

Mother Ruth's Memoirs

CHAPTER 1

He was born Earl Wilbur Blighton on **April 18, 1904**, in or near Rochester, New York. Beyond that, little has been told of his childhood years, but we may recall a few incidents gleaned from his occasional reminiscences.

His parents were fine and upright people, but at some time in his childhood years they were divorced. His father then moved to one of the North Central states and remarried, bringing up several other children. Earl did not see his father again until as a young man he visited them and became acquainted with the family.

In the meantime, he was brought up by his mother and his English grandmother, to whom he said he'd always be grateful because she taught him to wash dishes and press his own clothing as well as the niceties of how a gentleman behaves. He was a gentleman always. He said they were descended from the house of York in England.

Sometime in his middle teens, his masculine nature felt the need of something more than life at home with two women. As he was working mornings and afternoons, before and after school, he was able to pay a modest sum for room and board—certainly not over five dollars a week, as that was a good price then. So he announced that he was moving out, and took up residence with a nice German couple and their son, who was near his own age. Since Earl was quite mature and dependable for his age, this must not have caused his mother any alarm, and he was still in touch, not far away.

He remembered this family with affection. Sometimes, they played checkers or cards for an evening, and occasionally the father would bring up from the cellar a German drink called Kimmel (which he may have brewed himself). In the mornings, Earl arose very early to start the fire in a doctor's office, and to shovel the snow from his walk. Then, after school, he clerked in a grocery store.

At some point, his mother was remarried to a widower with children, but it is not certain whether this was before or after he moved from the home. Apparently, no children were born of this marriage. His mother was Free Methodist, a sincere Christian, and he always spoke highly of her. He remembered one time in church when she was so moved by the Spirit that she stood with her arms straight up in the air for an hour. There were certain things generally taught in religions that he could not accept. Particularly, he could not believe that God was vindictive in punishing people or that their misfortunes came from Him. He could not believe in a cruel God, and had very independent ideas that did not fit what he called "churchianity". He felt, indeed, that the churches had concealed or repressed much of the Truth Jesus taught.

Earl was serious about the spiritual things of life, but he also enjoyed good times and good friends. He was sprightly (even in old age) and something of a romantic. He liked dancing and began by escorting his stepsisters. At some point, he took fencing lessons, and in later years always enjoyed those motion pictures that depicted swashbuckling heroes, such as Ronald

Coleman, in dashing swordplay. He liked Westerns too, especially those with John Wayne, because, as he said, the stories were simple and uncomplicated, administering justice in a straightforward way, and people were what they were, not pretending to be something else.

He went on to study electrical engineering in Rochester, and at one time did some teaching there. But sometime either before or after these studies, he did some secret service work for the government, spending a year in Panama, seeking the son of a prominent person who had seemingly disappeared into the jungle. He said that one would never find a record of his work, but that the Navy helped him to escape overboard a ship so that no one could guess that he was on a mission. He went alone into the jungle, carrying a machete.

Before going into the jungle, he met a beautiful young Spanish woman (probably while staying with her family). They were quite attracted to each other, but he had to continue on his mission, although they continued to correspond for a time. His spiritual powers must have been functioning even then, because there was telepathy between them, which caused her to write asking him to please stop looking over her shoulder.

Eventually, back in Rochester, he married a young lady whose heart was partially elsewhere, but she accepted Earl under strong pressure from her parents, who felt that he had better prospects. She was a person of admirable character and talents, and she wanted a family, so they eventually had three sons spaced some years apart. The youngest of these went on to become a parish priest, a fact of which Earl was quite proud, although he never saw the boy after he was one year old. The second son left home during his teens to join the Merchant Marines, and returned in later years to spend some time with his father. He was in the Order for a year or two. The oldest son, upon returning from the armed services, married, settled down, and had a family. He went into some kind of business. Only the second son became reconciled with their father's work in later years, and he was heartily supportive. He was also the only son to leave New York State and eventually settle in California.

Earl knew from quite a young age that he had a mission to perform. It never unraveled all at once. The Master plan was there, and he knew some of it, but was shown only as much as he needed to know at any one time.

During his young married years, his old teacher, Ananias, had returned to teach him—not in the flesh, but from above. He spent seven rigorous years under this teacher, a harder discipline, he said, than anything he ever required of his own students in later years. He related two incidents. One is told by him on a tape, and concerns a time when his teacher came to him and found him with a severe cold. Ananias sternly told him that he was going away for a period of seven minutes, and if when he returned at the end of that time, Earl had not cured himself of that cold, he would never see his teacher again. In this desperate situation, Earl got rid of the cold, and it was gone when his teacher came back.

The other story concerns a summer weekend. He had promised to take his family to the park for a Saturday afternoon picnic. But before the time came, his teacher appeared from the other side to tell him that he must take a train on that Saturday to another city where he would meet a certain stranger in the railroad station. He was to tell no one of this plan. So he had to permit his

family to think badly of him for breaking his date with them while he went off in obedience to his teacher to keep the appointment in Cleveland (or was it Buffalo?) not knowing whom he should meet. Once there, he sat on a bench, and a man came up and sat beside him and told him what his mission was to be and explained certain things relating to his spiritual work.

He was alone in this, although he knew and worked with many people. Such things cannot be told. It is not surprising that there was a growing estrangement in the marriage, with a husband so hard to understand, so totally dedicated in directions other than family life, although he worked responsibly at being a good father, too. He admired his wife, and especially her way with the children, and her ideas of discipline. She was a Roman Catholic, and the children were raised in that faith. Earl never became a Catholic, though he studied privately with a Roman priest for two years.

During his early-married years, he worked for the Kodak Company, and became much interested in light therapy, as had certain others around that time. He began to work with a doctor using colored light on patients who were not being helped by regular medical treatment. He developed an ingenious machine for this, using his electrical engineering talents. There was good ratio of success, with arthritic patients in particular. But the AMA became jealous and sent in a spy, posing as a patient, who willingly perjured herself to get him arrested. He then gathered dozens of affidavits signed by those who had been helped by his treatment, but the judge was obviously biased, and judging from the court transcript, wholly unfriendly, and the case went against him. Since he couldn't raise the necessary bail, and since like Jesus in his hour of trial, he was practically deserted by friends, he had to spend a short time in jail. Understandably, he never retained a good impression of the AMA. But he had fought a battle for the healing work, for a method that was wholesome and harmless, and helped many people.

Let us quote his son [Jerry] here (condensing somewhat): "He had a machine he called the *Ultra Theory Ray Machine* that he used for healing people. The theory of the machine was based on light coming from the sun and the colors of the total spectrum. He was using that when I was real young. A lot of it centered around ultraviolet rays. He had these lenses—he would take a round piece of glass and an equally large one—looked like cellophane or something which had a color which sat against it, and then he'd put another piece of glass against that so that the round colored paper was in the center, and black tape was used to put around the outside to hold it, and it had a high stand. There was a cylindrical piece of metal which moved up and down which was built so that it held this glass, and it was hooked up, and he would put various shades of colors on various parts of the body for certain lengths of times. But then he would use another color and another, and it was important in what sequence he used the colors and the length of time he used each one, according to the parts of the body or what the problem was.

"I remember a young boy whose body was shaped like somebody sitting in a chair, so that his knees were up—his arms didn't lay by his side but looked like he was resting them on the arms of a chair, and he was always carried in and out of the house by the mother and father. And no one had been able to help the boy. He couldn't move his body at all. But I remember just towards the end before I left home that he was standing up and walking.

"Later on, my father opened up an office. He had been arrested for practicing medicine without a

license. Finally they conceded that if he could give them a name that they could accept, they would give him a license and allow him to practice. He called it the ‘Ultra Theory Ray Machine’, and they said this wasn’t acceptable. He came up with four or five other names, and they wouldn’t allow him to put it on the patent. They said, ‘No dice—there’s no such thing.’

“My father wasn’t one to make any concessions—he never tried to say in court or out that he had something which was better than something else, he never once advertised it or put up a sign telling people to come in—he more or less just did what he knew he could do quietly. And again, here’s an instance of a man who knew that he could heal, and he used the machine, because many people would not relate to the placing of hands and dealing with Christ directly, so he used something which Christ obviously moves through, which was light, without using the words or phrases and so on, but something that they could deal with. They could see the light, they could feel it on their body, and when it began to feel better, they believed that it was the light solely, as opposed to the Christ force moving through that light. Which is fine—whatever works is what you should do, as Father used to say.

“A good instance of healing took place in my life when I was two or three months old. I had boils inside of my stomach as big as half-dollars, and the doctors didn’t know what caused it, and they had me in a hospital in a room just waiting for me to die. They said that I wouldn’t live another day or two. I’d lost half my weight and the boils were growing, cutting off the circulation. My father brought in another man who may have been a minister or something and said, ‘Now, we don’t want to be disturbed. We may be here a day or two days, and I want my son left alone, and I don’t want the door opened until I come outside.’ I guess they stayed in the hospital room for two days or so. When they came out, the doctors came in to take a look, and the swelling had gone down, the boils had almost gone away, and I was close to sitting up.

“My father was into herbs a lot, and he worked with other type doctors who were into herbs and natural-type healing. I was surprised that I didn’t see more of that when I came into the Order, and I think I must have mentioned that once, and Father kind of laughed and said, ‘These people here have all they can handle right now without bringing in herbs or medicines,’ etc. He said when they’re ready, something like that, I’m sure they’ll know and it will manifest itself.

“From the time I was ten till fourteen, when I left home, there were people coming almost every night for healing. Some came once or twice a week and many were coming for the first time. I think the charge was minimal for many people, and some that didn’t have it I don’t think he charged. When he opened an office, there always seemed to be somebody waiting to get in. I heard a lot of people saying how much they were helped. When he brought his healing work out of his home into a professional office, then the law moved on him, and he had many confrontations.

“He went about life quietly, and he never interfered with anyone else’s life. He always had direction—everything always had a purpose. He didn’t do something because it was Sunday, or because there was nothing else to do. Everything had a reason. He seemed to make more demands on himself than other people. It’s almost like he tried to carry everyone’s cross.

“He did a lot of engineering and blueprint work—always had a good job and made good money.

And he worked for Hawkeye, which was owned by Eastman Kodak. Whenever they would scheme to do something on the job that was dishonest or wasn't fair to the customer, he just wouldn't do it. And when they called him down and said either you do it or you don't work here, off he'd walk. He just didn't give in. He didn't need to be embraced by everyone. He didn't need his ego stroked.

"He used to go to the Rosicrucian Fellowship on Sundays, and he was involved in that type of thing. But he never tried to proselytize the family. There was a confidence he had in creation, a confidence in mankind. Even though he was unhappy with a lot of the things he saw in society, he was never fatalistic. He'd always say, 'Well, in time man will grow, and he'll learn.' He never got into real esoteric teachings, but I think the kind of strength he showed in his life manifested the truth of what he was taught and was teaching.

"He loved to walk and hike outdoors, and we lived about twenty blocks away from a woods." This ends Jerry's story of those days. Father himself spoke of taking morning walks with his dog trotting along by his side. After the dog had died, he was surprised to sometimes hear the soft padding of his feet beside him on the path, the dog still present although on another plane.

In regard to his healing work, it is possible that spiritual power had as much to do with the healings as the scientific equipment he was using. Many of the cases were documented, but it was not always possible to get the follow-up information as to the outcome. He seems to have been spiritually oriented all his life, but with independent inquiry and not always understood by relatives. Yet when any one of them was ill, or if there was death in the family, he was the first one to be called on for help and support. They sensed his spiritual contact and trusted it instinctively, although they could not rationally understand or accept it.

As a young man, he visited his father and family in the Midwest. His father was a strong-minded person. He became displeased with the electric utility company for some unfairness and had his own generator installed to furnish electricity for his home. He then removed, or asked the utility company to remove, from his premises all that belonged to them. He thereafter refused to pay any electric bills, which they continued to send, although he was no longer using their electricity. They took him to court, where I believe he acted as his own lawyer. At any rate, he told them that he had the right to power his own property as he saw fit, and won the case.

The depression of the thirties occurred during Earl's early-married life. Times were hard for everyone and jobs scarce. He did whatever he could find at that time to feed his family. One of the things he undertook was the serving of summons. I believe he also worked for a time as park gardener. He got by better than most in those agonizing times, and his family never went hungry. He also mentioned having a garden and raising tomatoes. After that time, he always held good jobs as an electrical engineer and similar work, and worked on many buildings during his lifetime. He also taught for a time, on light-related subjects, perhaps at Kodak.

He mentioned once that an acquaintance of his passed on, leaving a widow. One night in a dream, Earl vividly saw this man, who spoke to him, giving clear instructions to visit his widow and tell her to look in a certain place in the kitchen, where she would find in a book some legal papers that would be of much help in straightening out her affairs, which were presenting serious

problems. He went and visited her, whereupon she looked and found the papers exactly as told in the dream, and they were just what had been needed to solve her dilemma.

(As an after note, after Rev. Blighton passed, I thought of this story and wondered if it might provide a clue to his own wishes for the Order, which would have been of much help. So, I shook out every book in his library, but found no paper.)

CHAPTER 2

The time came when the strain in their marriage was affecting Mrs. Blighton's health, and the doctor finally told Earl it was important for her wellbeing that he should live elsewhere. It cannot have been easy for him, but he did move from the home (which I believe Jerry said was on Linden Street). Perhaps others thought he left for his own selfish reasons. The two older boys were perhaps around sixteen and fourteen, while the baby was only one month old.

Until that time, he had been doing the healing work upstairs in his home, but now he opened an office on (Wenlow?) Street. Jerry said he had no trouble from the law before that time, but now they would not leave him any peace. It must have been about a year later that he left the east coast because he said he did not see the baby after he was one year old.

He did not discuss the time between that and his coming to California. But there was a divorce, whether then or later, and he did eventually come to San Jose sometime in the 1940's, where he first stayed awhile in the Montgomery Hotel. The only mention of this trip was the comment that although he shipped his books ahead, they were lost in transit and never arrived. It seems now that he had to leave behind his physical family to go forth and serve God and prepare the way for establishing a spiritual family, which numbered in the hundreds by the time of his passing.

The years in San Jose are vague. Perhaps he chose that location because he was a member of the Rosicrucian Society, which had headquarters located there. He continued to attend their meetings in San Jose and even taught classes for a time. It seems, though, that he had some advance thoughts that they did not sanction and eventually he left them, while probably continuing to teach those who liked his work. In later years, he would occasionally take a carload of students to visit the Rosicrucian Egyptian museum, an uplifting educational experience. San Jose, when he lived there, was a smaller town, more homey in the years before its industrial growth, having nice little houses with yards, and out in the countryside were many prune and apricot orchards, which made a pretty setting.

There was one thing of major importance, which occurred in San Jose. In the spring of 1961, he formed a group called the **Science of Man**, their "**first official meeting**" being held on **March 2, 1961**. Out of this grew **the Science of Man Church**, which finally received its charter on **October 10th of that year**. He said there were **originally fourteen people**, mostly professionals, who gathered together to form this group, and they had wonderful meetings, toiling until far into the night. Everyone immensely enjoyed these planning sessions, but as soon as the time came to put the plans into action, and they found out there would be work to do, he said, "They all headed for

the high timber.”

It seems he was not intended to remain in that area because he started a church there that later burned down. Then on top of that, someone made off with his furniture. So, it is no wonder that from San Jose he went to spend a couple of months in seclusion with a then rather new group headed by Subrimuniya, called Christian Yoga. They were located near a small town in Nevada [Virginia City] where the stagecoach passed through in early Gold Rush days. No doubt this time spent in a spiritual atmosphere helped to heal some of the bruises. While there, he worked along with the Brothers and helped them with some building. He later spoke highly of Mother Christi and of Father Hilarion who then resided there. (A few years later, this Christian Yoga group donated their songbooks to his Science of Man Church.)

Earl then moved to San Francisco. There was a brief period when he did some sort of therapy work in Oakland, but I do not think he actually lived there. In the ensuing years, he both studied and worked with various religious organizations in and around San Francisco, while still maintaining contact with a few students in the Sunnyvale and San Jose areas. It is not certain when or where he was first ordained, but he did at one time accept ordination from a church called the Brotherhood of Man. And later he also received his doctorate from another organization, by virtue of a thesis prepared for their acceptance. His spiritual authority was not dependent on these things, but they were concessions to what is expected. That his true anointing came from a higher authority was obvious to all who came to know him truly.

He worked, meanwhile, at electrical engineering jobs, living modestly and saving his money until there was enough to take leave, intermittently, and devote himself full-time to religious or charitable work, along with spiritual study and discipline. One particular instance of this was the time he was able to take a whole year off, whereupon he rented an inexpensive suite in a small **Polk Street hotel** (when it was quite a respectable area), and spent that year working with parolees from prison. His doors were left unlocked at all time so they could come and go, and he counseled with them at all hours, even to being wakened in the night. He also helped them to find jobs and otherwise get back on their feet and said nothing ever was stolen from him, although one distraught individual gave him a bad moment at one time.

Another vital period of his life was the time spent on **Sacramento Street somewhere between the 2500 and 3500 blocks**. He lived then in an apartment on the second floor of an old Victorian-type house, and it was there, while he was doing intensive spiritual work, that he received the revelation of what he must begin to do, along with the symbols to be used.

Oddly enough, during the twenty or so years in San Francisco before we met, our footsteps must frequently have crossed, as my jobs were often a few blocks from his living quarters. And we had both come to California at somewhere near the same time. Yet, though occasionally attending metaphysical classes or lectures, I never heard his name mentioned.

CHAPTER 3

The first time I saw Rev. Blighton was in August of 1965, and it was not a direct encounter. He had placed an advertisement on the church page of the Saturday newspaper—I believe it was the only time he did so. My eye was caught by the notice that a talk would be given that Sunday at 11 a.m. on fairy tales and art as they related to religion. This was held at a small art gallery on Mason Street and the speaker was not Rev. Blighton, but he was the pastor of this group that was renting the use of the art gallery for Sunday services and classes held on Tuesday and Thursday evenings (a pattern he always followed). At this particular time, the Thursday class was devoted to poetry readings, but those were discontinued when the gallery closed.

There was a fairly large crowd in attendance that Sunday, of the nice sort of people, mostly between thirty and fifty, many of them professionals or office workers who seemed drawn to metaphysical teachings. I arrived just before it began and was thus seated with the overflow in chairs along one sidewall at right angles to the main congregation. From this position, he sat almost concealed on the other side of the podium, dressed in an ordinary business suit. He briefly introduced the speaker and sat down, very inconspicuously. When the talk was over, he again stood and mentioned the evening classes, also inviting anyone who cared to do so to join the group after services in the coffee shop, which was upstairs on the mezzanine.

Then he said something totally unrelated to anything that had gone before, and completely out of context. He said, “I’m sure there is someone here who could tell us something about a mirror.” This astounded me. Though he was facing straight ahead and had not even looked to the side in my direction, I felt he was reading my mind and referring directly to me. For I had been going through many spiritually related experiences, and that very week there had come an insight into something relating to a mirror, which seemed at the time quite profound, though it is not now exactly remembered.

How could he know? I had never seen him nor even heard his name before. I did not stay for coffee, but hurried home. Being a “working mother”, every minute at home was precious. When I went on Sundays to services, it was for vitally needed spiritual food. There was no spare time for social contacts.

I pondered his curious statement for about a month, and seeing no further notices on the church page, finally phoned to see if he was still holding meetings there. He told me the landlord had lost his lease and gone to Europe, so he was now holding meetings in his studio apartment on Geary Street, near Polk. Then another curious thing happened. He said, “You know, I’m a master teacher.” At this, I inwardly scoffed. A true master teacher, I thought, would not say so over the telephone to a stranger. In fact, did not those we read about keep their would-be students waiting outside in the cold, or refuse them, sometimes for many years, until they were ready for acceptance? I didn’t suppose there were any true spiritual teachers outside India and had never expected to meet one, desirable though it might be. However, his earlier remark had made me so curious that I asked if he ever gave consultations, and an appointment was made for a Saturday morning.

I was full of questions that had been building up for a long time about my inner experiences and

had consulted with a wonderful old swami of the Vedanta Society, a saintly speaker to whom I sometimes listened, spellbound, on Sundays. But he had no personal advice for me, although the visit was rewarding. One or two others also had been approached, but there had been no one who could tell me anything. So I went to see Rev. Blighton.

Orne Grant was there, moving about, and doing something in the kitchenette, and occasionally the Reverend would ask for his comment. I didn't realize then, but afterward, that Orne was being tested too, as he was then an intensive student to whom Rev. Blighton was devoting most of his time and energies, apart from his daytime job at engineering. Orne, too, worked and lived with his wife and small son. I later learned that on losing his meeting place at the art gallery, Rev. Blighton deliberately dropped all his former congregation to devote time to Orne, who was deeply dedicated and striving with all his heart on the spiritual path. His initials were O.K. Grant, and I've wondered since if this was a symbolic signal to Rev. Blighton that he finally had an "OK" to go forward with the work.

Instead of my asking him questions, he began asking me if I had experienced this or that and seemed to understand all about it. He also spoke of certain things he could bring about spiritually. Although the usual custom is to pay for such consultations, this time I somehow felt not to give anything (it seemed above that), but instead, on the way home, spent something on a different sort of gesture to the Lord.

Inevitably, I began to attend services, which were now held at his studio. Only a few faithful were attending during those first weeks, though the number began to grow. On the first Sunday, only three or four others came. He was sitting near me while we waited, and at one point looked at me and quoted, "Ten thousand shall fall on thy right side, and ten thousand on thy left, but not a hair of thy head shall be touched." He waited until past eleven o'clock for latecomers, then looked at his watch and remarked, "We always wait thirteen minutes." By this time, all his remarks were becoming fraught with esoteric meaning for me. The words had a way of engraving themselves on one's memory.

That Sunday, I did something that a reserved and self-conscious nature would never have dreamed of permitting before—I went forward to be blessed, at his invitation to no one in particular, near the close of service. He had set up a small sanctuary there, and I knelt face-to-face with a large white chrysanthemum in a vase on the floor by his feet, which seemed symbolic of the Christ. As he put his hand on my head, a tremor of the Holy Spirit ran through him, and I could feel it through his hands. In the years of hearing *about* God, for the first time in my experience a man had appeared who seemed to have an inside track with Him. Nothing he did was put on for show. Rather, he pared everything down to its bare essence, and it was REAL. *He* was real!

Though time was at a premium, nothing could have kept me from those services and classes. It was the closest contact with God one could hope to find on earth. Nor was he reaching into peoples' purses. One of the first things that impressed me was that there was no passing of a collection plate, that mundane (if necessary) letdown that accompanies most church services. Instead there was a small basket placed near the door, but it was never mentioned, and the donations ran from a quarter to a dollar, or nothing, if one chose. There was an elderly lady,

Verda, who was quite regular, and a younger married woman named Helen, and Orne with his wife, the latter coming mainly out of loyalty to her husband. She never became greatly interested but did give a hand on occasion with some typing. Others came and went. One fairly regular attendant was Dr. Riffle, the chiropractor. He seemed to have some special sort of spiritual understanding, but it was not put into words, more in his overt actions.

Once in those days before I knew Rev. Blighton very well, I was waiting at the bus stop to go home after class, when he suddenly appeared there. This surprised me, as he usually kept a group of people taking sociably after I left. He got on the Bus and sat beside me. I was a bit shy about saying anything, and the only words I remember him speaking was when we passed the revolving orange ball of a Union 76 station. He said, “I can’t go with you that way.” I didn’t ask what he meant, but pondered it, and have wondered since his passing if it referred to the fact that he would not be here in 1976, as he passed from the earth in 1974.

It was a short ride. My **home in the Richmond District** was only about a ten-minute ride, in off hours, and he went only half as far, getting off after a few blocks at a rather newly established spiritualist church called “Fire of the Holy Spirit”. I suspect his visit was more symbolic than otherwise. He always worked with symbols. (Soon after that time the church closed.)

At one of our first classes, Rev. Blighton had three of the students form a circle around me. Orne was afraid to participate in the exercise, because he didn’t know what the teacher was up to. I didn’t know either, but trusted him completely, being overwhelmed with the wonder of having been led to such a teacher. Then too, being for the moment made special, being placed at the center, made it easier to accept. But there were also a few times when, like Orne, I felt a bit afraid of the unknown, not knowing what was really being done in the unseen realm.

Once during these early days, I was at home in the evening before dark, when my little daughter with her girlfriend came running into the house, and they said the air outside was a thick yellow. I looked, and it was true—reminiscent of sulfur somehow. At the next class night, Rev. Blighton said that at that very hour he had been working in his apartment with one of his male students when they were visited by some “little men” out of the earth, and they both noted a strong odor of sulfur along with the appearance (probably a psychic manifestation). The student became frightened and never returned.

There was something “Biblical” about his very apartment. Although it was located on the second floor above the street, a glass door at the rear opened out directly onto the earth, a tiny pocket of space that was not used, but in the city seemed special. It suggested a tiny Garden of Eden. His one room held a fold-up bed that disappeared into a wall by day, standing on end. Then there was a small kitchenette, a bath and a little closet space behind the bed, where a typewriter turned it into a miniature office, and I believe there were folding chairs stored there. His furnishings were simple but always pleasant.

He nearly always taught classes with the use of a large chart or a blackboard on which could be demonstrated the symbols that related to his subject matter and also provide a point of focus. He was lively and interesting, fairly sparkling with the life that was in him, and this naturally helped to attract people to his classes. He was also profoundly and mysteriously wise, and that is what

attracted me. His actual words were not always easily understood, but something flowed through them that opened up one's spiritual understanding, and those were magical and wonderful days, literally "out of this world".

At one of our evening classes, he tried something different and asked each of us to place in a basket some small item we had been using or wearing close to our person, such as a hairpin, a watch, or an earring. Then he redistributed these things so each of us held something not our own but were not told to whom it belonged. Then we were told to hold it between our two hands and meditate for a moment to see what impressions came through. After that, each of us in turn was asked to give out what had been received from within, still not knowing for whom it was intended. This was an exercise in psychometry and quite interesting, even fairly successful, considering that we had never done that before. He told us that upon receiving a letter in the mail, he would not open it immediately, but first hold it in his hands to get an impression of what the person was really going through, and it was more helpful in counseling them than the actual words they had written.

At one time, while he was working intensively with me on the spiritual level, he asked if I could take three days off from my job and spend those days alone in his apartment, being free to do just whatever came to mind. I was able to take three days of accumulated vacation leave with pay and was glad to have this quiet time. He said I could come as early in the morning as I wished, but so as not to embarrass him, I arrived just a few minutes before he was due to leave for work and left again before he returned in late afternoon to prepare dinner for my family.

It was an interesting three days, a "great adventure" on the spiritual level, as any association with him always was, especially when he was working with one specifically. No doubt there was a twofold purpose in his request. One, that in his own charged apartment—and it was charged, loaded, all day long—he could pour out upon me in more concentrated measure the power of spirit while he was working in his office. (He had said his intuitive powers, plus his long experience at the work, helped him to get the answers so quickly on his job that some of the workers would request that he slow down so they would not look bad. So this spiritual work did not detract from his function on the job.) Then too, for me to be there helped me to keep in contact with him every minute, without the mind wandering as it would have elsewhere. I did a little typing, and a little cleaning and laundry, but did not press too hard. Perhaps I should have prepared his dinner also, but I had no idea what he liked. And it was for the spiritual work he had asked me to stay.

A second reason for his request may have been to allow me the opportunity to do something in return for the great gift he was giving me, which was beyond earthly measure. And, he may have been testing me at the same time, to see how I would handle three days of unrestricted freedom.

I felt a great reverence for his Bible, an inexpensive Revised Standard Version with a red cover, which had been given him by some students. (He was later given other Bibles; I never knew him to buy one for himself.) Once I had seen a student during class casually pick up his red Bible, as though it was just any book, and handle it in such a careless manner that I was appalled, as though it were being profaned. While there alone in his apartment, I came round to dusting the table on which the Bible lay. Although feeling perhaps I ought not, my hand strayed toward it

just to touch the holy thing, and I was literally thrown back on my heels by a powerful invisible force.

Another odd experience, which may have been just mechanical, occurred when I found myself inexplicably locked in the bathroom and could not open the door, although it was not locked. But eventually it did open, and my fears of being found in there when he returned were laid to rest. The only other thing of note was just in my own mind, when taking the laundry to the basement. The room was strongly reminiscent of the tomb where Jesus laid, carved in rock. And there was even a “white cloth lying apart”—nothing miraculous, but suggestive.

Altogether, it was like dropping out of the world for a few days, but I know that more happened on the inner level than I could consciously guess.

After hearing him preach and teach, and having accepted him as my Teacher, I felt in a lesser way much as Jesus’ early disciple must have felt about him. And it seemed important to bring other people to hear and accept him, for if anyone now on earth held the keys to salvation, surely it must be he.

I once persuaded a former associate to come, an elderly clairvoyant vegetarian who was on the spiritual path but in a different way. Rev. Blighton said to him, “I can save you another round.” He meant incarnation, of course, although the subject was not pursued. It was one night when this visitor was there that the Teacher presented me with my first official cross. (It was the Catholic type of cross with the corpus removed, such as we have since used for the brotherhood.) He had one just like it and at one time had asked me to sew on a new ribbon, using an “awl” for a needle.

I was deeply moved at receiving it, but not at the way it was given. Because he sort of threw it over my head like a halter and said, “When I tie the knot, they are *hitched!*” So much for the sacred moment; but he was doing something else that was not “in the script” as it were.

Another time when this same friend was there, Rev. Blighton showed me how to make the sign of the cross (the gesture we have since used.) He said, if you don’t want someone to interfere with what you are doing, and make that sign, they cannot do so.

My daughter’s thirteenth birthday occurred on Thanksgiving that year, and it was also memorable in that for the first time, Rev. Blighton visited our home. He had been my teacher now for two months. In inviting him for the occasion, I said if he wished to bring along anyone else from the congregation to feel free to do so. He answered that he thought they all had families of their own, but he might bring a lady friend named Joanna, who played a guitar and with whom he had been keeping company for a short while. I [had] never met Joanna, though; she did not come and seems to have cut off her friendship with him at that time. Several other people were also invited to dinner with the idea of exposing as many as possible to his teachings and to this spiritual contact. Not only were all ages represented but a sampling of other races and nationalities as well. There were about a dozen of us for dinner including my children.

The day began beautifully, with a perfect rainbow appearing in the forenoon. I called my

daughter to the back porch to view it as it seemed so symbolic of her birthday. We had a three-bedroom flat, very modest, but it had a dining room. There was no table large enough for so many, so we pushed two tables together and borrowed a large tablecloth. (That Christmas, my sons chipped in together and bought me a long tablecloth of fine damask linen, but this was to be the last occasion of this kind before we gave up our home.)

The adjusted table then extended almost to the kitchen door, so I put Rev. Blighton at the far end directly under a Pujot painting of Jesus. At the opposite end, where it was necessary that I sit to be near the kitchen, I carefully arranged two plates to avoid sitting directly opposite him or appearing like “papa and mama”. As it happened, one person did not come, so that inevitably moved my place directly opposite his.

A few months later there was a wedding breakfast at the Palace Hotel Garden Court to which we students were invited. There were about thirty guests, and I arrived after most were seated and again, oddly, my chair was directly opposite Rev. Blighton who sat at the other end of a very long table. To this latter feast, I had gone reluctantly but could not stay away knowing that my teacher always served up a spiritual feast along with the other food.

But back to the Thanksgiving dinner, Rev. Blighton had told us in class that first the woman works to prepare a meal, and then she sits down while the man stands to bless the fruits of the labor. I’m sure he was referring to some spiritual principal and not to table etiquette because he looked a little surprised when I followed the pattern exactly and asked everyone to sit while he stood to bless the food. He stayed on for a little while after the others had left, he and Susan and I in the living room. Referring to the nearby theater, he said, “I’d like to take you both to a movie at the Coliseum, but I’d rather wait until something good is showing.”

Above our gas fireplace hung another Pujot painting, of Mary. As we sat there, I noticed something that I had never seen before. The picture was rippled, or hanging in folds. When I drew his attention to this he said, noncommittally, “Its only canvas.” The next day, it was smooth again, and remained so.

The sequel to this occurred at a class in his studio another night. I had come a little early, and so had Amy (of whom we will hear more later). As she sat there on the davenport, in profile her face took on the same appearance as the picture, the skin seeming to hang for a moment in loose folds, and I said nothing but the thought struck me: “It’s only canvas.”

CHAPTER 4

Father enjoyed social occasions. After class he usually served some little treat, and a few people would stay to chat. I could have stayed too, but it didn’t mean that much to me, and it was also necessary to get home in order to get up early next morning to go to work, so I always hurried off immediately after the Tuesday and Thursday classes. For a while he instituted a pattern of one open class and one closed class each week. Anyone could come to the open class, while the closed class was for regular and serious students only. But he would occasionally switch nights

without notice to anyone. Perhaps this was a test, as one felt a bit disappointed when, coming to the special class, he found it had been opened to the public. But then, he was always seeking to break up any crystallization in habit or expectations.

I always dressed as simply as possible since entering the spiritual domain, as it were, and didn't want any "sticky" female connotation to enter in. One evening in particular, I was wearing a severely plain gray jumper and white blouse, my dress from work, all set for the closed class, when I walked Rev. Blighton with three or four gaily dressed-up ladies, all set for a party, and they were not students but personal acquaintances we had never seen before. He announced that it was to be a social evening after class; they were going to cook spaghetti and have a party. I got up, as usual, to leave early after class, a bit embarrassed at not being dressed for the occasion, when the Reverend caught hold of my hand and held it there for awhile in front of all the others, talking gaily about something else to the others all the while. It was a lovely acknowledgement for an ugly duckling among peacocks and embarrassed me a little, but it was also a treasured gesture.

Perhaps it gave me the idea that he liked me, too, among a few other things that he casually let out from time to time, never committing himself. Rather, he would drop subtle suggestions, such as, "I don't know why you're not married." And another time, "You're going to be taking on more of the masculine aspect, and I'm going to be taking on more of the feminine."

He did not hesitate to do things designed to arouse female jealousy, sometimes going out of his way to do so. This was before the young people began to come, and he was still working with the metaphysically inclined—nice, well-dressed people moving toward middle age. It was because he so despised jealousy in a person that as a Teacher he tried deliberately to root it out. However, it also tended to make one more aware of him as a person, even while recognizing perfectly well what he was doing and trying to resist feeling jealous. He had a sparkling way that women loved, but he only used it to teach them, not for personal advantage. Anyone teaching as he did must encounter a great deal of jealousy in the course of his work.

Just nine months before meeting Rev. Blighton, a major spiritual experience had changed my life, after which I felt reborn, starting life over anew but on a different level of consciousness. (Was the nine months significant?) At any rate, though married life had always been my ideal, at last I had the feeling that I never wanted to marry again, that now I belonged to God, and marriage did not seem quite in order, or in context with the spiritual path. But he sort of drew my interest, then put me "on hold", as he later put it, while (under orders from a higher authority) he courted another woman.

One Saturday morning after an 11 o'clock session, he cooked lunch—the best lamb chops I ever tasted, after which he let me wash the dishes. But that was the only good meal. A second time, I arrived a bit late for the appointment, and there were warmed-over beans and potatoes that had stood too long. He sometimes joked in later years that I married him for his cooking (for the spiritual cooking, yes).

It felt as though my wholehearted acceptance of his spiritual reality was somehow helpful to his work. And in one memorable session, after meditation, he said, "I see no reason why I should not

give you the Fiat of the Word.”

The polarity that came about had to do with the mission he needed to accomplish for and with the help of women. It could as well have been someone else. Perhaps God could not think of another way to use me in His service, and by then my greatest desire was to serve Him. For I hadn't been fashioned to impress or to draw people through personal attraction. He sometimes said that three women had been prepared to join him in his work, but that two of them had “flaked out,” (so I guess that left me).

Though classes continued at his apartment, there were not many Sunday services there. Sometime around **November, 1965**, he rented a **basement meeting place on Geary Street near Mason. (Was it 465 or 485?)** The theaters were close by. He only used this for two or three months, mainly on Sundays, before again moving. But this basement church had quite a bit of atmosphere, and most of us would have been content to remain there. It was also rented to other groups on occasion. I recall one evening when we all attended a lecture given by a Zoroastrian group, with a distinguished speaker.

There was a piano on which one of our people accompanied the hymns on Sundays. There was a dim room behind the sanctuary where folding chairs were stored, and once before Christmas, helping to move things out, the soft mystery of the place was reminiscent of the cave at Bethlehem. Of course, it wasn't so much the place as the heightened spiritual consciousness of that time, and the aura of wonder and mystery that seemed to infuse everything. It is not clearly remembered whether communion was served every Sunday or on alternate Sundays, but it was never given at any other time. And the partaking of it was voluntary; there was no urging. Neither was any stranger refused.

Probably the most memorable event that happened there was **Orne Grant's ordination on November 10**. It took place in the evening, and both Orne and Rev. Blighton fasted all day long before the ceremony. **So far as I know, this was the first person he ordained into the priesthood.** The ceremony was impressive except for one little odd thing that happened. The landlady had a cat that was sometimes present, and during the ordination it walked through the sanctuary, then came back through the congregation. As it passed by my feet, I cold feel a charge of electricity, as though it had been picked up in the sanctuary.

Orne immediately took up his duties as Rev. Blighton's assistant and occasionally helped with the services and other things in his spare time. A couple of months later Rev. Blighton had to be away for two or three weeks (this was after he had pared the class down) and Orne faithfully carried on, although lonely class nights in the studio apartment saw only three or four of us. He chose to read from a book by Rudolph Steiner at each class, and in after years it made me wonder if the potency of that time may have paved the way for our houses later on Steiner Street. There were more people at the Sunday services, and when Rev. Blighton was there the classes were sometimes quite large at his studio as well. One night, when he had Peace Pilgrim as a guest speaker, the walls were lined with chairs, and I think some had to stand.

Once Rev. Blighton told me he would be working with someone else for the next few days, and he asked Orne to do spiritual work with me during that time (not in person but in consciousness).

The idea of someone else working with, or on, me was not at all agreeable, but there was not much one could say. That he really did so, though, was evident. It was on a workday, and it was hard for me to function normally. His influence could be felt, but it was such a stark, lonely feeling as to be almost frightening. Somehow, there was a consciousness all day as of being in the wide blue sky, with no one and nothing there, just terrible aloneness. Orne was an austere person, but very conscientious, so he probably gave it his best.

Orne made a podium for the church. It was in the form of a hollow cross, with a wooden back and opaque white glass or plastic on the front. There was a light bulb inside so the cross could be lighted up. On top of this was a flat space for the minister's Bible, and whatever else he might need for his talk. Our basement church was now officially the Science of Man Church, and at one Sunday service Rev. Blighton announced to the congregation that the Science of Man Church would live for one thousand years.

My younger son was persuaded to attend on one occasion when the sermon was about an opening at the North Pole. And my daughter went a couple of times when Rev. Blighton greeted her as "young fellow." Both children wanted to know why I couldn't attend the kind of churches other people go to. Of course I had sampled several and found them wanting, but [I] encouraged their attendance at Sunday school in neighboring churches.

The first time I saw Amy (which, by the way, is not her real name) was on the occasion of an evening session at the new church. She was not attending, but came in part way through and stood at the rear, waiting for Rev. Blighton, whom she was to drive somewhere. She was wearing a fur piece (which reminded me of Jacob, somehow). And she wore, inevitably, a turban-shaped hat. All her hats were made in the same style. This probably derived from the fact that she had a teacher in India, Chittenanda, who had visited her here at one time, and she had also gone to India to take instruction from him, as he meant a great deal to her.

She was a widow with a teenage son, slender and nice looking, near middle age. Her home was just a little below the large cross on Mt. Davidson, and from her back yard you could look up and see the cross looming above. Rev. Blighton showed it to me once when Orne and I were invited with him to dinner. One could not help but think of Mary and John, the woman and her son, at the foot of the cross. As though the New Age was beginning where the former age left off. After dinner, he asked her to show us some large slides of her trip to Palestine, and streaming around a corner in the pictures was a large continuous cloud which made one think of the return of the Christ.

On that evening I was appalled at her lack of respect for our revered teacher, and I knew Orne felt it too. While we were watching the slides, she carelessly said, "Earl, will you get me a glass of water?" and he meekly went without a word and got her one. We looked upon him with too much awe to ever think of asking him to perform a menial function, and it was unthinkable that anyone could. Of course, his meekness was also deliberate, exaggerated even, not like him at all. He was forever teaching those of us who were alert to it, as Orne and I were very much so that evening. We didn't miss a thing, and it was rather clear that he was performing an assignment not really to his liking. He just passively let things happen, without batting an eyelash, but it seemed he wanted us to know it, without putting anything into words. Later, as we left the house,

there were two ornamental glass peacocks near the entrance, and on the way to the door he brushed against one and broke it.

But I could begin to see why he had been spiritually directed to cultivate her friendship. For one thing, “she had everything.” Whereas I only rented a flat, she owned her home and had a modest but independent income and didn’t have to work. She belonged to the Asian Society and had influential friends, both Asian and American—poets, doctors, etc. She no doubt helped him set patterns for the future of his work.

When the time came for him to break off with her, he said it was the hardest thing he ever had to do up to that time. (I think there were harder, since.) Of course, she was the one who broke it off literally, but it was because she could not see him for what he was, and he persisted in doing curious things that made her feel more like “Halloween” than a courtship. She liked him as a man of her social equal. He was charming. Perhaps he never let her see what he really was. And, of course, she was already the devotee of another teacher.

She had been given the spiritual name of Gopi by her Indian teacher, but Rev. Blighton had a way of pronouncing it “Goopy.” He had a cat named Rajah. He said it had just come to him from off the street, and he was keeping it around and caring for it. Sometimes he would hold it on his lap as he talked or counseled, stroking the gray fur. As an illustration to his teachings, he insisted he always meant just what he said, nothing else. He claimed that people tried to make things complicated by reading meaning into his statements, but “when I say, ‘The cat ran down the street’, I mean the cat ran down the street—nothing else.” I heard him say this many times.

One night when I came for a spiritual appointment, he had me help him with some papers. He would look through them and keep some and discard others. It was one of the spookiest evenings I have known, as though subtle things were being done all the while, and one knew not what was happening. When his cat walked across the floor, he said, “Nice Goopy.” I thought this was a slur on his friend, Gopi, but now I think he may have looked at the word more as the lily growing out of the mire. She, in some way, seemed to represent the lotus of the East, whereas he was the Christian alchemist or the rose of the West. A marriage of East and West? He had the cat for a few weeks or months, and then it wasn’t there any more. It had just gone off. I guess it literally “ran down the street.”

It may have been that same night or another that he was looking through the loose-leaf binder in which I took notes from his classes. In the first half were plain white sheets without lines (unruled), whereas the second half was supplied with lined pages. The notes were written, so far, only on unlined pages. He looked at those approvingly, then turned to the back where there was no writing on the pages that were “ruled.” He said of the latter, “These don’t mean anything to me, and I don’t think they do to you either.” He was telling me something, fixing the words in my mind, and I now have inklings of what he may have been saying. Perhaps we were to work with the early unruled years and not to give heed to the later “ruled” times whose pages had not yet been written upon. Or perhaps he meant we weren’t writing on lines set up by someone else.

Another time when I went to do a little typing for him, he introduced me to a man called Mr. Page. He said I would have to leave at nine, because he had some work to do with Mr. Page. He

said, "I always do these things alone." Of course, in normal times it would mean nothing, but everything then seemed so fraught with significance. Then later that winter, he worked alternately with Amy and me, having us take dictation for a book he was writing called The Ninth Hour. He always said the first nine initiations take place on the earth plane, the final three have to be given above. He left the earth plane three months short of nine years after we met. So, in the ninth year he left, and thenceforth will work from or with the written (Mr.) Page? Once he said he could take any book and put everything it said into one page.

He bought Amy an engagement ring and handed it out for viewing at class in his studio, so we had no choice but to pass it from hand to hand, although I didn't want to touch it. The whole business was painful to me, and somehow she didn't seem to fit in the picture. As I held the ring, he stood directly in front of me, but his back was toward me as he said, "I see you."

One of his frequent sayings over the years was that out of the wound of the mother the child was born. I rather worried about that, because of the power of his word, and once reminded him that the word was "womb," not "wound," but he never changed it. Maybe spiritual growth does come out of one wound or another, though I didn't want it to be so.

On Sundays after the services, occasionally a small group of us would walk together, at his invitation, to a nearby restaurant for breakfast. During that period he would walk in front of the rest with the lady, holding her hand very ostentatiously. She never really became part of things, though she attended classes after beginning to keep company with him. One Sunday at services he made a great show of handling her eyeglasses, while at the podium, then he passed them to her. I couldn't help thinking of Leah, wife of Jacob, with the weak eyes. Otherwise, the incident seemed out of place, unless perhaps he was doing some healing work.

He once had her buy for him a second-hand dress to send to his mother, then he brought it to the office for me to wrap and mail. Why second-hand? It made no sense at all, because he was not 'cheap,' and was not without good taste. And his mother, whom he had not seen for many years, lived 3,000 miles away.

There was a wonderful experience that took place in the church, all unspoken and invisible. After one Sunday service as he stood beside Amy and we were filing past him to shake hands on the way out, he took my hand and I felt very literally something like thick heavy liquid gold pass from his hand to mine. It was not imaginary or symbolic, but a very real sensation, and I knew it was gold, somehow. He murmured, almost under his breath, "Oh no! Not so soon!" as though this as an initiation he had anticipated but was not prepared to deal with just yet. Was it the Golden Force?

Weeks earlier, he had asked me to read a copy of his book The Golden Force. I had gone through it, not overly impressed, and when he asked what I thought of it, I made bold to say it didn't do him justice. Then he said, "Here, read my copy." So I took that home, and this time it seemed very good. He also asked me to proofread and make any corrections. And I tried but lacked courage to change anything.

Another time there, when I was still quite new, he stepped into his tiny closet-office, while I sat

in the other room, and he called out from there, “You know, I’m Paul.” My first impression was one of a little disappointment, because I expected he was more than that and could have believed almost anything more. He also mentioned that two other persons, at different times and without being told, had approached him and told him he was Paul.

One evening in the early days, while working with me as a student, he placed me in a kneeling position beside the chair where he sat, and then with his hands turned my head 90 degrees in another direction so I was looking toward the little wooden Madonna which stood on a small table across the room. Then he said, “You are sitting at the feet of your Master. Don’t be afraid.”

At one class, he brought out his Tree of Life chart drawn on a large cardboard. It was an orderly arrangement of topics in three rows of seven columns, a complete list of the studies to be undertaken, with God at the top and the potential initiations, or ordinations, at the bottom. This was his teaching plan, and lessons were to be written (a few were already done) around each of these topics.

Before coming to him, I had been studying a different kind of Tree of Life—that of the Ten Sephiroth and the Kabbalah, via correspondence course. The following year he drew me a large chart of that Tree of Life also. Upon beginning with him, he insisted I stop all other studies, although I had but a couple of lessons to go, and they were already in my possession. I did as he asked and showed him the textbook that went with it, in which I had done some coloring work. He said he would like me to give him the book. I said I’d rather buy him a new one, but he said, “I want that one.” It meant quite a lot to me, but I handed it over. And the following year he returned it to me with the chart, and the permission to not only finish reading the remaining lessons but also the command to teach the subject to the Brothers.

CHAPTER 5

The church on Geary Street seemed right enough for us, but after a couple of months, Rev. Blighton said the fire department’s regulations would not allow more than forty people to gather there at one time. Our group was not yet that large, but he felt there was a place for us on Market Street and concentrated on looking there. Finally, he came up with a **two-room suite on the fourth floor of 1005 Market Street**. Flanking the entrance at street level were the National Shirt store and a tiny jewelry shop.

On the door of the suite he rented appeared the words “Dr. Cupid” in gilt lettering. Apparently it had been a “lonely hearts” office. The two rooms had a door opening between them, and each room also had its own doorway to the hall. They were not very large. One became the chapel and the other an office. The chapel was never very quiet, due to the proximity of the busy office, but it was a nice little room with its own kind of peacefulness.

Rev. Blighton had no vehicle, so Orne and I helped him move one Saturday, with the use of Orne’s small truck. There wasn’t much to move, merely the few things from the church to the new chapel, after we’d cleaned it up.

The next day was Sunday, and Orne's family and I came to services but no one else. After services, I asked if he hadn't told Verda and Helen, at least, about the move, since they were quite regular, and he told me he had not. So I called Verda, who said she and Helen had gone to the Geary Street church and stood there waiting for it to open. He could hardly have forgotten; I don't know whether it was a test, but after that they came once or twice, then stopped, no doubt feeling offended (although Verda came around intermittently over the years after we moved to 20). Rev. Blighton once told us how he had taken her with him when purchasing some chairs for the church, and she had to wait quite a while for him. He said she had served as much by merely waiting as at another time one might serve by acting. He used the incident to teach the class that service to the Lord can take many forms.

This was not the first time he dumped a congregation. As mentioned before, he dropped the whole congregation of the art gallery group in order to work with Orne alone. The first time I witnessed him getting rid of people was in his studio, some time before the move. The public class had begun to grow more and more, and people were quite enjoying it. Then one evening he began needling them, not directly, but teaching from his chart he began making rather insulting remarks to no one in particular, but to the class generally, or rather to the type of people who were in his class. He did this two or three sessions in a row, and of course, the numbers dwindled. I respectfully alluded to the fact that he might be offending some people, but he knew it perfectly well. It was a deliberate shakedown. What he actually said was, "I don't have time for people who come to be entertained." He was there to do more important work and was only interested in working with people who were seriously striving. He must have intended much the same thing again in his move to Market Street, thus starting out with only Orne and me.

Somewhere around that time his job terminated. Most of his jobs had been rather short-term, for one project or another. But this was to be his last one, because a few months later when he reapplied for work at age 62, he was told he was over-qualified, although perhaps the real reason was his age. He didn't try for a job immediately after moving, though, because he had worked out a plan of keeping the office and chapel open every day from 8 a.m. until 8 p.m., and he held to that pattern faithfully for many months, although he did go out on the street sometimes, and of course had to eat out. Again, he had saved up enough money to take him through this period.

Those must have been long days at first. The building was located at the **corner of Sixth and Market**. Nearby, across Market Street, was the Tenderloin district, with some bizarre aspects, and a couple of blocks behind us, across Mission Street, existing somewhat of a skid row aspect. So he began to work with these people. He would give out a dollar to anyone who asks for help, and some came up to the office to ask. He made arrangements with a cheap hotel nearby to put up, for a night or two, anyone he met who had no place to stay; then he picked up the bill. He put a little rack of used clothing behind his desk right in the office, and when young people from the Tenderloin came up for help or counseling, if they were seeking work, he would help them to dress presentably before they went out. And he also contacted prospective employers and would call or send a note to introduce the person he was sending to them.

He put a folding sign on the sidewalk by the street door, announcing **Mans Chapel** and inviting people to come in off the street for meditation or rest, and at night the sign was moved inside.

Eventually the jeweler complained that the sign was hurting his business, so that was given up. And on one occasion he had us hand out flyers on the street announcing some function or event.

On Sunday mornings before the services began, a tape would be put on to play meditation music. There were only two tapes, probably belonging to Orne, and the machine was probably his too. It was placed in the office, just outside the chapel door, and while people were coming in music was played up until 11 o'clock, then turned off for the actual service. The one played most was the Song of Scheherazade. He once suggested we might use "Claire de Lune" for meditation at home.

Sometime that winter Rev. Blighton began to wear black suits and a collar. Amy was displeased with the black, thinking it looked too somber. Up until then he had worn ordinary business suits with neckties, except for special occasions in the sanctuary that required his white robe. He had that robe before I met him, and it was the only actual sanctuary robe he ever had from that time on. None of the others of us dressed in any particular way. We were still all in our homes, just church members.

He got his onyx cross during that time and was putting down three or four dollars a week until it was paid for. Once he sent me down to the Fourth Street pawnshop with a payment. He had found it when one day he was in the shop looking for something else, and the proprietor said, "I have something here I think will interest you," then he went away to the back and brought out the cross of black onyx, with its smaller cross of rose garnets set in. Father knew at once it was supposed to be his cross. And it was a happy day when Orne picked it up with the last payment and brought it up to the office. (The diamond, which was afterward placed at the center, was also a personal gift to Father from outside the Order.)

Soon after we moved there he gave me the vows of a Sister, which consisted of only one vow, that of humility. There was no ceremony for this, and I don't recall anyone else being present. He merely asked me, in the office, to take the vow (with a laying on of hands) and there was a paper to sign which said that one would never reveal any secrets to non-members. (Actually, there never were "secrets" as such.) No doubt, it merely meant to use discretion in discussing spiritual matters with the uninitiated. Then, too, it is customary for Lodges to have some secrets.

Soon after that time, he told me I had made it through to Realization and was now free, or didn't need him any more. But I couldn't imagine leaving his classes. They had become my life. Perhaps he only said it so I could clearly recognize that fact, as I do not think he expected me to leave, literally.

One night there he and Orne together stood by and asked me to look within for anything that would be seen. Their attitude of expectancy made it seem important somehow. To make it brief, I was traveling along a road at the end of which stood Mary, not in human form but all made of light. Behind her was a tree, every leaf of which was almond-shaped and absolutely perfect. Yet the idea came that this represented a "charter oak." In its trunk was a small door, the key to which was in my pocket, so I took it out and reached behind Mary to open the door. This was also felt to have something to do with "archives." Many things were seen in those years, mostly in rather obscure symbols, some to be understood much later, others not as yet. The foregoing is

recorded only in case it may come to have a bearing on something, or its meaning become better understood.

Amy provided the first real chalice, a sterling silver one that had been in her family and had been used by one of her forbears in a church in England. Rev. Blighton bought the chalice from her for \$65.00, probably paying at his own insistence so as not to be obligated. She also provided an altar cloth for the Market Street sanctuary. It was of multi-colored brocade, rather dark colors.

On Mother's Day that year I persuaded my older son to go to church with me, just the one time. Amy was in the office with Rev. Blighton when we arrived, but no one else had yet come. There was the strongest fragrance of fresh flowers filling the whole room, and my son smelled them too. But when I checked, the only flowers there, in the sanctuary, were completely without scent. It had to be a spiritual phenomenon. At a later date in our next chapel, I was changing the water on our bouquet, now several days old and faded almost beyond usefulness, when Rev. Blighton came to use the sink, and I left one flower lying there. Upon returning a few minutes later, the bloom was fresh and crisp as new. When I mentioned it to him, he only smiled and said nothing.

There is not much more to say about Amy. He stopped seeing her around the late spring months. And his work shifted gears, from working with the "nice people," he turned to the youthful raw materials of the streets. Or they had turned to him. They accepted him as completely as Orne and I had done, so a new chapter began to be written, again starting from scratch. He said afterwards that he gave up on nice people, because they weren't interested in doing anything, whereas the young people were very eager to work with him, and to change their lives to something better.

Gradually about a half dozen young men from the Tenderloin area began to come around during the days just to talk to him. They were fascinated by the things he said and occasionally offered a hand with something. One of them polished the law candles for the sanctuary till they gleamed like new. I imagine the gesture was entirely voluntary. And eventually some dropped in to the classes that were now being held in the chapel there. It was not long before a few of them became regulars, full of youthful enthusiasm. Their ages ranged from about 19, through the twenties. They had colorful backgrounds, most having left home in their teens and somehow scraping a living, and they came to love their teacher as well as to feel in awe of what he sometimes revealed.

Only they could relate their experiences of those days, but I believe there were some that were quite intense. I once heard some of them say they hardly dared use a vacuum cleaner after something he had told them about the dust of the earth. And he imbued the least experience with adventure. Spiritual work, to him (and with him), was anything but dull. He would open one's awareness, even at the movies. And I once heard him discussing this excitedly after returning from a movie with him. I think he was purposely a little "naughty" sometimes for their benefit, such as starting down a one-way street the wrong way, or parking in a no-parking zone. That delighted them, in a way "going them one better." He reached people through their own interests. Like Paul, he was all things to all men, and once their interest was caught, he could go on to teach them higher things.

He sometimes taught more through literal demonstration than through speech. Perhaps that is one

way the teacher takes on the sins of others, then disposes of them and clears them of the past. With other people in other days, he also took on different types of behaviors, matching that of the people he was teaching. It is not possible to see the scope of these things, but it was part of his work in all the years I knew him, helping to rid people of their karma while drawing them upward onto the eternal Path of the spiritual life.

Even people he met casually on the street were helped. Sometimes they would approach him a year later and tell how they had changed their lives and straightened out after talking with him just once.

He obviously was not trying to get rich. If he had been lecturing for money, he could have hired a hall and commanded large enough audiences to receive something above expenses, at least. But instead, he was working without remuneration, long hours of giving all and receiving nothing material for his services, following his star.

He began to have a little volunteer help in the office, answering the phone and such. And every resource was used to extend the work. Once I gave him a sheet of stamps, thinking to help him out with necessary correspondence. But instead, to him it must have meant a new seed, because he went one step farther and used it to mail out form letters to ministers and priests whose names he got out of the phone book. The letters asked, “Are you ready for the New Earth?” up till then I always called him Reverend Blighton, but the young men began to call him Master Earl, then after a while they gradually began to call him “Father.” He was a true father figure to them. He was not yet using the name of Paul. He said his spiritual name was Raul and had been for centuries. But later on he gave that name to Eric, when he took Paul as his own spiritual name.

Two of the persons who came to the Market Street church and who stayed for some time were **John Porter and Eric Fuchs**. **James Taylor and Stanley Wise** were fairly regular. There were others.

From time to time Father would call a board meeting. They didn’t mean much to anyone but him, I think, the rest of us going along because he wished it. Most of the **Board members** at first were not even students, and sometimes they would attend and at others just leave a proxy. These were older, respectable businessmen. The President was a friend of Father’s who attended another church. **Dr. Riffle**, the chiropractor, was the Director of Health, and later, after we had become acquainted with **Samuel Lewis**, he became the **Director of Spiritual Education**. I think Father chose persons for each post who were representative of their profession.

Samuel Lewis was a Sufi teacher with his own following. Somehow he heard of Father there on Market Street and stopped to get acquainted. From that time on for several years he would volunteer his time in giving a series of classes to our people, usually bringing along one or more of his own followers. These would continue on a weekly basis for a few weeks, then he would go off, and on his return again teach – usually from the New Testament, although he was a Sufi of Hebrew origin. The New Testament teaching was in deference to our Christian orientation. **He taught the first classes at 7 a.m. at Market Street**. He had a different slant on the Christian works, colored by his own background and his knowledge of the Hebrew language, and the classes were very interesting. They were given early enough as those of us with jobs could attend and still get

to work on time. It was a lovely way to begin the day, because the ideas he brought out would recur during the day, with much food for thought.

It was he who originated the idea of removing our shoes in the chapel. When he used the sanctuary, he would take off his shoes before stepping onto the platform, because of the Biblical saying, “Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standeth is holy ground.” (The words God spoke to Moses at the burning bush. Exodus 3:5.) He would then proceed to lecture in his stocking feet, casually dressed in informal attire. At first it seemed odd to us, but we respected the spirit of the gesture and eventually began to take off our shoes, too. I don’t think there was ever a mandate to do so; it just came about naturally. It is said that Muslims and Sufis must remove their shoes before entering a mosque to pray; and Dr. Sam (as we called him) was a Sufi teacher.

A little later on another interesting person found us. **Rev. Joe Miller** was working nearby in the Golden Gate Building, and one day he also stopped by to see what we were about and to talk to Father. He was impatiently waiting for his retirement age to arrive so he could give up his job and devote all his time to spiritual work. He too, with his wife, had a small circle of students and was a hearty, vigorous person of infectious enthusiasm. He remained a friend over the years, as did Dr. Sam. A few years later, when Father’s work began to grow a bit more than he could easily handle, he approached each of them asking if they cared to join him in the work, but their way was a little different, and both declined.

One day at Market Street, Father sent me out to get a bouquet for the chapel. We always had one or two vases standing at the base of the altar, one for either side. At the open flower stalls on the street a bouquet could be purchased for 35 or 50 cents. On that particular day there didn’t seem to be one nearby, so I walked on farther downtown, and something very unusual was going on. The streets were packed with a crush of young people everywhere, smiling, carrying flowers or placards and greeting everyone with such words as “Peace” or “Love.” There was sweetness akin to innocence about it, which was rather beautiful, and it was my first encounter with the “flower children” of that day. In our busily insulated world, I hadn’t really known what was happening and wasn’t much aware of the drug situation either. But that must have marked the beginning of the major influx of the movement into San Francisco.

CHAPTER 6

Father moved his living quarters that summer to another studio apartment on the fourth floor at **700 Sutter Street, at the corner of Mason**. It was an all-white apartment, again just a one-room studio with kitchenette and bath, a few blocks down the hill from Grace Cathedral.

My daughter went to visit relatives on the east coast that summer for the first time, then my sister invited her to stay over winter for the school year and her first experience with snow and cold weather. Earlier my older son had moved to Berkeley where he was attending the University. And only the other son was at home, intensely social, always wrapped up in his friends, either in person or on the telephone.

On three days in a row that summer Rev. Blighton visited our home during the daytime. He said little. We sat in the barren yard for a bit, or upstairs in the dining room, where we played some sort of game, not remembered what. But the unusual part was that during those three days my whole life up until that moment, period by period, passed through my mind rolling backward in time to earliest childhood. I knew what was meant now by the saying that a drowning person sees his whole life flash before his eyes, and though mine was more gradual, it was quite consecutive, like a retrospection of one's life. We didn't discuss it, or at least I do not recall doing so at any length, but he must have known what he was doing.

Sometime after that he asked me to marry him. I had to trust his judgment in that, though the idea was a bit awesome. Practically speaking, there was no other way we could have worked closely together at that time, having no established houses or living space to have separate quarters.

And so we were quietly married. My flat was taken over by married friends of the son remaining at home, and he retained his old room with them, for the time being, while I moved in with Rev. Blighton. It was a drastic change for all of us. Now, instead of my children and a larger living space, and independence, I had very small quarters and a husband to consider. At the same time, he too had been alone for a long time, and to have a woman move into his small space, and have to consider her too must have been a big thing for him to take on, especially since we were not young (I was 51 at that time, 11 years younger than he). Once after we were married, I got up and went to kneel by the open window in the dark, looking out at the street, and I heard him murmur quietly to himself, "It's hard for her, too." (But over the years it became quite comfortable sharing whatever quarters were available.)

Whereas he would spend his days at the Market Street church, I still had a job. Since he didn't leave the office before 8 p.m., still maintaining that pattern, we had dinner rather late. One evening in those early days I was preparing dinner. Father was still at the church, when in the stillness I heard a faint voice at the door say, "Helen." It was not a psychic manifestation, but neither was it quite a natural physical voice, sounding very fragile. No one was there; it was Father projecting his voice. I immediately grasped at the symbolism of Jesus standing at the door and knocking, coming to sup with us, so instead of sitting down and going within to establish a line of telepathic communication with Father, as I should have done, my impulse was to prepare the dinner table as though Jesus were coming to be our guest, as perfectly as I could. When Father arrived, all he said was, "You're so physical." My reception of, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock" wasn't quite what he had hoped. But that he was able to project his voice physically from at least half a mile away was in itself wonderful. We did not further discuss the matter, as so many times there was no need for words. We both knew what had occurred and no conversation was necessary.

Sometimes his young men students would come to our apartment for an impromptu evening class, some sitting on chairs and some on the floor. And occasionally we would serve refreshments such as doughnuts and coffee. They began to call me "Mother" (without prompting) just as they had called Rev. Blighton "Father." And because it was voluntary and warm, it was very nice. Father had given me the spiritual name of "Ruth," so I became Mother

Ruth. Oddly, I had a sister also named Ruth, so could hardly use that name among relatives, but since all were far away, that presented no problem. At one evening session in the apartment, Father announced to them, “Mother Ruth is the first woman to be accepted by the White Brotherhood.” During those months I was also the only woman “Regular,” although at the public classes and services, a few casually came and went.

One night in meditation at our apartment, I saw the city of San Francisco lying in complete darkness, but at the foot of the hill where our chapel was on Market Street, there was a glow of light slowly enlarging, and it was the only light in the whole city. The impression came through that the New Jerusalem was being built right there over the old, but that it was a spiritual entity, visible only to a few with spiritual sight. This is not easy to describe, but the impression was strong. And it related to the coming of the New Age being born, while most of humanity went their way with no knowledge of what was happening around them. It seemed as though the New Jerusalem (and the New Age) was brought as an overlay over the old.

The half dozen or so young men who had become Father’s regular students lived separately around the Tenderloin, and someone came up with the idea that if they pooled resources they could save money by living in one larger place, and then perhaps Father could sometimes visit them and teach classes there. So they found a seven-room flat at 39 Guerrero, near outer Market Street. In time, we would have Board meetings there also, but the first Board meeting I recall when any business was conducted occurred at the Market Street Office and concerned the leasing of a hotel on lower Sixth Street, in early 1967.

It was a run-down hotel in a near-slum area with the lowest of rates, and the residents were those who could afford nothing better. A few of them were engaged in activities not altogether savory, but we knew nothing of them then. Father really wanted that hotel, not for business reasons, but because he saw in it a wonderful opportunity for both him and his students to serve God through helping people and seeking to better their lives. So he did some of his most persuasive work to convince the reluctant owner to rent it to us without an advance payment at the rental of \$2000.00 per month. He finally got it, and Orne immediately went to work changing all the locks, and together with the students did much-needed cleanup and carpentry. It was not in very good shape. Most of the rooms were already occupied, and Father kept on the night clerk who had been working there, while the students, notably Eric Fuchs and John Porter, worked at the desk by day.

At first there were half a dozen living at 39 Guerrero Brotherhouse, Eric and John among them. Before Christmas, 1966, three or four of the others took the few dollars that were in their house account and left without notice for Los Angeles. This was but the first of many crises of that period. Father was often called to settle disputes among the students and to advise them on other matters, but after the financial crisis, with its accompanying shock to those remaining in the house, they next set Ed, the oldest among them, to be housefather; but Eric, the youngest, was not willing to comply with certain rules and made it difficult for him. So Father would be called again. Eventually the housefather left, and a new one came in whom we called Dale. He was so nice looking, smooth, blond and well-mannered, that he won everyone’s confidence. Moreover, he said he was a Roman Catholic priest, of wealthy parentage, with his own funds to spend, and he proceeded to purchase for himself the finest of vestments from a store dealing in Catholic

Church supplies.

It was he who instituted the practice of serving morning communion to the others. He set up a spot in the dining room bay window for his purpose. One morning, Father and I were invited to breakfast with them, and communion was served by Dale. He had mimeographed sheets outlining a ritual and responses, based on Roman Catholic lines, and it was quite long-drawn-out, with many repetitions of, "Father, I am not worthy to come under our roof," and "mea culpa." At breakfast Dale was served by the others, as he sipped tea with his little finger daintily up curved.

Meanwhile, at the hotel, Wayne Harris arrived with his brother, Richard, from Denver. They were new in town and chose that hotel as the least expensive they could find. Wayne asked Eric, who was at the desk, about the bright blue Rabat he wore with his lack suit, so Eric told him about the group who lived together on Guerrero Street; Wayne said, "Could I join?" and Eric told him, "Sure." So he went to live at what we may call the Brotherhouse. Housefather Dale immediately took the new Wayne under his wing by giving him a bed in his office. He also brought in Wayne's brother and gave him a place to stay. Richard was not then otherwise interested, but later did join.

To explain the blue rabats: By now Father had put all the students in black suits. To get them, he continually scoured the used clothing stores. Then he went to a store on Powell Street that sold theatrical goods and purchased a quantity of royal blue satin cloth. He then told the students they had to make their own rabats from this. Perhaps they used his black one for a pattern. For this project they had to use my sewing machine, the only piece of furniture I had brought to our furnished apartment. It was a new Singer console, which had been rather treasured, due to going without other things while saving up for it over a period of time. Father gave John Porter a key to our apartment when neither of us was at home (somewhat to John's surprise, and he asked Father if he wasn't afraid he might steal something). And there he made his rabat; but first he took the sewing machine apart to see how it worked, then put it back together again. The others also made their own, none of them every having sewn before. Once when John was on some mission in the street, wearing his rabat, someone asked him if he was a choirboy.

During that summer, Father took them out on a "street patrol" in the evenings, to make themselves accessible by their presence and their garb to anyone who might wish help or counseling. They did not proselytize. He took them to the roughest parts of the city, and it must have taken courage. Many interesting incidents took lace. They all went to Hunter's Point at a time of race riots, for several days and nights in a row, while Orne's wife held down the office during evening hours and kept the coffee pot going for them.

Everyone at the hotel was very busy. From our apartment on Sutter and Mason, it was located in a straight line down Mason, across Market, and continuing past the building where our church was located, still in a direct line down Sixth Street, but it was a long walk, and none of us had an automobile. Sometimes Father would get phone calls from the hotel during the night, concerning an emergency there. Once there was a police raid of someone's room, and another time a fire started in the lobby. There was no serious harm, but on at least one occasion he was called at 2 a.m. and had to get up and walk all that distance to attend to things. He made arrangements with a small restaurant in the next block from the hotel, to supply meals to anyone he sent there who

had no money to pay, and Father would pay the bill later. He did this by giving them a slip of paper as a meal ticket, which they could take with them to the restaurant. It was a project dear to his heart, and he had great hopes of building it up into something fine. We had kept on the night clerk who worked for the former owner, but after a few weeks he made off with all the receipts, and the hotel was left broke. None of our students had understanding of business procedures or of the bookwork entailed. Again, much fell on Father's shoulders. We could not now pay the second month's rent as planned, and the landlord was adamant about getting his hotel back, although Father urged him to give us more time to recoup. The labor we had put into improving the place was worth quite a bit. However, after two months spent there, we were forced to give it up. Father felt very badly at losing this opportunity. Since there was no money to pay the owner, he later took us to court, but that story comes later. It was somewhere around this time that Father said, "This is the church's Good Friday."

At some time before this, one evening at home Father became troubled and said, "There's something wrong at the Brotherhouse. I have to go over there." I don't recall when the students became Brothers nor when they took whatever vows they did take. There was not yet a vow ceremony nor the five vows as later given. But we had taken to calling their flat a Brotherhouse. Meanwhile, also, my son and his friends had moved from our former flat and so all our worldly goods went to the Brotherhouse. My son was also free to live there and stayed for a brief time, but he missed having his own private room, and these were not his friends. The housefather even went so far as to give away his beloved white cat and would not tell him where it was. So he moved out to live thenceforth with friends.

At the time Father sensed trouble, I had not as yet. But then one Sunday Father took over the hotel desk and asked Dale to conduct the chapel services at the Market Street church, which I attended. It was Palm Sunday, and housefather Dale had strewn palm branches all down the aisle to the altar. He then performed a fine service, and something came out that was very real. He knew it too; I could tell by the way he smiled knowingly at me as he passed down the aisle on his way out. (Father said later, "He was such a good con artist, he conned himself.")

After the service, I stood talking with some outside persons who had attended while Dale went out down the hall to change his vestments in the restroom there. Presently I saw a hand reach round through the open door, from outside, and remove the money from the basket, which stood on a little table just inside the chapel door. There must not have been more than five dollars, but I could hardly believe it. It could only have been Dale, since no one else was in the hallway. This was my first demonstration that something was wrong where he was concerned. We later learned that he had attended a Catholic seminary for a time and thus had learned priestly mannerisms enough to be convincing, but he was not a priest (nor did Father ordain him – he only took him at his word.)

On Holy Thursday Dale outdid himself at the evening service. He performed a foot-washing ceremony and dramatically stripped the altar, then prepared a large Pascal candle. It was on this occasion that he presented Father with a large Bible of the sort used in the pulpit, quite nice. And he gave me a book about the women of the Bible. Later, after he had left, we received a bill from the store for these books and for all the vestments and supplies he had purchased, supposedly at his own expense. It was true his parents were well-to-do, but he had become something of a

black sheet and had nothing of his own.

One other curious thing amiss: there was a framed picture of Father on the wall in Dale's office, just above the couch. At first it was quite large, but each time we visited the office a different and smaller frame was on the picture so that it kept dwindling in size. Dale also went out and "bought" a new typewriter, again supposedly at his own expense; but, fortunately for us, Father made him return it.

That winter Father received that I was to be ordained in March, and the instructions were given for the robe and so forth. Though funds were short, I still had a small charge account at the Emporium. My robe was supposed to be of raw white silk, and this could only be obtained in Chinatown for cash, which I did not have; and I was to make it myself. In spite of the sewing machine, I was not much of a seamstress, had no pattern and no idea of how to go about it. Father could not or would not help with the purchase or advice. So I got some white linen on the charge account for a lining and sewed that, but when the date approached had not yet been able to get the silk.

At the Market Street office, Dale made a strange remark. He said, "I think Father had the same thing in mind that I have – unfinished." I'm not quite sure about details, but perhaps on my date we baptized Wayne Harris. I recall wearing a white choir robe, which had come in from somewhere, with my linen lining, at one such function. Eventually, the best I could get from the Emporium was a beige silk, as they didn't have white, and it was not raw silk either. And a new date was set for April 9, 1967. The ceremony was supposed to be at noon, but again Dale did the regular service, after which he was to leave the sanctuary while Father ordained me. He dawdled with the service until nearly quarter past twelve, but eventually came out and then it was a lovely ceremony, with the brothers coming up to crown me with yellow roses.

For a while around this time, Orne had moved temporarily to the Brotherhouse. It is not remembered for what reason. During Orne's absence, the housefather Dale visited Orne's wife and began to charm her with his priestly beauty and fine manners. She was brought up Roman Catholic, and it was easy for her to accept him on a spiritual basis. Eventually, Orne asked Father's help in this, and Father took me with him into the chapel one evening, saying he didn't like to do these things, but sometimes it was necessary. He made a strong prayer and declaration, and two days later Orne was reunited with his wife. His reluctance probably stemmed from hesitation to remove someone's free will, a risky business that involves taking the responsibility on oneself. It was around this time that Father asked Dale to leave. He feigned not to know the reason, but Father insisted, so he went finally.

Eric Fuchs gave Father his first white linen for the altar. It was quite plain, and not the finely-woven material called sanctuary linen, but the symbolism was there, and Father removed the colored cloth and put on the white. He did not immediately discard the old one but kept it around in his apartment for a time. I think there was some creative principle involved in this, because at a later date when we needed a new letterhead on our office stationery, with a new address, and someone was gleefully getting rid of all the paper with the old letterhead, Father said quietly to himself, "They destroy themselves." I felt he referred to destroying the old to get on with the new. In one other instance also I had seen him keep an old displaced item around for a while

before disposing of it, letting the old and the new overlap in time. This would probably not matter in everyday life, but in creating, everything counts. Can it be that the new cannot survive except by remaining for a time co-existent with the old, to ensure continuity?

One afternoon before Christmas, Father and the Brothers held a party at the office for “The Group,” a charitable organization of black women dedicated to helping others. We sometimes gave them some of our donated used clothing and other items, which they distributed. One of the Brothers brought to the party a yard-long sandwich from his place of employment. I felt a little left out, since it was held while I was at work. Father said, “It’s too bad you couldn’t be here. They would have loved you.” But the things Father did were no accident, and I felt it was part of the pattern that somehow I wasn’t supposed to be part of a “group,” either because I was not cut out for the role, or because it was not to be my path for this lifetime.

One small incident occurred at our Market Street office that was seemingly unrelated to anything else. The place seemed so potent with spiritual power at that time. People came and went and numbers were slowly increasing. But one night a total stranger dashed through the open office door and loudly yelled the one word, “Reagan!” It may have meant nothing, but I had a strange feeling that he knew the potency that was there, and that he was somehow appropriating it for his own ends. After all, we were on the fourth floor, in a rather obscure spot. And we were not then, nor ever, involved in anything related to politics. In fact, Father was heard to say that even his wife didn’t know how he voted. And it was true; the subject was never discussed. He said we must never take a political stand nor make public statements about political beliefs. It is easy to see how such divisiveness could weaken one’s effectiveness as a minister of God to all His people. (Yet he was very patriotic, too.) At any rate, Ronald Reagan was elected governor of California and eventually president of the United States.

Father also said we must never attack any religious belief nor speak against another church or religion.

During the Market Street period, the Brothers were initiated into charitable work on a slightly larger scale, and it turned into a training session for all. It was decided to put on a movie for underprivileged or handicapped children by selling tickets to nearby merchants. John Porter was put in charge of locating and renting a hall, someone else had to arrange for a bus to transport the children. Some of us worked at the office end of things. After pricing the rentals of several places, John came up with the Hall of Flowers in Golden Gate Park. For the movie they chose, with Father’s help, “The Pied Piper,” a quaint and delightful version of the fairy tale. They even arranged for the use of a popcorn machine and served free popcorn to everyone. The whole project was quite interesting and stretched people’s talents while giving them a greater sense of responsibility.

After that, the next service project in view was a Hospitality Center. This was to be a place where people come in off the street and relax, read, or drink a cup of coffee, and a Brother would be on hand in case anyone needed counseling or just wanted to talk. There was to be no charge, and it was located in the Tenderloin area where the younger street persons tended to congregate.

They located a place on Jones Street that was available and were seriously discussing the

practical details, even beginning to call it the Jones Street Hospitality Center, when it was discovered that the theater downstairs was showing pornographic films, and there may have been some problems with the utilities as well. They continued to look elsewhere in the area, but that project did not develop. Father was concerned that there was no decent place where young people could get off the street into a nice environment, even for a little while, and feel welcome. (The idea was used later in modified form at the Haight Street Brother Juniper's Inn. Although the coffee shop charged a minimal amount to clear expenses, the real reason for its existence was to provide uplifting refuge from the street.)

James Taylor was one of the slightly older Brothers, around 30, and living outside the Brotherhouse. He was ordained in November of 1966 at Market Street. So that made two priests besides Father. There was also a Spiritualist minister, Rev. Lusardi, who gave quite good psychic "messages." He was already ordained, so Father didn't give him another ordination but took him into the sanctuary and, in a brief ceremony, accepted his prior ordination so he could work with us. Rev. Lusardi also usually lived outside, except for a brief period at the Brotherhouse.

Chapter 7

It was intended that I should eventually quit work and devote full time to the organization. But I didn't consult Father on the timing and felt moved with zeal to go ahead and put full trust in God for supply. It was probably a bit premature, although God never failed His part. But as things grew tighter, and traveling to and fro between our place and the Brotherhouse became frequent and cumbersome, it eventually seemed wisest just to take a bedroom in the Brotherhouse flat, and we did so, giving up the apartment. At the time, I felt it was a temporary measure and that we would soon go back to "keeping house," but we never again, during our time together, had our own kitchen nor a table to eat from (other than TV trays in later years).

The Brothers painted the front bedroom facing the street before we moved. There was only one bathroom in the flat, and I had no intention of being seen less than fully dressed, so always arose a half-hour earlier than the others to get washed and presentable. It was natural to gravitate to the kitchen, especially since there were no experienced cooks there, but Father severely admonished me to stay out of the kitchen, "Or the first thing you know, you'll be scrubbing floors." I could see the wisdom of that. It wasn't a matter of pride, but of training other people to run things and take responsibility. They were young and would quickly have let me become the "mom" waiting on them, do doubt, if Father had not redirected things in line with his spiritual vision.

The Brothers had inherited all my household goods, with no strings attached. But living there, it became painful to see things I'd worked so hard to purchase being damaged and mistreated. As other donated things arrived, they became choosy and things they didn't care for (such as my former meditation chair) were pitched from the second floor to a heap in the back yard below. It felt a little like being a ghost and watching from the psychic realm while heedless relatives misused one's hard-earned wares. I'd much rather have given them away without having to see them again, and tried to remain detached from it all, but once during this time, Father and I were sitting at the dining room table, when he looked across at me and said, "I see silver on your face, and it doesn't belong there." And I understood, because the Christ is symbolized by gold.

From the flat on Guerrero Street to the chapel on Market was rather a long way, but we walked it sometimes when not too rushed for time, and otherwise took the bus. Out for a walk one day, **at the other end of the block where we lived, I discovered an empty storefront on the corner** with lettering on the door that said, “Heavenly Gifts.” There was a “For Rent” sign also, and the landlord lived upstairs. Father inquired to learn that the place could be rented for \$100.00 per month. The place consisted of one large room, with windows facing the street, and a large basement room beneath which could be used for storage. He rented the place, and we closed the Market Street chapel. It was much easier to walk just half a block, and there was more space, too. Although there wasn’t a separate room for the office, a railing was put up between the desks and the chapel area to partially screen it; and one hoped the phone wouldn’t ring during services. Used clothing and donation, as well as a filing cabinet or two, were kept in the basement.

On the wall behind the sanctuary, Orne painted a large cross with a circle around the middle point. In the basement, Father and Matthew built our first “official” altar with the Science of Man symbols of circle, triangle, and square on the front. It is that altar which has been used these many years since at 20 Steiner Street chapel.

Once Father and I went to San Jose, and at the Seventh Day Adventist store there he purchased a complete set of their Sunday school lessons, and these were stored in the basement filing cabinet. (There were no children then, so they were not used, and I have not seen what became of them since.) He felt their lessons were good to start with, although we would probably write our own eventually. At another store there we found some Science of Mind books, and one had been autographed by Earnest Holmes. Father always highly recommended the Science of Mind textbook as useful reading, and especially commended it to anyone who inquired about learning to do healing work. He said that book and one on anatomy (such as Gray’s Anatomy) were the best beginning foundation as reading material that would not get off on a tangent (until our own healing lessons could be written).

While we still had the hotel, Dr. Sam Lewis came there for a few afternoons and taught a class to the Brothers, which I also attended. Each time he brought with him a young man named Matthew who was studying with him. But Matthew soon chose to join our Brothers, so he moved to the Brotherhouse with Dr. Sam’s blessing. Matthew, with his fine bushy beard, looked a little like a Biblical prophet. But because the “hippy” days had just begun, and long hair and beards had become a badge of the whole movement, Father insisted that everyone who came in must be clean-shaven and cut their hair. In part, this had to do with giving up something personal for the sake of spiritual growth, but another reason was to look “respectable,” so our group wouldn’t be mistaken for a “hippy” organization –of which many were sprouting at that time, some led by erstwhile gurus, others by real ones. But Father wanted to make it clear that we were a Christian organization, and even the traditional garb was chosen so as not to appear outlandish, although he said we would, in time, wear some different type of garb and not black. Cutting hair and beard was also a test of the degree of commitment, so one had to make the choice.

Matthew couldn’t bear to shave his beard, it meant so much to him, along with his blue jeans and matching jacket. So he solved the dilemma by removing a little each day until it was all gone. In later years, Father made an occasional exception and allowed some people to keep the beard, if it contributed to a look of dignity or seemed correct.

It was during our time at **Guerrero Street** that the first Sister came in. Father had given a Sister's vow to at least one person before we met, an older lady named Loftus who had stopped coming around before I arrived. But now two came during the months after Father and I moved there in the **spring of 1967**.

First, a woman in her early thirties met Father and became interested. She had been separated from her husband and was a student (although not personally) of a well-known lecturer, bringing along a suitcase full of his tapes. Father asked her to teach classes on Sunday afternoons, based on the things she had learned. She was a talented person, something of a "Doris Day" type. She said she could look at a dress in a store window, then go home and make a replica of it, just like that. She was our first live-in Sister, and we can call her "Winnie" (not her real name).

She and I began to discuss the idea of garb for women. Until then, I had not worn any. She came up with some rather modernistic ideas, such as a helmet-type of cap, and nothing was resolved, but we did agree that, rather than black, a charcoal gray might be nice. Eric one day received that he was supposed to give me some money for material for some sort of dress (he didn't know what sort it was to be). So I went and bought some charcoal wool gabardine and made a dress, a skirt and jacket. The dress turned out rather well, the skirt and jacket not very. No collar had yet been decided upon.

Then John Porter went on a trip to visit his family in Wisconsin or thereabouts. While there, he renewed acquaintance with a young lady and brought her back with him on his return, with plans to be married, and she was installed in the Brotherhouse with Winnie.

During this time, the Tuesday and Thursday night classes continued, of course, but on Thursdays for a while Father instituted "circles," probably out of deference to our Spiritualist minister, Rev. Lusardi.

The chairs in the chapel would be moved to form a large circle, lights would be dimmed in favor of candles, and Father or Rev. Lusardi would give messages to the people in the circle. There were always people from the outside attending as well as the Brothers. Dr. Riffle still came, bringing a friend, and there were a few others. It was startling one time when the nice 90-year-old man called me "Mother."

The time came when Father called upon the Brothers to give messages. Of course, they never had. I declined his invitation, being afraid I could not. But Matthew, when called upon, stood up and went the rounds, doing quite well. He afterward said, "I knew if I didn't get up and do it right then, I never would be able to." He was a natural candidate for the priesthood, seeming to have the requirements and the feeling for it.

Most of the Tuesday classes then were in the form of lectures by Father, and it was to those that Joann Wheatley began to come, with friends. She came quite regularly but made no move to join at that time. John Linneman dropped in at the house a couple of times. He had first come to talk to us in the office on Market Street and asked a number of questions about the teachings. (Both he and Joann would join us later.)

Another pattern was set there when a TV photographer, a handsome young man called Tony, along with his attractive wife and small son and daughter, became our first lay disciples. The whole family knelt together before the Science of Man altar at 199 Duboce, and took the vows. It was a nice ceremony, picture-perfect. They recommended our chapel to some friends who were about to be married. So the couple came to have Father marry them there, and before they walked up the aisle together for the ceremony, the girl gazed at our simple chapel and said softly to the groom, “How lovely!”

The lay disciple and his wife invited Father and me to a Sunday dinner at their house just south of San Francisco, near the Great Highway. Another guest was the wife of a minister, Rev. Willard Fuller, a healer who was able particularly to heal people’s tooth problems. She told us their organization was called the Lively Stones World Healing Fellowship. I have since read they performed many wonderful healings. I believe he preached sermons also, having been called to the Baptist ministry, then leaving to work independently with his wife in the healing work.

With two Sisters living with us now, along with the Brothers, our house had become crowded, since the Sisters required separate quarters of their own. Then, on top of that, the Chinese landlord raised the rent an additional \$50.00 per month, which was a little more than we could afford. Still, he must have been a very patient man; he lived downstairs from us.

For the next two months, Father traveled around the Mission District looking at place both for rent and for sale (although we had no money to buy). Then one warm spring evening (in 1967) Father invited me to go for a walk with him. The walk took us to Duboce Park, at the corner of Duboce and Steiner. It was not yet dark, and we sat there on a park bench enjoying the balmy air when Father glanced across the street and said, “I believe that house is vacant. I’ll come and check it out tomorrow.”

So the next morning he returned and found the landlord cleaning out the place, disgusted with his former tenants – some destructive young people whom he had finally driven out. He was delighted to talk to Father and came to dinner at the Brotherhouse, seemingly quite impressed. His name was Mr. Stewart, and he owned the house at 20 Steiner, which then consisted of three floors of small apartments, although it was probably originally three large flats. The basement was as yet unfinished. He offered us the wonderful deal of a three-year lease of the building, with the option to buy at the end of that time, if we wanted it. There was no money to pay down, just the monthly rental of \$450.00. The two lower floors were vacant. The top floor still had two units rented, and we could keep the tenants and their rent until we actually needed the space and they moved. It was heaven-sent for our purpose, and I’m sure God will bless Mr. Stewart for this, though he had not an easy life during the years we knew him.

Father took Winnie and me over to see the place, and we stood at the front bay window in the second floor room, which would later become “Father’s office,” and he said to me, “I’ll take this building only on condition that you will share these two front rooms with me.” It was an odd remark that must have meant something, because there was no question of acceptance. I think Winnie was a bit offended that he ignored her at the moment. She never moved in to 20, but soon after that went back to remarry her divorced husband (as Father no doubt had precognition she

would, and was helping bring it about). Because of his words then, I have ever since considered those two rooms, and especially Father's office, as my home.

Those two front rooms were shut off from the rest by a third door (later removed) that was set in the hallway, thus forming a tiny vestibule. So the one became his office and counseling room as well as the Esoteric Council meeting room, while the other held our bed and my desk. Both rooms faced the part across the street, and the afternoon sun came in. There was a fire station a few blocks down the street, and often fire trucks went racing past with sirens screaming.

Eric was working then at Mt. Zion Hospital. The Brothers were supposed to take the bus, not to hitchhike, but Eric ignored that rule sometimes, and one day he got a ride with someone. There was a copy of Kahlil Gibran on the back seat, and this became a topic of conversation. The driver had just come from Chicago seeking a teacher (as so many were doing during those days). His name was Martin Swanson. Eric told him he knew where there was a teacher and brought Martin home to meet Father. This was just before our move, and since his car was the only one at the house, he helped us move.

First, Eric was put in charge of a crew of three or four Brothers to clean up just enough space so that we could all move in as soon as possible. So they slept and worked there for a few days, then we moved to 20 Steiner Street. It seemed that Martin's car was also heaven-sent because it was quite old and lasted only long enough to complete the move, then broke down to be used no more.

John Porter married his friend, and they became associated lay members, renting the apartment at the rear of the second floor and holding outside jobs. Eventually they found quarters elsewhere, and we didn't see much more of them. (As a further note about John, once in the Guerrero Street dining room, when some Brothers were practicing an exercise to test or develop mental powers, John was the only one present who could, by concentration alone, cause small floating objects to move slightly.)

Chapter 8

The house itself had a rather colorful history, as did some of the tenants who continued living on the third floor for a few months; but that is not our story, other than that Father counseled the couple above his office and tried to help them. When we eventually needed the space, the Brothers found a place for them to live.

There was much curiosity, and occasional suspicion, among the neighbors. Even at the laundry one heard, "I wonder what they really do." Father extended himself to make clear to the police department that our Brothers on "street patrol" were doing Christian work, and he had their names registered there, in case one of them might be stopped or questioned. As they walked through the toughest areas where street gangs or drug addicts hung out, they were sometimes accused of being undercover cops. But they also seemed to carry an aura of protection and of power of the Spirit to dissolve ugly and sometimes dangerous situations. Our house was located one block from Fillmore, at the southern edge of the Fillmore District, where most of the city's poorer black people lived. It was also near the Mission District, where most Latin Americans had

settled. From our window we could watch the lumbering street cars enter and emerge from the tunnel that went under Buena Vista Park to Cole Street, and then out to the Pacific Ocean Beach. It seemed rather significant that this was called the N Judah line, because of the Twelve Tribes of Israel, it was from the line of Judah that Jesus was descended. This car went all the way downtown as well.

There were only six or seven Brothers left with us when we moved to 20. We continued to use the church at 199 for another year and a half because there was as yet no place at 20 Steiner suitable for a chapel. The unfinished basement needed quite a lot of work to make it usable, and even when it eventually was finished, after some months of carpentry work, the ceiling was too low, according to city ordinances, to make it legal for public gatherings. (We did have it open to the public for a time beginning in 1969 before learning of the ordinance.)

Meanwhile, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays we walked as a group to **the church at 199**, not too great a distance. But morning communion and evening prayers were held at 20 in a very small room off the hallway from the front door, and some baptisms were performed there as well. This was also the scene of some illuminations and the taking of Brothers' vows, when more people came in. Eventually, as numbers grew, people would overflow the tiny room and be kneeling all the way down the hall to the front door for communion or prayers.

Interest immediately began to grow. The Brothers would sometimes bring someone home to meet Father or to have a meal with us. And word spread that a Teacher dwelt there, so people often came up from the street to talk with Father and ask questions. He spent long hours going over and over the explanations and always seemed to have fresh enthusiasm, though one would expect he'd be weary of repeating the same thing, since he well knew many of the people were merely curious and without any serious interest. Yet I think he welcomed this chance to make positive statements concerning our goals, repeating the Word that open ears might agree and accept. And some did choose to stay.

“All that the Father giveth me shall come to me; and him that cometh to me I shall in no wise cast out” (John 6:37). Father followed this principle exactly, and opened his door to all who came, often receiving persons who could not have been of his choosing, but whom he accepted as having been sent to him for a purpose by the Powers above. And it felt as though even those who remained but briefly were in some way a part of the necessary building process. There were many accepted who merely needed help but had no staying power or were not called to a deeper commitment. I am sure that all who came went away helped in some inner way, even those who went back to the street with the grain of leaven they had been given. But no one was accepted who was on drugs, and no drugs were allowed in the house. Father once put a person on the front steps at 2 a.m. and asked him to leave because, on an excursion, he had met friends who took him aside and gave him something.

It was not an easy time in that respect. Haight-Ashbury had just become the Mecca of drug users and of the very young who had left home to seek the glamour they had heard was there. the first time we went for a drive past the Panhandle of Golden Gate Park, I could hardly believe it. Only a year earlier, this very spot had been a quiet place of trees—peaceful and deserted. Now it was overrun with a motley crowd and a rock band blasted the ears with jarring sound.

Father would not permit rock music in the house. He said that its heavy beat would undo, in a few minutes, the spiritual work he had spent weeks building up in the Brothers. He even insisted those who entered give up their guitars so they would not be tempted back into that channel. It was hard for some, who insisted they would only play classical music, but he disallowed anything with a “beat.” (The wisdom of this stand was demonstrated a year or two later when he made an exception for a young lady who played classical violin, feeling that was safe enough. But in her room, she began answering requests from some others to play the street music they had left behind.)

This was just the beginning of the Haight-Ashbury phenomenon, which became so famous, and which changed an ordinary quiet neighborhood district into a bizarre tourist attraction. Before another year had passed, street people and sightseeing tourists had made Haight Street so crowded that buses had to be rerouted around it. Once we took visitors through to see it, one in a long line of slow moving automobiles, and people in strangely-assorted clothing stood in the street holding out “underground” papers to passersby. Psychedelic colors and signs were painted on storefronts, and it was quite dumbfounding. I think the tragedy of the drug situation was so new it had not fully struck everyone’s consciousness. There was an excitement there at first, and almost a childlike naiveté as of persons dressed up in someone else’s clothing and playing games. But later the street settled into a grimmer aspect as the drug trap became apparent for what it was and cold-blooded dealers moved in.

Many of the young persons attracted there had come in hopes of finding a spiritual teacher. For some reason, a great infusion of the Spirit seemed to have rained down into the earth at that time, not related to drugs but parallel in time. It was like a youth revolution that was going on. Twenty years later, this eager searching seems to have disappeared in favor of the norm, but at that time more than one person who joined us had come from the East Coast saying, “We didn’t know why, but we knew we were supposed to come to San Francisco.” And some, within a week or less, were led to Father Paul and knew that was why they had come and where they were supposed to be.

Eastern teachings were also gaining their first popular foothold in that time so that yoga and meditation finally became acceptable and were no longer considered “heathen” oddities by the Western world. Even astrology came out of the closet, and although sometimes touched on superficiality, it at least gained some of the recognition it rightfully should attain during the Aquarian Age, since Aquarius “rules” astrology as well as electricity and space travel.

Joann [Wheatley] moved into the house and became the first Sister to actually remain with us for a length of time. And one day she found a young woman on the street, whom we will call “Marge,” an attractive young person from the East Coast who had gotten into bad company and was in bad condition, having no place to live and no one to care for her. Joann pleaded her case, and the Brothers decided to let her stay with us. She was not interested in the spiritual work or teachings and acted quite scornful and rebellious at first. But gradually she began going to the kitchen to help out and became friends with the cook. Then eventually she joined, and one year later became our first woman priest, even before Joann.

Someone else brought in Brother Bill [Canwright?], whom they found up the hill in Buena Vista

Park where he had been living several days since the friends he was staying with were ousted from their apartment. It was a chilly, rainy night when they brought him in, all wet. He also decided to stay on, though he had many intellectual questions to ask. And he too was ordained the following year.

Father taught that things that work scientifically are based on spiritual principles, and what works on one plane also works on another. But he also said that the intellect is a dense block to spiritual receptivity because it is difficult to get past preconceived conclusions and crystallized ideas, whereas things of Spirit must be taken with an open mind and complete faith. That may be why Jesus could reach the simple fishermen and not the scribes and Pharisees. Father also often said, "If you'd just get those bloated egos out of the way!" Getting the personal self out of the way was (and is) a prime requisite of spiritual life.

There was a time of such intense activity that it is difficult to recall specific incidents in any kind of order. People came and went, some staying a couple of weeks, some a couple of months, while a few remained constant. Eric, Matthew, and the Harris brothers were still with us, as was Martin Swanson. John Linneman came, lovable but headstrong. Both Denise Baker and Rob Kelch came to Sunday services at 199 from their homes in Marin County, and later joined. Orne was still serving along with Father as the only resident priest.

James Taylor had left. But Father was asking the Brothers, as part of their studies, to read a chapter at a time from the New Testament, then write in their own words what it said. They handed these in to him, or to the person appointed as Director of Education. Basically, it was to show their understanding of what they had read, and no doubt helped to fix the lesson in their mind as well as to provide a spiritual discipline for those who had resisted studies and left school early. But Orne flatly refused to do this, on the grounds that one could not change any words of the Bible. He handed in an exact copy of what he had read. Father tried to explain, but Orne would not accept the assignment on any terms. So he too left. It must have been painful for both of them. (He later joined with an Eastern teacher and understood a severely ascetic discipline.)

We had some wonderful classes taught in Father's office for those who desired to enter the priesthood. Dr. Sam still came intermittently to teach, now on Tuesday nights at 199. Once he brought Paul Reps, author of "Zen Flesh, Zen Bones," to speak to us. On another evening, the first Tuesday Father stayed home because he was very tired, we arrived to find Dr. Sam wearing a robe, accompanied by three other impressive figures on the platform, all in different kinds of robes, a rather splendid sight. I rushed to the phone and called Father to come. Dr. Sam had brought three other teachers with him as a surprise for us, and they each spoke in turn and gave us a wonderful evening. They also did a certain chant together. There were Rev. Miller, Dr. Warwick, and Rev. Wagoner (I believe). Each had students of his own. Father and I visited each at his home later. One said, "We don't know why, but when Sam asks something we do it." All were Americans. The others were not Sufis, but taught along Eastern lines.

Someone loaned a small organ-type of instrument to our church, and Stanley Wise, who was then treasurer, played an accompaniment to our hymns. Although we used the hymnals donated by Christian Yoga, the Brothers memorized one song that they sang in harmony, and this was "Holy, Holy, Holy." Their voices were good, and they did it so well that it was sung often and

eventually became the subject of jokes that intimated that it was the only song ever used.

It was at one of the desks in the little 'office' that there was the communion ritual came through and was written down. Father received it so fast that it was difficult for me to keep up with him, writing in longhand.

At 199 also we occasionally held vesper services late Sunday afternoons. This was a particularly good time for those in training for the priesthood to gain experience behind the pulpit. There was no format; they were permitted to make up their own program, which usually consisted in part of some poetic reading, such as a selection from Gibran or Emerson, or a suitable reading for spiritual inspiration. This was pleasant so long as no one became "long winded" or didn't know when to stop (as most of us have probably seen happen at evening prayers from time to time). Father once reprimanded some priests at 20 for prolonging the weekday morning communion service with lengthy messages for each person, particularly as there were people who needed to get to work on time.

The letterhead used at 199 said, "Science of Man Church and Seminary." Father wanted it established as a seminary for training our priests so they might receive proper credits for their training. We made a trip to Sacramento for that purpose but were told that in order to have a school, one must own a certain amount of property and have a couple of state-accredited teachers. So we were not yet ready for legal accreditation. To recompense somewhat, Father sent Rev. Timothy [Harris] to a local seminary on Silver Avenue so that he might gain some religious education. Perhaps he hoped Timothy would earn a degree there, but after having been taught by Father, Timothy could hardly bear their approach to religious studies and only remained a semester or two.

At one of our house meetings some of the Brothers mentioned that they'd like to be members of an order, so a format was eventually worked out and an amendment was added to the Science of Man charter for the Order of Man to be included as part of its function, and this was made official at Sacramento on October 23, 1967. (Stanley Wise asked if he could use the initials O.M. after his name.)

Then another dark day arrived when the hotel owner took Father to court. Father told us it was his problem alone, and we should not become involved. But we wouldn't hear of that, and all went to the hearing, those present being just the lawyers, the judge, the owner, and us. It turned out our lawyer had gone to school with the opposing lawyer, and they joked together like old buddies. This probably had nothing to do with the outcome, but didn't seem very auspicious, and the hotel owner won the case. We owed him \$2000 but hadn't much more than 2000 cents. So our lawyer advised that the only way we could keep him from attaching our church possessions was to transfer ownership of such property to the Order of Man (this was not the Holy Order of Mans). So we turned the church furniture over to the O.M., the chairs, desks, hymnals, filing cabinets, etc. I'm sure this did not include house furniture, and certainly not personal belongings. This didn't in any way change our activities or functions, nor even any physical movement of furniture, but it was a disappointment. We didn't really feel indebted, since so much extra work had been done to improve the hotel.

Our lawyers, two partners, had their office downtown on Market Street. Once Father took me with him on a brief call. They were not on a retaining fee, of course, and our costs had to be kept down as low as possible. Before we entered, Father gave this advice for keeping the lawyer's fee at a minimum. He said they got paid according to the amount of time spent, so before going to see them, have everything ready in advance, all papers and information, and know exactly what questions you are going to ask, so you can quickly do your business and leave.

Our President of the Board, Mr. Wallace, and his wife occasionally invited Father and me to dinner at their home on Dolores Street. Father felt at that time that one could only have friends socially outside the organization because the role of Teacher or priest forbade any personal intimacy or favoritism among students. Then too, they were all much younger. The Wallaces were members of the church a block up the street from us, whose church bells rang out hymns three times a day, to our delight. We, with the Brothers, were all invited to a special evening musical service at the church, at which Mr. Wallace sang a solo, and communion was served. It eventually became a sort of yearly tradition to attend.

This was part of our teaching, to help students gain a better understanding of other religious faiths. So representatives from other churches were invited to speak, at first in Father's office to our small group, eventually in the basement chapel when it was finished. I best recall a zealous Mormon minister, as well as a lovely young disciple of Dr. Sam whom he first met in her father's Moslem home in Pakistan. She spoke on Mary as taught in the Koran. She was gracefully dressed in a watermelon-colored sari-type of garment, except instead of a skirt, the same material was used for a sort of trousers and the shawl. (There are photos showing her in Father's office, which people have sometimes asked about.) She was to go on later to Cornell University to study Home Economics and return to teach it to her countrywomen.

Then there were two delightful elderly ladies, widowed sisters, who sometimes came to classes. They had, in earlier days, sung in the Mormon Tabernacle choir, and one had received a bid from the Metropolitan Opera, but family commitments prevented her from accepting. They once invited us all to their home on Franklin Street for dinner. Sr. Joann had brought with her when she came in a little Volkswagen "Bug", all painted over with daisies, and there was one other jalopy available at that time, so Joann took some Brothers in her car and Father and the remainder in the other, and off we all drove for a pleasant evening.

That year (1967) on Thanksgiving Day we were able, for the last time, to all sit down together at one table. After that we began branching out, first to 910 Steiner in early December. The house there was our first purchase of any property. It was in a redevelopment area of the city across from Alamo Square, in a block with Victorian houses, which the city planned to spruce up to their former beauty. Right beside us was a house psychedelically painted in every imaginable color, but in such meticulous detail that it was a tourist attraction. In front of the house was a molded effigy of an alligator or some such creature.

By the look of the wiring, 910 had probably been occupied by a group who played heavy rock music, and (to my mind) the atmosphere never seemed completely to clear up as 20 had done. The back yard was pleasant, with a nice little garden, having palm trees and a tiny pool. Eventually a terrace of used bricks was put in at the rear under the large bougainvillea, with a

small table and chairs. But that was much later. For now, the place was for Brothers only.

Our sole income, and everyone's, was \$5.00 per week. We didn't need or want anything more. Most of mine was used voluntarily for our personal laundry at the launderette, and for carfare. It felt so clean to be free of possessions, and not to have to worry about what to wear each day when there was no choice. At our first Christmas at 20 [Steiner] in 1967, Father surprised me with the gift of a chalice, which had taken him quite some time to pay off in weekly installments. This was our first gold chalice, for up until then there was only the silver one. He said, "I wanted it so much, I didn't dare buy it for myself." Though my ordination as Mother included the rights of the priesthood, I had not yet served communion, and now waited for Father's lead, to serve with him first before doing so on my own. But he made no move in that direction, so I allowed my chalice to be used in the chapel until Marge was approaching ordination as our first woman priest in August, 1967, and she asked if I would please serve communion because she felt she ought not until after I had done so first. So I finally served first with someone else, probably Timothy. Father and I served together sometimes, but there were always new priests who needed the practice, especially with Father. In the ordination or marriage ceremonies, my part was usually not to serve communion, but that of the Mother standing beside the ones being married or ordained.

As a matter of record, the picture of Mary's assumption by Murillo (which later hung in 910's chapel) was the first Christmas gift to me from the Brothers at 20. It seemed too nice to hang in our bedroom and so was put in Father's office where it could be seen by all until its later move to 910. (The original of this painting once came to the DeYoung Museum for a few months; very beautiful.)

It was Christmas 1967 or '68 that our first Christmas boxes of groceries were given to the needy and thereafter became a tradition, growing larger in scope with every year. The Brothers went to store owners asking for food or toy donations, with strict orders that no one was to ask for money. With the food and toys thus received, they made up boxes and delivered them the day before Christmas to poor families whose names they had obtained. In the basement were used clothing and other objects which were given out to persons who came in to look them over and choose what was needed.

It was probably this same Christmas Eve that Father and all of us walked from the Brotherhouse all the way down Market to the Powell Street cable car, singing carols all the way. We took the cable car to Fisherman's Wharf, and sang there near the Franciscan Restaurant. It was a cold night, and few people were at the Wharf. On the cable car going back, the conductor rang his bell in accompaniment with our singing. It was lovely.

That first winter at 20 [Steiner], there were three ordinations, a month apart, all in order of seniority. In November, 1967, Eric [Fuchs] was ordained; in December, Wayne Harris (now Timothy); and in January, it was Matthew [Lippa]. These completed the Science of Man ordinations, as far as the priesthood was concerned. So now there was plenty of activity, training new priests and helping them to take on within themselves what they had outwardly accepted.

(There were not certificates written up then, only after the HOOM was organized were some

printed under its heading. So all the previous ordinations were automatically dated on the birth date of the Order, at which time these people became its charter members, although no actual ceremony was repeated then.

CHAPTER 9

Denise Baker joined with us, and that made three long-range Sisters who were seriously committed to the work. While the Brothers were wearing black suits with rabat and collar, the Sisters as yet had no uniform dress, and they decided they would prefer all-black garb to match the Brothers'. On his visits to various thrift shops in the effort to secure black suits for the Brothers, Father came across one on 16th Street in the Mission District and there eventually met Mrs. Rigney, who was leasing the shop on behalf of the Episcopal Church. She did not actually work there, but the lady who did felt she would be interested in Father, so [she] arranged a meeting. She became a staunch friend and supporter from that time on. And she arranged to have set aside all the black suits and dresses that came in. We would periodically receive a box full of them, go through and select whatever we could use, and return the rest. Thus the Sisters were also outfitted, and I too began to wear the black. Next we had to design a collar for the women. It didn't occur to us then to use the priests' collar, it seemed more appropriate for a Sister to have a larger white area exposed. So the dresses were given "scoop" tops so as not to come up so close around the neck, and this exposed a larger portion of the white linen collars underneath. These were made like those used every since, but it proved difficult to keep them tucked in, and they tended to bunch. When the time neared for the first woman priest to be ordained, Marge was determined to have a collar just like the male priests'. And thus our clerics evolved, although they were not being made according to any standard pattern, just using whatever came our way.

A little before that time there was a general desire among Brothers and Sisters to have robes, all alike, to wear in the house. We went to a wholesale fabric store to look at materials and settled on a very nice blue-gray wool. There were two bolts of material available, but we could only afford one. Thus there was not enough to go around for everyone, and that created something of a scramble among Brothers and Sisters to cut out their own robes. Marge had bought herself a Vogue pattern, which was made up in a nicely flowing style but took more material than they wanted to use. So Bob Colvin created a pattern suitable for the Brothers. And at the same time, the Sisters also made a gold-colored house robe for Father. I believe it was Bob Colvin who also designed the brown robes for Brother Juniper's Inn. As mentioned before, Father wanted a nice place where young people could get off the street. A woman came to him in 1968 asking if he would lease her small coffee shop at **1736 Haight Street**. They agreed on terms, and it was done. Eric suggested the name Brother **Juniper's Inn**, and to fit the name it was decided everyone who worked there should wear robes. They were simple, of inexpensive brown material but very appealing and monkish. (The only time the restaurant was ever robbed, one night there was a break-in, and the only things stolen were the robes.)

Father put a Brother in charge of management. For background atmosphere, there was to be only classical music played on tapes. Sandwiches, cookies, and coffee were sold at minimum prices, just to cover costs, and any local artists could exhibit their paintings for sale on the walls. This

made for a very pleasant and peaceful refuge. Whenever Father and I stopped by, we would invariably find one or two of the Brothers or Sisters from 20 spending their free time there, with a cup of coffee.

I'm sure it did much good as an oasis from the Haight Street maelstrom. There was no proselytizing, but by their very presence and their joyous spiritual dedication, the Brothers and Sisters provide an atmosphere that invited the street consciousness to rise higher, and they were available to help or counsel if anyone requested it.

A block or two from there was the Haight Street movie theater. We heard of a young man named Steve Gaskin who was lecturing there to packed houses. He was preaching a philosophy the street people needed and were hungry to hear. Once he came to visit at 20, and he and Father carried on a long and interesting discussion. I was much impressed and asked Father, afterward, way he had in no way suggested that Steve join us as he was such a promising person. And in spite of Father's instinct of fishing for souls, he had made no effort to interest him in our group. Father answered my question thus: "Some people have their own work cut out to do." Steve Gaskin later went on to found "The Farm" in Tennessee.

Sam Butenshoen, probably around 60 years of age, was then selling papers on Haight Street. He felt that the 11:00 p.m. closing time at the coffee shop was too late for the Sisters to be catching a bus home, so he took to driving them home in his car. We later heard that he would often return to Haight Street afterward and scour the back alleys during wee hours to help people in trouble. He came up to talk to Father one evening. I remember him asking questions about the possibility of joining and whether he should give up his membership in the Elks Lodge. He did join, but was never under restrictions like the Brothers. He continued to live in his own apartment a few blocks away but spent most of his time around the Brotherhouses. He did not attend classes, to my knowledge, but did enjoy most other functions. And he was a member for the remaining fifteen years or so of his life. On his birthday each July, as time went on, he would give a party at one of the Order houses and provide all of the refreshments.

One incident that occurred at Brother Juniper's was not to anyone's credit, but it was a vivid demonstration of something that must [have] been seen to be believed. One Brother had not been with us long (nor did he remain long after), but he was working at the Inn, the last one to close up one night, when a former friend of his dropped by off the street and tempted him to take a bit of some drug after locking up. Shortly afterward, this friend came rushing to 20 Steiner with the Brother in his car. He said to Father, "I've been in a lot of dangerous situations, but I've never been this scared in all my life." Because this husky Brother was speaking in a tiny child's treble voice and was completely unaware of who or where he was. It was the first time I ever witnessed a case of spirit "possession", the very thing Jesus occasionally healed in the Bible. They put him on a couch in Father's office, and Father sat by him all night, working to release him. Toward morning, he saw the spirit of a little three-year-old girl sitting on his shoulder, and he was able to send her on her way. The Brother was himself next morning, but he did not remain with us long. They said he had not taken enough of the drug to be so affected, but the spiritual conditions under which he had been working caused him to be too highly sensitized to handle it.

Father sometimes advised that if any of us were ever in a situation where it was necessary to

accept medication from a doctor, we should ask for just half the usual dose, as our bodies were undergoing delicate transformation through the work of the Spirit and would react more drastically than under normal circumstances.

Some spiritually inclined persons who visited us were critical of the fact that we ate meat. But Father said he had once tried vegetarianism for several years, then had given it up because he became too sensitive. However, he did say that humanity would probably eventually all become vegetarians, but that it would come about more gradually and less dramatically. He felt our Brothers and Sisters were not conditioned to it and needed all their strength, both for physical reasons and to withstand the spiritual impact they were undergoing. Of course, a few had been vegetarians or were even on macrobiotic diets before coming in, and it was a hardship for them to go back to eating meat.

Our cooks were all totally inexperienced the first few years, and meals were not always palatable, although Father insisted that there always be enough food [for members] to be well-fed. There came to be jokes about peanut butter. If nothing else tasted right, one could always fall back on peanut butter. It may have been harder for Father and me than for the others, because most of them had been used to hit-or-miss meals since leaving home, but we had always eaten well. He occasionally threatened, in private, to take his meals in a restaurant, but [he] never did – except when we went out as a means of recreation. We found a few inexpensive but enjoyable places. His favorite was beefsteak, and there was a low-priced place on Powell Street that served a fixed menu of steak, baked potato, and salad. When we went to a Chinese restaurant, he always ordered Egg Fu Yung for one item. He had a favorite restaurant at Fisherman's Wharf, Pompeii's Grotto, but it was more expensive, so we usually settled for a fish-and-chips place.

In order to give the cooks a free weekend, along with everyone else, a system was worked out for cooking a quantity of foods on Friday that could be left in the refrigerator to be eaten cold for weekend dinners. We did have hot breakfasts, the nicest being Sunday brunch after services, since nothing was eaten before Communion. So it was on the cold-supper Sunday evenings that we, and some others, often used our allowance for a meal out. When we first moved to 20, one innovative cook, named Michael, tried to add interest to the breakfast menu by adding food coloring to make the pancakes pink. The next one, Carl, was planning to write new recipes by going within to the Self (but I think he never got around to that). One day Father came home from a walk downtown bringing a middle-aged man who had been a restaurant cook, but who was temporarily unemployed due to an alcohol problem. He stayed with us a few months, never fully becoming a Brother, but cooking ample meals. However, some Brothers and Sisters complained that his food was too heavy.

We all ate in the one dining room at 20 until several priests had been ordained, by the second or third year, when conversations among the priests became more difficult in the general dining room, since some of the talk concerned the Brothers or their problems or other confidential business. It was becoming too crowded as well, so the smaller room next door was turned into the priests' dining room and remained that for some years.

We were not an organization given to much silence, a fact I sometimes regretted because it might have been better for everyone to have certain hours of silence. It seemed that unbridled talk led

to some unnecessary problems or undesirable attitudes. If one is placed in a position where conversation is expected, things are said, especially about others, that were better left unsaid. We did have a half-hour's silence before dinner, from 5:30 till 6:00, and again after ten o'clock prayers. Except in Father's office. He was always accessible for counseling, and the quiet hours were usually no exception. His work did not allow the strict observance of schedules. He counseled at night after prayers much of the time and was usually the last person to bed at night, but [he] was always up in the morning with everyone else. If not counseling, he stayed up to do prayer work. he probably slept more soundly than I, because once in the second year there a burglar broke in through an alley window on the first floor. (I think he took a chalice.) A stranger saw it from outside and shot a gun at him (we never had guns). The shot was loud enough, ringing through the house. But the only two persons in the whole house who heard it were Ray Anderson (the housefather) and I. Everyone else slept blissfully through. I don't think the person was hurt but don't recall whether he was caught.

Ray Anderson later became Master J, but the first person Father trained to be a Teacher was Matthew. He was given special lessons and personal work with Father. When he was finally initiated as a Teacher one evening at 199, it was with the stipulation that it was for this lifetime only. (All later teachers were [initiated] for eternity.) The Teacher's ordinations were always given at night. This ceremony was rather picturesque, with Matthew coming from the back of the room, like a wanderer searching for something. Then Father questioned him as to what he sought, and the ceremony continued. But while it was taking place, Rev. Timothy was inwardly hearing words spoken in a strange tongue. After we arrived home, he repeated to Father the sounds received, which made no sense to him. Father recognized the ancient sacred tongue, in which he himself sometimes spoke a few words in the sanctuary, and he took it that the White Brothers wanted Timothy to be ordained a Teacher also. That is why he always said he had nothing to do with picking Timothy. So later, he was given the mantle. And Eric too was ordained into the mastery in February 1970, and given Father's former name of Raul. Then Ray Anderson became Master J.

The Teachers wore white robes in the sanctuary but gold-colored house robes. It was not until a few years later, when there were Brother Teachers, that the gold robes were given to them, and the Teachers assumed white house robes, at first of unbleached cotton and called "humility robes". (I think it was Marthelia who first received that the Teacher's house robes should be white.)

The earliest priests ordained had to sew their own robes. The pattern was found that matched Father's sanctuary robe, and the material used was royal blue wool. Most persons had never done sewing and usually labored for a month making a robe, but it meant a great deal to them and seemed to help their spiritual awareness, the discipline of the sewing, along with the anticipation, and Father's intensive training toward the priesthood. In later years, robe-making was delegated to seamstresses, with nicer results but minus the spiritual exercise.

Before leaving the subject of garb altogether, let us mention that eventually a pattern was worked out for women's clerics that, it was felt, would be most wearable by all shapes and sizes, a dress without a belt. And now it had a stand-up Roman collar, like the men's, under which the white linen collar comfortably kept its place. Capes were another much-desired garment in those days,

and a couple of years later they were used for a while, especially in Chicago. The men's wear remained standard throughout until several years later when the color for everyone became dark blue, and a tailoring department was set up to sew both men's and women's garb.

Speaking of robes, Father sometimes suggested that he would like to have the cord designed, not to hand as now in the manner of a bathrobe cord, but to have it sewn in the manner of a belt, with a fastener at the side. He didn't explain it explicitly, but the strands wrapped around the waist would be stitched together (or possibly just a cummerbund sort of belt or girdle?)

Another design, which may have been meant solely as an exercise for Sr. Gail Rest (as I never heard him mention it elsewhere) went thus: he asked Sr. Gail one day to design a chalice cover which, instead of the usual veil, would be boxlike. That is, the linen would be sewn so it would come down over the chalice like a box, fitting over it neatly. Sr. Gail couldn't figure out a way to do it (neither could I), and I heard nothing more of the matter. Even though it could be sewn thus, one would need to open it from ironing and [it] would need stiffening across the top. Perhaps he was bothered by the folding of the cloth each time (as I too have been) and sought a simpler way. Or was he just trying to stretch Sr. Gail's consciousness?

CHAPTER 10

The city's Urban Planning Commission had set aside a portion of the Fillmore District for redevelopment. 910 Steiner was on the edge of that area, but on Fillmore Street, one block over, the buildings were slated to be torn down. In the interim before this final demolition around **February, 1969**, Father was able to rent one building a former hotel at **937 Fillmore**, for use [as] an aid station for a rental fee of one dollar per year. This was a great help for a few years until the wreckers finally came, and it provided a vital service to the community. But for the Brothers, it was a very difficult job.

The first floor had been a bar (I think called "The Blue Mirror"), which had been vacant for the past two ears, and on the floor was a heap of filth and rubbish. There were three floors on the building, and it was located in the very heart of the district's toughest area, where street gangs hung about on every corner. We were later told that there was also a shooting range in a tunnel beneath the street used for practice by some of the gangs. But in time, with the Brothers' presence, the area began to clear somewhat.

Once cleaned and furnished, it was opened as a men's aid station with free meals to any men who stopped by, and free lodging (for a three-day period) for those needing a place to sleep. Lodgers were required to go out during the day while the Brothers cooked simple meals and baked bread or coped with various problems. A few young people, strangers coming into town, were directed there, and some of these stayed on to become Brothers. A chapel was put in, and a priest lived there in charge of the house. A couple of rooms were used for clothing and other donations that came in, and one Christmas there was a roomful of shoes, donated by a store downtown, that had to be sorted into pairs. Residents could attend morning communion or evening prayers but were not pressured to do so. There were a few "bug" problems at times (not usually discussed).

After we had been there for a while, our first black priest, charismatic John Clark, was put in charge. There was a sign out in front that told of the aid station. Some Black Panthers living two doors down removed the sign, and John put it back up. This happened a few times before they finally left it alone.

The priest, or someone from 20 or 910, taught classes to the Brothers there on Tuesdays and Thursdays so they would not have to go to 20 except for an occasional special class. The same was done at 910 Steiner Street. Sr. Joann acted as Father's secretary for a time until Sr. Martha came in from Seattle when she took over that position. About that same time the Teitelbaum brothers, Larry and Gene, arrived from the East Coast. Father put them to work cooking for a while. They had always been together, and though not the same age, Father began, for some obscure reason, to call them "the gold dust twins". (They later became Reverends Benjamine and Gene.)

In the **early summer of 1968**, many Council meetings were held to determine a new set of By-laws for the Order, or rather a new charter, for what it was **now decided to call the Holy Order of Mans**. Each paragraph was taken up point-by-point and discussed, using the Science of Man charter as a point of reference. When Sr. Joann had typed up a neat copy we, Father and I, drove to Sacramento and had it **filed on July 24**. I asked at what time it could be considered official and was told it would be when the seal was applied. So that time was noted as 12:15 Pacific Daylight Time at Sacramento. On that day, we also visited the State assembly and watched [proceedings] for a while from the balcony. And thus the Science of Man entered its dormant state, and the Holy Order of Mans was born.

PART II: CHAPTER 11

The first person to be ordained in 1968 was Bill Canright, in August. Then there were "Marge", John Clark, F. Mills, and John Linneman.

The basement of 20 Steiner was, by now, being made ready for use as a chapel and classroom with a couple of additional small rooms for various uses. It was only partially done by the time Bill Canright was ordained, but Father turned over the responsibility for 199 Duboce to Rev. Bill

to start out his priestly experience as pastor and to use his own ideas in interesting the public. Until then, it was just the Science of Man Church, but Bill renamed it “The Church of the Children”. It only continued a few months, as there was not much activity from people outside although we continued to use it **until the first Sunday service held in the basement chapel at 20 in early 1969. Then the place at 199 [Duboce] was given up. In February, 1969, Rev. Bill and Brother Gary Speer were sent to Hawaii to begin a mission there.** They were given \$300 and told to “go to work”. Among their first dedicated students were the Pynes [Tom and Lisa] and the Noonans [Don and Diane], with their families.

Rev. Matthew married Marge, and they were given charge of [the] 910 Brotherhouse. At first their group came on Sundays to services at 199, but gradually their house became more detached and withdrawn. While still at 910, they were expecting a child, and Marge purchased fine sanctuary linen to use in sewing the layette. Eventually the couple was transferred to Hawaii to remain with Rev. Bill for a few months, but before long they went out on their own and left the Order. Rev. Bill sent back a coconut in its husk, and Father placed it, unopened, on a bookshelf by his desk where many will remember seeing it over the years. (A seed, perhaps?) The Hawaii Center continued to grow and became a vital place, attracting many good people from among the seekers there, several of them later ordained.

Christmas Even of 1968 brought Jenny Wilday and son Todd to visit us for the first time. They had met the Brothers at a coffee shop and had been invited by them to come to 20 for our Christmas Even celebration. The time is remembered because both came dressed in red, which seemed so appropriate to the season. Father quite approved of Jenny, and they joined us and moved in almost immediately. Then a few days later, John McCafferey came in. (They were later to become Teachers, and to marry as well.) Her life vows were given very suddenly after she had been with us three or four months. A couple of people were in Father’s office at the time, but nothing was said to indicate that vows were to be given. I stepped out of the room for a few minutes, and when I returned she was a life-vowed Sister. Then in **June of that year (1969) she was ordained into the priesthood. In September, John was also ordained, as Rev. Philip.**

The Spirit moved quickly, and Father wasted no time. He sometimes said he did not have much time to spend, so things had to be done quickly. Once, soon after her vows had been given, Father asked me to take Sr. Jenny down to Dr. Riffle’s office, within walking distance on Market Street. It was the only time he ever asked that, although the Brothers were occasionally for chiropractic work. And when I took her in and told Dr. Riffle [that] Father had sent us, he said, “She must be quite a person.”

Mrs. Rigney became increasingly involved with the Order as she continued to set aside the black garments for us. In return, sometimes the Brothers would pick up some things that had been donated to her shop and deliver them there. She also, in time, invited Father and me to visit her small, attractive apartment up the hill from Mission High School. She was a staunch Episcopalian, acquainted with both the late Bishop and Mrs. Pike, and the present Bishop. She invited Father to attend some business meetings of her church with her.

The Episcopal Church owned a community building on Potrero Street that was being repeatedly vandalized and having its windows broken. Portions of the building were used during the day by

two or three groups, and a day nursery was conducted on the first floor, but it was vacant at night when the vandalism occurred. There was also a small church, beside the main building, that was used by neighboring Samoan groups for their Sunday services. The property was near San Francisco General Hospital, at the end of the Potrero bus line.

In early 1969, Mrs. Rigney approached Father to see if a couple of our Brothers would be interested in guarding the place at night. So Father sent one Brother over. I believe he took a dog along, or at least wanted to. But he didn't stay long. It was actually a dangerous assignment, as sometimes there was gunshot at the windows. Next, Brother John McCafferey went. Mrs. Rigney felt that one alone wasn't enough, but he insisted he could manage, so he went and stuck it out. The troubles began to diminish, and eventually Mrs. Rigney arranged with her church to allow us the use of part of the second (or middle) floor of the building as a secondary Brotherhouse. Meanwhile, the rest of the building resumed its usual activities. Bro. John McCafferey stayed on, and Eric Fuchs was sent to be the priest in charge, along with a few other brothers.

They made quite a nice place of it and were able to begin doing service work, some of it with the day nursery as a start. The place had wonderful potential. We eventually heard that it was to be sold by the church, and we began to discuss and to dream about all its many possibilities. (We had not yet purchased 20 Steiner though we were still renting it.) But when our offer was presented to the church, they turned it down and let the Catholic Church have it instead (along with a bus that Mrs. Rigney herself purchased). It seemed that one of their Board [members] didn't like Father's religious views. So that dream went. But we were given some ecclesiastical supplies they no longer wanted and had stored in the vacant third floor. This consisted mainly of church railings, with two nice wooden chairs suitable for the sanctuary. Perhaps there was an altar too, for the Fillmore Center. Part of the railing was used at 910 and part at Fillmore as well as some other places.

CHAPTER 12

The first automobile that came in strictly for our use was a used station wagon which Father called Betsy. Around this time, someone had introduced the Clarks to our group. Carolyn and husband Duane had a charming seven-acre place five miles past Sebastopol, near the end of a rough private road. In early 1969, Carolyn sometimes drove the 70 miles to an evening class at 20 in San Francisco while Duane was working at night. Most of the public classes she attended were taught by Raul (Eric). They invited us to visit them, and it seemed a very long drive to get there. Timothy accompanied us the first time [we visited].

A long story could be written about the Sebastopol Farm during the time it was associated with the Order. But to begin with, besides the house, there was a lovely but primitive little creekside cabin which was used for guests as well as about three other outbuildings, one of which was a little shed, in later years made over into a one-room cabin for our use when Father and I were visiting. Another building was made into the chapel. And in the barn a room was set up eventually for a small schoolroom.

Our visits to the place usually lasted two days during which Father taught classes and counseled,

and we sometimes served communion or gave evening prayers. Invariably some long-distance phone calls would come through, necessitating a run down the pathway to the main house. So there wasn't much actual rest. After the Clarks had both joined, they turned over their farm, and the mortgage, to the Order. (Some years later, after leaving the Order, they received it back again.) They had children, and a few other people had either come in with children or, like the Andersons and Swansons, had been married in the Order and had a child since. So the Sebastopol Farm later became the place where children were taken care of while their parents were on a mission elsewhere and there was formed the first school. Carolyn [Clark] was ordained in late 1969 and Duane later.

In February, 1969, Timothy's brother, Richard Harris, was ordained "Rev. Thomas" and in the same month Denise Baker and Martin Swanson were ordained one day apart and married a week or so later. They had been courting for about a year. They were immediately sent to Chicago to found a center there. It was Martin's hometown, and though they had been advised to get their own apartment, it seemed more economical to them to live with his parents while they searched for a building the Order could purchase that would be suitable for a Brotherhouse. When he had lined up several possibilities, it was felt necessary for Father to approve one before a purchase was made. So Father and I took our only long journey together on the train to Chicago. We were invited to stay with the elder Swansons and spent a few pleasant days with them, Martin and Denise meanwhile [were] very involved with practicing their priesthood and teaching some people, notably the Beale family (who later joined).

While in Chicago we met Paul and Gail Rest. They came to the Swansons to see Father one evening. Paul was attending Seminary to become a minister, having come from a family of ministers. I expected Father to pay particular attention to him on that account, but he seemed more interested in Gail. Both later joined us, and Paul was ordained in December of 1969, whereas Gail remained in the Order longer than he, eventually to become Rev. Sr. Joanna.

We looked at the brick buildings Martin had seen, but none proved acceptable. Our visiting time was over; it was now Sunday and we were scheduled to return on Monday. Mr. Swanson suggested we go for a Sunday drive, which took us down Berteau Street and there was a "For Sale" sign on a house there, a two-flat residence. We stopped and went in and decided it would do, with some remodeling. Too, Mr. Swanson felt all right about the neighborhood. So we stayed on until Tuesday so [that] papers could be drawn up, and there was 'born' the Berteau Center, and our first property outside San Francisco. Father later designed an altar for them and mailed the design for Martin to build.

Our return trip by train was by a different route, taking us through the Southwest. Father wanted to show me some territory I had never seen before. We went through Death Valley to Los Angeles, where it was necessary to stay overnight to make connections with a train going to San Francisco.

Father suggested seeing a movie about Africa, which didn't sound appealing to me. I wanted to see the downtown area to refresh some memories of a long-ago vacation, but he did not want that. So I ended up walking partway down, only to find it no longer held any interest for me, so I soon turned and walked back to the motel. Father was rueful, but smiled, and we went to a

restaurant instead. Then [the] next day he arranged for us to sit in a glass sightseeing car at the rear of the train. (This was shortly before they were discontinued, and before Amtrak.) It was a lovely trip up the coast. The seats swiveled so one could turn around and look at the view in any direction.

Occasionally we would go out for a couple of days to a motel, sometimes to San Jose, or to the Sebastopol Farm, but increasingly just to a motel in San Francisco (because he said if we drove so far out of town, he'd be too tired when we arrived to enjoy it.) He would come in and ask me if I could get packed in ten minutes, both his bag and mine, and caution me not to tell a soul we were going. He would take the housefather into his confidence and usually led them to suppose we were going out of town. When we actually did go to Sebastopol a couple of times without notice, he was quite upset to find everyone in the yard watching for us to arrive, after he had asked that our coming be kept secret. But we more often ended up at the **Capri Motel on Greenwich Street in San Francisco, and a couple of times at Ocean Beach Motel (where we spent our last night, years later.)** I worked out a streamlined system of packing that didn't take long, and he probably was testing me also, or training me to be resilient, to pick up and go at a moment's notice.

He would say that the pressure of his presence, and the high level of energy in the house when he was there, became too much for people, day after day, and they needed for him to leave occasionally. Then he also needed a break from his tiring schedule, but we both took paperwork along to do. The first evening was usually spent unwinding with TV, and eating out someplace within walking distance. The next day we might drive somewhere, such as to a parking place near Fisherman's Wharf, where we could relax by the water. After all the secrecy, he nearly always called 20 Steiner on the second evening and invited some of the people with whom he was working toward the priesthood or mastery to join us for the evening, and there would be some pleasant informal teaching and conversation.

He usually set it up so that we'd be out for three days, but invariably after the second night, he'd get up, saying "I feel there's some reason why I've got to get back to the house." So back we'd go. (He didn't approve of my slight reluctance about going back so soon after a little taste of what seemed like having our own home for a bit.

A couple of years later, we were expected in Chicago (it may have been on the occasion of the second Discipleship convention, but not quite sure). He made reservations for the trip and left everyone at the house supposing we were en route to Chicago. But we merely drove down to the Capri, except this time we had nicer rooms with a kitchenette and all. He just sort of hibernated there a couple of days, sitting quietly with his briefcase, and I felt his mind and spirit actually were in Chicago the whole time. Probably he felt better able to work with the situation spiritually without so many minds focused on his physical activities.

One of our favorite parking places at the Wharf was right beside the Dolphin Club, overlooking the water. But eventually that was closed to automobiles. Then there were drives through Golden Gate Park, usually with Brothers, sometimes showing their parents around, sometimes just he and I parking by Stowe Lake with a sheaf of paperwork over which he would finally doze for a while. Or at the ocean beach, relaxing for an hour before driving back to the busy house.

He sometimes took a carload of Brothers and Sisters to the museum at the Palace of the Legion of Honor in Lincoln Park. There was a free organ recital on weekend afternoons and the lovely paintings, all of which were intended as part of the cultural education. Past the museum, a trail led to a rugged area with a beautiful view overlooking the Golden Gate where we held a few Order picnics. Once in a while he also took a group to the De Young Museum in Golden Gate Park to browse through the art exhibits there. Except for our two-day departures, he nearly always took others with us on any little recreational jaunt. Especially with the station wagon, if he didn't fill it up with other people, he would have felt selfish, not merely in a personal way, but in his conscious use of the Law, which would have made him feel he was incurring a debt of some kind. He almost never did anything for himself alone. If he felt the need for recreation, unless he needed to be alone, he could only justify it by giving pleasure to as many others as possible. And he enjoyed it better so, along with the opportunity it gave him for a better look at their spiritual needs.

He would tease me about liking ice cream and always insisted to the others in the car that he would never be allowed to pass Joe's Ice Cream place (on Geary at 16th or 18th) without stopping. So he'd get everyone a cone, but he would never try any flavor except chocolate. Another little discovery was Bill's Hamburger places on Clement Street near 21st. There was a lovely little garden behind the restaurant where he sometimes took the teachers or others for hamburgers when it wasn't too cold to sit outside. (The garden has since been enlarged and seems less magical now, but still pleasant.)

CHAPTER 13

Father once said it would be so much easier if he could just be a Teacher or just a Director General and didn't have to do both at the same time. Not only was each one a full-time job in itself, but sometimes they were conflicting in nature. Actually, he had many jobs. Besides being Father to everyone, he was also the public relations officer, the bargainer for major purchases who set up contacts, such as those with wholesale dealers, and much more. He had to train others to take these positions as they became ready, while still needing to guide and be available for any problems or questions, of which there were many.

He was, above all, the channel for guidance from above and occasional revelations or spiritual directives [that] came through. He did some writing when there was time, often letting others do the research for materials. He taught continually. At evening prayers, he sometimes did healing work, calling up certain persons or passing among them to place his hand on someone's head for healing or blessing and, not least, he brought people into the Light and worked on them for the removing of the veil.

After prayers at night he usually counseled with someone in his office (or after we moved to 910, in his quarters). When not actually counseling, he stayed up after everyone was asleep and did prayer work for their spiritual unfoldment. He said it was easier to work with them when their minds were quiet and not resisting. Occasionally, he would ask me to join him in meditation, directing me to spread Light through the whole house, beginning at the top, going from room to

room and from floor to floor, until all the rooms were filled with Light. He lived on a razor's edge of spiritual precision, and we all shared in varying degrees the purity of that time [that] carried its own joy and beauty, its aura of mystery, and its blessedness.

One of his stated missions was to raise woman to her rightful spiritual position, something neglected by most churches, and to correct the impression given in Paul's epistles that woman was to remain quietly in the background. Those letters were written for a different time and society, but now the time had come that she should stand up in equality, even to the point of receiving ordination into the priesthood.

He didn't relish the job and often would have liked to give it up, at first anyway. It was hard enough working with men. He often mentioned getting tired of "changing diapers" (figuratively speaking), cleaning up the accumulated mental and spiritual messes [that] people allow within themselves. Women as a whole, with some exceptions, were even harder to bring to spiritual reality. He once said it was because while men were of the positive polarity on the physical plane, they were the reverse on the inner plane and thus more spiritual receptive. Women, on the other hand, being receptive on the physical level, are more positive on the inner level and, therefore it is harder for them to receive in that way. However, the work proceeded and women did begin to prove themselves, being sometimes recognized even in public as priests. It seems, too, that Pal had to return to unify the many churches he had begun before and to bring order to the whole picture.

He taught many classes, there being daytime classes for priests, even classes for the Brothers and the public, and the best Sunday sermons I have ever heard (and not too lengthy, either). But he was always teaching, from morning till night, in all that he did. A true Teacher (with a capital "T") lives his teachings and feels the responsibility of his every action. Persons in the spiritual life take on an added potency, so even their casual activities have some effect on the whole. In answer to someone's question on this, he once said the words of the Brothers probably carried ten times the power of the speech of ordinary humanity. And his was so much greater than theirs. He also said that if one could get one hundred pure, spiritual people together, all of one mind in prayer, they could bring about peace in any situation and protect the city in which they lived. Dr. Sam also said something of a similar nature.

Father spent the most time with those who seemed to have greater leadership potential, and the 'strongest' of those eventually became teachers. He said he did not choose them personally, but that they were pointed out to him. He poured much of himself into these persons and drew them very close so that a transmission could take place, expecting them to carry on the work he had begun.

Yet no one was left out of his attention. Once I asked if he would work with some Brother who, outwardly, seemed to have been overlooked, and he said it wasn't always the person he was physically with that was receiving his attention, and that even if he passed someone in the hallway, he would send them something they spiritually needed. I can testify to some of that. Occasionally, for example, in a movie theater, his eyes would glaze over in a way that indicated he was not there with me at all, nor asleep either, but that his whole self was elsewhere with one of his students.

It is surprising that he was able to maintain, year after year, such sprightly energy and enthusiasm. It took its toll sometimes in weariness, but he never gave in to it and was able to combine work with recreation when he needed a break. He did everything so wholeheartedly, and that may have been the secret—nothing halfway or partial. And he listened for guidance always from above, and followed it, so he didn't carry the whole burden of responsibility for his decisions. He was utterly obedient, even when it was painful. But his obedience was not to man, only to God as manifested through his beloved Master Jesus. (The reason for the vow of obedience, other than to maintain order, is only to prepare one through practice to become totally obedient to God.)

His earlier revelations came from Ananias, and a couple of others. But eventually, as his vehicle became more conditioned, the Master Jesus was able to come through. The first few times, it was physically painful to him because it was so pure. One evening after something had been given in the chapel, he went up to his office and knelt, sobbing, both at the pain and the beauty of it. He had such overwhelming love for Jesus at all times. He also communicated with the Lodge on the inner planes, or they communicated with him. He called them "the boys upstairs" and it was clear he was numbered among them, with a jolly sort of relationship. He said most of them did not choose to return to earth and do the sort of work he did; only an old "roustabout" like himself who liked adventure and action chose to come back when they were not really required to do so. After having reached a certain place in spiritual evolution, one is excused from further time in the schoolroom of earth.

As priests were ordained, the Esoteric Council grew into an increasingly capable assembly. At first, people pretty much went along with what Father said. But gradually the 'authority' they had taken on with the priesthood began to be felt, and it didn't always go well for the poor Brother or Sister who was called to account for some minor error. Where Father might have shown mercy and understanding, they often demanded reprimands more severe, which seemed surprising since they had, themselves, just barely left the ranks of those they were judging. It took a few years of living to eventually mellow the treatment. Of course, Father could override anything that went too far, but he preferred to let the priests gain their confidence in themselves that was needed to carry on their other work, so unless it really went too far, he rarely interfered, except in a very roundabout way. He was trying to build the Council as an entity with spiritual authority in its own right with no one person forming the opinions so that it might grow into the body it was intended to become in a long-range view.

At the Board of Directors' meetings, too, he was never the President (unless in the Science of Man's earliest years). He let the appointed President conduct the meeting, and he and I sat at the rear, just looking on, unless called upon for some information. Usually the offices were only held for a couple of months, valuable for training in leadership, and the workings of the Order, then when the person seemed fit or ready, he was sent out into the field to establish a station or serve as a missionary.

The houses we bought were not at the outset up to code for the numbers of people living in them. The inspectors came to 20 and made out a long list of things that must be done to satisfy the city ordinances. The Brothers did the best they could to fulfill them, but when the inspector again

returned, he found fault with some other things and put a paper on the door condemning the building for occupancy. Father told him to bring the “paddy wagon” and pull it up and take our people off as we could not pay for all those things, and our people were doing work that the city would otherwise have to do, helping people. They backed down to some extent. Fifteen years later a Brother visiting City Hall met an employee who still carried Father Paul’s card in his wallet and remembered him with admiration.

One of his teaching tools was to “yell” at people. It was the use of the Word as a sword to cut through like a surgeon’s knife to remove some malignant inner growth. He said one must never do this when he is angry or it might hurt the other person. He said when you’re angry you’d better now bawl anyone out. It must only be done with love. And everyone knew that Father loved them when he did that, and that it was for their own good and nothing else.

It was harder on him than on them because it took a great deal out of him, and he sometimes felt exhausted after a particularly obstinate session. He even yelled at me sometimes. Once he said, “I don’t like to do this, but it’s the only way I can draw you out.” I lacked the fiery essence that was in his makeup, and needed firing to rouse to certain kinds of action. I think sometimes too he was indirectly working with someone else; not to say that I didn’t need it. One night at 910 when he yelled about something not at all important, I cautioned him that a Brother was just outside in the garden and would hear. He raised his voice the louder and shouted, “I don’t care who hears me. I have nothing to hide.” That really did embarrass me then.

He sometimes said he was so simple that people did not understand him. He said he was just what we saw and nothing else, that he meant just what he said. It was hard for people to understand such pure simplicity. Though he seemed unpredictable, it was because he was guided purely by the Spirit, which is not predictable. There was nothing devious; he was travelling in a clear, straight line, intent on serving the Master and that alone.

However, his statements and instructions to someone else, which he insisted were so simple, could be somehow a bit intricate and difficult to comprehend. I remember him instructing someone how to build the little personal altar for his office, all so clear in his mind and explicitly correct in its symbolism, which had to be just so, but to the person who would do the work it seemed almost incomprehensible. (It did come out very well when finished.) The same thing would happen when he asked a question in class. It was so hard to come up with the answer he was looking for; most persons hesitated to answer at all. Yet to him, it was pure simplicity and what he has been teaching all the time.

In writing, he saw no reason to write a lot of new things if someone else has already said the thing well. He didn’t really want us to get copyrights, although we did. He felt that teachings should be universal and available to all, that the Truth is timeless and has been told in ancient writings as well as modern. He felt the churches had concealed much from people and that it should now be brought out and disseminated. He felt that there was some Truth in all religions and that whatever was valid should be brought together and taught and the Light brought to the whole world. (If in doubt about authorship of some of Father’s work, it can be identified by the word “whom” being used in place of “who” in certain instances.)

Everyone wanted to become a priest, though some found after ordination it might have been easier to remain a Brother or Sister, the responsibility being more than they might have thought. However, the priest did have more freedom from restrictions because Father said one could not practice the priesthood if he is bound to rules. He must be obedient to God (although respecting man's laws too). If Council met on fast days, the priest could eat, for the energy being required in decision-making. Too much avoidance of rules, though, made it hard on the more restricted Brothers, so Council meetings were moved to a non-fast day, and priests were expected to set examples in keeping house rules, at least to a reasonable extent, and not to misuse their authority.

Father sometimes took some people out to Stowe Lake or elsewhere on fast day and bought them a soft drink while there. Sister Karen Hayden reports a typical incident; "It was at the end of a day of fasting that three of us were finishing up a day's work in the office, seriously attempting to last out the fast until the next morning. Father came in and joyfully offered us some chocolates. (He was always teaching us the Spirit of the Law, not the letter.)

Some of the priests didn't know much about nutrition and took seriously their autocratic rule of a house, which extended even to the kitchen. Father always intended that everyone should be well fed. But in a couple of instances out in the field, we learned only later that some meals were not adequate or well planned at all, but no one reported this at the time. Some said later they thought that the spiritual training required such austerity and didn't want to complain.

Two bits of his teaching may be inserted here. Once when a Brother or Sister did something incorrectly, I started to do it over myself, thinking it simpler to say nothing. But he stopped me, saying no, they must come and correct their own error, for otherwise they would learn nothing.

The second was one of Father's mandates, "If you've got something to say, say it!" He said it was a most damning thing to make little snide remarks, skirting all around an issue rather than coming right out and saying what was really meant.

I have been asked why in some early photos the altar candelabra show five lights at the left and seven at the right (as one faces the altar). This seems to have been the case up until around 1970, whereas since then there have been seven at the left and five at the right, exactly reversed. I have no idea why or when this change came about but can only tell what is remembered. For the first altar, Father used to purchase little brass candelabra from Chinatown. These were not very expensive. They had seven holders on each, and these were attached by two's on swiveling "branches". He purchased these until they were no longer available, then began seeking used candelabra from stores handling religious goods along with used chalices and other equipment, since the Catholic clergy had begun to favor more modernistic designs. Thus were obtained most of our gold-plated chalices as long as they were available.

At any rate, my first conscious remembrance of the candelabra took place at the Geary Street church. I think Father had all 14 candles lighted, seven on each side, when something happened to the one on the left during the Sunday service, causing the solder to melt with some resultant twisting. So Father had to break off one whole branch, leaving just five candles on that side. This was clearly impressed on my memory due to the observation that it thus matched the Tree with its five fruits at the left of the picture on "Key 6" of the studies I had been pursuing.

From that time on, for a few years throughout the period at Market Street and 199, the five candles continued to be lighted at the left, with seven at the right. No mention was ever made of any reason for this except that the total was the symbolic number 12. There is a photo even after moving to 20's chapel [that] shows this form. But sometime there it changed. Perhaps some of the Sisters who took care of the altar at 20 could remember what happened or if Father said anything to change it. Possibly it was just done by a new altar attendant and continued that way without comment. On Father's private altar there remained fourteen candles. He once said that only he could use that form, as no one else could handle it.

The first crosses were found at pawnshops or at various stores that sold second-hand supplies, and the corpus was carefully removed. These became the Brother's crosses. In later years, a source was located in Germany that shipped them to us without the corpus.

When Master teachers were ordained, used crosses of onyx were sought for them, as Father's and mine were of onyx and the combination of organic and inorganic material in them was supposed to have some spiritual value. At first some were found, but they gradually became unobtainable. At one store we learned that a lady down the Peninsula had a hobby of collecting them and had bought up all they had. A mineralogist on Market Street near 20 supplied some onyx, which Father had made up into crosses, but then he could no longer get pieces that large, so the later crosses were made to order of black jade. There were no ordination rings the first couple of years, so some of us merely received our rings at a later date when a number of them were made.

Father's chalice (later [called] the Grail cup) was a gift one Christmas (I think 1969) from the Brothers. The McCaffereys and Rev. Chris Williamson travelled about seeking an appropriate one for him. At length, they went to Shreve's in San Francisco where a craftsman made chalices to order. He had on hand one with a jade collar that had been ordered custom-made but never claimed, so he sold them the new and beautiful chalice for a somewhat reduced price. When he asked who had referred them to him, Rev. Jenny said God sent them.

That same Christmas, they gave me my cross of plain onyx. I wore it daily for many years, but it proved rather fragile and soon broke. Since glue was not adequate for holding it together, a backing of gold was put on with two little crossbars of gold extending around the front for support. For some reason, Father said he was very much pleased with this. The gold had some special significance, and he had bands of gold put on the other teacher's crosses as well. His cross had gold tips.

CHAPTER 14

Eric [Fuchs] was ordained into mastery in February 1970 and was given the name Master Raul. He was sent to Hawaii to take over the station there. It was probably around March of that year that he invited me to come to Hawaii for a week and teach classes. Father had planned that he and I would go there together in May, and I preferred to wait, but he said go ahead now and we would also take the trip in May (but we didn't). So I went to Honolulu for the week, while Eric

took some time off from the Center. Though I've always loved fragrance in flowers, during that week the fresh bouquet placed daily in my tiny, very warm room seemed almost sickeningly fragrant. Their chapel was a sunny room with many windows, where the candles tended to soften and bend over in the moist heat. But it was quite nice there altogether and in interesting experience.

I flew to Maui for one night to visit the Pynes at their small mission station where they had two Brothers and an outside young lady who would later join. Sr. Lisa drove 25 miles to town evenings to do street missions while Bro. Tom taught the classes (since he had to drive to work during the day). They were also helping runaway young people contact parents who came to the island searching for them. Many young people were then living on the beaches, having gone west from San Francisco, with Hawaii as the last outpost.

Everything was so bright and colorful there, then on the return trip the plane came into San Francisco during a misty rain, and all was gray everywhere with no color at all, not even in people's clothing. It was a sudden and drastic contrast.

On two other occasions Father sent me off alone by train to Chicago. The first time was to the Berteau House where Eric was again in charge, and the second trip was to the larger building purchased later at 2328 N. Oakley, and the McCaffereys were there at the time. By then we were living at 910 [Steiner in San Francisco].

One notable revelation from the Master included a mandate to send out missionaries to ten locations in the United States. The first to fulfill this was Rev. David Myers who was sent to Fort Worth, Texas, in November of 1969. Thought Brothers went out alone, it was felt the Sisters should go by two's. So the first Sisters to go out were Sr. Mary Rule and Sr. Toyoko, and they pioneered in Wichita. It was snowing when they arrived, but that same afternoon their first action was to go out on a street mission.

The Discipleship Movement began at 20 [Steiner], then a house was purchased at Cheyenne, Wyoming, and since the town was not large enough to support many jobs, it was felt the Discipleship could be headquartered there, it being a railroad stop as well. The Discipleship was designed to bring the teachings to lay persons who were not in a position to join an Order but who could receive lessons by mail to study in their own homes. Though it was not discussed, both Father and I knew the value of being able to study at home by mail. And, having lived in remote rural areas, I especially appreciated that the teachings could thus be made available to people who were quite isolated. The Discipleship Movement was designed to be self-sustaining and administered separately from the Order proper, by Order members who worked under its auspices and were responsible to the Order for its actions.

Later, the Christian Communities were developed as "churches", more or less, each to be administered by its own appointed lay officers with a priest or Brothers from the Order, not directly their worldly affairs, but acting as pastor and spiritual advisor. When the Community was large enough, they were to support the pastor and to provide his living quarters.

There was some discussion between the offices of the Discipleship and Christian Community as

to areas where their work overlapped, particularly when Discipleship members who received lessons by mail also joined Christian Communities. The Christian Community head office was set up at Wichita, and it was to be administered independently by Order members with only major decisions deferred to Order headquarters, which received tithes from both organizations.

These structures were set up in a way that could handle growth so that however large they became, Headquarters would not be burdened with every decision of [a] minor nature nor become involved with the correspondence and other work. Too, it gave scope in providing leadership opportunities for a number of persons along with valuable training and experience in handling varied situations.

We were fortunate in finding occasional large houses for sale at quite reasonable prices. Some work was always needed to make them useful, but most of them at least tripled in value over the ensuing fifteen years due to the escalating rise in real estate prices and inflation generally. Before Father passed on, he asked that all mortgages be paid off as soon as possible, foreseeing the possibility of difficult times when any indebtedness could cause hardship for the Order.

It was probably late in 1970 that Father and I moved our living quarters to 910 [Steiner], although I do not exactly recall the time. He first asked me to go and spend a night alone there, where I was put up in the basement room usually occupied by Rev. Karl Rommel, then the housefather. There was no one else on that floor, although the chapel was at the front. The room where I stayed later became my own room, but that night was a rather uneasy one. It was flush with the ground level, facing a garden at the back of the house. Past the garden was a huge dark field between Steiner and Fillmore Streets. Around the corner were several unoccupied houses. It was not a cheerful place to be alone at night.

However, we presently moved to that tiny basement apartment. What had been a kitchen became a small living room and Father's room generally. There was a tiny office too, but he retained his office at 20 and travelled back and forth most days. A little hallway led to the chapel, and that was very nice and convenient for us. The garden at the back had a tiny pool and a couple of small palm trees. Father put me in charge of planting flowers and tending it generally. He fully enjoyed it with its small table and chairs at the rear under the bougainvillea where he could sometimes sit to counsel or teach or entertain in good weather. The location was more secluded than at 20, and I sometimes missed being in the midst of activities, but it was more comfortable and an excellent place to work or write.

Father put the HOOM newsletter in my charge. Rev. Josephine had put out the first couple of issues. It became quite a responsibility, especially since equipment was rather crude, and I was not an artist. Father said the selections, which were used from printed media, should be designated, "They say..." After a couple of years of pasting and cutting and soliciting material, I asked him if I could turn it over to someone else to put together, but he shook his head "no" and said gently, "They don't know, Mother" so I continued with it. He purchased the paper for the HOOM at a place on Gough Street, rather cheap paper of assorted colors for the sake of economy.

Diagonally across the street from that store was the building we obtained for our first women's

aid station, for which was chosen the name “Raphael House”. Father worked with Rev. Ellen [Halt] Robinson on that project to get it planned and started. It was another building from the Redevelopment Agency, slated for demolition. This was in June of 1971, and the address was **712 Gough Street**. We had use of the upstairs, above a carpet store.

There were a number of small rooms around a central court open to the sky. It could handle around 21 guests, but we sometimes took more, and there were a few Sisters living there to run the place. Much the same rules prevailed as at [the] Fillmore [aid station] – free meals to women or families with children, with a three-day limit to residents at any one time, unless circumstances warranted otherwise. This was to discourage those who might misuse the privilege. It was a much smaller and homier place than Fillmore and also did some fine work. Because it was a convenient location, not too far to walk from the Civic Center, we offered to buy it from the City, but they would agree to sell only if we would tear it down and rebuild, which was financially out of the question. We were still using that place when Father passed on. As an added note, he felt we should not accept government money in our endeavors, as they would then partially want to run it.

My best memories of 910 [Steiner] are of the chapel. Many good meditations were held there, the most memorable being those for which Father set up guidelines; I think he may have helped influence their effectiveness, too. Some ordinations took place there, although never as many as at 20 [Steiner]. And when the first Discipleship Convention was held, services and counseling, and some baptisms, were given the visitors at 910, while the classes were taught in the open courtyard atop the women’s aid station [Raphael House].

910 had become a Sister House before we moved there and remained so. This made Father’s presence all the more vital. It seemed the place snapped to life when he came in the front door. For the first time, after moving there, we began taking most meals in our quarters, on TV tables. The food was brought down from the kitchen, which was just at the head of the stairs. Sometimes the kitchen sounds bothered Father, just above his head when he was trying to meditate. When Rev. Gene was cooking there, he solved that by wearing tennis shoes, which he called “whisper shoes”.

Our three-day Easter feasts moved from house to house, 20 providing one day, Fillmore another, and 910 another, all of which were attended by all the houses. Usually Thanksgiving and Christmas feasts were held at Fillmore because they had the largest dining space. Father and I, during the first years, shared those feasts, but toward the last (except at Easter), we usually went in just long enough for Father to bless the food, then left, because he said they could relax better without us. One Thanksgiving we left behind a particularly lavish spread at Fillmore and went out to search for a restaurant. Place after place was closed for the holiday, so we eventually wound up at **Foster’s Cafeteria at 12th and Market** for a very mediocre serving of turkey and pie. It was while we were at 910 that a few persons came in who were more or less middle-aged. Most of these had followed their children into the Order. For them, and a few who were just above the youth-level, Father began what he facetiously called an “over-the-hill” class, slanted more to their age group.

Rev Patricia was to be ordained into mastery. (Father later gave her the name Isjesian, which was

a contraction of the names “Isis” and “Jesus”, whom he described as the two successive Lords of Earth.) Father asked me to help make her white teacher’s robe. Since he never assigned anything lightly, I felt that this request was significant and must be given all I had. It meant more than a robe; spinning the vesture of a new garment symbolized in esoteric terminology the building of a physical body. It was as though he wanted something transmitted to her. I got her measurements, then started to work on the pattern we always used for robes, adjusting it to her size and taking much more care than I would have in a garment for myself. It was a sacred assignment from Father, but I guess she didn’t know that.

When I asked her to come down to where the work was spread out on the bed, she brought with her Sr. Marie (or Rev. Marian) Carter, who was acting as seamstress at 910, making robes for the priests when they were ordained. She did good work, although the robes tended to be rather tight fitting. I felt a bit let down at the lack of trust in my abilities but worried more about the symbolism involved in the gesture. Presently I went from the tiny bedroom where they were eagerly discussing the robe, to the equally small living room where Father was sitting, in silent perplexity. Then, as though bothered by their girlish chatter (both were then 19), he asked them to leave and went into meditation. I think this may have been the deciding factor that led to his working with Marian and her eventual ordination into the mastery as well. It may have seemed like a sign to him; one of his teachers had chosen, and he always paid special heed to new teachers.

Sometime that year I’d had a dream in which a Sister was hurrying along carrying a portable sewing machine. Because of her great haste, she dropped the machine, and it broke into fragments. And a voice somewhere repeated twice, “When they did that, the whole pattern was broken.” It did seem there was a partial change in direction after that time.

In the autumn of 1971 an architect named Lou Conklin came in for a few weeks. He was congenial with Father, and they could speak the same language. Being a widower past middle age, he was not put in the same category as a young novice. He said he had loved his wife very much and would never remarry but wanted to use what savings he had to build a chapel in her memory at the farm in Sebastopol because he knew it would have pleased her. He asked if there was anything particularly that I would request for the chapel, and I thought a church bell that would peal out over the valley on Sunday mornings would sound lovely in the quiet countryside. He also helped Father draw plans for living quarters for him and me adjoining the chapel. From Father’s room, a door would open directly into the chapel sanctuary. My room was to be on the other side of the sanctuary, but with no direct entrance to it, and both our rooms opened into a large living room.

After the plans had been drawn up, Lou and another person were staying in the Sebastopol cabin that Father and I usually occupied when there. I was a shed fixed up for our use and had a cheap wood-burning heater of very thin metal that used to worry me because it often became cherry-red, and the stove pipe went out through the wall behind the stove, so insecure that it often jarred loose from the wall and had to be pushed back in. It was very poorly set up and dangerous to the eye of one who had grown up with wood stoves.

So one night during evening prayers, the inevitable happened. When they came out of the chapel

after prayers, the cabin was all ablaze, and there was nothing they could do to stop it, although it did not reach the other buildings. Later, plans were drawn for a children's house on the hillside just above where the cabins had been, and these were carried out, a charming little house built to scale just for the children of the Order persons who were being cared for at the farm.

Some felt the cabin burned for spiritual reasons. It almost seemed symbolic, since it was considered Father's and mine (although we had used it but little). A few nights before the fire, I had a dream in San Francisco in which was clearly seen the path which led up to the cabin door, and with it came some words in rhyme about "the lion's door" and "a thousand footsteps on the floor". [I] couldn't recall all or decipher it.

One day Father asked the architect to drive Rev. Marian to the farm to see what he thought of her. I don't recall if she had yet been ordained as a teacher, but it was during the time that Father was working with her. After they were back at 910, Mr. Conklin was with Marian in Father's tiny office with the door closed when I went into the small living room where Father was pacing to and fro. When I started to say something, he silenced me, saying, "Shhh, this is very important". Then he told me Mr. Conklin was offering Marian two thousand dollars for her very own bank account, as a test to see if she would accept it. As it happened, she refused, asking why she would need any money of her own, since the Order supplied all her needs. So she passed the test in that.

I later felt that perhaps all Lou's talk about money may have been merely a test for everyone. Anyway, he said he changed his mind and probably would remarry after all. He must have also changed his mind about building the chapel because he did not pursue it further, and before long had left, leaving no trace. Father held him in high respect and even hinted he thought the man may have been an angel in the way he disappeared so completely. Apparently they shared some spiritual secrets and instructions, particularly in regard to Marian.

That Christmas, while Lou was still there (he spent Christmas Day in the chapel), Father received the new green station wagon as a gift from the Order, since old "Betsy" had gone. He had mentioned to me wanting to get a smaller automobile next time. That is, not a really small car, as he despised "bugs" and thought they were a menace on the streets, darting in and out among traffic. But he did want a car smaller than the station wagon. However, the new car was another station wagon larger than the one before. He seemed to feel it must be used to the fullest capacity, so we rarely went anywhere alone in it.

Father called his tiny office at 910 "the healing room", having moved in a tall table for use in massage. He was also testing a little electric hand-massage gadget, and in a few cases used the light in there. Otherwise, the room was rarely used as an office, but he sometimes let others use it, such as the architect, and **Rev. Gerald [Daily sp?]** when he was working on some technical drawings for Father.

Once during those days, Father and Marian bought a Mary statue for the garden. They set it under a *Pyracantha* bush, and all the following summer, if one sat within a few feet of it, a very fine mist could be felt, even in bright sunlight. It was hardly noticeable, but one could both see and feel it on an outstretched hand, and looking up to the sky there it was, very fine, but nowhere

else.

The Immaculate Heart Sisters, of which Marian eventually became Mother Superior, was aptly called, in a way. When she was a new Teacher at 910, she always had the Sisters wash her white robe by hand; it could never go into a machine. The spiritual symbolism was lovely, but I felt it was rather too much to ask of the Sisters. When she was finally given the vows of the Sisters of Mary, it was first named just the Immaculate Sisters of Mary, but she wanted the word “Heart” added, so it became the Immaculate Heart Sisters of Mary.

When it came time to install her as Mother Superior of the IHSM in a formal ceremony, the vow of celibacy was to be taken for life. He said it was necessary for me to take part in the ceremony, but I told Father I couldn’t participate in giving that vow for life, only for a shorter term; but that he should go ahead if he wanted it that way. He was quite upset with me and did not have the ceremony at that time, but later, when the wording was changed to a five-year vow. As always, I was sorry afterward for not having “gone along” with him on that, as I think in actual practice it would have been modified anyway, and perhaps the words “for life” were meant to give the whole thing life. He did not say that, but I assumed it might be so.

At the time of that ceremony on **July 29, 1973, when the Immaculate Heart Sisters and Mary and the Brown Brothers of the Holy Light both came into being as sub-Orders, Father Joseph Brown** also had been through grueling personal experiences that separated him from his family so that he remained while they left the Order. He was made the Abbot of the masculine sub-Order. (At some time later, Father said he felt that after perhaps 500 years, the Holy Order of Mans would go underground and reemerge later through the sub-Orders.)

When Fr. Joseph first came to talk with Father before joining, he saw Father hold a match in his hand in a certain way he had when lighting a pipe, and this pointed out to him the fact that Father was the teacher to whom he had been directed in a dream, who was identified by the lighted match. Father had a way of lighting lots of matches to start his pipe or cigarette, and there was usually a stack of burnt matches in the ashtray. When he was talking to someone, he would light a match and hold it poised just above his pipe while he talked, and I would stare in fascination as it burned closer and closer to his finger until the flame almost touched his hand before he would finally put it to the tobacco and begin to puff, or shake it out and light another and begin all over again. He had a way of breaking pipes, too. When we were out somewhere overnight, especially, he’d nearly always have to stop somewhere for a new pipe, having snapped the stem of the old; it almost seemed on purpose.

CHAPTER 15

It was while at 910 that Father bought the small wooden rocker, so pleased at having found something my size. He said he didn’t know they made chairs that small. Needless to say, I have treasured it ever since. He always used a footstool while there, and that brings up another subject. What did he mean by calling himself the footstool of the Master? It did not mean something for Jesus to put his feet on, but that Father Paul was to act as his hands and mouthpiece so that (in Father’s words) “he could rest from form” while his holy Order was being

founded on earth. Father's work enabled him to avoid the necessity of reincarnating in a physical vehicle to do the job personally.

Father used to say he had made a series of seven charcoal sketches depicting the seven days of Creation, and that these had been sent out to be exhibited somewhere, but that they would be returned some day. Does this mean that his work will not be lost, but that it will be found again and carried forward?

When we were at 910, Father had asked me to get together material on Jesus' life, arranged chronologically. I rather enjoyed the work, roughly writing up the material so that he could take [it] and rewrite it in his own words. I wouldn't have dared to tackle it in the sense of writing a book, and did the chapters somewhat in lesson form so they could be taught one at a time, if needed, for class work. Parts of it were taken from Father's writing, notably the chapter on Ascension, but most was from other sources, using all the different Bible translations at hand.

Instead of rewriting it, as I had expected, he took the chapters and handed them to his secretary as they came in and had her type them up. Then he proofread them and made some corrections, but not as much as [I had] hoped.

When the first printing was exhausted and it was time for the second, being embarrassed by some of the flaws, I wanted to make corrections, but Father strongly objected, saying "Those are lives!" I still don't fully understand what he was saying, but they obviously were more to his mind than mere books. We did make a few corrections, and he very reluctantly went over the copy a second time, approving or modifying in places. When the Jesus books were finished, Father said, "you have done a good work, if you never do another thing."

When Father dedicated the Order's first real library at 20 Steiner by having his picture taken with **librarian Sr. Margaret Schick**, he said to me, "I'm doing this for you." Again, I do not know what was intended, unless it is that he wants me to maintain a library of the Order's works, or to work with books generally.

The first few years, I was never absent from a class or service, not wanting to miss a single wonderful word of the teachings. Everything read or heard since continues to pale by comparison. But when he began to draw persons close for special training as teachers, I withdrew somewhat.

Sometimes at 910 when he called a special class for priests or teachers, I would ask, "Do you think I should come?" and he might say, "There is nothing in this Order closed to you" or "You know you can attend any class or function" or again, "You've heard all this before". So in the last two or three years, I did not attend many classes except that when they happened to be in the next room, I could hear them. My time at 910 was spent in paperwork.

Occasionally Father would ask me to look at a new lesson that was being prepared and ask my opinion. I might catch some mechanical error or get a feeling that was worth passing on, but mostly I felt his work was so inspired that there was little one could say. He did respect the intuitive feelings I might get, but he didn't approve of anyone being bothered by misspelling or typographical errors and would say that if one's mind was on what was being said, one would

not notice such things.

At the Sunday services on December 30, 1972, the Grail descended [in]to Father's chalice. I have no exact memory of the occasion, only of the wonderment and conjecture that followed. One evening Father called in a few priests and teaches to meditate on the Grail and its meaning. Not a great deal was clearly seen at the time, but there was a sense of upliftment for the Order, and it was worked with from that time on. One of its functions apparently related to healing. (Although not before mentioned, I now wonder if there was a sense in which the spiritual Knighthood of the Order had proved itself worthy to attain the object of its quest?)

CHAPTER 16

The use of [the] Fillmore [men's aid station] was prolonged as long as possible, but the time came while we lived at 910 that it [Fillmore] was closed for demolition. The mattresses were brought and piled in the alley outside, against my bedroom wall, and that may have been the cause of a problem with some invisible bugs that became quite intense, in the basement at least. This must have been just a few months before **the fire, which occurred on August 15, 1973.**

For a week previous to that day, out in back there was a feeling so sinister the atmosphere was thick with it. I felt it and afterward heard some Sisters had also. Again, it was something one would avoid speaking of unnecessarily due to the power of the word. On August 14, I had a visiting Sister in the garden for tea, and while there some young men, who appeared around 18 or 20 years old and somewhat in the nature of Filipinos (although they might have been of some other nationality) began hacking away at the large old bougainvillea vines which sheltered the patio at the rear and formed a screen of privacy for the otherwise walled garden. Whereas I had thought the bougainvillea was in our garden, it appeared the major roots were outside, and they were cutting them down. I went to ask them who told them to do so, and they said, "That man up there" and pointed to an upstairs window around the corner on McAllister Street. I didn't see anyone, but this was the precise direction from which I had heard someone speak about five weeks earlier.

That was on the 4th of July, when everyone except Father and I and a couple of Sisters had gone out for a picnic. It was an unusually nice day, sunny and warm with no breeze. Somehow the whole neighborhood was completely still, as though everyone had gone out. I sat beside my open window when a man's voice was heard to float across the garden outside, speaking with clear distinctness. It was a crisp and business-like kind of voice, probably middle-aged, and he said, "I want them out of there. I don't care if you have to burn the house down." I didn't take it as applying to us because there were many condemned buildings around the other corner. There had been a fire in one just recently. We frequently heard gunshots coming from them, after which the Sisters would call the police. And there were dogs kept in them, being trained for attack dogs, and they barked a great deal. So I assumed he meant one of those otherwise empty buildings, and partially dismissed it. We usually kept someone on guard in the garden due to the nature of the neighborhood.

The cutting of the bougainvillea would expose the garden to view from the outside. I spoke to

our elder Brother Sam about it, and he went rather reluctantly to speak to the young men, then came back and said, "It's alright." But after they had cut down a considerable amount, they went out into the large open field and did a frightening sort of war dance, yelling and making cawing sounds like crows.

That night I couldn't even think of sleeping, it felt so dreadful out in back. I finally went to the next room where Father was counseling with novice master Rev. Elizabeth Loring, and said merely, "You'd better put on a second guard tonight." Father went outside and asked the Brother who was on night guard how it looked out there, but apparently it was quiet and he came back inside and did not pursue the matter. Perhaps another guard would not have helped, except that he might have watched the front [of the house].

The next morning, shortly after five, I heard feet running rapidly down the outside stairway, but no one was speaking a word. I thought Rev. Elizabeth was taking her novices out for an early morning walk. But presently someone upstairs screamed very loudly, "Jesus!" Father said, "Someone is after one of the Sisters." And he ran to the inside stairway that led up from the chapel. There he saw flames, closed the door quickly, and ran back saying, "The house is on fire. Get out as fast as you can and don't take a thing." I assumed everyone else was out by then, but a few were trapped inside. The firemen were already at work outside, and they did a wonderful job. It is not necessary to go into further details except to say that something had been thrown through the glass of the front door to the foot of the stairway, and the flames spread rapidly. Someone on a motorcycle passing by had called the fire department. Everyone was saved, almost miraculously, although a few had inhaled smoke and had to remain in the hospital for a while. Among these was Rev. Elizabeth, whose birthday it was. The house was gutted except for the basement, where the only damage was from water that had leaked down from the firemen's hoses above.

A few months earlier we had purchased a building at 101 Steiner Street, near 20; so Father and I moved there, and everyone else was variously relocated. It was a hard blow for Father and for everyone. I suppose we had felt exempt from such things, in a way, and it came as something of a shock that our commitment did not render us totally invulnerable. Father never complained, but I knew he missed the little patio at 910 that had allowed him to get some fresh air without taking time off. Yet in other ways, I think he felt more free that last winter, to work as he pleased, not having to consider quite so much the opinions of others.

But there appeared to be some sort of campaign against us, for shortly after moving to 101, Father received death threats from two separate individuals. One had never seen Father but had spent just two weeks at the Order house in Hawaii. He would come and sit on the steps at 20 (someone pointed him out to us). The other threat came from someone who pretended to have been a Trappist monk and who stayed with us for a couple of months earlier in the year, then left without notice and began making threats, although Father had treated him with special kindness due to his supposed religious calling. He moved into the Tenderloin district, then he not only threatened Father but demanded that no Brothers should enter the area of town where he was living or they would meet with trouble. He also sometimes lounged on the grass in Duboce Park, along with others, watching our house. When it was necessary to cross the street between 20 and 101 during that time, one never knew what might happen. Father didn't talk about it, but it was

hard on him, along with some other negative goings-on around that time, such as tapped telephones. Then, in the previous year, he had been slandered by a treacherous newspaper reporter to whom he had also given kindly consideration.

A Grail chapel was now set up at 101 in the room next to Father's. It was a nice enough room, when fixed up with its blue rug; the window facing the street was covered over with heavy purple velvet to screen out the noise, and an amber light was installed in the ceiling according to specifications. But next door, rock music was thumping much of the time, and that was not conducive to peaceful "vibrating" in the chapel.

There was a larger chapel put in the basement at 101, and every Saturday morning at 8:00, Father taught Book of Activity classes there to a large assembly of Brothers and Sisters and a couple of disciples from outside. Everyone would be there waiting for him when he would walk briskly up to the podium with some cheery remark and begin to teach. Those were the Book of Activity classes that are now on cassette tapes. There was also another series of tapes made that winter at evening sessions of "Corporation Classes". But most memorable of all was the tape that he called his Christmas present at Easter and which he made at least a month before Easter, stating that it should not be played until a certain later date (by which time he was no longer here). Though he almost always insisted that someone else be in the room with him when he made tapes (perhaps because it helped him to speak more naturally), this one tape was made while he was quite alone. I could hear him from the next room through the open doors and was quite puzzled at the wording.

Once when Father was serving communion in the 101 basement chapel, probably at a Sunday service, he was holding his chalice when it tipped and spilled quite a bit of wine on the carpet. It seemed an accident, but I was aghast at the implication because the immediate impression was that it was blood. I always felt that when Father was in the sanctuary, anything unusual had a special connotation.

After the service, upstairs, he pointedly asked me, "What did that mean to you?" My only answer was, "I'd rather not say" (not wanting to give life to the thought that had sprung to mind).

That autumn of 1973, he asked me to take the materials he and his secretary had collected on the Grail and to write them up. I postponed the job with dread, as it seemed to be linked with the blood and crucifixion of Jesus, and I felt a bit afraid to work with it. Similarly, the year or so previously, when he had me type of the sacrament for last rites, I had done that with something of dread as well.

The McCaffereys, having come from Chicago, were given the room next to mine overlooking Duboce Park, with an office on the first floor below. Father taught Marthelia and a couple of other teachers how to do healing work using the Grail cup. He had a wooden box made for it and gave me one of the two keys, keeping the other for himself.

That December there was a Privy Council meeting (his last one) of all the Teachers and Brother Teachers, of whom there were now several. There were two candidates for ordination into mastery during that week, but Father could concentrate on only one at a time, so he asked the

Council to decide which should be taken first. Rev. Josephine had already been picked, and a tentative date set, but it was decided to ordain Rev. Barbara Franz first. She was the twelfth to be enmantled by Father, and the last. She was named Master Elonia, the name sounded a little like “alone” and Fataher had said a short time earlier he guessed he’d now have to work alone.

It seemed he had to stop when twelve had been ordained as teachers, with this completing the symbolism of twelve apostles. I had thought all twelve signs of the zodiac would be represented, but they weren’t. There were three of Scorpio, two of Sagittarius, and two of Pisces, for example. I had also originally thought there might be twelve each of male and female teachers, or twenty-four altogether.

That Christmas [1973], Father was presented with an altar for the Grail chapel, which Rev. Tom and Rev. Gerald had built in the basement of Rev. Tom’s parents. And there was a very symbolic wedding performed in the 101 chapel between Rev. Grace Jew and Rev. Dan Christus; their last names seeming to signify a marriage between Hebrew and Christian. Not only that, but one family was Greek and the other Chinese, so it also seemed to symbolize a marriage between East and West. The last ordination that Father Paul performed took place there on March 27, 1974, when Rev. James Dank was ordained, and Father came upstairs saying, “That was the real James.”

It was that Christmas he gave me a Bulova watch because, he said, I had “never had anything”. I am convinced he knew it would be his last Christ and wanted me to have something nice. It may have had a meaning as well. He also bought a television that December, though not for Christmas. Our old black-and-white hand-me-down set was not working well, and he asked me if I’d like a color TV. I thought we were not supposed to want anything and kept evading the question by saying whatever he would like would be fine with me. He finally grew impatient and said, “If only you’d want something!” Though I couldn’t quite understand that viewpoint, I said yes, a color TV would be very nice. Again, the down payment was from his own resources (but I had [to] finish paying it off after he passed on, as the treasurer’s office felt it would not look well on the books to list a television set as an Order expenditure); but, it proved a godsend during the lonely evenings afterward (as I think he foresaw).

The Sebastopol farm was limited as to the number of people it could accommodate due to the sewage problem, so we needed to look for a place that could house more people. The result was a place of seven acres purchased near Petaluma, and the children were moved there. Marian Carter, now the head of the Immaculate Heart Sisters of Mary, and called Master M, moved to the farm to run it with the help of a couple of newly-vowed IHSM Sisters. The place wasn’t actually being farmed then, the concentration being on the children. Master M was presently transferred to Chicago with the Sisters to occupy the Berteau House there, but the children remained at the farm. At one time, Father felt that there might be a place at the rear of that property to build a house for him and me, but Rev. Tom felt there might again be sewage problems and, at any rate, it was not pursued further.

Sr. Anna Kowalchi (Klauber) was Father’s last secretary. He also had Sr. Cecilia Black at the same time, who had been with him longer. On the lighter side, Sr. Anna said that once when she was at 20, Father came over from 101. It was raining and he was all wet on one side and dry on

the other. When she asked him why, he answered, “You know, it never rains on the other side.”

Rev. Margaret Wisshack had been one of his secretaries while at 910. She could speak German, and when a native German woman joined us by way of Hawaii and was ordained as Rev. Gerlinda, Father sent them together to start our first foreign mission station in Germany. Eventually, Gerlinda left and Father called Rev. Margaret back. During the winter we were at 101, she was staying at Raphael House training a small “team” to return to Germany and translating the Golden Force into German. Another German Sister had found us. Sr. Christiana Voigt was on a bus tour before returning home to Munich, having finished her time as an exchange student in the Midwest and stopped overnight at Raphael House. She stayed on, and with a couple of others formed the nucleus of our first commitment overseas. Father encouraged Rev. Margaret and Rev. Steven Bauman to consider marriage, and they were married and few months later and together headed the team which eventually went to Cologne, Germany and became the nucleus of the European community.

Master Raeson Ruiz was with us part of that spring, and he translated our communion into Spanish. Rev. Mark Anderson was housefather at 101 during part of that period, having completed period in Hawaii. Brother Joseph Teagarden was cook [more was to have been filled in here].

A couple of months before Father’s passing, I had a strange vision, which was not really a dream because I was not quite asleep. In it, I saw an old jalopy drive up before 20. It was night but only semi-dark, as at twilight. A hippy-type girl remained in the car, but a man got out whom I immediately knew was a black Kahuna (although I knew nothing of how they should look). He was dressed in a bulky cloak of black crow’s feathers, and he walked out into Duboce Park and made some gestures that I somehow knew were meant to harm the Order. Then he got back into his car and drove off. It was so real I got up and looked out the window. When I told Father of this next morning, he took it seriously enough to walk all around the block.

That last winter he bought us each a set of golf clubs (at his own expense) and had one of the priests teach him how to play golf. They would go out to Lake Merced and get a bucket of balls to practice with. He was becoming quite good at this but had not yet got out on the green. He practiced only about an hour each time, mainly I think to get the sun and some exercise, and there was also a rather nice atmosphere out there, a change from the street where we lived. It was rather belated exercise, as he had sat for so many years behind a desk or in his room counseling or working at other things, but usually sitting down. He never grew overweight, but his dynamic nature must often have felt a wish to be more physically active, though his profession had also kept him behind a desk. I have seen him sit in Esoteric Council for many hours at a time without once leaving his chair.

During that winter he sometimes complained of gas pains. He also had a slight cough and would take peppermint tea, and we put some eucalyptus leaves in water on his heater so he could get some of the fumes. But he never showed signs of any actual illness.

One night about two months before his passing, Father came into my room at 3:00 in the morning and asked me to go into the Grail chapel and pray for him. He said, “You don’t know

what I'm going through." Then he went into the next room and woke Master Marthelia and asked her also to come and pray for him. at that time, I thought he was suffering from stomach pains, but since then I feel almost sure he knew he was going to have to leave us, not to mention the outside difficulties already mentioned, and that his suffering was not physical. It was his Gethsemane.

Then about a month before he was to leave, I felt that I should heed his request to write up the Grail material. So I asked for the folder of notes and put it in the Grail chapel by the altar for the weekend in order to start work on it Monday morning. But on Monday, he brought his materials on "Light and Color" instead and asked me to write those up and slant them for use in the healing course. With it, he gave me an outline of the projected healing course as it had been planned. So I began to organize the notes. He said, "some of the material is old, so don't trust all of it." And he was looking for another notebook of his more personal notes on color and light but couldn't locate them then. (The steward at 20 found them a year or so later in a box high on a shelf.) So the Grail work didn't get started, and as of 1986 it has not yet been done on paper, although a few small insights have occurred.

At 101, I was just doing whatever work was at hand, improving pictures for the 1974 printing, proofread, and overseeing some work being done on the composer, getting together material for the new calendar, and copying some very old work on Mary. Father said he himself would write the Mary book, which the Order was to do, because he "had more feeling" for the subject. But of my copywork he said, "maybe we can use it." I felt that he preferred to have a man do the book on Mary, and since he never got around to it other than collecting a quantity of material with the help of his secretaries, after he passed I gave his package of unwritten material to one of the male teachers.

For some curious reason, twice that spring of 1974, he stopped by my open door and said, "You can have my desk if you want it." His desk was a ponderously large one in his office at 20, and since I already had a desk, though smaller, why would I want to take his? I only said it would be impossible to get it up the stairs, and he said, "no problem". The fact that he twice repeated this made me think afterward that he was looking forward to a later time when I might use it.

A week or two before he left, he showed me a bunch of photos just received from the St. Petersburg Center, one each of all the Brothers and Sisters there. He handed them to me and asked me to pick out which four seemed the strongest in potential, and I looked them over and picked out four and handed them to him. He said, "That's interesting. Those are the same ones I picked, with one exception."

Around this time he got together a collection of revelations received over a period of time and, selecting certain ones, he specifically asked for my green felt-tipped pen with which to check them off. Then he had Marthelia mark some of them, and me some, all with green ink. These were then printed up and distributed.

He had chosen an assistant for the first time, instead of an aide, in accordance with the By-Laws, having reached a point where he needed help with the load of the Order work. Before this he had only aides, but decided that was not adequate; he needed someone firmly grounded in the Order

who had the understanding of it from way back, one of the “old timers”, as he said. So he called St. Petersburg and asked Rev. Benjamin to come at once. He had expected him by plane within a day or two. But Rev. Ben frugally took a bus and made stops at one or two stations along the way; so when he arrived, Father asked what had taken so long. Father tried to get some sort of intricate communication system set up between his room on the second floor at 101 and Rev. Benjamin’s room on the first. (Was he foreseeing speaking to him from above?)

After trying many years to find a good lawyer who would be willing to fight for the Order’s welfare, Father had settled on Mr. Ryan, and I remember him saying, “I think Ryan is going to be alright.” He also said of Rev. Tom Pyne, then President, “Tom is a good boy. I think he can handle it.” (As it turned out, after Father passed, Rev. Tom did take care of all the practical details of the funeral and such.) He cautioned me too, by saying, “The teachers have sight, but they don’t always see correctly.”

He said to me once, “You and I are going back across that bridge.” I thought then he meant the small bridge that crossed a little stream just before one reached the farm in Sebastopol, but he may have referred to going through transition. I had always expected we would go together, due to some impression from the very early days. In fact, the day or so before he left, he asked me (in regard to his search for a motel to go to), “How would you like to go with me to Los Altos, where we were before?” I answered that the place where we had once stayed was not Los Altos, but Los Gatos, and he said, “Oh, you make the whole thing impossible.” I can see now he was not referring to a literal place, but what? The name “Los Altos” could be translated as “the heights”. And we had once, around 1966, visited a married friend of his, possibly in Los Altos, though the place wasn’t remembered.

Another thing that suggested the life of Jesus were his words a few days before he left when he asked, “Isn’t it a good thing for a person to give his life for the sake of others?” And I said no, people aren’t supposed to be sacrificed any more, although I didn’t know what he was getting at. Statements like that worried me, since he did not speak idly.

When Jesus was arrested, there was a young man whose robe fell from him as he fled. Strangely, about a month before Father’s passing, it became a fad for persons to appear in public running very swiftly without clothing, to startle people. They were called “streakers”, and it was a brief fad but fairly widespread. I couldn’t help but think of the young man in the Bible.

And Jesus had said, “If they do this in the wood when it is green, what will they do when it is old?” Christianity was young and green then; now it was old. Of Jesus it was said, “They sought to kill him”. Perhaps it seemed to the Host above that it would be wiser for Father to leave before that happened. No good could have been accomplished by permitting those threats to materialize. Also by going, perhaps it was felt he could draw some of the dangers away from the flock. I think that as a Master, he wouldn’t have wanted to grow old or feeble before their eyes. He was near his 70th birthday, and he knew the young teachers were champing at the bit to do things their way. Some of the teachers’ meetings were hard on him, having to hold the strong heads in check.

A couple of years previously he had accompanied me to visit an old friend in a rest home, and people were sitting about so numb and almost lifeless, he said, “I hope I never get like that”.

Then he added quickly, “But I know they wouldn’t let that happen.”

About a week before he left, he had two of the Brothers or priests come up and move his bed, which had been against the wall between his room and mine, to the other wall alongside the Grail chapel.

He also asked me to bring the little wooden rocker that he had given me from my room to his, saying it would be more comfortable for him, and for me to take the big yellow chair instead, in which I often sat when in his room. So I switched with him and the rocker was placed just inside the door facing his chair, which was across the room. But he didn’t sit in it at any time I know of.

During his last three days, he had announced that his door was closed to all visitors, and when Master Marthelia came to the door once during that time, seeking to enter, he stopped even her (and I had never seen him refuse admittance to a teacher before). He stood in the door and only said to her, “I’ll see you when this is over.”

The last day at home he seemed unlike his usual crackling self, actually to the point of being dreamy, saying little. When I asked a question about some mundane matter, he said in that strangely dreamy way, “Oh why did you have to bring that up now?”

It was Wednesday, a fast day, and I was fasting. He was having a guest for lunch in his room next door, a man from some ecumenical council of churches. Father came to my door and said, “You’d better eat something”. He was not inviting me to join him, so I sent down to the kitchen for a bowl of soup or whatever they had. He must have felt I would need the strength later, although we would also have dinner that night at the motel. But that was n unusual request.

He left **Master Raeson in the Grail chapel** to remain while we were away, and Rev. Karen was to bring his meals. Otherwise no one was to enter his rooms while he was away. Going downstairs cheerily before we left the house that afternoon, Father spoke to **Brother Al Igarta**, who was sitting in the dining room, saying something like, “Well son, I’m leaving.” Brother Al sensed instantly what he meant and sat silently grieving while Father went to the kitchen and spoke almost the same words to **Bro. Joseph Teagarden**, who also understood it in the same way, though the words were spoken lightly as one going off for a couple of days. When Father passed through the dining room where Bro. Al sat with bent head, he said comfortingly, “It’s alright, son” and Al felt better.

Rev. Benjamin went with us. He had called a number of motels for rooms, and it turned out there was a doctor’s convention in town, and all the rooms seemed to have been taken. Father insisted we must have one with a kitchen. So next day, I gave it a try and called several, finally coming up with one called “The Plantation”, which reserved a room for us. It was near the Capri where we always used to go. Father had suggested trying the Capri, but for some reason we did not. When we set out, we went directly to the Plantation, and I remained in the car while the other two went to check it out. They soon returned, saying it would not be suitable, having told the clerk they would return another time. Then we drove out toward the beach. (By strange coincidence, these pages are being put together at another placed called Capri Apartments in Eureka.)

En route, the gas was low, so we stopped at a gas station, and when Father and the attendant took off the cap from the radiator, a stream of boiling water shot up into the air like a geyser. Fortunately, no one was hurt. On the way, we passed a few hitchhikers, and Father considered each but decided not to stop. He often liked to pick up someone when we went out, if it seemed constructive, but he was quite selective, using his inner sight to choose persons who seemed most needful.

We drove to the beach, and he stopped at the office of the **Pacifica Motel**, where we had stayed a couple of years earlier. I had called them too, and they had no vacancy (on the phone), but Father went in and got just the room he wanted, with a kitchen. It was **number “1” at the southern end**. There was a parking space beneath, at the back. It seemed almost isolated until later in the evening when someone moved in next door. The location was **near the end of the N Judah streetcar line**, which passed 20 Steiner Street.

We immediately went out to a nearby grocery store to buy provisions for the planned two days we should be staying there. As we browsed through the store, picking out what looked good, some strawberries for supper, etc., Father kept piling in more groceries than we could ever have used—two dozen eggs, for example. I think there were two big bags of groceries altogether. As we left the store, a young man and woman were standing uncertainly on the corner, and Father stopped to talk with them. He pointed toward 20 Steiner Street and told them if they needed help of any kind to be sure to go there. He was filling every moment with spiritual service, as he always had. But this was his last public contact. I think in speaking to them, he was speaking to the many like them who would come after.

We went back to the motel, a nice roomy apartment, and I cooked dinner in the little kitchen. At the table, Father kept saying how nice it was to have dinner with one’s friends. (He had never called us friends before. It was like Jesus in the Bible, calling his disciples “friends” shortly before he left.) He also said how much he was looking forward to this rest, and I knew how much he needed it, so [I] tried to do the best I could not to disturb him in any way. Looking back, one of the most touching remembrances is of the gallantry and cheerfulness with which he met that day.

After dinner, we watched a little television with Rev. Benjamin. I grew so sleepy as to hardly be able to keep my eyes open and was looking forward to going to bed. Then they turned off the television about 11:00, and Father said he felt something coming through. Rev. Benjamin took out a notebook, but I told him I had a tape recorder and ran to get it, turning it on to “record”. But not being experienced with it, there was no speaker attached, so no sound was recorded. Rev. Benjamin only wrote a couple of the opening sentences, but later we both wrote down all that we could remember of what came through. We were told it wasn’t intended to be given out (I suppose to the whole Order), so perhaps it was as well we did not get it all.

Unlike the usual rather slow revelations, this was Ananias, and he spoke more rapidly than I had ever heard Father speak at such times, very fast. He ended by saying, “This one is marked and will be called”, and with those words Father looked t Rev. Benjamin who was seated beside him.

Rev. Benjamin then went out to another apartment, and I went to the bedroom to prepare for bed. It seemed rather “spooky” outside, and I checked the window, then sat up in bed and did a little prayer work. Meanwhile, Father was going about to all the doors and windows, “batting down the hatches” with more care than I had ever seen. He put a chair in front of the door leading outside and said, “Don’t open this door tonight, no matter who comes.”

My hand lotion was in a small travel bottle on the dresser, and Father asked if that were oil. I said no, it was lotion, but he could use some if he wished. He asked me then if I would put oil on my hands instead and set out a small plastic bottle with a pink top, which contained olive oil. He also asked me to burn a little incense, so I burned some frankincense.

He presently came to undress and put on his white robe and asked, “Are you meditating?” I said, “No, I’m praying.” He said, “That’s good too.” Then he got into bed and was also sitting up when suddenly he rose and very swiftly dressed in his black clerics, even putting on his shoes, but leaving them untied. I mentioned how strange it was that while I had been extremely sleepy before going to bed, I was now just as completely wide awake. Feeling restless, I also presently got up and slipped into my white robe and went out to where he was.

He was now in the living room, pacing up and down and scolding the pain in his stomach. It was quite late by now. Suddenly he said in a very loud voice, “This has got to stop.” (I supposed he meant the pain.) He had fixed himself a cup of peppermint tea, which he made with a drop of peppermint oil rather than the leaves. Holding out the cup for me to taste, he said, “Is this too strong for you?” I tasted it and said, “No, it’s not as strong as usual.” He drank some of it and set down the cup. Those were our last words together. Again it seemed to reiterate the scripture where Jesus asked his disciples if they could drink from his cup.

He had arranged a bedspread over the armchair beside which he was standing as though he had prepared it to sit in, and then perhaps would wrap it around himself. It seemed afterward that he may have intended to sit there by himself and quietly “pull the drawstring” as he sometimes expressed it when speaking about masters leaving, and one sometimes felt that is what he might do when his time came, and just disappear. But standing there, before he could sit down, his body became limp, as though it were melting, and all the stiffness went out of it. In falling, he hit his head slightly on the edge of the dresser and drew a little blood. Whether this made him unconscious, or whether, more likely, he was already unconscious, he breathed for an hour or so longer but did not regain consciousness. This may have been a merciful act of God and the Host, to ease it for him.

My first impulse was to run and call Rev. Benjamin, even though it meant opening the door. And he then called the McCaffereys, Elonia, and Bro. Doc [Sweeney] to come quickly, but his breath had stopped when they arrived. I, meanwhile, had been massaging his feet and could see why he had wanted oil on my hands. But none of us believed he was really gone. This could never happen to Father Paul, the indomitable teacher. We waited numbly all night for him to sit up and speak to us.

Strangely that evening, both before and after he left, I heard seals barking out in the ocean. I had never known them to be in that particular area before. Do they bark in the night? Or were they

sea lions – for the Lion of God? It was also a reminder of the seals in Revelations—the seal on his work. As I sat before a window during the night, someone shot an air rifle from the ground below outside the window, making holes in the glass just above my head. We were at the second level, the automobile being below, but not very high up, with no buildings on that side.

Even at this last, though, Father proved his mastery, slipping quietly out without public notice. None of the hoodlums who had threatened his life was given power over him. He did not take his own life, nor did anyone take it from him. It is obvious he had been told by the Host above that the time had come, and he left quietly, gallantly, cheerfully all the way. I can believe that he was indeed, in his time, “the greatest man on earth”, as I once heard suggested in meditation.

Next morning, hope had worn thin. There had been no tears, just a growing feeling of desolation, until we called Rev. Joe Miller to see if he knew of a doctor, since Bro. Doc had not quite graduated. Then when Rev. Joe came, all cheery and vigorous, the tears finally did begin to flow, but he stopped them, saying Father would want us to rejoice. His coming was a blessing in that dismal atmosphere, and by then Rev. Tom had also arrived. Now we saw why Father had bought such quantities of groceries. Rev. Tom set about cooking breakfast for everyone, at Rev. Miller’s insistence that we must eat something. Until then, we couldn’t have thought of such a thing.

Later, someone walked with me on the beach. They rented the room next door for me to sit in, and the teachers kept vigil with Father. We had not yet really given up hope of his return. Master Andrew flew in from Chicago. We all waited until Friday, then M. Andrew said there was no use in waiting longer, so we finally gave up and went home.

That Good Friday was a most sorrowful and difficult one because we had to return to let the Brotherhood know that they would not see Father again in the flesh. Phone calls had to be made all around the country, and I had to speak to the gathered Brotherhood in the chapel at 101, one of the hardest things I’ve ever faced.

On Easter Sunday, and for some time thereafter, reports came in of people having seen or felt or dreamed about Father. It seemed as though he touch in everywhere for a while. The Thursday after Easter would have been his 70th birthday; that evening the teachers held a memorial service at the Christian Community. Raeson stayed a few more days before going back to Boston. He was warm and comforting, just letting me talk and not saying much. Rev. Tom regaled the group with funny stories about the early Order, from his viewpoint. And I called in Rev. Mary Eyer from Atlanta, thinking she would be a good person to have with me, which she more than adequately proved to be for the next several years.

I wished Father might have forewarned us in some way, yet that might have blocked his way so he could not have left so easily. I still wish he had left behind some sort of word as to what his wishes might be. He did spend some time that last week talking to Raeson and Denise and one or two others about moving the Corporation out of town, with certain exceptions, but nothing about a successor when he should leave. As for that too, he had always said he’d be around for another twenty years, so his departure was not expected. Perhaps he meant he’d stay around for twenty years after leaving?

CHAPTER 17

I have thought that any book about Father would have to be more a book of questions than of answers. Yet when his life is viewed as a whole, most of the questions fade into nothingness before what he was. And it was because of what he essentially was that one could follow him, even when unable to fathom certain things, knowing that his vision was greater and his mission of higher scope than human eyes could see. There was something larger than mere events taking place, and it was that spiritual overlay which held the life-bearing seed of what was to come.

He was not just the first of a long line of Director-Generals, nor even just the founder. He was the Progenitor of the Science of Man and of the Order, or at least the channel through which this work came from the Master Jesus, and this goes beyond any organizational office, coming as it did from on High.

Many funny stories are told about him, and that's all right too. He enjoyed wholesome laughter, and he did many things that inspired humor. But a few tales have made the rounds, repeated with slight variations from person to person until they have become a bit ridiculous. Even so, he did not want to be made a demi-god, nor to be overly adulated. He told me during the last week or so, "I did many things I did not want to do". And once when I asked about something, he said, "You won't understand this until you are on the other side."

Why did he not leave his mantle with one of the teachers, nor even appoint his successor as Director General? He had often said a teacher passes his mantle on to a chela before leaving the earth plane. But a part of his answer can be found on tape 302, where he says, in regard to passing his mantle, "I can't do it now, in this life now, because I'm under different regulations at the moment, in this life."

A question once arose as to why Father should have changed from white robe to black clerics at the last moment. In speaking of this to a Brother, he gave what must have been a divinely-inspired explanation. He said Father took off his white robe so he could pick it up on the other side. I wonder also if the black suit symbolized the physical matter, that part of him that he was leaving behind.

While he was here, we basked in his spirituality and soaked up as much as we could, seeking to absorb and retain it for our own. Recently, upon thinking how I missed the solidity and feeling of security that had been experienced in life and affairs during his presence, it suddenly seemed strange, because he was the most "unsolid" person imaginable. He owned nothing beyond his clothing and a few accessories. He was not settled in one place, and in fact resisted possessions or permanence. He would, at a moment's notice, do anything whatever that he felt called to do, by the Lord and the Host. And he would be held by no one. How could anyone feel secure with him?

It was because he had the only real solidity there is, that of the Spirit, through the purity and power of his centeredness in God. And although you couldn't guess what he'd do or where he'd

go one minute from now, you knew there was nothing wishy-washy about it. He would be travelling with his beloved Jesus, on a straight line with God's will, as best he could now it, and never deviating, never falling short. He would be all there. So you would have to strive to be a little more to be all there too, to be with him or to follow him.

It must have been this strength of his to serve so undeviatingly that manifested as a feeling of stability; and his authority, sharpened by wisdom and tempered with love, that made his presence feel so safe. Then, of course, that upon which he founded his life and actions in the realm of Spirit are the only real security anyone can have.

We are filled with gratitude for the privilege of having known him. Once during the early days, he called me to witness some ballet dancers on television, and he said, "you can't do this, but you can watch." He meant more than just dancers on the physical level; perhaps the kind of mastery shown by the Cosmic Dancer?

