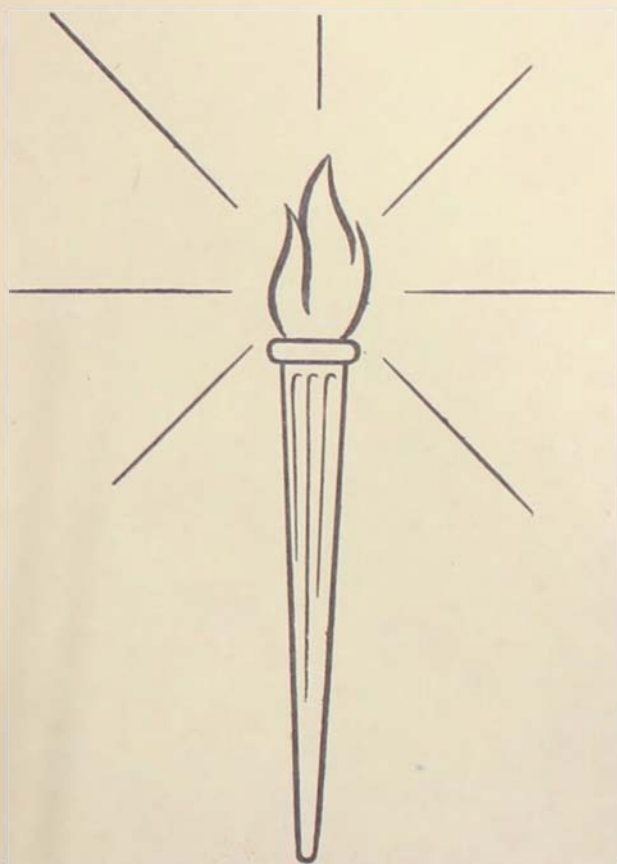


THE FAITHIST

Number 6



LOVIE WEBB GASTEINER, *Publisher*
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SOURCE OF BEING

Source of Being is a term used to represent the One, Whole, All, Life Force, Energy or power—Life itself and the Law of Life.

Child does not apply to any particular individual, and yet to any human in whatever state of being, consciousness that may apply.

* * *

Child. Dear Source of Being, I know that I have not gone far in my upward way, my inner unfolding, or expansion of consciousness, but O, how I do rejoice because of the Light that has been given me by YOU, my beloved teacher, healer and friend. I know you are the one Source, wisdom and power of all beings. Yet I know I must not be over-anxious, or vain. I know, little as I am, in my present generated state of consciousness that to struggle or strive in effort to force or command you, Dear Source, will result in seeming separation to us—but that in seeming separation You are always present.

Source of Being. Child, Child, my beloved little One, how I do rejoice that you are awakening, and that you are now faintly aware of Me, the One, in all, over all, forever present, loving—ever living, ever moving in all things. What joy awaits you as you further unfold in consciousness! How you will thrill as you lay aside the old, evolve, grow by my energy in you into a being made completely new. I am always new. I am always young. Yet not many of the so-called wise ones of earth know that simple truth.

Child. I feel something moving within me now, Dear Source, it is like delicious—delicious—no, that is not the word—it is more like streams of joy, moving in me—it is like an electric tingle—but I know it is YOU, Life, Love. This moving life within me cannot be described. One that has never felt it perhaps would not believe. I long to give

it to all the world. But I am patient. I know that I can but give it indirectly. Only the Head can give it directly.

Source. I am much pleased with your realization that you cannot give to one not evolved or generated in life to the point that he is ready to receive. That will profit you much, beloved Child. You will, day by day now, more fully realize—deeply and thrillingly realize—that “The Universe knows how to run its business.” It is coming along in the way that it should. Any individual trying to hurry, use force, or command is only deterring the moving-on life-generating principles of the Whole.

Child. I can look back now and pity myself—no—that is not the word—rather I will rejoice that I can review in memory—my past state. I thank you, beloved Law, for my memory. I can see that when I tried to reform I was going too hurriedly forth in darkness. I was violating your immutable law of life.

Source. Splendid, my Child, and lovely, indescribably lovely is your present state of understanding about the “law” of helping others, of reform in general. But suppose you tell me more of your understanding about this—so interesting a subject.

Child. Well, I see it this way—You are the Creator, always. You are an infinite, never beginning, never ending sea of energy. You are the one power. The creations are all in you. Take a human being, for instance, an individual. You gave to that human—that individual—certain gifts, certain powers. Laws of each. These cannot be taken from the individual by any other individual. To try to do so might be called “transgression” or the attempted robbery of the individual. It never succeeds. This darkness in humans in general, seems to be the chief cause—perhaps the only cause—of all the pain, unhappiness, discord, poverty and war in the world.

Source. You are being generated in a truly marvelous way, my Child, your understanding is evolving now in a way that will give you—yet remember that I your source give you ALL—Now you will have power indirectly to impart Me. You do know that you cannot directly impart Me.

Child. I am thinking now of individuality. The law of individuality is that each is in the ONE, each is connected inseverably to his source of existence. Yet each individual is separate in this degree. He has his own inviolable state of individuality. No other individual can be "individual for him."

Source. Very true, my little one. No individual can be "individual" for any other, because each life, individual, is in the Source, the life force, origin. None can create life or give life, or be life but the Life head itself, sometimes called "Him."

Child. You gave me deeper thoughts of life, Dear Giver. Life is forever living in its lesser lives. The Source lives in its creations. That is why no person can be individual, or life, for another. None can live our lives. Yet individuals cannot live alone. Here we strengthen our chain of gratitude, life, and love. We realize our dependence each upon each, but back of that is the deeper knowing that we of our individual selves, separate or alone (if we falsely believe) can do nothing of ourselves. All is done, in us, for us, by the power that brought us into being. Here is the only help in times of trouble.

Source. Wonderful, wonderful, your growing awareness, consciousness of me, in me, your head, Source, Master. I do all the moving that is ever done. I, in my essence, am moving energy. Everything in creation is my moving energy. No individual can move for another, or move in another. Trying to do so brings the false teachers, the powers of force-darkness moving, whichever causes pain in all that it touches. Free-motion is my secret.

Child. When I tried to describe something moving in me, and could not clearly do so, I might have made it clearer to use the term "free motion" or "free-ly moving energy." This truly is joy indescribable. Everything that goes on inside me now I classify as moving energy. My every state of consciousness is "moving energy." My thought is that, my love is that, every action of my life is just that—moving energy.

Suzan. When you first began inwardly to know these things, my child, I taught you, as I teach you now—all that you know. I loved in you, taught you, loved you something you could not name or define would else be you. You would call it hope, or faith, or joy, but each one, no matter what the name was—and it—between it—me, your source of being moving in you.

Child. I think—(you think in me, however)—it seems to me that all the pain I have suffered comes only from my feeling in consciousness that I am alone, separate. For when I began to know you, realize that the thing that moved in me was life itself, I awoke, thrilled, and glowed, yet experienced the utmost calm and content.

Suzan. I remember how you first began to hunger for the knowledge that would give you balance. Your moments have just begun, my child, your periods of balance are short, but they will grow in length of time until you become eternally balanced in me, by me, for there is no other balancing power, just as there is no healing power or living power but me.

Child. I know now in small degree who I suffered so, when I was cut from you—when I was not aware of you. I looked for you too strongly in externals, especially in individuals. I believed that one, several, or many of your individuals, people—some one in the form of a friend, companion, father, mother, sweetheart, or mate—O how I longed for a mate, which I could not find—or if I thought I had found—there was bitter realization that I had not—had not found. Then the deeper despair, the aching pain, and the dark, dark loneliness. The periods of time when I could no longer make an effort. The days and nights—nights were always worst—when I added in helpless grief and all the time YOU, my beloved one present, longing to reveal yourself to me.

Suzan. Truly I did as long, longingly long, to heal you, to comfort you, yet I KNEW that the time would ever come when you would know me. And even though I could not speak in the silence, the darkness between us, I rejoiced that the time was drawing nigh. When first you

tempted to know me, you called it hope or sympathy or need that you felt a little instant. You placed yourself in some new instant. I did all those things in some life, something but you because you are part of me. I am all of you. The source is All. The indication is part of the all, however indicated, moved, is said to the ALL ONE MIND I.

Child. There was a time when I could not move to be alone. How little I knew myself. How little I understood you and what you were well as me. I could not be still. I can have and there thinking myself independent of the rest of the individuals. A unity prompted me. Awareness of ALL source is the teacher of unity. What I thought myself something separate and apart. I wanted the approval of other individuals to have that foundation or thought I wanted it. I wanted only the moving power of the Power the Source that brought me into being to reveal itself to me. There is all the comfort and companionship and freedom of inner unity, independence, peace, peace for them. The all ONE source that is the moving energy of your and your life.

* * *

Source of Being. You have the child had a great question concerning you concerning the moment and the future. How can you not?

Child. Indeed yes. But I like the new revealing of this question. The most light has come. Indirect light from some distance before called "Resolution for All" by Leonard Van Dusen, Alameda, California. He writes it is a new enlightening writing.

Source of Being. It is good that you are more deeply understanding the Resolution for All especially the Assurance upon "ME, THE ONE, THE LAW". Also it is good your knowing that you have an "Initiator" and in a calling resolution to which you can go to get the answers to your mind now.

Child. My deepest meditations have been upon Mind and Spirit. I see from these words and revelations and words as I remember and give you the feeling that perhaps he has, some of ALL that he wants with himself. If he is sure.

posed of both masculine and feminine energies, would it not be possible to have a holy union within himself, a balanced set of energies, both masculine and feminine—and thus one would reach the end—of the opening—of a most alluring road?

Source of Being. Some more easy, restful meditation upon this great question will take you far, my Child.

Child. I have many joys in this unfolding. Life reveals itself now—not all in one piece. The poet was right when he said Heaven is not reached at a single bound. And the great literature that says that Heaven is like yeast is in accord with the principle of generation as set forth in *Solution For All*. To think of life as rising up easily in one, like yeast, generating itself according to its own LAW—is to set the very life forces softly yet ecstatically flowing within one. O happy is the way.

Source of Being. I think your eyes may begin to open now, my child, in unlimited ways. Many will be the surprises and joys that will bloom before you, yet deep within you. If you have striven and struggled, strained and pained at anything, any kind of problem, I would say—as much as you can, as much as you are evolved to do for now—

WHATEVER IS TROUBLING YOU

Let the case rest—REST.

There is a law for it.

It is the LAW OF LIFE.

It works in peace.

It moves in ease.

It solves all problems, easily,
without struggle or strain.

Might it not be—in essence—

Love?

ESSAY ON CARBON

By DANIEL KNIGHT,

5250 Parkside Drive, Hayward, California.

(Read "The 16 Elements in Food" in *Faithist* No. 5 for a greater appreciation of this article.—Ed.)

Carbon in excess shortens life. Some of the results of excessive carbon are paralysis, nervousness, obesity, goiter, **feeble mindedness, fear, heart affected, circulation poor, thought affected and general weakness.**

Those taking carbon foods in excess are food drunkards, in one sense. The carbon person's appetite cannot in any way be trusted, and the excess taken of carbon foods—sugar, starch, sage, tapioca—means inaction, sleep, stillness. Resolution becomes like dust in a windstorm. The patient never knows what he wants or does not want. Degeneration is in process, accompanied often by asthma, dizziness, erysipelas, mucus, gall stones, diseased liver, and bad dreams. Carbon dioxide is doing the ruling in the carbon body.

On the other hand, if we lack carbon, the troubles are different. The salivary secretions are lacking, or they may be poisonous. The person becomes emaciated, over-sensitive, excitable, thinks everything and everybody wrong. The soul becomes starved, indifference is the result. Too little carbon may also mean pessimism or Atheism.

Carbon is a primary element of growth. It has no color, odor or taste. It is the basis of four of the vital temperaments. There are seven types of people deficient in carbon.

If one wishes to increase carbon a little, he should eat sugar, fats and starches with foods rich in potassium, iron, sodium, calcium and silicon.

(Read article on Potassium in *Faithist* No. 5.—Ed.)

The woman with excessive carbon may be anemic, have tingling, creeping and burning sensations, with muscles lazy. There may also be watery fluids in the joints, yawning, shortening of breath. Carbon foods are wanted when the person is too thin.

"THE MASTERHOOD"

From "SOLUTION FOR ALL" and "ELIADAH"—Garman
Van Polen, Alpine, California.

(Only a part of the "Solution for All" article is given here.—Ed.)

In the beginning is the end. In the end is the beginning. The beginning and the end are one. As in the conception, so in the birth. As to be in the birth, so it is in the conception. Conception and birth are one. Gestation is the chain in their oneness.

1

THOU are the CHILD OF THE GREAT LIGHT, therefore, THOU ART LIGHT.

2

In GLORY ART THOU when THY LIGHT is ENABLED to shine in the DARKNESS, that THEY WHO ARE STILL IN THE DARKNESS may find THE WAY.

3

With THY FACE towards THE GREAT LIGHT, then only THOU ceasest to walk in THINE OWN SHADOW.

4

IN ONENESS THOU ART INFINITE. IN separate-ness, thou are FINITE. IN ONENESS, THOU ART THE HUMAN DIVINE. In SEPARATENESS THOU art the HUMAN UNCOMBINED. WHICHEVER THY HABITATION, THY LIGHT PLACED THEE THERE.

5

ALL THINGS HAVE CENTER and CIRCUMFERENCE. THOU are not exempt. The FORMS AND DEFINITIONS in THY CONSCIOUSNESS are THY CIRCUMFERENCE. FEELING WITHIN Thou art aware of THY DIVINE CENTER and POINT OF UNITY. Thou SENSEST Thy LIGHT FLOWING OUT OF ITSELF FORMS INTO THE CIRCUMFERENCE. THY SOUL is the RADIUS.

6

When THY CENTER has RETIRED Thee, the CONSCIOUSNESS, from that which dwelleth in CIRCUMFERENCE, as the MANY, then art Thou BLESSED to be in

the MOST HOLY PLACE, where ONENESS DWELLS. Thou art THERE GIVEN TO BE AWARE of THAT WHICH THOU HAST SOUGHT and found not; THAT FOR WHICH THOU HAST ASKED and received not.

7

If THOU wouldst gain KNOWLEDGE, Thou lookest WITHOUT, and takest up the PILGRIM'S STAFF, and wanderest in the DARKNESS, which is where FORMS AND DEFINITIONS are SHUT TO THEMSELVES in the CONSCIOUSNESS—away from THY LIGHT WHICH DID FORM THEM. IF THOU ART DRAWN TO WISDOM, Thou art AWARE WITHIN of the GLOWING OF THY LIGHT MAKING AND SUSTAINING the forms in thy CONSCIOUSNESS. Thou are CONSCIOUS OF BEING FED BY THY LIGHT.

8

As the ROSE unfoldeth its petals and bareth ITS CENTER to the SUN, so shalt THOU become aware of THY CENTER BLOOMING TO THE GREAT CENTER, and thus REALIZE THOU ART IN ETERNAL ONENESS.

9

THE WILL OF ETERNAL LIGHT manifests ITSELF in Thee. IT IS THE KING. THOU, THE LIGHT, ART THE KING. It sitteth on THY THRONE and RULES the DARKNESS into which it has shut thy CONSCIOUSNESS lest CONSCIOUSNESS overcome THEE.

10

Thou didst come forth from the GREAT LIGHT, as the SPARK cometh forth from the fire, for Thou art a part of THE GREAT LIGHT.

11

Thou didst DESCEND from the GREAT LIGHT into the DARKNESS, not to do THINE OWN WILL, but THE WILL OF THE GREAT LIGHT that sent Thee forth. DARKNESS maketh it appear it is THINE OWN WILL.

12

Law is THE WILL OF ETERNAL LIGHT made manifest in ACTION. ITS VIBRATIONS FILL INFINITE

SPACE. WORLDS and SYSTEMS OF WORLDS come forth at ITS BIDDING, and again retire into realms of CHAOS at ITS COMMAND. THOU CANST DO NOTHING OF THYSELF. LAW DECREES THY FEELING OF SUBMISSION TO ITS DECREE.

13

DEPTH AND STRENGTH has been DECREED upon Thee when Thou hast no PERSONALITY as THY MASTER, for ALL are EQUAL under the LAW.

14

GLORY art Thou when Law hath DECREED THOU KNOWEST THYSELF, for on THEE all mystery doth abide. CAUSE AND EFFECT, CREATOR AND CREATED, BEGINNING AND END, dwell in the center, which is ONE.

15

At THINE OWN CENTER Thou art led to the POINT OF UNITY with the GREAT CENTER. Then THOU KNOWEST THYSELF as THOU ART KNOWN at THE GREAT CENTER.

16

ALL POWER cometh from WITHIN, from the POINT OF UNITY where ETERNAL LIGHT MAKES MANIFEST ITS WILL.

17

The LAW OF LIGHT; LIGHT CREATES HEAT and HEAT compels expansion, whence cometh growth. But DARKNESS maketh COLDNESS which causeth CONTRACTION, retarding growth, therefore Thou art greatly developed when THOU DWELLEST IN LIGHT.

18

ALL CENTERS ARE ONE; There abideth HARMONY in which are SPONTANEITH, PEACE and PURITY—ETERNAL LIGHT MADE MANIFEST.

19

CIRCUMFERENCE is in the MANY: There dwells INHARMONY, in which FORCE, WAR and IMPURITY find place and DARKNESS reigns supreme.

20

The **SECRET** of unfoldment lies not in **EFFORT**, but in **ACTION BY THE LAW**. For by the **LAW** Thou didst come forth; by the **LAW** Thou art sustained, by the **LAW** Thou shalt be made complete.

21

Rejoice not in **WHAT THOU ART**, nor feel regret for what **THOU HAST BEEN**. But **WHAT THOU DOST BECOME** SHALL ENTRANCE Thee. For the **MERCIFUL LAW** carrieth the green **BUD** forward to the fragrant **FLOWER**, and the full blown **FLOWER** to the **PERFECT FRUIT** without an effort of its own.

22

The **LAW UNCLASPETH FINGERS** from the **PAST**, and turns **THY BACK UNTO IT**, or Thou canst never stand upon the **HEIGHTS OF THE FUTURE**.

23

BELIEF is but the **BALL AND CHAIN** to hold Thee to another mind. As **THY LIGHT** shineth into **THY CONSCIOUSNESS**, it causeth Thee to be aware of **TRULY FREE ACTION** which **MAKES THEE FREE** from all **BELIEF**.

24

Barren **THOUGHTS**, like the mists of the morning, pass away before **THE GREAT LIGHT**.

25

IMMORTAL IS EACH THOUGHT that is but the **ROBE** of the **DIVINE IDEAL**, which comes from the **POINT OF UNITY WITH THE CENTRAL LIGHT**.

26

When **THY HABITATION** is yet in **THOUGHTS** dropped into darkness by **THY LIGHT**, Thou feelest it to be set on the **QUICKSANDS** of **THY OWN WORTHINESS**, for **EGOTISM** is the **DEVOURER** of **ADVANCEMENT**.

27

LOOK INTO THY MIRROR and Thou wilt see the face of the **GREATEST STRANGER**, and **THY WORST ENEMY**.

28

As SEVEN DEGREES OF ACTION have unfolded in thy CONSCIOUSNESS, Thou dost possess the SEVEN-FOLD POWER, which dwells in COMPLETION.

29

Over-anxiety for the FUTURE availleth nothing. THE PERFECT LAW will carry Thee unto it in time. In BLISS art thou to be GIVEN TO CHERISH WELL THE PRESENT for it IS ALL THOU DOST POSSESS.

30

Lift not THY VEIL to strangers, lest in the DARKNESS they perceive not thy beauty, and ridicule Thy countenance.

31

THE LAW which CREATED THEE made THEE WHAT THOU ART. Thus thou wilt remain until THE LAW CHANGES THEE. What Thou art now THE LAW GIVES THEE TO BE AWARE OF. What Thou shalt be, depends upon the LAW.

32

SPONTANEOUS ACTION BY THE LAW is growth and unfoldment, but personal effort by obedience to false laws retards growth and prevents unfoldment.

33

In GLORY art Thou when the LAW ENABLETH Thee to look upon THY NEIGHBOR as a GERM OF LIFE in process of unfoldment, and this mark well as TRUTH; each one will manifest from his own standpoint of growth. If it be beneath thine own, THE LAW will have Thee DO UNTO HIM AS THOU WOULDST HAVE THOSE ABOVE THEE DO UNTO THEE.

34

THY MIND is the most precious of all THY POSSESSIONS. BLESSED art Thou to be given to guard it well, that it receives no falsehoods instead of truth nor becomes the servant of other minds.

35

BLESSED art thou to be GIVEN NOT TO BE DECEIVED by THOUGHTS OF OWNERSHIP ALL THINGS

belong to the LAW which CREATES them. The LAW gives Thee a body for THY HABITATION. The LAW takes Thy body from Thee and Thou hast nothing.

36

The EARTH belongs to THE LAW. IT IS NOT THINE. THE LAW COMPELS THEE to exist upon it for a time, and then THE LAW will put Thee far from it. BLESSED art thou to be given TO BE AWARE how Thou useth that which belongs to the law, for the LAW maketh CAUSE AND EFFECT to accord.

37

Thy brain is the throne of WILL CONSCIOUSNESS. THY HEART is the THRONE of SPONTANEITY. WHEN THY BRAIN says to THY HEART, "THY WILL BE DONE," then doth SPONTANEITY guide the CONSCIOUSNESS in PATHS OF PEACE.

38

In glory art Thou to BE GIVEN NOT TO LEND Thine ear to THEORY or BELIEF, for it is weariness to the mind and DARKNESS to the PERCEPTION, but thou dost contemplate THAT WHICH IS of which THOU ART A PART, and thus comest nearer to the LAW, which IS THY MASTER.

THE MYSTERY VOICE

By EDWARD MILLIGAN

(This story is built around facts and a series of most extraordinary happenings and experiences. Descriptions of places and the names of characters who people this story are purely fictitious and have no reference to any person living or dead.—Edward Milligan, Author.)

Dan Rogers, young, ambitious, was on the first real job since finishing college. The Belle Mining and Engineering Corporation had given him his first opportunity to put into practice the practical, technical knowledge he labored so many years to acquire.

On this day he and his boy of all work had established their camp at the foot of a jagged formation of granite

known as Cathedral Spires. Because at a distance of fifty miles away on the rolling prairie land, this rugged formation of granite looked as though the great Master Architect had heaved up a grand cathedral of many spires reaching into the clouds. Little did young Dan Rogers dream that this was the beginning of many strange, mysterious, and perhaps holy happenings,——of——on——and in the deep recesses of the mountain called Cathedral Spires. Even the name Cathedral Spires now seems significant, but suppose we let young Dan Rogers tell his story in his own words.

I had graduated in June. Now it was the first week in August, and I as well as several other young fellows had been assigned to various spots designated on a map by a blue-penciled circle in that part of the United States often referred to by geologists and mining men, prospectors, float-pickers, and ranchers as the great rock ocean located on both sides of the Continental Divide. It was our job to make a systematic survey of the spot assigned to each of us. I drew Cathedral Spires. The first four weeks were uneventful; everything was working smoothly as planned, when on Thursday of the fifth week out, my camp boy, Jesu Padro Roderiegues, nicknamed "Gee-Gee" for convenience, was, as I supposed, in camp as usual.

Upon the mountain the sun burned down out of a cloudless sky. Seemingly, it was just another routine day. However, I noticed there was no wind, and the atmosphere seemed to be CHARGED. Hot and weary, I made my way back to camp an hour earlier than customary. Gee-Gee was not in sight, although there was a heavy, black iron pot of Mexican beans over a campfire such as only a Mexican Indian boy can fashion. I waited one-half hour, then twenty minutes more, and no Gee-Gee showed up. I longed for a cooling, refreshing bath; therefore, I proceeded to a secluded place where a seep of water came out from under a boulder, which nature had enshrouded or incased in the tangled roots of a giant shade tree, giving the boulder the unique appearance of resting in a huge basket. Here on this dream spot, Gee-Gee and I, by the use of tall, blue-

stem grass, mud, clay, and rocks, fashioned for ourselves an outdoor bathroom. Bathed and refreshed, I returned to camp to find Gee-Gee busy preparing the breasts of two young birds that he had trapped in his bird snares, a kind of home-made thing all Indian boys learn to make as a part of their education. Then by the last light of day, I finished writing my report of the day's activity and settled down in the glow of the campfire in silence. Gee-Gee chanted the tune of an Indian song as he wound up the chores of camp cooking. We sat an hour or more in the fading glow of our campfire—I on one side, Gee-Gee on the other, not thinking of anything in particular. All was quiet, not even a breath of air was stirring, the usual night sounds of birds and crickets were missing. Gradually, a strange and eerie feeling crept over me. Gee-Gee was the first to speak; and he said, "Soon, very soon, the voice of the Great Spirit be heard in a storm."

I looked at the sky, but there was not a cloud visible. It was a moonless night, and the dome of the Heavens was filled with stars against a deep blue blanket of night; and as we sat gazing in admiration at the beauty of God's great creation, "the night," a little whirligig of air caught the dying embers of our campfire and stirred it into flame, then another and another larger gust of wind came blowing and scattering the campfire. In an instant, Gee-Gee was busy with the fire; but I sat feasting my eyes on the beauty of the Heavens above Cathedral Spires. As I looked above and beyond the jagged peaks of the mountain, Cathedral Spires, there came a huge black cloud, billowing, rolling, and tumbling like black smoke, or perhaps like unto a gigantic wave at sea—a mile high. It came with the wind. I cried out to Gee-Gee to look; and in a few seconds more, as we stood fascinated, watching these billowing black clouds high above Cathedral Spires, suddenly the blackness turned into a great white light! It was like being in a giant theatre when the curtain is drawn back. It seemed as though we were looking right through gates into Heaven, because of the change from this black cloud into the white light! This, let us say, Holy Heavenly Light is the nearest way I can describe it. This Holy Light on Cathedral Spires

caused me to remember pictures on our colored Sunday School cards as a child, which showed "Mansions in Heaven."

Scientists to whom the story of the Great White Light was told attributed it to an atmospherical phenomenon, yet were unable to prove their theory. In consideration of succeeding events, unusual happenings, and mystic phenomena, perhaps the Mexican Indian boy, Gee-Gee, came as near as any to an explanation for this wonderful and majestic "Holy" Light upon the mountain of Cathedral Spires. Now Gee-Gee was no ordinary Indian boy. He was a direct heir to the Priesthood or Holy Medicine Chief of his tribe. Gee-Gee said, "It is the Great Spirit speaking, sending a message to the Blessed of the Earth that the mountain, Cathedral Spires, holds a secret which will be revealed to chosen ones of the Great Spirit, and that the mystery will be revealed to the right ones at an appointed time by the Master Creator." Remember well these words of Gee-Gee, for he was a true prophet.

Weeks passed into months, the work of the survey was progressing well. We realized it could be possible for us to stay in the mountains at this point until late fall, providing our shelter was more substantial so as to protect us from the severe cold of the nights. Gee-Gee solved this problem by the discovery of an abandoned shack, certain parts of which were transported to our camp site on our pack mules. So therefore, a place under a shelf of rock was transformed into a plenty good cave-dugout-shanty combination where we were quite comfortable. And so it was in this one-room abode I was to have the second most sensational experience of my life. Gee-Gee had gone, taking the pack animals, commonly called Rock Mountain Canaries, and headed for the nearest trading store to replenish our supplies, mail my reports, and pick up the incoming mail, magazines, and newspapers. Therefore, I was alone at the time; and with camp duties added to my usual routine, I was more tired than common at the end of a busy day; and so, getting into my bunk built against the back wall of the cave end and of our abode, sleep came quickly.

"Dannie . . . Dannie . . ."

I was awakened with a start! My name had been called. I was alone. No one ever called me Dannie except my dearly beloved mother who had passed beyond several years before. Yet, distinctly I heard my name called. Then, when I did get my sleep-glued eyes opened, there in the upper corner of the room against the ceiling was a white ball of light, the same kind of Mystic Holy Light that we had beheld upon the mountain of Cathedral Spires only a few months previous. Not being fully awake, I drowsily asked myself, "What is this?" and a clear and audible voice, seeming to come from this mysterious ball of light, said, "Write."

To this day I shall never know or be able to explain why I did it, but I sat down to my table, drew paper in front of me, and with my pen in hand above the paper—then in some way in which I shall not attempt to explain, this same mysterious power that awakened me also caused me to write rapidly for a period of more than one hour. At the end of which time, I was in a sort of trance and had no idea of what had been written. The only sensation that can be remembered is that I was tremendously sleepy. Thus I climbed back into my bunk to sleep late into the morning. Up, dressed, and breakfast over, I looked at the writings of the early morning. Parts were written in English, which I could read; and parts of it were in symbols, drawings, and characters resembling Chinese. Much of this sleep writing of the early morning was unintelligible to me.

Having heard stories of how old mining men and prospectors had become "queer" living in the hills, I became much concerned of myself, and so would you, had these mysterious things happened to you. I began to wonder if I was becoming afflicted with "Mountain Glory." It worried me, and I attempted by sheer power of will to banish "all this queer stuff" from my mind, all to no avail. A few days later the "Mystery Voice" came to me in daylight. I could hear it but not see from whence it came. I was commanded to "go" in the mountain again. I felt myself under a spell, and my feet guided up into a place among the Cathedral Spires. This was a level spot of eight acres or thereabouts. If one holds their hand palm up-

wards—then extend the thumb and fingers up, it is possible to form an idea of the shape of the place like unto the Palm of God's Hand, and the towering peaks of Cathedral Spires like unto giant fingers. Here the Voice came to me again, and I knew instinctively that all three of these "Mystery Voice" experiences, these most extraordinary happenings were a part of and connected with the first experience of the Great White "Holy" Light upon the Mountain of Cathedral Spires.

It was in the palm of the hand of the Great Spirit where the Mystery Voice spoke to me, telling of an underground River of Pure, Healing, Medicine Waters; and as I stood there, there came a "Vision," and I could see the "River," the Voice saying at the time, "These Waters would be shipped to every country on the face of the earth and the income, because of the water was to be used for a specific purpose, as detailed in the Number One Mystic Writings.

The following summer I journeyed to the mountain, taking with me a crew of men, workers, and proceeded to put a test hole in the spot designated by the "Mystery Voice." I confess this was an attempt on my part to prove there was not anything to this ridiculous business of hearing voices and seeing down a thousand feet into solid granite. Whoever heard of an ordinary man being able to see a hidden river a thousand feet down in solid granite, but there was the Voice, and there was the Vision. We dug a hole, and there was the Water. This mystic, magic water looks and smells like ordinary water. Also samples were sent to state chemists, and no unusual chemical properties were found to exist, yet there is a mysterious unnamed Something in the Water beyond the present scientific knowledge because I was a "Fatty" all my life. I have enjoyed my food, needless to say, I was like a million other "Fatties." I abused my stomach by overeating and had a belly full of all manner of miseries, nervous indigestion, ulcers, and an inflamed intestinal tract. I sent the work crew back to town and remain alone on Cathedral Spires Mountain. By underground force, the Waters of Hidden River came out the top of the "test hole" we had dug. There-

fore, it was a simple matter of engineering a flow of water past the door of my cave-shanty abode, thus solving the water problem for drinking and cooking.

How was I to know what this Mystic Magic Water would do to me in a few short months? Almost without my realizing it, I lost sixty pounds surplus fat. Fat fell away, dried up, evaporated or whatever one chose to call it. It disappeared, also stomach ulcers, the indigestion, and other stomach troubles. There is no way to weigh or measure the amount of vitality and dynamic energy I'd consumed with the Water. There are no doubts whatsoever. I am positive I had taken on a super-cargo of Vital Human Energy, and so I came to ponder upon these mysterious experiences and particularly the hieroglyphic appearing symbols and drawings of the Number One Writing while camped on the Mountain of Cathedral Spires. I've come to the conclusion that this Number One Writing is an authentic document, reproduced here on earth by some ethereal phenomena similar to the manner in which old man Noah of Bible history received the dimensions for the building of the Ark. So it is, I speculate on the probability of this being the over-all plan for a city, because the last line of the Number One Writing was:

"AND IT SHALL BE CALLED THE
'CITY OF DAWN' "

As time passed, I've tried to forget all the queer happenings. Had it ended there, this story would never have been written or told. But this was not to be the end, all of which seems to be proof there is some great unseen power at play, because without warning this "Mystery Voice" comes to me, and I begin recording messages, explanations of the Mysterious Symbols in the Number One Writing; and each time this Mystery Voice reveals a new meaning which turns out to be another link in the chain, and another piece of the picture puzzle falls in place. For instance, a formula was revealed by this Mysterious Voice. When the formula was taken to a scientific laboratory and an experiment set up and a test made, the result was just as you supposed. It was a success. I have ceased to marvel at these findings because NOT ONCE has the Mystery Voice been in error.

Going back to the Number One Writing or over-all plan for the City of Dawn, the plan told of who should live there and how money was to be had for the building of these Scientific Machines, of Research Laboratories, Schools, Hospitals, and other Functions, and of how and who was to administer the funds of the Executive Council. This is to be a city composed mostly of women and children, orphans and other underprivileged children and widowed mothers with three or more small children. And thus, step by step, the City of Dawn seems to become more and more a reality. The Mystery Voice speaks, and, on investigation, it is found to give indisputable information. Like the discovery of the Underground River, which it was later found to flow in volume sufficiently to supply a fair-sized city, feeds two large lakes, and, as spoken of in the Number One Writing, also provides irrigation for many thousands of acres of fine tillable soil at the base of the mountain. How is one to explain? How and what can one think or believe when the Mystery Voice speaks or gives messages in writing, and there is another new Revelation—a new discovery each more marvelous than the ones preceding.

Every effort to prove the information given by the Mystic Voice as false has failed. However, the last two Revelations have not been tested because, to the best of my knowledge, there is no equipment or learned men of science capable of setting up an experiment. The writer has contacted universities to inquire where the theory might be tested and has a letter stating that they knew of no one and knew no one who knew any one doing research on this theory. This last Revelation came in the form of an intricate mechanism and was received while I sat at a drafting table in an engineer's office where I was employed. When the drawing was complete, the Mystery Voice explained what it was for, what it would do, how to build, and how to operate it, then commanded me to destroy it, saying it was too valuable to be available to the wrong people. But when the time cometh, the Voice will return and supervise the construction and the operation of same, which shall produce an "ELEMENT" that

will cure all forms of Cancer, T.B., Arthritis, increase the average span of life in robust health and vitality capable of man's living to 150 to 200 years.

This mechanism and its product is yet to be proven. However, in as much as all other Revelations of the Mystery Voice has been proven, it is logical to assume that this one may also become a reality.

PART TWO—PROPOSED ACTION

Each time I have talked about these experiences, the Holy Light upon the Mountain, the Discovery of the Hidden River, the Sleep Writings, Drawings, and Plans of Intricate Mechanisms and Formulas—

THE QUESTION IS ASKED

Why don't you do something about it?

I HAVE

and men of greed and selfish motive have attempted to STEAL the secrets.

I have written to the Federal Government and have been referred to Research Bureaus, only to be IGNORED as unorthodox. The same is true of every attempt I've made to get a hearing or co-operation from several other Research Organizations.

It's too screwy. It's unorthodox. It's outside the Path of KNOWN Science. I maintain I've contacted (phenomenally) the source of all wisdom of Universal Intelligence. IF this be true, then indeed MAN has taken a great step forward in his development.

Therefore, this story has been told with the expectation that it receive National publication, for no doubt there are other persons in the Nation who are in sympathy with these, let us call them—

“HOLY REVELATIONS OF THE INFINITE SPIRIT MASTER CREATOR OF THE UNIVERSE” and would like to see a non-profit, non-sectarian organization formed to fulfill the Writings of the Number One Revelation for the *City of Dawn Plan*. If you feel you are one of these persons, you may signify your intentions by writing the

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CELINA, TENNESSEE

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We use the following abbreviations to save space: O. occupation. R. race. H. hobby. Rl. religion. Md. married. S. single. Fm. family. D.C. desire correspondence. Pb. problem.

A

Henry A. Aaby, Rt. 3, Box 123, Kelso, Washington. Md. Wife and four children.

Henrietta M. Aaby, Rt. 3, Box 123, Kelso, Washington. Age 60. O. Housewife, student. D.C.

Florence Aaby, Rt. 3, Box 123, Kelso, Washington. Md. Age 33. O. Baby. Pb. Better Health.

Saluo Almeleh, 17 Fife Ave., Salisbury, S. Rhodesia, South Africa. O. Salesman. S. Age 33, D.C.

B

Hans Berhold, Box 664, Salt Lake 10, Utah. Age 47, Aug. 22. O. Accountant. Md. Four boys. Special desire—To be of service. Rl. Faithist. R. German-Jewish mother.

Robert Boucher, Vaughn House Hotel, Caribou, Maine, S. A. 46, Jan. 5. Rl. To do good. H. Oahspean study. D.C. O. Desk clerk. R. White.

Leon Brittell, Box 102, Moriah Center, New York, N. Y. A. 53, June 26, Md. D.C. H. Astrology. Rl. Protestant. O. Free lance salesman, gardener. R. White.

Ralph C. Boander, 376 38th St., Oakland, California. Age 34,

Nov. 18. D.C. O. Student of chiropractic. S. R. White. Rl. Faithist.

Sam Bartolet, 9 East 7th St., Williamsport, Pa. Writer, no copyright; work dedicated to the new race, unborn, for the Kosmon cycle.

Mrs. Emily Behrendt, 657 Maple St., South Haven, Mich. A. 70.

O. Student and housewife. D.C. Lila and Val Baima, Grass Valley, Calif. Husband and wife. Fruitarians.

C

Mrs. Mary E. Connett, 15 Temple Court, Manchester, New Hampshire. Age 81, June 30. O. Teacher. D.C. H. Teaching. Rl. Everything. R. English.

Esther Cameron, 1202 Burlingame Ave., Burlingame, Calif. A. 52, June 19. Pb. Better health. O. Housewife and student.

Laura R. Christie, Box 38, Oakland, Oregon. O. Home-maker. Husband, one boy, three girls. Age 51, June 30. Pb. Desire better health.

W. W. Crosby, Farmington, New Mexico. Age 63, Sept. 18. O. Farmer, telegraph operator and building contractor. Desire

greater love and wisdom to do more good in life. H. Musical instruments. Rl. Faithist. R. White.

Israel M. Cohn, 1049 South Magnolia Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. Age 67. Retired. Single. D.C.

Edwin G. Clark, 1129 17th St., Room 16, Denver Colorado. Age 76, Sept. 27. F.M. One son. O. Prospector and salesman. Desire funds to start eight colonies, prospects good next year. Rl. Faithist. R. White.

Wilbur Cote, Chesaning, Mich., R. 3. Age 42, May 3. S.

Ruth Caldwell, 5214 East St. Clair, Indianapolis, Ind. Age 46. S. D.C. H. Study of astrology and metaphysics. R. White.

Pauline Cline, 3104 Clifton St., Indianapolis, Ind. Age 47, Feb. 14. H. Student of metaphysics. O. Nurse. D.C. R. White.

E

Joseph Edwards, 650 Harvard, Fresno 4, Calif. O. Teacher of music.

Ardy E. Edwards, 650 Harvard. Age 45. Saleslady at health food store. Md. to Joseph Edwards. Son, David, age 20, pre-medical student.

F

William E. Finch, 1446 E. 51st St., Los Angeles 11, Calif. Age 28, June 7. R. Negro. Student of Es. science. H. Phrenology and organic gardening. S. O. Assistant manager of a bowling alley. D.C.

G

Magdalena Gilkoff, 545 West 42nd St., New York 31, N. Y. Age 29, July 25. O. Binder. Md. R. White.

Oliver W. Grose, Box 418, Clifton, Colorado. Age 43. R. Faithist. O. Laborer. D.C. Desire to help found a Faithist community at Clifton. R. White.

George Gilkoff, 545 West 142nd St., New York 31, N. Y. Age 25, June 25. O. Student. H. Science. R. White. D.C. with those deaf. I am deaf. Md.

Hans R. Genck, Happy Acres, Rt. 1, Box 245, Oroville, Calif. O. Writer, instructor, secretary "The Thinker's Workshop." Md. One daughter. R. German.

M. A. Gotshall, R. 1, Box 16, Fargo, Okla.

Mrs. Essie Gottshall, R. 1, Box 16, Fargo, Okla.

Mark Goodinliter, R. 2, Box 217-B, Maryville, Calif. Farmer, writer, calculating and calling. Seeker of higher light. Language study. D.C.

H

John Harden, R.D. 2, Cadiz, Ohio. Age 55, Dec. 18. O. Fire boss in coal mine. Md. two boys, one girl. D.C. H. Writing music. Rl. Faithist. R. White.

Lilian Hawke, 313 West 100 St., New York 25, N. Y. Age 51, April 7. D.C. Rl. Faithist. H. Health. Pb. Greater affiliation. Desire progress.

Opal Hutton, General Delivery, 2730 E. Michigan St., Indianapolis, Ind. Age 41, July 29. O. Employed in office bindery. Special need—home. S. One boy, one girl. H. Reading, traveling and sports. Rl. Christian Science. R. White.

J

Solvi Johnson, Rt. 1, Box 146, Blaine, Washington. Age 54, May 15. D.C. Rl. To love and worship God as ever-present perfection and completion. O. Farmer.

Samuel G. Johnson, 817½ 26th St., Sacramento 16, Calif.

K

Earl E. Kellar 2730 N. Van Buren St., Albuquerque, New Mexico. Age 39, Oct. 15. O. U. S. Army.

Special desire, Improvement of position and location. H. Music. Rl. Protestant. R. White.

Jim and Pauline Kagy, R. 1, Clifton, Colorado. O. Farmer and carpenter. Md. Special desire, Affiliation. Age 60.

M

Max McCarthy, 2131 F. St., Sacramento, Calif. Age 79, Feb. 26. O. Office worker, retired.

Edward Milligan, care Faithist, Celina, Tenn. Age 61, April 9. Writer, inventor, designer, planning engineer.

W. S. Manspeaker, 106 South Portage, Buchanan, Mich. Age 62. Md. Two boys, one girl. Special desire—To help others.

Raymond Miller, 3367½ 21st St., San Francisco 10, Calif. S. Age 60, Aug. 28. D.C. O. Elevator operator. Desire brotherhood.

Byrzan J. Manoogian, 5 Holt St., Peabody, Mass. O. Physician (M.D.) Md. Three boys, one girl. Age 72, May 18. D.C. Rl. Nominally Methodist. In reality — universal — student of truth.

N

Phillip Nasser, 7357, Franklin Ave., Los Angeles 46, Calif. Age 54, Feb. D.C. H. Mystic studies. Would like to acquire some land in the desert.

Frank Novak, P.O. Box 388, Benld, Ill. Age 33, July 14. S.H. Organic gardening. Rl. Non-denominational.

P

Garman Van Polen, "Solution for All," Alpine, Calif. As secretary of perspective of "Solution for All," I shall be pleased to correspond.

Bill S. Peavy, Bedias, Texas. Teacher. Age 26, July 25. S. H. Metaphysics. Rl. Ind.

Robert Patterson, 306 Sumner St.,

Akron, Ohio. Age 52, April 1st.
O. Shoe repairman. S. R. White.

R

Mrs. Fawn Richardson, 6304 Ben Ave., North Hollywood, Calif. Age 38, Jan. 31. O. Housewife, one son. D.C. H. Handwork. R. White. Rl. Belief in the ALL-HIGHEST, and the brotherhood of man. Desire to know others similar-minded.

David Ravin, Attorney at Law, 707 South Broadway, Los Angeles, Calif. Age 43, Nov. 17. H. Metaphysics.

S

Andrew Serediak, Kahwin, Alberta, Canada. Age 36, March 14. O. Agriculturist. S. D.C. Rl. Creed, orthodox, Occult Church of Light—Oahspean. Interested in Faithist fraternal activities.

Laura K. Slifer, Apt. 290, Harbor St., Conneaut, Ohio. Age 75, Dec. 16. D.C. Rl. Faithist. R. White.

William J. Shenk, 142 Delmas Ave., San Jose, Calif. Age 72, July 10. O. Retired, one daughter.

Sheldon E. Spry, 1921 5th St., La Verne, Calif. Age 28. Rl. Faithist. D.C. with Faithists about same age.

Eugene V. Shopes, 1276-A California St., San Francisco, Calif. O. Student. S. Age 18, Aug. 31. Special desire, farm work.

Mrs. Wilma J. Shade, 626 El Centro Ave., El Centro, Calif. O. Housewife. Md. One boy three years old, birthday Jan. 4. Age 36. Desire to live in a community of congenial individuals interested in higher development.

James M. Sanders, 448 E. Canfield, Detroit 1, Mich. D.C. S. Rl. Faithist. S. R. Negro.

Edward H. Shultz, P.O. Box 516, Coldwater, Kans. Age 59. D.C. R. German. Rl. Faithist.

T

Amy C. Thierry, 34 Birch St., Lakewood N. J. Age 69, Aug. 18. D.C. O. Housewife. R. Norwegian. RI. Oahspean.
D. O. Tawney, Molina, Colo. Age 66, Dec. 8th. O. Salesman and carpenter. D.C.

V

Ghita C. Vaughn, 3620 Grandview Blvd., Los Angeles 34, Calif. Widow. D.C.

W

Mrs. Florence M. Wood, 38 St. Luke Place, Beacon, N. Y.
Rev. A. Garfield Wildren, 1001 So. Florence, Kirksville Mo. Age 70, Mch. 10. O. Minister, writer, special need, health, finance. S. D.C.

Charles W. Whipple, 5910 Latona Avenue, Seattle 5, Washington, O. Mechanical Precision Inspector. Md. One boy, one girl. Age 70, May 5th. D.C. H. Magic squares.

James E. Whewell, 1600 Brighton Place, Pittsburgh, Pa. Age 68, June 17. Born in England. Md. Six sons, six daughters. RI. Oahspean, vegetarian.

Anita M. Wissing, 187 Elmira St., San Francisco 24, Calif. Age 50, Dec. 5. Md. One girl age 26 years. D.C. Homemaker.

Z

John Zinimon, 906 East 5th St., Winston-Salem, N. C.

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