

New Age Frontiers

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..TOWARD THE EAST AND TOWARD THE GLORIOUS LAND..

Visit to the Holy Land

Young Oon Kim

My dear Family: My physical environment changes from day to day, but wherever I am I feel so close to each one of you in the Father.

On August 28, we arrived in Amman, the capital of Jordan. Major Mudaber, who had encountered our message while in Washington DC, returned to his country in early August. He has friends who are Masons and some in the Arcane School, and has briefly introduced the Divine Principle to them. Five of them, with Major Mudaber's family, came to the airport and received our Leader and his party. It was a great joy to see him again.

The next day, Major Mudaber took us by car to Mount Nebo. Moses stood on top of this mountain and looked over the Promised Land, but was not allowed to enter. An American archeologist from Venezuela is now working to find Moses' tomb in that area. Our Leader blessed the mountain at 4:20 p.m.

Right behind the mountain is a huge valley called Satan's Valley. Many tombs have been found in caves there. The archeologist guesses that many Egyptians and Israelites who had died in wars were buried in the valley.

We had crossed the Sahara Desert to come to Jordan. There is a little green here and there, but on the whole Jordan is a desert country, too.

On August 30, Major Mudaber took us to the River Jordan and the area where Jesus is supposed to have been baptized. The Leader washed his hands and face there, I guess to feel the water which our beloved Jesus had touched. The water is very much decreased; today it is shallow and muddy, and the river is very narrow. A Jordanian said to us, "Poor Jesus! He was baptized in this muddy water!"

Then we went to the Mount of Temptation on which a Greek Orthodox monastery was built about 150 years ago. At present five monks are living there. It is quite high, but there are about 50 rooms in the monastery. There is a cave in which Jesus fasted and prayed for 40 days, they say. The cave is in the monastery. There is also a huge stone nearby which Satan tempted Jesus to turn into bread. At the foot of this mountain is Jericho. The ruins of the fort of Jericho, which had been buried by an earthquake, have now been excavated by archeologists from Cambridge and a Dutch university.

Then we went to the Dead Sea. Once upon a time, the Dead Sea was connected with the Red Sea and the water wasn't too salty. Later, land came up and the Dead Sea was cut off from the Red Sea. The water has been decreasing and has become very salty. Fish cannot live in it, so literally there is no life in the Dead Sea. Some men were swimming when we were there. They say that anyone can swim in it because it is so easy to float.

Jericho is a small place with banana and date palm trees which make the area green. But a large part of the Promised Land is desert. We said to one another, "Is this the land where milk and honey flowed? Why did God bless this barren land?"

On August 31 we went to Jerusalem. From Amman to Jerusalem there is a beautiful paved highway. If we had gone straight, we would have taken an hour and a half. But we went through Samaria where the Samaritans are still following old traditions. We went up Mt. Gerizim by car. On the top are the ruins of a temple in which the ancient Samaritans worshipped God. Our Leader blessed ground here at 10:30 a.m.

Then we went down to Jacob's Well where Jesus spoke to the Samari-

tan woman. The well is now inside an Armenian church in front of the altar.

The paved highway runs in the middle of the desert. It is extremely hot in all these areas, just like Cairo.

I was struck to see the ancient wall of Jerusalem, which Jesus must also have seen. We went into the city through the gate Jesus entered on an ass, and visited St. Anna's tomb, now kept in a church. Then we went to the site of the Temple of Jerusalem which was completely destroyed. On this site a grand mosque is built. There is no altar, no statue, no ikon, no painting, but a huge limestone as big as the Martin's (Oakland Center) two living rooms together. This stone is laid at the center of the huge mosque. They say it was brought from Mt. Moriah, and is the one on which Abraham offered Isaac. As in many other mosques, the inside and ceiling of this one is made with beautiful mosaics. Some Moslems were praying individually and some were just resting there. There is a large open yard around the mosque. Around the yard are numerous small shops which sell souvenirs. These shops are several centuries old, if not 2000 years old. On one side of Jerusalem the shops make a big market. The men in the shops bid you "Welcome" and entice you to buy souvenirs.

We visited Pilate's court where Jesus was beaten, the prison where he was kept before the crucifixion, and the road and two stations where he walked and stopped bearing his cross. There are only signs numbered I, II, III, etc., to mark these spots. We went through the market place mentioned above; then proceeded to Calvary which is also under the altar of the Greek Orthodox Church, as are all other holy places. St. Helena Christine, mother of the Emperor Constantine, erected this church in the fourth century. In it is a piece of marble, table-size, on which the body of Jesus was washed and embalmed after it was taken down from the cross. There is a chapel in the church in which a marble coffin is kept. A priest stands by it. This is the holy sepulchre of Jesus. Some Moslems and Christians came and kissed the coffin. All these are inside the wall of Jerusalem and outside the yard of the mosque, so you can imagine how small the area is. Strictly speaking, inside the wall is old Jerusalem. The city of Jerusalem itself is a much larger area.

Calvary is on the south side of Jerusalem, and Gesthemane is on the north side. We went to Gesthemane at sunset. A rock is kept in a Roman Catholic Church there which they say is the one on which Jesus prayed. It is called the Rock of Agony. An Armenian Church and a Greek church are also built by the side of Gesthemane. There are a few old olive trees in the yard of the Catholic church which they say are 2000 years old. They are still alive and bear fruit. These are the trees that witnessed the agony of Jesus. Behind the church was a space with olive trees. Our Leader blessed ground there at 6 p.m.

Each holy place is occupied by one, two or three churches which are built right on the holy place, so one loses sight of the original natural features of the scenes. Yet it is quite touching to visit these places. Our Leader and all of us burst into tears as he prayed on Calvary and Gesthemane. Thus our one-day pilgrimage to Jerusalem was over, and we returned very late to Major Mudaber's house.

On September 1st, we went back to Jerusalem and visited Bethany and Lazarus' tomb. Bethany is the village just before you enter the city of Jerusalem from Amman. Amman is northeast of Samaria. Then we went on to Bethlehem, 20 miles away on the opposite side of Jerusalem. The road winds around the hills and it took a whole hour by car. Again three churches, Greek Orthodox, Roman Catholic and Armenian, are built side by side. One of them contains two pieces of marble,

one commemorating Jesus' birthplace and the other the stable. There are three stairs from which the three wisemen worshipped the baby Jesus. Apart from the accuracy of the location, one cannot help feeling touched to stand in these places.

The next place we visited was Hebron where we saw the tombs of Abraham and Sarah, Isaac and Rebecca, Jacob and Rachel, and Joseph. All of them are kept in a mosque. We were not allowed to pray there. However, we found in Hebron an old oak tree, 5000 years old, where Abraham camped. This place is occupied by an Armenian convent. Our Leader blessed the ground in the yard of the convent at 4:10 p.m. This was the fourth Holy Ground in Jordan. On the way back we visited Solomon's pools which are huge pools built for swimming. The water was dried up in two of them, and only one pool had water. The previous day we had visited Solomon's stables where 3000 horses were kept. This is an underground stable near the mosque in Jerusalem. There is no trace of Solomon's Temple except this stable which was probably preserved because it was underground.

On September 2nd we visited the ruins of ancient Roman cities, walls, forts and stadiums.

On September 3rd we went to Syria by car and stayed in Damascus, the capital. No one knew the place where St. Paul encountered Jesus on the way to Damascus, but two holy places are kept by churches. One is the house from which Paul escaped in a basket from a window when the Jews sought him. The other is Ananias' house where Paul's eyes were opened with Ananias' prayer. Syria is a Moslem country, and we had a most difficult time finding a place to bless. Major Mudaber's friend who went with us would not let us pray where the fanatic Moslems were around. Finally we chose a ground in the desert outskirts of Damascus at 8:40 p.m. Our Leader said, "St. Paul would have cried," because no piece of land was given to him to bless except that desert outskirt of the city.

On September 4th we went to Lebanon by car and stayed in Beirut, the capital. Lebanon is the most beautiful country in the whole Holy Land because of its green and hills. Cedars of Lebanon are only pine trees which bear nuts. We stayed at the Cedarland Hotel. Beirut is just like any European city. It is also a port. Our Leader blessed a place on the beach facing the Mediterranean at 7:30 a.m. We went swimming in the Mediterranean that afternoon. It is unbearably hot in all these countries. Solomon came to Lebanon, saw the cedar trees and told his people to use them to build his temple. Since then, the Cedars of Lebanon have become famous. You don't see cedars in Jordan or Syria, but olive trees, fig trees, and vines are all over.

From Beirut we went to Iran. I will continue this report in my next letter. Before I close I will tell you one more thing. The Arabs and Israelites are still fighting over the Holy Land. Part of Jerusalem, such as Mt. Zion, Nazareth and Galilee are in Israel which we were unable to visit. Both the Arabs and Israel claim Jerusalem.

We are all well. Thank you for your prayers. With all my love.

P.S.: We got safely out of India on the 14th. This letter is mailed on the 16th from Singapore.

Lebanon to Thailand

Young Oon Kim

My dear Family: Our original plan was to go to Baghdad, Iraq, from Beirut. However, the Pan American office told us that cholera had started in Iraq and no planes were flying there. They advised us to go straight to Tehran, Iran. So we skipped Iraq where we had expected to see the ancient Tower of Babel. We had driven to Beirut from Amman, Jordan, and we sent back the car and flew to Tehran, the capital of Iran. Ancient Persia is now divided into Iraq and Iran.

Since we arrived in the evening, our Leader blessed ground the next morning (September 7th) at 9 a.m. in Park Farah in Tehran. Then we went to one of the royal palaces of the Iranian king. Most of the old palaces in Europe are decorated with beautiful paintings on the walls and ceilings, but the palace in Tehran is decorated with crystal, glass and gold. It looks even richer and more gorgeous. This palace is the entertainment palace, and receives distinguished guests from foreign countries. The Iranian king lives in another palace. A market right in front of the palace made a sharp contrast.

In the basement of the National Bank of Iran are kept all kinds of jewels, and the crowns and golden robes of former kings. This is a big attraction to foreign tourists.

Iran is a Moslem country, and the king has been divorced twice and is married now to an Iranian Moslem woman. This is to obey the constitution which was changed after World War I. His second wife went to Hollywood and became an actress.

In this Moslem country, we found a Presbyterian guide and learned that Protestant Christians are a very small minority. They seem to be inactive due to the circumstances. In all Moslem countries missionary activities are not completely free, besides their own lack of enthusiasm.

In Tehran we were told by Pan Am that war had broken out between India and Pakistan, and that if we went to Pakistan we would never be able to go to India. Here again circumstances forced us to change our schedule. We flew on to New Delhi, India, but our plane landed at 5 a.m., not in New Delhi, but in Bombay. The announcement said that the airport in New Delhi was closed. There was a little confusion for a couple of hours in the Bombay airport, and an arrangement was made by phone to continue our flight to New Delhi, where we arrived after a couple hours' flight.

Outside is as hot as a furnace, and inside the house is as cool as an icebox if the hotel is air-conditioned. From 7 p.m. all lights are out and one is allowed only a candle. I phoned Mr. Kattial whom Mr. Ben Sharma had introduced while I was in London. He sent his son-in-law, Mr. Seyal, to visit us at the hotel. They sent us a car with a driver, and we went to see the graves of Gandhi and Nehru, Nehru's house, and the Grand Temple of Hindu. The Hindu Temple is entirely different from the mosques in architecture. Two statues of a Hindu god and goddess stand on its altar. There are religious pictures on the walls which explain some of the stories attached to Hinduism.

New Delhi is a quiet city, widespread over a large area. We visited a mosque four centuries old, and a palace of a Moslem king. It showed how much power and wealth the king had to build his fort, palace, and the tomb for his wife.

Our plane was the last one into New Delhi, and no planes were either coming or going after our arrival. We checked with Pan Am every day and finally found a plane leaving for Calcutta. Calcutta is the largest city in India where hungry people are lying in the street. Here again we waited for a plane to get out of the country. After two days, we were give a half-hour's notice to get to the airport. We were very lucky because the hotels were full of people who were waiting for planes to go to various destinations. We stayed four days in New Delhi and two days in Calcutta. We were uneasy but safe, and were very happy to leave the country because of the war.

Our intention was to go to Rangoon [Burma] or Bangkok [Thailand], but circumstances forced us to go to Singapore. On September 15th, our Leader blessed ground in a park in front of the Hotel Ambassador where we stayed (9:40 a.m.). Singapore is now independent from Malaysia and waiting for United Nations recognition.

We went to Johore, the southern city of the Malaya Peninsula, by taxi. It took one hour to cross the border of Singapore. Our Leader blessed ground in a royal park of the Sultan's house at noon, and we returned to Singapore.

Singapore is an island and a huge port. Sixty-five percent of the inhabitants are Chinese. From Egypt on we saw colored people, and from Singapore we saw Oriental faces. Singapore has Buddhist temples, Moslem mosques and Christian churches.

We left Singapore on September 17th and came to Bangkok, the capital of Thailand. We hoped to go to Rangoon, the capital of Burma, and come back to Thailand, but we failed to obtain a Burmese visa. The Burmese government has given orders not to issue any visas. So we stayed in Bangkok for two days and visited Buddhist temples. Some of these were built four centuries ago, and another only 65 years ago. The architecture is quite different, not only from the mosques, Hindu temples and Christian churches, but also from any Buddhist temples in Korea or Japan. The inside and outside walls and ceilings are made of colorful mosaics and porcelain. Huge golden statues of Buddha stand, sit or recline on their altars. Today is their service (worship) day, and we saw hundreds of boys, aged 7 to 19, wearing the orange robes and sitting in the temples reciting prayers. Lay people, mostly women, sit in crowds behind the boys and also recite prayers.

Ninety percent of the Thais are Buddhists. This country exports rice and silk to Japan and other countries. Food is abundant, and Thailand has never been colonized since her foundation in the 7th century. Our Leader blessed ground in Lumpini Park at 6:10 p.m.

Who will come to this country to teach the Divine Principle? The Thais have their own alphabet which was invented in the 13th century. Thirty percent of the people are Chinese and use Chinese characters. These are seen everywhere, side by side with Thai letters. The Thais originated in the vast region of Southeast China, south of the Yangtze Valley, so one cannot distinguish a Thai from a Chinese.

We are leaving tomorrow for Saigon, Vietnam. I will write again, and send my love.

REPORTS FROM MISSIONARIES

Japan

Barbara Mikesell

Hi, all my Family! "Worth" -- kachi ga aru -- is greatly stressed around here. Judging worth, of course, means lining acts or ideas, etc., up with our heavenly Father's shinjo ('heart' and then some). For example, take attending or skipping a meeting. Due to the size of the movement here, and the speed with which things are moving, the united heart becomes a key consideration. Therefore, when a group meeting is gathered and someone is doing something else, even if it is very inspiring for the individual, it has little worth. The united heart is the Father's concern.

This hinges on a rough spot that Diane and I ran up against. Why do we spend so much time in meetings when we can't understand what's going on? Especially when we have so much else to do. The above reasoning didn't really resolve the frustration. Koshinos inspired me, though, by saying that the mark of the true leader was the one who can catch the heart of others. Since then, in the meetings I have been striving to seek out the heart of those present in the meeting as well as the spirit of our Family in Japan in general.

We have been working in Sophia University (Catholic), in which we were impressed by rather high spirit. Maybe four or five days per week, we will go sit down in the English Speaking Society Club room

and talk. (My record was 10 hours without getting up. Whee! Needless to say, with that and street preaching, there ain't much voice left. I have joined the rank of laughing-stock when I sing solo.) From this, I have been learning a great deal about the Japanese student, but due to the cultural and (more) language barrier, it's very difficult to effectively evaluate and win the hearts of foreigners to Principle. What a fantastic key to understanding the *word* is! After this experience, I can clearly see how it is impossible that Christians understand God when they can't put into words who He is. So now I want to turn to foreign students. Wish me luck! It's a bit difficult to find high spirit.

The most important emphasis here is the student department. The goal for this year is to establish centers of at least 10 persons in 120 universities. (The number now stands at 56.) On the campuses, there is a great range of activity. Informal talking, of course. During the 10 minute break in lectures, a member will attract a group around him, and will sometimes end up witnessing to the whole class. Then there are display tables with books, pamphlets, leaflets and charts which have attracted a good number of people. Pamphlets are also placed in libraries, snack bars and bathrooms. In the more established Centers, a regular meeting is held two or three times a week, with Principle lectures and discussions on the Bible or open. And the students live together. They try to keep as respectable as possible, which generally cuts out street meetings, but during University festivals they will have preaching by the campus entrance. Very important is the printing of the student magazine, "Tehchu" (heaven and earth), which includes personal witness and thought, social affairs, and various aspects of Principle.

Today we went to "Sing Out 65," 100 American students from MRA singing their way through the world with the ideals of a changed heart and new age. (Their goal is the same as ours -- one world united under God; but God still remains a subjective, individual reality.) Such ideals! Such spirit! Truly I was proud to be an American. And I found myself weeping with a longing to quickly turn my mission to the American student. Yes, I join with Philip in a deeper and deeper love and sense of responsibility for my country, a feeling that here is only made continually more acute. I strive to learn and grow as much and as deeply as possible each day, with the responsibility of the future leadership of the American youth foremost in my mind. Someday I want to pour my sweat, blood and tears into a developing country, but first I want to serve the world and history through America.

Toitsu Kyokai (Unification Church) is now breaking out into open war with the strongest of the new religious Buddhist movements here, Soukagakkai. Actually, it is they who are warring with us, as we take a polite stand of 'don't throw your pearls...' They continually test us with questions (though they are not interested in the answers except as a basis for blind argument), and often break up a meeting or gathering in this manner. They have also been sending spies to us in the guise of interested college students.

And last but not first: "Our dear Lord is come!!!" When I first greeted our Leader, and every time I stand before him now, I hold within my heart the heart of each of you -- in America, in Europe, in Australia. How joyful it is once again to be under the direct influence of his spirit! How happy he is here in Japan. I feel this is greatly because his initial world mission has been completed, and he is once again back among his children where he has a home. (The spiritual preparation for his coming was very intensive -- fasting, much deep

prayer both individual and group, and serving others in big ways and small.) Also I feel he is happy because this is *such* a home! When I see far over a hundred people, mostly students (free from the walls of tradition, filled with a passion and vigor to go where he sends them), gathered around him for three or four to 10 and 11 hours straight and watch him speaking to them directly, with no translator...the beauty of it is beyond description. How often his feet find their way to the collection room, to sit with a glass of water and his children, whom he loves so deeply, and truly be their teacher, their father. How often I think of Jesus sitting by the wayside teaching his children and answering their questions (yet here, what burden of the heart has been lifted?!). Yes, it is sad that Diane and I don't directly understand, but I never tire of sitting near the feet of my father.

Alexa! Congratulations! We are with you all the way!
Love in the name of him who made all this a reality.

REPORTS FROM CENTERS

Burlingame, California

October 12, 1965

Mary Fleming

Miss Kim is back! She arrived yesterday from Tokyo and took us all by surprise. The first indication we had of her arrival was a telephone call from the airport; Miss Kim wanted to know which bus she should take to which Center in the Bay Area! Needless to say, we broke all records getting to her.

She will be staying in Burlingame for a few days, then will probably move over to the Oakland Center for a while. What her plans are from here, we are not sure yet. We'll keep you advised, individually and collectively.

While I have your eyes: Satan does creep in when he can, doesn't he? What was left out between pages 11 and 12 of last month's NAF was an invitation on behalf of the Bay Area and Los Angeles groups to all those members of the Family who could join us for Children's Day. You will be most welcome! Any who can make it, please contact Burlingame for reservations at La Honda. Our love to all.

Dallas, Texas

October 6, 1965

Johnnie Dorsey

Dear Family: Since coming to Dallas I have a much greater desire and determination to reach Father's children! To truly relieve His grief and bring Him joy and happiness which He has never received. Let's all completely forget ourselves and think only of our Father. His children are prepared, searching, longing to know Father and His will. We must find them!

The shedding of their sweat, blood and tears by Gordon Ross, David Irick, David Flores and Maggie Compton has laid a strong foundation in Dallas. The people are responding beautifully. They are so hungry! Hallelujah! Satan is being stamped out!

We have two new sisters, Olivia and Betty Curry (mother and daughter). They are so anxious to meet their true earthly Father. They are really dedicating their lives to Father and His will. It is so wonderful to see the change of a person from merely existing to truly *living!*

Vera Gatlin has helped us tremendously in many ways. She is a very serving person. Several other people are studying and coming to lectures.

In order to make more condition, David and I are on a 40-day movement. We have only one meal a day, and gave up one favorite food. I think sometimes we could live on the word alone!

Our love and prayers are with each of you through our glorious Parents.

Los Angeles, California October 10, 1965 Sandi Pinkerton

Hello to our Family of the New World! Your Los Angeles brothers and sisters greet you with great joy and love in their hearts, and with gratitude in being part of this wonderful Family.

We finally found the house-Center Father has been waiting for us to find. It has been unoccupied for about a year (waiting for us), and was called the haunted house by many of the neighbors -- for some reason! [See new address in this issue of NAF.] It is a lovely white corner house, sitting amidst a neighborhood that seems to us to be a symbolic representation of the whole world; it is one-third Negro, one-third Spanish, and one-third Caucasian with a few Oriental families. We have spent the past month restoring the house and preparing it for its new life as a Home of God.

We have also been spending this last month (21 days of it) preparing *ourselves* to be homes of God! Ten Los Angeles members (John, Zed, Jon, Sandy, Harry, Eva, Carole, Roberta, Alberta, and I) joined the Bay Area Family in a 21 Day Crusade of intensive study, prayer and application directed toward several major personal and Family goals. The Crusade had varying effects on each of us. We all gained tremendously spiritually, and at times received deep insight. One thing stuck out clearly, though -- we gained and received according to the degree of effort and desire we put out. We all met several times during the crusade and on the last day of the crusade to discuss our progress, downfalls, feelings, and new understandings. We found that we each had left some areas unfulfilled, or had had downfalls of some type which we had let hinder us. As we discussed further, our thoughts all reached a common point, and we mutually decided to enter upon a new 21 Day Crusade immediately with renewed effort and dedication. (However, we have a strong feeling that we will make this 'crusade,' with its tight time-schedule of witnessing, studying, teaching, a permanent part of our individual lives -- if only our physical bodies will hold out. Our spirits are so willing!)

We are each concentrating our efforts during this second crusade entirely upon witnessing and teaching, trying to really look for our Parents' children; on our jobs, at our lunch hours, in our neighborhood, in college -- wherever we go. Since beginning this concentrated effort, the spirit world seems to have come upon us full force and will not let us rest, even if we want to! We meet people every step we take. Pauline's vision of the overripe wheat is so true. We do not have enough mouths to speak the Truth of God. Satan is naturally taking what he considers his toll, and we have all been struck continually with flu, colds, sinus (the pain miraculously leaving us whenever we begin to teach or witness). Being used as one of Father's tools in teaching or witnessing brings about the most drastic emotional states within one's self: joy and ecstasy in meeting a "live one" who can recognize, respond and act upon his understanding, or the deep, searing, cutting pain in every part of your spiritual being in seeing someone you know God has loved and led simply not understand, miss his chance, destine himself to further time and preparation before he can enter the Kingdom of Heaven and fulfill his true purpose in life. Our Leader's teaching, "no effort is wasted," continues to carry us through the hardest times, the darkest days.

We have followed every inch of our Leader's trip, noting the significant political and climatic events of indemnity preceding or following his visit to almost every country -- noticeably the U.S.,

Rome, Pakistan, India, Indonesia, the Philippines. Wherever he goes, the world is changed, the marked separation of good and evil begins (the judgment falls); though the world recognizes it not, it soon will. Old things are passing away, willingly or unwillingly, and the New has begun! Thank you, Father, for persevering through this lonely struggle. You are no longer alone...

Rome, Italy

October 3, 1965

Doris Walder

To my beloved Family, I write with tears in my eyes, a hearty greeting of deepest love from all the saints and martyrs in spirit who fell at the feet of our beloved Master when he stayed here in Rome for three momentous days, never to be forgotten through eternity; and also from those who had the great privilege of meeting the King of Kings and Lord of Lords in person.

Little do those who are in physical realize the blessing that has been bestowed upon them by our beloved Father, but you can be assured that those in spirit are still rejoicing and shedding many tears of thanksgiving.

As I write, these ancient 17th century walls seem to be showing forth a gladness, a warm and encompassing feeling. In fact, as I walk the streets of this ancient city, look at the columns of the Roman forums, and the beautiful statues of many great men, it seems that these inanimate objects feel and know more than man, that they are no longer under satanic domination, but that, after all these thousands of years, the true Adam has given them back to our beloved Father. Never before in all my years in Principle have I felt so deeply how all things are crying out for man to love them.

The Italian people are so like children. They literally are begging for love, from the very young to the very old. If you could see the great need here in Italy, both spiritual and physical, your hearts would be torn apart. The multitudes of beggars are seen everywhere throughout Italy, and the conditions they live in are appalling. Most of the penal institutions are barbaric, and the hospitals for the poor, especially the mental hospitals, are beyond description. They tie the patients to their beds and let them lie there day after day, with any activities. The places are filthy dirty. There is so much dishonesty in all fields, and a sense of not caring in the majority of the people. They have had to lie in order to stay alive under the terrible conditions which have prevailed for hundreds of years. Consequently, most of them are continually living a lie.

I am filled with urgency to get the Italian translation quickly to the people, for as we know it is their only hope. If you think for one minute that conditions are bad in America, you should come to Italy!

We must stop Satan at any cost! He has been the murderer long enough. We have the weapon to stop him, and we must not waste a moment until all things are restored to our Father. How can we be free to love our Father completely and His whole creation until all people are free? If even one person does not know the truth, our Father's heart will still grieve. As Jesus said, will not the Shepherd search for the one lost sheep, even though all the rest are under His care? Our Father has shown me the rottenness of Satan's domain in its fullest and it has given me a determination I never had before.

Nothing is impossible with our Father! If we all believe this in our hearts, it could move the world overnight. If, by the faith of one man, God said Sodom and Gomorrah could be saved, then where are we lacking? Oh, God have mercy on us if we fail to move the masses now that our Father has implanted the seeds of love in every nation

in which he has walked. With every thought He thinks a soul is born into new dispensation! Let our thoughts be His thoughts, and not *our* thoughts any more. Amore!

Tampa, Florida

September 26, 1965

Rebecca Boyd

Dear Family: Would you please add Tampa to your prayer lists? We have been working very slowly with two young ministers. We also had a lovely experience last week when two students came and brought their history professor from the University. They came prepared to laugh and chalk up a weird experience, I think. The professor came to make intellectual hash of us for his students. They ended up being greatly impressed by Chapter I and by our dedication and conviction. The old prof threw everything he could think of at us, slyly tested our motives, our depth, our experience, our love, etc. God's power was very strong; the atmosphere was very high, and I know God was speaking to them. I hope their ears were open in the right direction. Every time we test it, or are tested for it, our beautiful Principle shines more brightly. The professor was only in his 30's. He said he'd like to be able to gather the whole student body together and present this to them -- but he didn't believe it would do any good. We'll see about that!

God keeps giving us opportunities to speak before small groups. I know I've been saying this for almost a year now, but I am convinced God is getting ready for something big in slow old Tampa. Well, of course, eventually -- but I feel it will be soon now. We've considered closing this Center and concentrating in Miami, but we are always prevented. Sometimes it has looked superficially hopeless here, but God is the One who can really see what's going on! Anyway, time will tell.

There are plans for changes here. (They've already changed drastically several times, so one never knows.) Carl is scheduled to go to Washington in a couple of weeks, and Maggie Compton will join me here at about the same time. Everything is getting turned upside down; we could all be in Timbuctu tomorrow morning! (Which reminds me, we are supposed to have another hurricane on the way.) Our prayers and love, in our True Parents name.

Vienna, Austria

September 26, 1965

Paul Werner

Glory be to our Father and His Son, our Master, through whom we are able today to understand the will of God!

Peter Koch will report on the tour of our beloved Master and his party through Europe. Having had the privilege of being our Master's driver for three weeks has filled my heart in an overwhelming way.

One week after our return to Germany, I left my family in Wiesbaden to return to my mission in Austria. I slept in my car for 21 days, and on the 22nd day Father gave me the first headquarters in Austria -- 2 rooms with a separate entrance in an old house.

At the moment I am in contact with 16 people who receive individual teaching. It is very hard ground to work. Now that our Master has been here I feel more power than ever before. Soon we will see results and widen the kingdom that will last forever.

Let us go forward without hesitation. The one who acts will soon reach the goal and bring fruits for our heavenly Father. My heart goes out to all of you in deepest love, in His beloved name.

USS Coral Sea

September 21, 1965

Jim Adams

We are headed for Dixie Station (South of Saigon, where our Leader is now, I imagine). We are always able to see Vietnam at a dis-

tance during at-sea periods. It is too bad I cannot go. Then we will go north and, after a few weeks out here, head for Subic Bay to off load ammunition -- and head straight for Alameda, to arrive on or about Children's Day.

Many sailors take a tourist bus to see Manila while in port. I did not go there, but it would be nice. I have still saved money, just in case I'm fortunate and the ship breaks down. I wish she'd need sea-going tugs to get back, if it would mean I could see the Leader on the 24th; but it's almost too late already for that to happen.

Recently I have had a rash like practically everyone else. I have had no trouble with it before. Heat out here is terrific. We perspire all the time. But the wind helps and rainy days seem to follow us lately.

I am working at the same job, but have a new boss since yesterday (the third new boss). While in port I went to some movies on the base, and took walks. The coast is patrolled by sentry dogs and is off limits from 6 p.m. to 6 a.m., so my second attempt to pray was spoiled. The next time I walked down along the coast, I found it harder to pray, and I needed it so much. It is an excellent place to be alone, although some cars pass by and there is an occasional water skier or swimmer or fisherman. One can sit on a boulder at the water's edge and meditate. I thought of doing this, then thought of my clean white uniform, and decided just to walk.

TESTIMONY

Cleveland, Ohio

September 30, 1965

Joe Bradley

Hello brothers and sisters! I'm one of your new brothers in the Divine Principles. I first got acquainted with Principle through Pauline Phillips. She, Orah Schoon, Ken Pope and I have studied DP a lot together. I met some of the group while I was visiting in Washington with the Cleveland Family, and also had the privilege of meeting our Leader. I found out he is a very deep man, and he answered many of our questions. He taught me a lot while visiting him.

I would like to further introduce myself. I am a Church of God minister in the Pentecostal denomination, but I like the DP teaching much better. I want to be a teacher of DP. I came from Charleston, West Virginia, and was in the service for three years (1951-54). I didn't go to church much until I left the service. I've been in Cleveland for 11 years.

I will be trying my best to win all the people I can to the DP. I believe, with God's help, that all of us today can turn the whole world upside down for Him. I want to thank Him for the opportunity of coming to the Divine Principle, and may He add His blessing to each of us.

I plan to attend the 40-day training period in Washington in December, and hope to meet more of you there. I had the privilege of hearing Col. Pak and Gordon Ross lecture while I was there before. They taught me a lot about Principle.

So, dear brothers and sisters, this is about all I have to write about my past life. It's the future I'm looking forward to. With love to all.

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[Note: A new address list will be published this month. Contact Denver Center for copies - 40¢ each.]

SPIRITUAL MESSAGES

Received by Shirley Robinson

The most unique position in history is occupied by the men of today. It is seldom that one has the opportunity to make such an outstanding contribution to history, or to the world; but each individual can, and should, make his significant gift to the turning and shaping of the changing world in which he finds himself at this time. Those who are in the DP Family now, and particularly those in the U.S., are not sufficiently aware of what they are contributing, of what they can give; nor are they impressing enough those people with whom they come in contact and witness to with the importance of the contribution which those being witnessed to can, in turn, make after they begin to understand the Principle and put this understanding into action.

People who are seeking, who don't feel they have everything, are the "poor in spirit."

The reason for cutting old ties is to allow the spirit to grow in the way it was to have done originally.

A person can have pride only in his own accomplishment -- no one else's, but only his own contribution. The pride must be in knowing whence the accomplishment really came -- from God.

Jesus told people he had the power of forgiveness of sins in order to allow people to forgive themselves, to start a new life unshackled by guilt (guilt being part of the devil), and to allow them to turn to God, clean in spirit.

Prayer

Received August 24, 1965

Systematic prayer, communication, is necessary to establish the habit of thought which connects and stays connected with the force of God within you. Once this is established, it will no longer be necessary to think to pray or communicate; you will do it as naturally as you breathe. It will become your 'first nature,' as much as all the unconscious things you do in your physical life. Then your physical activities will be your 'second nature,' or in their proper relationship to the true life-giving force within you -- God. As you become more in tune with Him, your prayers will be directed by Him toward a certain purpose. Do not be distressed by this. It just means that you have become a more useful channel for Him to work

through. All things are possible in this manner. Any number of problems may be resolved, and greater achievements gained.

The self

Received September 11, 1965

The pattern of the self is set, but ancestry and parentage determine how development of the self is warped or crusted over. Once self begins to struggle to conform and develop, or to turn to or raise to the true pattern originally set, and achieves it, the spirit of God (which is and always was inherent in the original pattern, and develops as the spirit turns to the correct or ordered self it always should have been) is then not united with God, but is in truth *in* God; or the spirit of God is manifested in the true nature of the self in correct order. The spirit which is then manifested is able to relate completely to others in right order, because it then realizes, or is knowing, of its oneness with the spiritual energy of all other creation; and is able to take the corresponding relationship of other spirits into itself, or know them objectively, while still retaining the knowingness of its own individual identity. *This is true of everything in the universe!*

Subject-Object Relationship

It is impossible for a strong subject to develop with the corresponding development of a *strong* object. Each has to be strong in relationship to God in order to form the correct horizontal relationship, or they will not be in correct order. One will over-dominate and misdirect the others. This can happen because of the incorrect relationship of the weaker one to God, and not necessarily because of any misdirection by the stronger. Misdirection is possible whenever there is a weakness of either subject or object.

The union of an immature subject and object leads to destructiveness. Because of their immaturity, it cannot be correct. The resulting destructiveness is in direct geometric proportion, as opposed to the direct geometric constructiveness and creativity of a union between a perfectly ordered subject and object. The ~~level~~ level of the union of love between subject and object determines the degree of geometric destructiveness or constructiveness. Since the level of love between Adam and Eve was to have been the highest one between human beings, the destructiveness was that much greater.

Received through Mary Fleming

Philosophy

September 29, 1965

The best -- the *only* -- philosophy to have is one which combines spirit and truth, feeling and reason, love and thought. The true language of man is more infinite than his vocabulary. You have feelings which are too deep for expression. It is here that God finds you. This is the mercy seat of the temple. The cherubim are your feelings and your thoughts.

The True Self

September 29, 1965

One becomes his true self by not taking thought of himself. It is only when one is filled with self-interest that one seeks to protect a pitiful ego. You are constantly on stage to yourself, watching, judging, analyzing, comparing, trying to see yourself through the eyes of those around you. If you have ever tried to accomplish a simple task with someone standing by watching you with a critical eye, you know how inhibiting this can be. To expand, to grow, you

Myrtle and I spent the day with her. She is giving her roommate the study course. She is also very lonely for give and take with our Family.

Then back to Washington and on to Miami where I am now with Ernie Stewart. He has many people who are studying, but none who have accepted fully yet. We have been going constantly for the three days I've been here. Yesterday we went to six different meetings. There is always somewhere to go to witness. We will pray and work to bring someone out of this beautiful city. The weather is hot. I'm having a hard time adjusting to it after being up north where it was freezing cold.

Thank you, Father, for your truth, your love and your wisdom. Let us all walk in the shoes of a servant, shedding our blood, sweat and tears, for there is only joy in seeing a new heart turn to his true Father and Mother. Brothers and sisters, if we are alone and lonely and our tears fall to the ground, let us know they are the same tears our True Parents have been shedding in their search to bring the whole creation back to the heart of Love.

Sydney, Australia

October 12, 1965

Alexa Altomare

My dearest brothers and sisters: My love goes out to each one of you from your new sister country, Australia. I have been here nine days now. I left Washington on October 1st, stayed in Oakland with the Bay Area Family for a day and a half, arriving here on October 3rd U.S. time, October 4th Australian time. October 4th was Australia's Labor Day, so everything was closed when I arrived. I registered at the YWCA, and the lady told me that it was sure my lucky day -- I got the last room!

Sydney is a large, spread-out city with many small suburbs, and has a population of some 2-1/2 million. I couldn't stay in my room for five minutes before I wanted to get out and explore this city for which I had left a home more than 10,000 miles away to find a new Family for our Father.

I went through parks and museums, and in one park I came across a statue of Captain Cook, through whose explorations Sydney and thence the rest of Australia was settled. I felt a common bond with him, since he had caused the physical settlement of Australia and I was beginning the spiritual settlement of Australia, and was starting in the same city he did.

As I continued walking, I came to a huge beautiful Botanical Gardens. I walked through it, surrounded by thousands of perfumed flowers and exotic looking trees. There were many large expanses of grass with little streams, bridges and statues interspersed. The day was warm and bright, so many people were contentedly strolling about. The whole scene was so beautiful and calm and peaceful that I felt I must have been in the spirit world. I found a spot where three small but tall trees were set in a sort of triangle. I named it Trinity Ground and sat on a nearby bench, praying and comforting our Father's lonely heart.

My second day was spent in exploring different stores and buying several odds and ends. It was strange but fun dealing with pounds and shillings instead of dollars and cents. I found clothes to cost the same as the U.S., but other things variably cheaper. Later I went to see about a more permanent place to stay. It was a small, private boarding house for girls in one of Sydney's nearer suburbs. It only cost 3-17/10 which is equivalent to about \$8 per week. It seemed to be a very nice place, so I took it.

Sydney is a rather old-fashioned city. Parts of it remind me of New York City, particularly the downtown area in the daytime which,

like New York, is full of bustling crowds. The park areas and the sidewalks and fences also remind me of New York. Perhaps in comparison, I could call New York my Cain, and Sydney my Abel, for whatever similarities might exist between the two, the spiritual atmosphere here is much better than New York.

I stayed in the YWCA for one more day finishing up a third day of fasting and making condition. On the fourth day I moved into my new home. The house is in a very quaint suburb called Randwick, and is situated near one of the local beaches. There is a crossroads with stores close by. I love Randwick with its clean and peaceful atmosphere. There is something very soft and loving about it. It reminds me of the Appalachian folk song Diane taught me which begins, "Through all the fields below God is seen all around. Search the hills and valleys through; there He's found..."

It has, of course, been pretty lonely being away from the Family and trying to adjust to new ways. It has been very difficult to find people to witness to, especially since I have set a 40-day course of not witnessing to men in order to make a condition. There are eight other girls living in the house with me and though they are nice enough, their interests are primarily in boys and having a good time. They do not understand what I'm doing, and think I'm rather strange. My loneliest moments have been in the very midst of their chatter and laughter.

By Sunday, I was getting pretty desperate for someone to talk to about our Father's new dispensation. Because it was Sunday, at least there were places I could go and I set out early in the morning with a list of churches in hand, wanting so badly to talk to *somebody*. I couldn't find the first church and the second was full of old people. I walked and walked from one to the other, finding nothing and no one. By midafternoon, my feet (I had heels on) were so sore I just couldn't walk any more. I was tired and I was cold. I felt like stopping anyone on the street and *forcing* them to listen. Sometimes, as men on the street eyed me, I felt like breaking my 40-day course (I had one man even follow me into a church!), and most of the time I felt like going home, locking my bedroom door behind me, and crying all the loneliness and frustration and tiredness out. I knew I was feeling the Father's loneliness and tears, but I also knew that tears never stopped our Father's heartbroken search for His lost children. Since I had picked up a bulletin at one church saying there would be an evening service with a youth coffee hour afterward, I stayed on. I sat in front of the church among all the derelicts who, like me, were trying to get warm in the sun. After a while I walked through a park, went to a Catholic service, and whatever else I could do until time for the service. As I walked back, still very strongly feeling our Father's heart, I heard someone shouting through a microphone about the salvation of Jesus. I made my way toward the sound and found a group of young people street preaching! I went up to one of the girls among the group and questioned her, to find that they were from a local Bible school. I began witnessing to her and made an appointment to speak to her further about it. I was so elated to have at last found someone to talk to that I floated the rest of the way to the church, through the service, and even further at a table with four other girls after the service as I began witnessing to them. Although they were rather argumentative, at least they listened and invited me to come back. I still felt like crying when I left, but this time for joy at being able to speak God's word.

When I arrived home, I found that almost all the girls were home and a few male additions. I was surprised when one of the girls said

Ninety percent of the people are Christians and most of them are Catholics. They were having an exhibition of four centuries of Christian culture. Many of the people speak English, but many are out of work. That is probably the reason for there being so much crime. We had an unfortunate experience. In the early afternoon, two young men grabbed Mr. Nishikawa to take his wrist watch and camera. We ran back to him when he called to us and they ran away. We had been warned that this might happen, as it had happened to many tourists.

While we were in Manila, Mr. Nishikawa received the joyful news of the birth of his son.

We arrived in Hong Kong in the evening of September 24th. Hong Kong is an island, but there is a peninsula which comes down from the mainland of China. The peninsula and the island together are called Hong Kong. Since the airport is on the peninsula, we stayed there; but to find a park we crossed the water by ferry. The Leader blessed ground in the Botanical Garden on Hong Kong Island.

Hong Kong is a most beautiful harbor on which the British have built beautiful high white buildings. They look like crystal from the mountain peak. This is one of the most crowded cities in the world. The numerous huts on the hillsides built by the Chinese refugees make a startling contrast to the modern buildings.

From Hong Kong we went to Taipei, the capital of Nationalist China in Taiwan. This island is also called Formosa, which means "the beautiful island," a name given by the Dutch in the 17th century. The name "Taiwan" is Chinese and means "bay surrounded by rising hills." Taiwan was a Japanese colony until the end of World War II. Although the Republic of China hasn't built any modern buildings in the hope that they will soon return to the mainland, it has developed many industries.

Here we found Buddhist temples, Confucist shrines and Christian churches built side by side. The religious activities are quite free. We saw a movie produced in Taiwan which showed the remarkable talent and skill of the performers.

The Leader blessed ground in the Botanical Garden called "Nankai Gakuin" at 10:30 a.m. on September 28th. This was the birthday of Confucious and a national holiday. A multitude of Chinese were visiting the shrines to burn incense.

We visited a museum which had a Peking Man on exhibit.

On September 29th we returned to Tokyo by way of Okinawa and Osaka. We were received by an excited crowd of the Japanese Family at the airport. We were so happy to see one another. The first night there was a lovely welcome party for our Leader and all of us.

After a day of rest Mr. Kuboki, the president of the Japanese Family, took us to Nikko, one of the famous national parks in Japan. There is a Japanese saying, "Until you see Nikko, never say Kekko (wonderful, good, satisfactory)". There is a beautiful blue crater lake in an extinct volcano. The lake is surrounded by mountains which are covered by trees. At this time of the year the leaves are beautiful in their fall colors. A river has cut a deep gorge through the mountains, making steep cliffs on both sides. There is a Shinto shrine which shows the essence of Japanese culture 300 years ago.

Then we went to Hakone and Attami, also famous national parks. Both attract many tourists because of their beautiful mountains, lakes and hot springs.

We also visited the headquarters of Soka Gakkai which has sprung from a Buddhist group. It covers a large area, with modern buildings as well as shrines. Ten thousand worshippers attend daily from all over Japan. We were greatly impressed by this display.

After 12 days of sightseeing and visiting in Tokyo and vicinity, on October 10th we put our Leader and Mrs. Choi on the plane for Korea. It was exactly 260 days since his departure from Korea.

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