

United Temple Bulletin

P.O. Box 12202



Portland, Oregon 97212

Vol. 6 - Number X

October 1, 1969

And Now--

On to the GALAXIES?

To make such statements as "can't" and "never" and "impossible" where science is concerned is to invite immediate sneers and scoffs of pity.

With the almost completely unbelievable achievements of America's Apollo 11 mission--the actual lunar landing and moon-walk--the collecting of lunar samples--millions are convinced NOTHING is impossible with man, now.

Dream of it, speculate about it, add money and science, and it will come to pass. Or so millions think.

The magic formula is as simple as turning on a TV set--even if those same millions have not the slightest notion about what makes the set work. Just dream of some completely unimaginable feat--add enough money and enough scientists, and wait until the networks tell you when the spectacle is scheduled for viewing.

To doubt the ability of science today is to conjure up visions of skeptical onlookers at Fulton's steamboat, or the people jeering at the dock when Columbus waved good-by....

To the millions sitting glued to their TV sets, watching two Americans cavort with easy strides on the lunar surface, this was as impressive as seeing fire come down from heaven--with your own eyes.

Millions said, as if with one voice, "I can't believe it!" "Fantastic!" "Impossible!" Words spoken almost reverently, as the greatest "death-defying leap" in the history of man-made spectacles was enacted before half a billion human beings.

To question the final limits of man in space at this point is to seem irreligious, somehow. But maybe you should read on.

Heretical as it may sound--there are limits upon us. Man is still LIMITED. So far, we have been operation within those limitations; but accomplishing feats of technology which are breathtakingly impressive. So much so that millions have been caught

up in scientific spell as if captured by the magic....To doubt now is simple heresy. Or so many believe.

But man is limited.

Today, we are reaching almost to the walls about us--almost ready to touch the bounds which constrain us. But, like someone exploring his environment who has not yet discovered the high wall hidden by the climbing vines, mankind has not yet discovered the finality of his environmental confines. There is a wall beyond which we cannot go. There is a point out there beyond which only impossibility lies....

If man is absolutely accurate in his measurements--light is observed to travel at the speed (through a vacuum) of 186,281 miles each second. And that is the utter limit. Beyond this, there is nothing else where speed is concerned. This is the ultimate in speed for physical objects--an ultimate imposed by the laws of the universe itself, by the laws which man did not invent, produce, nor even properly define.

Nothing is known, or can come to be known, which is faster than the speed with which light travels.

Perhaps you will balk at reading this--say to yourself "everything is constantly changing," or "they'll soon find something faster." And this, itself, proves one of the basic premises of this article--that the sublime dedication, now, to science, surpasses in many cases the near-hypnotic trances of many a savage caught up in the voodoo of a parading witch doctor....

But scientists are limited by the very laws of the universe. They are bound by laws. Science does not create or produce those laws--it often finds itself lacking clear definitions for them--and scientists must operate within the absolutes of powerful forces which are far beyond science.

The reason many people find such limits hard to accept in this modern age is because most people are not scientists....But there are limits, nevertheless.

- What are they?

Speed is one. As already mentioned, there is a "light barrier" built into our universe which is like a universal "speed limit" law. Beyond it, no additional speed is possible.

The speed of light is the final limit--beyond this, nothing....

Why can't anything reach or surpass the speed of light?

Because of the way the universe itself is constructed, it takes an inertial push to move an object. At the launch of Apollo 11..., the Saturn V moon vehicle was given inertial push of up to 7.5 million pounds of thrust.

As the spaceship accelerated, it also grew ever heavier (or "more massive").

At slower speeds, with which most humans are familiar, the proportion of speed that goes into mass is so tiny, it is ignored. But it is a LAW of the universe that, the higher the velocity, the larger the percentage of the acceleration (push) that is converted into mass, and the smaller the percentage of acceleration that moves the object. There is a final point of acceleration beyond which it is physically impossible to accelerate--and that is the speed of light.

This is a FACT of the UNIVERSE--not just "speculation" of science.

Of course, the idea of pushing any material object to even the remotest speed close to light is in itself in the area of sheer fantasy--but even if it would be remotely possible, there is nothing beyond.

Wild speculations, idle dreams to the contrary, man will not explore his galaxy, or even a corner of it. Not now--not in 100 years--not in one billion years--never. Not in physical, human bodies, he won't.

Why not?

Assuming a spaceship could (but it can't) be made to travel up to the speed of light--let's take a look at the distances we're talking about in journeys to the stars, and beyond....

But, even assuming the practical impossibility of pushing spaceships up to the speed of light could be surmounted--let's take a look at other barriers around us.

With a ship traveling at the speed of light, it would take over eight and one-half Years to journey from earth to the nearest star and back. You believe that is possible? Does your mind think of a space-age "Noah's Ark" complete with chemically fertilized soil plots, cattle, and everything aboard for life support? Do you imagine how men would experience no great difficulty in traveling under continual stress and strain for over eight and one-half years? Millions have no problem imagining such accomplishments. After all, they have read a great deal of "science fiction" novels.

But what about a moderately distant star--one further away than Alpha Centauri? Well, even traveling in our fictitious spaceship with a happy colony of travelers aboard, that trip would require a minimum of 200 years!....

You would never be bored by a mission taking a longer time than the whole history of the United States as a nation--since you could not live to see the end of such a mission. And all this, at the impossible speed of light, to only a moderately distant star.

...Remember the sober projections? Some said, "And now the moon--but soon the galaxy, and then distant galaxies, and then the WHOLE UNIVERSE! But they got just a little carried away.

What about our own galaxy--this "Milky Way"? Will men ever explore it?

Well, if they could travel in that spaceship at the speed of light, it would require the minimum time of more than 25 times all recorded human history--one hundred fifty thousand years. That's just to the other side of our GALAXY!....

But even to reach one of the closest galaxies outside our own would take about five million years, traveling at the speed of light. You can't change that. Science can't change it. It's hopeless to do anything about it one way or the other--that's just the way things are.

But speeds and distances are not the only walls built around us. They are not the only limits to mankind.

The very nature of our bodies and minds, and their absolute dependence on the earth, and its environment-- these are limiting, too.

Man must carry his energy source with him, in the form of measurable quantities of fuel. He must also carry with him a measurable food supply--and this, too, presents another wall, another barrier beyond which man cannot trespass. This food supply is Man's source of "fuel" or energy....

The same energy cannot be used over and over again, since an absolute law (the second law of "thermodynamics" as scientists try to define it) occurs which does not allow the re-use of expended energy. While the first law of thermodynamics states that "energy is always available"--the second law, nevertheless, states that the energy becomes less and less available for useful work as it is transferred from one form to another....

Only so much energy can be derived from so many atoms of food ingested. It's that simple. It is a fact that the body must ingest a large enough supply of atoms, or the body simply dies. The barest minimum to survive (and even then only under terrible strain, and as yet unknown physical damage after so long a time) would be seven ounces per day of the most energy-filled, nourishing substances possible....

Based upon this seven ounces per day, it is possible to program a computer to analyze the exact amount of room aboard a spaceship required to carry a food supply for any given period of time.

Five million years? What size should the missile be? Certainly large enough to contain somewhere in the neighborhood of 800,000,000 pounds of stored food which would have to be carried along....

Enraptured by scientific achievement, millions have assumed science is the only god worth worshipping--that science holds the answers to all the problems of mankind, not only survival in space, but survival here on this earth.

Not so, Science, too, has definable limits. These are not limits science has imposed upon itself temporarily because of lack of knowledge--but limits that are, by the very nature of things, imposed upon science by a higher power of which they know nothing.

The universe is out there--so endless, so vast, so awesome that feeble human minds with feeble human expression cannot accurately define it.

Man has reached the moon, but each journey will prove equally as hazardous as the last--and the moon will remain the same bleak, inhospitable, airless, waterless, foodless place it has always been. The idea that man will "live on the moon" or "vacation there" is as remote as the likelihood of man vacationing more than a mile deep in the ocean. "Vacationing" is hardly the term to describe the most demanding technical tasks needed to survive in a most deadly environment.

So, while we stand in admiration of technology and admire the courage of men, we must not lose our balance.

We must not set up a Dagon, or a Diana, and bow before the altar of scientific achievement. We must cautiously appraise what has really been accomplished, and that appraisal must take place in the calm acknowledgement of the many problems confronting man here on earth.

We must still ask--for all the splendor, drama, terror, excitement, apprehension or disappointment of the space race--what, on earth, good is it?

And, in the words of one observer of the blast-off of Apollo 11, "The time to worry is when you see them bringing animals aboard one of these...in pairs."

by Garner Ted Armstrong
(Source: The Plain Truth, August, 1969)

Dr. Hayakawa Speaks Out

In his first 18 years on earth, the average U.S. child spends 22,000 hours watching television.

Since the end of World War II, American children have logged more time watching video than they have in reading, writing, playing outdoors, or talking to their parents.

What sort of mark does this early and constant TV exposure leave on today's young people? Is this why they differ so radically from their parents?

Fighting Sam Hayakawa, the semanticist and highly publicized pepper pot president of San Francisco State College, feels that television helped set the stage for youth's contemporary rebellion and behavior pattern.

Hayakawa notes in a speech to the American Psychological Association that impersonality is television's most singular quality. The viewer need only sit, silent and passive, while the little box spews out a fountain of entertainment, commercials, and information. You never interact with your TV set. You needn't relate to it. You simply turn it on.

As acting president of San Francisco State, Dr. Hayakawa witnessed in action a younger generation unable to relate to the older generation which currently runs the Establishment. Hayakawa feels that young people who spent so much time passively watching TV could not relate effectively to people around them. Eventually they became incapable of relating reasonably to anyone but themselves.

TV further warped its non-stop viewers, he maintains, because it taught them a falsely simplistic technique of problem solving. Children learn that if you're sick you take a pill. If you're unpopular, you buy a car. If you're funny-looking, you employ a cosmetician. If you want to marry a beautiful girl, use a deodorant. The rebels have rejected these huckster teachings, but not without some bitterness.

Unfortunately, according to Hayakawa, even though they rejected the words, they became imbued with TV's infantile process of thinking. One they had been exposed to for 22,000 hours.

Kids often expect problems to have one-step, one-word, 30-minute solutions. They do not tolerate the notion that change requires time, thought, and industry.

"The world makes all sorts of demands the television set never told you about," Hayakawa declares, "such as study, patience, hard work, and a long apprenticeship in a trade or profession before you may enjoy what the world has to offer."

Drugs are the natural refuge of a child nurtured on television. "The kinship of the LSD and other drug experiences with television is glaringly obvious: both depend upon turning on and passively waiting for something beautiful to happen."

Since 1948, when the little screen gradually began edging its way into most of America's homes, parents have been plunking their children in front of the tube to keep them quiet and out of the way.

If fighting Sam Hayakawa is right, the super-baby-sitter has backfired.

(Source: The Sunday Oregonian, Parade Magazine, Intelligence Report, September 21, 1969)

NEWS REPORTS

Clearfield, Utah

David S. C. Kim

It was very inspiring to have new born baby, our young John Rumming and Vernon Pearson here in the chapel. They re-painted the chapel with some help from Sung Soo who just made a tour to Korea and brought Sacred Cakes from our Master for our Heavenly Family. Our Master was pleased to hear our N. W. Family is advancing our Father's work in our territory.

Also I had planned to meet a couple--Deanne and Chuck--who dropped in for a few days in the chapel on their way to Ohio on their way back to California. Deanne especially is so spiritually sensitive and is eager to learn many things in our movement and about spiritual things in our faith. Chuck is a most intelligent high school teacher with whom I shared many things even for the short period we were together. Pray for this couple for their spiritual growth and that they be involved in our sacred task for our Father.

I have two couples contacted who study our text now (Mr. & Mrs. Bill Montgomery, Ogden, and Mr. & Mrs. Jim Stroud, Salt Lake City), and three more people whom I met (at Salt Lake) 1st Science of Mind Church. (Miss Janell Courtney, Mr. Glen Kirkpatrick, Mr. Roy Bell). They are looking for new truth and have studied many cults before they came to that church.

They are interested in E.S.P., and last Sunday (Sept. 7) I spent a few hours with them, and they wanted to know more about the things I can share with them. Pray for these (above names) who are newly contacted. Soon visible results shall come out, forming a small study group at Salt Lake City.

Spiritually our N.W. Family work will grow from now on. I have confidence in you, in our work, because all spirit saints are working hard wherever you go, whomever you meet. Hope everybody write before end of each month, and send useful articles, paper clippings, etc., on monthly basis to our News Bulletin as Mrs. Sarah Witt suggested in last N.B., your experiences, witnessing, etc.

I am now promoted "Area Senior" from regular senior, having more responsibility for more students in Job Corps. I work Monday through Friday at 3:00 P.M. to 12:00 shift.

Portland, Oregon

Vernon Pearson

John Rumming and I climaxed our missionary trip to Montana, Idaho, and Utah by visiting with Mr. Kim for 3 days and having the opportunity to help paint the Layton Chapel with Sung Soo, Mr. Kim's oldest son. It was a time of real spiritual benefit to visit with Mr. Kim & Sung Soo once again. John was very much lifted up to be able to meet and visit with our own Korean missionary.

Perhaps the high light of our trip was witnessing and talking to John Hansen on his father's ranch near Mt. Home, Idaho, on our way to Layton. We had the opportunity to tell him about the essence of our message. On the way back to Portland we met him in Boise and talked to him some more about our message. John H. then decided to come with us to Portland and study Principles further. We have all been very happy to have him here in Portland. We are hopeful that his stay in Portland will be a permanent one.

On the weekend of Sept. 13th & 14th Dianne Pitts & Galen Brooks took some time off from a very busy schedule and came down to visit & give us some support. Sunday morning we had a devotional type service and in the afternoon the 6 of us went for a hike on one of the trails near Multnomah Falls. As usual the time spent together went by all too fast and soon it was time for Dianne & Galen to return to Seattle.

For the past 2 or 3 weeks we have been lecturing to 5 or 6 people in different stages of learning. 'Young' John has been witnessing to several of his friends and has become a real source of comfort to us. We enjoy having both boys in the Portland Chapel. We usually refer to them affectionately as 'Young John' and 'Big John'.

Richmond, California

John and Marie Schmidli

We would like to share with you a dream that Deanne Hernden, John's first convert since marriage blessing, had while on her vacation. It is beautiful! We quote from her letter:

"Chuck and I got out of our Volkswagen bus somewhere. Chuck is upset about something. He goes somewhere, but I don't know where.

"I go, alone, into what looks like an oriental teahouse which is the color of blood red and black on the outside. I go upstairs, where a United Faith meeting is to take place. There, John tells me that Mathew, Mark, and John, the disciples of Jesus, want to talk to me!

"I realize that the disciples will speak through people at the meeting, each one similar, in character and physical build, to the respective disciple for whom they will speak.

"First Mark speaks through a husky man about 30 yrs. old. But the man's voice gets much deeper and no longer sounds like his voice, but rather, like Mark's. The problem is that he speaks in a language I cannot understand literally, although I can understand intuitively.

"Next, John speaks. I cannot recall his physical appearance. His personality is rather intellectual, yet mild. John speaks through him, again in the unknown language.

"Lastly, Mathew speaks. And when I see the young man of about 35, tall, slim, quiet, gentle, but intelligent, I say to him, 'You are the perfect one'. He speaks to me in a soft and soothing voice, almost lyrical. Yet still I do not understand the foreign language.

"The experience has left me somewhat disappointed, as I could not understand their messages literally. Still, I am feeling a bit exhilarated by it.

"Now the meeting is over, and I walk outside. There, in the frontyard is a fountain of water. All at once the awareness of the presence of Master fills me, and before I even turn around to look, I know He is there on the other side of the fountain. Then----I look, and yes, He is there, walking across the lawn to Mr. Kim's car. His face is both sombre and merry, simultaneously.

"Suddenly, before I realize it, I am running after Him, to the car. I open the front door, get in, and lean over the front seat, so that I am facing Him directly, and our eyes meet for the first time.

"Then I say, 'I had to tell you that I knew you were here before I even saw you.'

"And He said, 'I know.'

"Then I started to cry, looking Him in the eyes, and He started to cry with me. Then He took my head in both His hands, and pulled it over toward Him, until our foreheads touched. When He did this, I could no longer cry, it was so wonderful to be with Him.

"Then I knew I had to leave Him, so I got out of the silently, and He was driven away.

"After this, I was walking down many different, unknown streets, unaware of where I was, I was still so overwhelmed.

"As I walked, I met Terry Braithwaite (a friend) in the street. She is bitter towards me, because she can see the light and love of Master on my face. She is jealous, and says biting things to me.

"Soon I walk away, feeling disappointed in her attitude, feeling the loss of what could have been a wonderful friendship.

"Then I started to look for Chuck, again. When I find him, he is upset that I am late. The bus is full of children to be driven home, and they are all tired and cranky." (Then she wakens.)

Our thanks to you, Deanne, for sharing this inspiring and beautiful dream with all of us.

John has been witnessing in all of his usual ways--following up with some form of communication.

We are indeed grateful and happy to announce that we move into our Berkeley Chapel October 1, 1969. Our address will be 1104 Shattuck Ave., Berkeley, Calif. 94707. Again 'thanks' for all your prayerful help. Love to each of you. In our True Parents name.

Seattle, Washington

Galen Brooks

There has been much hustle and bustle of activity these last couple of weeks as we prepared for the move into the original Seattle chapel. Preparation both physical and spiritual seems endless. It did not seem like the cleaning, painting and sorting could possibly be done on time. Then there were the constant, never-ending prayers as the light of hope began to be a reality.

As the sun rose this morning on a typical Seattle day, our 2 days activities for which we had literally been preparing for years began and somehow things were ready and got done. Till tonight we stood in our "chapel" for the first time. You cannot imagine our joy at being here at last. We just looked at each other and grinned, our hearts were so full for it was like another proof to us how prayers are answered; how Father supplies our needs when the need is present, and how our Father's work goes on and cannot be stopped.

This past month we have made several trips to the Tacoma area witnessing to several persons there. We pray that this area will soon bear fruit. Our special lecture training course which we began this month is coming along well with benefit of presentation and understanding being apparent already. But our big news is Seattle has its original chapel back. Our thanks to all those who helped. And to all of you for your prayers.

* * * * *

The moon so bright
with its golden light,
Sits in the sky
looking at I.
Man has been there
Yes! Its true,
So far away
from me or you.
It seems to have been placed there
for some like you,
To guide and watch over
as I to you.
The clouds surround it
some gray -- others white.
Amongst the blue sky ---
during the day
Terrying there
in the blackness of night.

The clouds pass it by
leaving it behind
I hope that we
won't be so blind
Clouding it over now ---
the clouds are
But through the dullness -
I see a star.
It's kind of content
next to the moon,
As a child yet born
in it's mothers womb.
The moon continues,
it's path across the sky.
Soon it will be met
by another eye.
Maybe not as thankful
as you or I
That the moon is there above us
in the sky.

by Sandra Hilts

* * * * *

WORDS

G.L.B.

This world is God's Melody, his Love song to man. He the composer, the conductor, the entire symphony. Man the audience to listen and enjoy. This symphony is perfect, each note rings true and perfect. Like every melody it has a rythem. The rythem of Life the Rythem of creation, orderliness, placement and timing of all things. Like everything it can be enjoyed, with pleasure and a smile. But to understand, to know its meaning and intricacies its movements, crescendo's and dimenuendos, here in lies true happiness and joy to the soul. For the pleasure of something enjoyed and understood can never be compared to superficial or surfacc pleasures. Who has not felt a haunting melody that seemed to flow through the body, touching the spirit and setting every nerve end tingling with joy. Music is a communion in Spirit for its pleasure are not physical or fleshly, but those of the spirit bringing pleasure and expression to the inner man.

TESTIMONY

Deanne Herndon

I just received a most wonderful and enlightening letter, along with some copies of the United Temple Bulletin, from Mr. Kim. Since I have just been "picked up by God through his chosen people", as Mr. Kim says, he suggested that I write to you, giving my Testimony. I am brand new to the Principles, and my understanding and spiritual growth are on the level of infancy at this point. I do hope you will bear with me, and that my Testimony inspires and encourages you, and any who may read it.

As far back as my memory takes me, I can remember a hunger for something I could not name. This hunger led me down many lonely,

often dangerous, paths, always to find not sustenance, but only a greater hungering within myself.

On July 5, 1969, I was attempting to satisfy this need by collecting stone after stone along the beach, just south of San Francisco. I returned to our campsite, my pockets bulging and heavy with many stones, eager to share them with my husband. But as I found him sleeping in our car, I laid them out carefully on the picnic bench to examine them, expectantly hoping to discover in them some secret, some eternal truth. But the stones, of course, remained silent.

At that very moment, God spoke to me through his chosen ones, Sung Soo Kim, and John Schmidli! These two approached me, and Sung Soo said, "In Korea we believe that every stone has a mate. They look alike, except that one is male and the other is female. If you find two such stones and place them together in water, they make music." From this, somehow John progressed from the Principle of Creation to the ministry of the Second Coming, in what seemed to be but a few words...and then they were gone.

From that time on, their words haunted me, and gradually, ever so subtly, yet ever so surely, my being began to transform. At last I became obsessed with one desire, the desire to eat of this food which God had so graciously allowed me to taste. I knew that this was what I had hungered for my entire life. So I wrote to John to please feed me!

On July 14 John and Sung Soo visited me, at last, and they were such a comfort. At last there were people who understood! I paid for my book of the Principles, and we were saying good-bye when I took Sung Soo's hand to thank him for coming. At that moment, God Filled me with His Spirit, and my lungs filled with air!

As soon as they left, I began to cry. I cried and cried and laughed and cried...for how long I do not know. My husband, Chuck, cried with me for a while. The feeling I had was beyond description. But I knew that God had filled and freed me from the hunger of the past. I felt that God had breathed the breath of Life into me, and I cried like a baby!

Later that evening, as Chuck and I talked, I stopped in mid-sentence. What was this on the floor by the couch where Sung Soo had been sitting? I picked it up, but did not realize until later what it truly was. It was a pearl button, just like the ones I had worn on my wedding dress. Only later did I realize it's deep significance; this was a sign of my Blessed Marriage to come, the Marriage of the Lord!

Since my coming to the Principles, like a newborn babe, many things have happened and many changes have occurred within me. I have so much to learn and so far to grow. God is revealing the

mission he has chosen for me, and I pray daily that God will use me, first to reach my husband, and then will use us to do His work.

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Men don't believe in the Devil now, as their fathers
used to do;
They've forced the door of the broadest creed to let
his majesty through.
There isn't a print of his cloven foot or fiery dart
from his brow
To be found on earth or air today, for the world has
voted it so.

Who dogs the steps of the toiling saint and digs the
pits for his feet?
Who sows the tares in the fields of time whenever God
sows the wheat?
The Devil is voted not to be, and of course, the thing
is true;
But who is doing the kind of work that the Devil
alone can do?

We are told that he doesn't go about as a
roaring lion now;
But whom shall we hold responsible for the
everlasting row
To be heard in home, in church and state, to
the earth's remotest bound,
If the Devil by unanimous vote is
nowhere to be found?

Won't someone step to the front forthwith
and make their bow and show
How the frauds and crimes of a single day spring up?
We want to know!
The Devil was fairly voted out, and of course,
The Devil's gone;
But simple people would like to know who carries
the business on?

by Alfred J. Hough