

The Light Is Yours

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FARE THEE WELL CONTRADICTION

adapted by
John Philbert ***

J=96

Fare thee well con-tra-dic-tion, Fare thee well for a- while,
You can lose your e-go with a scream or a smile; and
when the suf-frings ov-er and our e- gos are gone, we'll be
Known in the mor-tal world as pa-ra-mang(a)-pa - dam —
pa-ra-mang(a)-pa - dam pa-ra-mang(a)-pa - dam.

HAPPY
NEW
YEAR

Fare thee well Enniskillen, fare thee well for awhile;
And all around the borders of Eire's green isle;
And when the war is over we'll return in full bloom,
And you'll all welcome home the Enniskillen Dragoons.

Well the human forms were ready at the dawning of the day;
From a critical existence he was taking us away;
We got into contradiction when we reached the vital plane,
And any one that met us might have thought we were insane.

Well, we fought like hell for freedom, but we never seemed
to win.

We were tempted and tormented by the seven deadly sins.
With egos dying everywhere amid the battle throng,
And as we surrendered we began to hear this song:

(chorus)

Well, now, heaven is a gallant place where the love
and truth flow free.

There's goddesses and babies there to dandle on your knee;
And almost every evening you can hear the heaven's ring;
When every mental being opens up his heart to sing:

(chorus)

And now the battle's over, and for home we have set sail.
Our flag upon the lofty ship is fluttering in the gale.
When I return to earth again I'd like to be a king,
But if I lose my heart or mind, I'll just begin to sing:

(chorus)

*** Fare Thee Well Contradiction is adapted from an
old song Fare thee well Enniskillen about a group
of mercenaries from Enniskillen, Eire, who fought
in Spain long ago.

John Philbert translates to French with best wishes:

Au Revoir, contradictions, au revoir pour quelques temps;
Tu peux perdre ton égo avec un cri ou un chant;
Quand nos souffrances s'ront terminées et nos égos envolés,
Nous s'ront connus dans le monde sous le nom des libérés —
Liberté! Egalité! Fraternité!

(R. Bernet)

(Paramang Padam is the Supreme Status of Mental Being!)



editorial

Americans receive alot of media communications which affect their conceptions of what is going on in the world and even mold their attitudes toward life in general. There is so much bad news in the daily headlines that sometimes it is hard not to become depressed.

One person who hardly appears on the front pages of the papers is God. He is usually tucked away in a religion column where he is invoked within the strictures of a particular church or sect as a tenet of the faith. People think that he, like Santa Claus, is a myth, or at best a remote, inexplicable entity lauded in churches, who children are encouraged to believe in so that at least their early years may be spent in this happy illusion.

The truth is that God exists, not only beyond the time and space of this terrestrial creation, but within every atom of the existence, which cohere into forms by the power of his limitless Imagination. Without Him, there is no reason for living -- and every excuse for those commonplace little lies which people use to secure the objects, whether material or vital, and the achievements which support their egos. More concerned with their own individual successes than with the over-all eternal plan, they become involved in the desires of the moment, and ready to bicker and to fight for the desired outcome. So the purpose, and the pleasures, of creation which are all provided for the enjoyment of all creatures, are lost in the battle of competing interests. Instead of Heaven on earth, we find ourselves in a world of hostility, apprehension and radioactivity which threatens its own self-destruction. From such a condition, the only way out is to turn to God, and become like Him.

The truth is, the Light is Yours. God is a feeling, and who feels him comes in touch with the highest source of energy and power, which is love. We write to share the positive expressions of our progressive evolution as a Family held together by a shared aspiration for divine life on this planet. We are aware that many others throughout the world are experiencing the same reawakening; we write to communicate ourselves to them. We have been graced with Knowledge, a gift which thrives and grows only as it is shared. Santa Claus does exist as the loving spirit of the heart, which always works to make the world a happy place for children. His cherry-cheeked image is a reminder of the twinkle in our Father's eye. We like to see that twinkle reflected in each other's smiles, and pray that soon, in the not-too-distant future, that aura will embrace the world.

BOM SHANKAR BHOLENATH & A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS!
from the Staff of The Light is Yours

S.H.



660 Waller Street
San Francisco, California
December 21, 1978

Dear Mr. President,

Watching the news on T.V. is very depressing. Thinking of the world as one, in love, harmony and peace, is the only way to resolve those problems and differences issued from the darkness that has been covering more and more the beauty of the Creation. I thank you and admire you for the immense efforts you have been giving to the vision of a world in peace. From your words, the world knows your work comes from the inspiration of God.

May God bless you and help you into this coming New Year. Please, accept my love and sincere respect for you and your wife, Rosalynn.

Francoise Fiorentino

We would like to express our gratitude and support to our bank, Wells Fargo, for helping to show the way to enlightened consciousness in business by giving their substantial tax rebate back to the community in the form of grants for needed services. Richard Cooley, President of Wells Fargo, appeared on the Ten O'clock news this month, and stated that the bank had given the unexpected funds back to the community because the success of Wells Fargo depends upon the prosperity of the community.

It makes sense to us, and we are glad to have our Foundation accounts in the care of such sound intelligence!

Dear Governor Brown,

Having voted for another four years of your stewardship as governor of California, the prolonged rumors of your presidential aspirations are especially disappointing.

It is not that running off to Washington will stop what is emerging here in California as a wholly new constituency, it is, rather, the loss of a governor who has given every indication of being a man capable of the synthesis necessary to co-ordinate and sustain the rich diversity of this new constituency that is unique to California.

From the so-called "new age pioneers", who have spent the last ten years making friends with 2nd, 3rd, and 4th generation ranchers, farmers, loggers and small local communities throughout California, to the city and suburban issues of water supply, electrical power, sewage treatment, growth control and fuel for energy, all merge in a new constituency that, in addition, recently overwhelmingly voted for a stable economy.

Now, with Presidential ambitions all over the airwaves and your possible abandonment of the very people who give you your appeal, I would like a very clear and firm commitment of your allegiance to the office you hold.

Just as you backed off from the peripheral canal, encouraged a Japanese automobile industry to settle in California, and have stayed low key on nuclear energy, so have I interpreted these postures to be the product of political expediency not, necessarily, your own personal feeling. Now I have some doubts.

I was happy you dropped the peripheral canal. It was critically dangerous to one of the most beautifully balanced watersheds on the planet.

The invitation to the Japanese I saw in the context of the Pacific Rim, and the natural relationship that might evolve among the people sharing the Pacific Basin. In that context, it is unfortunate that the economics are corporate; a certainly doomed organization of economy, that the products yet again require fossil fuels and that one of the primary justifications is employment. We need meaningful, long range regional employment, not short term corporate jobs.

Just as I feel sure you understand everything I'm writing about, I feel sure you are fully informed of the deathly dangers of nuclear energy. Putting aside radiation exposure, a core melt down and sabotage, do you know of any civilization that left to generations 250,000 years in the future a legacy of buried poisons that will kill, deform, mutate and make sick all forms of biological life? I do not intend to spread apprehension, but simply state the facts.

I want a governor who is candid. I want a governor who plans to devote four years of service to California. That is what I voted for.

As California goes, so goes the nation. If you think the nation needs a new styled chairman of the board by all means run for President. But if you think the nation needs a new program, a whole new orientation of our relationship to Earth and Time, then stay here in California for your full term of office, be known as a man of your word and help guide and meld this new constituency into a united consciousness that loves the land, respects nature and honors God. Then, perhaps in 1984, you will have something real and substantial to offer the American People as President of the United States.

Sincerely,

Ronald E. Thelin

THE LIGHT IS YOURS

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Publisher : John Morton
Editor : E. Stephanie Hiller
Assistant Editor : Hal Kuchins
Staff Writers : Richard Fiorentino, Victor Hamilton, Hal Kuchins, Hari Meyers, Richard Meyers, Diana Alice Young.
Art: Ramendra Karmakar
Rita Ficus



~ 3 ~

"The Red House"
175 Resaca
Forest Knolls, Ca.

President Jimmy Carter
The White House
Washington, D.C.

Dear Mr. President,

I was stationed on Taiwan as an enlisted man in the Signal Corp of the United States Army from Nov. of 1953 to Jan. of 1961 with the Military Assistance Advisory Group, commonly known as MAAG. While there I studied Mandarin Chinese and learned to converse with a least some degree of social fluency.

I made many friends among the indigenous people and was even best man at the weddings of two of the men who worked as mechanics in the Signal Corp compound where we serviced and repaired generators. I was regularly invited to the home of a Chinese family whom I came to know and love.

All these memories have come back to me since your announcement to sever ties with Taiwan and give full diplomatic recognition to the People's Republic of China. That we should have normal relations with China I am in complete agreement. But that we should betray, without reason, the very principle that this nation was founded upon and that should be the fulcrum of our foreign policy, namely self-determination, for nothing more than a new market place, is cause for very serious questions about American purpose in international affairs.

Taiwan and the Taiwanese people are as qualified for independence as a sovereign Nation as any people on earth. It is a large island, old and complete unto itself. Everyone in Taiwan or anyone who has been there can tell you about the Taiwanese aboriginals. Millions of Taiwanese claim and have always claimed their own history, a story as meaningful and unique as any nation in today's international community. Millions of Taiwanese still speak Japanese and remember not unfavorably the Japanese occupation of Taiwan before the Nationalist came in 1943.

It is here, in our support of Kai Shek, the Nationalists, and the Kuo Ming Tang, that our present betrayal of Taiwan can find its cause. Because of the hysteria about communism that emerged after World War Two, we supported the Nationalists, and therefore, necessarily, their ambitious claim to re-take the mainland. We can no longer support that claim, but we do not have to sell out Taiwan to demonstrate it. Nor do we have to give Taiwan to mainland China to achieve lasting, peaceful and normal relations with the People's Republic.

We must simply propose to the government of Taiwan that the issue of the current democratic elections, temporarily suspended, must be whether Taiwan should become a free and sovereign nation, relinquishing all claims to the off-shore islands of Quemoy and Matsu and any ambition to make war with the People's Republic in an attempt to re-take the mainland.

Such a resolution of the will of the people of Taiwan we can respect and defend, and the People's Republic can accept. If they cannot accept these terms, they do not understand freedom and the American commitment to human rights. It would be better, then, if we just continued our present economic and cultural ties without formal diplomatic recognition.

I have sent courtesy copies of this letter to every elected official that is charged to represent me because I realize how difficult it is for a citizen to reach the President and I feel very strongly that you have failed to adopt the proper procedure for realizing long-lasting normal relations with China. Hopefully, some of my representatives agree with me and will act to support a free and sovereign Taiwan as a condition of our diplomatic recognition of The People's Republic of China.

The means does not justify the end. The means describe the end. It is not too late to save your credibility as leader of the Free World. I beseech you, Mr. President: extend the January 1st deadline for formalization of our relations with China until the people of America, their representatives, and our model allies, the Taiwanese, have been heard.

Sincerely,
Ron Thelin

cc: Sen. Alan Cranston, Sen. S.I. Hayakawa, Rep. John L. Burton, Gov. Jerry Brown, Sen. Barry Keene, Assemblyman William J. Filante, Supervisor Gary Giacomini, Kai Yu Hsu

[Editor's note: As Americans, we elect our president to guide our ship of state safely through the tempestuous waters of the socio-political seas. It is a difficult task, and he certainly needs all the help he can get. Yet, he will never get enough help if he cannot or does not listen to his crew. Collectively, they are the source of his strength. Ron's letter (left) brings up some very important points, and should be heard. Daryl's letter (below), shows a lot of human potential that is being wasted in an institution that does little to administrate justice or rehabilitate those who have momentarily erred. Before America can use her power, be it military or economic, her leaders had best be sure that they are respecting the feelings and intelligence of all her people, for that is what nas-- and will continue-- to make her great. If people in this country feel that their minds or hearts are being ignored, then something is surely lacking in your administration, Mr. President. If a king or a president ignores his people, it is as if a father were ignoring his children. No one expects you to be in all places at all times, but you have a staff to administrate for you, and they must be of the highest caliber. That is what we, the people, expect and deserve. Good luck! And may God be with you.]

J.M.

♡ ❁ ♡ ♡ ❁ ♡ ❁ ♡ ❁

STRAIGHT FROM THE HEART TO YOU

Have a problem that needs solving?
Need some help in evolving?
Write to me, straight from the heart, and
maybe we'll find the way to start

This column will be appearing monthly henceforth;
anyone wishing to contribute letters may write to:
"Straight From The Heart," c/o The Light Is Yours.



November 14, 1978

Father --

I am a prisoner at McNeil Island my name is Daryl, I am 29 years old.

A friend of ours, Bob Staudmier, let me read "The Light Is Yours" Newsletter. I want to say, "Very High!" Father, I asked him for your address to write, for some info about the path your teaching the children of the Family. I've been studying different spiritual paths towards God Self. There's so many things I've no understanding towards enlightenment. What I am saying, from what I was told in my childhood days, and what I see now.

I'd like very much to correspond with some of the Ladies, matter of fact anyone that can help me learn the path to God!

I've two beautiful children out there that I'll have when I do get out of prison to take care of. And I do realize there is Truth Consciousness. Any help you may give will be used to my fullest. Thank you.

Love and God Bless all of you!

Daryl

P.S. Father I am in the hole for something they say I did. I didn't do anything do anything to break there rules and Now they're using that excuse to transfer me from my children even further away. They're in California. I am hear now - maybe transferring to Englewood Colo. Pray with me on this matter for I was to see my children for the first time in two long years, at X Mass.

Thank you again!

Dear Daryl,

Thank you for your letter, a perfect opportunity for me to launch my new column and to try to answer some of the questions you and many others have asked.

I feel anyone who seeks Knowledge and understanding is already on the path to God. What we are doing as a group is simply beginning to create a peaceful, happy, stable family with God as our guide, and communication the one natural requirement. Coming from a world of confusion, we must all go through changes that are not always easy or pleasant, but understanding and peace of mind come when we share our feelings with one another. Father said, to change the world you must change yourself first and that is what is happening in reality. You are in prison, and I've got my problems, but with aspiration and ability to relate we will become happy and strong and able to take part in the creation of a world suitable for harmonious existence for all. That is our purpose. So go with the flow and communicate straight from the heart and you will know God as he knows you.

♡ ♡
Judy Pixley ❁



IN THE GARDENS OF ALLAH

I have always been lured to the Gardens of Allah. This summer, this enchantment pulled me to southern Spain to visit the two most elegant shrines of Moslem art in the Western hemisphere, the Alhambra Palace at Granada and the Alcazar with its gardens in Sevilla. Even more intricate and awesome than the Moghul Taj Mahal are these monuments to the presence of Islam in Europe. It must have been disconcerting for the Knight of the Crusades ridding the Holy Land of Mohammed's infidels to discover that his Muslim enemy was the product of an infinitely richer civilization than any in Western Christendom. No people contributed more to preserve and disseminate knowledge in the Middle Ages than did the Muslims. The key was the ability of Islam (which means "submission to God") to synthesize the best of other cultures. From the Jews Muhammed absorbed much of his monotheistic doctrine which is compiled in the holy book of ethical teachings, the Koran. The Prophet, inspired by the voice of God, united the nomadic tribes of Arabia under the banner of a new religion which extended itself, within a hundred years, from Spain across North Africa and western Asia to Turkestan and India. Moslem scholars burning with a thirst for knowledge developed and pioneered advances in philosophy, mathematics, geography, history, science and medicine. They fertilized the roots of Indian, Greek and Persian learning. Preserving its unity of thought by using Arabic as the sole medium of expression, a revival of classical knowledge was encouraged, building the bridge over which the Renaissance entered the West.

Why then did Moslem civilization not retain its supremacy? Stagnation and degeneration are symptomatic of the demise of every Golden Age. Greed and intolerance came with the influx of barbarous people during the Middle Ages. Moslem law became static and oppressive, resulting from too rigid an interpretation of the Koran while corrupt and despotic rulers, like those of

the Ottoman dynasty in Turkey destroyed the evolution of the theocratic state. Under the pressures of contradictions manifested the present riddle of the Arab nature.

To experience this phenomenon I went further south to Morocco. There in the atmosphere of mosques, mint tea and hustlers, I re-entered after ten years the same intriguing network of games. Moroccans are lovers of games that invite the foreigner's curiosity while excluding his membership. Every situation demands playful bartering whether for hashish, hotels, crafts or friendship. Prices are never fixed, rules are always spontaneous. To suspect and concede defeat is the usual traveler's response. This surrender always disappoints Moroccans for they view doubt and self-questioning as a Christian weakness, our modern crown of thorns. Their rigidity of belief, a limitation almost mathematical, admits no shades or half-tones. They know only truth and untruth, belief and unbelief, without our hesitating concern for subtlety. They are a certain often harsh people whose thoughts thrive on extremes, excluding compromise, enjoying praise and teasing equally. Moroccans are both extremely hospitable and volatile, often oblivious of the incongruities of their opposed inclinations.

Whether beguiled by their cunning, bewildered in the mazes of their medinas or entranced by the veils and charms of their culture, one is always aware of the one sincere constant sound which transcends all ambiguities. That is the call to prayer from the minaret when Moslems turn their faces toward Mecca, birthplace of their prophet, and declare over and over again, and five times each day: La ila Alla-wa Muhammed-ar-rasul Allah (There is one God, Allah, and Mohammed is his messenger and prophet.) God is at the center of their world and the unique brotherhood of faith is proof of His will on earth.

—Rich Meyers

RAMAYANA: Theater of Worship

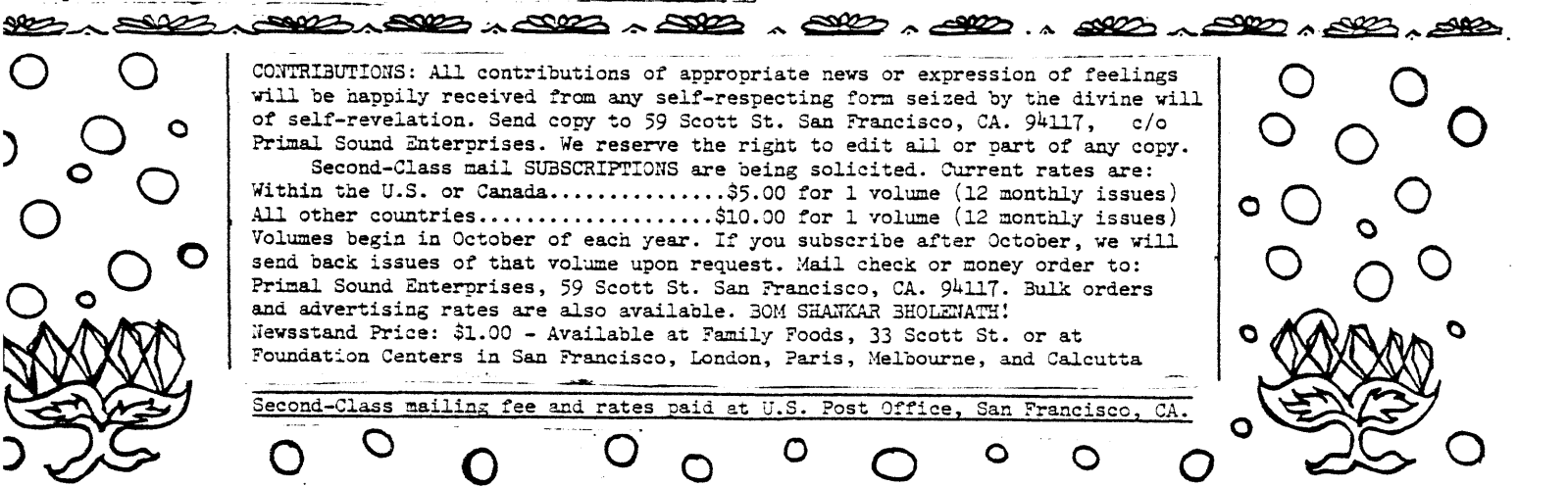
"Rama-Rama-Rama-Rama-Sita-Sitaram." Most of the audience as well as all of the performers were swaying and singing at the conclusion of the Hanuman Institute's yearly presentation of the "Ramayana". Regina and I had seen the same show four years before when they first brought this music, dance and dramatic offering to the Bay Area. At that time the Family's own "Dance of Durga" was fresh in our minds and hearts and we were struck by an essential similarity in the two productions: they, like us, believed in the gods and goddesses whose stories they sang and danced, and that marvellous miracle not only made up for any lack of professionalism in the production but, even more, turned the evening into something greater than theatre -- puja in fact. Yes, I concluded, theatre everywhere begins as a form of worship. The Greeks enacted their mythic origins and the chorus commented on the destiny and duties of man; the miracle and morality plays of Britain grew out of church ritual; and God alone knows how long Valmiki's tale of devotion and fidelity has been sung, danced enacted, spoken and read since its pre-historic occurrence in Treta Yuga.

Seated to our right this time was a tiny marshmallow of an Indian guru with a cotton-candy beard. In his party and seated next to me was a distinguished-looking elderly gentleman, definitely the "kaka-ji" or affectionate-uncle type. Upon the entrance of the monkey hero, this gentleman exclaimed loudly, "Hanuman!" His face was aglow with pleasure and child-like delight. How many times, I wondered, has this man seen and heard this story? All his life, no doubt -- and he is still thrilled whenever Hanuman appears! That is the secret significance of divine storytelling, I realized, that one never tires of the subjects, heroes or actions. In fact, excitement increases with repetition.

Next I ruminated upon Yogamaya's vast and awesome web, marvelled that this ancient tale of Bharat should suddenly, within our generation, reveal so much meaning to the West. All these actors were Americans, the children of materialism, and the quality of bhakti they displayed would shame many an Eastern pundit. I remembered the first time I had wept at hearing Ram's name. It was in Benares in January of 1968. I had already experienced a deep *deja-vu* as I first beheld the River Ganga. Then I saw and heard an elegantly dressed gentleman reciting the "Ramayana". He strutted up and down the ghat steps, twirling a silver mace-like object with red frills upon it. I can still see him with his tight-drawn features and his large shining teeth. I was somewhat surprised to find that at the mention of Ram's name large tears were flowing down my face. This was before I consciously knew that I was a devotee of Vishnu. I am hardly surprised nowadays to find myself weeping at the mention of any of God's multitudinous names. What did surprise me during this performance was that nearly everyone else was weeping as well.

Ramakrishna once said that the man who weeps at the mere mention of Ram's name is fortunate indeed, for he has exceeded the austerities and surpassed the need of many scriptural precepts. I believe that, and I thank God for having implanted this seed of devotion in me, and I thank the Hanuman Institute for sharing their rich harvest of devotion, for truly we were ecstatic, Regina and I, as we joined the others in a heartfelt "Rama-Rama-Rama-Rama-Sita-Sitaram."

—Hari



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TWO VIEWS ON THE PEOPLE'S TEMPLE

*If killing of the bodies and twisting of arms could
rectify knowledge, then wars through generations
would have made men perfect.*

Father, 10-3-6

The Dance of Siva

*Power hardly becomes oppressive. It's incapacity
which wants to maintain its ego by oppressing
others. Power is always a service.*

Father

When we were hippies, we rejected power because it seemed to be almost the same as oppression. We wanted to get high and be peaceful. We associated power with ego and destruction, because that is what we saw in so many of the world's so-called leaders. So father talked alot about power, and showed us that the power of God is the greatest power, which never hurts anybody, because it is love.

Last month the world witnessed the demise of the People's Temple. Its leader, Jim Jones, used techniques of coercion that remind us of Hitler. Both men appeared on this planet as embodiments of demonic power and did their dark work under the eyes of governments too oblivious or complacent to notice the danger in time to prevent it. But unlike Hitler, Jones did his work in the name of God. He saw the suffering in the world and created his totalitarian community as a haven from it. Perhaps this isolation, and the apprehension it was based on, caused the madness which destroyed the cult. The search for goodness in an alarming world turned into the worship of death and produced its logical conclusion. That self-destruction demonstrates the falseness of an idea which many religions imply -- that death is the way to God.

A few short weeks after the gruesome Jonestown suicide, a paperback book is already on sale at Safeway, detailing again the sad story of this unfortunate group. Such is the nature of our profit-seeking society, run by job-seeking politicians, which delivers people desperate for love and happiness into the arms of men like Jim Jones. His brief career, and his effect on the hundreds of Americans who were misled by him, is but another by-product of the prevailing ignorance of a world so preoccupied by money and ruled by hostility that it maintains nuclear warheads capable of destroying the planet. Numerous political leaders, including the late George Moscone, as well as radical opponents of "the Establishment" like Mark Lane and Charles Garry, were aware of the People's Temple and even received Jones' political and financial support. None of them paused to take a closer look at the monster they unwittingly protected. But truth was victorious in the end. Through the courage and dedication of Congressman Leo Ryan, the cult was destroyed. He is the only hero in the story, the rare man whose dedication to the safety of the people matches that of the fictional heroes we see all the time on TV but seldom in the pages of our newspapers. God will reward him, even though he died, even if men too absorbed by the horror neglect to praise him.

The story of Jim Jones is like an allegory of our time. It warns all men to wake up and realize God within themselves so that the planet may be set free from

the tyranny of lies perpetrated by egotists and power-mongers. We live now in the period of Revelations. In the midst of chaos and darkness, God is revealing his true nature, and distinguishing himself from all the false prophets and money-seeking gurus who rise to power in His name. God is not like Jim Jones. He is not on a power-trip, nor on a money-trip; certainly He is not on a death-trip. His way is the way of life, immortal life; it begins with self-respect. He appears in human form as the service of love, graceful and harmless in all his actions, free of desire and one with eternal existence; such a being brings happiness to all who love him. He does not put himself above the people who serve him, and he does not tell them what to do. He never asks for anything because he is one with everything. And he never freaks out, because he is omnipotent and completely truthful; he lives in the kingdom of eternal bliss.

In this light, it is reassuring that Jones is dead, and that the poor souls who took him as their leader have also died. There is no blame for anyone. Death is not the end -- there is no end. But the death of an ignorant form is the end of the limitations it labors under, and the occasion for release to a higher becoming. With this implosion of the negative energy, the planet is relieved of burdensome paranoid vibrations which were embodied in that institution and in those forms. The destruction of the false temple is a confirmation of the truth of scripture and of all that father has told us: In the presence of Siva, who is Consciousness, all ignorance is burned down; darkness is dispelled by that fire, and the light preserves only what is loving and god-like. It does not happen all at once but over a period of time. The process we now experience is the transition, the movement of evolution toward divinity. All that's false must disappear.

Now more and more people are awakening to truth, and as they become transformed into loving beings, the power of the demon asura is growing weaker. But we still observe his evil-doing at work in the world. To conquer him, we must unite and work to spread the light of a truthful existence throughout the world. We can only serve by first becoming divine in all we say and do. That is the work of The Foundation of Revelation, and it is spreading out to embrace all who sincerely aspire for truth. God is here. As Siva, he dances the dance of creative destruction on the world of ignorance, burning down the lies of self-seeking egos and creating space for the evolution of a New World, the New Atlantis, which is only just emerging out of the sea of darkness: the Heaven to come shall be on earth.

--Eleanor Stephanie Hiller

Goodness Gone Awry

The recent tragedies in Guyana and San Francisco shook the consciousness of the American people. How could such things happen, and why? Everything in God's creation has a purpose. Our witness to the destructive emotions displayed by Jim Jones and Dan White, and the abrupt end to so many lives forces us to remember self respect, love and understanding, and the interdependence of all forms on this planet. God shows us through time the drama of truth lighting up a world of ignorance.

For centuries people have reacted to the eruption of deadly emotions in their fellow human forms by standing back and pointing a finger at the fatal fault. This fault or evil becomes the cause and seems to alleviate the horror and pain of the effect. However, understanding through judgment is only superficial. True knowledge begins in the heart; the vital response to a situation activates the mind to ponder and reflect without judging.

The media was having a rather easy time writing off Jim Jones as an egotistical religious fanatic although the large numbers of apparently good people who

had fallen into his trance was a real puzzle. Then came Dan White who could not be judged as a wierd or abnormal personality. He was the essence of upright, clean-living, pure American manhood. The puzzle emerged again, uncomfortably close to home.

The deadly emotions of fear, anger and desire have become commonplace in the world of ignorance, so much so that we are counseled routinely in various methods of coping with or controlling them. In the world of knowledge, which is only just emerging, man learns through yoga, union with God, to remove desire which spawns fear and anger, to live completely within God's will. What happened in Jonestown, Guyana will not be quickly forgotten. There is much more to be revealed about what all those people were doing there in the first place and much more to be understood about what went wrong.

Jim Jones started out as a good man with a powerful faith and spirit to reveal the word of God. He had a great love for people and a charisma which involved healing. When I first heard of him eight years ago he was being likened to Jesus Christ. He did good works

and inspired his listeners to join together to create heaven on earth. When four of his followers visited the Foundation of Revelation office five years ago, I was impressed with their devotion to truth and their strong aspiration for human perfection. (It is interesting that Jim Jones waited for them in a car outside and would not come in himself.) I followed their progress through THE PEOPLE'S FORUM, a newspaper they put out every few months and distributed on certain streets in San Francisco. I always found my copies lying on the sidewalk on Divisadero Street. I also read the reports in the Chronicle and Examiner about the faked healings and the excessive demands on Temple members with all the gory details, but my impression was that the journalists were, as usual, snatching at the sensational before getting a complete picture. I felt that the idea of the Guyana settlement was a good one -- taking people who couldn't cope with urban existence and showing them what they could create in a completely natural setting. Something went wrong in Jim Jones. He lost touch with God. He must have had a very strong link with the creative faculty to have inspired so many people; but when he became God to his followers, he absorbed the link into himself and was left with only a puny personal ego to shoulder responsibility for a vast creation. Under the pressure of judgment and criticism from intelligent onlookers, he became diseased in mind and body and exploded into the debacle of self destruction that shocked the world.

Dan White was a good man. He had worked as a fireman and as a policeman in San Francisco, and won his seat on the Board of Supervisors by pledging to work for the creation of an atmosphere of law and order in his district and the city at large. When he resigned from his job as a supervisor in mid-November, he drama-

tized a very real problem -- the salary for city supervisors is too low to live on and support a family. This situation requires that supervisors be monied people or that they neglect their supervisory duties by working other jobs, taking bribes or profiting from their position to make protected investments. Dan White was under pressure. He had invested in a hot dog concession at the City's new Pier 39 and was under attack for conflict of interest. His previous salaries in Fire and Police Departments had been double what he made as a supervisor and it was difficult to adjust, especially with the added expense of official entertaining. He really wanted to be a supervisor to represent the ideas in which he believed so deeply, and so when his family offered him money, he was ready to get back his place on the Board. He must have felt terribly persecuted and misunderstood when Mayor Moscone refused to reappoint him. Like Jim Jones he was a man who stood apart from God and humanity and was thus unable to bear the pressure of criticism and judgment. Frustrated desire and anger at supposed injustice replaced the strength and wisdom that God provides. He disregarded God and murdered the two men he felt were persecuting him. George Moscone and Harvey Milk were both gifted with a sense of humor which made them well-liked among their associates. Humor helps relieve the incredible pressure of constant problem-solving for a whole city, but what is actually needed in City Hall is self-respect, love and understanding. The social order which politicians are working feverishly to maintain reflects the chaos and inertia in the hearts and minds of the populous. All men need to get in touch with God and stay attuned. When we are filled with God and under his protection, there will be not a single tear in any eye.

—Diana Alice Young

from THE MYSTIC INTELLIGENCE OF MUSIC

Music is a vibrational mental substance, that radiates in different formations, transmitting para-psychologically in color and light shades, intelligence relating to human progress. The intelligence came through the natural process of the evolutionary musical sounds of nature, that also assisted in the development of the intellectual faculties. As funny as it may seem, without guidance, human existence can become worse than the

activities of animals because of the free will that was given to man; that he loves so much, but cannot control. Musical sounds were placed to assist in the guidance of human existence, back to the source that created all intelligence.

Most of the so-called music that is being played in the world today, came from roots of the Rock-age from the United States of America and is not real music. Music, being the greatest and highest of these forms, requires the experience and knowledge of the different aspects of conquering the various mental stresses that involves the understanding of un-selfish human love in greater and greater volumes. It is only this way, that rich sound inspiration is distributed with patience and time. The so-called music that is being broadcast from the United States of America with its influence of passive sound-ignorance is causing many sicknesses in the international society, ranging from what is know as "Paragnosis" and Egocentrism in the mental sound areas, to sexual impotence in men, due to the gross unintelligent vibrations that are spreading passive static resonance in the international atmosphere; and the physical self to become unsteady with such vibrations.

On the other hand real music carries the power to heal many forms of mental and physical sicknesses and when the air is filled with such beautiful and intelligent sound substance, much more love is seen and felt in society together with more morals and just human actions. We must therefore understand that intelligence is a progressive mystical force of beauty moving to reveal the vast comprehensiveness of itself as glory, vibrating higher grades of knowledge -- Bliss Consciousness, the sum total of pure love.

—Billy Moore (Guyana)



MESSAGE FROM THE OBSOLETE:

Anyone interested in dying: Please contact any disease that you think will kill you.

Ph.D.

Praise the Gods

Many are the gentlemen who
laughingly gravely graciously
expound on a carefully beautiful future
"oh, yes, but of course..."

few are they who believe the words they speak
weaving with unsure tongues; and rare
is the god among mortals
who knows his words to be those
of Him who speaks from eternity.

O praise the gods, sisters of mine!
In the lila of this moment, smile inner smiles
upon sons and loves, gods
of the heavens and earth. Praise them,
that they may save this trembling existence,
from the depths to the radiant high
of a luminous future. Remember, my sisters:
the moment contains all...the seeds of tomorrow
lie in wombs of stillness.
Love the child you bear
for He is the dawn which glows orange
on the silverblue of Horizon. He is the father
who knows, sees and cares
through our hearts and eyes and hands...
YourSelf is the Self of each being.

by Sarada



~ 7 ~

THE PUNDIT'S PAGE

Rumour to the contrary notwithstanding, the Pundit did not think himself to death -- merely into a coma. We understand now that the delirium in which he languished these last months was actually a very illuminating trance, akin to samadhi but, fortunately for us, not of the maha variety. Those of us who administered to the needs of his body, spoon-feeding him curry and overseeing his intravenous diet of diluted dahl, felt confident that the beloved Pundit would return to us with a rich harvest from the fertile fields of his Vedic investigations. We are happy to append here the evidence that such confidence was not in vain. The Pundit, whose faculties of thought, speech and action grow daily stronger in resurrection, has revealed to me the following details and background information: A little over ten years ago, in his pre-Pundit days, it was his good fortune to first hear the powerful chanting of the renowned C. Roy. He attributes all of his subsequent aspiration to be possessed of the glory of Sanskrit mantra to that "chants encounter" (the Pundit's own pun). All these years he has been haunted by the sound and content of C. Roy's now famous performance and has been fired, as a result, with the purpose of identifying, transliterating and translating the individual chants that composed the reverend Sri Roy's repertoire. Our Pundit's felicitous forays into the tangled mysteries of Sanskrit and Vedic lore were anything but orthodox or conventional. With Roy's basso profundo leading him on in inspiration, he eschewed the standard grammars to seek the source aurally. Yet the Pundit knew he would never feel certain that he had captured the true and verifiable mantram until he should behold it in the dancing devanagara script. Partial success of these feverish efforts came during the Pundit's last demanding trance for some of the long-sought chants presented themselves to him "with consummate clarity," (as the Pundit himself so eloquently puts it) "each character emblazoned, as it were, upon the chalkboard of the universal soul." Here then are the results of the Pundit's recent silent sojourn in the realms of Vedic splendour:

ॐ अज्ञानतिमिरंधस्य

मानाञ्जनशुक्ला/
 चक्षुरमीशिता मेन
 तस्मै श्री गुरवे नमः ॥

अस्य शुभमण्डलकम्
 मया मेन चक्षुरम्
 जन्मद्वयवित मेन
 तस्मै श्री गुरवे नमः ॥

गुरुर्ब्रह्म गुरुर्विष्णु
 गुरुदेवो महेश्वरः /
 गुरोव परब्रह्म
 तस्मै श्री गुरवे नमः ॥

ॐ ब्रह्मनन्दं परमसुखदं
 केवलं ज्ञानमूर्तिम् /
 द्वाजितं गगनसाक्षिणम्
 जन्ममसद्विदुष्यम् ॥
 एकं निजं विमलमचलम्
 सर्वधिसाक्षिभूतम् /
 भावाजितं त्रिगुणरहितम्
 सद्गुरुं तं नमामि ॥

om ajñānatimirandhasya	O Wise One who, with the
jñānanjanaśalākayā/	lancet of knowledge, opens
chakshurumilitam yena	the eye of the one in ignorance
tasmai śrī gurave namah//	All my devotion to this guru. (I bow down to him.)
akhaṇḍamaṇḍalakaram	O one who reveals the traces
vyaptam yena characharam	of the Divine Being encircling
tatpadam darśitam yena	and pervading the moving and
tasmai śrī gurave namah//	unmoving: I bow down to this guru.
gururbrahma gururviṣṇu	My guru is Brahma (Creator)
gururdevo maheśvarah/	My guru is Vishnu (Sustainer)
gurureva parambrahma	My guru is the Shining One, the
tasmai śrī gurave namah//	Great Lord. Myguru is certainly the Supreme Brahma: I bow down to this guru
om brahmanandam paramasukhadam	Bliss of Brahman, Supreme
kevalam jñānamūrtim/	Happiness, Wholeness, form of
dvandvātītam gaganasadriśam	Knowledge. Beyond duality, like the Sky
tattvamasyadilakshyam//	Knowing "Thou Art That,"
ekam nityam vimalamachalam	One, Eternal, Pure, Immovable,
sarvadhisakṣibhūtam/	Witness of all, beyond becoming,
bhavatītam triguṇarahitam	free of the three guṇas:
sadgurum tam namāmi//	I bow down to that true guru!

ॐ नमः

DEAR FAMILY

This letter is a response to the letter by Sakti, published in last month's issue.

Nov. 17, 13 S.K.

Dear Sakti,

It was good to hear from you after so long. I was wondering if you had written and we hadn't received your letter. I guess you have been more pressed than usual.

I've been corresponding with an old acquaintance of Father's, B. K. Adhikary in Calcutta. He has a clothing factory and wants us to help him market his goods in America. I've told him we would try to help. From his letters he seems nice and is very prompt in his actions. I've suggested to him that he drop by the Foundation and visit with you and get copies of the newsletter. I'm thinking to send him some designs and see what he can do. I will try to make an appointment to show them to some importers; also Chiranjit might be interested. I need to talk to him.

Chatterjee's two friends did show up here. Carolyn, John and I entertained them all day. We recently had a friend of Pishus stop thru for the day as well. I can't remember his name. Caroline Grey entertained him and he seemed pretty sweet.

Carolyn Slade is doing very well these days, neither fat nor thin, her household is in the best order ever. She stays home and cooks a lot. She takes very good care of Father and gives dinner parties often for people who really need to have parties in their honor. Cherise is one of the best students in our school. Today she left with Corinne to visit the Renaissance Church. Aru is a very tiny cute naughty girl.

Sorry about those money orders. Well now we know. I hope the people in Gorkhara are all right.

We received Maya's letter. What a disaster area India is! It makes me feel so powerless to help. Such an immense mess! Why do people still live on ground that has been prone to flood for thousands of years? India needs so many improvements, it can only be resolved in a lot of time. Surely there has got to be more of a spirit of cooperation among the people and a will to improve things. I really felt that lacking there in most of the people. India isn't at fault, she is just very, very old - the oldest place on the planet. Like the oldest part of a city that is decaying with age and needs to be torn down and rebuilt, India needs to be torn down and rebuilt. The people need to wake up and start looking for their divinely inspired king. They need to give him all the power to make changes necessary to prevent all the present suffering. If we can have peace and prosperity here then it must be possible for you to have it in India.

John just walked in with the newsletters so I guess I'll enclose this letter with newsletters. We will also enclose the demand bank drafts drawn on Bank of America, one from the S.F. Foundation which includes money from France and one from Australia. Together they amount to about 400 dollars. We are in debt here for our groceries. This is due to several people getting off on various tracks and not paying their rent. I wish they would realize that this limits the work of the Foundation.

I send my love to you all there and hope you get thru these times without too much difficulty.

Anna Lynn

Turners Falls, Mass. * Dec. 5, 13th Year * Collins

Dearest divine family,

A warm bom shankar bolenath from my heart. I miss so many people, yet I feel close to you.

My purpose in traveling to the East coast, was to see my brother, however, on the bus ride out here

(con't top right column)

I fell in love with Justin, truly a God. So here I stay at the Renaissance Community. Their lifestyle is very much like ours, yet again it's worlds apart. Here the patriarch system rules, relationships are rocky at times, yet those who have families, hold marriage sacred in the old sense of the word.

Michael, to me, is a pin ball wizard. Many are dedicated to his leadership, and many are just happy to be here, Michael or not. He's young, learning. A lot of the language here leaves something to be desired. Hopefully at one of the frequent meetings I'll have a chance to read Siva Kalpa... People want to know more about us, about Father, and how the manifestation of God came about on this planet. Corrine and I are happy to be here together. It's like having our own Foundation. Philippe and Isvani are coming today. Devi and Charlie soon, and Dea and Lakshmi. So for sure we have the nucleus.

Life here is simple, people are friendly, warm, sharing. Day to day activities vary. A lot of construction is going on. Three new houses, with solar panels. Robin's imagination and Corinne's is to build the FOR a home here. Surely it will happen soon. Spring perhaps.

The Lodge is my temporary place of residence, there I cook, clean or spend the day reading and writing. Sometimes I work at the Noble Feast, the Community's beautiful restaurant. This week I will sing there. There's a rock n' roll band I sing with. They just got together. The choir is on the road, to return soon. There's endless ways to express creative talents here including working in the office, the nursery, music, photography, the silk screen shop, the greeting card studio. Pragmatically and materially it's together. Spiritually, vitally, and mentally, I feel a lot of people longing for inspirational knowledge. Michael sets a lot of rules, like no smoking, or drinking, 3/5 of everyone's weekly income goes to the community. They're still working on a financial system that works. Our 10% plan is relatively perfect in comparison.

My love to all the children and everyone... see you soon.

Eternal Love,

Nancy

Milw., Oregon * November 26, 1978 * Prock

Dear Ones,

With our bodies tired from the drive home, and the excitement of the experience with you, this letter of thanks may be short but the ideas behind the words are massive.

Larry and I wish to express our love. The open arms and generosity of the Family was something to behold, especially for me. Larry told me of the Family's totality, but, words are not nearly as expressive as the actual experience.

So many times to remember, with so many faces and names to learn and remember, and trying to absorb all the different experiences, was mentally exhausting, also, trying to learn more about the Family projects, i.e. the Coop, the school, the newsletter etc... while at the same time, learning the personal lives of the people we came to meet, was enough to overload the mental circuits. Perhaps, if time allows, the ones of you who know how to express the concepts of these projects could send a brief letter to sum up the processes etc... of each of your many working ideas. Too, letters of Family members, with news of their children and items of interest would be welcomed and promptly answered. We have come to know and love you. Me, for the first meeting; Larry, to renew, and experience.

Thank you again. How appropriate to arrive giving thanks. Remain giving thanks, and return to our home giving thanks.

Oregon is a beautiful state and if any of you should journey this way, please come and visit with us. Our doors are open.

Much love to everyone. Bom Shankar!

Larry and Jeri
4629 SE Brookside Dr. #56
Milwaukee, Oregon 97222



~9~

Rochester, N.Y. * Dec. 7, 13 Year * Kase

Dearest Father and Shotsy,
 We all send our love from Rochester. Everyone here is happy, thank you.
 Since my last report there have been many happy times and some changes.
 My main reason for writing is to thank you. Abigail has been doing terrific. She has pulled parts of her life together which were in confusion and she and the children are fine. I am happy to report that before my letter arrived in San Francisco she had already undergone severe changes in her life pattern. B.S.B.
 Gabe and Steve and Chris are well and dedicated sons of truth. Frank and Suzie are also very well and working out their relationship.
 The Kase's seem to do very well. Chris has a fractured nose which has created some changes but we are all lavishing him with love and have no doubt of his ability to learn his lessons well. Everyone in Rochester is happy and we are all working together in love and truth.
 Thank you for your support. We love you.

Bom Shankar Bholenath
 Mary Jane

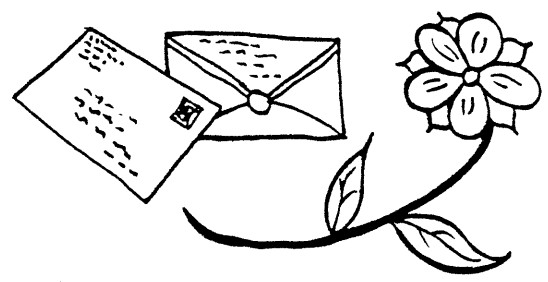
Rochester, N.Y. * Dec 7, 1978 * Kase

Dear Family,
 Bom Shankar Bholenath. How are all of you feeling? I am doing just great.
 School is fine. I am in the school's Jr. Choir. It is very exciting. I enjoy it very much. We will travel to Senior Citizens homes to sing for them. We will also have a show for our school and #30 maybe. My report card was not very good, but I will try hard to get better grades.
 The weather here is cold, but very relaxing and enjoyable. The snow will bring many happy fun times together and also alone.
 B.S.B. Love forever and always,
 Elizabeth Kase (14 yrs. old)

Rochester, N.Y. * Nov. 28, 1978 * Chaffee

Dear Jude,
 Bom Shankar Bholenath from the Rochester Family. Thank you so much for writing. Other than "Light is Yours" we have not heard from anyone in San Francisco.
 We all have been super busy getting ready for winter - first snow was yesterday! Gabe D'Aunnuzio is in Syracuse, N.Y. for three months with his job. The Kase Klan have been working many hours with their job. Consequently, we have been out of touch. Frank and I went to Boston to visit my sister for Thanksgiving and had a very relaxing and enjoyable time.
 Enclosed is our check for this month. With Gabe gone, we are sending less. I sure hope our finances improve after the first of the year. It seems as though we have been sending less and less money. It has to improve.
 Frank and I are hoping to get to SF in the Spring. We both feel a Divine "pull" and feel the need to meet Father and all the "Gods and Goddesses" in SF.
 Do you know if Shotsy got Mary Jane Kase's letter inviting Father here and what they are going to do?
 Jude, please do write again. It is great hearing from other members of our Family.
 Have a great Christmas Holiday.

Much love,
 Susan Chaffee



McNeil Is., Washington * Nov. 21, 1978 * Robert Standmier

Dear Father
 Unconditional love from the I of me, to the I of you! You awakened in me a desire, for no desires. A paradoxical reflection of self. You have given me the insight of the seeker. Father you have set me on the path. How do I explain in words alone the sheer joy, and understanding you have given me. Awareness I find only comes from within looking not to the external, but looking inward to our real self.
 The spirit of you Father has led me from external expectations to inner insight! It seems to be a game of remembering, and forgetting, to remember is to be consciously aware of what is! And forgetting is to fall back into delusion, pain, and suffering. You have been my light for you are a being of light and truth.
 Thankyou Father.
 Unconditional Love to you Father and all Divine Family!!

San Francisco * 12-7-78 * Carl E. Martinez (Postal Rep.)

John,
 Glad to see that the second-class mailing fees are working for you and the Foundation, also enjoy reading "The Light is Yours" as well.
 If at any time I can be of help to you, please feel free to call me.
 Carl

Jerusalem, Isreal * Nov. 4-8, 1978 * Lilly de Jong-Birnbaum

Dear children, (Peter and Ruma)
 Thank you for your nice, long letter of Oct. 1st which we received on November 1st. We had a short mail strike here, but the US post offices had a printed stamp and sent all mail back to the senders. It is all one big mix-up and we now get September mail, together with letters mailed a few days ago.
 The one and only reason why we did not write sooner after our return here was that we were simply over-whelmed with all the accumulated duties that had to be taken care off right away.
 There is absolutely no reason for you two to fear that we were, and even still are, disappointed with our stay in San Francisco, and you. Just to see your beloved ponim would have made the trip worthwhile for me. To meet your children, to get to know Ruma better. We are no idiots; not yet. We saw how busy you are, Peter. You were loving, considerate, understanding, and we appreciated everything. We do not need a Cadillac and deluxe apt. Certainly not. We were sorry that we saw so little of Rohit.
 The month of October was under the cloud of tooth-aches. Just an explanation why we, again, did not write, but you, please, report on Father's health; also Ruma's. I want to know.
 We received the September issue of you "The Light is Yours", as I already wrote, and now the October #. I enclose a check for \$10 because we want that paper every month. We keep trying to get into things, though much was, and still is, hard to understand for us with our rational, un-religious minds. But since it is your frame of reference, your chosen way of life, and -even more important - because you are happy within it, we want to understand why.
 We are very glad that you started a school now, hoping that the older children - fewer than the little ones I think - will also learn the basics, the 3 R's, boring but necessary. Vishnu, our special love, has such a good brain - he could go places. In your sense, too, not only our square world. Good luck to you all!!! You know I am a teacher at heart. It is of great interest to me. My fingers itch to participate! Why don't you also teach, Peter? Like English??
 Today we are glad: Teddy Kollek was re-elected as Jerusalem's Mayor, with our votes, too, of course. He has done great things for this city; even 8000 Arabs went to vote for him, which means a great risk for them to vote at all.
 To go into Foreign policy is impossible. You are informed and, I'm afraid inclined, too one-sidedly. Like most Americans. Which is not all your fault. We don't have enough people and money to contradict the big Arab Propaganda. A real peace with Egypt would be a great relief. But there is still enough to worry about. We are trying to increase our fatalism even further. With constant bombs in Jerusalem one could not live here without fatalism.

Love,
 Mother

Saiornay-sur-Guye, France * Nov. 29, 13th year * Coqblin

My dear John,

Morning coffe at Sigy-le-Chatel. Gilles banging away at the coal stove. The kids are romping in bed. They have no school Wed. Half-day Saturdays. There is snow on the ground in the mornings now. November has raced by. Louis and I spend the better part of each day in the cutting room down in the basement. We're in the process of building stock to sell next month. It is not physically hard. Just mentally demanding if you don't pay attention, you can cut yourself pretty badly. It's the sort of work that fills a day up pretty fast.

Kamalah and Richard Serre arrived permanently north. They'll rent a small house in a village one and a half kms. from here. The closest spot to our village, which by the way is called "La Sagorn" (that means a clearing in the forest that was a Carolignion cemetary). It's probably the oldest continuous spot in the area. New stories from the locals reveal the Nazis did more than just burn it down. An actual skirmish took place. As legend has it, sons and fathers of the neighboring villages perished in the ruins. Who knows?

At any rate, it's becoming a local sensation. We have cleared so much underbrush that it is now once again a viable sight from the distant main road that winds down the middle of the valley. "La Sargon" is nestled towards the side of 35 years of blackberry bush and shrub-oak. There was a walnut tree growing right through the middle of one of the houses. We'll need a chain-saw to clear the vegetable garden. By the way, there are two babies due here. John-Louie and Francois Chavnu will be blessed with a child in March, April at the latest. Sylvie Slylianides will be due a month later. Francois is huge. I think she may be due sooner than that. Blessings to "Princess Anna".

A remarkable, continual adjustment goes on and on. It's called "French time". Allow one and a half hours leeway for any social appointment. One half hour of casual talk for the buying and selling of anything but food. Even the trains may require patience because the very train you are riding may become a different train while you are riding on it! The secret to it is that you are the only one who will be too upset by it. The French take it in stride. It's a good thing we have one year of tree cutting and rock-sorting to do because the beauracracy necessary to get a permit to actually build and have electricity sent out there may take that long to complete. Each house eventually must be purchased by a family and "signed for". Then the power is free. Otherwise it will be longer and very expensive.

Napoleon actually is responsible for the system the modern world identifies as bureaucracy. It has become a far more serious disaster than "Waterloo". The French version is rivalled only by the Indian for its unbelievable inertia and pretense of importance. A little bit of Napoleon's ego in every secretary from Le Havre to Marseilles. Divine corresponding, love and friendship definitely make this part of the world go around. Much of that is you and write me again. I'm starved for news of S.F.

B.S.B.

Subalah

Burgundy * Nov. 26, 13th Year * Sylvie

Hello my darlings,

It was nice of you to send us all the postcard, and also your letter, Francis. It's funny for me to see your writing under a U.S. stamp...We are all thinking about you and wish you a good time. Raymond and myself are doing well and our baby too, moving a lot and growing well. We have landed in Massilly and are organizing little by little our country life in this big "palace". We found a super car, Renault Deluxe, running well, and Raymond is going to start work, painting with Jean-Louis. Together they are going to fix up the Pizzeria for springtime, in the Caf  of Jean-Louis using the outside bread-oven.

The boys worked a lot on the "village" during the sunny days. Now it is well cleared up. We can even see the four houses from the main road, they enjoyed doing it a lot as well as the result.

In Sigy they are preparing the fur-stock. Every-

(con't on top right column)

body is very busy, and what is so different from Paris is that all the activities are done without "speed", with a good help between one another.

Thinking about receiving the family in Burgundy this summer, we have been talking about the space, the village, the circumstances...Annette plans to write a letter about it in the "Light is Yours". The room for guests in the houses is quite limited especially for families with children. And the American family has to be prepared for what to really expect when in France. The village is still "ruins" and what we need the most is "hands".

Tony is participating in a lot of things. He says he came to live with us like us and he is a good balance in Sigy. With his beret on his head and his farmer's blouse on, he looks the most French of us all!

Francoise write to us and give us some details of the Family Life. I want to write to you often and to keep in touch as we always did. A big kiss to Dharma. I am sending you all my love to you both, with lots of thoughts and support for your installation, and what you want to do.

I adore you. B.S.B.

Sylvie

Marseille * Nov. 21, 13th Year * Kamalah

Dear Francoise, Francis, and Dharma,

Hi! How are you doing? How was your trip with Sarada, Rich and kids? How is Father doing? It is a pleasure to know you are in the GoldenCity, all what we imagine comes true and so we can have lots of news from everyone and of what's happening.

How is Corinne with her little new darling! Tell her we are thinking about her constantly. I came back one week ago from Burgundy where everyone is busy. There are lots of new ideas to be more happy and become more happy and wealthier. I was living with Annette. It is the most comfortable house, where the bells ring the most harmoniously. There was mist all day long, and I tried to get progressively accustomed to this new climate without getting sick, but thank God, it's well balanced with the energy and the Light of the Family.

Francis might have told you how the houses were organised. It's going to be our little one too which is waiting for us. It's one km from Anna's and one km from the "village". Richard got the Citroen (Deux Cheveaux) and we will go in two days. I called Annette yesterday, and everyone is longing to see us.

Richard wishes to find some work when we will be in Burgundy. He will do his paintings again a little bit later. I tried to sew the fur. It looks easy. I hope there will be some marketing job with Benoit. Lalita also came from Touraine, her mother's place, to spend a few days in Burgundy and we hope to have her soon among us.

Here in Marseille everybody is doing fine. It is very pleasant to live here. Usually we are staying at Amalah's. The five children (Premah, Lauriane, Christelle, Davide, and Agni) are going to school. Davide and Agni, the youngest, are less regular but spend quite a good amount of time there. Franck is planning on going to Austria in December with Agni to visit his family, and his friends in Vienna, and also Spuli and friends near to Graz.

Lately we had the visit of Franck's sister, with her husband and their two children. She is fantastic, full of life and sensuality. Amalah and Premah want to spend a few days in Burgundy during the holidays. Amalah wants to buy one of the ruins in the village, which will be Premah's house. She told me that she and Franck will be often at the village. Annette is also going to buy one ruin and probably Anna and Louis and Sylvie and Raymond. That way being more than four owners, the electricity will be at the expense of EDF (Electricit  de France: government institution). And for water we still have to see. For Corinne we thought she could buy the big arched cave. If she could make an arrangement with her grandfather, he could take care of it from there for her. Well, we will see with Gilles. Anyway we need to hurry to get the electricity put very quickly and get our building permit. Meanwhile, we can start to clear up and put the stones in piles. With Richard we are talking often about the "bergerie" (shepherd's house). He has a good idea of how to make it, and very simple.

With me I am taking rosemary, thyme and sage that I put into pots, to plant them there. Bernadette is thinking of coming to spend a few days in Burgundy in ten days. How is Philippe doing? Tell him I am thinking a lot about him, and that maybe he will find it pleasant to come in springtime. It would be great.

(con't next page)

Chantal and Christian are doing well. We see them often. Celine, their daughter, is always being very same, full of grace and smiles. They would like very much to adopt a child too, a Vietnamese maybe.

Richard is asking Gus if he lost his hand and tongue, which does not prevent him to send him a big hello.

Here the weather is wonderful. How is my adorable Dharma? He has to go back to English. Give him a big, big kiss from me. Waiting for news from you, receive all my love - Bom Shankar Bholenath,

Kamalah

Paris, France * Dec. 4, 13th Year * Debody

Dear Francoise, Francis, and Dharma,

I am just coming back for an unexpected break from driving a Palestinian journalist around Paris. We are waiting eagerly for more news of your installation. In Paris, everything is doing well. Everybody is working a lot, thinking about the next step. John, Gerard, and Andre are doing good business with the fur, and until now, there are no fights. No "engatz" and seller, cutter, and server are earning the same amount of money for the same amount of work. "That's the spirit". We hope to go to Burgundy for the New Year and see what's happening there.

Francis, tell me how are you thinking of making money in S.F.? What are the possibilities in the family and outside, except taxi-driver? I believe it is time now that we use our feelings and qualities in all of our activities.

Is Linda Lawrence still planning on opening her shop? She could be great for you Francis, as a business partner for antiques. Roselyne is also thinking about making dolls on the theme of French songs. I am stopping here by lack of space.

All my love and see you soon, BSB,

Jacques

I saw Meredith, visiting Annie, and other friends. She is in great shape, as Atom, feeling happier and happier. Her progress in French is amazing, only by taking three months intensive lessons, very stimulating. She and Johnny found a beautiful flat, with a detail. She said with humour: it has two entries and two ways out...

We are thinking about you a lot. And I send you kisses and all my affection and all my love to everyone.

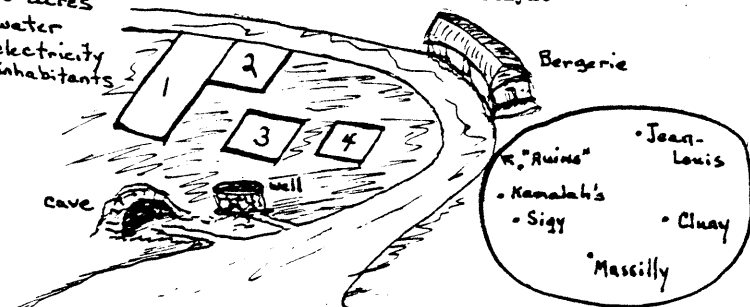
B.S.B.

Roselyne

Bergerie

e Village

100 acres
water
electricity
inhabitants



Vienna, Austria * Dec. 1, 13th Year * Fiscus

My dear Family,

It's been snowing for a few days, it's nice. I'm enjoying staying with my parents. The stable feeling and getting to know them is great. Before the distance between us was enormous, now there isn't so much resistance, on my part. With a new understanding the relationships can grow, thank God. I'm learning about respecting the elders. I'm doing my best telling my mother about the activities in the S.F. village. She cannot quite comprehend the purpose of divine existence, since her imagination and my expression don't match yet. She's very brave in her pain but physically very weak.

Frank Passecker is coming to Vienna on the 20th of December for a week. I'll still be here then and looking forward to it. I cannot go to Cluny, I'd rather stay in Vienna.

John Morton, Bernt Burchhart is an old friend

(con't top right column)

of Frank's. I talked to him on the phone and will be seeing him soon.

I was shocked to read about the murders of Moscone and Milk. Thank you Bob Chirpin for writing, it was appreciated. I'm feeling fine, relaxing daily, I suppose a settled winter feeling is in the village.

I think of you and feel you and send lots of love and a hug for Father.

Bom Shankar Bholenath, yours,

Rita



Holland * Nov. 25th 13th year * Van der Plas

Dear family,

Hello! How is everybody? And how is San Francisco? And how is America? I haven't heard much lately (except through London) from you all, but that is due to my own failure to communicate. As I write this letter I feel like I am in San Francisco again, on top of the world.

From the newsletter I read in London I found out about some of the ongoing activities, and I was glad reading words from Father, Hari, Jamuna and others; it is like hearing their voices again. But of course I didn't find out about everybody; for example how is Gopal? I hope everybody will write about his own thing in the newsletter now and again, so that it becomes more than a source of information, namely a way of meeting each other (again), a communication of our selves.

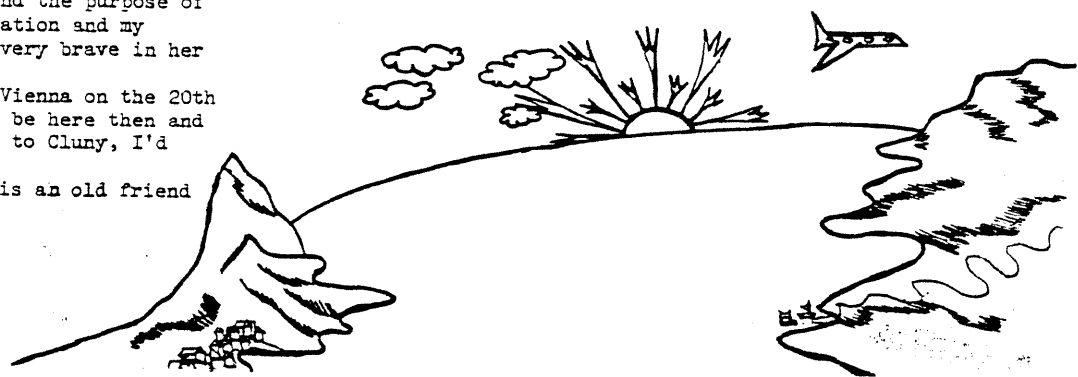
Of course I look forward to see you all in person again some day (I hope soon). Sometimes I regret ever leaving America, but then again I still consider myself 'on the road', so who knows what comes next. In London I met up with Mick, Peter and Sarada all at the same time. It's always such an enlightening experience to be with the old Sonarpur gang again! It literally becomes brighter, without anyone having to say a word.

London is always a great trip for me. I combine being together with my son Sarva (almost 6) with the mahamilana which somehow always takes magically place at Tina's. It is not really magic, because it is Tina and Dave working very hard to make it happen. This time me and my girlfriend Bea stayed in the Cottage, the squatted house across the street, where queen Jacky rules. Sarva lives with Alannah, his mother, in her parents' pub in the East End of London. We went there almost every day to go to parks with him, and one time to a children's birthday party organised by Tina, which made me aware of a culture which once gave birth to Alice in Wonderland.

I'm still studying here. I'm trying to specialize in sociology of art. To give you an impression: I'm working on subjects like: 'myths, distributed by newspaper advertisements', 'theoretical versus actual goals of the art council' and 'quality-criteria of art'. Art grabs you, takes you to another world from which you can see the 'old' world with new eyes. I think many people were first caught by the poetic beauty - which made them read and reread - before they grasped the message of Siva Kalpa. Moreover I believe it necessary to distinguish art from non-art. I want to fight the 'everything is art' philosophers, who want us to forget the distinction between beauty and bullshit. How could we otherwise get rid of the garbage and create a beautiful world? I must say, though, that after three years of studying I had to stop a while and reconsider what I was doing and whether it really was making me happy. I have to be able to work on a beautiful imagination. After I realized this again I'm feeling much better.

Well that is it for now. I hope you don't mind me writing what is on my mind, even though I might seem a little 'out of touch', which I am, in between all those dikes. Next X-mas we hope to go to London again, so I may get some English lessons from my son and see everybody again. Who knows who will be there this time? Lots of love lots of peace B.S.B.

Kashinat



CHRISTMAS, MELBOURNE, 13th year

Dearest Gods and Goddesses,
Bom Shankar Bholenath,

Merry Christmas . We have an important announcement to make....Melbourne is still hanging right in there despite our grievous lack of communication with the Light Is Yours. Shiva Press's latest T-shirt insignia "What's Happening?" has been symbolic of the feeling though it's all starting to "happen" again lately. Not confusing at all really - we had a cold, wet winter, a patchy spring and a dismally wet start to summer, though the few glimpses of glorious sunshine that have come by have heartened our spirits immensely.

On December 3rd we had an India benefit at 874 Toorak Rd., inspired by Maya's letter in the Light Is Yours, and co-ordinated by Laine with her amazing flair for such occasions. There were refreshments of all kinds, raffles, a jumble sale, a kid's lucky dip and betting on the god's doing the bottle walk. A great day was had by all and about \$150 Aus was raised, much to everyone's delight.

We celebrated Father's birthday in an evening dhuni at the Foundation, and Astral Night was organized by ll and lla Rix st. to be an Australian film night, with bhanga and mullvin setting a happy and mellow mood to the evening. It really feels like these get-together's have re-awakened us all to the spirit of Siva Kalpa, which seemed to have been a bit buried during the winter down-under.

Our communication with the Government has resulted in a temporary deadlock and the whole business of Father's visa application has been an exposé of restrictive Government policy towards religious groups and organizations, whose social status is akin to witches of medieval days. The tragedy at Jonestown has resulted in a new wave of both god-consciousness and devil-fear, with everyone here feeling acutely that our example of the true alternative is not as good as we want to offer the world. We have so much to do to make it really happen here in our own village and it's only the energy we direct into our expression in our immediate Family situation that will be a true example for others.

The businesses seemed to transform following the publication of Robbie Young's letter. Robbie, thanks, you are so clear and your letter set the pattern for a new wave of business, as well as domestic appreciation and understanding. Shiva Press is finally looking for premises closer to home. Bruce Duffy has a proposition for the Pottery and Shiva Press to share the buildings at an old brick-works not far from here. The brick-works is owned by an eccentric millionaire with a passion for clay, and since his business has suffered because it is so expensive to build new homes these days, he is looking for new avenues to keep his kilns cooking. Bruce has had a dream for a while now to screen print designs onto tiles, so the gods are combining their talents to come up with a good sample range to present to this guy. So here's hoping he likes it!

Father's Factory Handcrafts is truly a beautiful shop full of a huge range of different creations. They are looking forward to more divine international exchange of different items. The sample of the French Family's furs were very popular and sold almost immediately, despite an October heat wave that was happening at the time!

On Sunday 10th December, we celebrated the premiere of Family Gallery's Christmas exhibition. The pottery will open the shop front of its building again as a gallery for divine creations as well as being an avenue for its students to sell their work. Wines and cheese were served to a very full house and the afternoon was very successful with most things being sold and many orders and a great deal of interest being shown in the co-operative set up that exists there.

Chris Duffy and Ross at Sankara Landscapes have been working hard enough to keep them poor but well-worked. They have received high recommendations from all who have had their physical circumstances transformed by divine imagination and they are hoping for a good summer season.

Yet another centre of divine existence has begun with the moves of Kate, Steve, Jesse and Virgil Lee Morrow, (born 4th Nov.) to Panton Hills, and of Pattie and Lew Brock to Research, about 5 miles away. This area is also near Wattle Glen, in the northern hills

that enclose Melbourne, and it has long been associated with communities of artists, potters and the like. It is very pretty countryside and is a haven for native bird and animal life, including kangaroos and wombats.

Yakandandah Family are all doing fine and Lisa and Bob are expecting their 2nd child any day now. They have been working hard this winter and we are all looking forward to a camping trip up there again this summer. There is a very pretty creekside camping ground which backs onto Haldane and Sue's place, and we hired caravans and took tents last year and had a great time, especially the kids who love such adventures so much.

The older children are putting on a nativity play for us this Christmas Eve and will lead us all into Carols by CandleLight around the Foundation's piano. They are having a great time learning their lines and preparing their costumes. They have been going to Sunday school at 874 with Laine for the last couple of months and have been listening and talking about the mythology stories sent over by Tim Begun. We are slowly getting together the information we need to set up a Home School in this education system and would like to have news of the San Francisco Family Home School.

We saw Hari's movie of Pattie and Lew's wedding during mahamilana and everyone's sweet divine faces were so close to our hearts. We love you so much and would love to see you taking advantage of the wonderful new air fares in and out of Australia. Thank you America for your hard-line ambassadors who exposed the greed of the Australian transport system to the world.

And thank you all the crew at the Light Is Yours. We look forward to it so much each month and read it cover to cover several times till the next edition comes.

Bom Bom Sankar and much love from all in Melbourne.

Thank you, GOD:

That all those pre-tending
to somehow be imperfectly involved

Are really little

YOU s

warming up for the rebirth

of reunions' stews, for the

moment of mechanical personalities

is fading

ALL NATIONALITIES will notice a creator

now raiding

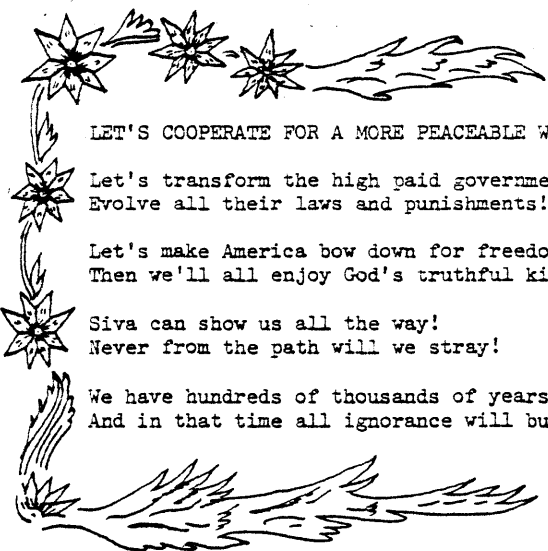
the cosy bats' caves of undue indifference

to

the

marvelous.

-- Wes Miller



LET'S COOPERATE FOR A MORE PEACEABLE WORLD

Let's transform the high paid governments!
Evolve all their laws and punishments!

Let's make America bow down for freedom!
Then we'll all enjoy God's truthful kingdom!

Siva can show us all the way!
Never from the path will we stray!

We have hundreds of thousands of years to learn
And in that time all ignorance will burn!

Gahan Garner
(Age 13)

season's eatings

~13~

The name of the first month of the calendar year January, is derived from the Roman god, Janus. He had two heads. One head saw the past, the other the future. January is a time for remembering the past and creating the future. Thus, the Foundation of Revelation was born in January of 4th year Siva Kalpa through Shotsy, our president, who had immaculately conceived the light of Father's wisdom while living with him and his family for six weeks in India. It must have been December of 3rd year Siva Kalpa because the Spiritual Summit Conference went from October 22-26, 1968. Father has said that Shotsy is also Annapurna, Anna being Sanskrit for food and purna meaning "full" or complete. Family Foods was created in January of 10th year through Simon. My form was witness to its conception. It was Christmas Eve and Simon and I were having a tet-a-tete. Simon said, "Father wants the family to make money, but where do we begin?" And I said, "I remember Father saying that the most basic commodities were food first and clothes second." And Simon said, "But the family must be fed and clothed first."

Father's Arms was created in January of 12th year through Lopa, Yogamaya. Once more it was Christmas Eve. Billy, his mom, Irene, Lopa, Marjorie Meyer and I made 108 tamales. Father and about 100 family members passed through our small two room apartment during the course of the evening. The festivities came to an end around midnight. The reality of serving so many people and transcending so many material limitations (ie. space, money, etc.) impregnated the seed which was to give birth to the restaurant the following January. It is a Mexican tradition to cook tamales and serve them after midnight mass or at midnight of Christmas Eve and is the culmination of a series of parties called the Posadas (Inns).

So, beginning January of 13th year, I feel myself unconsciously prepared to write a food column. I know a little about alot of things and am aspiring to know a lot about one thing, so I'm beginning with the most basic commodity, food. And when I've fulfilled my desire for knowledge about food, I'll go on to clothes. I must add one thing though. Cooking with Lopa has taught me more about food than I could have learned on my own. Lopa told me that the Real Idea of cooking is based on how you would like a particular prepared food to taste. Then you play with Father's creation, all the while loving what you are doing. Cooking becomes an act of love and food cooked with love tastes good.

What I propose to do through my column is to give you a list of foods in abundant supply each month, tell you how to use and conserve them, and provide several favorite recipes and menus. Shopping by the calendar can lead to substantial savings in food and you'll be getting produce at its very peak of flavor and appearance.

I am also creating a special edition of recipes and menus as a follow-up to the seasonal foods mentioned in my monthly column. They will be available around the first of the month and sold for \$1.00 (to cover the cost of printing) at the co-op for San Franciscans. For out of towners, you may order your copies through me care of "The Light is Yours." Feedback is more than welcome. You may write to me personally c/o the newsletter. If I am unable to meet the needs of your personal queries through the newsletter or the special recipe edition, I will answer you personally by mail.

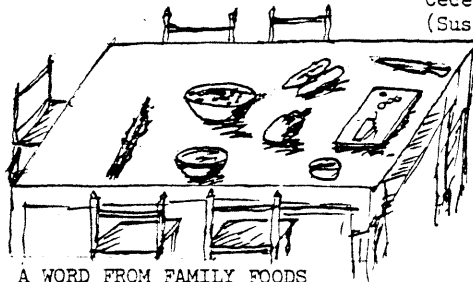
The best basic fruit buys are: navel oranges, the winter orange; lemons; tangerines; tangelos; grapefruits. A good buy is the exotic kumquat - a miniature golden orange, native of China, with sweet skin and tart meat. The best basic vegetable buys are spinach; parsnips; broccoli; greens - collard, kale, chard(Swiss), turnip (or beet), and mustard. The best odd vegetable buys are: Chinese broccoli(gai lon); greens - Chinese chard (bok choy) and Chinese mustard (gai choy). One large bunch or one pound of greens serves two, as the leaves really cook down. One serving of the greens allows all the Vitamin A an individual needs daily. Vitamin A is needed for growth and maintenance of healthy skin. And greens have only about 25 calories per serving. Also chayote (pronounced shy-o-ty) is a good buy. It is a member of the gourd family and a native of Mexico from the Aztecs and the Mayans. Choose, store and prepare like summer squash.

The best buys from the meat, poultry, fish group are: Pacific crab, flounder, oysters and pork sausage. Winter is hog killing season, so pork is a good buy, especially fresh sausage. For live crabs, plunge them into a large kettle of rapidly boiling water, and boil, covered for 20 minutes.

I'll end with a quote from Father explaining Gita, Beginning Rituals tape. It's a good reminder to all aspirants for truth and knowledge.

"Any effort to utilize knowledge will not function. To be utilized by knowledge is the function of the knowledge. To utilize knowledge is to burn one's self down by trying to utilize the unutilizable. But you can get utilized by knowledge." Bom Sankar Bholenath

Cecelia Joan Price
(Susila)



A WORD FROM FAMILY FOODS

We, the staff of Family Foods, who have worked hard all year, find that we need your help at this time. There are over 100 members of our Cooperative living here in our Village, yet, at our weekly meetings, the same 8 or 10 faces appear week after week. What happens is you find that the job which was once very fulfilling has become routine and starts to become a pressure.

SOLUTION: To make our Co-op work, every member must contribute time and energy to its operation. Let's have at least one volunteer from each household sign up at the beginning of each month for one of the various jobs.

Below is a list of the regular jobs. A sign-up sheet will be posted at the co-op at the end of December for the month of January.

We are looking forward to a higher level of achievement of working together for our Cooperative.

HAPPY HOLIDAYS!

Hope Green, Treasurer

JOB	DAYS	TRAINEE + TRAINER
clean-up	Wed.	3 people + David or Diana or Dennis
	Sat.	3 people + David or Diana or Dennis
produce	Wed.	2 people + Annalynn, Frank, Hal, Sally (rotating)
	Sat.	1 person + Frank
set-up	Wed.	2 people + produce-run people
	Sat.	1 person + produce-run people
cashier	Wed.	1 person + Carolyn Slade
	Sat.	1 person + Judy Kovalaske
cheese packaging	Fri.	1 person + Allison or Sally Raff
meat packaging	Fri.	1 person + Josephine (meat) or Bronwyn (chicken)
bread	Sat.	1 person + Frank or Stephanie
bookkeeping	Wed.	1 person + Hope or Bronwyn
	Sat.	
spices & dahl	Fri.	2 people + Diana
eggs	Sat.	1 person + Hope or Bronwyn
cardboard box pick-up	Wed. eve.	2 people
Every other week:		
butter ordering/ pick up	Fri.	1 person + Frank
coffee ordering/ pick-up	Tues.	1 person + Josephine or Jeri

Once every few months: weighing and pricing side of beef
receiving rice
receiving honey

* * * * *

The Family Home School

If you do not go to school,
You will be a stupid fool.

Let me give you some advice.
Go to my school, it is nice!

We make pipes in carpentry.
If you like that, come and see.

And in French class, we make crepes,
In all sorts of funny shapes.

by David, Donald, Gahan & Scott

At the end of the first semester of our second year as Family Home School, we can all rejoice over the beautiful flowering of the real idea of education. Parent-teacher participation has stabilized with a good number of dedicated members being constantly inspired by the divine children of our village. With continuing support and commitment, our school will grow even more this coming semester.

At the present time the school includes a pre-school serving the children three to five years old. They enjoy a variety of activities in the homes of Kim Karmakar and Alison Pryle every Tuesday and Wednesday. With Sarada's return, a new classroom has opened at our Carmelita Street household. Mondays or Thursdays the children embark upon a field trip arranged by Josephine Penn. Some of the more memorable: a cruise ship, a police station, Just Desserts Bakery and most recently, Golden Gate Stables. Fridays they enjoy two hours in the Village Schoolroom in #1 at 65 Scott Street.

The kindergarten meets four days a week in the Village Schoolroom. At the beginning, Ed Lepler oversaw the establishment of this class. The parents, now familiar with the many materials and teaching aids, carry the responsibility for this group of children. Eddie looks in occasionally to offer a suggestion or lend a hand. Filling out their week is the Wednesday field trip organized by Gerry Pryle, assisted by many other parents. The Maritime Museum and Tilden Park proved successful with the Oakland Zoo most memorable.

The primary school for ages six to twelve continues this year through the able leadership of Ed Lepler and Stephanie Hiller. In the children's hearts they are their teachers. Parents assist either full-time or part-time, depending upon need. The basics are stressed, with educational games to give variety, plus arts and crafts and music. These times allow for small groups to be called aside for more guided help. The children divide naturally into two groups according to their interest and ability. The younger ones are primarily with Ed and the older ones with Steph. Out of class hours find them, however, in any number of combinations, in any of their respective homes or with Ed in #1, which in the evenings is the center for special suppers, films and games around a crackling fire. Weekly field-trips are organized by Judy Kovalaske. She has provided a number of fascinating expeditions, culminating on Friday the 15th with their Christmas ice-skating party.

For the oldest children in our family, who are just turning teen-age, a tutorial program is emerging. Presently Composition is being taught by Hari Meyers in his home. We'll soon be reading the stories and poems that have begun to pour forth from his students. Connie Autuori is providing for their knowledge of mathematics. History is in the wings. We are looking for more adult participation in the village for these children.

In addition to the activities of the classroom, a rich variety of classes in family homes is growing. The teaching of the French language is shared by Yamuna and Phillipe in her home. Francoise, recently arrived from France, will lend her hand also. Tim and Mimi's on Lloyd Street is the location for geography. There the children may be found pouring over maps or seeing a movie. Cecilia is now joining Tim with enthusiasm: keep them coming! Cooking and sewing, initiated by Bev Tucker, has grown to include Lopa, Cecelia and lately Patti O'Brien. Curries, beginning stitchery, baking and the making of Christmas tree ornaments have been some of their activities. Carpentry, begun by Jim Strobe, now includes Peter Birnbaum. While it attracts mainly boys, the girls too have completed successful projects. Hal Kuchins and Josephine give direction for our children's choir. Songs for the season have been added to their favorites from "Grease" and "It's A Small World." Finally, Simon's yoga class in 57 revealed the children's amazing aptitude for yoga. Carry on!

Financially, the school is sound although payment of tuition is not 100%. Thanks to one of our grandparents, Polly Wallace, who contributed generously, we will be able to initiate a Physical Education program with the purchase of tumbling mats. We intend to become fully incorporated so that we may be officially recognized and also eligible to apply for financial assistance. A full report of the finances will be given at our January PTA meeting by our most competent treasurer, Carolyn Cugini. Balancing the books is quite a yoga!

Our next semester will undoubtedly see the furthering of what is so well established now. There will be these new developments: a new classroom will be located in the front room at Judy Kovalaske's for organized study of the basics. Teacher workshops will be provided for teachers wanting assistance in lesson planning. Science instruction with Drs. Myers and Rose will be developed. Our "students as tutors" program will expand also. Gahan and David, continue giving us your clear vision.

During the first week of January, a PTA meeting will be held, time and place to be announced. Please bring your feelings and ideas! Our children really love their school. With divine guidance we can continue to create an ever more inspiring school, one in which there is no division between home and school, a place where the children are given complete respect.

Om Vishnu!

Pam Letourneau

OUR TRIP TO THE POLICE STATION

We went to the police station in the van with Josephine. We saw some policemen. They showed us their walkie-talkies. There were a whole bunch of police cars. Some only had lights inside the car. They showed us the jail where they keep people. We went in there and we all said "it stinks here!" They told us about their police dogs. Officer Bell showed us around. Then we went to MacDonalds for french fries and Coke.

by The Pre-School

TO PARENTS SEEING THEIR OFFSPRING BECOME PARENTS

Recently, I've been drawn closer to my parents and have been really moved how deeply they love. Whatever we may understand or not for the time about particulars, God shines through them as feeling.

And with feelings of the season, my mind of late flooded with memories of the moms and dads I've met. Each memory gave rise to a distinctive awareness of how powerful and caring is the concern they hold for us, their children and grandchildren.

We are forming new families and joining in creation of the future. And time is full with the newness of ourselves, becoming parents. It seems we sometimes sidestep expressing the most nourishing love we know and aspire for developing.

Thus, it is with sheer gratitude and respect that I bring attention to salute you, parents. For indeed it is your loving interest which urges us onward in self-change.

As simply as possible, THANK YOU again and again for showing us what is important in the making of any family -- to love one another. How bountiful and beautiful are our futures, depends wholly on this act of our hearts.

Wesley Miller

Salsa de la Toda Madre

The recipe for this most delectable of salsas was acquired by Dave Letourneau in a Mexican jail many years ago. Now he has graciously consented to share it with the lucky readers of THE LIGHT IS YOURS. Gracias David!

Remove hulls from and boil 24 tomatillos until soft. In the same pot boil 10 medium tomatos; peel. Boil 30 serrano chilis until soft; slice. In butter or bacon grease saute 1 chopped onion and 5 cloves crushed garlic until soft. Add chilis (they may be sliced and sauteed with onions rather than boiled) and 3 sprigs chopped cilantro (Chinese parsley), peeled tomatos and tomatillos, 1 t. salt. Mash tomatos and tomatillos while stirring. Cover and simmer until excess liquid boils off. Stir occasionally. Best if left overnight before serving. Enjoy.



s.f. news briefs

A few days ago, I came upon Shotsy at Ruma's and asked her how she was doing. (She was looking fine.) "I'm doing well enough," she said. "Biting Through." It's not my favorite hexagram but it's what's happening." So I looked it up, recalling the early days of The F.O.R., when father enjoyed daily readings from the I Ching with Shotsy and Sarada; it read:

Biting through has success.
It is favorable to let justice be administered.
Thunder and lightning:
The image of BITING THROUGH
Thus kings of former times made firm laws
Through clearly defined penalties.

So it goes for our President. Or was she referring to the action of Apollo's fine new teeth?

Speaking of Ruma's, I was there to say hello to little Rohit, who's just returned from half a year in Willits. Excellent fellow, he. Discouraging with his friend, Uncle Apollo, as babes will do. "Listen to them," said Shotsy, "talking over our heads." We were in Charlie Green's room -- Charlie's getting back on his feet day by day. Udit spent a few days here last month, then went back to Willits.

Speaking of "comings and goings," Sandy, Eddie & Nathan Harra have just moved down from Sebastopol to 21 Scott with Hope Green...Lopa and Simon are settled in at 627 Waller with kids and Sally Hutt; Helen Adams, lately returned from a trip to Israel, has joined them. Simon's mother, Val, arrived December 19 and is happily landed for a six-weeks stay. We're very glad to have her with us...Ronnie Ellis is just getting ready to go back to England after a few weeks vacation from the BBC. Samantha will be staying on with us...Subalah, a.k.a. Tony Autuori, flashed home for Christmas a little while ago and is now happily reunited with wife Connie and kids. They enjoyed a re-marriage the eve of Tony's arrival; Hari gave the bride back to the groom and Regina was High-Priestess at the impromptu ceremonies...And Alain & Christina Lundgren and children have arrived from Switzerland, bringing the exotic flavors of Brazil to our fair shores. Hearty welcomes to all!

We are always glad to receive visitors from the Love Family of Seattle. Last week, Babu and Joya came through with their two children, en route to L.A. and Hawaii. Turns out they knew Sarada and Tony during their Hawaii days, and travelled with them from Japan to Bangkok, where they parted ways. Sarada & Tony went on to Sonarpur, of course. Babu and Joya journeyed to India later, and lived there for six and a half years.

Also last week, we enjoyed a visit from Nadine Joseph of the Associated Press, who had heard of us from a friend of Caroline Grey's. She'll be doing a story on us that may appear anywhere, anyday, via the wires of the Associated Press.

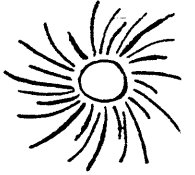
And that's the news! --Stephanie

At last you know the Light is yours!
(for sure 'twas ever thine)
and though it falls on many shores
it makes the same design.

Out of the heart of Father Time,
when Mother wills things sweeter,
there flows a tale with Love its rhyme
and Life the magic metre.

A tale begun in Eden's realm
at the end of Age's Slumber
when children's voices overwhelm
the hosts of Night's dark number.

by Victor Hamilton



FATHER'S SCRIBE * * * * * HARVEY ROSE

December 1 : Father is chanting and translating a Sanskrit verse about the chillum:

Dam maro dam
Mitjai gam
Bolo sva sam
Hare Krisna, Hare Ram

Take a deep, full breath.
Let out all the worry you can.
In the morning, in the evening
Chant Hare Krishna, Hare Ram.

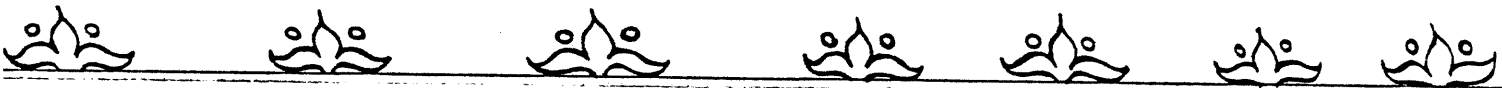
December 4 : Father, Lou Gottlieb, and many others are in a dhuni in 61 Scott. Lou has been discussing chemistry, mycology and spirituality.

Lou: "Father, in your tapes you refer to the Foundation of Revelation as a family, a clan, and also a church. Is the Foundation anything else?"

Father: "What is it not? It's the entirety of existence ... even its opposites."

December 12 : When I asked father whether he should diet to lose some weight after the holidays are over, he replied:

"Sometimes I'm gaining weight, sometimes I'm losing. I don't care. If I am always losing weight, I melt away to nothing. If I am always gaining, I become a mountain. Whether I gain or lose, it's all the same.
"It's all matter, right? I am none of it!"



FOUNDATION OF REVELATION - STATEMENT OF CURRENT FINANCIAL CONDITION for month ending November 30, 13th year

I. Analysis of Expenses

a. Total Expenses: this month, 2,327.31; last month, 1,745.66

b. Breakdown:

India	Equip. Lease	Off. Rent	Savings	Phone	Off. Sup.* & Expense	P.G.&E.	Loans Repaid	Travel	Enter-tainment	Loans	Indian Family	Monies Managed**
\$400	\$183	\$400	0	188.23	\$134.76	25.27	\$35	\$11	0	\$500	\$71	\$379

II. Analysis of Income

a. Total Income: this month, \$2,532.46; last month, 1,543.46

b. Number of Donations: this month, 34; last month, 13

c. Breakdown: San Francisco 3932.46 U.S. Family \$266.00 Australia \$120.00 England -- France \$45 Other -- Monies Managed 579.00 Loans Rec'd 590.00

III. Financial Condition

a. Assets:

Cash in checking account.....\$ 676.31
Cash in savings account..... --
Loans receivable..... 424.00
Equipment (current value)..... 7700.00
TOTAL 8800.31

b. Liabilities

Savings - Amt. for Travel...\$ --
Amt. for Maint.... --
Amt. for Other.... --
Loans Payable.....\$ --
TOTAL 0

*includes postage

** Monies managed by F.O.R. for individuals

Of TIME and The FOUNDATION

Born of the prayers of a suffering humanity, the Foundation of Revelation is the most unique organization in a world of crumbling institutions. That this is, as yet, an unrecognized fact by the population at large, is a testament to the darkness still upon us. That few of the Foundation's members cognize its full significance, is a further indication of the newness of the Age of Light; the dawning Sun of Truth has barely cleared the horizon. So let us use the language we are just learning, to speak of the most potent socio-spiritual force ever assembled on Earth. This communication is our most important service to the world, outside of our personal lives as examples of Truth in action.

The Foundation is the prototype of enduring, purposeful social structure. To the careful observer, devoid of preconceptions about how things should be, the Foundation is the most dramatic and profound example of Absolute Knowledge in material application. To one who is impressed by superficialities and formalities, the workings of the Foundation are painful and confusing, for there is no reward but pain and confusion for those who would judge God's most subtle creation by conventional standards.

Materially, quantitatively, numerically, the development of the Foundation appears slow. This illusion is based on old ways of thinking-- thinking which leads to death. While other organizations have focussed upon the accumulation of capital and large numbers of followers, the Foundation has concerned itself with personal and interpersonal evolution, growing through the rich, vital path of strong relationships. Such a formation does not erode over time.

Formal positions within the Foundation emerge through and because of personalities-- serving on the merit of their natural propensities: positions were not created first, and an attempt made to fill them later. And as evolution progresses, individuals become more and more interchangeable in their functions.

When the unwieldy and ill-founded organizations of Mortal Man have all fallen, the Foundation will remain as the Fountainhead of tomorrow's civilization. Eleven years of interpersonal evolution may not have produced a conventional empire, but what HAS been formed is the firm foundation for future world unity-- the Family of Immortal Man.

Time, rather than arbitrary planning, is permitted to guide the Foundation. This is accomplished by the fundamental, single rule of the organization: FOLLOW YOUR FEELINGS, not the decrees of external "authority". Feelings are the intuitive faculty which puts one in touch with the HIGHEST authority, GOD.

So, what appears as indecision or inconsistency to compulsive mentalities is, in reality, the operation of the continuing process of evolution to which the Foundation must respond by adjusting its course constantly on the basis of the intuition of the moment. This is the only path of survival-- doing what NOW feels right, not what one should do on the basis of yesterday's incomplete realization. This flexibility, this dynamic fluidity allows publications to emerge when ripe, as only TIME can reveal through individual feelings. That which is communicated through such a process TENDS TO BE UNDERSTOOD.

As more and more individuals recognize and get into honest, immediate response to the truth of their feelings, the Magic begins to happen: the group Mind begins to be visibly manifest. We are at the beginning of this outward manifestation of what was not so apparent over the last 13 years. When we have realized ourselves sufficiently as one Mind, as the One Mental Being (there is only one!), then we cease to feel existence as a continual pressure which robs us of vitality-- for we then work in unison, doing GOD'S will, and not the out-of-time work of individual wills who think they are laboring toward the same goals and wonder why they exhaust themselves.

So Group Mind is achieved by each individual's surrender of his mind to his own heart. Then he moves according to the Universal pulse of Life.

It is upon the association of such individuals that Revelation is Founded. Such a Foundation is the basis for the re-ordering of life on planet Earth-- the transmutation of human to Divine.



FROM THE PUBLISHER:

Dear Family and Friends-- God in His infinite mercy fulfills our highest aspiration for truth by granting us the understanding of Absolute Knowledge and Power, revealing it throughout history through his Buddhas, Ramakrishnas, Moses', Jesus', Mohammeds, and many many other beings. Now for many years Father has spoken to those of us lucky enough to meet and hear him, and as we awaken to the eternal truth that he has been talking about, we find ourselves seized and inspired to do the same. Surely this is why we publish our Newsletter: as an open forum for divine self-expression, from the individual inspired by God, and for the enjoyment of all.

On a pragmatic basis, we need financial support to keep this service going. As publisher, I am happy to continue pumping it out. But since it is a labor of love, I need feedback from you all, in the form of encouragement, office help, written contributions, and...money! At this point, our costs are about \$150 each month to print and distribute 500 copies. To qualify for our inexpensive 2nd class mailing fees (which save us \$50/month) we carry no advertising. Were we to get paid advertising of, say, \$100 a month, we could mail subscriptions at the first class rate, and even

have some left over to treat our hardworking volunteer staff to some pleasant intoxicants when the issue is finally done! Even without this, we need money from our regular subscribers and the newsstand sales to cover publication costs. It is nice to have 100 or so copies paid for and, after the initial distribution, unused, so that we can give them to new friends and associates as an indication of what the Foundation is doing and thinking and feeling, as we move through the Creator's ever-changing circumstances in His eternal game for the awakening of all His creatures.

So I take this moment to ask all our readers to pay up, if you are able, for the coming year's efforts. Or at least send some kind of note saying that you like receiving the newsletter, and if you would like more than one copy a month. All those who fail to contact us by zero hour (June 14th) of the coming year will be struck from the mailing list as dead, gone and uninterested. Bom Sankar Bholenath-- love and kisses to you all, from

Your Friend and His Publisher,

John Morton

