

The Temple Artisan

April-May-June 2012

Behold, I give



unto thee a key.

WORDS OF HARMONY

"Preserve Harmony in your own soul and it will flow out to all others, for it is more powerful than you understand and more far-reaching. Sink all thought of self, all personal ambition, the small jealousies and suspicion which mar the heart's melodies, in love of the work and devotion to the cause. Listen to the great song of love, compassion, tenderness; and losing yourself in that, forget these passing shadows. United, harmonious, your power is limitless; without these you can do nothing. See to it then that your tone in the great instrument be pure and clear, else discord will result. Behind all sin and suffering—shadows these—lie the divine harmonies of reality. These seek and finding, lose not."



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EDITORIAL MIRROR

A month or so has passed since the International May Gathering, and as I look back to assess the impact on the life of The Temple and my own life, I see some of the following points standing out in bright relief.

A tremendous pool of love has been created; love for each other, love for The Temple and its work, and love for the Masters who lead us. This pool will help to quench the thirst of countless numbers of people besides ourselves as it spreads throughout the inner planes of life.

I see countless offerings of quiet service; enthusiastic working together, despite language barriers, to meet the needs of the moment; the careful planning based on the experiences of 2009 paying off in a big way; and joyous acceptance of all offerings of help large and small.

I see The Temple moving into the new age of instant communication through the burgeoning field of cyber space. Although such electronic communication can be abused, I am convinced it is a tool to unite people worldwide. Such a media is a reflection of inner worlds where there is no time or distance, only Unity, in a very real sense.

I see petty quarrels and disagreements, hurt feelings and jealousies, impatience and temper. We are all human after all! But I also see these qualities melt away under the impulse of all concerned to accept each other with love and tolerance for the good of the whole. It is in the friction and resolution of these encounters that we grow spiritually and catch a glimpse of the white light of Unity.

I learned a great deal about my own physical plane boundaries, which seem to be shrinking. But I also learned about my own acceptance of others as they are, and about the expanding insight and understanding of planes of existence other than the physical. I also watched as others had moments of insight and revelation, and knew that this conference was a time of growth in many directions for many people.

These four days in May brought a tremendous impact of high forces that affected everyone in many different ways on many

different levels. These forces travel through the inner planes to all members and friends, present or not, and serve as a unifying tool for each of us to use. This impact can feel negative unless we pay careful attention. Rooted as we are in the physical plane, these high forces serve as a tool, often an uncomfortable tool that turns our attention to other realms, to other realities. We must consciously process this new rate of vibration into a form of energy we can use in our everyday lives. Nothing will be the same as everything is moving at a higher rate.

Reality in its deepest sense is pure consciousness, rapidly growing, changing, evolving and creating. Truly, we must go with the flow.

As we work with this renewal of Lodge Force may we keep in mind the love and direction provided by this significant gathering.

May we walk together in Love, Light, Joy and Peace.

—*Eleanor L. Shumway*
Guardian in Chief



May Gathering lecture inside the Blue Star Memorial Temple. Photo by Eva Ulz

THE MASTER'S MESSAGE TO THE 2012 MAY GATHERING

My Children: I gave you these words many years ago. On this important occasion when you gather together, I give them to you again:

WORDS OF HARMONY

Preserve Harmony in your own soul and it will flow out to all others, for it is more powerful than you understand and more far-reaching. Sink all thought of self, all personal ambition, the small jealousies and suspicion which mar the heart's melodies, in love of the work and devotion to the cause. Listen to the great song of love, compassion, tenderness; and losing yourself in that, forget these passing shadows. United, harmonious, your power is limitless; without these you can do nothing. See to it then that your tone in the great instrument be pure and clear, else discord will result. Behind all sin and suffering—shadows these—lie the divine harmonies of reality. These seek and finding, lose not.

If you had no other words of mine to live by, you would be able to chart a clear course for yourselves through countless lifetimes ahead. All your daily, hourly labor must be directed toward freeing yourselves from the chains of personal desires, personal ambitions, jealousies, suspicions, and all others shadows that cloud the great song of love, compassion and tenderness. This can only be done by one unifying choice at a time, over and over again until that unity is an integral part of your very being. This is not a mental exercise, it is a becoming exercise.

Only as you are capable of apprehending and using the small details of life can you reach for and grasp the true Infinite Potency. It is power over the little things that leads in the end to power over the great. If you are discourteous, unkind and selfish toward the least of the little ones of Christ, you are obstructing the very Christ currents in your own aura and making it impossible for the potency therein to manifest itself.

You must watch your attitude toward the small vexations of daily life. Those trivial things are capable of tearing down

the seemingly safe walls you build about yourselves, leaving your souls naked in the silence that falls upon it after the stress and storm of those battering, disintegrating little worries and cares. These pile up like pathless mountains thickly covered with brambles and briars that sting and tear till the mind grows desperate in contemplation. When you imagine that some act of yours is such a "little thing" that it is of no consequence in the Divine Scheme of Life, you forget that the Divine Scheme is built of the small courtesies, the kindnesses, the smile, the complete acceptance of each other, the recognition of the unity of all created life. The Divine Scheme is torn apart by anything less.

I ask you to listen to the great song of love, compassion, tenderness; and losing yourself in that song, know that your power is limitless. Remember, my children, listening is not just simply hearing, it is drawing that song into every fiber of your being that you may actually become the song. You are choosing that becoming by every thought, word, and deed, every minute of every day.

Demonstrate such Harmony here and now at this Center, then take it back into the world at large and do not just talk about it. Simply BE it, providing a beacon light of love, compassion, and tenderness to everyone you meet.

In tenderness I leave you,

Your Father/Brother, Hilarion

The Temple Mantrams

I believe that in me dwelleth every good and perfect spirit.
Believing this, I will show forth this day, by thought, word, and deed,
all that perfection that dwelleth in me.

I am One with God and all Good. Evil hath no power over me.
Though clouds and darkness seem to be about me,
yet dwell I eternally in the Light.

BLESSED ARE THE PURE IN HEART

It has been said that if mankind were able to live according to the golden Rule and the Sermon on The Mount there would be an instantaneous heaven functioning upon the earth.

As one reads these rules of conduct they almost seem simple enough to practice, but a few efforts at trying to incorporate them into daily life make one realize that only the words are simple. What is outlined is a life of complete dedication to principle, and this seems to be a long way from the activating forces that are shaping the humanity of this day and age.

Psychologists tell us that "The average man falls short of true adulthood to the extent that he is unable to handle the mass of conflicting forces within himself for constructive purposes." According to this standard, the maturity level of much of humanity offers little to boast about.

The philosophy of something for nothing holds great attraction for the mentally arrogant. The adherents to this unrealistic philosophy meet life with clenched fists and closed hearts, thinking to measure individual success by the force of personal will.

Sadly we note the growing number of those who, in the name of freedom, rights, identity, and other misnomers, seek to reap rewards to which they have contributed little or nothing, and thereby solve all their problems. Great indeed must be the disillusionment which follows upon the realization that it just doesn't happen that way.

What can be done about all this? The first thing necessary in almost any change is a thorough cleansing, a clearing out of the old to make way for the new.

Our two authoritative guides, the Bible and Temple Teachings, have much to say about the importance of cleanliness on all planes. The eighth Beatitude of Jesus says, "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God." And Temple Teachings state that "only by a return to the state of Purity can man regain his lost estate."

At this time in our history, purity seems to be a most unimportant virtue, the emphasis being generally on its opposite. The pollution of air, water, food, body, mind and soul have

become so common that they have largely ceased to shock and so have achieved a sort of passive acceptance among many who are too apathetic to fight what they tell themselves is a losing battle. But all battles are losing battles to those who do nothing to win them.

Greed, envy, malice, and selfishness of every conceivable type are a part of the very air we breathe. They constitute an emotional pollution more deadly by far than the contaminants that foul our physical atmosphere. It is imperative that a purifying process take place on several levels of being.

The first service performed for a child after his birth is the thorough cleansing necessary to prepare him for functioning in his new environment. From this time on, physical cleanliness plays an important part in his life and well-being.

Purity has been an ideal of all true teachers throughout the ages, from the ancient philosophers of the East to the Western teachers of the present day. Ignorance, circumstances, superstition, and apathy have made this a slow moving ideal. But gradually through communication and education, this picture is beginning to change. Even a minimal attention to hygiene and as simple a thing as the habitual use of water to cleanse the exterior and interior of the physical body can, for some, change a whole outlook on life, and for these individuals the practice of purity has begun at its most observable level.

The next step in the cleansing process carries one inward to face the mental, emotional, and spiritual aspects that make up the whole person. This is considerably more difficult than cleansing the physical body and environment; it is largely a solitary process and may be pretty disconcerting at times.

“Cleanliness is next to Godliness,” and as the soul reaches for one it tacitly accepts the other. The first requirement is the desire to be cleansed and the first test of the sincerity of that desire will be the measure of courage that can be brought to bear on the initial problem involved, that of self evaluation. It will not be an easy task. Now is the time, to paraphrase a popular slogan, to see it “like it is”; no glamour, no illusions, no rationalizations, just a deeply sincere desire to discover the areas in need of

purification.

The Bible tells us that “All have sinned and fallen short of the glory of God,” and the Temple Teachings tell us that “If any man or woman of average intelligence will faithfully examine his heart and his life, he will find therein old or new tendencies or full-grown evil habits, gross selfishness, or indications of a leaning toward the dark side of life.”

This seems to indicate that while the problem appears to be inclusive and general, the job to be done is very personal and specific. Here the keen edge of honesty will be needed to cut through any fuzziness of thought that might blur the sense of self-responsibility. In the natural recoil from pain, self-justification is almost automatic and is the first of many lower self-ties that must be voluntarily cut. At this point guilt and chagrin may be deeply felt but no personal sorrow or fearful measuring of the task to be faced should be allowed to overwhelm, or even slow up the avowed purpose of cleansing the inner self.

The next step would seem to be the cleaning out of known mistakes and conscious violations of the Higher Law. This should tend to sharpen the perceptions so that a deeper look could bring to light those thoughts and actions that have nibbled away at the integrities so slowly and insidiously that they were not



Patte's Halcyon Garden I. Photo by Marti Fast

even noticed. Now they may be forced upon the consciousness in a devastating flash. At such a time a soul may cringe at this searing knowledge and surely the boundaries of courage will be measured.

However, once a commitment to the cleansing process has been made, passive grief for past failures must be counted as an indulgence. Time is of the essence and none should be wasted in fruitless regret. Not that regret does not serve a useful purpose, but like the surgeon's cauterizing agent, once it has burned out the infected area further usage will cause only harm.

One thinks of children as coming into the world in a state of pristine purity, and indeed there often seems to be quite a period when the incoming ego is wrapped in the protection of heavenly innocence. But untested innocence seems to be the brief possession of the very young; for this, the physical plane is the place of action where learning is the result of experience, where right is realized by coming into conflict with wrong. Throughout the whole of life the measuring stick of contrast is always with us. Strength is contrasted with weakness, selfishness with service, lust with love, fear with faith and so on. Decisions are constantly required, for one is faced with the law of opposites at every turn, and the lessons of life are inherent in one's choices.

As the cleaning up process on the physical level is often a backbreaking job, the inner cleansing process is apt to be a heart-breaking job. Much that has been diligently built up or unwittingly absorbed must be rooted up, torn down, broken open, discarded. Perhaps, in so doing, a frightening sense of emptiness may sweep over the soul. If so, it might be well to remember that an empty vehicle is a receptacle waiting to be filled and that one's self-receptacle has the possibility of becoming either a trash barrel or a Holy Grail; again, as always, the two poles and again the freedom and the responsibility of choice.

To quote the Temple Teachings, "Man has defiled the very substance of the Godhead which is also his own substance, and he must purify and redeem that substance." Those who choose to assume the duty of purification as a first step toward transmuting the unredeemed in themselves must voluntarily submit to the

fires of expiation. W. Q. Judge tells us that "the very minute high aspiration is entertained that very instant the spiritual fire begins to work." So...when you think you ought to do it, then bam! It begins, ready or not!

But we need to remember, as the fires of purification cleanse, they also illumine. In their light a revitalized understanding of such principles as Motive, Humility, Compassion, and Selfless Love is possible. Attendant upon this understanding is the obligation to build it into function.

This will involve stern self-discipline; for those attitudes, thoughts, and emotions that thrive in the unhealthy atmosphere of the lower self must be brought under the control of the Higher Mind. It is to be expected that few will meet with immediate and unwavering success, but an experience of breathing the unpolluted atmosphere of a higher level of consciousness will surely draw us back again and again until it becomes our natural habitat.

Perhaps then mankind will have returned to the state of the "child heart." Perhaps a return to innocence may be brought about, that innocence which has been thoroughly tested by the ups and downs of life, relieved of its ignorance and glorified by self mastery, true humility, and absolute obedience to the Higher Law.

A closing word from the *Mountain Top*:

"I sent thee forth alone, unbound, in the morning of thy life, into the wide, wide world wherein no foot of man had strayed. I sent thee forth with the heart of a child, and a clean white mind wherein was writ no record of sin or shame, or prophesy of pain.

"I gave thee the stars for thy toys, and sky for a place to play; and I bade thee grow 'till thy head o'er-topped the highest arch of Heaven. I only bade thee bring to me at the close of thy Day of time a pure man's heart and a childlike mind in return for my trust in thee."

—*Gertrude Tedford*



Patte's Halcyon Garden II. Photo by Marti Fast

GOLDEN THREADS

The Golden Threads that bind all human hearts,
That pass from land to land, from world to world,
Invisible except to eyes of faith,
Inaudible to all but those whose ears
Are tuned to catch the cosmic harmonies
As indestructible as life itself;
These are the deeds of loving kindness,
Of faith and courage, hope and strong resolve,
That reproduce themselves in loving hearts
And give a glory to our Brother/Sisterhood.

—Agnes Varian 1906

IN MEMORIAM: LINDA ROLLISON

A Eulogy written by her son, Damian, for her memorial on May 7, 2012

In the last days of her life, Linda focused her energy on one theme above everything else: love. She expressed deep affection toward her family and friends and the wish that we would remember her by caring for each other. Her only real worry was that we would be overly concerned about her comfort and welfare. Her last words to us were these: "I'm OK." It's about the simplest statement a person can make, and yet a much larger message was concentrated in those two words. In the 14th century, Julian of Norwich in a time of great illness heard God saying to her: "All shall be well, and all shall be well, and all manner of thing shall be well." In the hymn *Just a Closer Walk with Thee* we hear the words:

*When my feeble life is o'er
Time for me will be no more
Guide me gently, safely o'er
To thy shore, to thy shore.*

Linda's simple words expressed thoughts and feelings just as profound. As we gather to remember her, her message to us still rings out clearly: "I'm OK."

Linda was many things to many people: friend, neighbor, artist, astrologer, priest, sister, mother. Each of us saw in her some of the facets of a rich and complex personality, one that reflected back to us our own interests and viewpoints, our own joys and fears, with clear and undistorted grace and compassion. She was someone who made a sincere effort to understand and empathize with others, which is the highest form of generosity. Her friendship was not superficial. It was deep and strong. Many of us know what it was like to have an intimate conversation with Linda and feel truly listened to, truly heard, and truly cared for. Other people's ideas were endlessly interesting to her. The thoughts we wanted to share were worth her time and attention. In return, she made you feel included in, and uplifted by, her open-hearted view of the world. Not surprisingly, she had a great many friendships. Even those who did not know her well were affected by her, and many

have shared fond memories since her passing. So it is not only in her last days that her theme was love. In many ways it was the theme of her life.

The broadness of her sympathy was remarkable. Her friends came from every walk of life. She looked at those whom society casts off not only as equals, but as teachers. She was always willing to accept the possibility of being wrong, always willing to be changed by a new experience or a new conversation. Yet this is not to say she had no convictions. Her beliefs were firm but not restrictive. She believed all people have the desire to be good and that no one is irredeemable. She favored the underdog but in the broader spirit of equality for all. She believed in God and in the teachings of the Temple with a full and serene heart, but was openly welcoming toward skeptics and people of all faiths. She believed very strongly that the truth is greater than any particular human being's conception of it, including her own.

Linda lived a simple life. Despite her many talents she was not ambitious in a material sense. In fact she once said she considered it wrong to use one's talent to earn money—a personal belief, not something by which she judged others, and yet a belief that challenges us to consider our own priorities and motivations. She believed that the gifts we are given in life create an obligation of service to humanity and to God. It was not in her nature to be distracted by the allure of success or worldly recognition. What she cared about most was the pure expression through oneself of something greater than oneself. This was her only real motivation when she turned to painting, writing, music, sewing, and her other creative pursuits. She was philosophical about these activities in other ways as well. She used to say that to paint and draw from nature, you must learn to really look at the world around you. You find, for instance, that there are no real boundary lines in nature, only shadings and shadows linking one form to another. And when you look carefully at a shadow, you discover that shadows aren't black. Every shadow has its own particular combination of colors and textures. Even now as we look back on her life in the shadow of our grief, we can hear her telling us to look carefully and consider its color and richness.

Linda was born Linda Adele Dahl in Wenatchee, Washington, on January 11, 1945, the first child of Henry Dahl from Minnesota and Eudora Evans Dahl, whose family came from Nebraska. The name Linda is, of course, Spanish for "lovely." Her father's family, the Ovredahls, changed their surname to Dahl when they arrived in the United States from Norway eighty years earlier in 1865. Just as 1865 was the last year of the Civil War, so Linda's birth year was the final year of World War II. Her father was off in the Pacific theater serving as an Army finance officer when Linda was born, but soon returned after VJ Day in August to be reunited with the family. They settled in Everett, Washington, near Seattle, and Henry took a job with Seafirst Bank where he worked until his retirement. Four children were born to Henry and Eudora: Linda; Eric, who died tragically in an automobile accident at age 21; and Suzie and Tim, who both still live in the Everett area.

As a child, Linda was smart and studious and did very well in school, as well as keeping up an active social life and forming friendships she was to maintain throughout her life. She was athletic and enjoyed outdoor activities such as skiing and horseback riding. Her lifelong love of horses was kindled during hours spent on her Uncle Hoppy's horse ranch in Leavenworth, Washington. When she graduated from Everett High School with honors in 1963, her mother's sister Mimi, Hoppy's wife, took Linda on a tour of Europe aboard the *Queen Mary*, a trip that sparked another of her abiding passions, the love of travel.

Linda convinced her parents to let her move to California to attend Mills College in Oakland. This was a life changing experience for her. She moved from the sheltered, conservative environment of suburban Washington to the wild and woolly San Francisco Bay Area during the early days of what was to become the hippie era. At the start of her second year at Mills in 1964, the Free Speech Movement began on the Berkeley campus, just a bus ride away. Linda spent lots of time in Berkeley, drawn to its cosmopolitan atmosphere and radical politics. But she kept up with her studies and was a straight A student at Mills, graduating in 1967 with a degree in English.

After graduation, Linda traveled again to Europe and then began graduate studies in comparative literature at San Francisco

State University. She had always been a gifted student of languages and was especially drawn to French language and literature. Though she did not complete her graduate degree, Linda's excellent education and deep knowledge of history, literature, and languages served her well throughout her life. She was an avid lifelong student and a great reader, later instilling the love of books in her children by reading aloud to them her own childhood favorites, the Oz books and the Narnia books in particular.

While in graduate school she met David Rollison, a fellow hippie, who would become an English teacher. They shared many interests and soon became a couple. When David graduated from San Francisco State, he took a job at Hancock College in Santa Maria, and Linda followed him there. They discovered Halcyon and the Temple when looking for a place to get married. Their friend Anet Gillespie (now Anet Carlin), also a teacher at Hancock, lived in town where Dan and Sara live now.

She told them, "You have to come and visit this place. The people here think it's the center of the universe." The community and its teachings appealed to their idealistic natures. Linda and David were married in the Temple by Harold Forgostein and went to live in Halcyon. Son Damian was born in 1970 and daughter Kaetlin in 1974. During this time Linda and David first lived in



Patte's Halcyon Garden III. Photo by Marti Fast

the Harrison house, which became hers again in 1986, and then moved to what is now George and Zelma's house. Linda made a third trip to Europe with friend Dona Boatright, who lived in what is now Zina's house, in 1974.

Linda's strong connection to the Temple and the town of Halcyon was forged in these years, years when some of the people in this room first knew her. It is probably no accident that this bond was formed during her first years as a mother, since motherhood and spirituality were deeply intertwined in her consciousness. Some people are born in their true homes, and some people must discover them. Though she followed David back to the Bay Area in 1975 so he could pursue another teaching job, her heart remained in Halcyon.

The next eleven years comprised a kind of restless journey, often stormy and marked by many moves and changes. Linda and David grew apart and their marriage ended in 1977. Linda settled briefly in Berkeley and met a Rastafarian man named Rojelio Johnson, a brief relationship but one that resulted in the birth of son Alexander in 1978. That same year she moved with the children to Marin County where she was to live for the next eight years, first in Novato, then San Rafael, then San Anselmo. During this time she married Stephen Smith from Marin City and gave birth to two boys, Leon in 1980 and JamiI, her youngest child, in 1983. She used to joke that after Jamil was born she knew she'd had too many kids.

Her marriage to Stephen lasted until 1986. It was a tumultuous marriage and Linda took on the responsibility of raising her five children largely by herself. She was born to play the role despite her joking, and running a household as a formidable single parent became the defining activity of her life. Still she found time to create several large oil paintings including a memorable one of the pier at Pismo Beach, and to make several more lifelong friendships.

In 1986, despite protests from her kids, Linda moved the family back to Halcyon. The children grew to admire the decision. The restless journey of the last decade came to an end as the family settled in the house they were to occupy from that time on. Linda kept horses for most of her 26 years in that house, fulfilling a lifelong dream. She also cared for multiple dogs, cats, birds—

and even stray children. More than one of her own children had friends who lived for a time in the household, and all friends felt it was a safe and welcoming place. Linda made many, many fast and enduring friendships among Halcyon residents and others. She served with quiet pride as the Temple bookkeeper, keeping dutiful record of payroll, rents, and other financial matters. She became a Temple priest and conducted healing meditations. She mounted art shows in the University Center with her good friend Barbara. She spent her leisure time riding horses, drawing, painting, sewing, knitting, reading, writing—always busy with some productive activity. She worked in the Halcyon Store and served as leader of the Temple Builders. She made several trips abroad, including two visits to Russia and one to England and Ireland, each time accompanied by one or more of her children. As her children grew, some went away to school or to explore the world but found for the most part that they wanted to live close to their mother and close to Halcyon. Linda created a family bond that survives her and is a tribute to her unselfish love; a bond, indeed, that extends beyond her blood relatives to include all who knew her and cared for her.

In January 2010, Linda revealed to her family that she had been diagnosed with breast cancer. Throughout the next two years, as she endured chemotherapy, radiation treatment, multiple surgeries, paralysis of her legs, stays in hospitals and care facilities, and an endless string of doctor visits, treatments, and diagnostic tests, Linda was a pillar of strength and a blessing to all who had the honor of caring for her. Her life had prepared her to meet this time of difficulty with a grace we will all remember. Linda saw the approach of death as a time to purify her actions and thoughts. She wanted to leave behind no resentments or grudges. She did not cling to life, but accepted its passing as a natural transition and focused her energy on radiating love and light toward those around her.

Linda was, and remains, a cornerstone of the Halcyon community and a dearly beloved friend. She leaves us with a legacy of generosity, tolerance, kindness, openheartedness, and love. An angel in life, she now joins the ranks of the angels.

—*Damian Rollison*

FAMILY LETTER

Here at the Center we are so blessed to have “natural air-conditioning.” In the evening the fog comes in like a gentle blanket of moist air, caressing the skin and keeping the temperatures mild. In the morning it burns off before noon and we have the blessing of the warm and mild sun. California’s tawny hills studded with dark green live oak trees surround us. Listening to the extreme weather reports from other parts of the world makes the point of how blessed we are here.

As we look around our village, it is with amazement we see our small Emmerson walking around like she invented the process of walking! It seems like yesterday she was just trying to roll over and get acquainted with this brand new world. Three months ago she lost her place as the youngest member when Sasha joined us. How nurturing it is to see our babies grow up. The last large crop of babies is now turning six years old and entering first grade. Prior to those youngsters are the several now entering high school or about to graduate. Others are in college or again, about to graduate. Still others are busy having careers of their own, babies of their own, lives of their own. Some are working for others, some are running their own businesses, one is serving in the Army, and all are surrounded by our love and pride in their accomplishments.

The comings and goings in the village have been brisk as usual. Individually we have visited Hawaii, Colorado, Arizona, Washington, Idaho, Wyoming, China, Mexico, and points east in the USA. We have delighted in visitors from St. Petersburg and Moscow in Russia; London, England; Montreal and Toronto, Canada; Puerto Rico; Riga, Latvia; and all points north, south, east, and west in this country. Time, distance, and language do not seem to interfere. We are truly one at heart.

Svetlana, Alexi, and their boys have purchased a home on the nearby Nipomo Mesa only minutes away. They moved out of the historic Open Gate here in the village. That has given us a chance to repurpose that home. Fredda will live there, serving as hostess for guests wishing to visit here at the Center. There

are three guest bedrooms with a total of five or six beds.

The small cottage we call "The Guest House" is now a private residence. The apartment next to the library is still in use. It will sleep three.

Anyone wishing to book accommodations for a visit to the Center must email (ginc@templeofthepeople.org) or telephone 805/489-2822 well in advance. All accommodations for Convention 2012 are already reserved. We look forward to seeing you here.

A Prayer

Father=Mother=Son,

From our inmost hearts we plead

For power to love unselfishly;

For wisdom to perceive aright;

For perception of righteous course;

For determination of purpose;

For power of action according to Thy Will.

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TEMPLE ACTIVITIES AND NOTICES

Temple Groups: There are Temple groups in New York City; London, England; and in Moscow and St. Petersburg, Russia; as well as several locations in Germany. Anyone wishing more information about these groups can call the Temple office in Halcyon.

The William Quan Judge Library serves Temple members, residents of Halcyon, and friends with an interest in Theosophy or who are doing research involving some of our special collections. Our library is staffed by volunteers. Hours are Tuesdays, 9:30-11:30am Other hours are by appointment through the Temple office.

The University Center Gallery is exhibiting *The Life and Legends of Hiawatha*, a series of 25 oil paintings by former Guardian in Chief Harold Forgostein. Call the Temple office at 805/489.2822 for more information.

The Temple Healing Service is held at 12:00 noon each day in the Temple. All are welcome to attend.

Sunday Services are held at 10:30am in the Temple. The Feast of Fulfillment (the Communion Service of the Temple) is celebrated on the first Sunday of each month. "Enter the Silence," a prayer and meditation meeting, is held on the last Sunday of each month. Speakers present programs on other Sundays. The public is cordially invited to all services.

Study Classes under the auspices of Temple Officers and various Temple Orders are held regularly at 5:30pm in the University Center on Tuesdays and Fridays. Everyone is welcome to attend.

Speakers in the Sunday Services were:

April 15, Eleanor L. Shumway: *The Power of Words*; April 22, Debra Rowlands reading *Forgiveness* by Linda Rollison; May 13, Eleanor L. Shumway: *Mother's Day*; May 20, Istvan Balogh: *Preserve Harmony in Your Own Soul*; June 10, Eleanor L. Shumway: *We Are Trusted*; June 17, Will Dunbar, reading *About Death* by Harold Forgostein.

The Temple of the People

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