

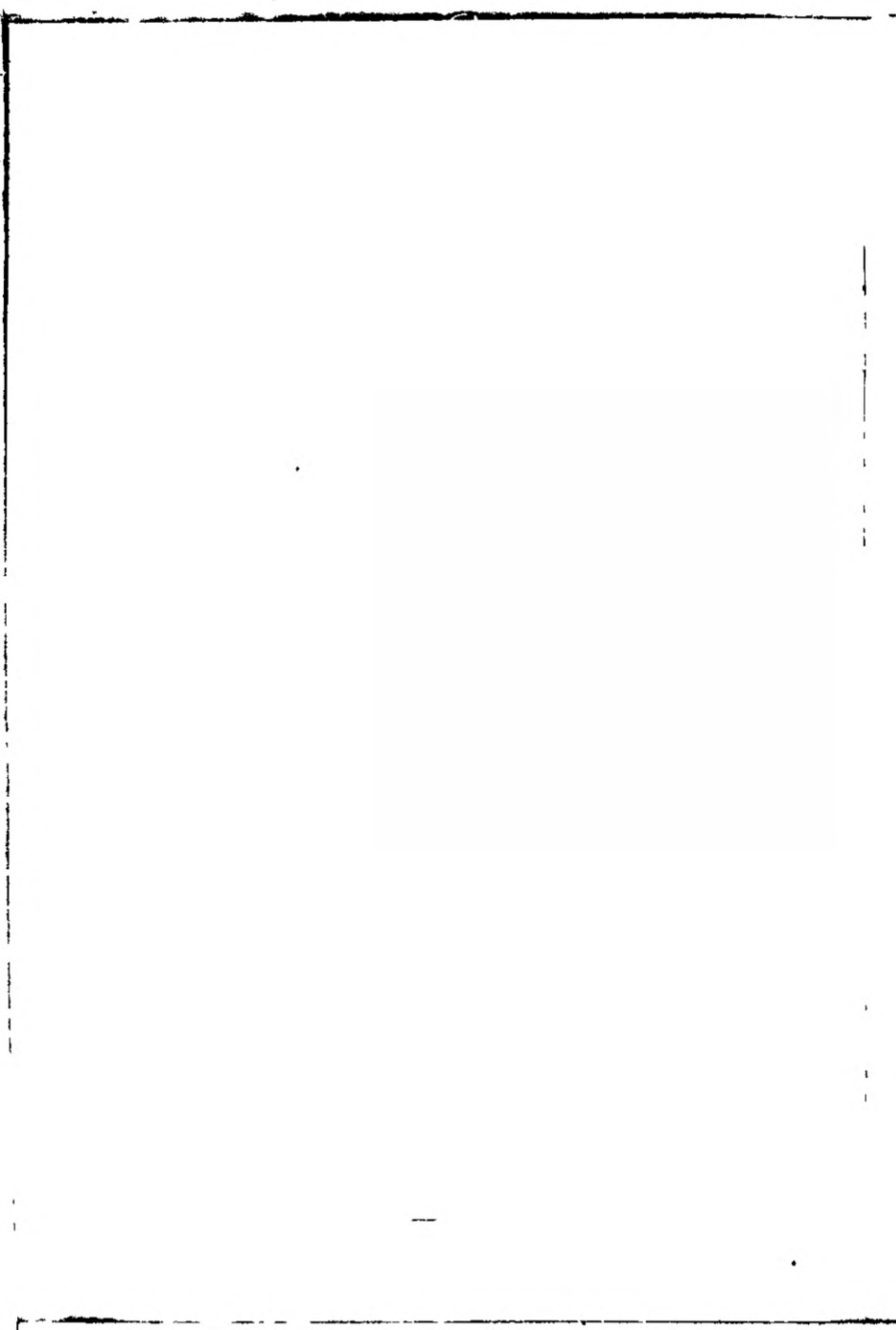


SO

BE

IT





They said: "This is man's last incarnation, his last chance to pay off all debts incurred both in this lifetime and all previous lifetimes " It felt right.

They said "We can no longer afford enmities, hatreds, self-indulgences, self-pities and self-condemnations They are the cankers that take root inside us and blind our sight, block our hearing and dull our sensitivities to the point where we begin to stultify into death, instead of stretching upwards into life "

Yes, it had begun to happen to me At twenty five I had tried so hard and failed so dismally I was blind, deaf and dumb, all I had left was a front to present to the rest of the world, an image that said 'I'm all right I know what I'm doing and where I'm going. It's really quite simple if you're as smart as I am.' I THINK my image fooled people, it even managed to fool me sometimes — except when I was alone

Yes, so far so good I believed them

They said to me "The only evil is failure, and failure is refusal to fulfill our capabilities, meet our destinies, and stand true to the Purpose of GOD " I didn't know too much about that but I was willing to find out

"What shall I do?" I asked

"Work, my friend, work "

So work I did I made doors and hung them, waited in the Cavern (coffee lounge), washed dishes in the kitchen, and did anything that required doing

In the meantime I took a job at a coffee bar in order to pay my way in Process activities The job was my first in two years, since I had decided some time previously that jobs were the answer to nothing, and not just my levers of job either — truck driving, carpentry, meat packing and odd jobbing

demands to some degree, some more strongly and more frequently than others

LUCIFER, the Light Bearer, urges us to enjoy life to the full, to value success in human terms, to be gentle and kind and loving, and to live in peace and harmony with one another. Man's apparent inability to value success without descending into greed, jealousy and an exaggerated sense of his own importance, has brought the God Lucifer into disrepute. He has become mistakenly identified with Satan.

SATAN, the receiver of transcendent souls and corrupted bodies, instils in us two directly opposite qualities, at one end an urge to rise above all human and physical needs and appetites, to become all soul and no body, all spirit and no mind, and at the other end a desire to sink BENEATH all human values, all standards of morality, all ethics, all human codes of behaviour, and to wallow in a morass of violence, lunacy and excessive physical indulgence. But it is the lower end of Satan's nature that men fear, which is why Satan, by whatever name, is seen as the Adversary.

I began to find out about Christ and what He was really trying to tell us

I began to find out about the grey forces, the hypocrites, who by their hypocrisy, still, two thousand years later, crucify Christ daily

I began to find out about the Unity of Christ and Satan

Christ said, Love thine enemy

Christ's Enemy was Satan and Satan's Enemy was Christ

Through Love enmity is destroyed

Through Love saint and sinner destroy the enmity between them

Through Love Christ and Satan have destroyed Their enmity and come together for the End

Christ to Judge, Satan to execute the Judgement. Salvation or Doom

ever been because of the use of intellect Are YOU any happier, any better, any more satisfied, any less frustrated, any less anxious, any less afraid, because of the use of intellect?

No If we are to be honest we must admit that there is more unhappiness, instability, insecurity, chaos, anxiety, fear, and downright misery in the world, than ever before, on a wider scale than ever before, and with no reassuring solutions in view to allay the more and more widely held view that man is headed for extinction

So, there's a ceiling on intellect beyond which we cannot go

But there's no ceiling on emotion Our feelings can expand to encompass any knowledge

But feelings can be frightening, they tell us so much about ourselves if we listen to them, about what we are, about what we want And very often what we are and what we want doesn't fit with the image of ourselves that we've created

Feelings can tell us that we're stupid or cowardly or confused or inferior or unacceptable or any of the other things we don't want to know about ourselves, and then we really push down on those feelings, hard Then we decide that feeling really is dangerous. We revert to intellect, fast, and look for somewhere to put the blame for those feelings of inadequacy

So there's no ceiling on emotion, but feelings can be cruel and bitter things, particularly if we're alone with them Any wonder then that we try to live by reason and intellect and rationale and logic?

But once we can see that we're not alone with them, that all of us at some time feel stupid and cowardly and confused and inferior and unacceptable, and that that is just how it is, part of the human predicament, once we can come together with people who understand, who've been there themselves, who love us, and whom we can love, then we start to get the courage to listen to what our feelings are trying to tell us.

I didn't know too much about any of that the first time I attended a Sabbath Assembly, and became an Acolyte of The

Since that time I've travelled a long way with The Process, physically, mentally and spiritually, a long way. But the night on which I became an Acolyte stands out in my memory as the start of the journey. After that night I was aware of the beginnings of big differences in myself.

Firstly, 'Religion' was real to me where it had never been before. Previously I had decided that religion was 'bunk', and had stated it quite vociferously to anyone who got me going on the subject. (Imagine the temerity, me with my great non-knowledge, deciding that the thing that had been most important to most of humanity down through all the ages, was 'bunk'. My only excuse is that I'd looked at religion, and what I'd seen practised in its name was one great sham, one great cover-up for greed, avarice, dishonesty, betrayal and the sheerest hypocrisy.)

So, religion wasn't bunk — well certainly not all religion! One up to me. I could ditch a stubbornly held agreement, do a vast about face, and feel fine — even quite smart really for having discovered it.

Next, whenever I'd looked at myself previously I'd felt pretty much the bottom of the barrel. You know, other people were better looking, or smarter, or more lucid, or more confident, or more charming, or more aggressive, or more successful, or you know. If you're honest, you've been there too. We all have.

I'd always known that we all trotted around images of ourselves, but now I began to see just the extent of the images that most people have built around themselves for fear of being seen and known — or even seeing and knowing, for if we see and know, that gives us a responsibility, for what we're usually seeing and knowing is a terrible vulnerability in people, the great insecurity exposed, the fear of what the future holds laid bare, the crushing anxiety of what the end will be for them, laid open for inspection.

Most of us aren't aware to any large extent of these things in ourselves, most of us try very hard NOT to be aware of these things in ourselves. But they're there nevertheless, gnawing away at our vitals like a cancer, draining away our confidence, draining away our vitality, draining away our willpower, making

Now I felt less like an outsider and more like one of them, an 'Inside Processean' as opposed to an 'Outside Processean', although at that stage I was still living outside with other people who wanted to become part of The Process

What I now saw about my fellow Processeans was that they were happy — not a very penetrating observation I know, but a very surprising one for me, I'd never met people before who were genuinely happy — and free — they were free from the sort of self-consciousnesses that I at any rate had been prone to — and diverse — there were not many 'Inside Processeans' in New Orleans at that time, ten at most, with various comings and goings from Process Chapters in other parts of the United States, but the stable body comprised not more than ten, and ten such different types, from different backgrounds, with different educational standards, different financial means or lack of them, different talents, attributes, natures and outlooks

I've since discovered that the diversity is more, much more than I was able to see at that time. Processeans cover the social spectrum. Graduates from top universities through to near illiterates, ex-engineers, drug addicts, architects, teachers, bums, time and motion experts, panhandlers, artists, electricians and chartered accountants, and all living and working together with understanding and dedication, Jew with Arab, Jew with Christian, Jew with German, (what is it about the Jews?) — I could go on but I'm sure you've got the point

Anyhow, at that time I was viewing The Process and Processeans through the eyes of a brand new Acolyte, and I liked what I saw

One more thing I feel is worth mentioning from that period of my history in The Process. Never in the whole of my life, anywhere, had I felt so accepted or so acceptable. Not the 'accepted' or 'acceptable' where nobody really cares whether you're there or not there. These people cared. They cared about whether I resisted what I was there to find out about myself, and so drove myself down. They cared about whether I accepted what I was there to find out about myself, and

("Who ever heard of such a thing?"), would itself be unpalatable But no, if you had imagined that you would have imagined wrong Hundreds of people passed in and out of that fair-sized building every day, and during activities — Progresses, Processscenes, Telepathy Developing Circles, Discussion Groups, Sessions, Assemblies, and Midnight Meditations — overflowed from fair-sized room to room to room

So leaving New Orleans meant leaving many friends behind, and that saddened us. But word had come down the hierarchy that we should move, word from the Super Beings Whom we attend, and Whose life force is channelled through us.

Their directives are very often tests of faith Do we still have roots in this world? Do we still need material security? Do we still need environmental stability? Do we still need money in our pockets? Do we still need to know where our next meal is coming from? Do we still need to know where we're going to sleep tonight?

If the answer to any of these questions is 'yes', we're still short on faith For not until we've given ourselves over completely to the higher Powers can we be born again

Christ said "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of GOD " And being born again is living totally in faith, faith that however seemingly impossible the circumstances, that in faith we shall overcome, faith that whatever our needs may be, in faith those needs will be met I have lived with this creed for two years now, and have witnessed and been part of such a series of miracles, that, please GOD, I shall never doubt again

But I was new to the Game when word came that we were leaving New Orleans, and apart from feeling sad about leaving many friends behind, there were things I couldn't understand Why, when we were doing so beautifully, good accommodation, enough money coming in, many people interested in us, fascinated by us, working with us and wanting to become part of us, should we suddenly up sticks and leave? Nobody wanted us to leave, except maybe a few nutters who'd heard the word 'Satan' in connection with us, and decided out of their own

miserable doubts. Others had to choose between The Process and well paid jobs, The Process and a university degree, The Process and a professional reputation, The Process and a beautiful home, in short, between The Process and their roots in this world

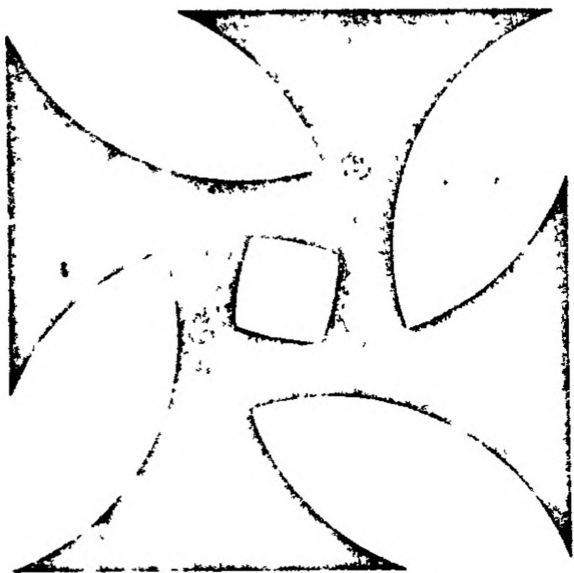
The ones who made their decision FOR The Process, then set about organising to get themselves to San Francisco, and to the Process Chapter in that city. We travelled by every available means of transportation. Some went by train, others by car or truck or 'plane or bus or by hitching rides. Some even, believe it or not, went by boat.

Well, all of that was almost two years ago, and during that almost two years, I've been part of Process Chapters in San Francisco, Los Angeles, and New York, then, leaving the States, Process Chapters in Holland, France, Germany, Italy and now, England.

During that almost two years I have changed immeasurably, both by being part of Closed Process Chapters where the accent is on training, self- and other- realisation, learning, knowledge, self-expression and expansion, change and development, and by being part of Open Process Chapters where the accent is on spreading the Word through literature, and through activities which everybody and anybody is welcome to attend!

The changes I've noted in myself stagger me sometimes when I compare the 'me' I now am, to the 'me' I once was.

Everything that once was a problem to me no longer is. The anxieties that once dogged my movements have evaporated into thin air. The uncertainties I used to feel about my own worth and stature and acceptability have dropped away and left me free. I now know who I am and where I'm going, and what I'm in this world for. I now know my function, my purpose, my fulfillment and my destiny, and this of course is the greatest change of all.



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