

# AWARENESS JOURNAL

P R A C T I C I N G   R H O N D E L L ' S   S C I E N C E   O F   M A N

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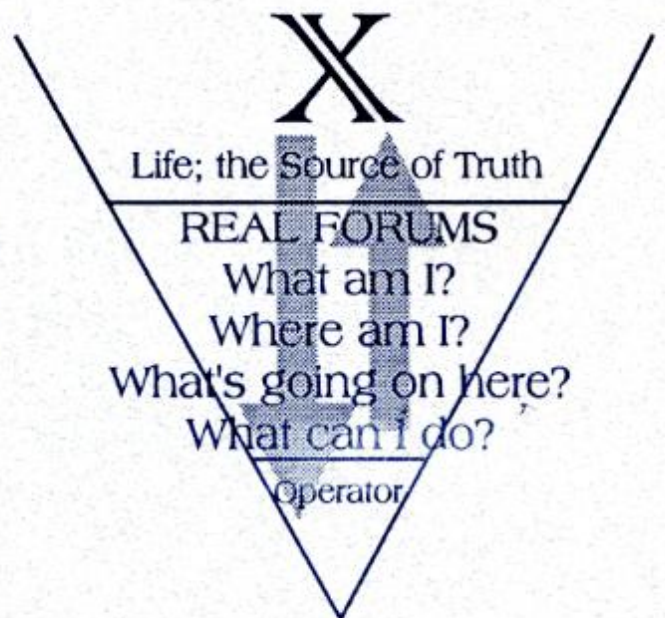
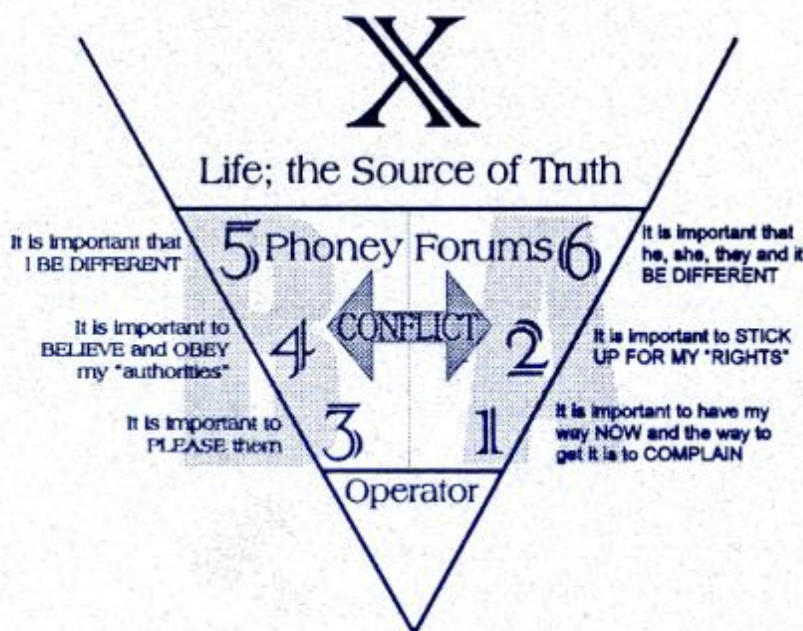
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## ❖ In the Mail Box

Hi—I have been losing the Not-I battle as of late and I thought of another analogy to help me in this battle. I work with computers and am in the process of connecting the college I work for to the Internet. This is considered the beginning of the super-information highway we hear so much about nowadays. Well, it dawned on me this morning, as I was requesting some help getting rid of a Not-I grip, that each of us has in our own mind an Information Stupid Highway. If we look at even CompuServe, what we see is an information highway. We can dial up and have access to a wealth of information. All we do is just select the forum or the area in which we want to be a part. Well, it appears to me that we have within us an information highway. Now in this highway of the self there are six forums that run constantly. These forums are the complaining forum, the stick-up-for-rights forum, the please-others forum, the do and believe as I am told by "my" authorities forum, the be different forum, and the blame forum. Now just as in CompuServe there are many forums that I do not wish to be part of. I am

now seeing these six forums as the ones I don't want to participate in. I am also seeing that I do have a choice in which forum I select. Just as in the information highway, I must select the area I want. This also seems to be true for the Information Stupid Highway of the Self. Now if I choose to join the complaining forum I will complain. But now I see that even if I do consciously or unconsciously (which is most of the time) join any of the six forums, I can leave these forums any time I want to, just as we leave the CompuServe forums. I will wake up and click on the "Leave Forum" button and be out. I now have created myself an imaginary "Leave Forum" button that I use when I realize I am somewhere I don't wish to be. It is also important to note that I have found some very exciting forums in my own information highway such as the "What Is" forum. This forum seems to open up a wealth of knowledge and interesting things to Work on. I am excited about my discovery of my own information highway and am even more excited to discover that I am truly in the driver's seat. P.J.

Excellent analogy. There's not much I can add except that we pay a price to use the service, we want to spend our "funds" wisely, not squander them. Thanks for writing.





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## *An Experiment* ❖

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*Dear Heart—Something happened on the way to the symphony, and I had only a moment to raise my tone. I decided quickly to raise the corners of my mouth and vowed to maintain the pose so as not to share my despair with my friends. Something interesting happened: I became aware that as long as my mouth was up, so also were my thoughts! Of course the gloomy over-whelmers surfaced from time to time leaving me down in the mouth, but when I remembered, the pose prevailed, and by the time intermission came around, my friends did not know I was not my usual self. Voila! A successful evening! A word of caution: If you decide to raise the corners of your mouth, be prepared for people—people you never saw before, men as well as women—to respond in kind. They made my evening.*

Well, you actually made the evening, they reinforced it. (The nice feedback you got was a side-effect of your determination—your thought—to be in charge.) You realized, also, that when your mouth was up, so were your thoughts. But really first was the thought, to play a role of cheerful guest, and then the action, to raise at least a semi-smile, then the feeling followed. Think, Act, Feel—it works.

ThanX for writing.

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## *Craps, You Lose* ❖

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*Once upon a time I considered becoming a professional gambler. I read books and studied several games of chance. One game I found desirable was craps. That's the game where you throw two dice and try to get the same numbers without throwing a seven or snake eyes (two ones). If you throw a seven first time out you can win if you go with the pass (i.e., bet with the seven) or lose if you bet against (no pass). Of course, there is much more to the game, but the point I discovered using the Teaching is the point of this story. The numbers from one to six are put on the dice (die for one) in a special way. They must add up to seven. Rolling seven can be a win or a loss*

*depending on what stage of the game you are at. Well, the six Not-1's are represented here and you can win or lose depending on the way you report. The snake-eyes (two ones) will get you every time, so will trying to think in opposites. It is difficult to please both A and B sides at the same time. So, to win all we need to do is roll sevens every time and go with the flow. Report accurately what is going on and let X do the how and we will never crap out. P.R.*

I keep telling people the Teaching is everywhere if you just look (and many tell me the same thing). I don't "gamble" unless I already know the outcome (so don't ever bet with me!), but sometimes I do play Microsoft Solitaire when I am listening on the phone since I can't do actual computer work and converse at the same time—yet. (Yes, while we are chatting I may be playing cards on the computer!) I see some parallels to Life in that game. We had a nice visit recently, and I know you see the Teaching in every nook and cranny. Aren't we lucky to have this Reference Point??? Thank you for writing.

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## *Making Friends* ❖

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*Hi! I went to see "Schindler's List." I was waiting at the concession stand to buy a Coke and a woman standing behind me was complaining to me about the long lines (all 14 movies were sold out). She asked me what I thought of the long lines when I had just smiled at her remark. (She asked!) So I said, "After seeing 'Schindler's List' I really don't feel that complaining about a long refreshment line is very appropriate." She laughed out loud and said, "Well put, how quickly we forget!" We both enjoyed the rest of the wait, talking about how delightful Life can be if we just look around us. In fact, we started to list all the wonderful non-material things we were grateful for and were quite moved by the time our turned arrived. CVM*

No, we can't fix Somalia or Bosnia or the world, but we can make contributions to peace all the time. Paying attention allows us to recognize the opportunities. And you have no idea where it will go—after you parted she may well have continued to radiate a higher mood than complaining and "infected" someone else, who may in turn have spread the joy. Keep it up!



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## ❖ Fear

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*So tell me, Christine, why are we afraid of "What Is" when Life Itself is "What Is"? If it comes from Life, then it is what is good and to our advantage! We are going crazy trying to change What Is—we are trying to change Life?*

We are not afraid of What Is, we are afraid of What Might Be, and What Might Happen Because of What Was. (And what stands in our way is not Life but Second Force—a big rock mountain, candy or otherwise, is not life, but opposing life, as an opposing team in a game.)

When you sent me this note on CompuServe, I sent you back the story of the brothers who were river rafting, a true story. One fell out of the raft and was thrown to and fro as he crashed down the river. He says he just kept "reporting" over and over as Death loomed awfully close, "Right this minute, I am alive and fine. Right this minute I am okay." Over and over. Thus he did not panic, and finally he crashed on the bank where people were waiting and was able to grab their arms and be rescued. He is convinced that keeping in the moment saved his life.

When that fear demon tries to take over (which, by the way, is often *other* people's fear vibes sensitive people pick up because fear is so constantly promoted in our society—in other words, not only Not-I but not even *remotely* related to you), the thing to do is immediately realize that everything is just fine right this minute, everything is just fine, thank you, I am fine, and if some Second Force is lurking out there waiting for me, all I have to do is summon up an equal Initiative and "we" will create something! Takes Work, but can be done, if we don't dissipate the energy needed to summon First Force by feeding it to the Fear Not-I. ThanX for your nice note.

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## ❖ Plans

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*I am busy trying to change over the business and I am very busy, but I have a lot of energy... want to share this with you... have been looking at "The" Plan (What Is) vs. "My" Plan (total ought-to-be's). I have been very tired for months and I wanted a vacation. Had a real ought-to-be about a vacation! Thought I was due one and needed it. I still have only had three days in two years, but I am revitalized with lots of energy to do 12-14 hours a day here at the office and I am feeling wonderful with no colds or flu. The energy level is very evident and I cannot believe "The"*

*Plan was to have a radical change in life-style rather than a vacation—go figure! I have stopped hating my life and I must have accumulated more faith during this experience as my fear level is down... even though nothing is certain and from all outward aspects it doesn't look as good as I feel. I thought that was worth sharing with you. Yes, all is well—God's in his heaven and I am plugged in...*

ThanX for showing how letting go of ideals is a great regenerator!

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## ❖ Buttons

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*The K-O'd boxer's glass jaw  
The touch tip of a fencer's foil  
The umbilical cord's belly remnant  
The end-point of a rattlesnake's coil*

*Some are disguised decorations  
Faked slots for a boutonniere  
Politicians, salesmen, enemies, friends,  
Priests and lovers "push 'em here"*

*We wear them like signs or shoulder-chips  
Or hide them deeply within  
they're mostly concealed responses  
Knock us out like the fighter's chin*

*They horn in like snoopy butt-inskys  
Kibitz, pry, provoke, and hook  
Tamper with our happy well-being  
Trigger our inner hateful schnook*

*To every waking conditioned reflex  
Of fear, guilt, envy, rage  
Turn your light upon these switches  
You might see a heavenly sage*

Jonathan H. Horne, M.D.

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## ❖ FTE

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*Just a line or so to keep in touch. Free to experience whatever is in my way today. I love this and have been using this and it becomes easier to experience day and night. Keep up the good work.*

You too! Like any kind of work, practice makes it easier.



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## Feelings❖

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*Please talk about "denial" and using Think, Act, Feel. I found myself using TAF lately and then realized I had been denying for days that actually I had been depressed and was using the Teaching to get comfortable. I never get depressed! Yet I had to admit that that is exactly what was going on, though I was pretending I wasn't, with Think, Act, Feel. Meantime, because I had not dealt with the depression it was working away at me while I was unaware of it.*

How true. While the Teaching Tools work no matter what our purpose is, it's not of much value if we don't see what is really going on. And it all boils down to Purpose. If I am depressed, I can think "How else I would prefer to feel?", act like that, and pretty soon I will not feel depressed. But if I have not looked at what got me depressed in the first place, (an illusion or loss of an illusion)—what is my purpose?—this activity will turn into a rat race.

As we discussed on the phone, there are a couple of things going on here. One is that B-Side wants to be a "good" student, we "should" not get into the pit. So it uses TAF as a self-improvement tactic. Of course it is A-Side who started the depression—"I had a right to whatever it is that I'm not getting"—so here we are in conflict. A-Side feeling righteously depressed, B-Side denying that we can sink that low, and using Think, Act, Feel to self-improve.

Though the tools "work"—we can cheer up by acting cheerful—if we haven't looked closely at the fundamental illusion that has been stripped away and left us feeling sorry for ourselves (another illusion), it's fairly useless to be cheerful. We are then cheerful fools, not working on self-knowing. (Self-remembering without self-knowing is not only the cart before the horse, but living in delusion.)

It is "normal" to use the Teaching tools sometimes to get comfortable, to deny the truth about our subjectivities, to avoid doing heavier Work. Everyone does it at one time or another. But a real student wants to be vigilant and check these things out, face what's really going on—no matter how painful or even ugly it may be, I would rather know the truth than live in delusion.

Now, all this said, let's say, too, that we can go overboard with this if we're not careful. While I want to examine purpose incessantly, in order to be aware of it, I don't want to indulge in deep analysis and "why" about every little feeling that comes along. This can get obsessive—Shah even calls it morbidity. "Morbidity introspection" I think was his phrase. That's too much attention inward. But I don't think this is what you are talking about. You realized that a few weeks' cheerfulness was obtained at a little effort, in order to avoid the bigger effort of really looking at—admitting—what was going on. A great lesson!

All depression is grief at the loss of illusion. The illusion

that everything will be my way, that I will be comfortable and have what I want when I want it and always avoid what I don't want. This is the Work—maybe it takes years—to see illusions for what they are, let them shatter all around us if they can't dissolve gracefully, and go on with it. You're doing that. Keep it up.

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## Beeping Awake❖

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*There are those in the world of work who carry beepers with them everywhere they go. This is so others can get in contact with them or to impress others. Many of these would-be important people will frown when the beeper goes off. Like it is a bother to them. Now, if "I" carried a beeper, it would probably never go off since the Not-I's would know the reason I carried one in the first place—to remind me to wake up. So, the moral of the story is if you want to be reminded of what is going on, get a beeper and pass out your number to everyone. (Put it on bathroom walls, too!)*

Amen!

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## Self-knowing AND❖

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*I have been doing a really good job of analyzing why I do this or that, checking purpose. When I say Why did I do that, it usually is because it would make me non-disturbed. But it seems there is always more to do, and sometimes I forget.*

We've talked long and often about your abilities in this regard, but I have yet to hear any evidence that you are also working on the second half of this, which is not nearly as interesting and a lot more work—self-remembering.

In fact, I will predict that when you read this you won't recognize that it applies to you, and that later you won't even remember having read it. (This is why I can be so blunt! And to the dozen people who are going to call me tomorrow to say, "I just know you meant me," you're wrong—I have someone else in mind... but if the shoe fits...)

While it is infinitely interesting to explore the self (it is interesting to the self, anyway), that is "me, me, me." It's valuable to question purpose, always. But it doesn't take much of this to see what purpose really is—to gain and escape. The next step, and absolutely essential to doing the Work, being worthy to call oneself "Student" which you readily do, is to make a separate observer, non-judgmental, that watches all these goings on, and does not say "I," but says "he," or "she," or your name. AND it watches self



watching self. (See, the No.5 Not-I just *loves* to do the observer job; we must watch that, too.)

Everyone is given this exercise early in in the Work, but almost no one ever does it. And if we don't do it, we are not students, no matter how much we think we are, no matter how much we talk about the Work, no matter how many others we see who do even less than we do.

Have you ever seen the cartoon "Crankshaft"? This week Mr. Crankshaft's grandson is following everyone in the household around with a video camera for a school project. I was thinking what a great idea to use to make an observer, imagine a camcorder following you around everywhere. No one judging or condemning (or praising) you, just a machine recording every action.

It's essential to get this going. Try it and see what happens (eventually it won't be a machine doing the observing, at all. The Developed Observer will be watching a machine).

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### ❖ *Out of the Mouths of Babes*

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*Dear Chris—A lesson in "What Is" from four-year-old granddaughter:*

*Scene: Telephone conversation between me and granddaughter's mom. Me: Whatcha doing? Mom: This, that, this, they, that,*

*who, how, that, this, this, they, etc., etc.*

*Me: How's granddaughter? Mom: Fine,*

*want to say hi? Me: Sure Me: (to grand-*

*daughter) Whatcha doing? Granddaughter:*

*Talking on the telephone. Me: Who ya talk-*

*ing to? G: My Granddaddy. Me: How ya*

*doing? G: Fine—love ya—good-by.*

*Oh, the simplicity and beauty of an unclouded innocent mind. Love, P.*

Yes... and the world will get her out of the now and into the past and future soon enough. Lucky for her, Granddaddy will be there to guide her to *remember* what she once knew: All there is is What Is. Thanks!

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### ❖ *Promotion*

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*The Science of Man is great stuff. I think you people should be more public with it—maybe get on cable TV or even talk shows. You could give massive seminars and make a lot of money. You really should do this.*

The *Science of Man* is great stuff. It is intentionally not promoted, and its bona fide agents would not think of using it for the purpose of amassing money (or fame). It is available to anyone who asks. The only way to "promote" the Work is to become a living demonstration of it.

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### ❖ *The Human Experience*

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*Please discuss Rhondell's statement that we are Spirit having a human experience.*

At the time of your conception, living cells combined (Initiative and Resistance) and produced a new Form—you. While the building of the body was going on, "you" got to rest quite comfortably. When you died to that haven and were born into this world, you were greeted with a lot of unpleasant sensations. The Result was a decision made by you (and everyone else did so, too, of course) to return to the previous comfort. Not too long after that, more sensations occurred, pleasant. They reminded you of your former life, and you wanted more of them.

As you matured, you started wondering about all this: the unhappiness, even misery, you saw around you, your own inner dissatisfaction with life the way it was presented to you, your desire and inability to control everyone and everything. You started seeking answers and happened across *The Science of Man*. It gave you some information to check out, which in turn would provide answers. The more you checked it out, the more you realized your Spiritual nature. Those old decisions about the Purpose of Living, though, were still lurking nearby. They told you to pursue this stuff even more, in hopes of getting that wonderful sensation of "knowing." That is a description of a human seeking a Spiritual experience, and is merely the old Master Decision to gain and escape. The Four Dual Basic Urges still predominate, especially the fourth, the Urge to Transcendence, which is a lofty way of saying be comfortable.

Certainly the Teaching finds no fault with lofty experiences. But they are not the purpose of living, they are a by-product of living consciously with a real purpose. Pursuing "Spiritual ideals" is no different than pursuing the worldly kind. Ideals are illusion, they are not here and now. Spirit's human experience is to know what not knowing is like, and experience it freely. It is to know what pain, or being ignored or rejected, is like, and to experience it freely. To see pleasure for what it is, a sensation, not really you. To allow others to be as they are, no matter how distasteful. To initiate the experience of bliss even amidst violence or squalor. A by-product—not the purpose—of experiencing these things freely is a connection with Spirit that we were not heretofore aware of. (An analogy: The purpose of, say, taking a college course is to learn something. The satisfaction felt upon receiving a good grade is not your purpose, but a by-product of it.)

So when the human Awareness expands and *allows* the earthly experience, Spirit is enriched. To identify with sensation, no matter how base or how illuminating, is grave error.

Being free to experience humanity in all its various facets, approaching unpleasantness, even pain, without fear, and curtailing the greed for the super-human or Spiritual feelings, is our job here. And in doing our job well, we are providing a great Service to Life. ⊗



*Dear Christine, How are you? I know I don't know you very well, however, I do get impressions every now and then and so it is. I would like to share an experience. I went to a Religious Science church this morning and the preacher was teaching about how they believe in cause and effect and those are the two forces and the law of the universe. Of course that is not the information I have been working with. I realized that I hadn't checked out some of the information and was believing what had been suggested by the teacher, and so were the people there. The point being that I believed something that might not be true and that I was closed to the truth and there was no room for anything else (#4). I was curious as to your experience with balance and the four forces and the relation between the two. Thank you for your time and reading. L.B.*

Hi, L. Thanks for writing—you've made a good point. We are very suggestible, and when a preacher or anyone else appeals to us, and promises answers, it is easy to buy the suggestion. Maybe they appeal to logic, or maybe they just make a good mood, or are in some other way interesting. They promise or threaten and we fall for it.

As you found out, other people's words aren't really of much value beyond giving you something to check out—only your own experience can tell you the Truth. Others can point out things, or present hypotheses for you, but the final understanding is an inside job.

The church you refer to is very big on making up the mind, and they stress that we live in what we radiate. The *Science of Man* certainly has no squabble with that—it is trying to teach us to do those very things. But, and this is a big "but," it is stressed in our school that we cannot make up the mind when living by an erroneous purpose, one with inherent conflict, i.e., the Four Dual Basic Urges. Making up the mind to get stuff only works for a little while, and on a low level, because the purpose is to get "good" stuff and avoid "bad" stuff, and that is not the nature of Life in our world. We will all have some degree of both pain and pleasure on all its levels some of the time.

When a new purpose of living is made, one that has no built-in conflict, we will not be making up the mind to get anything, because we will be perfectly free not to have it, so why bother?

What they are saying is that "cause and effect" is the law and something one can control. They are indoctrinating people that they are the cause of external things, that they can control them, in order to be non-disturbed. *The Science of Man* teaches rather that you live in an environment that contains both what you radiate as well as other people and things. What you can do is (1) choose what you radiate and (2) choose how you will respond to all that's going on around you—which is really the same thing.

Before anyone can really initiate, they have to learn to

freely experience what is. This may mean a little pain, maybe rejection or being ignored, being unwilling to control others. When this is practiced until it is first nature, the person may be ready to begin initiating. But you can see that he or she will not spend much effort initiating to be non-disturbed, since he or she is free to be disturbed. And in fact, may even be keenly interested in disturbance or discomfort when it occurs, in order to Work on building strength.

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The Four Forces are (1) Initiative—intelligence, ideas, power, love, potency; (2) Resistance—which always arises to meet Initiative, to form it, shape it, in some way strengthen it; (3) Form—what comes out of the interaction between First and Second Forces; can be a material object or an event; and (4) Result—the response to the Form.

When people talk of "Cause and Effect" they are making a big mistake. Whenever you hear someone say this, you can ask them, "What caused the Cause in your Cause-and-Effect?"

There is an answer all the way back, if you cared to take it that far—and no one will—to First Cause. And good luck asking them to explain what caused that. What you see around you in the world, for the most part, is Resistance, Form, and Result, which is always just Reaction among sleepwalkers. You seldom see Initiative, unless you witness someone in charge of what they radiate.

Regarding the No.4 Not-I, do and say as told by your "authorities," that's a surprisingly hard one to discover. Most people think it is the easiest Not-I to get rid of, while they are acting out beliefs of one kind or another, and buying suggestion, only more sophisticated kinds than what Mom and Dad or school teachers or the Church said. They have subtle and deeply-rooted beliefs they act on all the time. It is a great Work to check these out constantly. ("Do I KNOW that, or is it a hypothesis?") And everyone is 100% subject to suggestion 100% of the time. It is built into us and I think is for our protection and to keep us moving. But a conscious person has better ways to do that: being aware of threats and promises, checking out beliefs. [⇒P.19]

*You can only find truth with  
logic if you have already  
found truth without it.*

*G.K. Chesterton*



## ❖ "Problems"

*My spouse is extremely agitated and resentful because I have to work Saturdays, thus am unable to watch the kids; the complaints never stop, "I never get a day off." While I can sympathize with this, I still have to work. It seems a dilemma that can't be solved.*

*A friend is having an affair and her family is falling apart. She feels entitled to spend time with her "soul mate," yet wants the family intact, especially important in their religion. There seems no way out, nor even a way to compromise.*

*I wanted to help my sister move, but I was feeling too tired. I feel as though I should help when asked, or when needed, but that I should take care of my body. She didn't seem to mind, but I am in a quandary about it—I feel a little guilty, but I DO need to take care of the body.*

*I really admired my boss, he had told me he was the best in his field, and he seemed to be. But I have found out that he is actually committing criminal activity involved with the business. When I confronted him, he told me I was ignorant and naive. I am furious at having been sucked in by him in the first place—that WAS stupid; on the other hand, part of me wants revenge: I could turn him in; or I could ruin his reputation, that would give me some satisfaction.*

Here is a sampling of phone calls in the last couple of days, all from purported students. First let's look at what's going on here: A-Side is (1) sick of hearing complaints; (2) feeling entitled to commune with a particular person; (3) demanding some nurturing; (4) blaming someone for the discomfort involved in having taught them a valid lesson. B-Side is wanting (1) to please both spouse and job; (2) to obey the "authorities" and live up to certain standards; (3) to gain validation from helping; (4) and is feeling guilty for stupidity and "evil" thoughts of vengeance.

In other words: CONFLICT.

Let's also say that (1) No one likes to listen to complaining, *and* if one has chosen to play the marriage game, one has some duty to be accommodating when possible, and therefore wanting to accommodate is not necessarily pleasing for attention and approval; (2) we all need some communion in our lives; *and* if we are going to play a role of church member and insist our children play this role, too, then we have some obligation to it; (3) we all need some nurturing occasionally, especially the physical body, *and* being of service is actually a *tenet* of the Work; and (4) there is plenty of discomfort in having been snookered *and* all but the basest people do not wish to harbor and indulge feelings of guilt, revenge, nastiness, not stupidity or gullibility. So while all the "problems" cited above are Not-I talking, there is some fundamentally accurate basis to the discomfort.

Now if these people were looking for someone to agree with them they were victims, I presume they would not have called me. But they *are* all looking to have problems solved. None of them sees that the "problem" here for *anyone* interested in *doing the Work*, is one of purpose. These four examples are examples of the Four Dual Basic Urges in

operation, and we can see that looked at this way, "dually," there can be no satisfactory resolution.

There are practical solutions for all these, for instance, hire a babysitter with all that money being made working Saturdays; have the philanderer sit down and assign value to both sides of her dilemma in all its ramifications, and pick the one that has the least price to pay; realize that the moving event is history and thus unworthy of spending energy on at this late date, keeping as a "notation" that perhaps you would like to accommodate sister at a later date; let go of any vengeful actions toward the ex-boss because "what goes around comes around," and you want to be DONE with this situation. But if students sit down and

question purpose whenever this kind of conflict arises, they are soon serene, and thus able to respond to what is going on in an intelligent manner, without all the mental calculations of "solving problems," and so on.

The usual purpose of living to gain and escape in inherently conflicting; it is internal warfare. Whether on a small scale like the above examples, or bigger, it is war. Warfare is violence. A student is not interested in internal violence (or any other kind—except in real emergencies, it is anti-Life). The details of not a single one of these "problems" is of any import at all. Period. None. But they are all opportunities to wake up and think, "I am in conflict. Conflict always means I have a dual purpose. What is my purpose?"

Whenever we are in conflict, we know the Not-I's are talking for us. When we can recognize this, we can stop the war immediately. The "problem" will disappear. The appropriate action for the correct information will occur. The solution to ALL "problems" is as simple as this (and yes, I know it is not easy. But it is simple.) ⊗

**A "problem" is conflict.  
Conflict is a wake-up call.**



By Leah S. Roberts

*I took John to the airport, just as I had countless times before. He's never been afraid to fly, to him it is just another means of transportation, a utilitarian, routine practical event, commuting, though this trip was cross-country, not exactly "a commute." We arrived early enough to have coffee, then I stood with him in the boarding line. A peck on the cheek, "I'll call you when I get in," and down the ramp he went.*



Twenty feet away he suddenly turned around and returned to me—a bear hug and “I don’t want to go!” I was dumfounded. “What’s going on?” Nonplussed—surprised at himself as I was—he shook his head and squeezed me again and returned down the ramp, looking back over his shoulder at me twice.

I was astonished. Nothing like this had ever happened before. Years ago when L1011s were new, twice his flight was aborted on take-off (once we in the terminal even heard the engine explode). He would return with the others and nonchalantly wait for the next plane. Because this comprised a couple of hours wait, since then I always stood at the window until the plane was well off before I left the airport, just in case I might provide some company should such delays occur again. Not aborted take-offs, nor heavy turbulence, or dangerous weather, ever phased him.

So after his peculiar behavior this morning, I went to the window and stared at the plane, as usual, but wary, confused. A mother and her three children stood with me at the railing. “Wave to daddy, there he is!” Daddy was the pilot, circling the plane, checking tires and so on. We—I and the little family—stood there staring at the plane, the children waving at Daddy. Suddenly the eldest child, a girl about seven, said, “Mama, the plane is gonna crash.” Just as calmly—maybe more so!—than an announcement that she had to go to the bathroom or was hungry or bored. Mama shushed her. Then the girl started singing, “The plane is gonna crash, the plane is gonna crash,” almost chanting. The mother was disconcerted. She grasped the little one’s arm and shook her gently. “Stop that right now! You’re going to upset people!” The child rolled her eyes and sighed. “Okay. But the plane is gonna crash.” Mama just shook her head.

My heart started thundering and blood seemed to drain away, I felt faint. Either incident, John’s or the child’s, would have been enough to give pause. But both? It was forewarning. I just knew it. I thought, I should go to the gate and demand that John get off the plane. Yes, that’s it, I’ll tell them it’s a personal emergency. But because I’m the one who detests flying, I knew he would never forgive me for such a thing—if the plane *didn’t* crash. What a quandary I was in! I was dizzy and trembling and watched the little girl, still chanting under her breath. “The plane is gonna crash.” In hindsight, I wish I had talked to her, asked her what she was feeling, how she knew what she said. But I wasn’t thinking straight, I was panic-stricken. And immediately the



thought, I am going crazy. This doesn't mean anything, it is coincidence. It's just a crazy day, a silly child, tensions are high in airports, all the hubbub, excitement for some, fear for others. Maybe it is all nothing.

But still... I had to do something. As I was trying to think what to do, whether to embarrass John by having him fetched, making a scene, or just ignore it all, the plane taxied away, so I thought to call my dearest friend, who I knew would calm me down, take care of this. Assure me everything would be okay, and mean it.

No answer.

*"I will have to take charge myself."*

I leaned against the phone bank. I went over everything that happened as though I were watching a film. And then I continued the film past the present, imagining that the plane *did* crash. NO! It was unthinkable, I adore John, it's not his time, it is utterly unacceptable. No! Heart still pounding, I beseeched the Master of the Universe, Life and the Love of Life, Spirit, the Source—dare I say I prayed to God? "Spare John and I will go instead." And I meant it. I don't know that I have ever been more sincere in my life. Spare this darling man and I will take his place, somehow. Suddenly serenity came over me, I was calm, collected, if not quite confident, at least in a vastly improved state than I had been. I decided to verify my prayer—did I *really* mean it? I would die for this man? I will bargain with God and I will stick to the bargain? Yes, every cell in my being wished that John live, even if it meant the price would be my life.

Dramatic? Yes... But this whole morning had been some kind of drama, of that I am sure. Random, maybe, not scripted in advance, but a play of some kind, maybe just Shakespeare's Stage of the World; but still, dramatic or melodramatic, I knew in my heart of hearts that I was willing to trade my life for John's. And I left.

As I walked through the crowded terminal I thought I saw in my path a familiar man leaning against a pillar and realized it was my father, whom I hadn't seen in a couple of years! There seemed to be no end to the twists in this plot! At first he didn't recognize me out of context. He hates to fly and it shows. He was nervous, surprised to see me, complained that he had to fly. We chatted a few minutes, I tried to put him at ease, and we went our separate ways.

I wondered if this was an omen of some kind? Another coincidence, surely, just that. But why "my father" appearing when least expected? Was this an acknowledgment that "my Father" had heard my prayer? But how could this nervous little man symbolize my *real* Father? I didn't know and just went home, pondering all these things.

John always called me when he checked into his hotel, always. Today the plane left at nine, he should be calling by four, five at the latest.

Five, six, six-thirty, seven. He hadn't called. It occurred to me to turn on the television—No! that's plain morbid. Everything is all right. Just wait. Be patient. I called the hotel, he hadn't checked in. Just wait. Be patient.

My promise echoed in my head. *I will go instead, I will!* Let

*me!* Somehow I felt I had been heard, that my "offer" had been accepted, everything would be all right. Of course I wasn't looking forward to—what? dropping dead on the spot? Who knows how these things work? Or even whether God bargains (I doubt it). But my promise was intact. I loved this man with my whole heart and with my whole soul and would gladly exchange my life for his—gladly. Please God, let him be okay.

And the clock ticked. And I paced. It grew dark and I thought of lighting a candle—but enough theatrics, I tried to stop pacing, I made something to eat, I read a little.

At nine-twenty the phone rang, John's voice: "Hi. You'll never guess what happened. The landing gear wouldn't come down. We circled for two and a half hours while they do whatever they do to try to fix it. No go, so they sent us out to sea and we dumped fuel. That was a sight! We were all prepared for a belly-landing at best. People were upset. At the last minute the gear came down and we landed normally. Everyone thought it was a miracle. Anyway, sorry I'm late, but that's why."

This was several years ago, and I am still here and so is John. Did I have anything to do with changing the outcome of events? There is no way to ever know. But I feel, still, willing to uphold my end of this "bargain." It is said there is a Grand Experiment going on in this insane place, to have the last laugh at Death, a great effort to evolve to immortality, the Great Demonstrator of which was the Christ. That may be so—and I think it is—but I disqualified myself that day—and it is well worth it, thank You. ☉

### *Types of "Love"*

**EROS**—Sexual attraction. Not really love but liking.

**PIA**—Protectiveness and fondness toward children. Liking.

**PHILO**—Approval of people and things. Taste, liking.

*The above are physical, as well as reinforced by conditioning, and are shared by mammals and most birds.*

**AGAPE**—Understanding that whatever one does is felt at the time of doing to be right, or proper, or justified. Mental, not conditioned, based on seeing. Bridge to Love

**LOVE**—Unconditional, absolute. Loving another as your Self. Spiritual.



*And on the third day a marriage took place at Cana of Galilee, and the mother of Jesus was there. Now Jesus too was invited to the marriage, and also his disciples. And the wine having run short, the mother of Jesus said to him, 'They have no wine.' And Jesus said to her, 'What wouldst thou have me do, woman? My hour has not yet come.' His mother said to the attendants, 'Do whatever he tells you.' Now six stone water-jars were placed there, after the Jewish manner of purification, each holding two or three measures. Jesus said to them, 'Fill the jars with water.' And they filled them to the brim. And Jesus said to them, 'Draw out now, and take to the chief steward.' And they took it to him. Now when the chief steward had tasted the water after it had become wine, not knowing whence it was (though the attendants who had drawn the water knew), the chief steward called the bridegroom, and said to him, 'Every man at first sets forth the good wine, and when they have drunk freely, then that which is poorer. But thou hast kept the good wine until now.'" [John 2:1-10]*

This story from the New Testament is about as close as you can get to finding the Picture of Man there without a diagram. Let's start with "on the third day a marriage took place." The third day can represent third force, the form, which is a marriage, a union, a completion. It implies an integrated person, a New Man, a Real Self.

Wine usually represents the Teaching, although occasionally in some stories it represents Spirit. But since they are completely interdependent in this realm for real creativity, we won't split hairs.

So the New Man arrives at an event (the great Show going on here). Mary represents Awareness, which sees that the Teaching is in short supply.

Jesus here represents Spirit, X (except at the stage where he wavers a bit, representing the New Man beginning to practice). Awareness reports to Spirit, to Jesus, simply what is going on. There are no hysterics, fretting about it, embellishments about what a lousy host the bridegroom was. She merely reports accurately what is going on: There's no wine. The "What."

The six jugs full of water—not wine—represent, of course, the six decisions running the show, until now receptacles of dirt, actually, since apparently they were where hands were washed.

Jesus, X, does the How. He directs the servants—the physical body, including the brain—to empty the jugs of useless dirty water. Mary, Awareness, is the medium between the servants and X (and notice, does it with confidence) and they obey her without a quibble, although she is merely a guest.

The "How" is that the containers be refilled. This means to unmake the old decisions with new decisions—not necessarily conditioning, but to unmake the old. The "How" is a mystery, a miracle... X's job, known only to the Real Self.

When Awareness reports accurately what's going on, and the servant is willing to perform as a servant, the appropriate action will occur. (Continued on Page 19)





## ❖ Books

Here are some of the books our Book Groups have been reading and discussing lately, plus a few others that I have recently enjoyed. The first three are novels.

### *The Fifth Child*

by Doris Lessing

The wife and mother of an "ideal" family living in a big, cozy country house, the center of a large extended family, gives birth to what can only be called a monster-child. Superficially a horror story—those who know of Lessing's Sufi work, though, can see she has written a fable describing the acknowledging of our baser selves comprised of the purpose to gain and escape, and becoming in charge of it. (*Do not* bother with this book if you're pregnant. It can wait.) Vintage International Edition 1989 (paperback)

### *The Chosen*

by Chaim Potok

The brilliant son of a Hasidic Rabbi and the son of a liberal political activist professor become friends. Their friendship is the catalyst of a profound and deeply painful lesson learned by both boys, and a demonstration of how the Teacher sometimes works. Everyone in the groups remarked that besides reading the story for its Teaching aspects was the bonus of learning some fairly modern Jewish history that they all found interesting and helpful. I strongly recommend that if you read this book you also rent the video starring Robbie Benson and Rod Steiger. Steiger gives a magnificent performance as the Rabbi, in fact giving him a dimension beyond what is presented in the book. Fawcett Crest paperback 1968

### *Hinds' Feet on High Places*

by Hannah Hurnard

One of my all-time best-loved books. The girl Much-Afraid's arduous journey up the mountain, in hopes of gaining the love of her Shepherd. A perfect parable of the student's painful yet rewarding process. Living Books, Tynedale House Publishers 1975 (in print, paperback)

### *The Magic Monastery*

by Idries Shah

More Sufi stories from the man who made this material easily available to Westerners. Dutton Paperback 1972

### *Sacred Eyes*

by L. Robert Keck

"An invitation to view the entire human journey and your own life with Sacred Eyes" reads the cover. This delightful book was a gift from a friend who knows the author. Keck gives an overview of the evolution of humanity from child—primitives—through the present time which he sees as leaving adolescence, on the brink of adulthood. His approach is very readable. I especially liked some of his analogies, for instance, comparing the apparent swelling of fundamentalism (of all kinds, but especially religious) to the

brilliant last gasp of a super-nova. You can't help but like this work and its author. Knowledge Systems, 7777 West Morris St., Indianapolis, IN 46231 Paperback, 1992

### *Extremes "Reflections on Human Behavior"*

by A.J. Dunning

Short essays on everything from parthenogenesis, eternal youth, fatigue syndromes, Braille, anorexia of teenage girls and medieval saints, stigmata, more. The dust jacket says "Informative, entertaining, preposterous tales—all documented, all true—of how unnatural human nature can be." I'd change that a bit: this delightful book is about how wondrous Life can be and is. A Helen and Kurt Wolff Book, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich Publishers (also BOMC) 1992

### *God's Laughter "Man & His Cosmos"*

by Gerhard Stagnhn

I've only read the first and last thirds of this so far, but have found that through the description of modern astrophysics, the author has concluded that humanity exists to perform the Awareness Function of God that It may know Its creation! According to him the Purpose of Life is discovery. If you like science and philosophy in very readable form, don't miss this book. (Wait till you see what he says about Hawking!) Aaron Asher Books, HarperCollins 1992

### *The Female Ancestors of Christ*

by Ann Belford Ulanov

The author noticed that there were four women mentioned in the gospel genealogy of Jesus—Tamar, Rahab, Ruth, and Bathsheba. She thought there must have been something quite special about them, else why did the patriarchs bother to include them? Her research and Jungian point of view explains that these women demonstrated not only feminine wisdom, but were initiators as well, presaging certain facets of the Christ. While the book is a bit heavy on Jungian analysis of nuances, it is extremely interesting and well done. I couldn't put it down, in fact I read it twice. Here is what Marion Woodman had to say: "Like bolts of lightning, the stories of these outcast virgins illuminate what spiritual wholeness can be in the lives of contemporary women and men. Ann Ulanov's riveting insights into their daring acts reveal their deep significance in the genealogy of Jesus and expand our understanding of the words *courage and love*." Shambhala Publications 1993

### *Perelandra*

by C. S. Lewis

Adam and Eve all over again on the planet Venus. Extremely well written. Collier Books, 1944 (in print)

(Some of the older books listed may be out of print, but are readily available in used bookstores.)



Discovering "Femininity" ❖

Dear Christine, I've finally found a few moments to myself and wanted to write to thank you... As I have mentioned, I am spending a great deal of my reading time with [some material] you gave me, and it feels as though the author has opened my heart and spilled out the contents for me to examine. The [erroneous] idea that one is an object (an art object specifically) to be created, put on display and ultimately judged is one that I've been carrying with me for as long as I can remember. The other aspect that rather fascinates me is the "repressed feminine." I have never thought of my own femininity nor was it ever even acknowledged to even exist by me or those who raised me. The funny thing is that I've naturally gravitated to several tremendously strong, very feminine women in my adult life who have ultimately brought me to where I am today. These teachers were almost sent to me it seems and one at a time gave me a different piece of the puzzle to work on. [Through meditation I imagined ascending stairs and opening a door] Open the door and what do you see? My private place surprised me when I

opened the door, as I was greeted by a main attic with old wood floors and walls, smelling of floral aromas with a settee of velvet, soft and inviting. Strewn about were hat boxes, feather boas draped over folding screens, high-heeled slippers, robes with ostrich feathers, strands of beads hanging here and there amidst soft, soft colors. There I found my true home. I never thought about that place until reading [the book you gave me]. And now I'm finding a lot of



value in that image. Anyway, I'm finding a lot of conflict between the feminine me recently discovered and the outer masculine armor that has been so valued by myself and those around me for so long. My own image is fuzzy to me as if there is a creative stranger who is really me that I have just met. Trying to reconcile the fraudulent me with the

unknown me would seem to be difficult, but somehow I'm not uncomfortable, just at loose ends. I have learned patience though, and little miracles keep popping up in my life unexpectedly but certainly welcomed. It seems that LIFE is getting so much simpler for me. I guess I'm starting to relax, which is something I can't say I've ever experienced before. Thanks, too, for also sending along Life's Word which is so beautiful and astounding that it made me weep and smile. It also made me a little afraid—of what I really can't say, I don't know—but perhaps the Not-I's popped in. More than likely I had allowed myself to be vulnerable (good God!) and that feeling brought about my fear. You should know that I think of you often and when I do I send you a big warm hug and smile.

Love, K

I know how busy you are and appreciate your letter (and the beautiful card depicting two 18th century girlfriends leaning on each other in a field while the elder plays a flute, which I have enlarged and hung in the kitchen).

The "repressed feminine" is X's Awareness function which has not been allowed to develop. It has been lied to from the beginning and has believed some of the lies, to the point where the lies have taken over and begun speaking in



her name. When we do this Work, a baby soul begins to watch all this... information is given to help it correct the errors, to identify the lies, to nurture and help it develop. So probably the first Work we do is to "mother ourselves" in a way that didn't occur when that little Awareness first arrived. We must use a strong and loving touch.

One of the huge lies that intelligent modern women, especially, bought into was that to be "worthy" it was important to be like men, because men were important and females weren't. What that means in modern society is not necessarily he-man stuff (but could be... we see women now doing all kinds of jobs—fire-fighting, street cops, etc.—that I personally think can just as well be left to the he-men). What women saw/see is the value given to brains, logic and reason, getting people to get things done, equating money with power, having the last word, establishing order, and especially, identification with the Spiritual as opposed to the messy business of being human. These patriarchal attributes are necessary if there is to be civilization, but first, they need to be complemented with other, feminine, attributes, and they need to be exercised consciously, lest they degrade into what can be called in a word, fascism—whether it be exercised over a nation or a family or our Real Self.

While we were valuing and emulating these masculine attributes, we also deprecated our feelings, the feminine attributes of waiting, watching without judgment, considering, allowing, listening, serving, and the female body. And what we didn't notice, too, is most of those exercising the masculine successfully were unconscious. And to value and imitate unconsciousness, to be pseudo-male, is to live a parody.

ALL of us, male and female, need to awaken, these feminine attributes need to be developed consciously. Our entire society has a "repressed feminine." How many do you know who are interested in, let alone even capable of, really listening? Very, very few. Who do you know truly allows people and things to be as they are? And I don't mean apathetically, I mean watching and marveling at the diversity of life, rather than measuring people against standards,

complaining about events? You may know a few, but I doubt it would take more than one hand to count them. How many receive Life as a gift, without greed, without thinking they have rights? How many see performing service to Life as a privilege rather than a burden (if they think of service at all), taking full advantage of this privilege?

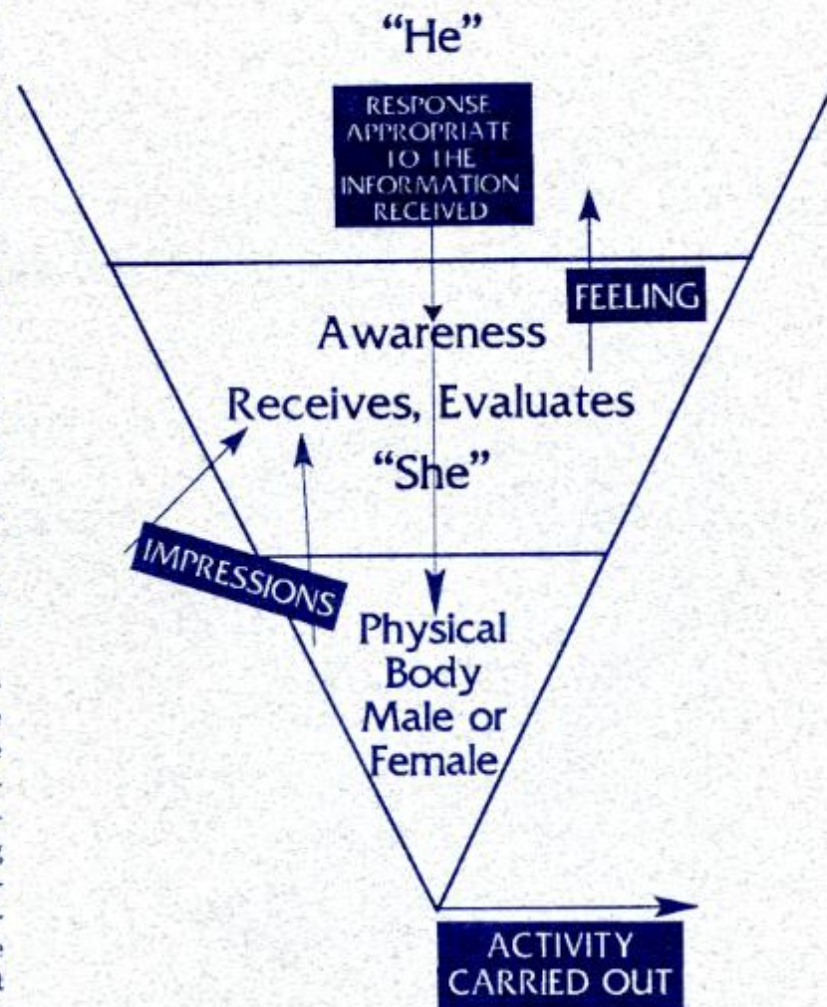
The book you are reading delves into this idea of seeing self (and others) as objects... you're learning that this is the epitome of anti-Life, yet it is promoted non-stop everywhere we turn. It is the natural outcome, all this continual propaganda, of a people devoted to materialism. If forms have all the value, what else could we strive to be but a perfect-as-possible (though-never-quite-measuring-up) form? This is the unconscious masculine idea, unaware of

Source, thinking its little material productions are all there is... not seeing that every form is merely a representation of a heretofore invisible idea of the Real World. And we get identified with forms, and that weak little Awareness, struggling to be a channel between the Real and the man-made worlds, a flexible worthy container for Spirit, withers and, if we don't get to Work, dies.

I have occasion lately to be in a nursing home for a half-hour seven days a week. Anyone who has ever been in one will recognize with a sigh and a nod what I am about to say. If you've never been in one, I can tell those of you who tell me you just can't really get motivated to do the Work, it is a perfect place to go to increase your necessity to get with it, Working on yourself. The place is filled with

tiny, lumpy, withered, transparent forms, each tied into her wheelchair (there are 40 women to every man). Spirit seems to have departed, though there is a heartbeat and feeble respiration. Even more striking than this pathetic physical manifestation of (for the most part) neglected lifetimes, is the tapes that play. Each lady that I know has a tape playing, it is her last remnant of Awareness, on an endless-loop tape, her only reaction to the stimulus of seeing another person walk by. Most are childlike. A few are downright wicked. Some are immersed in illusions of grandeur that make you laugh. Others just sit there sleeping. [Continued Page 19]

## X—Spirit, Intelligence, Potency





*Could you comment on man's inhumanity to man (i.e., Bosnia—to mention just one of many) where innocent people (especially children) are the target of the aggression. I am not so much concerned with cause of this aggression as I am with the people who are recipients of the abuse, i.e., the victims. What is their role? Is it necessary?*

Your question has come up quite often lately, with various wars in our living room via TV on a nightly basis. Many people are concerned with what's behind this brutality, so I am going to approach this in two parts.

First, it is not really man's inhumanity to man, it is the Not-I's inhumanity. People listen to Not-I's, report those lies as though they were true, X responds appropriately to the information received, and people act out Second Force for the Not-I's. Life does this only insofar as it is responding to the information it receives from people.

Just what is this information being reported that results in such atrocities?

It is all based on Purpose. In *The Place of Language in the Teaching* Rhondell defines "Evil" like this: As an event: producing or threatening sorrow, distress or calamity. As a personal trait: depraved, inclined to sensuality.

"Sensuality" is the key. People who commit evil are gaining a sensual feeling from their activity. There is a feeling associated with every action, and people who rape and maim and kill are "rewarded" with a sensation that they like. They decided early on that the Purpose of Living for them was to gain as much of this feeling as possible. Hard for civilized people to believe? It is only a matter of degree, really... but these satisfactions of evil deeds are certainly way, way down on the same scale that may include, for us, the taste of sweets, or a magnificent spring day, or sexual love, and other satisfactions.

If you pay attention you may get a demonstration of this. Probably you would prefer to watch someone else's indulgence in depraved sensation (!), and if you ask to see it, you will happen by some occasion where it is going on.

When I was a little girl I watched a man drown puppies. I remember feeling strangely separated from the event as I watched the look on his face, which I didn't understand. A few years later... a neighbor had "always" given my five sisters and me beautiful Easter baskets. Of course, we began to take it for granted, and really looked forward to it. One year she—and we—made the usual hints and so on all of Easter week, but on Easter morning she omitted me and the next eldest. I will never forget the look on her face when she told the two empty-handed girls we were too old now for such things. She was enjoying our disappointment immensely, which is the main feature in my memory of the event—her pleasure. That one's sorrow is another's pleasure is, regrettably, the way it is.

Another example. Recently I saw a TV show where a video camera was given to a rehabilitated gang-member with the intent that he go into the gang neighborhoods of

L.A. and tape what was going on, talk to people and show us how they see things. It was a remarkable demonstration because there were no professionals, "lights, camera, action" and all that, to distract anyone, just a guy they all knew roaming around with a small camera.

Most telling was an interview with two gangsters, not even old enough to drive (they leaned on their bikes while he talked to them). They both were armed. The interviewer told the kids how great his life was now that he had given up killing and mayhem, wouldn't they like to get in the program and go to school, get job training, and a job, earn honest money, and so on and on. These kids looked at him like he was crazy. The more he pleaded with them, the more they rolled their eyes. He just didn't get it. The boys said they like their life just the way it is, because it's *exciting*, meaning, of course, stimulating to the thrill Not-I that also likes to drown puppies. There was a chasm between the interviewer and the little gangsters that I doubt could ever be crossed, because they had obviously made up their minds that the purpose of living was to get as much thrill as possible, and they had the means at hand to achieve this. Even though they enjoyed being the center of attention, with camera focused on them, they were the ones who cut the interview short, because there was a melee brewing down the street and they were eager to participate.

It should be pointed out again that anger, rage, war, brutality, annihilation, are all degrees of Not-I lies, the antithesis of Life—anti-Life, anti-Christ. Indulging in anger leads to rage, and on it goes, until the Not-I is fed so fat and grows so strong that it completely overwhelms what's left of the humanity in the individual. Close self-scrutiny will reveal that all anger is really the desire to murder, isn't it? Most of us check it before it gets that far, but continual indulgence, continual feeding of the Not-I "entity," the idea of anti-Life, will make it powerful enough to commit murder, even in your name. A little extrapolation and you can see that if Not-I had its way, Life would depart this world entirely in short order, this particular game would be over. The attempt to annihilate Life is what we call "evil."

So when you see evil, and it's all over the place thanks to the promotion of it, know that you are merely watching people's false purpose of living—that it is to gain a sensation—thrill, importance, domination, power. And when we examine our own purpose of living, we see that it is often the very same, though certainly not to the same degree.

Now to the "victims." Again thanks to TV, I saw people in Bosnia being interviewed, and discovered that many, many people had fled, they were not interested in trying to



live in a war zone. I wondered why they didn't all leave ("Somebody gave a war but nobody came") and of course, there was talk about preserving their property, their "home," and so on. They felt a deep-seated right to this homeland and were willing to risk death to defend it. So that is their decision, isn't it? Now one might say, well, everyone doesn't have that chance to flee. How do you know that? Until you check it out for yourself, how do you know that whenever your life is threatened, you aren't given a means to maneuver in a way that will preserve your life, if you pay enough attention to recognize it? There is really no valid argument here until one has checked it out, and this may take a while since, despite what the media promotes, most people's lives are not in *immediate* threat of annihilation.

What about the children? After years of soul-searching, I have checked this out to some degree, by remembering threats—suggestions—to myself as a child, and there were some. I know that I could have acted differently than I did and that things would have been much better if I had—I know this for myself, but each one has to see it, and seldom is it that children (or even adults) do. Life is there for us, but we don't know it. You say that we were conditioned otherwise? But even children are responsible to some degree... if they had not made their purpose of living to be non-dis-

turbed, they might have responded differently to threats and promises. I would have. If I hadn't been afraid of rebuke, I'd have intervened in the puppy-drowning. I would have looked him in the eye and said, "Let's find another way to handle this." I know now it would have shocked him awake for a moment, to have a child approach him that way, and it would have worked. If I hadn't made getting presents important, I would not have been disappointed that Resurrection morn. I would have watched the whole event with interest, not been affected by it, other than to note that some people enjoy hurting children, and that it is interesting they don't pick on someone their own size.

Granted, warfare is not exactly a small disappointment, and not all children have the same capacity, so yes, there may be some children who are victims, but fewer than one thinks, because conscious reporting from a child is heard by Life just as well as grown-up conscious reporting.

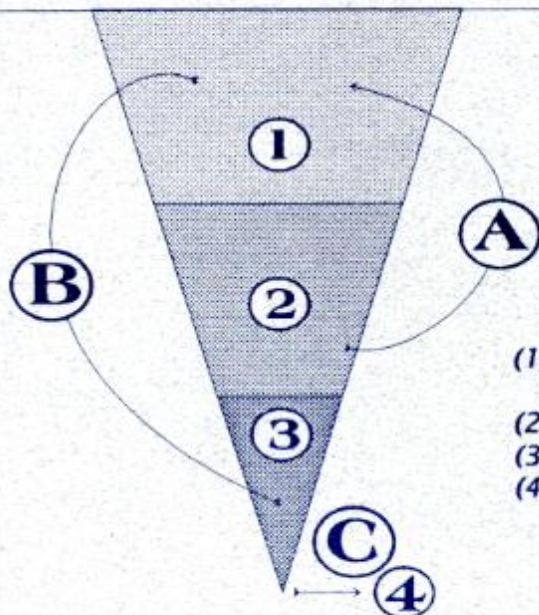
(And I would also say that yes, babies are victims in these cases... their decisions are for the most part appropriate for infants, and they are, indeed, completely dependent. As Rhondell says about true victims, I don't know "why" they are, but I do know they give us an opportunity to be a good guest.)

If there is a child in Bosnia who is [Continued Page 19]

### In the Midst of Violence

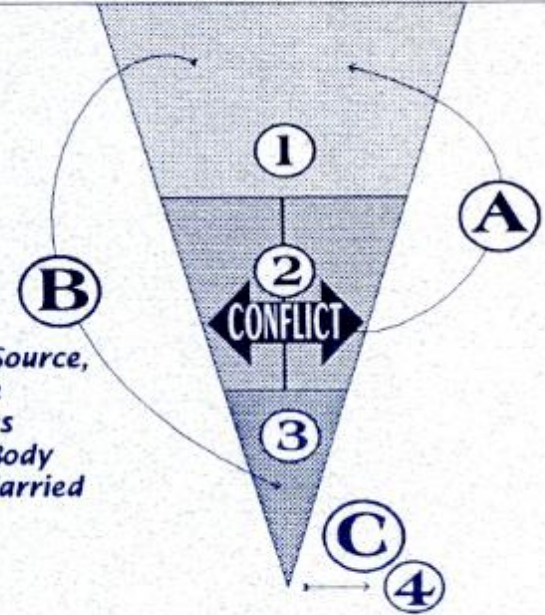
#### Living

- (A) Awareness receives the impression of violence, "reports" with feeling to X that the Purpose of Living is threatened
- (B) X does the appropriate thing through the physical body
- (C) The person moves out of the way of violence or is able to neutralize it (with Initiative, not more violence) Purpose of Living is maintained



#### Dying

- (A) Awareness receives the impression of violence and feels angry at the disturbance, or a desire to participate in violent sensations (A-side), at the same time afraid and/or feeling guilty (B-side) (wrong purpose; conflictive reporting)
- (B) X mobilizes emergency energy; A-side wants to fight (add to violence) B-side wants to flee and/or is immobilized
- (C) Emergency energy used to contribute to violence, either outer or internal. Disintegration





by Jonathan H. Home, M.D.

*A recently certified private pilot rented a Cessna 172 fixed-gear airplane for a flight from Salt Lake City, Utah to San Diego, California.*

Discussing it with her instructor, she planned her flight for an upcoming weekend in December which was predicted in advance to be partly cloudy, with scattered clouds over the Western United States, but was to be a good "visual flight rule" (VFR) type of weather. This was important since she was not yet instrument-rated.

Her chosen aircraft had long-range tanks, and although somewhat slow for a flight of this distance, San Diego was certainly well within the range for this aircraft.

The day before the flight, she planned and filed a flight plan. She discussed her flight in detail with her instructor, and calculated her gas consumption based upon the predicted 15-knot headwinds which would be coming out of 190° from the south.

The immediate weather report before take-off, reported a mild advancing cold front over the western United States from the northwest, which would bring heavier and higher cloud cover than previously predicted. She was told by the FAA weather observer that her headwinds may increase as well. However, she had a 45-minute excess buffer of fuel availability built into her flight plan.

She taxied to the runway and departed the Salt Lake airport perfectly, climbed to her -planned 12,500-foot altitude on the 160° radio out of Salt Lake to Fairfield. Departure control handed her off south of Salt Lake with the command to resume her own navigation on the VFR flight to San Diego. She was now fully alone, also fully in charge of her planned flight.

At Fairfield she turned to 188° on Vector 21 towards Delta and Milford. However, heightening clouds required her to climb to 13,000, to 14,00, and finally to 16,500 feet where even there she was skimming the turbulent cloud drops while collecting a trace of ice

on the front of her wings. The increasingly rare holes in the clouds below caused her concern, so after several attempts she finally contacted Cedar City FAA radio. This controller announced that a dropping atmospheric pressure extended into southern California, but San Diego was still reporting clear skies; so she continued on. She now had to use oxygen, since she was maintaining an altitude greater than 12,500 feet for more than a half hour. This was somewhat claustrophobic to her. However, the flight continued very well.

She passed Mormon Mesa, and Las Vegas, both still overcast by the clouds below, but the tops were dropping and she was able to descend to 10,500. As she approached Palm Springs, she noted with gratitude that the clouds now

became scattered-to-clear.

Crossing the high mountains southwest of Palm Springs, the High Plateau Valley and then the mountains east of San Diego, she was startled with a solid blanket of beautiful white fluffy clouds, the tops of which were tinged with pink as the sun as setting. The cloud bank stretched below from the mountain rims to as far south and west as she could see.

She finally reached San Diego Approach Control, who announced that the barometric pressure was 2986 and dropping. Winds were 210 at 35 knots. With the solid overcast, the tower communicated that she must do a 180° turn and land elsewhere, since she was not instrument-rated for an approach into any San Diego airports.

While turning back towards Palm Springs, she glanced with terror at the gas gauges, which were both indicating nearly empty. She observed from her watch that she was thirty minutes overtime, and it struck her now that she predicted 15-knot headwinds reported by San Diego were 35 knots.

She frantically searched the map for a closer airport, and found Julian, knowing that she could not make it to Palm Springs if the fuel gauges were correct.

Increasing darkness, however, helped this evening, as she could see in the distance the flashing blue and white beacon of an airport. She prayed that the now helpful tailwind would be enough. (It was.)



Assessment: Life as a while may be mirrored and focused by a pilot's flight. There is a beginning and an end, punctuated with variables that are impacted by motivation, training, planning, choosing the proper vehicle—route—timing, and destination. Calculating the fuel (energy) consumption and being watchful and following the

proper options all will alter the flight.

Life lessons associated with flight:

1. The best planning must be peppered with attention, careful watchfulness of changes in the not totally predictable environment, the aircraft, and even oneself.

2. The unforgiving environment of the skies intensifies, magnifies incompetence—poor planning and inadequacies of the pilot, vehicle environment, and stops along the way.

3. Everything in life has some headwinds; every "trip," activity, adventure, endeavor, requires some friction and resistance even for success.

4. A "perfect" or "ideal" trip may well be one in which you learned nothing.



## ❖ *A Message to Garcia*

By Elbert Hubbard

*In all this Cuban business there is one man stands out on the horizon of my memory like Mars at perihelion.*

When war broke out between Spain and the United States, it was very necessary to communicate quickly with the leader of the Insurgents. Garcia was somewhere in the mountain fastnesses of Cuba—no one knew where. No mail or telegraph message could reach him. The President must secure his cooperation, and quickly.

What to do!

Someone said to the President, "There is a fellow by the name of Rowan who will find Garcia for you, if anybody can."

Rowan was sent for and given a letter to be delivered to Garcia. How the "fellow by the name of Rowan" took the letter, sealed it up in an oilskin pouch, strapped it over his heart, in four days landed by night off the coast of Cuba from an open boat, disappeared into the jungle, and in three weeks came out on the other side of the Island, having traversed a hostile country on foot and delivered his letter to Garcia—are things I have no special desire now to tell in detail. The point that I wish to make is this: McKinley gave Rowan a letter to be delivered to Garcia; Rowan took the letter and did not as, "Where is he at?"

By the Eternal! there is a man whose form should be cast in deathless bronze and the statue placed in every college of the land. It is not book-learning young men need, nor instruction about this and that, but a stiffening of the vertebrae which will cause them to be loyal to a trust, to act promptly, concentrate their energies: do the thing—"Carry a message to Garcia."

General Garcia is dead now, but there are other Garcias. No man who has endeavored to carry out an enterprise where many hands were needed, but has been well-nigh appalled at times by the imbecility of the average man—the inability or unwillingness to concentrate on a thing and do it.

Slipshod assistance, foolish inattention, dowdy indifference, and half-hearted work seem the rule; and no man succeeds, unless by hook or crook or threat he forces or bribes other men to assist him; or mayhap, God in His goodness performs a miracle, and sends him an Angel of

Light for an assistant.

You, reader, put this matter to a test: You are sitting now in your office—six clerks are within call. Summon any one and make this request: "Please look in the encyclopedia and make a brief memorandum for me concerning the life of Correggion."

Will the clerk quietly say, "Yes, sir," and go do the task?

On your life he will not. He will look at you out of a fishy eye and ask one or more of the following questions:

Who was he?

Which encyclopedia?

Where is the encyclopedia?

Was I hired for that?

Don't you mean Bismarck?

What's the matter with Charlie doing it?

Is he dead?

Is there any hurry?

Shan't I bring you the book and let you look it up yourself?

What do you want to know for?

And I will lay you ten to one that after you have answered the questions, and explained how to find the information, and why you want it, the clerk will go off and get one of the other clerks to help him try to find Garcia—and then come back and tell you there is no such man. Of course I may lose my bet, but according to the Law of Averages I will not.

Now, if you are wise, you will not bother to explain to your "assistant" that Correggion is indexed under the X's, not in the K's, but you will smile very sweetly and say, "Never mind," and go look it up yourself. And this incapacity for independent action, this moral stupidity, this infirmity of the will, this unwillingness to cheer-

fully catch hold and lift... If men will not act for themselves, what will they do when the benefit of their effort is for all?

A first mate with knotted club seems necessary; and the dread of getting "the bounce" Saturday night holds many a worker to his place. Advertise for a stenographer, and nine out of ten who apply can neither spell nor punctuate—and do not think it necessary to.

Can such a one write a letter to Garcia?

"You see that bookkeeper," said the foreman to me in a large factory.





"Yes; what about him?"

"Well, he's a fine accountant, but if I'd send him up town on an errand, he might accomplish the errand all right, and on the other hand, might stop at four saloons on the way, and when he got to Main Street would forget what he had been sent for."

Can such a man be entrusted to carry a message to Garcia?

We have recently been hearing much maudlin sympathy expressed for the "downtrodden denizens of the sweatshop: and the "homeless wanderer searching for honest employment," and with all often go many hard words for the men in power.

Nothing is said about the employer who grows old before his time in a vain attempt to get frowzy ne'er-do-wells to do intelligent work; and his long, patient striving after "help" that does nothing but loaf when his back is turned. In every store and factory there is a constant weeding-out process going on. The employer is constantly sending away "help" that have shown their incapacity to further the interests of the business, and others are being taken on. No matter how good times are, this sorting continues: only, if times are hard and work is scarce, the sorting is done finer—but out and forever out the incompetent and unworthy go. It is the survival of the fittest. Self-interest prompts every employer to keep the best—those who can carry a message to Garcia.

I know one man of really brilliant parts who has not the ability to manage a business of his own, and yet who is absolutely worthless to anyone else, because he carries with him constantly the insane suspicion that his employer is oppressing, or intending to oppress him. He cannot give orders, and he will not receive them. Should a message be given him to take to Garcia, his answer would probably be, "Take it yourself!"

Tonight this man walks the streets looking for work, the wind whistling through his threadbare coat. No one who

knows him dares employ him, for his is a regular firebrand of discontent. He is impervious to reason, and the only thing that can impress him is the toe of a thick-soled Number Nine boot.

Of course, I know that one so morally deformed is no less to be pitied than a physical cripple; but in our pitying let us drop a tear, too, for the men who are striving to carry on a great enterprise, whose working hours are not limited by

the whistle, and whose hair is fast turning white through the struggle to hold in line dowdy indifference, slipshod imbecility, and the heartless ingratitude which, but for their enterprise, would be both hungry and homeless.

Have I put the matter too strongly? Possibly I have; but when all the world has gone a-slumming I wish to speak a word of sympathy for the man who succeeds—the man who, against great odds, has directed the efforts of others, and having succeeded, finds there's nothing in it" nothing but bare board and clothes. I have carried a dinner-pail and worked for day's wages, and I have also been an employer of labor, and I know there is something to be said on both sides. There is no excellence, per se, in poverty; rags are no recommendation; and all employers are not rapacious and high-handed, any more than all poor men are virtuous. My heart goes out to the man who does his work when the "boss" is away, as well as when he is at home. And the man who, when given a letter for Garcia, quietly takes the missive, without asking any idiotic questions, and with no lurking intention of chucking it into the nearest sewer, or of doing aught else but deliver it, never gets "laid off," nor has to go on a strike for higher wages. Civilization is one long, anxious search for just such individuals. Anything such a man

asks shall be granted. He is wanted in every city, town and village—in every office, shop, store and factory. The world cries out for such; he is needed and needed badly—the man who can

CARRY A MESSAGE TO GARCIA

## Apologia

*This literary trifle, A Message to Garcia, was written one evening after supper, in a single hour. It was on the Twenty-second of February, Eighteen Hundred Ninety-nine, Washington's Birthday, and we were just going to press with the March Phillistine. The thing leaped hot from my heart, written after a trying day, when I had been endeavoring to train some rather delinquent villagers to abjure the comatose state and get radioactive.*

*The immediate suggestion, however, came from a little argument over the teacups, when my boy Bert suggested that Rowan was the real hero of the Cuban War. Rowan had gone alone and done the thing—carried the message to Garcia.*

*It came to me like a flash! Yes, the boy is right, the hero is the man who does his work—who carries the message to Garcia.*

*I got up from the table, and wrote A Message to Garcia. I thought so little of it that we ran it in the Magazine without a heading. The edition went out, and soon orders began to come for extra copies of the March Phillistine, a dozen, fifty, a hundred; and when the American News Company ordered a thousand, I asked one of my helpers which article it was that had stirred up the cosmic dust. It's the stuff about Garcia," he said. ...*

*...had [it] translated into Russian, and a copy of the booklet given to every railroad employee in Russia.*

*Other countries then took it up, and from Russia it passed into Germany, France, Spain, Turkey, Hindustan and China. During the war between Russia and Japan, every Russian soldier who went to the front was given a copy. ...*

*The Japanese, finding the booklets in possession of the Russian prisoners, concluded that it must be a good thing, and accordingly translated it into Japanese. ...*

*Over forty million copies of A Message to Garcia have been printed. This is said to be a larger circulation than any other literary venture has ever attained during the lifetime of the author, in all history—thanks to a series of lucky accidents.*

E.H.  
East Aurora,  
December 1, 1913



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## ❖ *The Four Dual Basic Urges*

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| LEVEL                                 | GAIN  | ESCAPE  |
|---------------------------------------|---|---|
| PHYSICAL                              | <i>Comfort,<br/>Pleasure</i>                          | <i>Pain,<br/>Discomfort</i>                         |
| MENTAL                                | <i>Attention</i>                                      | <i>Being Ignored;<br/>Rejection</i>                 |
| EMOTIONAL                             | <i>Approval</i>                                       | <i>Disapproval</i>                                  |
| TRANSCENDENTAL<br>(The Urge to Power) | <i>Feeling needed,<br/>Important,<br/>Appreciated</i> | <i>Feeling inferior,<br/>Useless,<br/>Worthless</i> |

*The 4DBUs are not bad or wrong—they are just not the whole purpose of living. They are by-products of living, present for everyone to some degree.*

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## *Check It Out (Continued from Page 6)*

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Actually, we only KNOW what we have experienced. Everything else is presumption, speculation, or theory until we have checked it out. So don't "believe" the Church of Religious Science or the Science of Man... you have been given two different sets of principles, now you can get to Work trying to prove or disprove them and see what remains valid in your *own* experience.

Thanks for writing. ☉

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## *Miracle (Continued from P. 10)*

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So we can see here that the New Man became an Initiator, not by quoting things he learned, not by lording it over anyone, but by letting it all unfold, without contamination, with intent to be a good guest, to contribute to the party.

And P.S. Lest Jesus sound a little rude to his mom... I read once a very interesting article on this passage, written by a modern translator. He insisted that the designation "woman" in speech was equivalent at the time to "madam," and made a very good case for its being quite proper and respectful. I kind of prefer that interpretation and would be surprised if it were not accurate. ☉

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## *War, Brutality, Victims (Continued From Page 15)*

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consciously reporting that he is in danger, that Mama and Daddy are sticking up for their rights at the whole family's expense, things *will* change in that family. But little ones want to believe, they want to please, they want to be comfortable now, their fear of punishment prevents a conscious look at what's going on, and letting Mama and Daddy take care of things is much, much easier, if not, obviously, safer.

These are some weighty things stated here... for the most part, we have not had opportunities to check them out to this degree, but if we ask for it, if we carefully examine

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## *Discovering Femininity (Cont'd fr. P. 13)*

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One in particular has touched my heart... she smiles and says, "Hi, honey, oh, you're so pretty" in the most loving voice, with an angelic face, and I know was some very, very lucky children's' mother and grandmother. I feel like the most cherished child in the world with her, though she doesn't even know who I am, nor remembers me the next day. The staff tells me she never complains.

These people have seen me dozens of times and never recognize me. But I recognize each of them. Each is a different attribute of, or lie told to, a long-gone Awareness function of Life. It has all boiled down to this, the favorite tape playing over and over. So we want to be ever-expanding Awareness, developing, adding attributes, and yes, even tapes, if need be, indulging in feather boas as well as computer lessons, growing, evolving, performing and transforming for Life.

There is nothing to fear, dear one, nothing. Whenever that little liar pops up, remember what you are: beloved of Life, Its soul, container, channel of Its love. Love your lover back by unfolding all that you can be, all of it, and you "two" will create a new Self. If you have discovered a fraudulent self, wonderful. Better discovered than running the show in our name while we are unaware. And this "self" is not something that you have to kill, or even get rid of. Just see it for what it is, a reaction to an incredible amount of propaganda, a reaction to the false belief that the brain is the self and the body a burden, a reaction to the 4DBUS as the purpose of living. It is not completely worthless, either. Some of it is unconscious roles played, some played quite well—make them conscious and you don't even have to change them much. It's all in how you see it. Just see differently (and you are), and things change, we change, we grow and suffer and bloom and love and *that is Life!*

Thank you. ☉

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### *Letter Published in the L.A. Times*

*"Regarding your recent article about smoking being the cause of almost any and all fatal diseases, maybe the medical and health professionals could tell us what non-smokers die from—or do they? M.S. San Clemente"*

decisions we made from as far back as we can remember, identify the purpose of the decisions made, we can get a clearer picture of what is going on.

Where there is chaos, there is inaccurate purpose and incorrect reporting. The thrill-seekers are reporting inaccurately, because gaining sensation is *not* the purpose for the existence of human life on Earth. It is a by-product. What we witness in Bosnia is a mirror of what is inside everyone with the purpose to be undisturbed—it's just a matter of degree. ☉



## Bulletin Board

### Study Groups❖

Lyn in Salt Lake City writes that she is happy to host Science of Man classes. Let me know if you are interested, I will put you in touch with her.

Also an ongoing group in New Smyrna Beach, Florida which welcomes newcomers.

Another group now forming in Allentown, Pennsylvania (Philadelphia area).

### Memo to YOU❖

Dozens of people have told me they really enjoy reading others' remarks. Well, they enjoy reading yours, too! Please continue to send them in. The volume dropped considerably after the postage-paid postcards were used. So I've enclosed postcards again (without the 19¢ bribe) in hopes of stimulating those of you who said they like this, to participate.

### Request❖

To those of you over, say, 65. I am very interested in the phenomenon of "nursing homes" where, for the most part, senile people are cared for extremely well (in my experience), yet seemingly "stored away." There are seldom any visitors; of course, no one enjoys watching senility, and the easy out is the knowledge that the "resident" won't have remembered your visit, anyway, if, indeed, he or she even remembers who you are when you do show up. It's my presumption that these places are a recent development, say in the last generation? My request is to know more about how these situations were handled in the past, when your grandparents or neighbors approached their eighties and nineties. If you know something about this and would care to, I would appreciate a call or letter with the facts, and your opinion is welcome as well, for that matter. Thank you!

### Compuserve Address❖

All other E-Mail send to [REDACTED]

**HARMONYWORKSHOP@EARTHLINK.NET**

From Cydnie and her new =-". "-=

@}—;,—

(Hint: turn it 90° clockwise)

### New Rhondell Editions Ready❖

After many extra months of the usual resistance (including the backwards binding of *Headlines*), new editions of *Headlines*, *Notes on Personal Integration and Health*, and *The Place of Language in the Teaching* are available at \$15 each, plus 8.25% sales tax only if shipped within California, and \$2.90 postage for one, two, or three books. Four or more, postage \$4.95, unless total order is over \$100, in which case we pay the postage. These are the same books we have always sold, except that they newly formatted, with matching covers, all the same size (about 5" x 8"), and now look like the real books that they are.

Bumper sticker seen in L.A.:

"I have PMS, and a handgun.  
Any questions?"

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