our admiration for them knows no bounds! They worked so hard to make it possible for us to live on the West Coast of this country, and now we are reversing their steps to establish the spiritual civilization so long lacking in this land of material plenty.

On the 7th day we arrived in our 7th State and came home all over again! Within minutes of our arrival at the Oklahoma Center, where we were met by the Oklahoma and Dallas members of the Family, it was as if we had known one another all our lives. Bud and Betty Jean Hicks are the new leaders of the O.C. Center, and we were greatly impressed with their strength and maturity. Our admiration for them, for their patience, understanding, wisdom and capabilities increased with each hour of the next three days, and we have no doubts whatever that the leadership in Oklahoma is in capable and loving hands.

Each member of the Oklahoma and Dallas Centers is a prize for Father. Their love and dedication shines forth in a steady and unwavering stream. Our time with them was all too short. On Sunday, Nov. 28th, Jim conducted their first Worship Service and explained its meaning and method. A presentation was made to Johnnie Dorsey of the Leader's official picture and her membership card as the award following her successful passing of the Final Examination of DP. The rest of the day was spent in a question and answer session which went on well into the night.

On Monday, several of us journeyed the 20 miles or so to Norman, Okla., where we sanctified another Center for Father. This will be a branch of the O.C. Center and is headed by Beulah Bowling and Buron Robinson. Both are new members and hope to get an active Center started there in Beulah's house, which is a residence house for students at the Univ. of Oklahoma. We spent a couple of hours with two young men with whom they have been working, and returned to O.C. for another evening of questions and answers.

We had to leave on Tuesday, much to our great regret. But we departed from Oklahoma City floating on the buoyant cloud of energy created through the loving give and take with our Oklahoma Family. Truly there is nothing whatever which can compare with Father's great Family! One must be a part of it for full appreciation, and we're so thankful to Father for making this possible to us. There is some pain in releasing the things and places and people one has known in one area, but the benefits in expanded consciousness, new loves, and greater experience shared are enormous.

The next few days were spent with Jim's physical family in Kansas and Missouri. Last summer we had spent some time with one of Jim's nieces and her husband in Burlingame, during which we talked Principle for hours on end. This visit in Joplin gave the opportunity to talk more with them. They are expressing cautious but genuine interest, and want to get in touch with both the Oklahoma and St. Louis Families for further teaching.

The 14th day of our journey brought us to St. Louis with a loving reunion with the Oswalds and our first face-to-face meeting with the Weirs. Again it was like coming home! They are truly wonderful and dedicated members of Father's Family! Our three days there were filled with conversation, in-depth teaching, their first Sunday Worship Service, again conducted by Jim, the awards to Bob Oswald and Gordon Weir of their pictures and membership cards after passing the Final Examination, a trip to the St. Louis Holy Ground, a meeting with six of the 30 people they are currently teaching, a puppet show given by the Weir children telling the story of Noah, and many hours of happy fellowship.

The Weir children are taking an active part in learning and teaching Principle, and it is a joy to hear them speak of "Ahbogee," announce their anger and hatred of Satan, and join in heartily when there is singing. Even little Bob, age 4, is alert to the importance of "Magic Salt," and their empathy with the historical figures, like Noah, speaks volumes for the dedicated and patient teaching of Mary and Gordon Weir. These young children will be the leaders of the next generation of the Unified Family, and the elder Weirs are determined that their foundation will be sound.

Bob Oswald has a most magnificent set-up for the re-recording and production of tapes, and has begun the official tape library. You will be hearing more about this in future copies of our Family newsletters. Bob and Vivian also have an excellent system of loaning copies of DP to those they contact, with frequent follow-ups made in a low-key manner. Their approach is slow and dignified which is most important when working with older, more deliberate people, and appears to be bearing good fruit in the St. Louis area. They have established a strong foundation for Father's work there, and are working steadily to broaden and strengthen it.

Our next stop was Indianapolis where we met with Warren Martin and

a friend of his, both of whom are taking graduate work at the University of Indiana. Warren's friend expressed interest in taking the study course as Warren has been doing for the past couple of months. Warren has been finding, as we all do, that the experiential aspects of Principle are unavoidable and that they do much to prove the validity of the teaching.

Our last night of the journey was spent in Harper's Ferry, West Virginia, after a stop at the Holy Ground in Martinsburg (our 7th Holy Ground on the trip) and a tour around the Civil War battlefield of Antietam. This was the battle which gave Abraham Lincoln the courage to issue the Emancipation Proclamation, and was most important in deciding the history of this nation. We claimed the entire war for Father, as we had been claiming the entire land for Him.

Then, on to Washington! We arrived at Col. Pak's house in Arlington, Virginia at 12 noon on December 12th, to find him waiting for us on the porch. It was a joyous reunion with him and Mrs. Lee, whom we had met when she first came to America a year ago, and our first meeting with Mrs. Pak and Moonhye Yoon, of whom we had heard so much. Grateful prayers in the Leader's room, discussion of the main objectives of our national work, a delicious Korean meal, and another reunion with Gordon Ross and David Irick filled the afternoon, after which we adjourned to continue at the Fellowship House in Washington with Carl Rapkins and Emma Whitecotton.

The next three days were spent in determining the needs and direction of our activities, and on the 15th the Flemings moved into a small apartment in Virginia about 30 minutes from the Fellowship House. We will maintain our mailing address in Washington, since this will not be our permanent address. Meanwhile, the administrative work of the Family, the newsletters and the study course will be dispensed from Vista Road, Bailey's Crossroads, Fairfax County, Virginia.

Washington is beautiful and awe-inspiring -- an altogether fitting place for the national headquarters of the Unified Family. Plans are still in the formation stage, but they are big and will, we are sure, reap much fruit for Father when they reach perfection. You will be kept advised in future editions of New Age Frontiers and Lightning Flashes just what these plans are, and we are sure you will be as enthusiastic and happy as we are to be fulfilling our Father's will. Our deep love to you all.

#### PRAYER SCHEDULE - JANUARY 1966

12/30-31-1/1	Dallas, Tex.	1/14-15-16	USS Coral Sea
1/2-3-4	Barcelona, Spain	1/17-18-19	San Mateo, Calif.
1/5-6-7	Kansas City, Mo.	1/20-21-22	Baltimore, Md.
1/8-9-10	Arlington & Bailey's Crossroads, Va.	1/23-24-25	Circle, Montana
1/11-12-13	Norman, Okla.	1/26-27-28	Korea
		1/29-30-31	Washington, D.C.

#### MEMBERS IN TRANSIT

Miss Kim is expected in Washington D.C. on Dec. 20th for a brief stay. Pauline Phillips is visiting the Centers in the Northwest and Canada. Maggie Compton will be in Los Angeles over the holidays.

The following members are attending the Training Conference in Washington D.C. Dec. 20 to Jan. 2:

Washington: Miss Kim, Col. Pak, Gordon Ross, Jim & Mary Fleming, Tom Robinson, David Irick, Carl Rapkins, Emma Whitecotton, Moon-Hye Yoon, Bill Charyk, Edouard Francisque, Ken Crawford, Jhoon Rhee

New York: Philip Burley, Myrtle Hurd, Bill Smith & Elaine Henry (guest)

Oklahoma City: Betty Jean Hicks, Roland & Vivian Sneed, Michael Ellis

Norman, Okla.: Buron Robinson

Dallas, Texas: Johnnie Dorsey, David Flores

Philadelphia: George Fernsler

Miami, Florida: Ernest Stewart

*Vienna, Austria*

*November 7, 1965*

*Paul Werner*

Greetings to you all! For six months now the truth of God has been taught in this country. Many people have heard it but have not decided either way. Satan is really getting mad at me. I'm working in a Calvinist Church with 7 individuals, including 2 ministers. The powder-bag is about to blow.

Let me tell you about the days you all prayed for Austria. Satan was also reading the newsletter. I figured as much but was still not careful enough. Sunday was the first day. Friday noon I bought an apple and did not wash it but just wiped it on my coat. After two bites something said, 'Don't eat any more.' It was already too late. I was poisoned by the insect spray on the apple. I felt like I was going to die with cramps, etc., until Sunday morning when I got up and gave a 5-hour speech. I also talked all afternoon Monday with 5 people. Our prayers are being heard and answered, and powerfully, too!

Let me thank you all, brothers and sisters, for what you do for our Heavenly Father! In helping each other, we are helping our Father and Master to reach the goal faster. I am convinced that we can speed up the development of our countries if we put more effort into it. For this I pray and work day and night, and know that this country will grow fast as it should.

Look at our Master and see what one man can do! Let's take him as our real example, and soon the universe will again become the possession of our Heavenly Father. If our hearts flow over with love, mankind will know from Whom we come, and sooner or later they will move to the side of God where they will find fulfillment of their highest expectations. A great part of our message to men is our own life. They will recognize us by our fruits. So let us shine into this dark and Satan-tyrannized world until the full light of the new heavenly sun shines into each human heart and reflects our Creator's purity!

My love is with all of you in the name of our Master!

*Tokyo, Japan*

*November 8, 1965*

*Diane Giffin*

A week after the last report was written (NAF 10/65), our Father left Japan for Korea, leaving behind an aching loneliness in all our hearts and a sudden weariness, too. How we longed to fly along with him!



After he left, Barbara and I did more witnessing to Japanese students and to the Americans we had met. How strange it was to meet young Americans again! That must be the cultural shock we hear so much about. We hadn't realized how radically our outlook had changed as a result of both Principle and the experiences in Japan. We've contacted several students on a junior-year-abroad program who are eager to hear the lectures.

Actually, though, nothing was the same after Father left, for Mr. Nishikawa had returned with fresh ideas. One major change was in terms of language study. Barbara and I have scheduled 5 or 6 classes apiece per week in English conversation. Most of these are for our family, on varying levels. Soon to begin, however, is an advanced class in the DP for -- do we call them *Gentiles*? We're trying to learn to teach DP in such a way as to speak to the condition of the Japanese students. We've advanced far enough to know that the approach must vary with culture as well as with the individual; but we're still in the dark on how to *do* that. My awareness of the terrific cultural gap serves to increase my appreciation of Principle. Without it, what -- ever -- could unite East and West? Turning the coin, Barbara and I have begun daily lessons in Japanese from a sister. The more I learn, the greater the importance verbal communication takes on.

Children's Day was the occasion of the Big Test in DP. Most everyone here took it -- 5 hours of sweat -- in comparison with the 10-hour test of last year which only one or two passed. The spiritual atmosphere was amazingly high (they must have had lots of good help). In the Sunday evening service, Mrs. Nishikawa spoke on the significance of Children's Day, after which we had a party.

We had the unforgettable experience of harvesting rice. Twenty of us went out one day to the farm belonging to Daikan Onuki's family. Armed with sickles and songs and food too good for common laborers, we cut down the rice in bunches as it grew in the field, tied it, and stood it upright. Such beauty as surrounded us that day!...beauty both as meets the eye and as the response felt from the well-tended land. We felt the joy of Creation and knew there is a much deeper rapport, even, waiting only for our perfection, "...the revealing of the Sons of God."

During the past week, Nishikawa took four of us on a trip to visit the major Centers to the south of Tokyo. At Nagoya we were overwhelmed by the splendor of the building. Most members there are high school students, 100 in number. Thirty of them live in the church, which lends a strikingly different atmosphere. In Osaka, the balance is toward college-age students. There we felt great love, obviously prompted by the leader, an older Christian woman who was the first member in Japan. So, on and on to Kobe, Himmeiji, Takamatsu, Hiroshima, Fukuoka on Kyushu Island.

(Because of our background, the visit to Hiroshima was of special interest. It had just become dark -- we drove in through the business district. Superficially, it looked like any other city, except that the buildings were newer and perhaps lower; but pervading the entire city was an atmosphere of terrific sorrow such as I have experienced nowhere else. We departed the following morning by way of the park commemorating the bombing. One building has been left standing as a memorial. Around it, barren soil, scrubby plants, barbed wire. Be-

side it runs one of the city's seven rivers. As we crossed it, I felt more keenly than ever the sorrow of those who perished on its banks. It was as if I were witnessing the scene in all its horror. Others felt anger and cruelty in addition to sorrow; we learned later that Hiroshima has an unusually high rate of juvenile delinquency.)

Each Center has its own distinctive characteristics, which makes imperative a strong central church to unify them all. In those Centers which frequently take time to talk together as a family, we felt a much closer bond. This is something we rarely do here in Tokyo, and likewise in Washington, for there seems never to be enough time. Yet this is most important, both for our own growth and for the attraction it gives to new members. Another strong impression was of the respectful love shown to Nishikawa; the care in preparation of food, in decorating, not to mention the preparation of spirit. Many places, we were hours late in arriving; yet when we did arrive at last, someone or group would be outside awaiting us and the others inside, singing and praying. In each Center, Barbara and I spoke briefly before Nishikawa addressed them. Always we spoke with sense that we were not two individuals at all; but that, through us, the entire American Family was participating in the gathering. We feel also that the love shown to us is at once directed to us personally and as representatives of the hope of America. Being unable to share with you the immediate experience, I want you to know the great love that reaches out to America and to the entire universe. Praised be the Father!

*Oklahoma City, Okla.      Membership Date 6/26/65*

*Patricia Fields*

[Patty is 29 years old, married and the mother of two children. She is sister of Bud Hicks and Alyce Harvey, and daughter of Burneze Menke - all members of the Family.]

I became alive on June 26th of this year. When my family tried to tell me about DP, I was in Pensacola, Fla. I thought something terrible had happened to all of them, though I couldn't accept the reason that all had flipped at once. The only thing left was that they had fallen into cruel and evil hands.

Then Bud and Betty Jean [Hicks] came to Pensacola. From the first moment I saw them, I knew that I wanted to know all about whatever they had found. The peace that came from so deep within them was like a banquet set before a starving man. For about three years I had existed with such a literal hell inside of me. A desperate hunger for true peace, a soul sobbing continuously for answers, and asking over and over, 'God, where are you?' When they had to leave, I was left in a fog. There had not been time to hear all of the DP. My sister Alyce called and asked if I would like to come to Oklahoma to visit. No mention was made of Principle, but I knew this was the real reason. I said I'd let her know, and began a battle. One minute, "Yes, yes, I will go," then, "No, you really don't want to." I stood in the middle of the floor and turned these thoughts over. Then I ran to the phone to call and say, "I'll come," before the other voice could put in more doubts.

When I got here, I met Philip Burley. He lectured and the more I heard, the lighter I felt inside. This was Truth! I heard and felt so many things the first few days I was here, I felt I must be alone to put this in order. At the same time, I wanted to hear more.

I stayed in O.C. three weeks and had to return to Pensacola. I cried halfway to Dallas. Then suddenly I knew I would come back. I stopped crying and was filled with such joy I began to sing to keep from bursting.

We remained in Pensacola six weeks. While there I had several wonderful spiritual experiences, including two glorious dreams in which our beloved Leader appeared to me. Satan tried to make it seem that we would not return to Oklahoma but would go in another direction. I couldn't doubt that we would come back, my feeling of being led by Father's hand was too strong. These were only stones cast in the way by Satan.

And we came back. In Oklahoma, I have met many of our Family and I'm so looking forward to meeting more of you. I love you all, and am so very grateful to be a part of our Father's Plan. I am filled to overflowing with love and gratitude for our Leader and all who have worked and paid in the early years. You are all in my prayers and my heart.

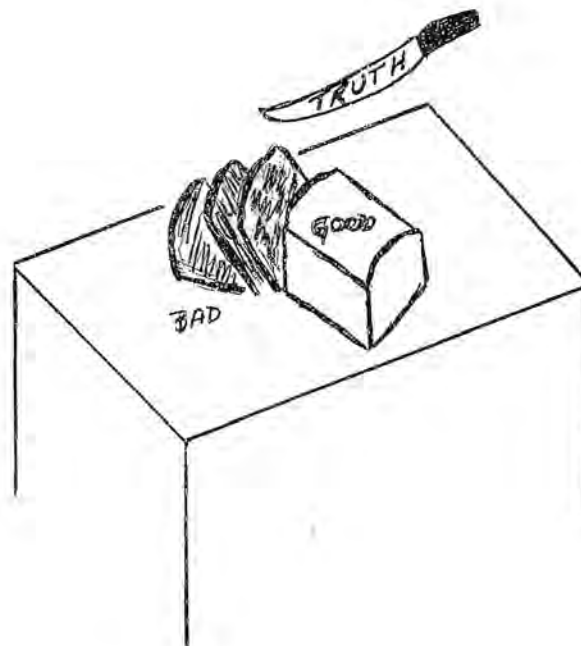
Oakland, Calif.

November 9, 1965

Lowell Martin

This vision was received for a specific purpose. It is printed here in the hope it may be useful to others.

Our knowledge of Principle must be full and accurate to do the best job of separating good from evil. When we teach the Principles, we can literally watch separation take place before our eyes.



SEPARATION

HOW SHARP IS YOUR KNIFE?

*Sydney, Australia**December 1, 1965**Alexa Altomare*

My dearest brothers and sisters, it is with much love and prayers that I write to you of news in Australia, knowing how much each one of you is struggling daily against Satan for the sole purpose of establishing our Father's kingdom in your area. Your tears and your sweat are so precious to the Father. What a noble cause we are working for! To think that we could have been given the privilege to give ourselves to something which is a thousand, million, billion times greater than ourselves! Such effort will never go unreckoned in the turn of history.

Australia is such a beautiful land, I wish you all could see it!! Now that I have adjusted myself to Australia's "lacks," my eyes widen daily at all of her treasures! As far as the land itself is concerned, there are thousands and thousands of virgin acres just waiting for development. Because of climatic conditions, development has been difficult and slow here, but I know that Australia has just been waiting for the tender hands of the sons of God to touch its many untapped and bountiful resources and bring them to life. For the past year there has been a severe drought in New South Wales. It was particularly severe during the three months prior to my arrival. There was no rain at all to speak of during this period. It probably will not surprise you to know that as soon as I arrived it began raining. The first day I was here was beautiful, but ever since then it has been cloudy and cool. And it's supposed to be summer! Sydneysiders can't understand this crazy weather. There have been some good days, however, and when they're good they're absolutely gorgeous! Three of the girls here at the house and I took an all day bus tour to the Blue Mts. last month. The Blue Mts. are about 40 miles out from Sydney. The scenery with all its majestic rises covered with such green finery was unspeakably breathtaking, but my heart went out in deep sorrow to the poor, tired trees whose leaves were withered and dropping, and whose green was beginning to fade from lack of water. I really felt the Father's heart. Because of the continued ignorance and rebelliousness of men, the poor innocent creation is called upon to pay the price of restoration.

My heart has become like a flaming furnace. It is the Father's spirit driving me on to establish His kingdom. Many times the energy He gives me is so great that I cannot sleep. I just lie there, or get up and go into the kitchen to pace around, thinking, planning, dreaming, crying, while everyone else sleeps. Yes, the world is sleeping and we are like the birds who joyfully twitter and fly about as the dawn breaks, busily building nests and gathering food. When will the world wake up and hear our joyful sounds? The most beautiful part of the day is when the sun comes up, and those who miss it have missed the best part of the day. The singing of our hearts must grow loud enough to penetrate their slumbering souls.

Tonight is one of my few nights at home. The blare of the radios and the squeals and chatter have quieted down now, and all has become peaceful. Twelve girls live here now, counting myself. I love all these girls so much - too much, for they break my heart as I see each one letting her life run so fruitlessly away. A few are vaguely sympathetic to my work, and there was even one Welsh girl who studied with me for about a month. She began to lose interest, however, and has now gone to Queensland, a northern state of Australia.

I have perhaps come closest to the Father's heart, however, through a group of young people I have been spending a lot of time with recently. They are mostly university students, generally atheistic in belief, and

extremely creative. They more or less belong to the modern, beat category in their dress and way of life. How many tears have I shed in their midst. They are so young, handsome and intelligent, bursting with so much to give, usually more kindly and trustworthy in heart than the average Christian, but they don't know where to put all this energy and consequently it goes into leftist political, social and cultural groups, parties, narcotics, and all the things which add to the destruction that is so much in control of this world. And yet they have more to give to the construction of the kingdom than most. They are generally more willing to listen than most, too much so, in fact. Two of them have been particularly open, but their environment is my enemy. If I go away from them for even a day, their environment takes them back and I have to practically start all over again in conquering it. Well, Father, someday - maybe not now, but someday - they will be your children.

Another young Australian fellow (they call men 'blokes' here) got up to the last few chapters in his study with me, but has called it quits now. He believes the Tibetan spiritual revelations to be much superior. The spirit world works on him quite strongly sometimes, however, because occasionally, much to his dismay, he will find himself wanting to accept Principle and work for it. He has been a great gift of God to me, as he has led me to countless people and situations.

There is a lovely Greek girl who is studying with me now, too. She is beginning Part IV and is very earnest in her desire to do the will of God. She has been very responsive so far. I can only pray that she will have the wisdom to see what the will of God is for her, and have the courage to act on it. She also has introduced me to many of her friends to talk to.

I never thought I'd see the day when I would actually be giving a sermon at a church service, but that is exactly what I did a few Sundays ago. It was at a spiritualist church. There were about 25 people present, a few of them young people. Three of these responded favorably, and I understand that others have called asking when I will speak again. A few weeks ago I had the opportunity to give a talk about the work of our movement at a meeting of a New Age group which is connected with the Universal Link in England. The members of the group were mostly older in age, but were very warm and cooperative in their attitude, and expressed interest in studying DP as a group.

I have been regularly attending a Young Theosophists' group who have said I could give a lecture on the Principle in the early part of their next year's program.

It was so wonderful to see all the pictures and read all the reports of Children's Day in the newsletter! To see all the faces of those of you whom I have not met in person was a tremendous joy, not to mention seeing those of you I have met before. Children's Day here was a solitary occasion, physically that is, but it was an extremely joyful and inspiring one. Soon the world will know what a great day has visited them!

I particularly want to thank all of you for your many prayers. Your thoughts of love flow out to me, filling and strengthening me. The credit for the progress of the work here belongs to you. My prayers are likewise with you - especially those of you who will be participating in the training program in Washington. How I long to be there with all of you. My prayer is that, during this period, you will become the *best*

soldiers for our Father - for, after all, He deserves only the best and we are all capable of doing nothing but the best. The soldier of God is one who is a universal person, thinking and acting always on a universal level rather than a personal level. No price is too great, no hardship too difficult to bear for our Father and His beloved universe. My love, my prayers, my life -- in Him. Your sister, Alexa.

Rome, Italy

December 1, 1965

Barbara Burnowes

Dear Family, I am thoroughly ashamed of myself for not having written my testimony before now. Do accept my sincere apologies.

When I was a child I was very sensitive and unusually pensive and quiet. I used to bombard my mother with innumerable unanswerable questions concerning the universe. Instead of playing with other children, I used to sit under the spreading tropical trees and brood over things which were much too deep for a child to think and worry about. On many of these occasions I was attacked by evil spirits.

As I grew older I began to worry over world affairs; cruelty and aggression made me tearful. I prayed often, and at times for several hours, especially during exposition of the Blessed Sacrament. I tried very hard to understand and feel the suffering of Jesus Christ. Many nights, at 3 a.m., I was awakened by the sound of galloping horses which were invisible.

I left my homeland, British Guiana, in 1953 and went to London where I concluded my education. After living in various parts of North America and Europe, I settled in Italy for the main purpose of studying voice.

One evening an English girl friend brought up the subject of spiritualism. I expressed my beliefs and told of my various experiences. She did not agree with me, but said that she knew someone who shared by beliefs. A few days later I was introduced to Doris Walder.

When I met Doris I told her all my spiritual problems, one of which dealt with my firm belief in reincarnation, even though I was a Catholic. I believed that God reincarnated us until we were good enough to enter the kingdom of heaven, but Doris soon put me right and gave me the Principles to read. My spirit accepted DP with some struggle, so I prayed for confirmation. It occurred in a dream.

I dreamt that the back of my neck felt as if someone had kindled a fire on it. The heat grew stronger and stronger until I could no longer stand it. I cried to God for help but the heat only increased. In desperation I called on the Master, and only then was the fire taken away. I then felt the weight of someone's body on my right side and as I looked upwards on my right I saw a golden oriental figure squatting like Buddha. At my head there was an enormous shadow of a very muscularly built man. I arose and began to sing in an oriental language which I am sure was Korean, and as I sang my room became three times its original size. When I finished my song, a little bearded man came into my room bearing a silver salver. I had the very great pleasure and privilege of telling my dream of confirmation to the Master when he visited Rome this summer.

My heart joins with all the other hearts all over the world, united to fight the good fight and bring victory after victory to the Master. I am very happy indeed to be in the first resurrection. Greetings to my brothers and sisters all over the world. Monsay! Monsay! Monsay!

St. Louis, Missouri

December 1, 1965

Mary Weir

What is it like, growing up? Surely I can't remain a child forever. Sometimes - most of the time - I'm like the baby who wants someone to pick it up all the time. I take a fall and sit there begging for someone to help me walk again.

Rarely, I think and act like an older child who is going out to help. But I count just as much on all sorts of mutual help - spiritual upliftment, spirit handling this and that. There is concern for helping Father, but how *much* love, how *much* concern? Too often, there is more pride in the job than concern; a feeling of self-importance rather than a feeling of Father's heart.

Where should I be? What should I be doing? Our Father is tired, lonely, filled with longing, filled with grief. His feet are bloody. He is hungry for someone to love Him. He has worked day and night for thousands of years. He has tried in every way He could to help His lost children find their way home. He has played the clown and the fool, He has been tortured and beaten, He has been laughed at and scoffed. And, worst of all, He has been completely ignored.

I need help? What does Father need? He needs someone to nurse His wounds. He needs someone to make Him laugh with joy. He needs someone to talk to Him, to sing to Him. He needs someone who will tell Him to rest and relax, and then go out and do the work for Him. He needs someone who will take the laughing and scoffing, someone who will play the clown and the fool; and then go back and comfort Him.

He needs a great Family who will bring Him His pipe and slippers and sit at His feet, bringing Him joy and hope. He needs someone who will slip up in the morning and prepare Him a wonderful meal as a surprise. He needs children!

These thoughts occurred today, having recently been besieged by a number of situations which I felt incapable of handling, filled with criticism, anger, etc., at those around me. Then the criticism and anger was directed at me, and the correction was well deserved. There was division in the ranks. I was locking personally at each individual and myself - upset, angry, and so on. I forgot who my enemy was! Not them, not myself. Are we our own enemies? No, it was Satan! It is Satan I detest. It is Satan who has held us in bondage. He is the criminal. He is the one to accuse! Certainly not others.

We have only one enemy - Satan! We have only one desire - to unite with Father! One hope - the kingdom of heaven on earth! One way - Father's way!

Vancouver, B.C., Canada

December 7, 1965

Pauline Phillips

Many things have been happening here in the northwestern part of our U.S.A in the past month. I arrived six weeks ago and there have been many new places to go and new people to meet and teach, although my work has been mainly with the older members.

We were surprised by a visit from our Montana member, Sara Towe. She spent one day and night in Portland with us during Thanksgiving week, and brought great joy to the Family with her visit. She is 19 years old and goes to the University in Bozeman, Montana. She came to the group in Washington D.C. and was converted by our Leader when he was there. But she had to return to Montana to finish her college and is witnessing to students at the university. I plan to visit her

and talk to a group she is getting together. Maxine Adams, Sara and I went to Eugene one weekend. One boy, a graduate student, has been wanting to study with us and was brought to the understanding of who our Leader is. He was so happy.

David Bridges has two graduate students who are growing in their understanding of Principle. Let us pray much for the work in Eugene. Since that is where DP started in America, we want to see many students come out of that university. It is a good place to witness and find young people.

We found a new age group in Portland, and Esther Carroll and I went twice. The second time they asked me to speak about our movement and my work. I talked for 30 minutes, and they all seemed impressed and wanted to know more. One of the young girls is going to Boise where I will see her again.

This last weekend, the Northwest Family gathered in Portland for a wonderful time. Sixteen of us sang songs, watched movies of our Master's trip to San Francisco and the Northwest, and movies of Mr. Kim's and David Bridges' graduation. Everyone was very happy and in high spirits. On Sunday morning we went to the Holy Ground for a sunrise meeting. As we stood on top of the mountain overlooking the city, we sang with our hearts to everyone in the city of Portland, hoping that our voices would make a condition for this city to turn to our Father.

Later that morning, David Bridges gave a lecture at the New Area Spiritualist Camp at Oregon City. He spoke of our Leader and the movement, and how the young people are responding to the DP. About 40 people turned out to hear him. They seemed impressed with what he said and invited him to speak again.

Terre Hall and I left Sunday afternoon for the Center here in Vancouver. We spent yesterday at the Univ. of B.C. where we met a student she had been witnessing to. The spirit is very good here. The weather is beautiful. The sun shines during the day and it rains at night. It looks like San Francisco, Calif. There are about 800,000 people in this area, and lots of places to witness. The Center is very close to the university and overlooks the city and the mountains around the city. Vancouver is a beautiful place. I know there are many people here who have been prepared for DP. The people here seem to be seeking for a better education, so we have to reach them through an intellectual approach.

I will work here with Terre for two weeks, then return to the States and spend a week or two in Seattle. I will leave this area around the first of January for Boise, Idaho.

I want to thank everyone for your prayers and your letters. Without all of you behind me, I could do nothing.

Thank you, Father, over and over for your great love, your power and your wisdom; for your sweat, your blood and your tears. How can we ever repay you for what you have given to mankind? The only way is to bring the whole world to an understanding of your great truth. We will work to do this.

Love and prayers to everyone in His name.

Bozeman, Montana

December 7, 1965

Sara Towe

'Twas two days before Thanksgiving, and all through my heart was a



flutter and scurry in each little part; for what to my wondering eyes had appeared...but Pauline Phillips and the Portland Family! What a happy day of talking while on my way to see my sister in Corvallis. I had called up Esther Carroll rather uncertainly upon reaching Portland, and after some wait at the depot I wasn't quite sure what to expect. As it turned out, I stayed for breakfast, dinner and supper, besides staying the night!

And we talked of so many things! That night we picked up Maxine Adams, a young member, and went 30 miles to St. Helen's where "Uncle John" [Schmidli] provided a wonderful supper and fellowship.

I left Portland early the next morning with such renewed faith. But when I talked to my sister, it seemed she would no more accept Principle than the rest of my family. She listened, and the next day I got sick! While only partly recovered, Pauline, Maxine and David Bridges stopped by on their way to Eugene. After a short visit (in which David became a little embarrassed while holding my niece and not knowing exactly what to do), all four of us left for David's abode, a quaint two-story house which he shares with two Korean boarders. What fun they were to talk to, or rather laugh with!

The next morning constituted a visit to Holy Ground, and a view of Doris Walder's and Pauline's original homes where Miss Kim found so many of the first members. It was quite exciting, sneaking around taking pictures and telling people we were studying houses for art!

After such a visit, I feel much stronger and more in touch with all of you, and I love you all so much. In His Name... Sara

*Yea, the Twain Shall Meet*      Recd 12/7/65

*Gordon Weir*

Remember, as you advance in the Divine Principle, you are to increasingly adopt the philosophy of the East. Do not challenge the wisdom of the East, for it is not wrong. To the contrary, it is magnificent.

Neither does the Divine Principle prove nor suggest that the traditional religious thought of the West is incorrect.

At first, it may seem to you that the Divine Principle says that other people's creeds are false. Not so. The Divine Principle reveals that both current Eastern and Western religious thought are limited...not at all wrong, lies or falsehood.

The Eastern philosophies are helpful in seeing this vast distinction. Basically, Divine Principle says that man is created in the image of God, which image is right and good. At the very root of evil or wrongness there is no real force or power. If evil becomes totally devoid of give and take, it no longer exists. It is *not* of the Divine Ideal. Thus, the lie, as the Easterner says, is also only the lack of truth...evil, the lack of good. The divine Ideal is the single reality; anything else is lesser -- non-reality.

Adam and Eve were to grow to perfection. Lucifer's act resulted in a temporary stoppage of their growth; in fact, a reversal, in terms of their heirs' enlightened growth to perfection. The Eastern philosophy would rather approach the "fall" in terms of an illusion (the lack of enlightenment or truth) which mankind - fallen Adam and Eve - faces, instead of attaching reality to it. Western religious thought is more inclined to deal with personification...the specifics of the "fall," and the measures by which mankind sustains the evil.

Divine Principle does not side with Western or Eastern thought. Divine Principle reveals that both are but one side of a far greater truth. Higher truth always unites the highest thoughts of man by expanding its size. The New Testament does not say that the Old Testament is wrong; rather it expands upon the truth of the Old Testament. The Divine Principle does not prove how the New Testament is wrong. It shows how it is more right than we ever could have imagined.

Look not for the Divine Principle to prove a man wrong. Look for it to dynamically increase the truth that is currently within him (whatever the stage).

As you grow in Divine Principle, you will see it is raising you to the top of the mountain. Those who are below you, facing the environment of that level, are not wrong about the cliff, the flower or the tree they describe. Because you are higher on the mount and wish to tell them they do not see the bigger view, the real view, remember back to the time when you stared from the base of the great mountain. Recall your own limited view.

The character of the Western man is to pick a flower along his climb, dissect it, and examine its parts. The Eastern man rather prefers to leave it untouched, to meditate upon it; and, in passing, to relate it by abstracting its reality. Divine Principle does not reveal that one or the other does not know anything about a flower. It shows that abstraction and personification do not exist without one another. It provides the elevation to see the flower in both ways...and more.

Think, too, of those at the height of the peak. They see *all* men about the mountain...each one describing what he sees. Because you can view more than another man, do not attack his sight. Provide him the rope to climb to your vantage point, then push him on ahead of you.

The flower becomes a whole garden of glorious variety at the very top. It is in this setting of awareness that the twain shall meet.

Tokyo, Japan

December 4, 1965

Barbara Mikesell

Ah, Family, there is so much to tell, I can never put it all into words! Continually, even when I'm feeling low, I praise the name of Father. I am aware more and more deeply of the sorrow that has bound Him and us for so long, but I cannot suppress the humble joy and hope and song that grows and expands in my heart with each passing day. One could never believe how much growth is possible in a land of a foreign tongue; but I know as Paul knew, I die daily and am being reborn in Him. May the day come quickly when we can be worthy to be called His child!

I'd like to pick up the trip where Diane left off. The last stop was Sendi, truly the dessert of the trip. The Northern region is run by one of the deepest members of the church, Michan Tanako, a very spiritual boy with a fantastic love wielded with a very dynamic wisdom. Our most meaningful experience was in that church. Michan had gathered the members from the region two days early, during which time they had been preparing in spirit for Nishikawa, only to find that, due to difficulties with his visa, he had missed the train. Diane and I got the first benefits: that evening we talked and ate and sang with them.

All the next day they told of their experiences of coming into Principle, their changed lives, and what they have been doing since. The spirit was very high to begin with and soared as time proceeded. By afternoon many were in tears and could hardly speak. All were deeply moved. There was such an atmosphere of love and truth that the language barrier became nil. On one occasion I felt the presence of our Father.

What a glorious experience, yet my tears weren't all in joy. I looked around the room... Before I came into Principle I had given up the hope that such a gathering (50 people) could be a reality in my life or in this world. My heart had been one lost of hope. How many people are in this state now, with no conception of this reality? Then I knew that our Father was blessing us, and I thought about how always Father sends those He has blessed out into Satan's world to carry out His mission, how this always involves suffering. And I thought how, in this suffering and daily grind, we will come down off this mountain, this shower of the spirit. Maybe sometimes this joy and love won't even seem real. And so I treasure this time in my heart to recall in the lowlands, to lift me again to new heights.

Going to bed at 4:30 that night and 2:00 the next, we returned to Tokyo and my all-messed-up contacts -- tired, happy, fat (such food!) and deepened. There was much to be thankful for.

This was the month of University festivals. These are amazing, perhaps because the university education is, largely, unrelated to career here, and often the most important aspect of college life are the club activities. (Some of these clubs are very solitary, involving research, etc.) A large space is made for club rooms or buildings on the campus. During the festival, there is no school for a week, and each club has a classroom to set up its display, study or demonstration. Hundreds of people come to the festivals, so they are thoroughly utilized by us wherever we have established clubs. Much time was spent in advertising (posters and passing out leaflets at many of the universities) and preparation. The display included 20 or 30 charts clearly and deeply explaining Principles, with the emphasis placed on the Principles of Creation's very scientific and rational use. Many brothers and sisters then would take each person and party and explain from there. Both at Tokyo and Wasade Universities I found the rooms almost continually filled and a din of voices -- by far the most popular demonstrations of the festival. The spiritual power was fantastic, and I would always feel great pressure on my neck. We continued to street preach and pass out leaflets throughout all this. Many names were collected, and many people continue to come to the lecture building to hear Principle.

And, oh happy day! The U. students are starting a Center removed from the headquarters, back in the Nampaidai Center. The students from all the universities will move there. We are faced with finding a balance between study and mission, and here we can set up a good atmosphere in which to study and, through close contact in living together, will be working to deepen our 'shingo' (understanding of and union with our Heavenly Father's heart). We recognize that nothing effective can be done without deep faith. We are now moving into a new stage on the university level (we've finished the ground breaking), so we must develop a new level of activity; for this we must develop a new level of faith and union. Also, a larger house is needed because many students are beginning to join and we must have a larger and better organized structure for them to come into. In this union and heart, we plan to

take full advantage of our student status.

Already this is far too long. How I would like to share deeply about what life has been bringing me, but I'd better make it brief. Every day is busy with mission. Diane and I long ago started going separate ways for the most part. There's just too much to do! We wish we could split into more than two! We spend a lot of time at universities with Japanese and foreigners. Diane has a beautiful daughter from Pennsylvania coming, and my son is now attending the training program. (Where else can a 100% American give birth to a 100% Japanese?) I'm still praying more than rejoicing; he's from MRA and is not sure he can take the hard life and a God who may not have the same ideas about the way of living.

Norman, Oklahoma

December 9, 1965

Beulah Bowling

"Beulahland" is the unofficial name of a rooming house for Okla. Univ. men students. Last week Buron and I were busy with the DP crowd, and Mary and Jim Fleming came down here with them. East meets West! At long last I have found a group that is harmonious to the Divine Principles that have been my guiding light for thirty years. Philip Burley said, "You are overripe."

Older people are usually considered too set in their ways to take anything new. I am the exception to the rule. In 1934 I was overcome with a great spiritual awakening. It was so powerful, and the physical and emotional conflict it created so great, that I was taken to a convalescent home for nervous patients in Galveston. But before I left my home, 5-year old child and marriage, I was given a spiritual illumination in which I was made to understand that, in so far as I helped others I would rise above my own sorrows.

I tell you this so that you will understand how eager I was to hear of a man in Korea who had had a revelation and was starting a world spiritual movement. I had to know, because by the time one of the graduate students from India brought Sandi and Nelson Clark and Philip Burley to my house, my philosophy of living for others had gone through considerable tribulation. Now the golden thread of brotherly love and kindness has been joined together. I see the reason for the restitution I had to make before my own ideals could be materialized. Now I have a true Family, and a new love has been born among my spiritual brothers and sisters. Buron Robinson and I are now two in this house and this town. Both of us have been prepared by the teachings of Joseph Smith, who established the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

New York, N.Y.

December 13, 1965

Philip Burley

Dear Family: While first attacking the City of New York, both in finding work and doing His work, after a very long and tiring walk up and down many streets, I began to understand how the city is laid out. A touch of happiness floated into my heart. I began to feel a conqueror instead of conquered. I felt immense freedom, just as knowing Truth sets us free. Since that day New York seems no smaller, but - again as the Word - I realize there is much more yet to be uncovered. Though seemingly endless in size, the approach at this point is no different from anywhere else. Individual contact with the personal touch of Father's love and care, letting people know they are not just one of mission, always must be sincerely exhibited.

A typical day (if there is such a word in our Family's vocabulary) might go like this: Morning prayer, breakfast together, and each off at spaced intervals to catch the subway to Manhattan Island; home again about 5:30 p.m., dinner together, and then usually Mrs. Hurd, Bill and I go in separate directions to witness or lecture.

There seems to be a lecture to attend every night of the week somewhere, and many of them are very timely, especially those along the lines of parapsychology, religion and world problems.

Sundays include witnessing at churches. At Riverside Church, famous for its liberalness and universality, we have been able to speak very openly and do get good response.

Saturdays we visit the Holy Ground at Central Park in the morning, and have recently begun to street preach in the afternoon at Times Square. One or two nights a week we have meetings. In all this we've remained necessarily flexible to adjust to the ever-changing circumstances familiar to our movement, especially in laying a foundation.

But...most important are the results. We have presented the DP in full to six people. Of these, two are in stages of study, one a girl from the Virgin Islands, the other a boy from Michigan. There are about five others contacted and in various stages of Principle lecture.

That's all this month from New York, dear brothers and sisters. May our Father be with each of you. In our True Parents' Name.

#### NEWS AND NOTES

Because of the delay in getting out the newsletter this month, we would like to ask that you keep Ursula Schuhmann in your special prayers for the entire month of January. She will arrive in Spain on January 1st and may have a particularly difficult time in establishing a foundation for the Center. She very much needs our help, and we would like her to feel us with her, particularly during her initial efforts.

**SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:** Because of the increase in contributions to the newsletter and the attendant increase in size, along with a larger list of subscribers both here and overseas, it has become necessary to raise the subscription price of *New Age Frontiers* to \$4.00 per year effective January 1, 1966. Single copies 40¢ each. Price includes 3rd class postage only. If desired by air mail, please include additional sum based on an average weight of 1 to 2 ounces per publication mailed from Denver, Colorado, U.S.A.

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Since there are so many changes in the address list each month, and since so few have the time to post the changes on the master list, we have been requested to list each month's changes separately on the last page of the newsletter so that it may be removed and stapled to the master list. The next issue of the Master Address List will be published in January 1966.

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(Note: The Post Office Department advises that the use of Zip Codes on correspondence can cut as much as 3 to 5 days off the delivery time. Some areas have already converted to machinery for distribution, which automatic operation is accomplished by the zip numbers. Without these numbers, the mail is delayed waiting for personal handling by P.O. employees.)