



William Wentworth

The Changing of the Guard

Since ANZURA came into existence in 1994 there have been only a dozen or so people who have filled its positions. Every year at the AGM the positions are rotated in accordance with the constitution—the secretary becomes the treasurer, the president retires for a year, last year’s president becomes president... you know the pattern. A small group of us run and organise everything, working as a team. This is typical of the way voluntary organisations operate.

It does have its advantages. The small group get to know one another well. They understand who can do what well, who is weak in certain areas, who has the skills for specific tasks. They develop patterns of work which manage to get the job done and the sense of responsibility to see that somehow or other it is done.

And there are rewards. To be part of a small team organising a conference is stimulating, the activities themselves are exciting, and the friendships are enduring. We learn a lot about ourselves and one another and we support one another in deepening our faith. And, of course, we enjoy the sense of achievement, knowing we have contributed something to our fellow readers.

But there are disadvantages. All small groups tend to become inbred unless shaken up from time to time. The group becomes accustomed to doing things its way, and seems to lose the ability to do them any other way. It tends to reject input from those who would like to tackle new and different activities, and likes to retain the old, the proven and the familiar. They sometimes seem to others to be an impenetrable clique which wants

everything its own way and resents outside interference and protects its position by presenting a unified front to any criticism.

This is classic human politics. The longer and more entrenched the small group, the greater the tension with those outside it. It makes no difference that the group sees itself as serving the whole community, that its motives are purely for unselfish service. Still the tension arises. Neither does it make any difference that the group finds itself in this position because they have been unable to find others prepared to put up their hands to serve. Still the tension persists. It may not be obvious or overt, but it is there—and if not now it will develop. It is how humans operate.

Well, fellow members, it is crunch time.

The group who brought ANZURA into existence, and have led it through its initial years is getting old. It is time to develop a succession plan. We can’t go on for ever. New blood is needed.

continued...

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The Changing of the Guard, continued...

This is not to say that we are all suddenly going to throw in the towel and leave you without a committee. We won't. But it is time to find other members who are prepared to give up some of their leisure time to serve their fellows.

Ideally, one or two newcomers would accept election to the board, allowing some existing members to retire, and in this way gradually the old board would be replaced. That would allow for a degree of continuity with old policy while introducing whatever new ideas are in favour. But one way or another, some new members have to be admitted to the board if ANZURA is to outlast the terms of its originators.

It would be wonderful if there were a number of people competing to fill positions on the board. But this is wishful thinking. As with most voluntary organisations, it is a struggle to find people who are prepared to serve. It is now time to find such people.

You may be one of them.

Have a think about it!!

Farewell to Patricia Mundelius

It is with deep sadness that we announce the passing of Patricia Sadler Mundelius on 2 May 2008 in Danville, California. Pat bravely suffered a two-year illness and had been in and out of the hospital since January of this year.

Pat was the daughter of William Sadler Jr. and the granddaughter of William Sadler Sr. both of whom were Contact Commissioners at the time of the writing of *The Urantia Book*. Pat grew up at 533 Diversey Parkway in Chicago, which was originally the Sadler residence and later became the headquarters for Urantia Foundation. She was married to Mandred Mundelius for 58 years. She is survived by Mandred, her sons Matthew, Michael and John, and eight grandchildren.



In 1990 Pat became a Trustee of Urantia Foundation, serving as President from 1992 to 1996 when she resigned, later becoming Trustee Emeritus in 2004.

For those who were honored to know Pat, she will always be remembered as a faith-daughter and a loyal friend full of grace and charm. We wish her well for her continuing journey; she will be sorely missed... Farewell for now, dear sister and friend.

ANZURA Conference 17-20 October

If He were incarnate in our shoes...

An opportunity we all share is to allow our Father to work through us, to allow that which we would do to be adjusted to become *that which He would do*, were He incarnate, and walking in our shoes.

"Surely not!" we cry from the dreamscape of the 3rd and 4th psychic circles. But what if we make it to the 1st? As implied by the Urantia papers and demonstrated by Jesus, maturing into ripe first-circlers is the intended outcome of human life. And once in the first circle, we are only a moment away from at-one-ment with our fragment of the Father. But this mysterious Monitor is as much of the absolute essence of the Father Infinite that can be squeezed into the sorts of shoes we wear. When we get our shoes into the first circle, the Father can really start to walk the walk we walk. We become for Him a unique window into this world.

Jesus showed us how to make the most of this opportunity. He became a personal and wilful reflection of his Adjuster's desire. He sought first the kingdom of God, and all else followed. Simply by following the lures of maturity raised up by the Monitor inside.

The fifth epochal revelation helps us to amplify our response to the Adjuster within. Insight can help make our responses to our Father excellent as well as genuine. In our more lucid moments, surely we wonder about this most intimate experience, this unfolding phenomenon, this moment of opportunity. Can we help each other to ponder such things? We hope our brief get-together in October will help to deepen our experience, brighten our insight, and awake our slumbering love to serve!

Please join us in October (17-20), as we explore our Father's relationship with us, and our response to this opportunity to become one with Him.

Nigel Nunn, ACT

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The thrill of loving service is undeniable and genuine. But like religion, loving service can be excellent as well as genuine. Loving service may motivate “Doctors without borders” to go straight to the heart of the matter, but it is their years of study that allows them to repair eyes and to sew back limbs. If we are to be like their spiritual counterparts, surely we need to understand the target of our love and service. What is man? From where comes his pain? How can the light of fifth epochal insight help us to truly focus the power of our love?

Loving Service and the next generation

by Phil Taylor, USA

The issue of young readers and the next generation is a subject that keeps coming up in many UB circles of our organizations, and it is certainly a big concern.

Being a member of that generation I would share these thoughts with you on the subject.

The generation we are speaking of has been labeled 'generation x' and it is really the next generation that has followed the baby boomers. The most defining characteristic about this generation is that they don't want to be defined—thus the generation x label.

My view is that this rejection of labels is a reflection of the weariness of growing up in a rapidly changing culture with shifting values and morals. Simple labels will no longer suffice.

But in this rapidly changing culture, many still persist in trying to define movements, changes and new direction by ideologies. As the UB tells us we are in a war of ideologies—essentially a worship of ideas—and modern religions are full of ideas.

This generation is not taken in by ideas—there are far too many ideas competing for our minds that they all become just become background noise. Religions all too often present themselves as ideas, even the UB is in danger of being presented as another idea about God.

This generation wants something more than just an idea—they want an experience. Any religion that presents itself as an ideological campaign is lost on them.

In this ideological struggle we can only win by not fighting for the minds of men and women. We must win by fighting for their hearts by stirring their soul with a new revelation of idealistic living.

In the war of ideas we must wage the battle of the ideals and strive to live our religion rather than speak of it. Such a way of living will stand out above all this noise of the ideological battles that are going on and will truly triumph.

The only way we can truly live our religion experientially is through loving service because it is the opportunities of service that allow ourselves to be among men and women and share with them the ideals that we are living.

Loving service is the culture in which religious living grows and becomes infectious.

This revelation will advance to the degree that we can inspire others with the **thrill** of loving service as they witness such living in our own lives and then will they seek and inquire what it is we have come to possess.

The beauty of service is that it requires us to spiritually transform ourselves so that we may express such ideals—there are no empty words in service, either you are living your religion or you are not. And this is exactly what frustrates the victims of this ideological war—there is far too much promotion of the idea of religion and far too little living of the ideal of religion. This generation x will not stand for the hypocrisy of unfulfilled idealistic living.

There is a reason why we chose the theme “*The Thrill of Loving Service*” for our 2008 international conference [IC08], because we dedicated that conference opportunity to serving Michael and asked him how we can best serve the revelation. Loving service was the answer, and that is what that conference was about.

Phil Taylor

Chair, Programming Committee for IC 08 “*The Thrill of Loving Service*”

“Even evolutionary religion is all of this in loyalty and grandeur because it is a genuine experience. But revelatory religion is excellent as well as genuine. The new loyalties of enlarged spiritual vision create new levels of love and devotion, of service and fellowship; and all this enhanced social outlook produces an enlarged consciousness of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.” [The Urantia Book, p.1101:3]

The Universal Brotherhood Reunion

Kathleen Swadling (Sydney)

For anyone who remembers or has heard of Fred Robinson, you might remember that he and his wife Mary were founders of a New Age community in the 1970's in Western Australia that was known as "The Universal Brotherhood". For years Fred travelled up and down the East Coast of Australia preaching a "message" of peace and love that appealed to the idealistic youth of the 1960's and '70's. Fred liked to refer to his message as "revealed truth" which was in essence a collection of bits and pieces of many different philosophies and schools of thought that were drawn from the smorgasbord of New Age teachings, Eastern religions, Theosophy and many other "isms" that were abundant around that time.

One of Fred's greatest influences in his teachings was *The Urantia Book*, particularly Part IV. At his lectures he would hold up *The Urantia Book* high above his head and say, "This is the most important book on the planet; everyone must read the last section at the very least". As a consequence many people were introduced to the book – some still read it to this day; others didn't persevere for one reason or another.

Quite a lot of people who heard Fred's lectures dropped out of mainstream society and headed over to Western Australia to join Fred and Mary's community. I was one of those people and that's where I first found *The Urantia Book*. The community's main mission was to create an alternative society for children to grow in where people lived in harmony with each other and with the will of God. We strived to become self-sufficient and free from all kinds of dependency on the outside world. In short, we thought we could

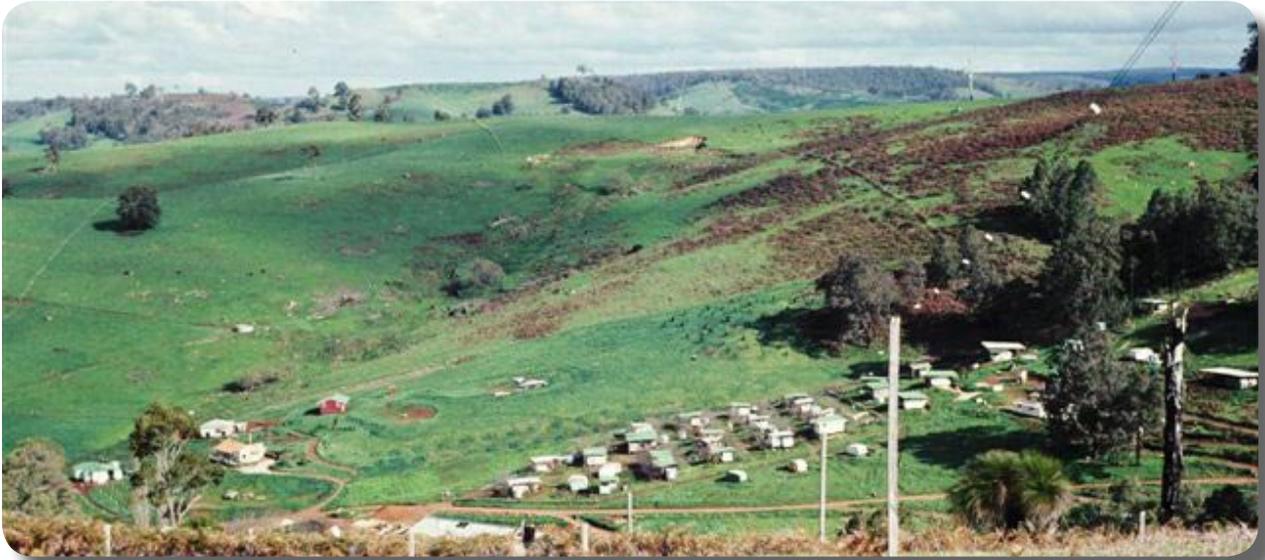
create the Garden of Eden all over again and be a model for the rest of the world; a huge emphasis was placed on the importance of rearing children in such an idyllic environment so they may grow to become perfect little beings who could talk to the angels and to become beacons of enlightenment for future generations.



Alas, like many of these kinds of New Age communities that sprang up in the 1970's, it was unsuccessful. (We hadn't yet learned the fundamental lesson that you cannot become perfect over night no matter how you tried!) In 1977 there was a major split in the community where half the people (including myself) left to return and readjust to the big wide world. However, not all was lost. The entire experience, while an interesting reality-check at worst, was at best a valuable time in which to forge meaningful and long-lasting relationships; the common experiences and bonding that developed between the community members had a lasting effect.

In April of this year, nearly 30 years after the split, the first Brotherhood members' reunion was held. About 40 people attended and many had not seen one another since their days on the community. I was among them, along with Vern Verass who had





also been a member of the community. Vern and I were the only ones who had spent considerable time on the community to go on to become active participants in the present day Urantia Book reader associations. I think I can speak for Vern also when I say that apart from the tremendous elation of catching up with old friends, we were intrigued to discover what paths our old friends had taken in life, and to see if anyone had persevered with their studies of *The Urantia Book*.

The responses were varied... some never looked at the book again – they associated it with the confusing philosophies of the community and never felt moved to explore the book as a “stand alone” teaching. Some seemed to hold it with disdain. Others turned their noses up when they discovered we were avid readers and so actively associated with Urantia Book reader organisations. (I think they felt we must have still been in the “consciousness” of the community and never really came to our senses.) A couple seemed to be intrigued by my story of how I came to look at the book “anew” once I let the baggage of the community’s philosophy fall away. I felt in these cases that there was some sincere questioning, and I hold a secret hope that our exchanges may have reminded them that the book held some pretty incredible teachings that might help them in their present day quest for truth. All in all though, every one of these old friends were decent loving people, and I felt a genuine warmth of brotherly and sisterly love... of brotherhood.

This whole experience has left me with one very familiar question: Why do some people take to *The Urantia Book* and others not? I understand how

people can be daunted by the sheer magnitude of the book and simply choose not to go there with it, but I’m perplexed by those who do read it for a while and become somewhat familiar with it, even have a time in their lives where they are amazed and intrigued by it, but then decide to put it aside. I guess in my heart I know that it’s a very personal matter – we have absolutely no way of knowing why some choose to embrace the book and its teachings and why others don’t. To overly analyse and ponder this phenomenon can only lead to the possibility of becoming judgmental which is not what I choose to do. In the end it’s a private matter between the individual and God.

The most beautiful thing is the relationships that are forged as we go about our daily lives regardless of the differences in doctrinal beliefs. Everything, bar our relationships with one another is scaffolding, and while I feel supremely blessed to have the Urantia teachings as my guide to give me a broadened framework in which to think and grow, if we cannot learn to respect, understand, forgive and love our fellows, then the whole involvement with our quest for truth is merely an intellectual exercise.



The Urantia Book and the WA Community Experience

Verner Verass (Canberra)
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In 1973 I was an idealistic young man of 24 living in my home city of Sydney, recently graduated as an Industrial Designer. A teenager of the 60s, I felt part of a grand spiritual awakening, with music the unifier of my generation. I was convinced that, love motivated, intelligent youth of the world could effect planetary improvement. After all, we were not encumbered by "... the fears our elders grew by" [Teach your children well – Crosby Stills Nash & Young 1970].

August 1973 I visited a friend and was browsing his bookshelf and saw there a big white book. I grabbed it and quickly saw the large section on 'The Life and Teachings of Jesus'. In my mind I was still holding to the teachings of the Ohaspe Book, a tome I was immersed in at the time. I was perplexed by the lack of mention of Jesus in the Ohaspe Book. Although I had been brought up in the Lutheran faith and found its tolerant teachings refreshingly free of dogma, I was still unclear about Jesus. I decided it was not time for me to confront this question yet so I put The Urantia Book back on the shelf.

Pursuing an interest in healing, I was doing a Naturopathy course at a private college in Glebe, there to learn massage, nutrition and herbal medicine. During that nine month period my girlfriend Anita Chauvin and I did the course together. Anita and I practised yoga together and soon decided to journey to Western Australia and join a community we'd heard about. In the Ohaspe Book there is a whole section about children leaving the city to form



an alternate society. We bought a green Kombi van which we fitted out with seagrass matting and a storage box, the lid of which folded out as a bed, then loaded up with a case of dates and a tin of cashew butter, a blanket, a sheet, a shirt, spare sarong and headed west. The 3,000km journey across Australia was a leisurely trip punctuated by mechanical breakdowns and repairs but we made it over the bull dust of the then unsealed Nullarbor Desert, past rusted wrecks of the cars that didn't make it, to arrive in Perth in September 1974. Spring flowers dotted the surrounding bushland, in particular the unusual red kangaroo paw and the electric blue Leschenaultia.

We had arrived to join a community called 'the Universal Brotherhood', short for 'the brotherhood of man under the fatherhood of God'. I'd met Fred Robinson, the old gent (already in his 70s) who started the community, the previous year at a talk he gave in Sydney and was impressed with his sincerity and humility. Anita and I were warmly welcomed by Fred and his wife Mary who were willing to open their home to accept a generation of idealistic youth. Amazing when you think about it. The 100 young men, women and children of 'the Brotherhood' were living on a rural property 'Carranya' 250 Km north of Perth in the wheat belt region. They had a small property in Armadale, south-east of Perth. We had arrived at a time of transition because the owner of 'Carranya', a wheat farmer, was not comfortable with the swelling number of people arriving on his land. The quest was on to find a new homeland. We only stayed at 'Carranya' a short while and as new arrivals, we enjoyed the group activities, work, play, learning and worship. There were a few lifestyle changes Anita and I had to come to terms with, namely, unmarried couples could not sleep together. Even though family life was the ideal we were aiming for, there was a 'no-sex-before-marriage' edict in place, as all singles were supposed to keep themselves pure for their 'twin soul'. Although Anita was very dear to me I did not think she and I were ready for marriage yet. I was willing to wait and see if we were really meant to be together and was OK with being a single guy for a spell. I know this was hard on Anita and I'm sorry for that. She could have returned home but she chose to stay on and share the community experience we had both come for.

Fred and Mary's property, in Perth (Armadale) was called 'Shalam' after the community described in the Ohaspe Book, portrayed as a sanctuary for people leaving city life. There was not enough room there for all of us, so we rented houses in the suburbs of Perth. These we named satellite house and the one I lived in was in Como. I remember joking that I left Como to come to Como. I'd grown up among the tree-lined sandstone cliffs of Como, on the Georges River south of Sydney. Now Como on the Swan River was conveniently located to

job locations for we had decided to find work where we could, then handed in our unopened pay packets to pool money towards buying a larger property. All this time I was still a vegan, only wearing cotton and fasting every Friday and doing yoga every day. My idea of a meal was to climb up a mulberry tree and feast on ripe berries. Three of us from the Community (Stevie Tyler, Steve Darmody and myself) were employed by the Perth Council to look after parks and gardens. I remember wearing gum boots to clear water weed from an ornamental lake in a park. The edge of one of the boots was rubbing on a scratch on my shin. After a couple of days this scratch was infected and a day after that my lymph glands had swollen in my groin and I could no longer walk. My body was having difficulty healing itself due to the extreme diet and physical routine I was putting myself through. In short, I ended up in hospital with a severe leg ulcer. It was time for a reality check.

My enforced hospitalisation was the perfect opportunity to find the answer to my burning question about the identity of Jesus. As I was recovering and beginning to add dairy food to my diet for the first time in a year, Anita visited and left a Urantia book on my bedside table. When I picked it up I went straight to the Jesus papers. By the time I had read the first page on 'the Bestowal of Michael on Urantia', I was convinced this was true. Of course, a Creator must become the creature to fully understand the experience of that creature. It's so obvious, why had this not dawned on me before? In that instant the mystical Jesus of childhood Christmas became a rightful creator-parent of power and majesty with full authority over his own creation. I wanted to know more. My lifelong

association with The Urantia Book had begun.

I was struck by the beauty and sheer poetry of the words which so elegantly conveyed these new concepts with such eloquence, triggering a truth recognition response within. My mind was taken on an incredible journey to the very limits of comprehension with an awareness that what I have grasped is but a tiny fragment of what there is to know.

Fred Robinson was responsible for the first large shipment of Urantia books into Australia; 'the Brotherhood' title sprang directly from his reading of The Urantia Book. Fred held two books up as examples of our universe family at large communicating something worthy of notice, the Ohaspe Book and The Urantia Book.

It did not take me long to recognise the superior value of the teachings of The Urantia Book over those of the Ohaspe Book, which paled to insignificance in the light of this revelation. It had served its purpose as a stepping stone to the source of a higher truth.

When out of hospital with a large healed scar on my shin (still there), I returned to my friends at the community. We had enough money to buy a 317 hectare established apple, peach and nectarine orchard with a colonial homestead, in a little town called Balingup, and set about moving 300km south. That story follows.

We chose to name the property 'Urantia' (a year later Julia Fenderson, field representative for the Urantia Foundation requested we change the name) and indeed

continued...





gurus offering 'truth', people were confused regarding the value of one against the other and were unwilling to say, 'this is it'. It probably was not a priority to take the time and effort to read such a large book cover-to-cover as it was already being read out at sanctuary morning sessions. Perhaps that was enough for them. An unfortunate consequence was it became associated with the community and when people finally left, they also abandoned the book.

We lived something of a paradox, encouraging individual development while adopting monastic tendencies of self

The Urantia Book was prominent in daily life, as each morning Stephen Carthew, leader of the Centre-Core, would read a passage to set the tone for the day. I loved these readings.

Living this spiritually based communal lifestyle was full of challenge and adventure. The majority of us were in our early twenties and we leapt at the experience with the energy of youth. Even though we came from a variety of backgrounds we were open to new ideas, choosing an alternate lifestyle was demonstration of this. As with people in general, we were all work-in-progress, some more 'together' than others. The great thing was, we were all there willing to give it a go. Live simply, make our own entertainment, grow our own food, live a rural lifestyle, raise children of the next generation, and all this, with a focus on doing God's will.

At the time, with The Urantia Book in prominence, I was puzzled at the relatively few people who took it up in earnest. Why was this? With the benefit of hindsight, I can only say, that with so many new-age texts and

control, no drugs and no sex before marriage. As if this was not challenging enough, there was the added task of maintaining group harmony. It was given a name, 'staying in the consciousness'. Here is where superstition entered the picture. The Ohaspe book had a section which postulated the presence of unclean spirits called 'druges' who would feed off people's bad habits. The terrible result of this was people were judged to have an 'entity' if they challenged group behaviour. This was clearly at odds with Urantia book teachings so I always thought it nonsense. What we had as friends together was far stronger than these erroneous ideas. Bonds of friendship were being forged that a few bad experiences could not extinguish.

And so we lived, enjoying the beautiful valley, the surrounding jarrah forest, the established apple and nectarine orchard, the satisfaction of cooperatively building homes and amenities buildings, the creative thrill of making our own music and theatre, raising the children, until 1977 when the restriction of the rules we



had tolerated for more than three years was questioned. Instead of embracing the question raised by my courageous friend Noel Ferguson regarding the seemingly unanimous agreement on all matters by the Centre-Core — “Was there really always agreement?” — this sincere question was taken as a threat by the ruling hierarchy and Noel and his friends were quickly branded as having ‘entities’ and isolated. A revolution had begun and as a consequence half the community chose to leave, myself among them. I felt we had slipped behind the times and the world had moved on. It was time to return to the community that had taken a million years to evolve.

Now 30 years on, in April this year, we had a group reunion in Sydney. Some of us had not seen each other since ‘The Brotherhood’, friendships solid as ever. For the 40 or more of us who made the effort to come from all parts of Australia to Linda’s house in Belrose, Sydney it was a very moving experience. Tears were shed, apologies were made, old grievances were resolved, songs were sung and hugs, lots of hugs were exchanged. Some faces were harder to recognise than others as the march of time had transformed the once familiar long-haired bearded youth into the wise twinkle-eyed balding portly gent before me. The bonds of friendship transcend time and the personality of each one shone forth and resonated in my heart like a familiar melody. There was a lot to catch up on. Homes and careers had been established, families had been raised (quite a few of us are grandparents now), a rich tapestry of experiences the reward of each individual. For

some, life has been hard and they courageously soldier-on facing an uncertain future armed with resolve and knowledge of having survived the worst. I consider them blessed by having dipped into the well to such depths, for it brings to mind, ‘...the greatest affliction is never to have been afflicted, a life of ease is not conducive to growth’. It was a short and intense weekend complete with a flurry of shared addresses and promises to meet again. I sincerely hope we do and include others who were unable to make this time. One thing for certain, we have passed the torch on to the next generation. We were a generation united by vision of a better world through brotherhood and cooperation and we gave it an honest try. And the song comes like an anthem

‘... Some of them were dreamers, And some of them were fools, Who were making plans and thinking of the future, With the energy of the innocent, They were gathering the tools, They would need to make their journey back to nature, While the sand slipped through the opening, And their hands reached for the golden ring, With their hearts they turned to each others heart for refuge, In the troubled years that came before the deluge.

Some of them knew pleasure, And some of them knew pain, And for some of them it was only the moment that mattered, And on the brave and crazy wings of youth

They went flying around in the rain, And their feathers, once so fine, grew torn and tattered, And in the end they traded their tired wings, For the resignation that living brings

And exchanged loves bright and fragile glow, For the glitter and the rouge

And in the moment they were swept before the deluge

Now let the music keep our spirits high

And let the buildings keep our children dry

Let creation reveal its secrets by and by

By and by ~

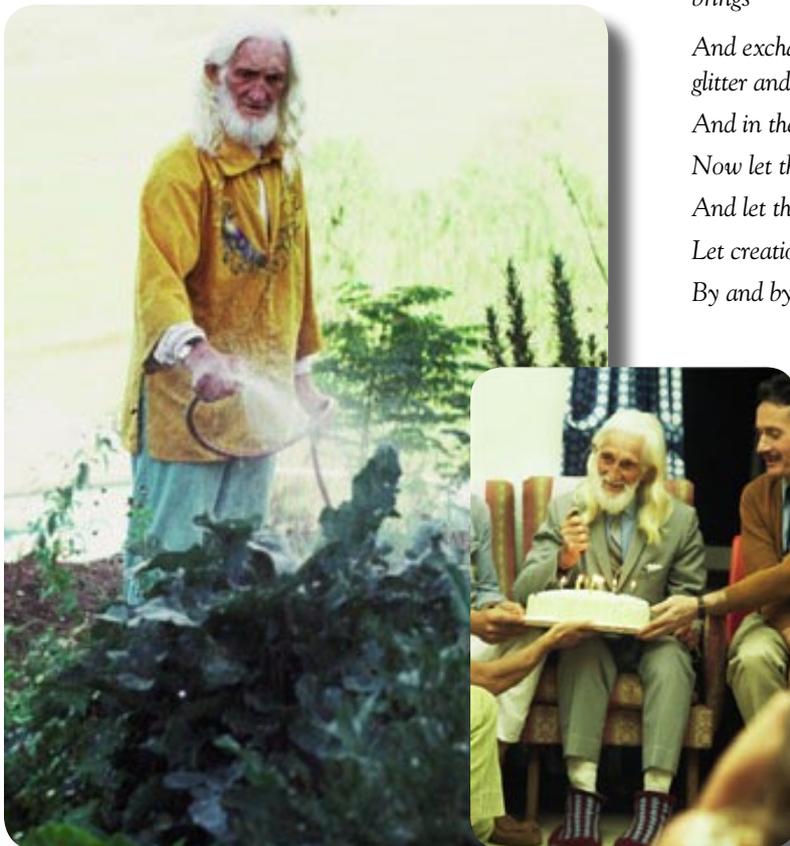
When the light that’s lost within us reaches the sky.

[Before the deluge – Jackson Browne 1974]

I retain a wonderful experience of communal living and enduring friendships from that time. Two special treasures with me to this day are the teachings of The Urantia Book and the friendship of Kathleen Swadling, my dear friend who was there longer than I and who is also a dedicated Urantia Book student.

Sincerely,

Verner Verass



National Study Day, 22 June 2008.

In anticipation of exploring together Paper 111 in October, groups across Australia and NZ launched into a fresh study of the Adjusters with Paper 107. Here are a few reports.

Towamba, NSW – William Wentworth

The Towamba Study Group met at Pam and Dave Bradford's place to study paper 107. We took note of the fact that "Every mortal who is consciously or unconsciously following the leading ...", as none of us in the group are conscious of our adjusters' leading.

And as all three of us are over forty, "the age of discretion", we assume that our adjusters are all referred to as Thought Controllers – though we don't have any clear idea of what this means.

We also took note that even high spiritual beings like solitary messengers have only limited understanding of thought adjusters. They really are mysterious, and the term Mystery Monitors is quite justified.

We discussed the hope of all adjusters to achieve personality, and this led to that intriguing discussion of how a non-personal entity can hope, express will, plan and generally behave as if they are persons, even while depending on us mortals to provide the personality they lack. And even though they seem to exhibit will prior to indwelling a mortal mind, they are totally subservient to the will of their human subject during that indwelling.

This led naturally to discussion of the origin of adjusters, and the fact that while God the Father controls their

fragmentation from absolute deity, they are actually fragmented from a level of deity which is causally antecedent to Fatherhood. The Father becomes a father by bringing the Eternal Son into existence and separating the spiritual reality of the Son from the material reality of Paradise. But the adjusters are fragmented from the deity level at which spirit and matter are still combined. So that when the papers describe the adjusters as "spirit plus" on page 1182, we can see that their origin is from a deity level which contains the potential for both spirit and matter. Even so, it is still the Father himself who controls the whole process. They really are "Father fragments". And we enjoyed being reminded that the adjusters travel on material circuits, not spiritual ones.

We finished with a discussion of how it is through our response to our adjuster's indwelling that we contribute to the growth of the Supreme, and how it is only through the experiential deities that God can possibly expand his existential nature. God is fixed in absolute existential perfection until the experience of genuinely free willed beings produces something extra for him. So just as we need God, so he needs us, for it is only the experience of God seeking by free willed personalities which can ever add anything to his absoluteness.

A thoroughly enjoyable study.

Sydney & Newcastle, NSW – Rita Schaad

In NSW both Sydney and Newcastle readers met on the day. The small groups in each case afforded closer connections and intimate thought exchange.

New Zealand Corner

Auckland – Neville Twist

Five of us in Auckland gathered together on June 22 for the National Study Day, and studied paper 107 – The Origin and Nature of Thought Adjusters. We were pleased to welcome back Ian Campbell who has returned from the UK.

This is such an amazing paper. It is one of the most fundamental (new) truths of the fifth epochal revelation. To think, as the Solitary Messenger says in his final sentence, "**There are no created beings that would not delight to be hosts to the Mystery Monitors, but no orders of beings are thus indwelt excepting evolutionary will creatures of finaliter destiny.**" [p.1184:2]

To think that each and every one of us is indwelt by a Divine fragment from the Universal Father himself in Paradise. Surely this is what Jesus referred to when he

said 'the kingdom of heaven is within you'. We also discussed the conscious and unconscious realization of this fact and decided that mostly we were of the latter state. We learned that "**the Thought Adjusters truly and divinely love us**". That they are our prisoners of spiritual hope.

We discussed paragraph 4 on page 1181, where the Solitary Messenger asked us "**Can you really realize the true significance of the Adjusters indwelling? ... When mortal man fuses with an actual fragment of the existential Cause of the total cosmos, no limit can ever be placed upon the destiny of such an unprecedented and unimaginable partnership**".

These are such sublime teachings not found in any other literature on our planet!

We all had a wonderful and stimulating time together, followed by a shared lunch and fellowship.

Praise be to the Universal Father.

There was a certain phrase which startled and touched us alike – the notion of the Thought Adjuster being imprisoned in our minds.

We wondered – does the TA suffer (“*in all your afflictions I am afflicted*” 53:4). The idea of this 'Pilot Light' struggling each day brought out a huge compassion and changed attitude towards our innermost reality.

Canberra, ACT – Nigel Nunn

“Can you really realize the true significance of the Adjuster's indwelling? Do you really fathom what it means to have an absolute fragment of the absolute and infinite Deity, the Universal Father, indwelling and fusing with your finite mortal natures?” [p.1181:3]

“..., the Adjusters are undiluted and unmixed divinity, unqualified and unattenuated parts of Deity; they are of God, and as far as we are able to discern, they are God.” [p.1177:3]

One of our group pointed out that before the 5th epochal revelation, there was no way for us (humanity) even to begin to think about our Father in Heaven “fusing” with us, let alone truly to fathom the significance of all this. But in the frame-for-thought spun by the Urantia Papers, the truth of the Adjuster's indwelling is simply the breathtaking culmination of the revelators' answer to the poet's question to God, “*What is man that you are mindful of him?*”

“In the last analysis, the Father fragments must be the gift of the absolute God to those creatures whose destiny encompasses the possibility of the attainment of God as absolute.” [p.1178:0]

“When mortal man fuses with an actual fragment of the existential Cause of the total cosmos, no limit can ever be placed upon the destiny of such an unprecedented and unimaginable partnership.” [p.1181:3]

We also noticed that, in the preceding paper (106), it's almost as if the Melchizedek author forgot to whom he was speaking: “Universe Levels of Reality” is so far beyond the “full philosophic limit” of our old frames for thought, that it is almost silly for us to consider trying to understand such things. But as we tried to “fathom what it means to have an absolute fragment of the absolute and infinite Deity” indwelling and fusing with us, we realized that only in a “post-master-universe-age” context, do we Finaliter children of eternal and infinite Dad really make sense:

“At the inconceivably distant future eternity moment of the final completion of the entire master universe, no doubt we will all look back upon its entire history as only the beginning, simply the creation of certain finite and transcendental foundations for even greater and more enthralling metamorphoses in uncharted infinity.” [p.1170:1]

Having mapped out the “Universe Levels of Reality” in paper 106, the authors immediately offer us a glimpse how we (loving, serving and personal) fit into such a daunting picture. Paper 107 helps to make real to our minds the truth that our Father will have us absolutely with Him, and that Adjusters are his flawless technique to make it so.

We were also intrigued by the pre-matter, pre-personal status of Adjusters. This puts them in absolute relationship to the prime branches of reality: the personal and the mathematical:

“for Adjusters are fragmentations of God on an absolute level of reality which is not only prepersonal but also prior to all energy and spirit divergence.” [p.1181:4]

“It is a fact that the Adjusters traverse space over the instantaneous and universal gravity circuits of the Paradise Isle.” [p.1182:6]

“The Adjusters are fragments of the ancestor of gravity, not the consequentials of gravity; they have segmentized on a universe level of existence which is hypothetically antecedent to gravity appearance.” [p.1183:1]

Our attempts to fathom something of this led to a notion that Adjusters come from a place that 'pre-echoes' the master universe, in the sense that the absonite is a “pre-echo of the finite” [p.1159:6]. From beyond the place where God the Sevenfold shapes qualities into the finite, from beyond the space where triunities and triodities condition the ultimate, the Adjusters subinfinitely penetrate us, and draw us back to stand beside Dad, upon “certain finite and transcendental foundations”, gazing with anticipation into His unfenced fields.

After all this exertion we looked again at the essence of this Essence of God:

“The Adjusters are saturated with the beautiful and self-bestowing love of the Father of spirits.” [p.1182:4]

If the Adjusters are saturated with something, does it mean that the reality from where they come is saturated with that something too? We reached out to touch the idea that the **I Am** is saturated with love – that love is the essential energy motivating the whole show. Is this why Jesus could say:

“But I declare to you that my Father in Paradise does rule a universe of universes by the compelling power of his love. Love is the greatest of all spirit realities. Truth is a liberating revelation, but love is the supreme relationship.” [p.1608:1]

We decided happily that **Love is the business of persons**, and then departed, happy to be about this business!

ANZURA Conference 2008

Canberra, 17 - 20 October

Remember to read
Papers 107 - 111



Personality



Thought
Adjuster

Ascending Mortal

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"... , but on Uversa we actually do these things in perfection. These seconaphim weigh trustworthiness in the living scales of unerring character appraisal, and when they have looked at you, we have only to look at them to know the limitations of your ability to discharge responsibility, execute trust, and fulfill missions. Your assets of trustworthiness are clearly set forth alongside your liabilities of possible default or betrayal."

The Urantia Book, page 316:1