



The Light Is Yours

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VOLUME II, Number 9

July 18th, 13th year siva kalpa

WE ARE HERE FOR THE REST OF THE WORLD TO SEE
HOW GODS AND GODDESSES LIVE TOGETHER. THIS
LIVING TOGETHER OF THE GODS & GODDESSES CRE-
ATES THE SPIRITUAL COMMUNITY AND IS THE PRO-
CESS BY WHICH GOD INCARNATES HIMSELF.

SPIRIT IS RELATIONSHIP

SIVA KALPA is the Truth of infinite Knowledge manifesting the
power of self realization in all Its forms and forces.

Within the absolute freedom of Its formless existence Knowledge
is consciously apprehending the limitations of all forms of human
knowledge infinitely exceeding them all at once effectuating their
mutual harmony by the inevitable synthesis of the individual con-
tradictions of their imperfect existences in the limitations of
individual formations.

Beginning with the subtlest forms of spiritual and supraphysical
existence It is moving through all forms of knowledge including
the grossest forms of material pragmatism embracing both avidya
and vidya, ignorance and knowledge in the universal and unanimous
synthesis of Matter and Spirit in the vast comprehensiveness of
Its higher order of existence.

from "Siva Kalpa"

We have seen that the King of Knowledge is the Knowledge of Feelings.
The jewel in that crown surpassing all others in radiance is the knowledge,
in Father's words, that "Spirit is Relationship" -- and Spirit makes itself
known in the formation of the Spiritual Community. That is why "association
is the key to evolution" -- and associating with those who act in the know-
ledge of God's reality is the swiftest path to illumination. By definition,
these people will not be found in isolation -- they will be found living as
one mind, moving bodily in the harmonious dance of the inevitable synthesis
of their individual contradictions.

For the first time since the birth of Man, the Dharma of the Perfected
Being has been fully communicated. In the past it was always adapted to a
particular viewpoint of the vain Search. Because of this, the Community of
God-Lovers was never established in the world. The effect of the full commu-
nication of the Great Dharma is the formation of the Spiritual Community, the
community so fiercely radiant that it is called the Divine Family. This for-
mation of bodies is the living incarnation of God, representing the form and
force of Father himself.

Father defines Dharma as "that which holds the mind." The Dharma of God,
the Dharma of the perfectly God-realized being, is the Truth of our Time. It
is the way in which all spheres of Knowledge relate to our speedy evolution.
Our individual minds are held by that portion of the Dharma to which we sur-
render and make ourselves available.

The process of understanding our personal roles in the Divine Community
is the process of mastering Vijñana, the Knowledge of Feelings. As we per-
fect our relationships, we evolve. Personal evolution depends most of all
upon this development of relationship within the Spiritual Community. Sepa-
ration is involution.

from the editor

It's very quiet here. What is there to do?

God is everywhere. He is omnipotent and omnipresent, Brahma, the all-pervasive.

Siva is very high, very high. He is the great, great grandsire of Creation. The Supreme Yogi. He likes to stay stoned all the time. Witness of the workings-out of his own imagination, he does nothing but gets done. He is Bliss.

Visnu is the child-God who enjoys the whole existence in his play. He is happy all the time. He does not tolerate chaos in his Presence. He is the balance that preserves.

We worship both of them around here.

Visnu told me no one knows him totally except himself. Doesn't Ruma know you? Not completely. What about Bharat? No. Well, doesn't father know you? Yes, father does.

It sure is quiet around here! Summer in the city. What to do, what to do? Get angry with Someone or depressed about some Thing. Just want to scream.

Ouch. Oh, God, what is happening to me? Father, where are you?

Here I am my darling! Just relax.

Just in case there was some mistake, Lou asked father the other day,

"Father, is everything going along on schedule?"

"Yes," father said. Yes, yes.

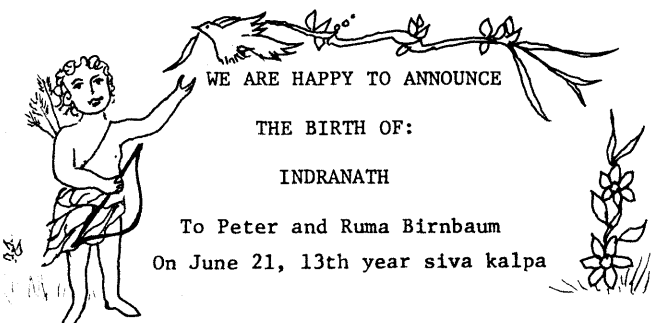
* * *

Back on the planet Earth ("Stick around," father used to say), we'd like to offer hearty congratulations to our President, Jimmy Carter, for his bold, intelligent speech on the subject of Energy; but we were disappointed to hear that the following day he made another speech, asking for forty more nuclear power plants. Where does he really stand? It seems he is hearing the truth, but compromising. To us it is clear, that more nuclear plants means more danger. You will find the conclusion of Helen Caldecott's article on the subject in this issue. Ron Thelin is working with the Geronimo Valley Alliance to alert the public about nukes; a letter of his appears on page 9.

Hostility is the planet's worst enemy, and greed, which keeps on producing plutonium, runs a close second in the race for destruction. Work for truth but don't freak out. Father said he'll take care of the plutonium, but first -- give up your greed. There's no world to change until we change ourselves.

BOM SHANKAR BHOLENATH!

Stephanie



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Come Awake With Me

"Within the delirious experience of the intensifying apprehension of the age running headlong for its inevitable cataclysm, the world has evolved into the most thrilling and interesting stage of its existence by the fulfillment of the highest and the noblest urge of Conscious Nature by the successful birth of human perfection in the possession of the Truth and Knowledge of practical omnipotence." From "Evolution," Siva Kalpa

To celebrate the spirit of renaissance that is flowering in the Village, the San Francisco family extends an invitation to enjoy a minimilana during the week of September 19th to share the blossoming of artistic and pragmatic expressions of the divine imagination, exemplified by the long-awaited publication of the Hariyana and the new Siva Kalpa hit song, "Come Awake With Me." All artists, artisans, musicians, etc., are invited to share their works in the first Siva Kalpa exposition of arts. Participants should plan whom they would like to host or be hosted by, and any activities and events they would like to see during the week's activities.

In accordance with this new spirit of organization, the Scott Street household is undergoing a restoration and re-ordering to better accommodate, on the one hand, the peace and privacy of those living there, and, on the other hand, the implementation of Foundation business. To this end the phone system has been altered so that the Foundation number -- 863 - 4509 -- rings only in the office where official business will be conducted between twelve and four from Monday through Friday. Individuals in the household can be reached through the household phones: 863-4510 for 57-63 Scott and 864-3385 for 65-67. The ongoing improvement of the house (the EOC is at this very moment insulating the attics and windows for free) along with the return of all our travelling members will, in itself, be worthy of celebration come the new year, culminating, hopefully this year, with tax-exemption for the Foundation and the purchase of the two Scott Street buildings. As usually accompanies renewed inspiration and activity, the coffers of the Treasury are looking fuller, and we are awaiting an estimate from the Calcutta Foundation to proceed on the repairs of Ripon Street so it will be ready for the next entourage to India. So with all these pursuits in the offing, we hope to see representatives from all the American Foundation centers to welcome in the new year.

DO WHAT YOU ENJOY AND ENJOY WHAT YOU DO!

love,
Caroline

Straight From The Heart

Dear Straight,

Why is it, when everything is going along beautifully, does a monkey wrench suddenly appear and throw everything out of whack? I get so discouraged sometimes, at my circumstances, at my friends, at myself that I feel like giving up completely my own imagination and absorbing myself in anything that looks easier. But my heart tells me differently. Any suggestions?

Lost that Magic Feeling

Dear Lost,

There is an old saying that goes, "Don't judge another before walking in his shoes." Appearances are most definitely deceiving and it can be a real trip to fall into drawing conclusions without realizing the complete story. God created us in multiple form, feeling and vision, so none of us possesses the absolute, objective vision that surpasses judgement. Therefore, what you feel is real, but by far not the whole picture. My suggestion is to improve your own circumstances by doing what makes you happy, and let God worry about the rest. In this world there is no one you can change but yourself, and the more we all keep that in mind, the easier we can withstand the changes time presents us with. But by all means communicate what you feel. You will get immediate feedback to broaden that feeling and lighten your heart and, more importantly, strengthen those relationships which we all know are our #1 priority. So, chin up, that magic isn't lost, only temporarily displaced.

Love you lots,
S.F.t.H.!

INDIA

14th June 13th year S.K.

Dear Family,

How are you all? We are all fine here in Calcutta. After a long time, we now apprehend that something is happening with the Indian family.

Last Sunday the 10th of June 13th year S.K. at 4:30 in the evening, we had a big get-together. On the very day, we formed a new steering committee for the Indian family base. At present, the Committee consists of only ten members. Three of them are goddesses. They are as follows:

- 1) President: Mrs. Maya Deb
- 2) Vice President: Mr. Samir Mitra
- 3) Secretary: Mrs. Purabi Guha
- 4) Ass't. Sec'y: Mr. Amitava Ghosh
- 5) Treasurer: Mr. Tapas Chatterjee
- 6) General Member: Mr. Prabir Nag
- 7) " " Mr. Madhu Dutta
- 8) " " Mr. Ram Narayan Dwibadi
- 9) " " Miss Sudhaskhina Bhattacharya
- 10) " " Mr. A.G. Mukherjee

Above all we have the good wishes and able guidance of Sakti, whom I would like to mention as the Chief advisor to the steering committee.

The new committee seems to be active and has already taken up certain projects, which we believe will be most effective in these circumstances.

The main and immediate projects are:

- 1) Monthly Journal publication.
- 2) To organise a Student's Library.
- 3) To organise a Small Scale Industry for the people to whom we donate on a monthly basis. This donation should be productive.
- 4) To give scholarships to poor but potential students.

Besides these we have many other proposals and programmes which we will let you know in due course.

We are also thinking about organising film shows to create funds for the organization to give shape to our dream.

We are already progressing with an idea of publishing the Journal, which we expect to be published by the end of this month. We call it "Anuranan," The Reverberation. Let us hope we could reverberate the Rhythm through every individual to produce a symphony of greater power.

So friends, the above is the picture in gist of the Indian family, when we are all waiting to welcome monsoon to Calcutta.

No more today, wishing you all well and love to every one.

Amitava Ghosh
on behalf of the Indian
Family

cc: To Foundation centers all over the world.

20th June 1979

To the Secretary
"The Foundation of Revelation"

Dear Anna Lynn,

I was constantly told about the "F. of R." by Amitava Ghosh and Sakti baba, both are active members of this organization. Slowly and gradually my interest grew and I wanted to know the aims and objectives of this World Service Organization. As it was explained by Sakti baba, I was impressed and thought that this was the time that I could cherish my dreams that I always had, but due to lots of handicaps my dreams were within me and was afraid to share it with anyone, but they make me a laughing stock.

I love my country and thought that this is the best opportunity to serve my brethren. So I plunged into this World Service Organization. On Sunday I attended the first meeting. At the beginning I was just the spectator and a listener. The committee was formed and equally surprised when they chose me as the Secretary of the organization which means a lot of hard work.

Since you are the Secretary for the Organization at San Francisco and have been with them for quite some time and have a lot of experience in this field, I request you to help me and guide me so that I am able to do some work for my country.

Hope to hear from you soon and would love to share your experience.

With love,

(Ruby) Mrs. Purabi Guha

July 11th, 13th year Siva Kalpa

Dear Ruby,

We were so glad to receive your letter. Our Foundation in Calcutta has so long only contained the same few people who have been lonely for other divine association. Sakti has wished for so long to find, as he says, "like-minded people" and at last it is happening. The news that you have formed a committee to put into effect the divine understanding as it exists in Calcutta is very welcome. It is timely too in that we in San Francisco have come together in a much more practical way recently. What for so long has been only an imagination is now happily becoming a concrete reality. The next few years are going to show a great surge in the manifestation of the divine existence on this planet. I know we are seeing the greatest expression of this in California and you in India will need great patience. Still I pray you will be able to see as we do that every day a tiny progress is made and the individual souls are constantly enriched with conscious evolution.

Your plans sound very good. The only thing I would add to your list is that you try to get the kitchen and the toilets at Ripon Street fixed up so that you will be prepared for the next visit from us. We really need the house in good working order so that we can entertain you all when we come. Let us know what it will cost and we will send you the money.

I am not the secretary of the Foundation here although I know it appears that way to you there since I am the one who writes to India all the time. We really haven't formalized our positions for a long time though we may do it soon since we are going to be applying for tax exemption. That will entail re-writing our articles of incorporation and naming officers.

If you can ever get the people there to produce some handicrafts such as quilts, etc., we can certainly sell them here for quite a profit which could really get the people there on their feet. The poor people could make things and get the money from us directly. I've been collecting designs and patterns for a long time of things I know will sell easily here and when the time is right I can send them or, better yet, bring them. So we wait for the right time.

I am wondering what films you plan to show and what kind of scholarships you are going to offer.

So I thank you very much for taking on the job of secretary. You are right, it is a big job. I'm glad you have the time for it. I will look forward to meeting you whenever I am lucky enough to visit India again. Until then, I send you my love and very best wishes. Bom Shankar,

Anna Lynn



europa

July 15th, 13th year s.k.

Dear European Family,

B.S.B.! Hi. It is great to be back home in the Golden City. Everyone here is working together on various projects as we begin to apply our knowledge in the world. I had a wonderful trip throughout England and France and want to thank everyone for their love and understanding and gracious hospitality.

Here at 59 Scott Street I will be preparing for the arrival of a new divine form, which will keep me busy through the summer. Annalynn is moving into 57 and I feel very happy to have her guiding support in the household. We are also preparing for the arrival of Lopa from the East Coast and look forward to having her in Scott Street once again.

I really learned a lot in my travels this summer, and cherish the friendships made. We truly are a divine family working together to serve Father and his imagination throughout the world. My love to everyone there.

Ever Yours,
Carolynn

June 29th, 13th year s.k.

Dearest Stephanie and Staff,

Hearty congratulations on the magnificent job you are doing. Every issue is better and better and the contents more real. It was a real thrill receiving The Light Is Yours here in Burgundy. It makes me feel so close to all of you and happy to know the good work that is happening in San Francisco.

As I wrote before, when I came to the Family in France I felt like I've come home to a place I've never been before. I've been in Burgundy over 3 weeks and Father, Carolynn, Cherise, Aru and Gilles left last evening for Paris. All the family gathered around Massilly to send them on their way -- and at the same time there was a town meeting which was just finishing -- Father, before getting into the car, waved to quite an audience and said, "Bye, bye -- Bom Shankar Bholenath" and they drove off like VIP's, everyone amazed and the Divine Family saying to each other, "Father has good timing!"

Today feels like after the Mahamilana -- very quiet and I keep hearing the feeling of ghosts of what was -- Annette and I have had a wonderful time laughing and enjoying all the wild and crazy scenes which have taken place so far.

Carolynn certainly put a lot of positive energy into France and was going at full speed when she was slowed down almost to a standstill -- as she washed her hair with a poison which she got into her eye. This put her through many changes as well as many visits to the doctor. Thank heavens she didn't lose her vision. But I must say that I got some gray hairs over that one!

Father, in super form and revelation at different moments, played mostly with the children, and one could hear his voice resounding through the house, saying "pas ta voiture," which drove Ivan crazy. Benoit took good care of father, providing many dhunis and tours of Burgundy. It was quite a sight, seeing Father pushing Aru in her Umbrella or "push-chair" as they say in England, through those narrow streets. Heads hung out of windows, people staring, and all asking each other, "Who's the man with the white beard?"

Cherise made friends with the local children her age who were all interested in disco dancing to Grease and Saturday Night Fever.

Aru and Josh were completely wrapped up in each other. So cute together, and very naughty!

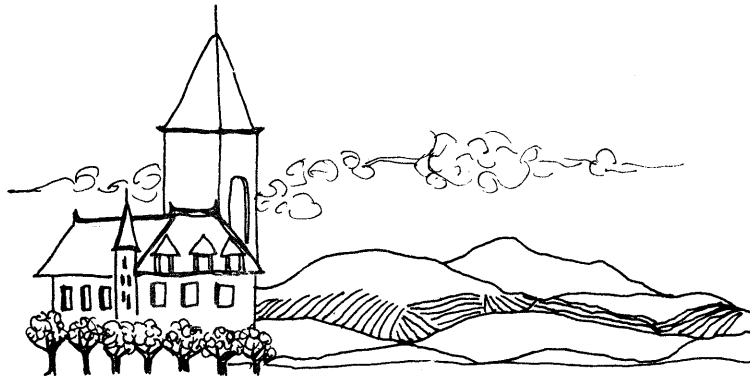
And now it will be interesting to see how the life is here without Father and the many forms who left. I think there will be a lot of changes -- so far, Gilles plans to go to S.F. and Shanti has gone to Chicago. Raymond and Sylvie have decided to get their own home with their adorable daughter, Calista. Corinne will remain in France as she is happy and healthy and working hard on her house. Alain, Helen and Eve, adapting well and doing a great job of holding a very difficult scene together. She is happy to have a little

of Australia with Danny, Ganga, Pru and the kids -- not to forget Hal and Sue, who feel a bit like pioneers preparing for a new divine form in their lives. Anna and Louis have done a good job on their house and are working hard on the fur business. Francoise and Jean-Louis are maintaining and hoping to open their bar. Beautiful Kamalah like Alice in Wonderland maintains herself in a most dignified way in Rich-hard situation. Amalah, Frank, Prema and Agni, so stable, and the hardcore ones at the Village camp-sites with their wonderful sense of humor as well as hard labor. Davide is staying with Corinne at the Village and maintaining a sense of London fashion with good humor and support. Jean-Louis Cerrall, Bernard and our Kevin helping the Village goddesses -- and last but not least, Annette and Benoit, whose stability and humor have added the most delightful touch to this ecstatic time of Siva Kalpa in Burgundy.

The family feels really united all over Europe. Each part figuring out what they must do to make it more workable. I love the family for its visions but get impatient for its manifestations.

And so, dear ones, I think of all the good work that's happening and I'm almost getting homesick. Lots of Love from all of us here and a hearty Bom Shankar Bholenath to all you divine forms in the Golden City.

Love,
Hope & Josh



Received July 5, 1979

Bom Shankar Bholenath!
Dearest Family,

Well, have been here now for about 3 weeks, staying at Sigy-le-Chatel in the home of Alain & Helen. Beautiful country (even if everybody does talk funny here) and very slow, old pace. Work on the village goes on slowly, but steadily, as it is very inspiring but hard work. Corinne's house is cleared of rubble and now ready for building. Frank & Amalah busy on their place, which includes "le cave" and the space above. Building permits have not yet been acquired so work is mostly limited to clearing the houses and surrounding land. Any volunteers?

By the time you receive this letter, Father will probably already be there. Martin & Phil & kids just returned to Sussex after a week's visit. He & I & Danny & Alain made a day's trip to Zurich on business (interesting place, it will be nice if they ever finish it). I've more or less inherited a Mobilette which has just enough spunk to reach the village and the local pub (giving me just enough spunk to return). After a few more weeks of work, we should reach a temporary stopping point, at which time there should be a trip South (Corinne, Hope, myself, Pru & Alain are interested but travel arrangements are not settled. I have a friend in Cannes whom it will be nice to see. Danny & Ganga are here for 3 weeks or so, great energy, especially in the absence of Gilles and Shanti. I have to admit that with so many inputs I'm having trouble deciding what the plan is for the village. I'm planning to make an accelerated effort towards clarity today. The country space and sleeping in the garadee (attic) must have uncorked something in my psyche, it's been dream-city every night. I look forward to going to sleep like going to a movie. The other nite while on a stopover in Tierra del Fuego I met Tim Weller working as a porter in the Inter-Planetary Transport Center there (it's still under construction). Next thing I know, I'm walking down Portrero St. trying to help a bunch of Englishmen find the Pickle Family Circus (or is that the Pickled Family?) Well, you figure it out, I've got to play a game of Bocce ball. B.S.B.

Love,
Kevin

Reflections on Europe

Just before I left for London I asked Father to acquaint me with some folk beliefs about the personality of Lord Siva. As always the request was answered in an unexpected manner. Ronnie had a book in his library entitled Bengal Lancer, (1909) the autobiography of a former member of the British Army in India by the name of F. Yeats-Brown. Here's what I found :

"Siva is the Lord of Change and Destroyer of Names and Forms, i.e., Ignorance. His consort is the Mistress of Time. Their children do not grow up, or age, or die, but change.

Siva is the blue throated god who swallowed the sins of the world that men may become immortal.

The artists of Konarak idealised woman without whom we could not be born nor enjoy. To know woman through the ministering senses and the attendant angels is the greater wisdom. Humanity has been shaped by her and through her it must be saved. The lingam-yoni is the symbol of the entry of the spirit into matter, without which the world could not have been made, and through whose right function it must be sustained. Our human lingam-yoni is but a tiny fraction of the cosmic energy, a spawning between a certain range of heat and moisture -- the greatest of mysteries humanity may contemplate. It is the link between the visible and invisible, the conductor of souls, the fountain of religion. If even physical love (to say nothing of the other kind) ceased on earth, then the love of God would disappear, for its knowers would not exist.

Siva must take his toll until men know him for what he is.

During the holding of the breath, listen attentively to the life within. In that stillness the five illusions fade in the knowledge of Siva ... and Reality is seen as a candle in a windless place.

There are a million lives in me waiting to meet yours. Our wills shall choose them by a knowledge and control of our dual natures which is the microcosm of the world process between Siva and his Shakti."

RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT

No real understanding of Father's achievement is possible at least for Americans until you have experienced ourselves in other lands. The Mahamilana was barely an introduction to the names. Everyone I spoke to in England and France is tired of minimum budget existence, and everyone would be delighted with some form of economic enterprise which could involve significant members and increase the cash flow in our direction.

What are the Family's assets? 1. A point of agreement : Father. 2. We are definitely "into" kids, and 3. We have significant representation in at least five of the principal nations of the world: India, Australia, England, France and the United States, i.e., people who trust each other.

What are the Family's liabilities? 1. Not much experience, and 2. No capital. Also we have no real assessment of what real skills the Family contains. There is lots going on. The Family Fur business in France makes some very attractive items. Lots of handicraft items are being produced everywhere especially in Australia, but there is no detailed inventory of the abilities and skills of the individual members.

Would it be asking to much to request every member of this family to prepare a "profile" listing his or her skills in languages and the various activities that they participate in which could conceivably produce revenue?

Dope is an involution of the consciousness. When a new consciousness is planted in a pre-existent form a period of gestation is necessary. That gestation period is over. Dope makes poor.

by Lou Gottlieb

Goddess Wendy Frank was given a Bon Voyage Friday evening, June 22nd, at Ernie and Jere's Pierce St. flat.

There was champagne, Francoise's salade nicoise and a big farewell whipped-cream cake from Petrini's Bakery.

In attendance to represent us all in seeing dear Wendy off were Don and Sheila McCoy, Marsha, Francis and Francoise, Ernie and Jere, Josephine and Bronwyn. Plus Andrea and Armic and Natasha from Paris. They had arrived that afternoon at San Francisco Airport. (Andrea is a veteran India head who Ernie and Jere introduced to the family in Paris in the Summer of 1977. Andrea and Goddess Jere worked as secretaries together for the Institute of International Studies at Columbia University in 1966. In 1969 she and Jean Claude, of Jean Claude and Agnes, were both members of Eight-Fingered Eddie's house-boat commune in India.)

With such wonderful Family forms representing the past, present and future (Dharma, Ashley, Natasha, and Andrew) all saying farewell, Wendy almost didn't want to leave.

But knowing all were waiting for her in Europe, Francis and Ernie loaded her huge trunk and other luggage into the waiting car. Ibiza, Spain is waiting for Wendy's flea market sale.

With that in mind we all shouted Bom Shankar Bholenath, Bon Voyage, and dear Wendy was driven off to the airport as we all stood at the door waving goodbye.

Ernie Barry

NEW ZEALAND

Monday, 9th July

Dear Steph and Family Everywhere,

B.S.B. and greetings from Hawea, New Zealand. Once again, inspired by "The Light" I'm writing -- this time it will certainly reach you. I feel it's time N.Z. contributed to your monthly newsletter after such overwhelming support from all over the planet. "The Light" carries to N.Z. the unity of the Family and expresses many feelings and happenings that are also affecting us here. This recent issue really helped me to feel my own evolution in relation to the families' evolution as Davide mentioned. Being geographically distant, it's easy to feel separated from the energy.

Our household at present has Jamie and I and the children, Gabriel 2 1/2 and Lochland, 5 months. Both are really loving and sweet. My only wish for them is that there will be even more kids around here for them, in the future.

Also here is Bruce, a friend from Wellington. This is his third visit here and definitely the closest in feeling. He has brought lots of energy and revelations to us. Being in the country, one drawback is the lack of constant communication and getting feedback -- but whenever the need is there it's always fulfilled by various people passing by and calling in. Bruce is here for the winter to work on the ski-fields. He's a member of the School of Philosophy in Wellington, whose Guru or Advisor is Shankacharya, one of the four regional gurus in India. He was also a disciple of Guru Deve. The school was started by an Englishman and was brought to N.Z. by a Mr. Howitt who met Dr. Rolles in England. They are into meditation and follow this up with lectures and meetings. Many transcripts which Bruce brought with him are really interesting. Jaime has started meditating with Bruce after six years and is really enjoying it. I've wondered often why a lot of family don't meditate -- I haven't yet -- but it sounds really good. It would fill some of those needs, when it's quiet here. I found your interview with Mikal interesting with his comment of "the universe stinks with thinking." I remember Father saying he never thinks and at present it seems to be a very prevalent feeling, just the "here and now," that's all!

Jamie continues to work with his mum in the nursery, but continues to be inundated with negative reactions towards change -- to make things easier and more efficiently run. We would both love to work together, to share our children together during the day and are at present taking steps to buy our present house. We are renting, and the surrounding land, we think, is about 33 acres. There are unlimited possibilities that we could do with it. And reading the letters and idea from "The Light" adds to those we already have. There is a lot of creative talent here among the locals but it's not materialized much because of lack

AMERICA

July 12, 13th year Siva Kalpa

of outlets. We'd really like to create a place where we could sell that talent. People are usually into supporting anything that's local which creates a good feeling here. Just lately I've found myself into a lot of getting out and meeting everyone thru spinning, basketball, and I bought myself a horse and thru that met about 5 families. We're becoming accepted as locals now as people see that we're not odd hippies from who-knows-where.

Being in the country makes one feel very insulated from what's happening outside. Politically N.Z. is in a turmoil. Petrol shortages started, as everywhere, with strikes in the rail, truck drivers, coal miners and various other assorted unions, and government itself seems internally turmoiled, which I suppose is usual. 1980 should be a very interesting year. Once again, as Mikal said, "It's unreasonable to think or even pray that it will all be glorious or untraumatic for everybody."

There's really lots more to rap about but will leave off here. Hope to write to you at least every two months now that I've started. Enclosed please find two bread recipes which I hope someone will use. B.S.B. and love to all

Vicki

ROBIN'S BREAD

- 1) 8 cups wholemeal flour
- 2) 1 tablesp. molasses } dissolve,
20 fluid oz. boiling water } leave to cool
- 3) 1 tablesp. dry active yeast } set aside till
1 tablesp. raw sugar } yeast activates
10 fluid oz. warm water }

Mix all together. Put into warmed oiled loaf tins (two) and cover with damp cloth. Leave to rise, approx. 45 mins., till it reaches top of tins. Cook 45 mins. at 400°F. Cooked when you tap it and it sounds hollow.

N.B. This is a wet mixture so it's like baking a cake really. It can also be varied a lot, e.g. add 1 cup wheat germ or bran in place of 1 cup flour or add an egg into yeast after it's activated - gives a lighter bread. For those who like kneading it, add more flour till it's dry enough to knead, leave in bowl to rise, divine and put into tins. Also N.Z. uses imperial measurements. 20 fl. oz. = 1 pint.

NATURE'S HEALTH BREAD

Bowl 1.

- 4 cup flour - wholemeal
- 1 cup skim milk powder
- 1 cup full cream milk powd.
- 1 cup wheat germ/bran or millet meal
- 2 tablespns. salt

Bowl 2

- 1 cup chopped wheat
- 1 cup chopped rye
- 3 cups boiling water

Bowl 3

- 2 tablesp. raw sugar
- 4 tablesp. dry yeast
- 1 cup warm water

Bowl 1 combine. Bowl 2, combine and leave to cool. Bowl 3, dissolve sugar and sprinkle yeast on top. When activated and bubbly add 2 beaten eggs to mixture.

Combine all together. Pour the wet mix into 2 large bread tins, cover with a damp cloth and leave to rise till they reach the top of tins. Put into 420°F. oven and cook 1 hr. Lots of different variations on this too. Hope someone tries it as its delicious, nutritious and just plain yummy.

Space is available at Hari and Regina's house for family people or guests of the family for the month of August to share rent with Sandra and Kimo. There are 2 extra bedrooms available. If interested please contact the household as soon as possible.

Dear Stephanie & All "The Light" Staff,

Highest regards and my compliments to you all. I love you. I get so excited when "The Light Is Yours" comes. I can't thank you enough. It just keeps getting better and better. Father truly inspiring all communication.

All in Colo. are better and better too. The feelings keep growing & communication too. Tom & I, Sean, Rebecca, Justin, Ken, Beth, Jade, Ted, Bodhi, Barbara, Shauna, Sherry & Dawn C. just returned from a fun 4th of July gathering at Brion & Shawnee's in Woodland Park. The highlight, along with the beautiful people, was the sauna Brion & Shawnee built from aspen trees.

Ken, Ted & Tom are preparing for this year's Hunt coming up in late Aug. We think Visnu is coming to go on this year's hunt. We're hoping the whole Birnbaum family will be arriving either with Visnu or following close behind.

Baby Jade is growing in leaps & bounds & is so cute. He & Brittany, Bo & Sharon's baby goddess, are the best of buddies. Their love & friendship is already amazing to feel & see.

I'm hoping this year to teach Sean, Rebecca & Justin at home. A new-found friend from Roller Skating has told me of a program through her Church, for parents to teach their children at home, and be covered legally. We're going next week to check it all out. Your village schools sound wonderful. It's hard finding anyone here interested in a Family Home School.

Enclosed is our \$ for a new year's subscription. Thank you again for the "Light". Sending all my love and a big Bom Shankar Bholenath!

Stephanie [Whitney]
5769 S. Bemis
Littleton, Colo. 80120

19th of June 13th Year S.K.

Dearest Father,

As we say in America, "Long time, no see". Things are going very well in the Southland. Making many contacts and spreading the good news of Siva Kalpa. I'm working with a variety of different groups and individuals and can see much spiritual progress in this area. It helps to balance out the destruction which seems to be speeding up on the individual level.

It was great to see Shotsy (and others) in L.A. Please give her and all the Goddesses my best wishes and Love.

As far as my work-a-day world, I'm currently managing a beauty salon in a brand new community called Rancho Bernardo (it's just north of San Diego). It's being called America's best planned new community and most houses sell in the 150,000 dollar to 250,000 dollar bracket. I'm working with the owner of my salon (and five others in the area) in putting together a really well-done beauty college. The gentlemen's name is Bill Huntridge and he has become a good friend. We are going to build the school from the ground up and are currently looking at various properties which would be suitable for such an endeavour.

I'm enclosing a brochure from Elizabeth Clare Prophet who is hostessing a Convocation July 1st - 4th in the Malibu area. With her advertized emphasis on "Shiva", I thought it might be a worthwhile event for you to bless with your presence.

Also enclosed is an article from the National Enquirer (or Informer) on "Star People". I thought it might be interesting for the Foundation to get in touch with them, National Enquirer, Santana, Florida, 33464.

I see Nelson and April occasionally on my trips up and down the Coast. They are fine (I guess) and currently flirting with the Bahai people since John Ross has been staying with them. I'm going to follow through on a few of the contacts I met at their house as they (the Bahai's) have many households in the area just north of San Diego.

TellCarolynn Slade that I've been remiss once again in keeping in touch with her Mother, but I promise to do better. I'm doing nothing much except working hard and having car troubles - ah well, we all need a few contradictions to keep as going.

Please tell Margie Meyers I intend to write soon and give my Love to all there. Hope to hear from you soon.

Love,
Don (Lindahl)

RAINBOW GATHERING

The eighth annual Rainbow Gathering was held at the Apache National Forest in Arizona, near the small town of Alpine.

I arrived in Tucson on June 26th to be received by Sarah Israel and Doc. At 105 degrees we proceeded to the house of David Israel, where a bustle of activity was taking place. David had surrendered all his energy to organizing the food runs for the thousands of people already at the camp site. David arrived from Phoenix late that night. We fell into each others hearts as cosmic as our first meeting on Maui in 1975. I was blessed to be able to accompany him from thrift stores to print shops, to keeping a clean orderly house.

Our bus loaded with 1500 pounds of carrots and a layer of ice made a comfortable bed during the next twenty seven hours it took to drive the 350 miles to the gathering site. We made several stops picking up people from Sunrise Farms and Healing Waters, totaling twenty two in all.

We arrived at the main gate. A fire blazed in the center of a corral where steaming hot coffee awaited us. People in vans and buses were able to drive into bus Village and set up camp. A shuttle bus provided transport for the thousands of others making their way to main camp, teepee circle, and Cosmic Kid Camp. The four square mile area elevated at 8200 feet consists of large meadows with two pure creeks and one well, all deliciously drinkable.

The feeling is high. The theme is Love and Respect. Be Positive.

As David and I arrived in camp late, the sound of drums and hoot calls filled the air with exhilaration. The sight of camp fires after our last stretch of rocky road with only a quarter of moon for light held a magnetic attraction.

David and I continued across the meadow to the fires of the Dog Soldiers, (derived from the Indian culture of warriors), then up over the darkened hill of tents to David's own camp site. By this time I was exhausted and the most tantalizing sounds of the night could not lure me back out through the darkness to greet it. Not so for David, who grabbed his flute and disappeared.

Four blows from the conch and it was breakfast. We formed circles within circles, listened to the latest reports, requests, healing prayers, and chants. The people circles turned to face each other, then sat. Serving began immediately with granola, papaya and tarts.

There are three large kitchens with several ovens, built from mud and rock. Other kitchens began to spring up in various areas, including the Krishna's, Love Israel's, Hobo Haven, Orvilles, Dog Soldiers and Granola Kitchen.

July Fourth. Our population had reached tenthousand. The morning began with a feast in the teepee circle, followed by various workshops. I attended the question answer game with Ba Ba Ram Dass. He responded to questions in a conscious clearness that is the gift of a Divine Brother.

The conch blew signalling the procession of thousands on a mile walk in silence to a large meadow where we formed a circle so wide the people looked hardly larger than ants on the other side. We meditated an hour in silence before ending with the Angelic sound of Aum.

July Fifth took me to the healing meadows for an experience in Rebirthing. I was unable to relax into this experience with thirty others as the sun was too intense. Soon people were expressing their experience in intense moans and screams. I found myself needed as a comforter, laying hands and reassurance upon them. Then who should I look up to see but a beautiful friend named Alea, who is trained in the rebirthing technique. She guided me through the rebirthing experience personally. This was the highest meditative Yoga state I have experienced without the use of a chemical catalyst. My mind drifted into another state far removed from my body. Initially my body felt so heavy it was almost painful, then slowly it became lighter until its release came in ethereal bliss. At all times I was totally aware of every sound and movement, yet it never came into my mind as a distraction, only awareness.

July Sixth. A psychedelic experience with nature. Is anything more beautiful than tall grass blowing in the wind?

At high noon we met at the teepee circle for an afternoon of entertainment. Fantuzzi began the show with a beautiful dance, followed by the various families, each entering the circle to dance, sing, or perform in whatever style they imagined. This highlighted the day, moving into a ceremony of marriages performed by Love Isreal. Actually the feeling was of one marriage, one union.

We continued through the afternoon dancing madly to the rhythm of drums. It was as exciting to me as any tribal dance could be. As the sun set I withdrew, exhaustedly.

The following day I began to pack up. Next year, I hope we go to the gathering as a Family, representing Truth Consciousness and enjoy the Divine Play the Gathering represents.

As seen by Sarai [Sandra Stai]

July 7, 13th year

Dearest Father and Family,

I receive great pleasure when reading the copies of "The Light Is Yours", appropriately titled and so inspiring in content. A special thank you for the last issue (June 15).

Life on the farm is very fulfilling as the seasons change, bringing about the variety of labour that is so essential to maintain a simplified lifestyle. Presently we are involved in tree-trimming which carries on thru this month and this exercise builds strong forearms while the body browns with sunshine. For a change of pace I head out into the woods to cut our winters' supply of firewood as we supplement our heating bill by the use of a couple of wood stoves. The wood is free, but for work in gathering it, and has cut the cost of fuel oil to a third the cost throughout the cold season. And then, there is always grass to cut in spring, summer and fall. Only about 20 acres of grass-cutting, and it seems that once you've just gone over the entire area, you begin again. So you see there's ceaseless activity.

I've written several letters that never got sent to you but in one of them I concurred with the request of Afganistan's Zafar Hassan to print the addresses of all corresponding forms. That is a capital idea. Put me on such a list.

As a subscriber to the "Light Is Yours," I should like to take advantage of the offer that was put forth in the June edition, and have a copy sent to a friend. Please forward a copy of the June 15 issue to my good friend Farmer John with my complements as it has been a long time since I last wrote a letter to him and possibly I might receive an acknowledgement that he is still with us, on the physical plane at least. Please find enclosed 15 U.S. dollars to cover costs as well as my dues for another year's subscription to be sent to me by first class U.S. mail. Bom Shankar Bholenath and many thanks.

For ever and ever, yours,
Michael [Walther]
R.R.#5, Woodstock,
Ontario, Canada N467V9

7/12/79

Dearest Carolyn,

Wonderful experience with your friends [Don & Sheila] in La Jolla. Very uplifting. First time in many years I sat with a man at the dinner table that asked the blessing or gave Thanks prior to eating. Really felt like I was part of the family.

I do hope your health has greatly improved. Thanks for calling me.

Love,

Mom

P.S. Love to Cherise -- Aru & everyone. Peace & happiness & good health be among us.

Dear Family,

Larry Prock lives in Salem, Ore. and he works in a lithography shop. He would like very much to host the families going up to the "Love Family" in August. His and another household are ready to receive us and he would love to show the city and present Father and the family to his friends. Oregon is beautiful and the people are great, he says. Please stop on your way. Larry came to San Francisco last November and is close to Gordon Ennis; he was friends with Alan Schwartz. He has known the family for quite a long time and currently maintains communication with Yamuna and Rich. His address is: Larry Prock, 101 Delvilla, Delvilla Road S.E., Salem, Oregon. Phone: (503) 371 - 3164. Please let him know if you are coming.

Yamuna

at the crossroads... part II

by Helen Caldecott

Let me tell you about the half-lives of radioactive substances. Radioactive iodine 131, for example, has a half-life of 8 days. That means that if you start off with a pound of it, in 8 days you will have 1/2 pound; in 8 more days you will have 1/4 pound; in 8 more days you will have 1/16; et cetera... it decays like that. So radioactive iodine is dangerous for a couple of weeks. That's why after fallout, if you store milk or dry milk for a couple of weeks, it's safe from radioactive iodine contamination.

Strontium 90 has a half-life of 28 years. That means it's dangerous for several hundred years. Cesium has a half-life of 33 years-about the same as strontium. Plutonium has a half-life of 24,400 years. That means it's not safe for half a million years. And it is not biodegradable; you can't get rid of it. And they don't know where to put it; they haven't solved the waste storage problem. But they say, "We're scientists. We'll find the answer. Have faith in us." That's like my saying to a patient, "I'm sorry, I've just diagnosed that you have cancer of the pancreas. You'll probably live for six months, but have faith in me. I'm a doctor, I'm pretty smart, and in twenty years' time I may have found a cure." That's insane!

We're talking about a substance that is so incredibly toxic that everybody who comes in contact with it and gets it into their lungs will die of lung cancer. You don't know you've breathed it into your lungs. You can't smell it, you can't taste it, and you can't see it. Nor can I, as a doctor, determine that you've got plutonium in your lungs. When a cancer develops, I can't say that cancer was made by plutonium. It doesn't have a little flag saying, "Hey I was made by plutonium." And you'll feel healthy for fifteen to twenty to thirty years while you're carrying around that plutonium in your lung, till one day you get a lung cancer.. it's a very insidious thing. We have to teach people that it takes a long time to get the cancer. If I die of a lung cancer produced by plutonium, and I'm cremated, the smoke goes out of the chimney with the plutonium, to be breathed into somebody else's lungs-ad infinitum for half a million years.

When the uranium is fissioned, every year they remove about a third of the radioactive rods from the nuclear reactor core. And they're very hot, thermally and radioactively. Each rod is so radioactive that if you put a single rod on the ground and you drove past it on a motorbike at 90 miles an hour, it would kill you by intense radiation emission. They're being stored in big ponds beside the nuclear power plants. The ponds are getting full. They have to be packed set apart, because if they get too close, they could melt down - melt right through the bottom of the container and into the earth.

If there is a melt-down in the nuclear reactor, if the cooling stops working, the whole reactor core melts right down through the bottom of the reactor, half a mile into the earth. That's called "the melt-through-to-China syndrome." But inside each nuclear reactor is as much radiation as in a thousand Hiroshima-type bombs. And if there's a melt-down, a tremendous amount of steam will be liberated. It will blow the reactor container vessel apart, and that radiation will escape. So it's like having a thousand Hiroshima -type bombs around if you live near a reactor.

There are two reactors near New York, called Indian Point No. 1 and No. 2, which are terribly dangerous. If one of them burst open and there was a melt-down (and that's a possibility), thousands of people would die instantly. Two weeks later, thousands more would die from what's called acute radiation illness, where all the rapidly dividing cells of the body die. It was described after the Hiroshima bomb dropped; the hair falls out, the skin sloughs off in big ulcers, you get vomiting and diarrhea, and your blood cells die. So you die of infection and/or bleeding - like you die when you have leukemia. Five years later there would be an epidemic of leukemia. Fifteen to forty years later, there would be an epidemic of cancers - breast, lung, bowel, et cetera. Generations hence, there would almost certainly be increased incidences of genetic and inherited diseases.

So that's the sort of thing you're putting in each city around this country. If you've got a nuclear reactor in your city, your enemy doesn't need a nuclear bomb anymore; all they need to do is drop a conventional weapon on your nuclear reactor. If Europe had been populated with nuclear reactors in the Second World War, it would be still uninhabitable right now. That's the scenario we're setting up.

Now, these rods are taken, and they're melted

down in nitric acid in a reprocessing plant. And what they plan to do, if they go ahead with breeder reactors (Carter says no at this stage), is to remove the plutonium in pure form from the nitric acid and leave all the other two hundred or so elements inside the nitric acid. They've got quite a lot of big containment vessels with this material scattered round the country from the weapons program, when they removed the plutonium. That's how they got the plutonium to make the nuclear bombs, and they've left all this other stuff behind, and it's leaking.

In Hanford, Washington, two years ago, they lost 115,000 gallons of highly radioactive waste containing all these elements. It's a couple of hundred feet above the Columbia River, which supplies the water to a lot of the cities there. What happens when it gets into the water? Well, all of these things are concentrated in the food chain. They're concentrated thousands of times in fish, and fish swim thousands of miles.

In San Francisco Bay, at the Farallon Islands, they have just discovered that there are 45,000 55-gallon drums containing plutonium and other stuff, which were dumped there by the military, and a third to a half of them are ruptured and leaking. And that's where they catch their fish for San Francisco - from the Bay.

There's another area in West Valley, New York, where there are 600,000 gallons of high-level waste where a plant was run very cheaply, and because they didn't have really good stainless steel to contain the stuff, they turned the nitric acid into a base by adding salt. All the radioactive elements precipitated to the bottom, and it's lying in a big sludge on the bottom. The company went bankrupt and they handed over the facility to New York state, saying, "We can't look after it anymore." The state can't look after it either, and they're very frightened that that stuff will go critical. If it goes critical, there will be an atomic explosion, and Buffalo will go, along with the other cities surrounding it. If it leaks into Lake Erie, there is not enough water in the lake to dilute the waste to safe levels. A congressional committee has been given a million dollars to investigate the matter - just to investigate it: they don't know what to do about it. It's so terribly radioactive, you can't go near it. And I heard on the news the other night that the congressional committee said that the problem at West Valley is a gargantuan problem, and time is the essence. It wasn't written up in the press the next day - I think because it's so scary, they don't want to alarm the public. So that's the situation right now.

The radioactive material that leaks out gets into the food chain. It gets in the grass and gets eaten by animals, and then into the milk, the meat; and the vegetables we eat. And it's concentrated in breast milk as well, human breast milk, and remember babies are terribly sensitive to these effects.

Once radioactive material gets out into the environment, you can never get it back. Time and again there will be a report of a leakage or a spill in the New York Times or something like that, and they'll say, "Don't worry, it's perfectly safe." They don't explain that it gets into the food chain and is concentrated there. They don't explain that it takes fifteen years to develop cancer. They don't explain that babies and children are terribly sensitive to the effects. They don't tell you any of that. They just say, "Don't worry, it's safe."

If a baby drinks milk with radioactive iodine in it, it gets absorbed through the gut, goes up to the thyroid gland in the neck, where it concentrates, and it irradiates just a few cells, and one day that child may get a thyroid cancer. Strontium 90 works like calcium and is absorbed in the gut, goes to the bone, where it can produce an osteogenic carcinoma - like Teddy Kennedy's son had. They're very lethal. It also produces leukemia, because the white blood cells are made in the bone marrow. A white blood cell, irradiated by strontium 90, may divide uncontrollably some years later, and produce cancer of the white blood cells - leukemia. Cesium concentrates in muscle, and muscle is all over the body.

Now, plutonium is not absorbed from the gut, except - ironically - in the first four weeks of life, because then the gut is so immature, it can't

prevent the plutonium getting through. However, by breathing, it is absorbed through the lungs and will concentrate in the liver, producing liver cancer. It will go to the bone and produce, again, an osteogenic sarcoma, and/or leukemia.

You see, the body handles plutonium like iron. The body is tricked and, thinking plutonium is iron, it combines it with the iron-transporting proteins, so that it crosses the placenta, the organ that supplies the blood to the developing fetus. All of the fetus's organs are formed in the first three months after conception; after the first three months, the baby just grows in size. So if a piece of plutonium lodges in that fetus and kills the cell that is going to make the right half of the brain, the baby will be born deformed. Or if it kills the cell that will make the septum of the heart, the baby will have a hole in its heart.

We had a slogan and bumper sticker in Australia that said, "Uranium is Thalidomide forever." Remember that drug that women took for morning sickness, and the babies were born very deformed? They had hands sticking out of their shoulders, et cetera. That's what plutonium can do. But, worst of all, it's concentrated in the testicles and the ovaries, where it can damage the eggs and the sperm, and hence the genes. If a gene is damaged by plutonium, in a dominant mutation, the baby may be born deformed. If the gene is damaged in a weak way, the baby will look OK, because its normal gene is the strong one, but it will carry an abnormal gene.

We all carry abnormal genes. For example, cystic fibrosis, the most common inherited disease of childhood, is controlled by a weak or recessive gene. One in twenty people carries that gene, it's very common. We all carry several hundred nasty genes, and we don't know we carry them until we marry someone with the same gene, and the two genes get together to produce a child with that disease.

Now, because of the background radiation from the sun, we've had mutations or changes in the genes which have allowed fish to develop lungs and birds to develop extra wings, and the bad mutations have died. Now doctors are so smart, they can keep people with bad mutations (like diabetes and other diseases) alive to reproduce - because we believe in life. However, this will cause a gradual genetic degradation of the human species. But to have an industry that is going to increase the incidence of genetic diseases and deformed babies by producing plutonium seems to me wicked.

Geneticists say that we probably won't live to see these effects of genetic disease, because these things are all so carcinogenic or cancer-producing that we'll all probably die of cancer before then. Scientists predict epidemics of cancer and leukemia in young people. We may have to get used to living only twenty or thirty years instead of seventy or eighty years. I'm scared stiff that we probably won't survive to the year 2000. Some of the greatest brains at Harvard say our chances of surviving to the year 2000 are less than 50 percent, because this country has enough weapons to overkill Russia forty times, and Russia has enough weapons to overkill this country twenty times. And if a nuclear war occurred, the whole of the human race would not survive. There's no way we could survive a nuclear war. Even if there were a few survivors, the water and air would be so contaminated, they'd get leukemia and cancer later.

Nuclear plants are synonymous with nuclear weapons. Nuclear power plants are becoming unpopular in this country for obvious reasons. People are saying, "I don't want one in my city." But GE and Westinghouse keep making them: you know, if you have a product, you have to sell it. So they're saying to the Third World countries, "Say, would you like to buy a nice nuclear power plant?" And they say, "Well, we don't have enough money." And the companies say, "We'll lend you the money." The more countries that get nuclear power plants, the greater chance that there will be a limited nuclear war somewhere in the world, and that could precipitate a global confrontation.

Now, we all know that the man who had control of the black box several years ago in this country was not completely stable. Brezhnev is apparently being treated with Cortisone, a hormone that can produce acute psychosis. Obviously, he is in charge of the black box in Russia to a degree. We are none of us completely sane and stable in our lives. We're all fallible. We're only human. Yet we're dealing with weapons and industries of such magnitude that human beings can't handle them. And they will be used unless we get rid of them.

I would contend that nuclear power is not medically indicated; neither is nuclear war -- it kills people. I'm here to look after people, to save people's lives, not to kill them. I can't understand the psychology of government people saying, "Oh, we'll have a limited nuclear war." Or the psychology of the people who build these things. If you were a psychiatrist sitting on Mars, looking down on earth, you'd say, "The world is being run by lunatics!" -- that is, if you were for life and not for death.

What these people seem not to realize is that they won't live either. Most of us, I think, don't like to think about our own death, because it's too scary. We sort of deny that we'll ever die. I think particularly of those politicians who have probably never even seen a person die. They've never seen children, age twelve, coming into a hospital, looking slightly pale, with a few bruises, to have a blood picture done, and they've got leukemia, and they're put in an isolated ward all by themselves. And their parents suddenly appear in a gown and a mask. They have some strange drugs which make them feel funny. They live in a state of abject terror and ignorance for two weeks, and suddenly they die from a hemorrhage from their nose or mouth. These politicians have never seen the grief of the parents, with their beautiful children dying. Have they ever seen or witnessed anything like that? Because if they had, they wouldn't be doing this, unless they were psychotic.

Unless we get rid of all these nuclear weapons, we probably won't survive. It seems such a pity. It's taken billions of years for us to evolve, and we're capable of such great love and fantastic relationships and great creativity and fantastic art. We're a magnificent species. Yet we're so smart, we've learned how to wipe out the whole of life on earth. And we seem to be heading in that direction, like lemmings.

We are the curators of life on earth. We hold it in the palm of our hand. We're at the crossroads of time, right now. If nuclear power plants proliferate in this country, and throughout the world, so will nuclear weapons. If we don't get rid of nuclear weapons, we won't survive. Neither will the animals and the plants, because what radiation does to us, it does to them: it gives them cancers and produces deformities in them.

So you see, it is imperative that we rise up, each one of us, and take the load on our own shoulders -- and not just with money (which is important) because that won't do. That's not enough. We all have to do what I did in Australia and say, "I have to take this responsibility." We've got to rise up for our children and save the human race.

I'll tell you what's happening in Australia now. The present government which is very conservative, wants to export uranium. Recently, 30,000 people marched in Melbourne, and 350 were arrested. The Australian labor party, which is now in opposition but could become government soon, has just passed a resolution for an indefinite moratorium on mining uranium. And if the party does get into government, it will cancel all international uranium contracts that the present government is drawing up -- which makes business and multi-nationals very wary. The whole of the Australian trade union movement has said that if government doesn't agree within two months to hold a referendum within one year, it won't mine any uranium at all.

So you've got to teach people the facts. I find that once people understand what is happening to their world, they decide to act. It's no use immunizing your kids, giving them a good education, loving them, when they probably haven't got a future. It's our total responsibility, as parents and grandparents, to allow our children and our grandchildren and our descendants to have the potential of a fruitful and full life.

July 4, 1979

Secretary
Scientific Committee on the
Effects of Atomic Radiation
United Nations
New York, N.Y.

Dear Secretary,

Enclosed you will find a copy of a page from the Report of the Scientific Committee on the Effects of Atomic Radiation, General Assembly, 17th Session, 1962, and a post-card, you will note, that declares: "WARNING -- The United Nations Scientific Committee on the Effects of Radiation determined in 1967 that Gamma Radiation from nuclear devices is causing irreparable alterations in the finer tissues of the brain."

Mistakenly thinking that the seventeenth session represented 1967, I requested the Marin County, Calif. Reference Librarian to secure for me the seventeenth session report of your committee, published in 1962.

The copy of the page I have enclosed from the seventeenth session denotes, by my parenthesis, this sentence: "This suggests that irreparable injury is at least partially sustained at the time of radiation and is potentially observable as a persisting tissue change; the distinction between repairable and irreparable injury has not yet been related to morphology."

Since 'irreparable injury' is the description of the 1962 report, I am eager to know now, in 1979, if the post card I was handed seven years ago is an accurate description of the effects of gamma radiation on brain tissue?

I attend to this matter much less as a scientist than as an ethical, loving, real person. There are limitations intelligence can comprehend: one stops at a red light; one does not put poison in the water supply; and one does not separate the basic structure of Creation, namely, the atom.

Why am I expected or presumed upon to accept something like the MX missile as a viable weapon of the National defense? The mind that supports these nuclear devices is myopically overbearing, suicidal and absolutely without compunction. Why must I, why must you be a party to such blind Ignorance?

We have the scientific evidence that the act of nuclear fission partially sustains irreparable injury potentially observable as a persisting tissue change. If irreparable injury to tissue is partially sustained by radiation, doesn't that mean that the tissues of those brains around and operating nuclear devices are degenerating and becoming, therefore, mindless?

These questions I have asked you are urgent and in need of strong, truthful, and clearly-stated answers. I beg your consequential reply.

Sincerely,
Ron Thelin

round 'n round
the mulberry bush



(or, the Rape of the Last Great Ape)

THE NUCLEAR SOCIETY -- Last Saturday evening I saw CBS do a news brief on the Edison Electric Company. It seems those brilliant people who treated us to the thrilling Three Mile Island incident are now promoting a film which briefly explains how wonderfully and efficiently the plant is operated, how innocently a small human error caused all that tedious concern and needless fright, but how quickly the ingenious brain of modern technology applied instant reparation as smoothly as an ouchless bandaid. The film, from all reports, is doing well by attracting tourists to the area and successfully aiding an incredible cover-up which not only supercedes Watergate in its audacious dimensions but offers as well a sales pitch that's got Avon and the gas-guzzling car industry beat cold.

Is America really that blind? I asked myself. Misinformed might be a more appropriate word. Let us review the facts, figures and positive solutions in order to re-balance the ecologically natural cycles of cause and effect now driven amuck by material madness, to replenish the scarred womb of this earth that has given birth to all of us, and to add support to the metaphysical fulcrum upon which this planet rests.

One of the more obvious insanities that inspired me to write this article was the report that the Department of Energy plans to spend 50 million dollars to stage an advertising campaign reminding the public to conserve energy. Not only is this wasteful as an attempt to inform what should already be obvious to a self-respecting and conscious consumer, but it is also insidious in that its real intent drives home the message that energy is in dangerously short supply, thereby implying tacit support for the need to proliferate nuclear installations. It would be far better to spend that 50 million dollars to dismantle the recently patched Three Mile Island disability -- or any of the 42 plants now operating in the United States. As opposed to this, a mere 3 million dollars was allocated by the same DOE to research solar energy after last year's Sun Day. For a lot less than 50 big ones you could build a nice-sized wind generator or a solar village or look into a 100-year-old theory of utilizing the currents of our seas. One can imagine that plugging into the direct energy

that causes the earth, self-propelled, to eternally revolve could well produce a system vastly superior to the computer space-age technological product so greedily coveted by a society that is neurotically attempting to "progress" more swiftly than the speed of light.

However, speaking of finances, I receive the Dept. of State Monthly Bulletin, a well-edited and smoothly-glossed reference book, most self-congratulatory and promotional, which states clearly the direction in which the Dept. of Defense is travelling, no matter how many platitudes it employs to proclaim its goal of peace. Mere carrots held before the nose of a too-tenacious mule, all those bleeding-heart liberals and wishy-washy thinkers that just won't let them alone to pursue with impunity what they "know" to be best for all of us -- maximum preparation for a future fraught with threats from nature and the opposing teams of uncivilized countries, a self-fulfilling vision which could well succeed in making of man an endangered species instead of the triumph of conscious life.

Exhibit A -- "In addition to the security assistance I have outlined [between 4 & 5 billion dollars recent bonus awarded, along with the signing of the Egyptian-Israeli Peace Treaty, to be allocated over a three-year period], we envision \$300 million more in economic assistance for Egypt over 3 years to help President Sadat address the real human needs of his people and so that peace can be translated into a better life for the people of that nation." Secretary of State Vance. In fact, we are aiding and abetting our allies to destroy each other (It is, of course, minutely conceivable that they might gang up and destroy us, but one takes these risks in the international armaments game) in our efforts to expand the potential nuclear market.

Why? We must protect ourselves against any and all aggressors. Now that the United States has its fingers in every other nations' politics, foreign affairs, etc... It seems the enemy is ourselves.

There are alternatives. We owe it to the future generations to pursue these alternatives. We cannot accept a vision that ends with the "late great planet Earth." If America is indeed the vanguard of consciousness, the acme of an applied material imagination, then we can set a shining example by leading the way toward a regenerative process, before the air, water and food, and indeed our very brain cells become hopelessly contaminated... We must and will educate ourselves, our friends and emerging family of like-minded souls to the alternate methods of tapping natural energy sources. San Francisco is an ideal laboratory from which to build a working model. We have wind, sea, and more than that, the potential for self-reliant communities. Every neighborhood could share a garden once the fences came down. Instead, the corporate imagination of Greed Associates plans to construct yet 18 more sky-scrapers by the early 1980's. Contrary to utilizing God-given elements, these buildings will all boast neon lights, computers, elevators and other electricity-hungry gadgets. All for the storage of more paper from slaughtered forests. Do we need these King Kong filing cabinets?

Before this age of electric can openers, computers, 3-color TV, life was simple -- entertainment happened in the home, people traded and shared, food was grown in nearby gardens and orchards, acoustic music soothed even the most savage beast as he returned from a "hard day" in the fields. Modern man argues that it is inconceivable to return to such a life as that before the era of push-button cooking -- life was just too hard then. I don't know what standard is used. It seems to me pretty hard to face a smog-drenched freeway each day and maintain two cars, a boat, a wife and kids, three favorite secretaries, all in the manner in which the insatiable desires of nuclear society have made them all accustomed. It's hard to find an honest leader these days, one who is not easily persuaded by the flags or monies, or the power vested by support of such conglomerates as Rockefeller's Trilateral Commission (of which the majority of Carter's cabinet and Carter himself were members before being elected) or the Exxon Arco people boasting "energy for a strong America..." Man cannot live by oil or coal alone. Governor Brown's tax rebate plan of \$2,000 for homeowners who installed anything solar in their homes, did little to awaken the public towards the possibilities of good old Mr. Sol. I applaud Jerry's efforts -- in trying to slow down Californians and keeping an open administration in dealing with simple problems of the melting-pot society that survives in this Golden State of Consciousness.

by Nancy Collins, with Hari

DEVA

On July 1, DEVA was scheduled with the Parks and Recreation Committee for approval of our design plan for Upper Duboce Park. Our architect did not show up to present the plan (consequently the completion of his contract has been cancelled). Vince, Jude and Suzanne Smith from City Planning met with Jim Rogers, a park planner, and Jim Lucy, a 20-year employee of the Maintenance Department for San Francisco, who will order materials for DEVA. Since there was no presenter, Jude proposed to Jim Rogers that the DEVA plan remain on the agenda in order to have the Committee approve all improvements shown on our drawing. The plan was approved except for the fence, which is up for further discussion. The Maintenance Dept. has problems with the existing design because of water lines and also wishes to enforce a city code for fencing to surround the immediate play and picnic area. The Commission refused to answer exactly how much space they intend to have us deal with. DEVA prefers a fence so we can discourage dog owners from permitting their dogs to leave their "contributions." Without it we hardly have a chance. DEVA would like to hear from anyone who wants to know more about the fence and its concept.

Jude Buckman

An Italian Lovesong

It was the June 20th DEVA meeting at the newly re-named Harvey Milk Recreation Center. All the past and present DEVA officers were assembled to meet new District 5 Supervisor Harry Britt and to fine-comb Andrew Butler's latest updated design for Upper Duboce Park. Horns were locked over the density of rust-proof coating over the copper part of the fence, should they have one.

Everyone thought Vince d'Alviso, Vic President of DEVA, would be still in the hospital recuperating from his emergency appendectomy but there he was asking for the floor to read some notes he's assembled while staring at the park from his hospital bed. His oratory took the assembly by surprise but no one could deny God was on his side. It all made everyone remember his individual flash, and so we repeat his statements here:

We in District 5 are, indeed, guaranteed our place in history due to recent events unique in the annals of our city. We are at the very edge of San Francisco's civilized acceptance of the broadest variation of the human potential.

We in DEVA want to accentuate the diversity of District 5, the dramatic change that has taken place in the last 15 years. Now, during the International Year of the Child, we'd like to unveil to the larger community around us the secret weaponry that has effected this positivity of purpose.

This area has been the center of the so-called "hippy culture," the culture of the "Flower children". We are the geographic genesis of literally thousands of experimental lifestyles and communes including The Foundation of Revelation, the Love Family, the Farm of Steve Gaskin, the Free Clinic, the Marijuana Legislative Movement and the Methadone Program. It was the first place the Gay Movement demonstrated its political power, that Street Musicians and Craft Guilds were sanctioned, and that major street fairs were inaugurated. It has been the proving ground for the Rent Control movement, community pressures for park and traffic diversion, dog control, even underground wiring for P.G.&E.

We are perhaps the most diverse and integrated neighborhood in the world. We don't just have groups of different nationalities here, we have them all - African, Latin, European, Oriental, Native American and East Indian -- Jewish, Christian, Muslim, Buddhist, "new" religions (if there are any) and cultists of every ilk. The old, young, wealthy, poor, straight, gay, conservative, liberal, sommunist, materialist, environmentalist, hard-hat and political radical live side by side, each doing his own thing.

It was not always so peaceful. In 1970, Waller Street between Divisadero and Fillmore had the highest crime rate in the city. Now it is almost crime-free with a downright neighborly feeling extending from block to block. The Victorian structures have fresh 4-color paint jobs, the sidewalk and street is tidy and the park area well-tended and respected.

We in the Duboce Environmental Village Association feel like this is our accomplishment, although, in point of fact, we have done only our small share of the physical improvements. However, as far back as 1966 our forms and forces were being recruited and utilized by a hitherto secret method I'll reveal. It was only a fragment of an over-all flash a man in a distant land had of a whole planet with a peacefully happy population. The point is that we are the faces and this is the location where the first wave hits.

Categorically, this arsenal of secret weapon systems can be divided into the L.R.R. and the L.R.B. The effect of their mysterious presence here was nationally noted. Their power supercedes anything elsewhere on the earth. With minimal destruction of existing structures, these weapons capitulate enemy forces without endangering the environment or life style of human beings in the target area. Its source of energy is not nuclear nor chemical. It is biological in nature and abundantly available and inexpensive, especially in urban areas such as ours.

I am speaking, of course, of the unilateral network of functionally operating installations of LOVE RADIATION TECHNOLOGY, capable of deploying the LOVE RADIATION RAY and launching the LOVE RADIATION BOMB. WE INTEND TO USE IT WHEN THREATENED FROM ANY QUARTERS SO ANYONE WHO OPPOSES US IS FOREWARNED!

reported by Margie Meyers

VILLAGE SECURITY

4 July 13 SK

Dear Divine Family,

Thieves working their nefarious activities by exploiting the good graces of the Foundation of Revelation poison our good name and open generosity.

I am writing this message to answer a serious letter sent by Michael and Susie Ebeltoft dated 13 June, Las Vegas, to our "Light Is Yours" concerning an alleged rip-off by one Ralph Savarece. The Ebeltofts were confused by this person's apparently sincere nature and loaned him large sums of money. He is also alleged to have stolen several checks, forged them, and disappeared.

Michael and Susie write, "A warning message was sent by Devi (Jennings, Rochester, N.Y.) to S.F. We are sad that those people who had that information did not make it known to the rest of the Family... We hope that, in the future, warnings and lessons learned will be shared..."

Why was information of such a vital concern not passed to Security? We exist to serve you.

The "Office of Security" was created to "protect Father, His Goddesses, Their Children, and, to the best of our abilities, all other members of the Foundation of Revelation." However, Security cannot work efficiently without the co-operation and assistance, and above all, the confidential communications of all our friends.

Please contact me at any hour with any security problem or any piece of information, no matter how seemingly innocuous, which might have an impact on the well-being of our Family.

ChitraRatah (John O'Shea)
Chief of Security
Tel: (415) 552-6168

P.S. If you feel that you have a serious interest in working on security matters, please write to me c/o 59 Scott Street. We need at least one person in each Foundation center.

Mothers in God's care
Blessed with Father's grace
Though in another place
Be filled with my embrace.
Around you like the air
With Love from every cloud.
To you, your children proud,
And to all around aloud,
My blessings come from where
The heart and mind are one,
From your everlasting son.

Narayan

[Narayan, better known as Harvey Rose,
is eager to receive letters. His
address is: #5219101 - 3500/B14
P.O. Box 54320
Los Angeles, Ca. 90054]

In search of Perfection
We're Family Home School (Cool School)
Under God's direction
With nary a rule.

Family Home School Camping Trip

All students and teachers
We share what we know
We all need each other
Together we grow!

In search of Perfection
We're learning each day
Under God's direction
He shows us the way.

TUNE: "On Top of Old Smokey"

Here comes DiDi Cottontail
Bopping down the Redwood Trail
Yippity, Yoppity
Camping trips are fun.

Snakes and bugs don't bother me
Bobcats try to frighten me
But I'm as fast
As raccoons on the run.

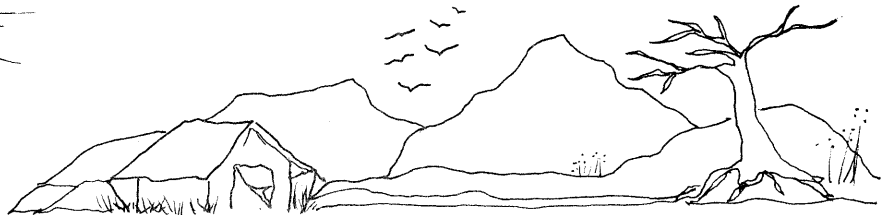
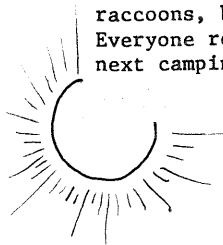
Listen to the joyful noise
Girls play tricks on spying boys.
Everybody is happy
As can be!

Eat and watch the sun go down
Late night fires -- gather 'round!
Next time won't you
Come and camp with me?

TUNE: "Peter Cottontail"

The first Family Home School camping trip was a wonderful learning experience. The first crew of campers set out Monday, June 25th, undaunted by cold and fog, for the Madrone Picnic Area which doubles as the group campground in Samuel P. Taylor State Park, a redwood forest just north of the Thelin's home in Forest Knolls. Two large asphalt areas doubled as skating rinks and ball courts, and the children were always busy with sports and games. It was exciting to see all the children together in a new setting and inspiring to observe their creative energies at work. The older boys engineered a rope swing which travelled from a low hill out over a ravine. Fire-building skills and proper use of knives and axes, digging trenches, the art of making a comfortable home in the woods -- these lessons were enjoyed by all. On Wednesday, the kindergarten group arrived and got right into the fun. There were hikes each day -- up into the dry rolling hills or down to the lush greenery around the creek and the swimming hole. Fresh spring water was fetched everyday or so for drinking and cooking and for making sun tea in large glass jars. Food was abundant -- lots of fresh fruit, trail mix, homemade cookies and nourishing meals. Learning about cooking over coals was fun and delicious with marshmallows, banana boats, and biscuits on a stick. There was a dhuni around the fire each night; since our repertoire of songs was very limited, Eddie organized a song-writing class on Thursday and they came up with some great camp songs. Some of the children discovered charcoal "pencil sticks" and used them for art work. Nature study was rudimentary -- discovering snakes, bugs, deer, rabbits, raccoons, birds and studying the tracks of different creatures. Everyone returned home with their list of things that will make the next camping trip even better than the first.

Diana Young



Principles of the Family Home School

PREFACE: Why We Created a School

We are a community of some 30-40 families living together in an urban "village" within the city of San Francisco. We have decided not to send our children to public school for several reasons.

The first, and foremost reason is that God is the only person who can't come into the public classroom. God is considered to be the province of the churches, and since the church is separated from the state, God must be left out of the public school curriculum.

Since we, and our children, are the sons and daughters of God, we have chosen to educate our children in an atmosphere where God is free to reveal himself. The family is the foundation of life and the home is the basis of learning; hence our name, The Family Home School. At the same time, we are not a "parochial" school. Parochial schools are there to teach in accord with one or another "denomination" of religion. In our understanding, religion, or union with God, cannot be denominated. As God embraces all life, so learning cannot be separated from life.

We perceive the children as pure forms of the divine Being who exists in all of us and we worship them. This does not mean that we let them oppress us; worship is not slavery. It does mean that we listen to them and try to serve their feelings. We respect them. We try not to tell them what to do except when absolutely necessary for our mutual health and well-being. The rest -- their lifelong self-revelation -- is up to them. They are mental beings of unlimited potential, born in a time of conscious awakening, and therefore in possession of wisdom which exceeds our own.

The public school, by contrast, sees the child as the biological end-product of a physical evolution from the ape -- as a being part animal, part mysteriously "other", born, perhaps, with hostile tendencies, subject to the whims of circumstance; a limited creature, in short: born to die. In accord with this conception, the public school is there to shape and train the child to be good and successful within the conventions of the period. Because the educational system is by nature a democratic institution, the values it reflects must tend toward the middle of the mass. So the standards of achievement are inevitably linked to those of the job market, and behaviors are reinforced which conform to the suitable social norm. The reinforcement may be as subtle as the statement of one kindergarten teacher, "See how good these children are,

sitting quietly, doing what they are supposed to so..." or it may be the direct onslaught of moral precepts and judgements. We feel to protect our children from these limitations. Children should enjoy their primary learning experience without yet becoming concerned with the jobs they are going to perform in adult life -- let that come later, in its natural order, as the development of natural talents and not out of preoccupation with money and position. We are committed to raising the children without brainwashing them, so that a confident, liberated, divine adult may emerge.

So we come to the third reason why we do not send our children to public schools. We simply do not believe that children need to be gotten up early to spend 6 to 8 hours in the confines of a school building, within the necessary routines and restrictions of a class of thirty other children all being taught by one adult of limited powers and imagination. No. Play is the reflection of the creative spirit, a finer spirit that the obedience and discipline of structured learning, and it affords an endless variety of experiences through interactions with others. Children need other children to relate with, brothers and sisters and also those of their own age; if the family and its immediate neighborhood provides this stimulation of companionship, as ours does, then one of the basic needs filled by the school is now fulfilled integrally during the course of the day. So we do not need a school for that, as it is always provided; we need the school to provide certain tools of learning and for this, a few hours a day will suffice. Play is educational as well as creative; spontaneous learning also occurs in front of the television, at the movies, on excursions and in the company of adults who take the time to converse with them, read with them and generally share their own life's experience with them. An alert, loving, living environment is the first necessity of childhood; the schools, struggling to make up for what is lacking in the pupils' homes, still offer an outlet for oppressed children which is valuable and good, but will never equal the spirit and culture provided by enlightened family life. In such a family, the truth of what is happening will never be concealed from them. They will observe how human nature reveals itself in its evolution towards perfection and harmony, and they will learn to know the world as the responsibility they share with God.

Stephanie Hiller