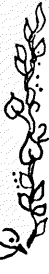




The Light Is Yours



published monthly for ~ The Foundation of Revelation Inc.
.. A nonprofit World Service Organization ..
59 Scott St., San Francisco, Ca.

VOLUME II - number five

february - 13th year siva kalpa



By Chaise Feb 7 1979 13th year

.....the growing light of a self-existent knowledge
spontaneously awaking to Itself as the SUN OF TRUTH.....

editorial

Alan's death last month was a sobering event which affected each of us. No matter how we may understand and accept it, it's not a happy thing to lose Alan. If he wanted to leave, it could only be because he experienced the same frustrations we have all experienced since father's accident, when Mishtu left and father stopped speaking, and became impatient for a quick release from the pressure. His release can only be there to wake us up.

Since father stopped talking, we have been brought down to earth to work out our personal contradictions and to put into application the knowledge that he has revealed to us. We have been doing that and making progress. But there are still alot of troubles, alot of "silly fights" and repeated sufferings. Sometimes it seems that we have become too much involved in our individual evolutions and have gotten stuck within our limitations.

In the past, whenever we felt dissatisfied, we used to go to father and ask him what was wrong; he would always say, "Everything is going along right on schedule" and beam broadly. That must be true now even if father won't tell us that much. What's nappening is right. But part of what is happening is the suffering -- or at least discomfort -- which appears whenever we are complacent, to urge us on to higher awareness. Generally speaking, the causes of the discomfort are the same for all of us, so much so that we cannot really separate the individual experience from the collective feeling. Sex and money -- and their attendant maladies of sloth, greed, jealousy, and so on -- and the judgements we make about each other's activities are still the source of all the problems. Absorbed with them, we find endless excuses to fight with one another, and some of the fights are so long-standing that the relationships have become entirely stuck. Such is the case in the feud separating the President and the Vice President of the F.O.R.; around that, the rest of the officers are divided into factions which share certain points of agreement but yet lack any abiding forum through which to speak and develop stable programs for the on-going work of the Foundation. The Powers that Be are sufficiently strong that their argument is disruptive to the flow of general conversation which creates our divine play. And since their 8 natures are the basic natures in which we all partake, we encounter their divisions in our own forms. The malaise within the nucleus finds its reflection on the fringes of the family where destructive spirits possess the less evolved forms and cause them to bombard the gates with lower nature, slandering the Foundation, stealing from the household, engaging in petty acts of violence, family disputes and general disorder. The mechanism is inviolable -- social chaos always starts at the top.

America is meant to be a democracy. As such, it is currently more operative in Washington D.C. than at our siva kalpa headquarters. Everywhere in the world, socio-political order is evolving through disruptions. If it still falls far short of the ideal, that may be due in part to the incapacity of our own officers to take pleasure and find fulfilment in the operations of our divine government. But we are individually powerless to change the situation. All we can do is open our own minds and hearts to God and draw forth a more constant flow of revelation from that eternal Source. Even if father withholds the charms of direct revelation through that physical body, God is still revealing himself. If we want the pace to pick up, we can give it a push by working harder ourselves to serve the planet. And definitely we can all pray. We can pray to Mistu to take pity on her family and help us out instead of killing us from her icy peak. We can pray to Shotsy to employ a little more diplomacy instead of repeated head-on attacks on her cabinet. We all know these disputes are nothing more than a bad habit which does not really cover up the greatness and beauty of the divine powers. And we can take solace in Vishnu, who is going to become a man very soon and -- maybe -- stamp out all this nonsense with one angry foot! BOM SHANKAR BHOLENATH!

Stephanie

FAMILY RELATIONS:

Since we cannot be all things to each other, let us at least be the best to each other.

Markandeya

publiShorial

Howdy, folks! "The time has come, the walrus said, to talk of many things, of shoes and ships and sealing wax, and cabbages and KINGS!"

-SO-

How to address one's Self to the moment at hand?.... Hmmm...well..."begin at the beginning and stop when you come to the end!"

And, so, I, shall, begin!?... Here we are, well into the second month of His 13th year, and... Adolescence!!!

Therefore, I, Jean La Morte, do humbly, humorously and insistently request that you ALL (readers) please join with us in this tremendous and wondrous effort to ---- ReCreAte the WORLD!

By: (1) sending lots of money - (whatever you possibly can to support our efforts to keep the LIGHT alive...) or, failing that, (2) send notes, love letters, praise, acclaim, fiery retorts, challenges, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera... or, failing that, (3) seek G.O.D. (Grand Old Dad) within your deepest soul, and - finding him or not - call me directly by telephone at: 415-861-2016 *** in the U. S. of A., state of California, city of Saint Francis, street of Lloyd, number 36 -- title:

Primal Sound Enterprises

and - - - I WILL REPLY !!! (god willing, of course)

Seriously now, we are really trying to hold it all together, so be apprised that the following is the current state of affairs:

- I - All back issues of the light is yours are henceforth unavailable, until such time as funds appear to permit a second coming printing;
- II - Any body who might desire a copy of the current newsletter can buy, beg, borrow or steal one from any foundation center around the planet EARTH (the exact whereabouts of these centers are known only to the initiated) -- cost: ONE DOLLAR !
- III - Aspirants may subscribe, at the modest price of TEN DOLLARS per annum, ANYWHERE in the world, & we will endeavor to deliver said copy via most efficient and economical means possible;
- IV - And if any body out there has a lot of munny, and should said philanthropist seek to support a worthy cause, send it to us IMMEDIATELY (do not hesitate!)-
- V - Or, should you, dear reader, be penniless, without funds, yet with love in your heart, and a CLEAR mind, sincere appreciation of GOD the creator-maintainor-destroyer, and of His Will for a peacefully happy existence for all humankind (including of course, animals, vegetables and minerals) ... then ...

Fly, run, crawl, creep, amble, leap, lunge, flop, float -

Or otherwise materialize, and be here with us

Or at least send your address and we'll mail you a free copy of the foundation papers (very fine reading material, nary a complaint, to date)

Or sit still and do nothing and wait for him to...

SEIZE YOUR CONSCIOUSNESS

(signed in the presense of the almighty)

John Morton

JOHN MORTON

A.K.A. the mad hatter.....

a. k. a. - IKSHVAKU

3e

tat

sat

REPORT FROM HEADQUARTERS

INTERVIEW with SARADA

(This interview is the second part of a series dealing with the officers of The Foundation of Revelation.)

How has the family changed since you first met father? How do you see the family in terms of its relationship to the rest of the world and to each other? Are we fulfilling father's vision?

When we first started the family, it was all father's vision. We were visionaries with an idea of a perfect future but with no way to achieve it. I felt defeated by the world. No one would allow my vision any meaning. I had a vision since 1966 of God, but prior to that, for about a year, I had a feeling he did not exist at all.

What particular circumstances happened to you?

It was just a matter of time. I was brought up a typical Christian. Church every Sunday, Sunday school. I believed in a traditional kind of God. When I was in college and found out the rest of the world existed, I started exploring other possibilities of God, other points of view. It left me feeling very empty, void of any feeling of God. When it started happening to me in September of '66 I remember looking in the mirror saying, "I don't like you, I want to be someone else." A year before I had wanted to commit suicide, and suddenly I was getting flashes of light in my brain saying, God is here. There was some feeling again. From that point I started looking honestly at myself, saying that's not what I wanted to be, an atheist, a nonbeliever. In January of '67 it started coming to me. I was sitting in a class studying Greek philosophy, suddenly I had all this knowledge of God that I never possessed before. It wasn't my thoughts or something I conjured up. It just whoosh, came down on me. I started writing it down and talking about it. For a long time I felt nobody would understand what I was saying, because I knew it was beyond most of my friends. When I met Tony I felt he was very special because he could understand what I was talking about. The other person was Carolyn Cugini (Neiman), an old friend of mine -- also Glen Van Lehn. Other people were trying to understand but not with the same clarity. It made us feel special, removed from the rest of humanity.

Eventually we left American because of the political situation. We didn't want to get involved in the Vietnam war. We didn't want to become protestors. We tried it out and it was lousy. It just made alot of people hate us. So we decided to split the country and not come back as long as it was in the state it was in.

We travelled for about a year. Then in January, 1969, we met father. We got to his house very magically after talking to a couple of people we knew from the past, you know, road people, hippies. I had been thinking about God for two and a half years, and looking for the answers to all the questions. So when we walked into father's house and he said, "Welcome, my gods, my goddesses, I've been waiting for you for two and a half years," that was my clue. So I sat down and joined the others, feeling this was it. I really didn't have to look anywhere else. He was clarifying all the things that were in my mind.

So that's how it started. A disorganized group of people. Father said we were divine babies. And that's the way we were up until three or four years ago. Having to have our "diapers" changed and noses wiped -- mentally and vitally. That was the family. We've now grown up and organized ourselves and are starting to take responsibility for our actions. It's thirteenth year now. That is the year of growing up. In any culture that's basically the age of growing up and becoming an adult. People who can't become responsible for themselves are drifting off. And the people who do want to be responsible for themselves are staying around and forming a real family, rather than an elusive family as before, when father was the only cohesive force. We had father and mother (Mishtu) but Mishtu is not back yet. Our grandmother is gone. Father is not telling us what to do anymore and we no longer have the same Indian family as a guide. They all did alot to show us how to form ourselves as a family of love. Now they've withdrawn in part and we have to form ourselves around our own activities. Coming back from Europe I see we don't have to work as hard as they do, for our welfare is provided. It's easy to exist here.

Do you think it has been too easy for us here?

Yes, because of all the in-fighting that goes on. People jumping on each other for nothing. Everyone is trying to live their own life and do what they need to do for their own evolution -- to become a better person; then someone else arbitrarily decides that they're wrong, they should do it the way another person thinks they should. We jump on each other for details. It's because we don't keep ourselves busy enough. We have plenty to keep us busy. There is a certain complacency. People get into the attitude of, Oh well, it's all God's will, everything is being done, I don't have to do anything. Then there is all that free time and what we do with it is alot of nonsense. For example, all the discussions trying to explain God's creation the way it is. Why waste our time speculating on what we don't understand, then getting into disagreement about it. Let's spend our time loving each other and working to save the world by becoming examples. We don't have to create anything new just now, we have plenty to do working on what we've got. Simple stuff. The children. We don't need to create new ideas. We have new ideas. They're in form. Work with the children, little people in form. Listen to them and do what they want. They have the revelation. We've let them be, we haven't really taught them, so they are starting to tell us what they want. Elu talks to me like a man. I think soon we'll have to step back and let them take over, show what they want. Surely in this way father's vision is being fulfilled -- through our on-going relationships, first with each individual member of our family, and then with the rest of humanity.

by Richard Fiorentino



January 8, 13th year s.k.

Dear Art,

Loved your column, "Never Sock a Cop". I've been in that situation a few times myself, and you sure hit the nail on the head -- with humor, no less! But for sure, there are some things we have to stand up for, come hell or high water, and among those "things" are two, at the top of the list, Truth and Love. Now I know these are sort of old-fashioned words, but when you get right down to it, the old-fashioned virtues are the ones that have stood the test of TIME, and are still remembered.

I'm enclosing a copy of our newsletter, "OM - The Light Is Yours," and the Foundation of Revelation papers, which are its source. I hope you can get some inspiration from them.

Times are hard these days, and getting harder, so those of us who can tell the truth, with love, and make it digestible (humor is the key) -- well, we have to keep up the good work, because, when you get right down to it, our hearts, minds and bodies are all we've got.

Thanks for your help, and I hope what I have to offer is of help to you. Don't hesitate to contact me, when the "spirit" moves you.

Yours in Truth, with Love,
Annalynn Dayton
a.k.a. Minerva

Dear Anna Lynn Dayton,

Many thanks for the copy of The Light Is Yours and The Foundation of Revelation papers. I shall read it all with interest. I wish you a truthful and loving New Year,

Art Hoppe

February 2, 1979

Dear Ms. Blanc,

What We Are Smoking Besides Tobacco

During the Mahamilana a fire occurred at 1179 Hayes St., #4, Anon and Suzie's apartment. What happened was they had left for the evening, leaving a burning Pall Mall cigarette in the ashtray on the arm of the couch. The cigarette continued to burn, falling into the crack between the cushion and the arm of the couch. There it smoldered for about two hours, slowly filling the apartment with smoke and finally bursting into flames at the precise moment that Rich Fiorentino came through the living room window from the fire escape and I entered the kitchen by breaking down the back door. We put out the fire and called the fire department, who came, cleaned up, took the couch out to the sidewalk, and then left, making sure the apartment was safe and secure.

I have been rolling my own cigarettes for more than ten years. I've smoked for many years but started rolling my own so I could learn to make better joints. I discovered that I enjoyed a cigarette more, smoked less, and that a hand rolled cigarette would go out if left unattended in an ashtray and could be relit with no bad taste.

There was a story when I was in the Army (also told in prison, boy's homes, and boarding schools) that SALTPETER was put in food and cigarettes to keep the troops calm and that (in larger doses) it had an adverse effect on the men's ability to achieve an erection.

During the middle of January one of the items occupying the news was the continuing dispute the Surgeon General, the Department of Health Education and Welfare, and the tobacco industry were having over whether or not cigarette smoking causes cancer. I started to think about the additives in cigarettes and what the effects of these additives are on a person's health. I realized there has been a conspiracy of silence, that the Surgeon General, or the tobacco industry, or the many medical associations had never said anything about these additives during their many attacks on and defenses of cigarette smoking!

Ah - ha! What's going on here? So I wrote to the Surgeon General and the Tobacco Institute asking them what was the purpose of these additives and what was the effect on the smoker's health. I have yet to receive a reply. I believe that under the Freedom of Information Act, the Surgeon General is obligated by law to answer me, but I'm still waiting.

The next day, I started thinking about the fire at Anon and Suzie's and realized that a chemically un-treated cigarette, such as a Sherman, or a hand-rolled one would have gone out instead of burning until all the combustible material was consumed, and there might have been no fire. I then wrote to Chief Andrew Casper of the S.F. Fire Department, telling him about additives and the fire at Hayes St. and asking him to ask the tobacco industry to cease the use of these chemicals because lives could be saved and fires prevented. In further telephone conversations with the Chief's staff they revealed to me that they do not think themselves powerful enough to have any effect on the tobacco industry.

On the third day of writing these letters, I wanted to ask the same questions of a larger group of authorities, so I sent copies of these letters to Secretary Califano of HEW, National Fire Protection Association, National Cancer Institute, National Institutes of Health, American Cancer Society, American Medical Association. I also asked their help to shed any light on this matter.

My purpose in all these letters was not to prove anything, but to ask questions that I hoped would stimulate some thought and perhaps some revelation and to get some answers.

To date, the only reply has been from a lady on the public affairs staff of the National Fire Protection Association who told me human behavior is the key to fire prevention, and sent several brochures on home fire safety. My reply to her follows this article.

I have also kept informed of this investigation KGO-TV News, Channel 7, and Hal Kuchins' father, who is a lawyer for a firm that specializes in insurance law. Channel 7 doesn't seem to be enthusiastic about this story, but Hal's father understood immediately and had stories of his own about this - one being about a lady who was retarded, dying in her bed because of a cigarette igniting the blankets and burning nothing in the house but the lady and her bed. It may well be that the best way to pursue this case is through the insurance companies' concern about fire prevention and health care.

-- by David L. Letourneau

Thank you for your letter of January 24. Unfortunately it appears you did not understand what I was trying to tell you.

Glycerin and saltpeter are two of the chemicals added to the tobacco in machine-made cigarettes. All cigarettes, with the exception of one brand, Sherman's, made in the United States have these chemicals in them. I do not yet know what the purpose or the effects are of glycerin except as a solvent for saltpeter. Saltpeter, also known as niter or potassium nitrate, KNO_3 , is used in cigarettes to make the tobacco burn evenly. KNO_3 is also used in pickling and curing meats where it is suspected of being a cancer-producing agent.

The effects of these chemicals on cigarettes is not only to make them burn evenly but also to keep the cigarettes burning until all the combustible material (paper and tobacco) is consumed! This is the point I am trying to make. These cigarettes will not go out, if left alone, until all the tobacco is burned! A Sherman or a hand-rolled cigarette made with untreated tobacco will go out in less than two minutes in the same circumstances.

Do you see what the difference will be when a cigarette falls into the crack in a couch or onto the blankets of a bed? There is a great deal less chance of an untreated cigarette causing a fire.

Of course human behavior is the key to fire prevention. But our efforts are being subverted by the use of these chemicals.

It seems to me that the easiest way to stop the tobacco industry from continuing the use of these additives is to ask them to stop because it would prevent fires. The idea that it may be the additives that cause cancer in smokers is an equally important point but one that the tobacco industry is more resistant to and also more difficult to prove.

Yours in truth and love,
David L. Letourneau

From My Seat in the Stadium...

While China's Vice-Premier, Teng Hsiao-p'ing concluded his visit to the United States in Seattle touring the Boeing installation and port facilities, another high-ranking Chinese official went to Disneyland, which he described as "scientific research." The delegation flew back to China aboard a Boeing 707.

In an interview with TIME magazine (Feb. 5, 1979) TIME's Man of the Year, Mr. Teng, stated in answer to a question about omens for peace in the Year of the Goat:

"We believe the biggest common point between China and the U.S. is that we both hope to prolong as long as possible peace, security, and stability."

In no uncertain terms he made clear China's view of the Russian "polar bear" as the major threat to world peace, that realistically Salt agreements meant little, and that the Russians are rapidly moving beyond military and civil defense parity with the U.S. to clear superiority. In a letter addressed to President Carter the latter view was endorsed by 170 retired generals and admirals. To counter the Russian attempt for world "hegemony", he proposes unity between Europe, Japan, the U.S. and China.

Side-stepping to Egypt, the Shah of Iran (on extended vacation) was hosted by Anwar Sadat. He told Sadat, "the Americans do not grasp the dimension of Soviet moves throughout the area"; and, in a later speech to Parliament, Mr. Sadat referred to Soviet "conspiracies in the dark" (Horn of Africa).

Meanwhile, Stansfield Turner, Director of the CIA, stated that intelligence had no way of knowing that a 78 year old cleric, Ayatullah Khomeini, could create such a national revolution in Iran. The chant of the crowds, "Death to the Shah" and "Allah Akbar" proved more powerful than bullets.

THE SHAH vs. MULLAH KHOMAINI. Not much of a boxing match but, on another level, the (alleged) Royalty vs. "Shi'ites Islam" might make a just dessert as Shiva Royal (No salt, peter, please).

The Shah is not happy about President Carter's alleged lack of support, and wishes one more chance to prove to his people what a good guy he really is, while another Shaw, Bernard by name, must be very happy about the President's commutation of his fiancée's jail sentence. We are too!! Her name is Patty, or in Irish, Paddy, and her last name - well, probably Shaw by the time she gets around to her seat in the stadium (cushioned from now on).

Hal

HEAVEN CAN WAIT

REMEMBRANCES OF ALAN K. SCHWARTZ



Know that to be imperishable by which all this is extended. Who can slay the immortal spirit?

This is not born, nor does it die, nor is it a thing that comes into being once, and passing away will never come into being again. It is unborn, ancient, sempiternal; it is not slain with the slaying of the body.

Who knows it as immortal eternal imperishable spiritual existence, how can that man slay, O Partha, or cause to be slain?

The embodied soul casts away old and takes up new bodies as a man changes worn-out raiment for new.

Weapons cannot cleave it, nor the fire burn, nor do the waters drench it, nor the wind dry.

Even if thou thinkest of it (the self) as being constantly subject to birth and death, still, O mighty-armed, thou shouldst not grieve.

For certain is death for the born, and certain is birth for the dead; therefore what is inevitable ought not to be a cause of thy sorrow.

Bhagavad Gita, Chapter Two

You must use the third eye, not just the physical eyes, to understand the action of God.

father



Alan Keith Schwartz was a great heart, a great mind and a great friend. We were all stunned to learn of his sudden death on the Ventura Freeway on the morning of January 7. We think of him, and we miss him.

Alan's life was highly creative, energetic and full of fun. He was already an attorney and Chairman of the Board of Shareholder's Capital Inc., a multi-million dollar real estate company he had started, when he began seeking a higher consciousness during the late Sixties. He entertained numerous gurus, began experimenting with diet and drugs, and read widely on spiritual subjects. When he met father in December, 1971, he felt immediately that he had found what he had been seeking. He started listening to him **intensively** and opened his heart and home to revelation. He spoke about father to all his friends and embraced the entire Los Angeles with love and truth. So he came to be known among us as the King of Los Angeles, and his home became a palace where thousands of people were received with generosity and love. When Gordon Ennis was arrested in 1972, Alan resumed the legal practice he had dropped and began developing his concept of Divine Law as father had revealed it to him. From then on, he put those principles into constant application in a variety of legal matters. In 1975, he compiled the briefs he had worked on into a book entitled "Divine Law," excerpts from which are reprinted here. He served as the attorney for The Foundation of Revelation and handled almost all the legal issues that came up within the family; he also opened formal legal practice for those outside the family. Alan's work brought him into contact with thousands of people from all walks of life and he revealed the truth to all of them. He inspired many people to look beyond the world of matter to the eternal Reality beyond and encouraged them in their search for knowledge. Whoever loved God found an immediate and constant friend in him. He worked hard, and his accomplishments were great. And he played hard. He was a fabulous host and he always had a great time.

Why so high a form should leave us is not easy to understand but surely it was God's will; and since he was consciously a servant of God, it must have been his will, too. Although he left his form, he did not die. We all feel him still among us, in his home, in his seven children, in his wife Nancy and in our minds and hearts. He has appeared to many in dreams and visions -- laughing! His presence has been felt in many dhunis. He is not gone, but we miss him. We cannot totally accept his sudden and premature departure, and we expect his return in another form.

At 10985 Sunset Boulevard, divine life goes on. Nancy presides over all with even greater radiance than before, affirming the beauty of life and the power of love in every action. All who visit the house come in tenderness and love. Nancy's children are beautiful, and doing well. The aspiration to manifest our immortality in these bodies has been strengthened. To achieve it, we must be happy no matter what happens, knowing that everything is part of God's plan for the evolution of the planet. BOM SHANKAR BHOLENATH! And don't forget the jokes: "Hey, lady, watch out for that revolving door d-door d-door d-door."

Stephanie Hiller

Satyam Sivam Sundaram

24th November 12th year

Siva Kalpa
S.F.

My Dear Boyfriend,

Before you read this letter I'm giving lots of love to Angela, Gabriel, you and Nancy.

I was very happy to receive your letter. I always think of you in my mind.

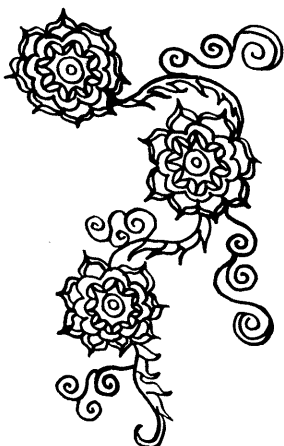
I wanted to go this November to L.A., but I couldn't make it.

During the time I was in L.A., I felt better and also I felt better when I got back here. Then I had an accident so I had to stay in my bed. Thanks for Dr. Nee's chair and Cathy's ointment for massage. Give lots of love to them.

Don't forget your 300 years old girlfriend. If it's possible, come once in a while to visit me.

Not much to write today. So I'm ending here with my love to you all.

Love, your girlfriend,
Dida



THE KNOWLEDGE OF DIVINE LAW AS REVEALED BY
 CIRANJIVA ROY (FATHER) TO ALAN K. SCHWARTZ
 AND THE ROLE OF A FAMILY LAWYER

December 20, 1975
 10th year of SIVA KALPA

Dear Family,

Bom Shankar Bholenath, may we recognize God in each other and see His divine activity in all that we say and do.

On His recent visit to Los Angeles, Father talked about Divine Law, and I felt that I would share a few of these revelations with you, as well as summarize some of the more memorable events that have happened in my Siva Kalpa law practice, during the past 4 years.

Divine Law begins with a purpose. That purpose is to create a peaceful, happy population, and to maintain peace and order at any given period of time. This is the real idea of Siva Kalpa, as expressed in the conception of the Foundation of Revelation. Everyone must have equal access to and knowledge of, and understanding of the Law.

In a perfect society, which we are all attempting to establish, through our closer association with God, and where we love God perfectly, the law to follow is simply this: Do unto others as you would have them do unto you. Law is designed to protect Honesty, truth, love and self-respect. Thus, the purpose of law is protective and corrective, and not punitive and restrictive. The Innocent must never be ruled by the Oppressive.

My role of a lawyer shall continue to be that of a peacemaker, a helper and stabilizer and a protector of relationships, and to use the courts as little as possible. I charge no fee for my services.

...

From the ORAL PRESENTATION to the Judges of the Circuit Court on September 10, 1975: (Schwartz v. Schwartz)

I wish to talk with you today about family relationships and the role of the lawyer in society. I will start at the highest point which is God, and Truth and Justice, as I am a servant of God and Truth and Justice. You may see me here today in many roles, but I appeal to you as a human being to see me in the best light, which is the true one. Don't view me as an adversary. I dislike our adversary system. It has led to confusion and chaos in all our lives. Let us begin with God. God is Truth and Truth is Knowledge. I am here to reveal to you the Truth of divine law pragmatically applied. God handed down the law to Manu. God said, In a perfect society we do not need courts, judges, lawyers, a judicial system, jails or penitentiaries. In a perfect society, people live together peacefully, happily and harmoniously with one another. If you violate the law, Nature punishes you, and you are ostracised from society. This is the knowledge of divine law. Its purpose is to protect and serve, to create a peaceful, happy population according to God's plan, so that we can live together harmoniously, which is what we all want to do. Man-made law came into existence, and the real and true purpose of law was forgotten, and it began degenerating to the point that it became punitive and restrictive, with rituals called Restraining Orders, Contempt of Court actions, etc., etc., and relationships began dividing themselves from each other. I tried to understand this role of a divorce lawyer by sitting in on the presentation of Sidney Traxler called, "How to Handle a Divorce Case" ... And I wish to ask the Court if his behavior which I will relate to you today, reflects truly on the principles the Court wants to uphold in the service of Truth and Justice.

...

Learned judges, I wish to reiterate my initial points and bring this presentation to its conclusion. I am here today for a very high purpose, and that is, to change the system of law so that people who do not have the ability to protect themselves against such men as Sidney Traxler, may be spared. The only way to keep adversaries like Traxler out of the courts is NOT TO PAY THEM when they behave like devil's advocates instead of true family lawyers, which the world desperately needs during this time of transition from a life of ignorance and suffering. I have cited no cases in this oral presentation even though I am familiar with all of the current cases, as I feel that this would serve as a distraction from my central point. I am asking you to listen to your hearts, and to please not get into the confusion of words of the divorce lawyer, whose job it has become to create confusion and chaos in this court, through accusations, innuendos and suspicions. Let's reverse this hellish trend in modern law. The way it has been going, the more harassment and the more annoyance the lawyer creates, the greater is his reputation and the greater is his fee! He is thriving at the expense of innocent people who are trying their best to overcome the problems of these times...

I have infinite respect for you, learned judges, and I implore you to rise to the occasion, so that we may have some positive action and a change for the betterment of the practice of law in this great country. Let us become the instruments of God's will for a happy, peaceful planet. Let's start today to change the tide of events and make the world a better place for these beautiful children. Happiness and truth are their birthright. The Constitution of the United States is the law of this great land. You must act now, to make the words ring true as we approach our Bicentennial.

Appeal denied

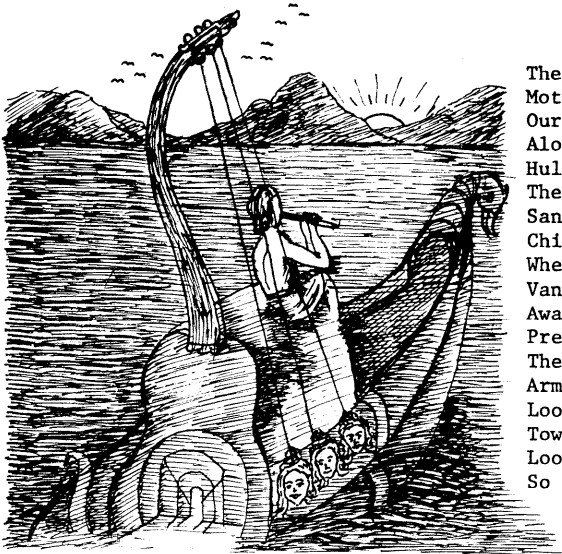
From the ORAL PRESENTATION to the 8th Circuit Court of Appeals, St. Louis: (United States v. Gordon Ennis)

I am speaking on behalf of my client, Gordon Ennis. The whole purpose of law is not punitive, it is protective. If a person of irreproachable character, like my client, Gordon Ennis, faces a trial, he must be granted the benefit of doubt not the ill effects of doubt. In this world today, Learned Judges, there are few dedicated people for service; Gordon is a priest who speaks about God and not about Law. Since the great men do not attend his congregations, naturally, the sufferers attend his congregations, and among his listeners there are dope dealers and criminals. They need redemption from their apprehension of actions of the past, not after they have evolved out of the malpractice of dealing in dopes or contraband articles. He is unconcerned about his audiences as a preacher. His only concern is about what he preaches which is Truth and God and not about dope dealing.

THE END is ever in the source inscribed
 around the circle now being described...

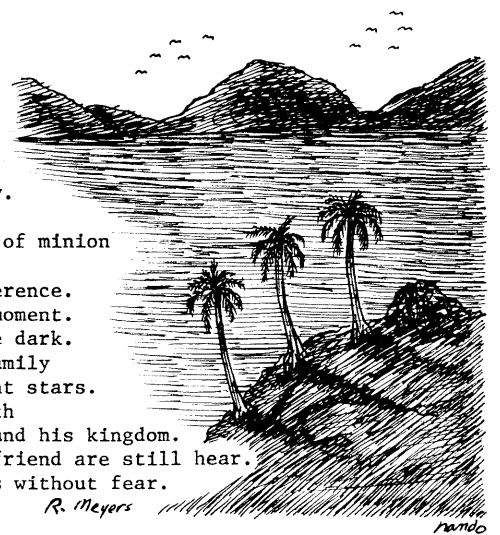
BOM SHANKAR BHOLENATH

Alan K. Schwartz
 Attorney for the Foundation of Revelation



The stars are phantoms measuring
Motion between deep night and dawn
Our lives, ephemeral flames in His fire.
Alone, wakeful lanterns over a dark
Hull to westward bend mark the shore,
The gull-loud wharves of San Francisco Bay.
Sandpipers traverse the morning solitude
Chillums flare in our mourning, our rooms of minion
Where the embers of warm village voices
Vanquish the earth's apparent damp indifference.
Awake, journey's angel, and tender every moment.
Press against the silence and ashes of the dark.
The heavenly dome demands your breath. Family
Arms will gather all to converge to distant stars.
Look Aureolis and the fishes swimming south
Towards the lost city where our friend found his kingdom.
Look now. The stars, the vision and our friend are still hear.
So let us embrace these pilgrim multitudes without fear.

R. Meyers



rando

January 8 - 13 a. k.

Dearest Nancy,

The rains haven't stopped all morning -- heaven's weeping earth's loss. Everyone here is stunned and immensely saddened to lose Alan, who is so precious to us all. He has given so much of love, understanding, knowledge and joy to each of us. It is difficult to accept his departure and to see God's will in this bereavement.

Still the fulness and fulfilment of his life is clearly reflected in you and the beautiful children you brought into the world. You are Alan's legacy to us and to the world.

It must be that God is giving us collectively the power to fill the dearth of Alan's presence and the strength and clarity to fulfil the aspirations which motivated him. Personally I can't imagine a time within this kalpa when Alan won't be an integral part of my conscious being.

I love you, Nancy, and my heart is with you now and always.
Diana

Dearest Nancy,

So many times have I searched my memory for the first day in 1976 when I first met Alan and father at your home in Los Angeles. More than two years later on July 6th Alan and father and I were reunited in San Francisco with Cherise, Arundhuti, Carolyn and plenty of tears. My weeping today has covered that page in my diary. I cannot believe that was to have been our final reunion. Through the waves of subscribers who will learn Siva Kalpa in the next hundreds of centuries, surely there will be another reunion.

No one will ever come to this family without hearing Alan's name spoken with reverence, praise and glory. To me his passing will mark the beginning of the second wave of subscription.

Aum Sankar Bholenath, Alan,

You have awakened into the highest consciousness. When next I meet a man whom everyone finds easy to love, I know it will be You. My love eternal,
Harvey Rose

Dear Nancy,

I have not ceased feeling Alan's heart beat since the time of the accident.

No man ever listened to Father as totally as Alan did. Or was so willing to meet the greatest needs of the moment. Perhaps we are all feeling that great heart now and remembering. I hope that same feeling leads me in how I can best serve you.
Sincerely,
Marjorie Meyers

Dear Nancy,

You and the children, and Alan, too, are held close in many people's hearts. An ocean of love beams through you to buoy you now -- as I am sure you have felt from those close enough to visit. Please accept my real love and well-wishes for you among the many.

During the months I stayed with you and Alan, I became aware of your personal strength, Nancy. I know it will stand you in good stead, now, even though you would rather not have it tested in this way. I came also to know your curly-headed Alan's exuberance and boundlessly youthful spirits, and to love you both.

Know that I am one of many who are with you in mourning Alan and in sending you our support.

Jim Millikan

Alan's smile and strength will be missed by many. He was an unusual and impressive man. His presence will continue to be felt through the works he left and the eternity of his spirit. In friendship,
Deja Bale

Dear Nancy,

I've been thinking about you alot. It's hard for me to know how to say things -- I feel connected to you and hope that connection expands.

So that's it -- I'm here, we're all here, thinking of you softly - Take care -
Much love,
Robin (Paris)
The Renaissance Church

Ma très chère Nancy,

Depuis que j'ai appris la triste nouvelle toutes mes pensées tournent inévitablement vers toi.

C'est de toute mon âme que je compatis à ton immense douleur. Et c'est de toute mon âme que je prie Dieu pour que tu trouves la force et le courage de surmonter ton chagrin, de regarder l'avenir, de vivre pour tes enfants et pour nous qui t'aimons. Lorsque tes enfants seront grands nous leur raconterons combien leur père était aimé et considéré, dans le monde, pour sa grande sagesse et sa généreuse bonté.

Je t'aime Nancy. Je voudrais tellement être auprès de toi et des enfants et vous ~~servir~~ dans mes bras.

Dolly (Midgely)
London

Dearest Nancy,

Words fail me as to what to express to you right now. Both Dave and I feel a great loss.

I pray for your strength and happiness and hope when we meet the sadness has all passed.

When you feel like a vacation please know that you are all more than welcome to stay with us in London. We will do our most to give you a good time and provide lots of help with the children. Hugs and Kisses
Tina and Dave
London

My dearest Nancy,

It is so hard for me to express the deep shock and sadness I am feeling since learning of Alan's death. It feels so difficult to express in words, I wish I could be there to help comfort you Nance, but I pray that you feel all the love which is flowing from the hearts of your Family around the world, to you and the children. And I hope that you will gain strength in the knowledge of this love. My memories of time spent with you and Alan are so precious, there is a special place in our hearts for him eternally.

I'll write to you again soon, Nancy, I just wanted you to know that you are in my heart. In God we trust.
Sue (Gregory)
Australia

Dearest Nancy,

Please know my heart is filled with real sadness for the tragedy we all share.

I loved Alan deeply -- time and space means nothing... I know the loss and pain, you feel. --

My love and prayers and all my energy are with you and the children.
God bless you,
sweetheart, Kristin (L.A.)

Dear Nancy,

Unfortunately, I never learned how to cry. It is hard sometimes to walk the days without giving a tear. On the telephone, my father asked, "Are you sitting?" He then told me...and I cried.

Intermittently, I cry; as I write this letter, I look at my image in the mirror to see what I look like crying. And I think of you, your children, and again, I cry.

As terrible as it may sound, it feels good. It provides the finishing touch for an unfinished emotion. It is indeed a cleansing experience to cry for someone you love; someone you didn't understand fully; someone you knew to be genuine.

You are strong; you are beautiful; you will persevere.

I have a mountain of faith and belief in you.

My best,
Scott Zimmerman
L.A.

I stepped into your lifetime
you stepped into my soul
you touched the hearts of many
your love oh how it glowed

A Gift you were to many
a bright and guiding light
The gifts you gave were plenty
always welcome day or night

Caught in a moment
swept away in a dream
your vision will remain,
Eternally...

You've left for further travels
your love it will remain
in each and every one of us
And in the eyes of all your babes.

Caught in a moment
Swept away in a dream
Your vision will remain,
Eternally...

Jan M. Edwards (L.A.)



IMMORTALITY

MONDAY, JANUARY 15th, 13th year SIVA KALPA

Patience is not only a virtue, it is the key to immortality...Life seems to move so quickly in this society, but when you realize that the movement of time is infinite, both fast and slow... You realize it is more and less than your view of it... Life doesn't really comprehend time, it just creates it... Patience enough to flow with the seemingly slow evolution of Mental Beings, and all that is, is called comprehension of time... As in the knowledge that a butterfly's life is but a season, and the light and life of the sun is billions of years, you see that time is relative to light and life and you realize that you being is infinite... We keep dying and changing, called ego-death, or even physical death and reincarnation...Siva-loka, with its continuing destruction of ego, is the fast way...there, beyond the maya, you see both sides of nature and time, mortal and immortal time, and you see that you are an immortal...Immortals understand patience because they are beyond time, and only view it, and change as they will... Sat Cit Ananda, this is the everlasting feeling of immortality, all else is the search... Patience is more than a virtue, although to be an immortal one must be virtuous... OM TAT SAT

Bruce Barton

It is a very rainy day. It flooded the streets and the cars. A mouse rode down the street on a leaf and fell off of it. He came to our house to get some cheese. He said, "Cheese, please." We gave him some cheese. He saw his friends who live here. Then they went outside to ride leaves in the water.

THE END

by Daniella Letourneau
Age 7



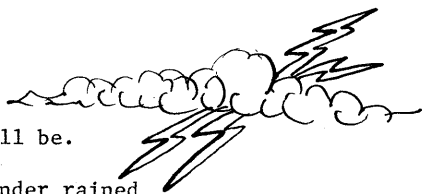
THE MAN AND THE CAT

A fat man sat on his hat and his cat said, "You just sat on your hat."
"Thank you," he said, "Have a rat."
"Don't mind if I do," said the cat.
"Then we will go and have some fish," said the man.
And they did.

The End

by Tamara Kuchins
Age 10

I came and saw
and here I was
I am, and ever shall be.



The thunder rained
The light did dim
And all was dark about us
But then we saw the light within
And who but us can doubt us.

I came and saw
and here I was
I am, and ever shall be.

There is no doubt
There is the light
And just to see and feel it
Glow inwardly at time on time
Who can there be to doubt it.

I came and saw
and here I was
I am, and ever shall be!

by Lewis Taylor

Lewis is a new resident in our village. An Englishman, he recently spent three years in Wales. He is a friend of Helen Adams.
-Ed.

This Is A Story About Mount Olympus

Once there was a mean god who had a maid. And he is the one who wanted to have the earthquake in 1906 and made the maid's sister die. But the leader of the gods found out and punished him to the dungeon and the leader took the maid and they lived happily ever after.

by Lila Cugini
Age 8

THE GOD FLOWER

Once upon a time there lived a ragged young flower. All the other flowers made fun of her because her boyfriend was God. She told them that they would be punished, and she was right. The next morning when the sun shined bright in the sky, the other flowers were in rags and the God flower was as beautiful as the sun and stars.

by Elena Letourneau
Age 8



Dear Family

SAN FRANCISCO *** 3rd Jan, 13th Year *** ANNA LYNN

Dear Sakti,

Well, here is some more money. I hope it makes a dent in the Foundation expenses there. The newsletter is printed again so you can expect your copies soon. It's a double issue this time covering two months.

Dianna, Lopa, Sally Hutt and I visited Chiranjit at his shop yesterday. It's a huge warehouse in Oakland, three stories, packed with badly made Mexican furniture. It will be a big job to sell all that stuff. I hope he acquires some fine Indian things on his upcoming trip that should help business a lot. I'm sure he has written to you about his plans to come to Calcutta. Amrit will have written to you too. He has asked me to write on his behalf to tell you that he can stay at Rippon Street if he wants to. So I'm letting you know that it is fine with us; I'm sure he will be good for the place. He has offered to do things for us while he is in India but I don't want to burden him. He will have all he can do to take care of his own business. Dianna, Sally and I will help Raj take care of his shop while he is gone. Hopefully we can make some improvements.

I'm still waiting for you to send me the list of ingredients of Chayaban Pras and Brahmi oil. Can you please do that? We are setting up here to make a few simple things as well. One will be Gripe Water for babies, but I can get the ingredients off the bottle for that. These things are very popular here.

Our money got tied up in family loans here so we aren't able to buy tickets for Maya and Purba at this time. Really we wanted them to come now because we thought that you were coming with Chatterjee. We still want very much for you all to come here together. You told me when I last saw you that you were arranging your business so that you would be able to get away more easily. Please keep that in mind that surely the day will come when you and Maya get your well deserved vacation and come here to visit us. I'm working on more and more ways to make some money. There are so many purposeful things to do with it.

We had a casino here on New Years Eve to raise money for India and came up with about fifty dollars. That is one of the drafts; there is one from the Foundation here for 100 dollars, and one from the Australian Family for 192 Aust. dollars.

Father is very much less spaced out these days, a marked change for the better even though he seems to consume as much as ever. What a character. It's great to see him looking "with it". Carolyn is very well. Her good friends from Brazil, Christina and Alain, are back in town. Simon's mother is visiting from England. Samantha has been released from the hospital and she is getting better. The plan is that she will work here in the office. Ronnie just returned to England. He had a special leave to come here due to Sam's condition. He spent a very good time with us. It profitted his vital evolution very much.

Love to you all,

Anna Lynn

February 5, 13th year

Dear Shakti,

I can think of a million reasons for your silence but I don't want to. I'm trusting God that there is no wavering or break in the love between us. I'm going to cable you and ask you to send us some word because it really bothers me that you haven't written in so long.

With this little writing I send you some money from the Foundation here once again. \$300 from the U.S. and \$65 from Australia. Seems to me we've been better than usual at getting money to you -- is this making a dent in all the necessities there?

I'm very happy to report that Father is doing much better than I've seen him in a long time, alert and happy, a little slow on his feet, but really well. Carolyn Slade is going to have another baby. We are all very pleased for her, and so is she. She has moved into 59 now and does a good job of keeping a lively feeling in the place. We sure have alot of babies. I've been calling them BOMBS lately, because that is what they do: they bomb the stuffy old ignorance out of this world!

Keep them coming!!! The great hippie motto was "Make Love - Not War." That's what we have done, and it's definitely the medicine that was needed. It's the best way to win. Father showed us that. Who wants a God without a sense of humor?

Nancy Schwartz is doing very well. She has had lots of good company, yet I seem to detect that she is doing as much for her friends right now as they are for her. She has made brief visits to S.F. and is looking good, staying happy and taking care of her children, who also seem well and happy.

I'll close now. Please don't leave us in the dark concerning you. Even just a post card will keep me happy, but silence won't do. Have you seen much of Chiranjit Sandhu since he has been there? I hear that he has found Calcutta less comfortable than he used to, since he has become accustomed to America.

I send my love to you and Maya and Purba and Bapa.

Bom Shankar Bholenath,

Anna Lynn

SAN FRANCISCO *** 1st Feb, 13th Year *** GORDON ENNIS

Dear Manu, (Manorama Joshi)

I am writing again so quickly as I feel derelict in my attention to India and to you in particular as Father asked me to sponsor your coming to America. Surely, with all the difficulties inherent in an Indian national coming to America, it would be impossible for you to come without Father's guidance. The story of how I found the dentist, Dr. Jonathan Bloom, who just happened to be looking for someone with your qualifications as a nurse to help with his diabetic son, is exactly that guidance.

There are many of the family who are unaware that Father is bringing another Indian to this divine San Francisco family. He aided the Sandhus, whose movement and association in San Francisco and America is carefully watched by a divine eye. The great wonder of God is His great purpose to bring peace and harmony to the world; in that purpose Father has never forgotten, and never allows us to forget that India is his birthplace. Our real evolution is the acceptance of the Love that God is, and love is not passive. Action takes us to perfect love even as the thousand ego deaths lead to an undying love. God, let all my actions be for you. It is no small thing that the first words I heard Father speak were Bom Shankar Bholenath.

In the frustration of the passage of months with nothing but delays (we left India in June) let us remember that our Lord Siva is the giver of boons. Father asked that you be sponsored; you are sponsored; you will come.

In your letter you asked for our newsletter and that you receive no news but what I write. John Morton sends fifteen copies of "The Light is Yours" to Sakti for members of our Indian foundation every month. Please contact Sakti for the times of the Foundation meetings so you may obtain all post issues of the news. The whole family enjoys the "News" and participate in its publication by contributions of letters, stories or whatever you offer. The point is, associate with those others of the Foundation of Revelation in India. They are already with you as a service to God. Since you have no job now, apply to Sakti for help. Do not become disheartened, be strong in your persistent love for God. He never fails. Bom Shankar Bholenath.

I learned today from Dr. Bloom that you have been approved by Immigration to come and work for Dr. Bloom. He needs you too. See you soon. Om Tat Sat.

GORDON

NEW YORK CITY *** IRO GOUNARIS

Dearest Jere, Ernie and Andy,

I received your beautiful Christmas card just before leaving Washington D.C. for New York. I have spent a week here to see friends and tomorrow I am going back to my job. I send you my best wishes and I'll try to call you again. I called you many times but no one answered. I'm glad that Sam and Ronnie are there. I sent them a letter to London. I forgot to take my address book with me from Greece and that is why I can't communicate with the others. Give them my eternal love please. I will be so happy to keep in touch. Lots of love.

IRO

PARIS-CHELLES *** Dec. 25, 13 Year *** Delorne

My dearest, darling Françoise, Francis, and Dharmaji,

We just hung up the phone and we are going to drink some champagne toasting to our friendship. We are having a beautiful and well deserved season holidays after all these last months of full of activities.

We tried first to get balanced between the 4 of us: John, Gerard, Andre and myself for the fur business. I went twice a week to the universities to sell with Andre, when Gerard was staying home to cut the fur. The children had followed us well in this new rhythm, going regularly to school where they are well surrounded and well-guided, having sometimes even lunch there. That way I could go sell on the markets. The first day, at noon, I had sold one of Roselyne's dolls and I was thrilled with joy. The next other times were not so good but I was in a context which fits me well for all the human contacts. I have a valid attestation for selling for four months. To go on I would have to jump into and adventure which seems risky to me, considering all the social changes we would have to assume financially. I am going to have an appointment with the "sous-prefet" (a county administrator) to talk with him honestly about our family situation and our purpose.

Roselyne talked to you about the work in the house - the children's room is like a dream. This Xmas was full of warmth, tenderness and affection and it was really what I wanted. Truly we are more and more happy in our creation, sometimes chaotic, but so often "passionnante" and wonderful.

Andre and Surege are going together to Burgundy this week, as two old chaps, along with Roselyne, Jacques, and maybe Gerard. Sonia and me are going to stay home and we are making some plans to go out together, "between goddesses". I am thinking of going visit some friends, Paul, Bernadette etc... We will improvise. Sonia has already decided to "faire do do" mummy. She is more and more groovy and masters her language very well. "Mummy, You are my love, You know, I love you". She is also very realistic in her games.

Surege is discovering a lot right now. He is always so affectionate toward everyone. Well, we all adore each other and we are trying to express it at our best.

I adore the idea of Father coming this summer and we are thinking strongly about it.

Many kisses to you all, B.S.B.

Eternally yours,

Christine

BURGUNDY *** Dec. 27, 13th Year *** Sylvie

Dearest Francis and Françoise,

I am sending two postcards, my Xmas present for the decoration of your home, and this letter to tell you how much I love you, and I am thinking about you and Dharmaji.

Francis, it's really great that you are writing such beautiful letters. Maybe you will send the next one to Rassilly!

Everything seems to do well for you. It's groovy that you have found an apartment so quickly. Is Wendy living with you? I think Tony would have given you lots of news from here. I imagine his Joy to spend Xmas with his kids. Give him a big hug from me and tell him he could not give Leo a better gift than his presence.

Since then, things are going well in Burgundy. All the households at Sigy-le-chatel spent Xmas in their own families. Here, our state of health, to Annette and me has made us stay home. And we are waiting for the Pariseners for the New Year. Annette is tired, and myself. I have to keep in bed for 15 days so the baby would not come earlier than expected.

Lalita is with us since almost a week and took over the house, with Benoit and Raymond who are here too.

We are going to have French New Year's Eve at the "Reveillon au Grison" (Jean Louis's bar) and since then, I am taking a good rest so I can celebrate. Henri arrived from Aarseille yesterday, and we are awaiting for Mario and Marie Christine from Grenoble.

We are a little bit wiped out but the feeling is really good in the house. It is really a beautiful creation. When you stay in bed all day long you feel strongly what is happening around, and what I am feeling is very sweet between all the five of us; we are trying to take care of each other. The life together is harmonious, and on top of it, this house allows each of us to have his own vital space, which I think is very important.

Benoit is still working for T.V.S. but he is home more often and the installation of the phone simplified his job a lot. Raymond has jobs with Jean-Louis - painting - and they are going along well together. They still plan to do the Pizzeria at Jean-Louis' bar for the spring, and myself I would love to do some ice creams. You know, Francis, the banana split kind or peach melba.

Jean-Louis and Françoise are in good shape. Françoise's baby is moving a lot and it bugs her. She is really round and it is starting to be funny when we kiss each other. The children are doing good. Often Ivan takes the phone and talks to Dharmaji and Swasti. He is longing to go to school. He is on the list of the school of Sigy for next year. Meanwhile, he always has some friend taking turns to have dinner and stay with him overnight - Joachim, Rayan, Stephanie, Arianne or Sundi.

Majali is very funny, very "coquette". Sometimes she makes me think a lot about Dharmaji. It is going to be sweet to have a toddler soon in the house. We forget so quickly how they are, so tiny, and taking us so much into their world of purity. Who are we going to see in the hallway around 3 o'clock in the morning going to get the bottle...well, everybody's turn, right!

I don't have anything else to tell you today except that I adore you and that I am thinking a lot about you, and what you are doing is great. You are our best supporters.

I kiss you and hope to read you soon. Happy New Year and Bom Shankar Bholenath.

Sylvie

BURGUNDY *** 29th December, 13th Year *** Shanti

Dearest Corinne,

I am writing you from my hospital bed in St. Cloud, where I tumbled yesterday after taking an alkali seltzer. Apparently, I still have an enormous allergy to anything with aspirin in it. When I saw the six firemen coming up the stairs I left my form for some fifteen minutes and they took over with pure oxygen. My last thoughts before autopilot took over were of Sundi and so I think of you with your new little girl and the joy you and Swasti will share with her. This birth Corinne was a hard one for me to miss. I was with you as you matured into the decision that I feel brought her into being.

Your grandfather came to Sigy last week and put into Gilles's hands a cheque for 3,000 francs. This makes you the owner of the cave in our little village of Essard Gorne - the only building with a roof on it. Your grandfather thinks to give you another 17,000 fr of which Gilles told him you would need this to build with. **At the moment** it seems a long way from building. You and Gilles are the only two with the money to build but by building together - Yagnaha - we might amass all the materials we need for the entire project.

At this point Corinne, you are the only one from America. I know this will bring us energy with which to build. Tony was a good example of this. You are the only one whose heart is here. We don't need vacationers. So if it is possible for you in the next year, we are waiting. Richard and Kamalah are wonderful as our closest neighbours. Annette is our mother stability (though she has been hospitalised in the last week too - France is hard.) Jean-Louis' bar provides us all with a gathering place, which is a part of the country world, to forget for the moment all our petty divisions. Claudie and Louis are still working with Gilles on the fur.. Our lack of tools is still the greatest energy drain. With fresh vision from you guys who love us, we will nourish again. Perhaps a solar greenhouse, Philippe, or a solar pump. There seems to be water under our property. We need your thoughts, your fresh breath of America. We love you and work for you. Love you

Shanti



BURGUNDY *** 14th January, 13th Year *** Claudie

Dear Françoise,

I enjoyed your letter a lot and I am particularly happy to know that everything is flowing smoothly for you. I wanted to answer you earlier because of the arrival of Anne and Neville in Europe. I am eager to see them again and they are going to be received at Annette's and Benoit's, the most spacious and comfortable place here. I had your letter only recently as I spent 15 days in Paris for the holiday season, which I shared half with my family and half with all the friends in Paris, and I came back last Monday. This stay did lots of good for me. I took it very easy. There were lots of goodies, I saw lots of people and everybody's feeling was excellent. Jacques, Roselyne, Andre and Suredege came for a few days in Burgundy for the new year, and I myself stayed in Chelles with Agnes and Jean-Claude, and Gerard, and old friends of John and Annie went to Amsterdam on honeymoon, without the girls. Christine and Sonia went away too, visiting old friends of Christine for a few days. Jacques and Roselyne are enthusiastic about going to America, as well as Anne.

For the fur business, we are going to do the best we can. I am thinking of sending you a blanket as soon as possible. For the jackets, we have to invest in the Larribeau workshops in Paris - we cannot make them here. I talked about it with Gilles and Louis.

Louis and I, we are working a lot, and Gilles is selling. I am taking care of the sewing and of the finances, which helps a lot. Louis and I are going along well together, knowing well the value of the work and of the investment. Gilles is more cool about it. We have still two months to do the maximum and then we can make our first real accounting on the first months of production.

I saw Marco twice in Paris. He has to go to the hospital again because his leg did not heal right. They have to operate on him again and then he has three months of re-education.

Carole and Coco came on New Year's Day in Burgundy and want to settle down in Lyon, 100km away, for Coco's business.

We were all shocked by Alan's death and we are thinking a lot about Nancy. But words seem to me to be futile at this point.

Dear Françoise, I am happy for you three, and Sam, thinking about you a lot. Is Philippe back from the Renaissance Church? Who is living at the Foundation right now?

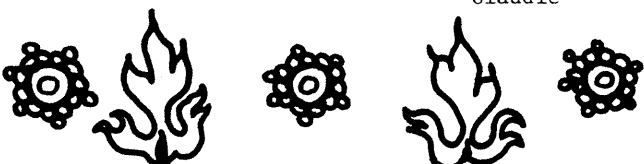
You know, here practically all France has been covered with snow, with storms and frost for two weeks. I have not seen this for years. And the countryside is luminous and the sky bright blue. Yesterday we celebrated the 4th birthday of Stephanie, the eldest daughter of Marie and Gerard, at Annette and Benoit's. It was a nice gathering. Marie and Gerard and their two children lived with Jean-Louis and Françoise, but have decided to live separately and have found their own house a few kilometres from us, which is great. They will move in at the end of the month. The bar is 18 km away from us. Richard and Kamalah went to Marseille for a few days and they have started to work on their house - the Shepherds House - with the help of Raymond.

Françoise Chauni is going to have her baby in mid-February, followed by Sylvie in March. They both are very round and beautiful to look at. Christine wants to come here to help take care of Rayan and Savitri while Françoise is in the Clinic.

Right now I am alone with Arianne and Beatrice. All is peaceful. Everyone went for a walk. My bedroom window looks over the yard, just in front of the children's school. That's really fun. The children are all in great shape and never sick, despite the cold. The air is not at all humid and we have a huge snowman in front of the house.

I am stopping here, wishing you a Happy New Year, with all my wishes for happiness and peace. Am also thinking about Yamuna and Rich and their children and I would love to write to them too. Hi Francis - its really good to read you. Big kisses to Dharma. I love you. B.S.B.

Claudie



LONDON *** 7th January, 13th Year *** Ronnie Ellis

Hi Sami,

Bom Shankar Bholenath, love and kisses to my dearest friend and sweetheart. How is everything with you now? I pray you are well and feeling great, like the great goddess I think you are. It is -3 below freezing here so you are definitely in the best place.

Lawrence suggested that you go to say hello to his beautiful wife Cheryl and to tell her he is missing her very much.

We received a letter from the Council saying they are going to renovate our flats instead of knocking them down.

I have just worked half the night at the BBC replacing the old weather maps with new ones, so maybe the weather will change (Lawrence came to help me too). Say hello to Yahka and Jay and my love and BSB. I went to see Jeanette who is really good but alone. I took her presents which she really loved. Lawrence and I stopped at Victor's on the way back from work. He is going to book a ticket for Jamaica tomorrow for himself, Bernadette and his dad. Nice eh!

England feels really great. Of course it always does for me. Everywhere feels great now that Father's here. I really want to help create the business, God willing. Hameed has sent me a couple of letters offering to send me a couple of carpets so I've written asking him to send 3 persian style carpets, so may our special Goddess Laxmi in her beauty and fortune smile on the idea. Briony from Sussex phoned up yesterday saying he writes to her so often that she doesn't know why or what to do. I told her to just enjoy it.

So Sam, please take the best care of yourself. We all love you, especially here in England and we all want our Sami back to health and happiness. Love from all. BSB.

Ronnie

SAN FRANCISCO *** 24th January, 13th Year *** Sam

Dearest Universal Family,

Bom Shankar Bholenath and eternal love to you all from the Golden City of Light. I am very happy to be back in the USA after two and a half years since the Mahamilana. I should like to say thank you from my heart to Sarada, Rich and Ronnie for making this trip possible - they just happened to have enough money to cover a standby ticket for me so I was able to fly with Sarada, Rich, Angshuman, Annirudha, Francis, Françoise and Dharma. What a delightful company of divine forms. I was honoured indeed. Truly, it was Anu and Angshu who brought me here - Anu offered to share his suitcase with me and said he would give me a present if I came. He keeps his word. I love all the children so much - I baked shortbread for David Dayton's birthday and we had a lovely celebration. Soon the recipe will be included in the Newsletter so that everyone can enjoy such a delicious example of the heritage of Scotland.

The children constantly took care of me when I first arrived - I felt like a treasure being guarded and guided by youthful Shivites. I got a bit too noisy though as I was flashing constantly on all the names of God and singing and dancing around everywhere. I had to spend a couple of weeks in the hospital just to come back into form and America took very good care of me by treating me for free. I made good friends with many of the doctors and hope to meet them again under different circumstances.

For England, please don't worry about Father - he is doing great and is continually attended by his children. Corinne is back from a visit to the Renaissance Church and looks great. Lopa and Simon, with Val, are down in Los Angeles helping Nancy. We should pray for each other constantly...

After being in hospital, I stayed for one week with my old friend Bob Altman, and then for two more weeks with Marilyn, April and Celeste, who really gave me a good time. Marilyn is such a goddess. I came up to the city last Sunday on my birthday with Pam and Dave Latourneau, and have been staying with Carolyn and Ahana. I moved over to Tim and Mimi's last night after having a great time at Lila's birthday party. In the right time I shall be staying on Shotsy's windowseat and would like to serve as her secretary for as long as God wills. (This is my first go at typing out the Light).

It is such a joy to see my divine family again - my heart thrills with memory and the real idea of creation. Practical omnipotence in constant karma yoga joyfully thrilling out in infinite vibrations of accordance - we know that right, so let's all do it. We must become human beings before we can be divine so lets just serve each other and worship each other with all the love we have - which is infinite.

Tony Niazi and your delightful wife, Jis, I love you so much and think of the time when darling Tony you will be released to your rightful place by the side of your wife and your family. I just wrote to Hameed and his friendship is very precious to me. Tony, when you are released and stabilised, please come with Jis to visit here. Your presence would be such a joy for us all.

So my divine darlings, you can write to me at 59. Scott Street if you have the noble urge. I should love to hear from everyone. So till later, I want everyone to know that I'm doing great and that I love you all so dearly. Maybe a few of you Aussies can come and visit soon. We have quite a contingent of English forms here and more are expected. Yipee - lets boogie some more.

I love you and send a hearty Bom Shankar Bholenath to one and all. Eternally His servant.

SAM

EUROPE *** 17th Jan, 13th Year *** LAWRENCE

Dear Father and Family,

It was a year ago I arrived in San Francisco and now I have been in Denmark a week! I'm staying with my uncle in a renovated farmhouse on the east coast of Jutland. Unfortunately, communication is down to virtually nil, partly because of the isolated situation of the house and partly because of my limited knowledge of the Danish language (my Danish is improving day by day though).

The weather here is rather cold and white (average temp. 4°C) and not having anything else to do yet, I spend my days riding a sledge down a nearby hill (I've got a great toboggan track, with jumps and all) and in the evenings I study Danish. I had to cut down on vices too, what with the price of whisky at \$30 a fifth and cigarettes \$1.30 a pack!

England - I spent some two months there and enjoyed everything except the three weeks of rather badly-paid work as a builders labourer. The English family is full of energy and looked after me like a king. Ronnie lent me his flat while he was in San Francisco, while Dave and Tina supported my social habits for the duration. The kids are, as always, full of love and noise. Peter and Dolly and Nicholas will very likely stay for another two months or so and then go back to Belgium. Frankie and Davide and family, with Joelle, spent their Christmas and New Year in France and a good time was had by all. In Sussex, Philippa and Martin and kids are spending their time recuperating after their world tour (extended) and getting their house "Garfield" together. Unfortunately my stay there was short and I did not get to see Thatched House.

While the weather was fine I made the most of it and hitch-hiked around quite a lot of England. I had intentions of going to Findhorn but found, on asking, that there is some sort of financial obligation in staying there (\$80 a week or something and book in advance) so I didn't go!

On Dermot's advice I tried for work in Aberdeen on the oil rigs but failed owing to the popularity of the idea amongst other travellers.

By this time the weather started to get cold and my money was getting low so I went back to London to find work. I'm sorry to say that I missed Tony Autori one Sunday afternoon - communication breakdown - it would have been good to "rave" again. Which brings me back to leaving England, on a sad note, unfortunately, with the news of Alan Schwartz's death. I never met Alan but have felt his energy through many people and felt the loss just as much. What a tangled web we must untangle.

Here's a thought...

Think only of the Present
For it is here to serve you
Think only of the Future
And it will confuse you
Think only of the Past
Then Present and Future are lost
For Presence of Mind
Is the Knowledge of the Past
And the Key to the Future.

And speaking of the future, that's a big questionmark for me to be precise about, but I do know that before I return to Australia I will go to Sweden, see some of Europe in general, and stay with the French Foundation for as long as they'll have me.

Hopefully, March will see a reunion with me and Cheryl and Auriana over here, and then we will go to Australia together.

The grapevine has been telling me stories of Tim and Mimi - congratulations and may the most Divine of futures be with you. And to Sammi, though everyone in England misses you, you must do what you must do!

Lots of love to all. Bom Shankar Bholenath.

LAWRENCE OF AUSTRALIA

YAKANDANDAH *** 29th Jan, 13th Year *** QUIN FAMILY

Dear Divine Family,

I am writing to announce the arrival of our delightful daughter Arien (She guides the vessel of the Sun in Tolkein mythology). A beautiful little goddess born at 4.28 a.m. on the 5th January. Weighing 7lb 13oz, she made her appearance very wide-eyed and alert, with a minimum of fuss and amazed all the nurses with her calm manner and awareness. "She's been here before" was a regular comment. Thank you Father for bestowing us with this tiny bundle of divinity. We love you constantly.

Thain, who is 17 months now, really loves his "little sister" and blew us away with his ready acceptance of her. His displays of affection are very touching and becoming much gentler.

The feeling here in Yack is very close at present (babies are such great unifiers aren't they) and with our energies and imaginations bearing fruit, the time feels ripe to expand our sheepskin business into a shop, incorporating wools, fleeces and perhaps a bit of drapery to provide a much needed service in the town.

Hal and Sue have been extra busy of late, entertaining an almost continual stream of visitors since Christmas and they remain a constant source of inspiration and revelation.

Our hearteous congratulations to Lawrence and Cheryl. News of your marriage was joyfully received here. Bom Shankar. Regards also to all the great people we met and came to love during Mahamilana. You are often in our thoughts and always in our hearts. Bom Shankar Bholenath.

BOB, LISA, THAIN & ARIEN QUIN

AUSTRALIA *** 11th Jan, 13th Year *** GANGA

Dear John,

This is a very long overdue reply to your note of October about resubscription. You said then that our total bill for 15 copies was \$60, so the rather obscure amount in the enclosed cheque is for 2 extra copies and a little extra for luck. I'm really sorry that I have not been more prompt.

The news of Alan's death has left us all in shock, but talking with Julie Nolan and Anne on the phone has brought you all closer. I can only extend all my love to everyone there and we all feel for Nancy and the children so deeply - I really can't find any words to express any more right now.

Well, we five Hamburgers [Hennenbergs] are on our way to join you some time in the last week of March - exact date is unsure as yet. This has been a bit of a change in plan as we were intending to go to Europe first, but since the last couple of days, I am just waiting to see you all again. That's all for now. All my love. Bom Shankar Bholenath.

GANGA

Whence I would write a word of Truth,
in any way but mine;
There I would'st show Thee Beauty do'eth,
the Glory that is Thine.
We then could sing Immortal praise,
and in Lore of Grace Divine;
A fairer day to be for Us,
the Moon and Sun refine.

William R. Price

SANTA MONICA *** 2nd Feb, 13th Year *** MICHAEL TAYLOR

Dear Stephanie and John,

I wish you luck for financial support - you deserve it. From somebody who knows from "Down Under" the Light is Yours is a total blessing - everybody looks forward to this beautiful publication. In a time when **everybody** is busy organising their lives, and letter writing sometimes gets neglected, this is the perfect communication on this level - so whenever you or your staff are feeling pressure or lack of support - just remember, the support is there, and here.

Enclosed is a cheque for 1 volume, including back issues to October '78, for Jamie and Vicki Urquhart in New Zealand.

Thank you - our Family can only grow stronger as we grow stronger. Bom Shankar Bholenath.

MICHAEL

LOVE ISRAEL FOUNDATION *** Jan., 13th year *** SANDRA

Dear Father and Family,

BOM SHANKAR BHOLENATH! Our love and thoughts are sent out to you often.

Kimo and I are living with Caleb and Eve (our school mind). Eventually with a little more organization and order, Kimo could receive a fine education. This situation is beyond what I could have imagined. Caleb says, "They are really doing it and hope you are too." He would like Stephanie and the school to begin communicating and sharing your knowledge and experience.

We are amidst a winter wonderland of frost and freeze and hearty breeds. Wood burning stoves and baking breads. Imagination has inspired skating parties at the lake, turning into the cleaning of dead trees, skaters pulling logs and babies in little wooden boxes. Huge brush piles burning.

I have gone out into the fields and helped load the horse-drawn wagon with freshly-cut alder.

The children seem to be enjoying themselves no matter how cold. Kimo goes bicycling every day as "Santa" brought bikes for all the kids who were ready. Kimo listens to Caleb and Eve with such respect. He has become a helper with the wood and with dishes, without complaint. He has gone on several hikes with one mountain experience.

We anticipate hosting all our little San Francisco friends. Vishnu, I thought of you much today and would love to see you as part of the mind here. God Bless all the children.

We have meditation and singing at predawn meetings in the sanctuary. Most of the revelations in a day seem to come through in those moments.

Today I saw how immensely serious everyone is here, to kill the self and emerge reborn in Christ as a new man in God. Spirits are seen here nakedly, even though in the subtlest ways. At first I was repelled to enter heaven to find sin so near. (I always felt that Father had freed us from that whole aspect of sin.) Now, I witness the spirits of sin as a form of knowledge of good and evil being revealed. It always presents the freedom of choice and creating the battle ground for the emerging body of Christ. Though Christ came to free us through Love, our perfection in feeling his absolute Love is yet relying upon the memory of visions and the acceptance of this truth on faith.

There is no much to share with you. Often I want to be with you. Often I think of our freedom and how different God's gift is for us there, which you enjoy so lasciviously. We pray Father is well.

Please, that someone will represent you through letters to us. We would like to read "The Light is Yours" if still being published. God bless you.

Bom Shankar Bholenath.

Love,
Sandra

(We were glad to receive a visit from Sandra and Kimo this month. - Ed.)

ONTARIO, CANADA *** Jan. 15, 13th year * Michael Walther

Dearest Father and Family,

As the world celebrates a late new year and the old calendars are replaced with the new, I ask what is new, Time eternal? Most immortals would use any occasion as an excuse to celebrate God's Creation!

I am in the spirit of sorrow and day by day mindful of the past we've come through. Of course my hope of the future cannot die and there I find solace to abide by. Life is ever quixotic, its principles so simple and its living so difficult. Perhaps it's all an illusion, God knows, but we mechanics of time have to be sure things will run right so we dabble in the matter till we burn up in an inexhaustible inferno. But that's all inside. Out in the nature, you can get so high as to forget one's self!

Our Father, which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.

Much love to all of you from all of me.

Michael Walther
RR #5, Ont. N457V9

BALTIMORE *** Jan.20, 13th year *** MARY ALBEE

Dear Corinne,

I'm so happy you're out here! and am really **pleased** with the prospect of seeing you again! **YAY!** besides which, I'm growing steadily more curious about Renaissance Church or - rather - the people up there and what you're up to. I can't say that what I know of the economic structure appeals to me but the activity does and the attitude -- as I picture it anyway! I've been thinking about the balance between non-attachment to "material" and the necessity to use it in a way that makes maintaining relationship...with a population oppressed by simply having too much of it... easiest. I'm not really going to attempt to explain this in a letter! **In any event**, it's pretty difficult to talk about this and lots of things! with people who've never imagined attachment or stood outside themselves and desire, **etc.** to begin with.

There's that and the woman's (lib?) literature I've been reading lately. Friends have gotten me into it and I never really checked it out before. I wanted to know where they were coming from more clearly as they seemed - are - more creative and independent personalities than anything else I've run into out here. What bothers me is the negativity and rejection that those qualities look to be based on. The essays and diatribe of the lib movement were never as powerful as the bloody fiction I've been reading...I feel a need to see through it and be able to exceed it clearly in expression. It depresses the hell out of me. Which is o.k. for me because I can get out of it -- I just wonder what effect it's having "out there"...on "America's housewives"...I can practically see arsenic in the apple pie.

So -- I'm not upset but intent on achieving a clear solution to all the involvements I've been opening up to, exposed to, experiencing...whatever. There've been alot of them - that's for sure! **Synthesis ho!** (as per Wagon Train). It seems to me that if you absorb peoples' expression of their involution and can exceed it then you're better able to **relate to them**, to express evolution in terms they can understand. Same thing, I suppose, as experiencing **directly** all the problems and understanding them...just a mental approach instead of physical -- yes?

Like this summer, Anna was upset by the apparent instability of family relationships, because solid family life is the basis of the larger family. O.K. I'm reading it in the women's lit...no prospect of solution is presented. The family will work it out and then know what everyone else is going through because they've been there -- so the upsets serve a purpose **in time**. The family may act like negative fiction but they'll get around to positive reality in the long run. Inevitable - can't go backwards without seeing it - when the pressure gets high enough the family is capable of change rather than dissolution. Vanguard. And, anyway, I feel the changes coming. Do you have that feeling? I've been getting stronger, like just before I met Father. I can see the likeness of the "wave". Time to break out my metaphysical surfboard!

Love,
Mary

Household Medicine

page 14

PREVENTION, AND ABORTIVE TREATMENT FOR COMMON ILLNESSES

An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, it is true, but if you feel an illness approaching, treat it early, by yourself, and much time and aggravation will be avoided by all concerned. A stitch in time saves nine, that is true too. This and the articles to follow are intended to help you to diagnose and **care** for common illnesses early so that they are quickly curtailed without complication.

Common things are common and the following medicines and procedures will care for about 80% of the illnesses we encounter. This includes colds (runny nose and/or sore throat, tiredness, minor aches with or without fever), earache, common eye infections, allergy (itchy, runny nose; itchy eyes), stomach flu (cramps, muscle aches, fever, vomiting and/or diarrhea), and the common skin afflictions.

Common sense is the rule and remember, there are very few real emergencies in spite of what we have been led to believe. A great secret, known to doctors, is that most things get better by themselves no matter what you do. The body is such a wonderful and adaptive organism. An emergency is a situation that must be dealt with quickly in order to save life. Such illnesses and accidents do occur, obviously, but when confronted with such situations, the important thing is to remain calm and act with love, and the danger will be minimized. The knowledge of what to do is always there in any emergency if you don't freak out, call it common sense, intuition, supraphysical communication or what you will. We are all healers in our own ways but we have to develop these skills by practicing first on ourselves and then, with the knowledge gained, on those around us. Each of us is, in the long run, responsible for his own health. Physician, heal thyself!

Dis-ease, or lack of ease, is part of the puzzle called life and one of the things that we must come to understand before it can disappear. When we do understand it, we master it and then we no longer need succumb or become sick. An illness indicates time of change; clarification and release follow, leading to health and more happiness. Such things cause contradiction, "Why am I sick? What's going on?" But contradiction is the fastest way to evolve, and pain is a great teacher. There can be no disease in a world of truth. We are learning to live in such a world, and we learn as a group by what happens to all of us.

As individuals, we have seven bodies or vehicles of expression, not one as we have been led to believe. The lowest or densest is the physical, the next is the emotional or vital body within which lie all of our feelings, and above that is the mental body. Beyond these are spiritual bodies, Soul and the like. Physical food nourishes our physicality; what cannot be digested is eliminated and forgotten. Love nourishes our feeling or vital body, hostility and apprehension **disturb** it. Words are food for thought and sustain the mental body. Words of truth are assimilated and retained by the mind, lies are the undigestible matter that are excreted in time, and forgotten. These foods -- digestible physical food, Love and Truth nourish us as individuals and cause us to grow and to bear fruit. The physical form is actually the puppet of the higher bodies above it, especially, at this time, the emotions. The emotions, in turn, are governed by the mind of Knowledge. Almost every physical disease has a vital and/or mental cause, as heart and mind precede physicality, are above it, and are capable of controlling it. Complete control is the yoga of which father has been speaking; perfect health is its reflection. But as we are still in the process of evolution, we combat diseases as we move closer to a truthful existence. Once a dis-ease has manifested itself physically and worked itself out through cure, the lack of ease is gone and you are purged, purified that much more. In summary: the physical form is the last step, not the first. To know the vital cause of any physical ailment is to know how not to get it again, as long as one utilizes such changes and keeps the knowledge in application. This is the true preventive medicine.

There are very few simple diseases that begin on the mental plane. Most are the result of vital disturbances or imbalances that begin in our vital body, our emotions. As we learn better to control our emotional body via knowledge, most of the common illnesses that plague us will begin to disappear. In fact, and this

is the underlying theme of all that will follow, every physical disease has a corresponding vital counterpart, the vital cause that is producing the dis-ease in the first place. For example, the symptoms of the common cold are irritation and congestion. When you let these feelings enter your vital form, and when you succumb to them, you are likely to get a cold. The common cold is so contagious because it is irritating to be around someone with a cold, especially in congested environments; the irritation itself is contagious. We don't have to succumb to these feelings, make them worse by getting into apprehension or feeling sorry for oneself. The point is, we are learning how to control our vital bodies, mainly by not reacting to what others do and **at the same time**, learning not to judge ourselves or anybody. A loving feeling is the essential basis for getting and staying well. The prevention -- the preventive medicine -- is to know and progressively eliminate the vital and mental causes of dis-ease before they strike the physical form. Diagnosis becomes simple too, because you can tell how someone feels by the tone of their voice, and by becoming sensitive to the feeling, you feel it in your own body -- you just know. And then you know what to do, and you respond vitally, with Love.

Obviously the above is a broad generalization of a lot that we have yet to learn. We are beginning with the simple things like the cold because it is wise to start with the ordinary, common things. The cold will be the subject in the next article in this series. We have to start somewhere. As we learn to control and manipulate the forces that surge through our emotions, we, as a group, a Family, will learn to control and direct tremendous healing energies to anyone that is ill, anywhere. It is Love for each other. Let's heal each other.

Dennis L. Myers
Family Physician

ECSTASY OF LIVE EXPRESSION

SARAH HUTT

Regina Meyers and Lou Gottlieb were co-organizers of an eighteen-hour workshop on consciousness-raising. The format was based on Stewart Emory's off-shoot of E.S.T., Actualizations. Both Regina and Lou attended his workshop and felt his idea, applied to our family, would be excellent for our evolution. Actualizations means, to make real through action.

Father conducted the weekend's intense experience with a cross-section of about twenty family members. We spent a very concentrated amount of time listening. Listening to stories of our first encounter with father. Listening to feelings and to ideas of change. "Change yourself and the world will change with you." Nothing new but good to remember and manifest.

As a collective energy our aspiration was to spend time with the Creator, feeling, thinking and speaking Truth. "Truth is the beginning, Truth is the middle and truth is the End." The weekend encompassed all that, for the limitations of many ego-formations was cognized and exceeded. It was quite an association of free-flow expressions with father occasionally assuring all he wasn't bored.

We met 4 hours Friday evening, February 2, then Saturday and Sunday, 3 hours in the afternoon and 4 hours in the evening. Father oversaw and conducted the flow of uninterrupted expressions. He started the third session by chanting second chapter of Gita and ended the weekend by speaking of God as laughter. After sixteen hours of intense aspiration and will, we were pleased and reassured to hear father speak and laugh.

Krishna says... "I give Intelligence to those who love me ... he becomes one with me..." First meeting at F.O.R. Calcutta, February, Ninth Year.
Intelligence can solve the problems
God-loving people will rule the world...

At the conclusion of the workshop, Father spoke briefly... no two accounts of his remarks are the same, thus he spoke simultaneously, but specifically, to each form of his cosmic multiplicity present in the room. To me he said, "I will charm the humanity with delirious existence..."

To all members of the family & F.O.R. Chapters throughout the world...I promise you 18 hours with Father this year. For further information on how to guarantee Father's presence in your area...please write to me -- LOU, 53 Scott Street, SF, Ca. 94117.

THE PUNDIT'S PAGE

What is the power of Mantra? The word (मन्त्र) is from manas (मनस्), meaning mind, and I seem to recall father saying something to the effect that "mantra is that which holds, draws and directs the mind." It is, then, our common obeisance to the Mental Being. All activity is pranam to one another aspect of deity. Our routine of brushing teeth is respect, if not reverence, paid to the physical basis of our existence, and is a kind of ritual geared to the continuance of health and wholesomeness. So the uncomfortable commuting of the businessman, his punctuality, and the whole of his arduous and ulcer-inducing 9 to 5 schedule may be seen as the austerities he offers to his favorite godhead (इस्तदेव istadeva, chosen deity) -- Kuvera, no doubt, god of wealth and lord of the treasury. We whose primary objective is to make manifest upon this planet the bliss and beauty of a Truth Conscious Vision might consider dedicating our energies and beginning our days with mantra. There is Vedic proscription that the chants should be recited thrice daily: at the rising of the sun, at its zenith and again at its setting. Literal application of ritual is hardly the style of our modern secular lives, but think how much more pleasantly and smoothly would run our mental machinistic monologues if here and there and quite often we inserted a choice prayer or two -- "Om, May I attain the Eternal," for instance, or St. Francis' "Lord, Make me an instrument of Thy will." In this manner I recommend the Sanskrit of father's chants. Having mastered the rhythm and cadence of any one of them, you will, no doubt, find it introducing itself into your thoughts all day long as a most pleasant companion (and mediator with your Self).

Here are six more of the chants. The four given last month were parts of the Gurustoram from Visvasara Tantra by Sankaracarya.

त्वमेव माताच पिता त्वमेव
त्वमेव बन्धुस्व सखा त्वमेव /
त्वमेव विद्या हविषा त्वमेव
त्वमेव सर्वं मम देवदेवः //

tvameva mātācha pitā tvameva Thou art my Mother, my Father, thou art.
tvameva banduscha sakhā tvameva / Thou art my Friend, my Companion, thou art.
tvameva vidyā dravinam tvameva Thou art Knowledge, Its means, thou art.
tvameva sarvam mama devadevaḥ // Thou art my All, Lord of Lords.

ॐ ब्रह्मार्पणं ब्रह्म हविर्
ब्रह्मणो ब्रह्मणा हुतम् /
ब्रह्मेव ज्ञान गन्तव्यम्
ब्रह्म कर्म समाधिना //

om
brahmārpaṇam brahma havir
brahmāgnau brahmaṇā hutam /
brahmaiva tena gantavyam
brahma karma samdhinā //
Brahman is the oblation, Brahman is the offering,
Sacrificed by Brahman into the fire of Brahman.
Verily, he who gives (dedicates) his actions to Brahman, goes to Brahman.

This last is Bhagavad Gita IV:24

ॐ भूर्भुवः स्वः
तत्सवितुर्वरेण्यम्
भर्गो देवस्य धीमहि
धियो यो नः प्रचोदयात्

om
bhurbhuvah svah
tatsaviturvarenyam /
bhargo devasya dhimahi
dhiyo yo naḥ prachodayāt //
Earth, Midworld, Heaven
May our minds be fixed upon
That most excellent Divine Light
May It illuminate (effectuate) our thoughts.

This invocation is the Gāyatrī of the Rīg Veda

ॐ सर्वं माङ्गल्यं माङ्गल्ये
सिवा सर्वार्थं साधिके /
स्मरन्ते त्रिंबके गौरी
नारयणी नमोऽस्तुते // ह्रम्

om
sarva maṅgalya maṅgalye
śive sarvārtha sādhike/
smerenye triambake gaurī
narayanī namo'stute //
The Nature of Consciousness brings all benefit to existence.
She works out the meanings of Siva and helps others realize Him.
I remember you as the Mother of the three worlds (mind, life and matter) and I worship you as Supreme Nature.

From Chandī, hymns to feminine power

ॐ अप्यान्तु माङ्गानि
वाक्प्राणश्चक्षुः श्रोत्रमथो
बन्धमिन्द्रानि च सर्वानि

om
āpyāntu maṅgāni
vākpraṇaśchakṣuḥ śrotramatho
balamindrayāni cha sarvāni
May my limbs grow vigorous,
my speech, breath, eye as also strength,
and all my senses.

ॐ सर्वं ब्रह्मोऽपणिषदाद् महम्
निरा कुर्यं मामा ब्रह्म
निराकरोद् निराकरणम्
निराकरम् मेऽस्तु
जथाज्मनि निरते य उपाणिषत्सु
धार्मास्ते मयि सन्तु
ते मयि सन्तु हरिः ॐ जस्तु

om
sarvam brahmo'paṇiṣadam maham
nirā kuryam māmā brahma
nirākaroda nirākaraṇam
nirākaramam me'stu
tadhatmani nirate ya upaṇiṣatsu
dharmāste mayi santu
te mayi santu hari om tat sat
All is the Brahman of the Upanishads
May the Brahman never discard me,
May there be no discarding
May there be no discarding of me.
Let these truths which are set forth in the Upanishads
Live in me dedicated to the Self.

ॐ पूर्णमदः पूर्णमिदम्
पूर्णं पूर्णमुदच्यते /
पूर्णस्य पूर्णमादाय
पूर्णमेवावशिष्यते //
ॐ शान्तिः शान्तिः शान्तिः
हरिः ॐ जस्तु

om
pūrnamadaḥ pūrnamidam
pūrnat pūrnamudachyate /
pūrnasya pūrnamādāya
pūrnamevāva śiṣyate //
That is full (complete), this is full
The full comes out of the full
Taking the full from the full
The full itself remains.

om shāntiḥ śāntiḥ śāntiḥ hari om tat sat Peace, Peace, Peace

SEASON'S EATINGS



Chinese New Year, January 27th, 4677th year, commencing the Year of the Ram, is yet another chance to turn over a new leaf with the Chinese; as we had January 1, 1979, with the Christians; as we will have on the Jewish New Year, September 22, 5739; and, of course, on September 19th, for 164,000 minus 14 years of siva kalpa with father and his family of gods and goddesses. BOM SHANKAR BHOLENATH might also mean, "Time to turn over a new leaf."

Because I was unable to keep my word last month about creating a special follow-up edition (and I may not be able to get to it for awhile), I'm beginning to add recipes and menus to my column. If you're looking for an excuse to celebrate, or for a little excitement on the family dinner table, cook something different. Broaden your culinary horizons and enjoy this menu:

- Quick Egg Drop Soup; Hot Chinese Chicken Salad; and Steamed Rice.

QUICK EGG DROP SOUP:

- 1 tablespoon oil
- 3 scallions, washed and sliced thin, including tops; (or, 3 tblsp. fresh coriander leaves, minced; or, 3 tblsp. diced onion)
- 4 cups broth or bouillon
- 1 large egg

Heat oil in a heavy soup pot and cook 2/3 of the scallions, coriander or onion till wilted and tender but not browned. Add liquid and bring to boil. Beat egg with fork until well mixed, pour through strainer into boiling soup and stir so egg cooks in shreds. Ladle into hot bowls and sprinkle with remaining scallions. Makes 8 small servings.

HOT CHINESE CHICKEN SALAD

- 4 large chicken breasts, skinned and boned
- 1/2 cup cornstarch
- 3 tablespoons sherry
- 1/3 cup oil
- 8 cloves garlic and/or shallots
- 1 pound mushrooms
- 1 can (8 ounces) water chestnuts, drained and sliced (if desired)
- 1 bunch scallions, include tops, cut in 2 inch lengths
- 8 stalks celery, slice thin diagonally
- 1/2 cup soy sauce (I like Yamasa Japanese soy sauce. It's a good buy at \$1.00 a pint.)
- salt
- 1/2 head iceberg lettuce, shredded
- 1/2 cup sliced almonds

With kitchen scissors or sharp knife, cut meat in thin strips. Roll in cornstarch and mix well with sherry. Set aside for about 1/2 hour. Heat oil in large deep heavy skillet or wok. Add garlic and/or shallots. Cook and stir til browned. Add chicken to hot oil and stir til lightly browned. Add celery, then mushrooms, scallions, and water chestnuts; cook and stir. Add soy sauce and heat through. Salt to taste. Add lettuce. Toss lightly with almonds and serve at once with Steamed Rice. Makes 8 servings.

* * * *

In past centuries, Catholics were forbidden to eat eggs, milk and butter during Lent, although they are now allowed to. So, the last of these foods were traditionally used to make pancakes on Shrove Tuesday, (Feb. 27), or Mardi Gras in French New Orleans, and on Ash Wednesday (Feb. 28) or Miercoles de Ceniza in Spanish. And some churches still like to celebrate with pancake suppers.

One can hardly imagine pancakes without thinking of real all-American maple syrup. Long before white men cultivated a taste for this uniquely flavored sweet, Indians tapped maple trees in the spring to extract the sweet sap. Sugaring-off time in a New England maple grove is festive, especially for the children who love to scrape up boiling syrup in the snow. I'm hoping the San Francisco family co-op will fall heir to pure maple syrup come spring. We do regard it as a treasure. I'm

personally addressing all of the New England gods and goddesses: if one of you could mail me a price list or an order form, I would be more than willing to repay you by making available commodities indigenous to California. I do realize that the price of maple syrup is high because the demand outdoes the supply. But it's worth the price at least once a year. Last year, Jusy Kovalaske supplied the co-op with real maple syrup upon her arrival from a summer vacation with Jeff and Kalia.

BEST BUYS THIS MONTH:

Basic vegetables: brussel sprouts (end of the season); green peas, parsnips, spinach; greens: mustard, turnip or beet, collard, chard (Swiss), Kale; broccoli.

Odd vegetables: oyster plant (salsify), parsley root (as in January), Chinese mustard (gai choy), Chinese celery (bok choy, also called Chinese chard), Chinese broccoli (gai lon).

Basic fruit: California avocados (yes, it is a fruit); winter pears (Bosc, Anjou); lemons; navel oranges; tangerines, grapefruit. All citrus fruits are an excellent source of Vitamin C, ascorbic acid, which is effective in healing wounds and also aids metabolism. Navel oranges have the greatest amount with 61 mg. per serving, all the Vitamin C an individual needs daily. Other varieties of orange have less. Oranges of all varieties are also a very good source of Vitamin B1, thiamine, which functions as a co-enzyme in carbohydrate metabolism. With only 51 calories, one orange has more food energy than all the other citrus fruits.

For special fruits, kumquats and chayote remain a good buy this month.

Meat, poultry and fish: gray sole, striped bass, sea bass, porgy, red hake.

"It's only understanding of the knowledge to see that knowledge is in application." -- father, Rituals of Reading Gita.

by Cecilia Joan Price Gaytan

APOLOGIES

In an excess of energy to adapt Bengali recipes for the October issue to the needs of hard working Siva Kalpa homemakers. I mistakenly took the liberty of adapting Dave Letourneau's classic salsa recipe, which, scheduled for inclusion with the others, finally appeared last month. I would like to acknowledge my mistake and extend my apologies to Senor Letourneau. Here is the recipe, newly perfected by his own pen. -Diana

SALSA DE LA TODA MADRE

- 10-12 medium red tomatoes (Salsa Colorado)
- OR
- 20-24 Tomatillos (Salsa Verde)
- (You may use both but they should be boiled separately.)
- 1-2 Onions
- 30-36 Serrano chilies
- 4-5 Cloves garlic
- 2-3 sprigs Cilantro (fresh coriander leaves)
- 1/2 - 1 tsp. salt
- butter

Boil tomatoes until skins are split, then peel skins off. OR Wash and remove brown outer skin from tomatillos and boil until soft but still whole. Slice onions chiles and garlis. Take cilantro leaves off stem and chop.

In butter (or bacon grease) saute onions and chilies. When almost soft, add garlic and tomatoes or tomatillos. Add salt. Cover and cook at light boil until excess moisture boils off, mashing tomatoes as they soften and stirring occasionally.

Use fewer chilies to make less hot; and remove all seeds to make palatable to children. This recipe may also be made using all raw ingredients (except tomatillos). Best if left overnight before using. --ENJOY!

Dave Letourneau

S.F. NEWS BRIEFS

Hello Everyone,

Back in San Francisco! Back home again to be sure! This letter essentially fulfills what the idea of "The Light is Yours" is all about. These days, a great deal of international communication is channelled through this publication. With the cessation of Family meetings it is also a family forum. A place to express oneself that can be heard by the entire family. John Morton and the many who maintain this effort have served our will as a family to keep in communication.

San Francisco is truly the eye of the hurricane. The largest group of divine family members in daily contact with each other. It is Father's home base. Kailasha' Siva's abode. For me without the support of Connie and the children, the village in San Francisco could never be as revealing an experience as IT IS.

So much is happening. People's feelings are reaching out in so many different directions at once. At times, it feels like a tremendous distraction. The great temptation is to just live for oneself and forget about all the changes going down around you every day. Yet, we still know each so well and love each so much that the Lila carries on. We move, change, and rediscover each other so well.

Neville and Anne are now in England. Their stay here revealed to them that America must grow as all our families around the world must grow. Each of our family "units" answers yet another question, reveals another contradiction. They loved it here, and we love them very much. They return to Australia, through other Foundations with great insight. Jamie and Vicki need not feel left out as they will visit New Zealand as soon as they can after their return home. Danny and Ganga are meant to arrive here in March! Links of the chain remain intact.

The English are here. Yakka and Jay, two very lovely goddesses are residing at Scott St., serving in as many ways as they can. Dermott McGahey is establishing himself. He settles in in his own inimitable way. Taking care of himself as only he knows how. Maggie Skehill is expected for a short stay en route home. Katie keeps busy through Linda Lawrence's enterprises. Lewis, from Wales, has arrived. A very bright presence indeed! Val, Simon's mum, is here to establish herself as a permanent presence. Samantha continues to realize the purpose of her vision. She has gone through some very intense changes on this particular visit. Realizing that only her own happiness can create happiness around her.

Vive la France. Yamuna and her family, Francis and Françoise show us their family way. Richard and Phillippe, the single boys, serve around the "main house", Father's Arms, concentrate on music and pay their rent. The French truly know how to live. Easy going and yet responsible.

The feeling here is to reconsolidate energy. To get things going! Regina wants to pursue her career in art. Connie reorganizes basic principles of mathematics for the benefit of her students at the Family Home School. Hari teaches composition to a group of our older boys twice a week as well as organizing the HARIYANA. Eddie Harra prepares a recording studio here in S.F. now that he and Sandy have moved "back to town". There is more support everyday to find a permanent home for FATHER'S ARMS. John Philbert, now called the IRISH REVELATION, is expanding! Sharon plays the mandolin. Hal Kuchins has joined the group with Sarah Hutt as well. New sounds are on the way! Dave Letourneau continues to serve our thriving food Co-op with vision as well as supervision by a staff that improves like fine wine.

One could go on forever, but this publication has only so much room! Father is still pretty quiet. He's happy to play with his children while we play with each other. We have, as you all must know, been deeply moved by the death of Alan Schwartz. Siva reigns and aptly describes this experience as well as any other. There remains the aspiration to lead a life that will not end. No one loved or served Father more than Alan. In reality, he does that forever. It is a lesson to us all.

In this last year of the "70's" we will realize the end of an era. The beginning of yet another greater decade. The truth and fulfillment of his omnipresent will.

Bom Shankar Bholenath,

Subalah

announcements

FATHER'S ARMS would like to announce its re-opening at 51 Scott Street on Friday, February 16th. The restaurant and bar will be open twice a month for enjoyment and pleasure.

Anyone interested in helping with the restaurant or bar, please contact Hope (431-3724) or Philippe.

Reservations will be taken at the Co-op or by calling Hope.

We need your conscious support.
See you on the 16th!

--The Staff--

FAMILY FOODS
ANNOUNCES
ITS

THIRD ANNIVERSARY PARTY

& BENEFIT FOR OUR FAMILY
IN INDIA

FEATURING: INDIAN CUISINE
BEER, WINE & CHAMPAGNE
ENTERTAINMENT
CHILDREN'S BIRTHDAY PARTY
DOOR PRIZES

AT: THE POLISH CLUB
3040 - 22nd Street
San Francisco

MARCH 3, 3-11 pm

Tickets are available in advance from:

FAMILY FOODS
33 Scott Street
San Francisco 94117
(415) 552 - 2442 or 864 - 0479

\$6.50 per adult, \$13.00 per couple
\$7.50 at the door, children free
Ticket includes admission, dinner
& a drink

* * * * *

HARIYANA: Progress Report on the Publishing of Part One:

Happily the time nears when a perfected manuscript will be lovingly delivered to a typesetter (Ta-Dum!) -- by mid-February, we hope and patiently anticipate. Some months more to this unique manifestation; meanwhile, a reminder that pre-subscriptions to the Special 108 Edition are still welcome (about one-half remain). Instructions for ordering may be found in those cherished back issues of October and November (Vol. II, 1 & 2) of "The Light Is Yours."

HIGH SOCIETY NEWS

Ernie and Jerelynn and Little Andy are now in residence in the Village again. At the corner of Pierce Street and the Park, they now have a flat.

Ernie is planning another gala champagne party for after their new baby is born.

GLOWING

Like the dragon's golden fleece
Captive eyes cannot release
From their gaze on flaming smiles
Other gestures, words, or styles.
Lead your heart through times of peace
With hugs and kisses from Cherise.

by Harvey Rose

aum satyam sivam sundaram

SIVA KALPA

(el periodo de la imaginación omnipotente de Lord Siva)

prathama brahmana
(el primer Conocedor de la apariencia de Siva)

Apoderado por la voluntad divina de auto-revelación
el mundo evoluciona conscientemente mediante
el conocimiento propio inmortal de Civanjiva
comenzando SIVA KALPA en el decimonoveno día
de Septiembre MIL novecientos sesenta y seis años
después de la muerte de Jesu Cristo.

AUM

El comienzo de la sabiduría antigua - el Sonido Primordial
de la creación que sostiene la materialización en
el momento eterno de la existencia por la presencia
indestructible del Ser Consciente en forma de
Vibraciones (del Sonido Primordial de la Creación)
en la evolución perpetua dentro del silencio
destrutivo de la Eternidad del Tiempo.

SATYAM

VERDAD. La Verdad de la Sabiduría Real y Vasta
realizando La Realidad de la Verdad Real y
Vasta por la revelación del Conocimiento
de la Verdad

SIVAM

Conocimiento. Conocimiento, sintiendo todas las
formas y fuerzas como movimiento luminoso de su
Sabiduría materializándose dentro de la subjetividad