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LETTERS AND REPORTS

New York City

Helen Ireland

Dear brothers and sisters:

We again gathered in Washington for World Day. It was quite a switch in the life of the Center that living at McLean brought — eating smack-dab on the floor, adjustments to "lap-flaps" for the girls, a mass of bedding and girls in the dining room at night, fresh air and bird-sounds to wake to, seclusion and togetherness. From New York came Diane Giffin, Gladys Samuel, Rita Henn (who heard the Conclusion on the way down), Betsy O'Neill, Sister Eudes, and myself.

Those were impressions, all thrown together. More lasting and exciting was the chance to share with Peter Koch (Germany), Ernie Stewart (Germany en route to Vietnam), Dee Beckner (Kansas City), Jon and Sandy Schuhart (Los Angeles), and Fred Binder (Germany en route to Cleveland), and all the many new members. Los Angeles and Germany don't seem so far — and in a more real sense, we know that your struggles are ours. Enough cannot be written about the vitality Jon and Sandy generate from their songs, words, prayers, and actions.

The week following World Day seemed even a greater blessing. Jon and Sandy visited friends in New York on Monday, and, invading our kitchen, created a wondrously large and interesting fried rice concoction — made up of all the leftovers, I think. We here in New York don't often get a chance to taste a brother's cooking. Later that night we went to Wesley and Gladys' apartment, where J & S boomed their joyous songs. What did the neighbors think? They needed some extra vitality — and they New York Center was certainly blessed with it.

Along about Wednesday Peter Koch came on his way back to Germany. With Sister Eudes, Jim Lambert, Diane and myself he told many humorous accounts of our Leader, and his own testimony. We sent him off after a refreshing picnic on Holy Ground. Wow, did Father ever bless us that week!

Diane Giffin and I are now two at the Center. We've sent Betsy O'Neill off to Washington, and Sister Eudes has returned to her community. Diane Falk has come back from school to study Principle more intensely and be a warrior for Father.

Somehow I feel that all those who have left New York have made a huge and wonderful condition for more to come — we are teaching even more; how we long to fill this small apartment even fuller than before! Let us hurry, quickly, dear brothers and sisters. Our Father is waiting for the long-hoped-for "gift" which we can give Him in mankind.

In Their most precious Names.

*

London, England (World Day Report)

Marion Dougherty

Dear Miss Kim, brothers and sisters:

The sun was shining in London for three days over World Day celebration! And it was very warm.

Dennis Orme arrived from Findhorne, Scotland, Friday to join our Family completely. Welcome Dennis! What a joy to begin with us by celebrating World Day.

On Saturday all kinds of flowers began to fill the room where we would share together in service Sunday morning. Doris covered our lecture blackboard with a colorful mural of animals, and Marion painted the Ark of our Leader on the banquet tablecloth. Others designed posters depicting this glorious day. Spirits were high with the wonderful feeling of creating together for God. Later on we went up to the Oxford Circus, a glitter of lights and people and Saturday night noises, and saw "A Man for All Seasons," a movie about Thomas More and his battle to stand for the principles of God. We were strongly reminded that God's chosen ones in the past, although not blessed with ultimate truth, shed blood and tears and died for the things they knew of God. How privileged we are today to experience the full value of tears and joy together.

We gathered the next morning in the main lecture room to begin the World Day ceremony with prayer and thanksgiving. Doris talked with us about the meaning and significance of this great event. Later on at the Holy Ground we united again in prayer for the world and victory of our Father over the nations. That afternoon, we attended a folk service at St. Martin's-in-the-fields, a progressive Anglican church near Trafalgar Square. One of our members, Chris Davies, led the service with Principle songs he has written, and we were able to talk with many people afterward. Among those we found, two men have been coming regularly to hear the revelation, Felix Duerty, and Ricky Benjamin, law students from Trinidad. Felix has been receiving about this great day for a year now, and has accepted the Principle and wants very much to teach and live with us.

We sang and prayed together Sunday night, each member offering a gift of song or poem on tape to our beloved Leader and Mother as their great power of love filled the room. Doris renewed and enlightened us in the fact that all is God's possession. Our very bodies with which we act and think, He made for us to think with Him and express His will. Therefore, at the close of our celebration, our Family offered a prayer of rededication, to give all in spirit and material to our Father, the True Creator and Maintainer of their true value. To give 100 percent with no holding back, that there be no invasion into the Lord's house.

Thank you, Father and Mother, for taking us back. May each one of us bring a family to you next World Day. Blessings to all and our love to you in the Name of our Parents.

*

Saigon, Vietnam

Ernie Stewart

Dear Family,

I am currently working in the top Army headquarters in Vietnam, and there is probably no more important job in this organization enlisted-wise. I am filling in as Sgt. Major in one of the five sections of the headquarters. It is only temporary, thank goodness. I don't think I would like the strain very long. They have a new man coming in from the United States with a lot of background and experience that should be here around the end of the month. I am just filling in temporarily.

I have continued to work with Mark; he has remained positive. I have also been working with a buddy of his. I hope they get assigned to the headquarters here. I hate to lose track of them. They came in two days ahead of me to Vietnam but were still waiting for assignment when I came here. I see no present chance to work with Vietnamese people. I go to work at 6:15 and finish about 8:00 p.m. After that I eat and take the bus back to the barracks and it is too late to do anything. There are no days off — this includes Sunday.

Please give my regards to the Family. I hope the house situation is solved and everything is moving physically and spiritually.

In His Name.

*

L. Z. Ryder, Vietnam

David Flores

Dear Family,

As I look at the flyer you sent I reminisce over the many moments of work, laughter, sadness and joy that we have all experienced together. I can hear the voices as we sat to dinner around the dining room, or I can see Miss Kim as she stood behind the lectern to speak. I thank God I'm alive. I think God for this Family. Oh, Father, may I grow to your highest goal.

Why doesn't mankind see the light and come together? I've experienced, as you must have, many heartaches because of the sad and lonely heart of our Father. I see around me so many sad and confused faces, so many tortured and distressed faces. I'd like to embrace the whole world and tell them, "Love, love love — that's the answer."

When, in the middle of a fire fight or in the midst of an enemy shelling, I see someone all huddled behind a rock shivering from fright, I feel like putting my arm around him and telling him of the love of God. Instead I have to give a command to "Move back!" or "Move up!" or "Take cover!" and sometimes, "Come, help with the wounded!" I'm not in a leadership position, technically, but at such moments too many times the leaders have fallen back, are sick, or have been the very ones I describe above. I'm not saying I don't get scared, but I don't feel the deep, Satanic fear for life. I can usually move with confidence. Father never fails me. And for this I am thankful that He can use me here.

Though you all in Washington must be feeling the full force of this racial strife, to an extent it is felt here, too. You know well the dissention within the Army. Even though black and white work together, they don't necessarily get along. And to a great degree my own work is hampered by this conflict. I can't associate adequately with Negroes and at the same time maintain a strong tie with whites. From either side I must appear two-faced. I guess it's just one of the drawbacks I must work with.

Please give my love and regards to all in D. C. and area. Especially greet Miss Kim and thank her for me. Thanks be to God! Yes, where He leads me, I will follow. I leave you in His love.

Your brother,

*

Paris, France

Henri Blanchard

Dear Family,

In these days France is in the headlines of world news. You have read the newspapers, listened to the radio and watched TV. In these troubled moments we felt one with you all in our thinking and in our prayers. With this letter I want to answer some questions.

Until the 24th of May the disorder, violence, confusion and the strikes were growing in Paris from day to day. This was characterized outwardly by the traffic jams, the many disputes and quarrels in the streets and shops; it is difficult for the Latin temperament to keep cool for a long time. Demonstrations took place more and more often. People got just mad demonstrating. And the famous "Quartier Latin" (where all the students live) became the stage for these daily happenings.

Well, during the day of the 24th, while going through my daily work, I noticed very clearly that France was living the end of an era. Satan has governed that country with

the help of the following tranquilizers: sex, food, cinema, the small world of cars, apartments, television and weekends. On the 24th of May I realized the confusion, the emptiness, the childishness, the hatred and the cynicism in the hearts of the people. Their looks, their conversation, their demonstrations, the red flags betrayed them, but all this had a new color of "the end." Nobody knew where to go, not only because the gasoline was rationed, not only because the streets were full of bad smells, but mostly because all that which had given life to Paris and all France was breaking now, and there was not too much reason anymore to continue living; it was all emptiness.

Satan could not govern anymore by his tranquilizers. A new era has begun: Satan and God. Satan will appear as he is, in this final showdown, and God will let us feel His presence by His opposed action, with the strength of this hour of Judgment.

I am living in a Home for Young People and I could not enter there that day because Satan's marionettes were waving the red flag and shouting their slogans in a language which I don't understand anymore. I knew very well that I had to leave that place as soon as possible. I went for a long walk and I got to realize everything I already said above. Then I went for a tiring climb of the Montmartre. The streets and the parks were black with people. From the hill I looked on the panorama of Paris. An era was finished. The day had finally come where God was going to speak to these people clearly and directly. You know already this indescribable impression when you realize, alone in the middle of a lot of people, that immense light. The atmosphere was full of uneasiness, paralysis, lack of vitality. I watched a man smoking, another one who made his children play; I watched young idle onlookers laughing about everything and nothing at all. I saw people holding tight their transistors. Nobody was really living.

To make it short, the French did not find themselves the same anymore in the morning of the 25th of May. They realized an immense general fatigue.

I just came back with Reiner from a walk through the streets of Paris: People have sad faces, and the atmosphere is full of anxiety. We asked ourselves if we are really living on the same planet with them. The frequency was very low. Aware or not aware they were asking themselves where the united Europe and all that hope was, which had been nourished by the technical progress and the progress of civilization, to improve the structure of human relationships?

Last night the speech of the head of state represented the last item of the old era: the words did not seem to say anything anymore. Structure, reform, organization — as empty as all this. Newspapers, radio, television gave just little parts of the alphabet without any meaning. Empty, here again.

The frontline between God and Satan is very clear in France from now on. We are very sure that all this confusion will finally work for the Divine Principle. The disorder and the confusion will emphasize it. It is the outward process of the final showdown between good and evil. We will watch for those persons who are looking with serious and pure hearts for something better in the middle of this Satanic disorder.

Dear Family, I am very happy to write you these lines so that we all might realize how active our Father is and how late it is already in history. I send you all my brotherly feelings and my very deep love.

In the Name of our True Parents.

*

Rome, Italy

Barbara Burrowes

Dear Family,

The Unified Family in Rome heralded in World Day 1968 by visiting the Holy Ground in Vatican City at midnight Saturday-Sunday. There was a light drizzle and a calm breeze as Martin led us in prayer. No one was in sight but for a police night guard and an odd roving car or two, so St. Peter's Square was all ours. A light shone from the Pope's window on the left of us. We have often wished while praying at the obelisk that this new light and absolute truth could be received by the Pope so that he could know the Father's will and act on it. Our next stop was Villa Borghese, where under our favorite cypress, the site of our second Holy Ground, we again united in prayer. By 1:00 a. m. we were back at the Center; after eating a snack and chatting for a while we wandered off to dreamland around 3:00 a. m.

On Sunday morning we finished decorating the Master's room. We had purchased a mass of different kinds of flowers. The Master's room was alive with color as the many flowers of different shades and hues and shapes greeted this great day in a burst of color and light. The room was vibrating with the Father's energy, and all hearts were one. We prayed individually and thanked the Father. Then Martin explained the significance of World Day, the Day of All Things.

After a late breakfast everyone got busy preparing various dishes and sweetmeats for the day. The variety in choice of flowers was matched with the variety in the choice of food. We wanted a reasonable part of Father's world to be represented, and both East and West. So we had Korean, Indian, and Italian dishes, English fudge and plum pudding which was decorated with all kinds of dried fruit. Cuisine honors went to

Martin, who is an expert cook, but we each managed to be tops in our chosen field. In the afternoon the rest of the Italian family began arriving: Nuccia and Guido Baroncini were first, then came Engineer Graciani and Mrs. Giro; Mrs. Whitman and her 14-year-old son Mark came at six. (This American family of three — mother, daughter, and son — have heard all of the Principle and are studying more. Mark is amazing for his age, being endowed with a rare spirituality.) Lydia, who is a telephonist at the Rome Opera House, couldn't come before nine because of work; Claudio, who is taking his finals in engineering, also arrived late because he couldn't get a lift back into town earlier; Theodoro Costa, the architect who recently heard the Conclusion, was also present. Only the regular members were invited, so the group was small, but everyone showed a keen interest in what was being said and participated wholeheartedly.

The Leader's 1965 World Day Message was read, Martin replied to questions and spoke on several important things. Songs were sung and messages taped to send to the Leader. Mark played his 12-string guitar and entertained us with some American folk music. Everyone ate heartily and by midnight the last member left.

Now a week later, as I write this report, many of the beautiful flowers are still alive; they have not lost their color. The Leader's room welcomes us warmly for prayer and thanksgiving, vibrating with spiritual life awaiting the day when both physically and spiritually we of the Rome Center can welcome him and sit at his feet and listen.

Best wishes in his precious Name.

*

Washington, D. C.

Hillie Smith

Dear Family,

As we work in the field or at Headquarters Center for our great goal, we draw ever closer to each other in the Father's heart. Wherever you are in the field, there Father has a foothold; and whenever we pray to embrace America with His love, how grateful we are that you are there, in Los Angeles, New York, Berkeley, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, Denver, Kansas City, and many other cities, to pray the same prayer and make its answer a reality.

It has meant so much to us to see you in Washington. Since Vivien's report in the June NAF, many more of you have come, and our joy increases with each one. Martin Porter has arrived from Rome, bringing with him the spirit of the Family throughout Europe. Gary Fleisher from Los Angeles has helped to ease the tug at

our hearts we felt when Jon and Sandy Schuhart left. Julie Antal from Hammond, Indiana, paid an all-too-brief visit, and Sister Eudes from New York shared a richly rewarding week with us before returning to Michigan. Father's truth is confirmed again and again, and so deeply, each time we greet you for the first time after a long separation. How happy Father must feel at this reunion of His children! And what is most important, our zeal is increased to work as one powerful unit for the full-scale advance in the restoration of Father's children in the United States and throughout the world into this same relationship.

Great news! Betsy O'Neill has joined the Berkeley Family for the summer. Across the American continent we shout, "Monsay, Berkeley!" Linna Miller and Marie Leckrone have established a summer Canadian Center to MOVE North America. Their letters tell of an abundant crop of new students, and, by way of indemnity, a car indefinitely out of commission and four sore, tired feet. We are deeply thankful for each of these dedicated fighters for the kingdom.

Here in Washington, we are moving ahead rapidly, pausing only to check the degree of our alignment with the Father. As Headquarters Center grows, we find the need to coordinate more and more of our activity to be sure that no one's talents are wasted or go unobserved. For the summer months, we have formed a special planning committee consisting of chairmen and members of various "departments," such as witnessing, publications, art, music, public relations, etc. To establish unity and direction in thought, prayer, and action, bi-weekly themes have been chosen around which the entire Family center their work.

All here are champing at the bit to move into the new headquarters on Upshur Street. Our move should take place during the month of July. In establishing a dynamic pattern of life at National Headquarters Center, we have always in mind to represent, serve, encourage, and stimulate you in the field, as you, in turn, encourage and stimulate us in our work of American and worldwide restoration. We can never forget that at the root of all of our activity is a history of suffering, and that, at last, the absolute remedy is available to all — if we make it so. In the face of the recent tragic events in America and of the disillusionment, fear and confusion which people all over the world are experiencing, we are more and more aware of the necessity of joining together to form a mighty offensive against Satan's movement in the world.

There is so much to write! But time and space are short. We long to see you. "Strong bond of heart is the force bringing the world into life." We must in spirit weave this nation and this world together so strongly that Father's lost children will find themselves quickly in His embrace. So come if you can. Until we see you, we greet you in the love of our True Parents.

*

The Course

Rebecca Boyd

To be suspended between heaven and hell and thread your way between the Scylla
and Charybdis —

O great and unrelenting God! This is the course of restoration.

Is there no other way? Is there no way out?

Would you choose heaven? Then you have chosen hell with it and will only live when
everything in you has already died.

Great Father! My childish heart cries out as it has never done. I can't go on.
But there is no other way.

The Lord is coming on his mighty horse.

He does not come to judge the righteous.

Where are those mighty righteous? Where are those soaring eagles now, who used to
wind above the world?

Have you not seen them in the wasteland, wandering stooped by darkness?

I say, WHERE ARE THE MIGHTY RIGHTEOUS!

O do not ask me where I'm walking — somewhere hidden, blindfolded.

I cannot see the way ahead, I never learned the road I made, and seasons here I do
not understand.

Long ago I sought freedom and never rested since.

The truth leads me on its endless path

To find His love, to find my heart to give to Him — I do not understand.

I will go on, on, on, out into the clouded night, but I will keep on walking.

O Father, do not let my feet stop moving, for I must be going somewhere.

Wherever you are, I am going there. Where are you, where are you?

The dampness of this darkness penetrates no further than my skin. I will go on,
walking, walking somewhere.

Do you know this wasteland, clouded night?

It is the land of hope and the season of the future.

We walk here stooped by burdens of the past, inscrutable meaning, aching life.

Why are eagles born? It is not to soar and wind above the world.

That lonely life is not freedom or transcendence.

The mighty horseman gathers eagles in his wake and joins them to the yoke which
builds the soaring world of tomorrow.

If you have seen the mighty horseman, stoop no more — for you have seen the eagle's
upright form.

*

ARTICLES

You Must Run Twice As Fast (A Sermon)

Linna Miller

For many, many years you searched for God, for answers to your questions, for truth. At times, you almost gave up.

But then one day Divine Principle found you. It stopped you on the street, or in a park, or at work, or through a friend. You came over and heard a lecture to find out what happened in 1960. But they didn't tell you, so you came back until you heard everything. You were really struck. Could this possibly be true? You thought about it and prayed about it and finally you felt it must be true. And within a week, a month, a year you said, "Yes, I believe this is true. I'll join."

You hesitated a little at first because you saw that if this was really true, it meant you would have to commit your life to it and probably give up many things. Then you decided to go ahead and make that commitment. You read the Study Guide earnestly every day and you began to learn that there was more to this experience than just being with the group and feeling good. It was more than being part of a group that at last was doing something positive in this world. It was more than enjoying the luxury of finding the answers to all your questions. It was more than walking around in a state of awe and wonder at the thought of what was happening in the universe, that it was actually happening at this particular moment in history, and that it found YOU — of all the unworthy people — and that your lonely, searching years were not in vain after all.

You began to discover, layer by beautiful layer, the depth of this truth and you slowly realized that this was truly the end of your search, and the beginning of your work — of life itself. You watched the older members hustling about — cleaning, cooking, studying, teaching, and witnessing. You wanted to be a part of it, so you rolled up your sleeves and were allowed to wash dishes and go witnessing and outline. As you did that you felt less like a visitor and more like a member and a child of God.

By working and devoting more and more of your time to Principle you began to see how it actually worked in your life. This ideal became a reality to you, beginning with the act of each moment. What you had understood intellectually through the testimonies of the members you now began to sense in reality within your own heart. This was the beat of true life — the energy of God manifesting itself in you.

As you prayed and studied, passed through highs and lows, and were rejected and even laughed at in your witnessing experiences, you began to sense how God feels,

how He has suffered rejection and mockery, how He has been grieving and longing for His children. You were a servant to His lost children. You wanted to go to humanity and give yourself — your sweat, your blood, your tears. You felt a longing to seek your true brothers who have been lost, to suffer if necessary, to give up everything.

Then you discovered the responsibility we Americans have for our country. America MUST be saved! Not only is this work important, you learned, but to work quickly is of utmost importance.

Our Leader is working according to a schedule. Certain conditions must be met by a certain time. In Korea the foundation has already been laid, while in America it must yet be made. When he comes, we must have ready a solid foundation of diligent, trustworthy, sincere members — those who truly give their whole selves. A lukewarm dedication and service will not win America. It takes daily sacrifices of time and activities. Our Leader want us not only to study the Principle, but to live and feel it, because only through a core of such members can America succeed.

God is your Father. Why is His business not your business? Why is His suffering not your suffering? Why is His will not yours? Why is His work not your work? Do not expect God to comfort you! You must be dutiful children to God and comfort Him. The restoration of the U. S. is Father's work. Therefore, it is your work. The restoration of the whole world is your work, because it is your Father's work. Should you not be busy? He is busy! When do you have time to do anything but your Father's business? (Master Speaks, MS-3, p. 14.)

Our Leader said that when Korea, Japan and the U. S. become one with the Divine Principle he would not worry about the rest of the world. This is the only movement that can possibly save America, and when he was asked how long it would take he said it depended upon the effort of the followers. If we do not work effectively and truly it may prolong the time.

In the book Alice Through the Looking Glass, there is an incident in which the Red Chess Queen seizes Alice and races her off at a terrific pace. They run and run until both of them are out of breath; then they stop and Alice looks around her and says, "Why, we are just where we were when we started!" "Oh, yes," says the Red Queen. "You have to run twice as fast as that to get anywhere else." That is a parable of progress.

This was used in a speech by Woodrow Wilson when he was campaigning against Taft and Roosevelt. In speaking of the economic and political situation in America, he

went on to say, "We have to run not until we are out of breath, but until we have caught up with our own conditions, before we shall be where we were when we started. And we should run twice as fast as any rational program I have seen in order to get anywhere else."

He continued:

We are architects in our time, and our architects are also engineers. What we have to undertake is to systematize the foundations of the house, then to thread all the old parts of the structure with the steel which will be laced together in modern fashion, accommodated to all the modern knowledge of structural strength and elasticity, and then slowly change the partitions, relay the walls, let in the light through new apertures, improve the ventilation; until finally, a generation or two from now, the scaffolding will be taken away, and there will be the family in a great building whose noble architecture will at last be disclosed, where men can live as a single community, cooperative as in a perfected, coordinated beehive, not afraid of any storm of nature, not afraid of any artificial storm, any imitation of thunder and lightning, knowing that the foundations go down to the bedrock of principle.

. . . We are going to climb the slow road until it reaches some upland where the air is fresher, where the whole talk of mere politicians is stilled, where men can look in each other's faces and see that there is nothing to conceal, that all they have to talk about they are willing to talk about in the open and talk about with each other; and whence, looking back over the road, we shall see at last that we have fulfilled our promise to mankind. . . .

Our promise to mankind is the most vast remodeling job in history. We are the architects of the New Age and, more specifically, of the New Age in America. It is a job that must be done quickly. We must run twice as fast as one might think in order to get beyond our present condition in time.

Oh, if only you really knew, you could not continue sleeping all night, and eating good meals. If you know, you must prepare, must go, must work! How can you think I can ever be responsible for the billions of people in Asia? How is it you do not feel the urgency of 300,000 people who die every day and who are heading for hell because they do not know God? If you think of them as your own children, how can you not be doing anything? You must feel something and do something to help them. You must realize the urgency. Every day saved means 300,000 people saved from hell.

I may be considered a crazy person, but when I think of the urgency, at bedtime, at night, I feel it so strongly that I stand up sometimes and pound the wall. . . ."

(Leader's Address, New York City, May 1, 1965.)

It is so terribly easy to slow down. We slow down a fraction of a second one day, but rather than resuming speed the next, a new pattern has been set and then it is so easy to slow down one more fraction of a second the next day. This trend continues and not only are we wasting time, but in all likelihood we have set an example for someone else, who slows down a fraction one day — just one day. The gray gets grayer, and then — how did it get so black?

We have so much to do, so far to go before we sleep — and such a short time — so many people to reach and bring in, so many personal obstacles to overcome. How can even five minutes of idle chatter be justified? Father waits and waits and waits.

Oh, if only you really knew, you could not continue sleeping all night, and eating good meals! If you know, you must prepare, must go, must work!

*

The Impossible Dream (A Sermon)

Glenda Moody

To mankind our Master's dream would be like an impossible dream: To think that mankind would come into perfection under God and that Satan would have no power in the world; that nature and mankind would be in harmony in oneness with God, under the divine love of God. Our Leader as a young man probably many times thought to himself that this was truly the impossible dream.

Sit here and look at yourselves. This dream started with one man and how has grown to over 300,000. Sitting back here so comfortably in the U. S., we should look at ourselves in disgust since there are only 250 of us in the U. S. and we must bring America under the direct dominion of God. If one man with a dream can bring the whole cosmos under the reality of the love of God, then we as a Family can bring one nation under the love of the Father to help complete the reality of his dream.

"To fight the unbeatable foe. . . ."

Think what our Leader had to go through for 21 years, fighting the "unbeatable foe" of mankind, the army of Satan. Look how just a few of Satan's armies can cause such chaos in the world, and how one man had the whole force of Satan's armies put upon

him to prevent him from trying to bring about the restoration of the cosmos. Let us now analyze ourselves again. When we have a stomachache, headache or something that goes wrong at work, or when we go into the lowest of lows, and we think that this is such indemnity — this is nothing compared to the cosmic war that our Leader had to fight with the greatest, "unbeatable," foe.

". . . to bear with unbearable sorrow"

First, look at God and how He must have had the most unbearable sorrow for Adam and Eve, knowing that they could not reflect the true duality of Himself. An example would be a father who knew that his child was not his own child because the child did not reflect the image and likeness of himself. God, in a sense, must have felt the same also when Adam and Eve did not have the likeness of Him but of Satan. And the Father must also have felt the greatest of sorrows that he lost one of his most beautiful creations also in the spirit world. Through losing Lucifer He lost the highest reflection of Himself in the angelic world.

The cosmic war broke out for 21 years between our Leader and Satan. Through those 21 years many times he remained awake for nights on end to bear the most sorrowful prayers and tears for the Father for His beloved children. How the Leader must have felt the most excruciating sorrow, learning the truth of how far mankind is from the heart of the Father and that mankind does not know how the Father's heart cries out for his lost children.

". . . to run where the brave dare not go. . . ."

Ah, now think for a moment: "To run where the brave dare not go." "The brave" reminds me of the Christian Church, and how they were the brave when under the Roman persecution, how the Christian Church has persevered up to now. But we as a Unified Family united under the heart of the Father must go utterly beyond the brave of the Christian Church have ever thought of going. We, as the brave, have the privilege of reaching even deeper into the Father's heart by knowing the Divine Principle. But we have to remember that when this privilege is given to us we have even a greater responsibility because the more we reach into the Father's heart the more we know of the sorrowfulness of His longing for His children and how we have to heal His broken heart.

". . . to right the unrightable wrong. . . ."

To right the Satanic life of this world for the love of our Father, to right the unrightable wrong in the hearts and minds of mankind — Satan has given to man pseudo-laws to live by, and man thinks that they are from the Father. We are going to have to take every book, speech, idea and thought of love and turn them to glorify our Father.

And the most difficult task that we are going to have is for man to learn the true meaning of love, how man should love his fellow man, how man should love his mate, and how through knowing true love, how man can really love the heart of the Father, be able to share responsibility with the Father, and in turn become a bride of God.

" . . . to try when your arms are too weary, to reach the unreachable star. . . ."

How weary our Father's heart must have been at times when man could not recognize Him. The Father has been giving to mankind through 6000 years; at times He must have been so weary, but He kept on trying because He had a most possible dream for His beloved children. Then a man came to the Father and said, "Let me hold up those most weary arms; let me lift these weary arms to glorify you, let me lift these arms so I can bring exalted joy to you, my Father. And this joy will be like an ointment soothing these most loving arms that have been embracing mankind throughout the many thousands of years." Now I can hear the Father saying, "I have reached the unreachable star." Now look at ourselves compared with this. "The unreachable star" to us may seem our bringing the United States under the heart of the Father. When we accept the Divine Principle we are like saying to our Master, "May we lift your arms when they are too weary? May we help you on the road of reaching the unreachable star?"

Don't ever think your arms are too weary until mankind has reached the unreachable star.

" . . . This is our quest, to follow that star — no matter how hopeless, no matter how far. . . ."

Our quest is to bring ourselves and mankind as true children to the Father. I think at times each individual has thought of this as being a most hopeless dream. But when we look at ourselves and others around us, then we again know that this is the most possible dream. If it seems so hopeless to you at this time, remember that this dream began with one man and has now grown to many thousands.

" . . . to fight for the right without question or pause. . . ."

We must fight for the right of God, not impulsively, but because we are longing so to do Father's will. I think of a Bible passage from Proverbs to go with this:

Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him and he shall direct thy paths. (Prov. 3:5-6)

Trust in Him, fight for Him. And when you fight for Him you are in the right. To fight against society without questioning or pausing with the feeling that you might be laughed at or called a heretic. We know the divine ideal of God's plan and what His dream is for mankind.

". . . to be willing to march into hell for a heavenly cause. . . ."

What is it like to march into hell, anyway? What is our hell in our daily life, compared to what our Leader had to march into? He went into a cosmic hell for 21 years. He had to go to the lowest hell and from there fight his way through to the arms of the Father.

Now look at ourselves carefully. How much blood, sweat and tears have we given to the Father for mankind?

Think about our missions. One individual might be going into the lowest part of hell in the physical world, but that is not deep enough yet if you are still kneeling to the Father and asking Him to help you know the most sorrowful part of His heart so that you might be able to heal the scars of it.

We in the Family walk down the path of hell for mankind in the course of restoration. This is indemnity for bringing the lost children to the Father. It is the highest privilege to sacrifice for our brothers and sisters throughout the world, because not everyone can walk this road with our Leader at this time.

". . . and we know, if we'll only be true to this glorious quest, that our hearts will lie peaceful and calm when we're laid to our rest. . . ."

We must be true to the Divine Principle ("the glorious quest") through our life if we love, cherish and obey these most precious principles that have been given through our Leader. He gave himself for us to have these Divine Principles that if we work here on earth to be true to all of this, then our hearts and souls can lie peacefully and calmly when we're laid to our physical rest. Then our Leader will be there to take us by the hand and bring us to the throne of the Father and say, "Your son or daughter has done well."

". . . And the world will be better for this, that one man scorned and covered with scars, still strove with his last ounce of courage to reach the unreachable stars."

Our Master has fought the unbeatable foe for 21 years and has run where mankind never thought of going, right into the sorrowfulness of the Father's heart. Because of one man, the world will know peace and harmony. Mankind will know how to love

and be able to feel the full force of the Father's love. Because of this one man, mankind will not have to bear the scars of Satan's wounds like those placed upon our Leader. Through all of this, our Master and his Unified Family are still striving to reach oneness in heart with the Father, the reachable star, perfect love.

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The Ultimate Worth of Sacrifice (A Sermon)

Nora Martin

Because we are laying a foundation, because there is so much work to do, because we are small in number, we are seeking to do that which will allow Father's fullest power to be at work. In deciding what to do with each moment, we look for the greatest need, the place where we can lay the strongest foundation, the work which will take us most quickly to perfection and the thoughts which will stretch our spirits to the limit — in God.

Naturally, the law of indemnity operating in our spiritual growth becomes a reality. As a result, each person must make the most of every ounce of energy which is spent, being conscious of where it is going and whether it is used to make the largest possible base at any given time. Therefore, we begin thinking in sacrificial terms.

But what is sacrifice? Or what is worthy sacrifice? How can we use each sacrifice for its greatest value? It is easy to think that every discomfort for the "cause" is sacrificial and unselfish. Jesus once observed a widow drop two tiny coins in the temple treasury, and remarked, "I tell you . . . this poor widow has given more than any of them, for those others who have given had more than enough, but she, with less than enough, has given all that she had to live on." (Mark 12:42.)

If we, then, seek to make our sacrifices (or indemnity) worth their ultimate value, they must meet certain requirements: (1) They must be done with a true heart of love. What parent receives joy when a child begrudgingly brings a gift, saying, "There. I knew you wouldn't be satisfied without it." How can God likewise use our sacrifices, our indemnity, if we do the same — as if we were doing Him a favor?

(2) They must be centered on Father. What worth is it to Him if we are seeking to please others in giving of ourselves? The value of suffering is totally lost.

(3) It must be done without self-pity. Maybe this is the greatest pitfall. In a subtle way it is easy to feel sorry for oneself, especially when no one seems to notice the tremendous sacrifice you've been making. Jesus' words in the Sermon on the Mount remind us that if an "earthly" reward is received in the form of recognition, praise,

honor, then the person is fully rewarded — there is no base left for Father to work on. There is no room for the spirit to grow. Worse still, the sacrifice was in vain.

Why is it easier to do that work which is distasteful when someone else is around? Why is it easier to make a contribution when you know it will show up in the books? Why does human nature hold that innate desire to tell other people how difficult Mary Smith is to get along with, rather than to tell Mary herself? Why is it easier to be kind to the person who may repay you than the person whom you will never see again?

How clear it is that Satan must be subtly and joyfully seeking to make much of our sacrifice useless, leaving us not only in a position to have to pay more, but also unaware that what we have paid is worth so little.

Self-pity, search for recognition, and lack of love are Satanic devices used by Satan to destroy and impede God's work. The value of our suffering, then, is internal and cannot be judged externally. Its true worth is known only by Father.

Several weeks ago, while I was entertaining some rather selfish thoughts, the words of Jesus came to me so clearly and sharply, "You have your reward." I share this with you because I know we are all seeking to make the strongest conditions of faith, obedience, and spiritual work. We are preparing for America's future and the foundation of the Father's kingdom. We cannot afford to have Satan steal our indemnity. We cannot afford to have the hundred percent of our effort returned to us in the form of earthly treasure, leaving our spirits void.

For this dispensation, Father needs the strong, solid, hundred-percent base which can only be made when we give our all in the five percent He left for us. By giving everything we do its fullest potential, the power of God can be intensified in our lives, the base for America can be made by even a few people, and of this kingdom there will be no end. The base becomes broader as it moves away from self, to family, to nation, to Father.

The suffering and sacrifice which make the strongest base for God's life and power in us is our greatest privilege. For He, being the Source of life and energy, has more power through us. Indemnity then becomes spirit over physical life, and life over dead matter.

Just recently someone pointed out the power of life as evidenced in nature. Along the edge of the macadam drive, fragile little lilies of the valley were growing. One was having an especially hard time, for while the others were merrily dancing their way through the soft dirt, this equally fragile little blade had bravely poked its way through the thick layer of macadam.

That boundless power of life! Cut off from its source, that tender blade could never have penetrated even the thinnest sheet of paper, but connected, it embodied the power of plant life — the converted energy of God Himself.

So we, cut off from God, would find the sacrifice, the painful growth, unbearable, and would have to seek earthly rewards. However, with the power of Father behind us, we, too, can penetrate even the toughest of barriers — bear the most unbearable — work impossibly hard without recognition or external gratification, and lay up a spiritual treasure.

Let us, then, gain strength from the knowledge of this power of life — to go on undaunted to bring this whole world under the sovereignty of God, no matter how fragile we feel.

Like the blade of flower, we can penetrate every barrier.

*

COPYRIGHTING

We recently have discovered certain facts about copyrighting that we want to share with Centers in the field.

Whenever you publish music or written material, copyrights must be acquired at the time of first publication; otherwise rights to protection under copyright conventions are lost forever. That would mean that anyone would be free to claim, alter, or use for whatever purposes they chose, our publications. This principle also applies in a slightly different form (under patent laws) to the use of symbols.

Since we would like to be in a position to protect our movement in every possible way as we continue to expand, Headquarters requests that you send to us — before any public distribution — music, material containing official symbols, or any work whose purity should be protected. Here we can easily take care of the copyright requirements.

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TESTIMONIES

Los Angeles, California

Gary Jarmin

I am eighteen years old, born October 2, 1949, here in California, and I have lived here all my life. At the age of seven I was baptized into a Baptist church along with the rest of my family. As I grew up in the church I began to ask many questions about God, creation, and different aspects of the Bible. I had too many questions about religion and too few answers to satisfy me. I kept seeking answers, for a higher truth and a stronger meaning to life. At this point, when I was about thirteen or fourteen, I ultimately lost faith in Christians, Christ and eventually God. This became a major turning point in my life. I eventually became atheistic and started to attack the ideas of Christians. I became too aware of the falseness and evil that existed in religion and developed feelings of hatred toward it. My search mainly entailed my attempts to discover real truth and real love, which I knew had to exist somewhere in mankind.

The past three years of my life resulted in my struggle to combat the social and legal laws that restricted my freedom. Eight months ago I met Jon and Sandy Schuhart and came to know much of the Principle. I was determined to return to the Los Angeles Center and continue studying the Principle. When Jon and Sandy told me of our Master, how great and wonderful that day was! I had felt before that it was true, but the final realization of what was taking place became so clear. Now something else has also become more clear to me and that is the will of Father. The will of Father can only be done through us, and that great love and truth that unites us with God, our Master and each other demands that we give of ourselves completely to fulfill the divine purpose. There is no stronger purpose than for Father's heart, no straighter goal than the kingdom of God, and no greater privilege than to fight for Father. With my love and tears I pray that we shall come closer together and fight a stronger battle to win the greatest victory.

In the beloved Name of our True Parents.

*

London, England

Chris Davies

"Could do better if he tried harder." Those words, in actuality or clothed in more obscure expression, appeared many times on my school reports. When I was taught to swim I was told I had potential to be an international swimmer if I trained. At junior school the Headmaster told me he had wanted to make me Head Boy but in my

first term as a prefect I did not live up to his hopes. At fifteen all the other boys in my class on inquiry stated what career they hoped to pursue. I was entered on the list as "country gentleman" — a kind substitute for "don't know."

At seventeen I felt I couldn't stay longer at school and, finding opposition to university education, I slid into studying accountancy: Five years, one ulcer, many desperate days and nights. I was determined to find out a meaning for my life. Three years of traveling on the Continent taught me a lot, but left me little better than when I started. I sang folk songs and wrote my own; and, as I wrote in one:

Reality's dissolved and my pot of
gold has slipped right out of my hand.

But every now and then I would have inspiration and everything was wonderful. I would try and capture moments in song:

It's the little things that make life so good.
They add the wine to daily food,
But they are often so quickly gone
And you've only the memory left to think upon;
And often you forget them anyway —
They fade away as night gives way to day.

But in all these experiences there was something missing.

I came back to England hoping to make a success of singing and received many stimulating ideas, but the general life was so uninspiring. Complaining one night to somebody, I was asked to come and meet some friends who were also discussing truth! And I just kept coming — it seemed no question was unanswerable.

As I write I feel a warmth spread through my body, and I want to tell you all about the plan of God for the universe! No words can describe it adequately, and the truth of the restoration and the Christ is so great that I feel I am being protected from full comprehension lest I break apart. Without You I am an empty vessel. With You nobody will say, "Could have done better."

In the Names of our beloved Parents.

*

Laren, Netherlands

Frank van der Stok

I am Frank van der Stok, age fifteen. My brother Johan and Doris Walder brought the Divine Principle to us; but because of the language barrier, Teddy Verheyen taught me the majority of the Principle. Three days after I had heard the Conclusion

I had a very beautiful dream of our Master.

I saw our Master in a large field and he was blessing the animals in this field — all kinds of animals, horses and cows and many butterflies. They were so happy. They were playing with each other and springing up in the air. I could actually feel what the animals were feeling, and I was filled with happiness. I am so very glad that God has given me the Principle. It is, however, difficult to make others understand. But I am so thankful, for it has made me love God in a much deeper way. Thank you, Master.

In His Name, your brother.

*

Laren, Netherlands

Gieta van der Stok

I am the daughter of Frank and Margot van der Stok. My name is Margarieta Johanna. I am nineteen years old. I heard about the Principle from Doris Walder when she came to Holland. In December, on the Christmas holidays, I heard the Conclusion together with Reinier van Hofslot. After hearing the Conclusion I was very busy and didn't have any time to study the Principle. Truthfully speaking, I didn't want to accept the Conclusion. In this time Satan attacked from all sides, and at school I got bad marks on every examination I took. Ultimately I was at my wits' end. My mother saw that I was thinking in the wrong way, and we spoke together about very deep subjects. We prayed intensely, and in my dreams I received an answer from God.

I saw His son in our garden. All the Divine Principle brothers and sisters of Holland were present. But it was as if he didn't want to look at me at all. When I awoke I was very sad, and I asked Doris about this dream. She told me the same thing I had thought when I awakened: I had to study the Principle, or otherwise my dream might become a reality. Since that time I have studied the Principle intensely, and I see how true it all is. Now I seem to understand our Leader better, and I believe more and more that he is the Son of God. In fact, I now am convinced concerning all parts of the Principle I have studied.

In His blessed Name.

*

Laren, Netherlands

Reinier van Hofslot

I was born nineteen years ago in Holland. I am very glad that Principle has given me back a purpose for life and a belief in God, our Father. For a long time I could not

believe in anything, for the teachings of the Church did not touch me at all; but when my neighbor's daughter Gieta van der Stok asked me one day to listen to a Bible explanation I agreed. Doris explained the whole Principle to me in fourteen days. I had never heard such a fantastic explanation of the existence of God and man's relationship to Him and countless other questions which I felt would never be answered. Now I want to study the Principle more thoroughly, so that I will become a good teacher. I want to thank all those who led me to the Divine Principle and most of all our beloved Father.

In His blessed Name.

*

Vienna, Austria

Edeltraud Stimpfl

Before I was confronted with the Divine Principle I worked as an educator in a reformatory for girls. Time and again in my private life as well as in regard to my occupation I kept asking myself the same questions: What are we alive for? Where do we find a fulfilling purpose in life?

I had chosen my occupation to help young people, but soon I realized how little I could help — yes, how little I was fit for this difficult task. I was a Protestant, but the more I searched and pondered over God, the further I got removed from Him. Every day I set a goal for myself, but I could never reach it. This got me down more and more until finally I shut myself off completely from the world around me, sought refuge in my room and tried to soothe my self-pity and to build up my self-confidence with sweets and off-grade reading material, which still emphasized my pessimistic outlook on mankind. Several times I wanted to just give up, and yet I was longing for someone I could love and who would respond to my love.

While I was in this state of mind Inge Meyer talked to me on a street in Graz on August 15, 1967. Though I didn't want to talk about God, our conversation lasted for about three hours. I didn't pay much attention to her words, but her personality made quite an impression on me.

After we met a few times I had the opportunity to come along to the Center in Vienna. I was full of distrust and complexes and wanted to observe and make up my mind about these people who talked about God so much. That the Principle must be the truth I understood on the basis of logic, but to acknowledge the existence of God was very difficult for me. I could only do it by looking at these people, this Family. There must be a reason behind it, I told myself, for they are different from anybody I have ever met before.

I give my thanks to God for all His love, kindness and patience. In all this He revealed Himself to me. I'm happy to be among all those who are doing everything to be able to respond to His love, and I will do my best to follow our great example, our Leader.

In the Name of our True Parents.

*

Vienna, Austria

Herta Berauer

I was born on the 29th of October, 1939, in a little village in Riesengebirge (Sudeten). My parents are both Catholic. They brought me up in the Christian faith in the same way they had received it from their parents. My grandmother taught me to pray; she herself prayed very much.

Our evacuation at the end of the Second World War caused also a great transformation in our faith. My father was a prisoner of war in Austria; therefore he tried to get us there. The religious education at school had a great influence upon me. Especially one time when a missionary came into our parish, I was in church every day to hear how he converted people.

During the years of my work my relation to God and the Church diminished continually. I very seldom attended services, and when I went to church I felt like a stranger. God was so far away. During this time it was very difficult to pray. I was only able to pray when I was in difficulty. So years passed by and my indifference grew more and more. All that I knew was that God exists. I was more conscious of this out in nature.

This life continued until one day I met Brigitte Plöchl. She told me of the Divine Principle. So I got acquainted with Paul Werner and the whole Family. Every time when I was invited I felt an insurmountable opposition, but when I was there, I was very glad. It took a long time until I could understand, even though everybody in the Family exerted themselves so much to teach me the Divine Principle, especially Emmi Steberl. I felt that it must be the right, the true life in which is reason and feeling. At the same time I became conscious that a life with God brings fulfillment, but it demands also full involvement. For that reason it was difficult to decide, and I deferred the decision every day.

One day I had a personal talk with Paul. That evening I knew that I must change my life. One week later I moved into the apartment. Very soon I recognized the guidance of our Father, and I am happy that I may go this way and that I have received already so much love and joy. I am grateful to all that helped me to recognize so much truth and love.

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Arr. by
R. Barlow
L. MARTINEZ

Precious Light

Jon Schuhart

Expressive

A LIGHT SHINES ON THIS LAND OF OURS + DARK-NESS FADES A-WAY.

LOVE + TRUTH + TURNS THE DARK-NESS IN-TO DAY,

FOR LIGHT IS AND IT MAKES THE WORLD A PLACE TO

SING TO LAUGH + PLAY. PRE-CIOUS LIGHT...WARM + BRIGHT.

A CRY THAT COMES FROM CHIL-DREN DEAD MY HEART CANNOT IGNORE.

STEM THE TIDE OF GRIEF THAT FLOWS FROM SHORE TO SHORE.

HOW CAN I I WOULD GIVE MY VERY LIFE +

PRAY I COULD GIVE MORE. PRE-CIOUS LIGHT...WARM + BRIGHT.

WHERE DO YOUR DREAMS GO, AND YOUR HOPE, AND YOUR JOY? WHEN THE BUR-DEN

OF THIS WORLD WEIGHS HEAVY ON YOUR SOUL. OH GOD MY

FATHER GIVE ME LIGHT TO CAR-RY 'ORE THIS EARTH. FOR IF I

CANNOT HELP THIS WORLD THEN WHAT IS MY LIFE WORTH?

TO HELP YOUR PRE-CIOUS KINGDOM COME GIVES MEANING TO MY BIRTH.

PRE-CIOUS LIGHT... WARM + BRIGHT... OH, PRE-CIOUS LIGHT, VERY WARM +

BRIGHT.

- EXPRESSIVO-with expression
- Acc. — ACCELERANDO-increase in speed
- A TEMPO-original tempo or speed
- ALLEGRO-fast, quick, lively
- SOLO-alone P-PIANO-soft
- PP — PIANISSIMO-very soft
- mf — MEZZOFORTE-moderately loud
- f-FORTE-loud, strong
- ff-FORTISSIMO-very loud
- mp - MEZZOPIANO-moderately soft
- CRESCENDO-gradual increase in volume
- DIMENUENDO-gradual volume decrease
- TIE or SLUR-notes connected
- ALLA BREVA-cut time, twice as fast
- ACCENT-emphasize, stress
- STRESSED-sustained for full duration
- FERMATA-hold // Pause (cut) repeat
- Rit-retard