

# *The Open Way*

Number 1

LOVIE WEBB GASTEINER, *Publisher*  
Celina, Tennessee

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Four issues, \$1.00; single copy, 25c cents.

*Printed as often as the Spirit wills.*

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## THE OPEN WAY

THE OPEN WAY is not put out by any group or organization, but by one individual, a woman.

Printing is done in a nearby city. Editing, mailing and other work is carried on in the upstairs rooms of a farmhouse.

The goal of THE OPEN WAY is to steer clear of controversy or criticism, in the sense of heat or hurt, bias or prejudice.

There is truly no group with a fence around or barriers erected. It is, in a sense, an open school for all. The doubter or dissenter upon any subject treated is as welcome as the most ardent supporter or believer, provided—temperatures are kept down, and voices not raised in destructive bitterness or hatred.

Let calmness, coolness, tolerance, impelled by love, motivate us.

THE OPEN WAY has no hard or set rules, or cut and dried ways. It reserves the right to itself to become whatsoever it will, led by the Source, and by the power of those to whom it goes, as they send it forth again.

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## WHY WE LOVE AND WHY WE HATE

*By L. W. G.*

The tendency of life in the individual is to move freely and unobstructedly on.

The human, in the human state, loves or likes what moves with him. He hates anything or anyone that opposes or obstructs his freedom of movement in any way—physical, mental, or spiritual. It matters not at all to him, whether he is in the right or the wrong way. For every individual,

no matter what state of being he is in, always believes he is moving, thinking, acting himself into a higher and better state of existence.

Let any individual begin to analyze himself, his anger and his hatred, its rise and its cause, and he will begin to see immediately that always he becomes angry because he is opposed in some way, by some one, some condition or some group. His hatred will arise in proportion to his feeling of repression, or obstruction. Things, people, conditions are not moving like he wants them to do. They are not as he would have them. They are different from himself and he is angry and hate-filled. He feels that his self is bound and not free.

One definition of self is "same" or "like."

Consider the meaning of the following words: Devil-ish—like a devil, evil. Fiend-ish—like a fiend, cruel, devilish, wicked. Hog-gish—like a hog, wanting it all, down, quickly, all of it. Dog-gish—over-devouring, greedy. Shrew-ish—like a shrew, a woman of quarrelsome, vexatious, scolding or nagging disposition. Wolf-ish—like a wolf, over-devouring. Owl-ish—like an owl, dull, stupid, sleep all day, whoo—whoo—all night.

The human, when he becomes intolerant of others' opinions, beliefs, manner and way of living, takes on all the animal traits above mentioned, with much more of malice, hatred, and revenge added. Man in the animal-istic state demands that all others be "like" him. If not, he is angry and hate-filled.

Going back to the dictionary definition of "self" as the "same" or "like." In the following sense does the definition seem true to this writer?

Every individual self is the same in part as the universal self, soul. Yet every individual self, while one with the over-self—the one, all that there is—every individual self is different from any other self.

The universal is the all of the individual. But each individual, or created thing is only part of the universal.

Going further into meditation upon "self," I was led to browse dreamily over a hundred or more dictionary



definitions of the term. Many of these definitions, to me, seem to give an idea of separateness of self from the whole, and to wrongly impart, or give the impression, that the soul has love, wisdom or power of itself, or apart.

You, too, perhaps may like to take a meditative journey in contemplation of your own and other selves as related to the over-self as source.

As man rises in freedom of consciousness he begins to comprehend the ever-flowing, freely moving infinite centered in himself. Then he knows that the same source is also centered in all mankind, no matter what the state or degree of his being. He rejoices in his newly found knowledge that every individual of earth and heaven is different, yet harmonious. He no longer demands, or desires, sameness in others. He knows that no other man or individual can see through his eyes, hear through his ears, understand through his understanding, or—be—through his being. His capacity for love is increased. His wisdom also increases accordingly. As he advances in his soul-free consciousness, conjoined with awareness of his source, he is joy within himself, and a delight unto others.

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## **SOLUTION FOR ALL**

*By* GARMAN VAN POLEN

This is the second part of "The Masterhood" as given by "Eliadah" and Garman Van Polen in "Solution for All," Alpine, California.

The first part of "The Masterhood" with additional reading material can be had for only 25 cents from Lovie Webb Gasteiner, Celina, Tenn.

### **"THE MASTERHOOD"**

39

Thou art life, and blessed art thou to be enabled to be not over-fond of this brief phase of expression, or it may prove a bond to hold thee from a higher one.

40

Wisdom is given thee when thou art aware that life,

which has risen to higher spheres of expression, possesses greater unfoldment, greater growth, than thou hast yet been given to attain. Wisdom is given thee when thou art not exalted in thy estimation of self, for thou art in the presence of great wisdom.

## 41

When thy consciousness is given to receive, by the law of darkness, more than it has power to receive, then thy efforts will result in injury to thy mind, but when thy deep consciousness is given to trust to the law of light to unfold thy power of receptivity, then truth does enter in and abide with thee.

## 42

Thou canst not, in the law of darkness, force open the bud and produce the perfect flower. The law of light forces not, but feeds and strengthens, and growth responds unto it.

## 43

Mind cannot rule the law—neither the law of darkness nor the law of light. The law of darkness gives the mind to exalt itself with thoughts of masterhood, but the law of light alters that, and the mind is convinced of its feebleness.

## 44

Supreme wisdom has been given thy consciousness when it is granted to recognize the law as its master, and to have the light of law glowing the action in it, so light and consciousness are one.

## 45

When consciousness is in darkness, all things are there out of touch, divided, and unequally divided; and consciousness, will, is given to claim that which belongeth to the law. This makes force and war and poverty, for which the law will also account to itself.

## 46

The law creates all things for life. The law sustains life. The law completes life. Nevertheless, in the law of darkness, it is given consciousness to be as if in disobedience and rebellion against the law, as if making laws of

its own, and thus suffering as if through itself. Yet in the end the law alters this and consciousness is aware of its master.

## 47

The law is spontaneity, therefore it is the builder. Where spontaneity abideth there is growth and unfoldment, there is harmony and unison, for spontaneity attracts and unites.

When spontaneity is not the ruling power, there is no growth, no unfoldment. Spontaneity, meaning easy, flowing, harmonious, sweet and gentle action, is a general term which includes such particular kinds of easy, flowing, harmonious, sweet and gentle actions as are termed love, between persons, or such love as between a person and a flower.

## 48

The law is infinite in power and just in action, for it is no respecter of personality. It encompasseth all things and thus supporteth all things.

## 49

When thou art full of spontaneity, then thou art lifted up, and all will be drawn unto thee, for spontaneity is the attractive power.

## 50

When thou art full of spontaneity, then thou art filled with the law, but when spontaneity is not in thee, the law is not abiding in thee.

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## THE CITY OF DAWN

Some questions that have been asked are answered by the Editor of THE OPEN WAY.

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Q. Do you consider THE MYSTERY VOICE, with its revealings of The Illuminated Mountain, a hidden river of healing waters, and the CITY OF DAWN? Do you consider it all as an idle tale, a mere figment of the imagination; or do you consider it sane, sound, logical and practical with possibilities of coming to pass at an appointed time?



A. After almost two thousand years of prayer by millions of earth of "THY KINGDOM COME," does it not seem reasonable to believe that that prayer is about to be answered, and the time is right for a gathering together of peoples to bring it to pass? A way of life on earth as it is in Heaven seems to me sane, sound and practical, scientifically workable.

Q. Where is this place that is to be called "THE CITY OF DAWN"?

A. It is a secret place, and not to be made public, generally, until the appointed time "of the gathering together" of the "BEST OF ALL OF THEM" of earth—those who grade in SPIRIT by wisdom, love, and self-less service.

Q. How is the City of Dawn to be financed? Will there be a "begging for money"?

A. There will be no "begging for money." No requests for "Your check, please, for the widows and orphans." Yet the welfare of the widows and orphans, the aged and the ill will be the first concern of THE CITY OF DAWN program. Oh, the CITY OF THE COMING MORN! But—back to finances, ways and means. The money will come through and by the activities and labors of those who bring THE CITY OF DAWN to pass. All these activities and labors will be to provide man's basic needs and necessities—namely, food, shelter and clothing—and to satisfy his desires, basic. These labors will also be new services, methods of teaching, healing, printing, radio, television, science and invention. The new age male-female harmony-soul mating is to be taught and practiced. With PEACE between the two life forces—ONE—male, female—created he them—world PEACE has taken its greatest step toward actuality. Needless to say, though, the actual plans of finance cannot be given here in detail.

Q. But what of the HIDDEN RIVER OF HEALING WATERS, and why do they heal? Also why did the light upon the illuminated mountain, Cathedral Spires, appear upon this particular mountain, and upon no other?

A. Within this particular mountain there is a formation that is referred to by geologists as a "fault." It is also



a well established fact that within the crust of the earth's surface there are "veins" of water. Some of these underground waterways are so large that they are called subterranean rivers. Many of these subterranean rivers have their beginnings in "crater lakes" in rock mountains and are fed by eternal snows that sink into the earth's crust and perhaps travel thousands of miles (Who knows?) before they come to the surface again in such places as Hot Springs, Arkansas, or Hot Sulphur Spring, West Virginia, and mineral springs here and there, too numerous to mention in this writing. But we do know that they exist, and also know that the waters in these underground caverns come in contact with all manner of metals and rocks—gold, silver, copper, platinum, radium, quartz, limestone, kaolin—in fact, any and every metal, rock or element known to geologists—and perhaps many yet unknown. For certainly the healing waters of the hidden river have an unknown quality, power or element that in the final analysis the wisest of earth may never be able to tell the why or the how of the way they heal—no more than man can tell why the rose is red.

This "fault" in the illuminated mountain became the waterway of a subterranean river. Geologists' reports also show a wide range, or variety of metals, and material substance, or natural resources. The name of one in particular is withheld, because secrecy must, at present, be maintained in order to protect the tremendous wealth more valuable than oil, gold or diamonds. Already greedy, selfish, and unprincipled characters have sought to exploit this wealth. However, it is spiritually protected from greed, graft, selfishness, idleness or selfish use. After years of investigation and tests by competent and hard-headed men of scientific mind—men who absolutely refuse to make a statement unless it can be backed by sound and unquestionable evidence—these men have at this writing come to the conclusion that certain known scientific laws of chemistry have been performed within the hidden recesses of the earth by natural processes.

We know in the field of cosmogony that the earth

breathes, taking in and expelling a kind of cosmic electricity. When the cosmic electricity is expelled from the earth, it comes out at right angles, or straight away from the curved arc of the earth's surface, and when met by needle points of the opposite polarity of cosmic energy, generated in the outer belt or atmospherical space, which holds the earth sphere in place, rotating it onward through space—these meetings of needle points of opposite polarities of cosmic electricity is that which caused light. It can be compared with the old carbon electrode street lights of fifty years ago. However, because of the rotating motion of the globe of the earth within its vortex, as the ball of the earth moves out of focus of the opposite polarity, from the magnetic currents of the vortex, and these needle points are no longer aimed at each the other, light ceases to be and we have that which is called darkness.

Our whole present day electric lighting system of mechanically generated pulsating electricity is based upon this great natural law of the universe. So does it not seem logical that somewhere in the recesses of earth, the HIDDEN RIVER OF HEALING WATERS came in contact with healing elements, life conducting energies, and being a conductor of these underground, universal energies—and when it could hold no more—escaped down the subterranean channel of the river—THE HIDDEN RIVER OF HEALING WATERS—then came to the surface in a black cloud, and became visible to the human eye as light—thus the LIGHT upon the mountain. The process may be compared, in small degree, to steam escaping from an exhaust valve from a steam boiler. Another comparison is the *aurora borealis*, “a brilliant nocturnal radiance, often suffusing the sky in high northern latitudes,” also caused by the mass escape of cosmic energy into space. The point here is the FACT of the illumination, which is accepted as PROOF of the super-abundant content of cosmic energy—life conducting elements of the waters of this particular underground river—THE HIDDEN RIVER OF HEALING WATERS.



## HOW TO FIND YOUR SOUL MATE

By DR. FRANK X AND WIFE, MARY

*"Male and female created he them."*

We tell this story of Dr. Frank X and wife, Mary, with sincere desire that out of the maze of discordant mating so common today a higher note of harmony and love between men and women, as a whole, may be sounded and resounded to give uplift to some who sorely need it.

This is a brief introduction to how we found each the other, met, wooed and won, mated—loved with a love more high and holy than perhaps ever before did mortals of earth—or so it seems to us—brought forth our children in ecstasies of welcoming joy, yet with peace that "passeth understanding," worshipped our Maker in high accord, with sweet adoration, acknowledging Him always as Source and Author of all power in and over all. And with it all we have ever tried to reach forth in labor to touch and to reach those not so blessed as we.

One clear thought it may be well to bear in mind all the way through:

"A mate is earned, rather than found."

A minister recently said to us, "It is a dangerous doctrine, that of 'Soul Mating.'"

It is no more dangerous than the common custom or teaching of marriage "until death us do part."

Those who are mated in spirit know that there is no death, and that "God is love," and love is eternal.

Perhaps what the minister really meant was that the soul-mate theory if used as an excuse for repeated animalistic matings would then become a dangerous doctrine. But so is marriage in its plurality, when abused, lightly undertaken, and more lightly disregarded in divorce, then another attempted mating, usually resulting in failure.

### HEART YEARNINGS

I, Dr. Frank X, remember distinctly that when very, very young—I wanted a mate. I felt, knew, that somewhere my mate waited. She was the one, and the only one



that could be the other half of me in mind, spirit, life-completion. I had this knowledge, this sure knowledge, locked deep within me, but I never shared it with any one. It was too sacred. But needless to say I sought my mate for a long, long time. So it seemed to me, yet I was, after all, only twenty-eight when I found her—Mary.

At this point, dear reader, I will confess to you, as I did to Mary, soon after our first meeting, that I had sought my mate over and over in the wrong way and the wrong places. But, O! the sweet charity and love of Mary's deep understanding! No wonder that I almost immediately knew that my heart had come home to a balanced life with Mary.

### OUR FIRST MEETING

It was in the Spring, when lilacs were in bloom, that we first met. To this day the fragrance and the loveliness of lilacs seem to me to be an all-pervading something kin to Mary.

The time was just before my graduation from medical school. For some strange reason I wanted to visit my uncle in a little town in Kentucky. I could not understand why the sudden feeling that I must go visit Uncle Ned, my maternal uncle, came over me. But visit him I did that lovely Spring lilac-time in Southern Kentucky. I did not know that Mary, with her parents, lived so near Uncle Ned, or that the large old-fashioned gardens of Mary's father and Uncle Ned were so close, so intimately together that they were almost one.

It was about two hours after dark when I reached the house of my uncle. I retired early and slept a deep and refreshing sleep. I awoke early the next morning and dressed rather hurriedly. For I had glimpsed the lovely out-of-door environment and was anxious to go out into the early morning fragrance. In the gardens were many, many varieties of early Spring flowers. But I remember distinctly the lilacs. For coming around a trellis support of some other flowers, I came full upon Mary. She was seated upon a low garden bench and busily arranging some

clusters of lilacs in a small glass basket with a handle. I think I made no noise in my approach, but her heart must have heard me, for from the first it seemed her clear blue eyes were looking up deep into my own.

In our first meeting, our very first glance, I believe I must have taken in almost instantly the depth and scope of the all that was Mary. The unfathomable depth of her eyes, the wave of her soft brown hair, the curve of her cheek, the height of her, a mere five feet three inches, the weight of her, the very quality and melody—I seemed to know at once. I believe that truly I did, by the power of the something that found us, that bound us immediately.

I knew too that Mary was wearing a blue dress, something soft and clinging, that her feet were small, in comparison with my own, and white sandaled, ankles, legs bare, sleeves short-puffed and childish, the neckline, matchingly, somehow as softly gathered—I knew all that—but beyond it I sensed with a strange deep contentment the quality of the soul that was Mary.

\* \* \*

And I, Mary, knew as clearly as did Frank, all the thoughts, feelings Frank has described. But what of mine? My very first glimpse of Frank set in motion within me streams of indescribable joy, but reverent and peaceful. I stood looking deep within his eyes—or rather up into his heart soul, as it shone from out his eyes. I knew, it seemed, books of wisdom, never before read. It is true that I was speechless, yet I felt not embarrassment, but rather an at-home-ness with Frank. I arose, I said no word, but instead reached forth with both hands extending the basket of lilacs toward him. Instead of moving, he seemed to sort of float toward me in an indescribable aura of his own soul light. He took the basket of lilacs and my two hands were clasped within his own. We stood in a little moment of silent reverence. Finally Frank's voice broke the stillness.

"I think lilacs are one of God's loveliest creations, don't you?"

I nodded a soft assent. Then Frank spoke again, in a



melody of voice—I seemed to have actually heard, known in dreams.

"I believe in God—all his life, love, truth—but I have never been able to believe all men say about God."

Then I found myself able to say, "I agree with you." My hands were yet holding the basket of lilacs, and yet both were held by Frank.

I found myself speaking further—but it seemed that I did not say the words, that they were spoken through me.

"Prayer has long been my greatest joy, my greatest comfort."

"I have prayed most for wisdom," said Frank. "May I ask for what you have prayed?"

"I have prayed for love—capacity to give love as well as receive it."

"Mary," said Frank, for by now we knew each other's names, "I feel that we are like unto two streams of water. Our lives have trickled along, bumping over rocks and obstructions, but now that we have met we come together, and the waters, labeled "spirit," are blended, each losing its identity, but the power multiplied, is O, so much greater, but still we are ONE, though separate."

"I think so too, Frank, and I feel grateful, humble, and with it a great desire to pray."

"Then let us pray," said Frank, letting go my hands and placing the basket of lilacs on the ground. With one accord, impulse, we came to stand face to face, placing the palms of our hands together, and for a little while prayed in silence, and the air was sweet with the privilege and beauty of it.

At last Frank broke the silence with the words, "Now you won't ever be so lonely again," and he stooped and planted a kiss upon my forehead, soft as the lilac blooms it seemed, in the early morning holiness.

"And neither will you," was my reply." And we both laughed in a new found peace and joy.

And that might be considered our bethrothal, although no word of it had yet been spoken. We only knew the deep true sense of belong-ing-ness we felt, and immediately could



rest in that feeling each of having "come home."

Each time that we came together we discovered new harmonies and delights that we could rejoice in promises of sharing. Chief of these were our love of worship, desire of future work along ways or channels so similar—and most, which should perhaps have been mentioned first—we wanted children—two or three, perhaps four.

"The mating of men and women," said Frank, "I feel is one of the Creator's most sacred, most holy privileges. Too, I feel that on the whole, the average man or woman knows little, almost nothing of the inner secrets."

"I have been told much of this in dreams," Mary confided, "but I have never told any man or woman."

"I too have been given much strange and unusual knowledge by what I term inspiration," said Frank, "and I feel that it is much the same or similar to what you have had revealed in dreams."

(To be continued in the second issue of THE OPEN WAY.)

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## THE MYSTERY VOICE

*By* EDWARD MILLIGAN

(The second of a series. 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.)

(The first part of "The Mystery Voice," plus some additional reading matter, may be had, as long as they last, for only 25 cents (coin preferred) from the Editor of THE OPEN WAY, Lovie Webb Gasteiner, Celina, Tenn.)

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Loleeta Kelly was young, yet not so young, for she had been teaching two years in a small cottage nestled in the hills in an out-of-the-way, seldom-heard-of village of Kelsey. Loletta—everyone always called her "Loleeta," for somehow she was not the kind of person one nicknamed either "Lo" or "Leeta"—Loleeta did not look like or resemble her mother, and positively not even by exaggerated imagination, could one believe that she was the daughter

of Patrick Kelly. Loleeta was unlike other girls, yet she was sweet, in a quiet sort of way. Those who knew her best said she was fun, but mostly they loved her because she had a rare quality or personality, rather difficult to describe. She was like a small princess and often in her presence one had the feeling of being in the presence of or close to a Goddess.

Most certainly this small black-haired Loleeta came from no ordinary mold. She was something special. Probably the most remarkable thing about Loleeta was her eyes. No, they were not what one would call laughing eyes. More, her eyes gave one the feeling that she was one of great wisdom—a cut-back from some ancient race of people.

It was mid-summer and the activities in and around the college were in a lazy, vacation mood. Thus we find Loleeta sitting alone on the porch of her boarding house with a magazine in her hand. On the back cover of this magazine was a full-page advertisement portrayed in mystical fashion pictures and sentences such as, "Thoughts Have Wings," "Secrets of the Universe," "In Tune With the Infinite," "Limitless Power," and so forth. As Loleeta sat meditating upon the hidden mysteries she became conscious of an outstanding fact—that man in his search for wisdom had not gone very far along the path. Then her thoughts drifted to the man Jesus. He surely must have had deep knowledge of natural laws of the universe. Perhaps he was unable to teach his students in his day because they had no previous training or background and were therefore incapable of understanding the deeper meanings.

Loleeta sat meditating deeply upon these questions when down the street came young Dan Rogers and his inseparable companion, Gee-Gee, the Mexican Indian boy. This pair, as everyone knew, had seen the great white light upon the mountain, Cathedral Spires, and also that young Dan Rogers had been given to write some mysterious revelations about a CITY OF DAWN, a hidden river of healing waters a thousand feet down in solid granite, and that he had been given also a secret formula, as well as knowledge of many other strange things to come to pass at an



appointed time. At that time Young Dan was at the college during vacation season to conduct experiments on the theory of the mystic formula whereby one might remain young indefinitely.

Quite a few of the wise old heads had nodded knowingly and slyly closed one eye in a malicious wink, as Young Dan and Gee-Gee would come and go. The most outspoken of these was the Reverend Oscar Harley Goodboye, Doctor of Divinity of the local church, a stately figure, six feet four inches. Only last Sunday the Reverend Doctor, in his deep bass voice, declared in no uncertain tones that if the Master Creator today wanted to send a message to the peoples of the earth, that it was not likely that he would select a person to receive it outside the house of God.

Loleeta mused that the Master Creator would give his work to those most qualified by self-less living to do it, and that not all who merely called themselves religious could grade high in spirit. She fell to wondering about the grade of the Reverend Dr. Goodboye, and to what degree he was self-less and willing to obey the will of the Master Creator of the universe, rather than to save souls according to his own personal beliefs. Here Loleeta, softly smiling, recalled some words of Gee-Gee.

"The Reverend Goodboye have eyes, but he no see—have ears but make so heap big noise—tell people how much he know. Preacher Goodboye no can hear Voice of Great Spirit beyond the sky." Then Gee-Gee asked, "Miss Loleeta, you ever been to Heaven beyond the sky?"

She looked at Gee-Gee in surprise and said, "Why, no, Gee-Gee," and something prompted her to ask, "Have you?"

"Oh sure—sure—me go very often to visit Great Master Spirit beyond the sky. If no can go when body of flesh is alive, how does one expect to go when body is dead? Be much harder—then."

Loleeta asked, "Gee-Gee, did you see Jesus up there?"

"Yes, me see man Jesus, and Mahatma Gandhi. Me, Gee-Gee, ask questions of Jesus man—did he die to save earth peoples? Jesus say great mistake been made. Peoples like Reverend Goodboye no can read very good—no



listen to Great Spirit—just make big noise—cannot be still—to know. Jesus say blind man lead blind man—both fall down—way down in deep mud—get so much deep mud of religion in eye—long time, maybe, before can see—hear—be still—know—Voice of Great Spirit.”

Little Princess Loleeta and young Dan Rogers were both quite still after these words of Gee-Gee, because they knew that Gee-Gee was a direct heir to the priesthood, or high holy man, medicine chief of his tribe. So Loleeta asked Gee-Gee, “Can I, Loleeta, learn how to hear Great Spirit Voice? I would like to ask some questions too—of Jesus,” she added softly.

“Jesus man tell ’em how in Book. He say, “Be still.”

“That sounds simple,” said Loleeta, “but after all—what is meant by being still—and HOW does one learn the inner stillness, as well as the outer stillness of form?”

Here Dan Rogers, who had been silently enjoying the conversation came alive with his ever-present notebook and began to draw a diagram showing:

The conscious reasoning mind.

The sub-conscious or automatic mind.

The super-conscious mind.

“Thoughts,” he explained, “are likened to currents of electricity, and have positive and negative polarities. So when the conscious-reasoning mind is blocked off, stilled, it leaves a direct current from the super-conscious to the sub-conscious mind. When one ceases to create thoughts he or she becomes like unto a radio receiving set.”

“Oh,” said Loleeta, “it is like becoming a human radio.”

“Yes,” said Dan, “a two-way radio. But when you are making a loud speaker of yourself, like the Reverend Dr. Goodboye loves to do, you cannot get any messages of wisdom from the Central Broadcasting Station, which is the Master Creator of the universe.”

Weeks passed into months, and the summer vacation was nearing an end. Each evening Loleeta, Gee-Gee and Dan Rogers gathered on the porch of the boarding house. Loleeta had been practicing “BEING STILL” or “going into the silence” as psychologists sometimes say. Once as she

lay upon her bed to take an after-dinner nap, she had repeated the Bible thought, "Commune with your own heart upon your bed, and 'BE STILL.'" As she lay she felt herself, her spirit, rise up out of the body. Describing the experience to Dan and Gee-Gee, she said:

"It was the oddest sensation, floating up there near the ceiling, looking down at my body sleeping there on the bed. I remember hearing the chirp of a bird, and then I floated away. I began to hear many, many birds singing, yet I kept floating until I came to a place like a veil, or lace curtain—or a sheet of water pouring over a rock—a waterfall—and I was afraid. But a voice whispered to me from out of nowhere saying, 'Be not afraid,' and I passed through the veil. Then I was conscious that I was off the earth in an entirely different kind of place. It was all so sparkly and sunshiny, and I stood looking down a long corridor, and the angel at my side said to me:

" 'This is the door to Heaven.'

" 'Heaven?' I said. 'Am I dead?'

" 'No,' said the angel, 'It is a false teaching. One's body does not of necessity need to die before one can go to Heaven. It is much believed and taught on earth, but to enter into eternal life, and live in this place, this Heaven beyond the sky, one must learn of the Spirit, and be able to 'grade' even as one MUST GRADE to attend schools, colleges, and universities on earth. Even as the flesh person must be educated to live the flesh life on earth, so must the spirit person or 'I' that is the real 'YOU' learn of the Spirit in order to live on the Spirit plane or in the Spirit realm. If one be so unfortunate as to learn the wrong thing, then he, or she, is worse off than if they had learned nothing at all.' "

Then Loleeta said to Gee-Gee, "I got as far as the doorway of your Heaven beyond the sky this very afternoon, and here I am back again. Now I want to know, what is TRUTH and what is false. How is one to know, and how can one be sure?"

"It is very simple," replied Gee-Gee. "The GREAT SPIRIT, the ONE Dan Rogers calls 'THE MASTER CRE-



## ATOR OF THE UNIVERSE'—

"He makes the sunshine.

"He makes the rainbow.

"He gives us the bees to make the honey.

"He gives us trees to furnish us with fruits and nuts.

"The GREAT SPIRIT does not make mistakes. The GREAT SPIRIT is TRUE. But all men say about the GREAT SPIRIT IS NOT TRUE. So, Loleeta, learn to talk to the Master Creator, and He will teach you great wisdom."

"But, Gee-Gee, HOW? HOW?"

Gee-Gee say, "When Loleeta get borned, she like little animal puppy—eyes are not opened. Little animal puppy no good for hunt. No can see. Then some day animal puppy's eyes get opened. Loleeta live long, long time—20—25 years—maybe? And still—no get open eyes. Reverend Mr. Oscar Harley Goodboye—him too live long, long time—yet him—no can see—hear Voice of Great Spirit. But Loleeta talk to Great Spirit, pray, listen, ask him to open 'SPIRIT EYE' so Loleeta can see—'SPIRIT EAR'—so Loleeta can hear—'and BE STILL'—Jesus man could see—Gee-Gee too, see—Great Medicine Chief—Gee-Gee Grandpaw, him see—and teach Gee-Gee how no one can find door to Heaven beyond the sky if no got eyes open."

"But," said Loleeta, "do you mean to say, Gee-Gee, that the great Reverend Doctor Oscar Harley Goodboye is not going to Heaven?"

Gee-Gee looked at Loleeta a long time in silence and finally said, "Loleeta make the joke." But he added, "How can Reverend Goodboye find the gate to Heaven when him dead, can no hear, cannot see—he blind—got no SPIRIT EYE yet opened—he got no SPIRIT GRADE. No grade—not even one. Him not yet learned first lesson Jesus man teach, 'How to be still.' Him flunk examination, cannot grade one yet."

Then Loleeta, looking puzzled, said, "Gee-Gee, the mystic writing that Dan was given while camped on the Cathedral Spires Mountain—can you explain why it was given to Dan rather than to the Reverend Mr. Oscar Goodboye?"



Gee-Gee hesitated a long time, then looking to his friend Dan Rogers for approval, continued softly, "Me ask GREAT SPIRIT why." Great Spirit say, "Master Dan have great heart of LOVE. Master Dan want wisdom. He cry out long, long time for wisdom. Cry out for way to give all—that the Great Spirit might give unto him. Long years Master Dan from secret place did ask a way to dedicate and consecrate his all to the Master Creator. Great Spirit hear Master Dan's prayer. He know it different from the billions of earth that are crying out, 'Gimme, gimme, gimme.'" "

"Master Dan ask, like Jesus, to give, not to be given—ask to serve, not to be served. Great Master Spirit Creator hear—and he answer prayer. He say in the secret place to Master Dan:

"I gave the peoples of the earth THE MAJESTIC LAW OF LOVE—but they obeyed it not, and they reaped wars and death.

"I sent the peoples of earth a Teacher and they crucified Him.

"I gave the peoples of the earth an Holy Script—BIBLE—and they changed it around to suit themselves, and divided into differing and warring factions over it. They wanted their own selfish way—separate from the GREAT SPIRIT—and now they cry out in their woe—GIVE me—O give me—but I hear them not. Yet I hear the unselfish VOICE crying unto me.

"To one of great wisdom I give the plan for the CITY OF DAWN."

When Gee-Gee had finished, it seemed to Loleeta as if there was a holy aura, a glow, all about him. She could not help but feel as though she had actually heard the voice of the ONE GREAT SPIRIT speaking through the lips of the Indian boy Gee-Gee.

For a long, long time Loleeta sat looking at Dan Rogers. It seemed that she was actually seeing him for the first time. Yet Dan also seemed to be far away. In his eyes was a dewey depth, an angelic shine, kin to the holy aura or spiritual light we often hear about, but seldom expe-

rience. In the soft stillness the words of Gee-Gee began to repeat themselves.

*"And to one of great wisdom is given the plan for the City of Dawn."*

With the first repeating, a deeper sense of peace and love enfolded her.

She looked at Dan in the silence and felt a great at-oneness in her soul with him—closed her eyes and to herself again softly repeated—

**"AND TO ONE OF GREAT WISDOM IS GIVEN THE PLAN FOR THE CITY OF DAWN."**

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(To be continued in the second number of THE OPEN WAY.)

(Send 25 cents coin to Lovie Webb Gasteiner for the first part of THE MYSTERY VOICE.)

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## **THE UNIVERSAL ROLL CALL OF FAITH**

This is the second list of The Universal Roll Call of Faith. The first list, which includes about twice as many names and addresses, may be had from the Editor of THE OPEN WAY for only 25 cents.

Some ask these questions:

"What is it doing, and what is the purpose of it, The Universal Roll Call of Faith?"

First, note its friendly atmosphere with tolerance and love for all. Those of every race, age, creed are welcome.

For many it is a sort of "pen pal" club, and gives much pleasure, comfort and uplift.

Self-improvement is coming to many, because of the wider range of thought, brought about by letters, courses, personalities, books and other groups of people.

Change of residence and occupation have also come about because of the Roll Call.

Visits, actual meetings of friends are joy beyond description when they come to pass.

And while in the beginning—Dan Cupid was not especially invited, or considered—the delightful little one—seems to have shyly—entered in and shot a few arrows—

into the air—they fell to earth—Where?—?

One dollar is the regular price for entering your name on the Roll Call. But there are no hard and fast rules, and no charge at all to those unable to pay.

A man in the West marked off the usual \$1.00 price on the Roll Call blank, wrote \$5.00 instead, and enclosed check for same.

Another man in the East, a Negro, did the same.

These two men have taken care of some unable to pay. "Verily, they shall have their reward."

In the second issue of THE OPEN WAY let us make The Universal Roll Call of Faith the most far-reaching one to date.

The more different groups we have represented, the farther we are extending the light in tolerance and good will, universal.

If your church, school or group is not represented, send your name to do so. Or if you have no group, you are as welcome, or more so, because you have a great need, even as many, many others the world over.

Abbreviations are as follows: **O.** occupation. **H.** hobby. **R.** race. **Md.** married. **S.** single. **Fm.** family. **D.C.** desires correspondence. **Pb.** problem. **Rl.** religion.

# A

Russell Ain, Box 133, Fairfield, Iowa, age 49 Jan. 24. **O.** Welder, S. H. Photography. **Rl.** Student of universal truth. **R.** White. Desires to know more about the spirit of the animal kingdom.

Mrs. Clara D. Andrews, R 1, Deer Park, Washington. Age 52 December 27. **Md.** Three boys, two girls. **H.** Capriculture. **Rl.** Faithist. **R.** White.

# B

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. Age 74 Nov. 18. **O.** Housewife. Desire higher illumination and greater love. **Md.** One boy, one girl. **D.C.** **H.** To help other. **R.** German. **Rl.** A child of the Creator, with one-ness of all, as part of HIM. Would like to hear from Dan Rogers. I still dance every day.

Hans Berhold, Box 664, Salt Lake, Utah. Age 48 Aug. 22. **O.** Accountant. Desire—Universal harmony. **Md.** Four boys. **Rl.** Universal. **H.** Study of truth.



Edgar W. Block, Indianola, Ill.  
Age 72 April 13. O. Civil engineer (retired), farmer and grain man. H. To understand growth—why soil conservation is wrong. There is unlimited supply from above. Md. Two boys, one girl. R. German.

Dorothy Brand, Box 26, Machovet, Texas. Age 32 July 1st. O. Government housing office. Special need: Friendship. S. H. Novelist. R. White. Interested in Indians.

John W. Bunell, R.F.D. 1, Greenwich, Rhode Island. Age 43 July 19th. O. Machinist. R. White. Md. to Eva.

Eva V. Bunell. Md. to John W. Bunell, same address. Age 39 April 28th. O. Student and housewife. D.C.

Eleanor E. Brown, 926 Connor Ave., Joplin, Mo. Age 60 June 10. O. Housewife. Md. Have one boy. D.C. R. White. Desire to know Life—God, as meant in the statement "Male-female, created he them." H. To find HIM. Rl. What He reveals.

## C

Bell Camble, 812 E. 12th St., Winston-Salem, N. C. Age 50. Rl. No special. R. Negro.

Laura R. Christie, Box 38, Oakland, Oregon. Age 52 June 30. O. Homemaker. Husband, one boy, three girls. Rl. Faithist. R. White. Desire better health.

Sarah Rosamond Chamberlain Irish, 2303 Utter St., Bellingham 7, Washington. Age 81 in November. O. Reading. knitting, crocheting. Md. Fm.

Two boys. Rl. Metaphysics. H. Walking. D.C.

Mrs. Josephine L. Ciarlo, 3247 Grand Ave., Oakland 10, Calif. Age 48 Sept. 14. O. Housewife. Md. Two girls. D.C. H. The outdoors. Rl. Oahs-pean student, unity, metaphysics — all religions. R. White. Desire to grow upward-ly through labor and love. All things are for the growth of the spiritual.

W. B. Cluness, Box 45, Southport, Fla. Age 75 June 22. O. Cabinet maker, orchard care, prospecting for mineral and interested in colonization. Rl. Faithist.

William W. Coffman, R. 1, Cloverdale, Ind. Age 60 Sept. 11, and wife age 56. Homemakers. We desire to meet people who wish to help others. H. Reading. Rl. Faithist, Oahs-pean student. R. White.

Floyd Cole, 315 East Irvin, Bad Axe, Mich. Age 52 Sept. 26. O. Merchant. Pb. More Understanding, better health. Md. 4 boys, 3 girls. Rl. Protestant and Faithist student.

Richard M. Collier, Box 637, Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn. Age 22 April 9. O. Student. H. Electronics. Rl. Faithist. R. White.

Mary E. Connett, 15 Temple Court, Manchester, N. H. Age 81 June 20. O. Teacher. D.C. H. Teaching. Rl. Everything. R. English.

C. Crutts, 1129 17 St.—16. Age 46 Dec. 16. O. Colony organizer. S. Two boys, 3 girls. Need home and companion.

H. Writing. Rl. Faithist. R. White. D.C.

# F

Dr. Marcus Fite, D.C., 208 S. Division, Kellog, Idaho. Age 46 Feb. 24. O. Chiropractor. Desire Cosmic Consciousness. Md. H. Seeking the true light. Rl. Non-Orthodox. R. White.  
Mrs. Maria Flax, 1010 E. Fourth St., Winston-Salem, N. C. Age 75. Md. D.C. R. Negro. Rl. Holiness.

# G

Warren D. Gauntt, P.O. Box 1001, Joplin, Mo. Age 20 Oct. 21. O. College student. S. Rl. Faithist. H. Music.  
Hans R. Genck, Happy Acres, Rt. 1, Box 245, Oroville, Calif. Age 60 June 5. O. Managing director of Happy Acres Foundation, Inc. R. White. H. Problem clinic. Rl. Undefined. Fm. One girl. Educational and inspirational books to loan.  
Cora May Gillis. Age 70 May 8. O. Housewife. Desire to find those searching for truth. H. Music. Fm. One boy, one girl. Rl. Faithist. R. White.  
Mark Goodinliter, P.O. Box 131, Sutter City, Calif. Age 50 May 17. O. General labor. Desire more research in books. S. R. Norwegian. H. Ancient numerals and letter, and botany. Rl. Rosierucian.

# H

John Harden, B-2, Cadiz, Ohio. O. Fire boss in coal mine. Md. Two boys, one girl. Age 55 Dec. 18. H. Writing and mu-

sic. Rl. Faithist. R. White.

H. R. Hill, N.D., P.O. Box 592, Corning, Calif. O. Restaurant, hotel, painter, carpenter, masseur. Need financial help in securing a Faithist colony site. It is later than we think. Md. One girl. Rl. Faithist. R. White.

Mrs. Edward Hutchinson, 303 N. Highland, Winston-Salem, N. C. Age 65 Feb. 15. Md. One boy. D.C. R. Seventh Day Adventist. R. Negro.

# I

Augustus C. Irke, O. South 4th St., San Jose, Calif. Age 81 Dec. 28. S. D.C. Rl. Faithist. R. White

# K

Sheldon Kiselik, 4511 Fairview Ave., Baltimore 16, Maryland. Age 27 Feb. 15. O. Salesman. Md. One boy. D.C. Rl. Jewish. R. White.

Mrs. Luvena (Cooper) Knudsen, 3515 Brookdale Ave., Oakland 19, Calif. Age 54 May 17. O. Employed with State Highway Patrol. Widow. Two boys, one girl. D.C. Phone evenings Kellogg 4-1050.

# L

Dr. John Henry Lambert, P.O. Box 62, Washington, D. C. Psychologist, President of National Institute of Psychology and Metaphysics. Age 41 Sept. 1. D.C.

W. M. Liddon, 1525 Broad, Nashville 3, Tenn. Age 48 Feb. 26. O. President of Liddon Pon-



tia, Inc., and President of Lid-don White, Inc. Md. D.C.

Michael E. Lopus, P.O. Box 250, San Francisco 1, Calif.

Rev. Dr. Johnny Lovewisdom, Box 7, Kaweah, Calif. Age 31 July 23. O. Writer, spiritual preceptor and orchard worker, Editor of *Eternal Youth Life*. S. Lead ascetic life. D.C.

### M

Joseph Magenta, Rt. 1, Box 35-A, Richfield, Calif. Age 64 Sept. 3rd. O. Orchardist. Desire partner — lady vegetarian around 50 who likes outdoor work. H. Fruit trees. Rl. Faithist.

W. R. Martin, R. 2, Marianna, Pa. Age 88 Dec. 28. Single.

Floyd A. McCrum, 220 Leonard St., Eaton Rapids, Mich. Age 54 March 20. O. Watchmaker, divine and psychosomatic healing. Desire to extend my usefulness in building health and happiness to a greater number of Jehovah's children. Md. Two boys. D.C. Rl. Faithist. R. White. In drugless healing arts — degrees: N.D., D.C., P.H.D., D.S.P.

Edward Milligan, care Editor, *The Open Way*, Celina, Tenn. Age 61 April 9. Writer, inventor, designer, planning engineer.

Mrs. Lois Moses, 906 E. Fifth St., Winston-Salem, N. C. R. Negro. Rl. Holiness. Age 42.

Percy Moss, 181 Lock St., North Hamilton, Ontario, Canada. Age 61 July 30. O. Leather worker and general laborer. Need is to study to attain the

true way of life as was practiced by Jesus and the groups spiritually and economically, and to transmute the Roman way to the glory of the Great Spirit. H. Poetry and philosophy. Rl. Nature study. S. Two girls. R. English.

George E. Moyer and Wife Kathryn, 6012 "A" Street, Philadelphia Pa. George, textile worker, age 34 Aug. 6. Kathryn, age 25 Dec. 25. Part time secretary. Rl. Faithist. H. Reading, stamp collecting. R. White.

### N

Phillip Nasser, 7357 Franklin, Los Angeles 46, Calif. Age 55 Feb. 18. O. Handyman gardener, houseman. S. D.C. H. Garden. Rl. Philosophy. R. Syrian. Would like to acquire land in New Mexico.

### P

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

### S

Francis D. St. Clair, 90 Blvd., Bayonne, N. Y. Age 45 March 3. O. Radio engineer., American Tel. & Tel. Co. Fm. Three girls. Rl. Faithist. R. White. D.C.

Isabella Sheehy, 91 So. Main St., Franklinville, N. Y. Age 40 March 27. O. Hairdresser. Desire to meet another hairdresser, male or female, interested in going in business for self and Faithist-minded. S.



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# THE OPEN WAY

## Universal Roll Call of Faith

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(Month) (Day) (Year)

Occupation \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

Special need, problem, or desire \_\_\_\_\_

Check one:

Single ☐ Married ☐ Family: \_\_\_\_\_ Boys, \_\_\_\_\_ Girls.

Desire correspondence? Yes ☐ No ☐

Hobby \_\_\_\_\_ Religion \_\_\_\_\_ Race \_\_\_\_\_

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D.C. H. Stenciling graphs of religion. RI. Golden Rule. R. White.

Thomas Syms (Symchitch), 20611 Shady Lane, St. Clair Shores, Mich. Age 46 Feb. 8. O. Salesman of stainless steel health cookware, lecturer on foods and herbalist. Desire more time for Oahspean study. Md. Three boys, one girl. D.C. H. Herb lore. RI. Faithist. R. W. Ukrainian.

## V

Charles F. Van Horn, 110 Fourth St. S.E. Washington 3, D. C. Age 43 March 11th. O. Order filler in drug store. Special need of friendship. S. H. Music. RI. Faithist. R. White.

## W

Fannie C. Wheeler, P.O. Box 317, Middlesboro, Ky.

Rev. A. Garfield Wildren, 1001 S. Florence, Kirksville, Mo. Age 70 March 10. Minister, writer, astrologer.

Dean Thayer Wilton, 65 Concord St., Portland 5, Maine, age 64 March 15. O. Real estate broker. RI. Methodist, Oahspean student. H. Writing, novel, metaphysical, song, Mason, chaplain, layman preacher. Md. D.C.

## Z

John Zinimon, 524 E. Second St., Winston-Salem, N. C. O. Contractor. Fm. One boy, two girls. RI. Faithist. R. Negro. D.C.