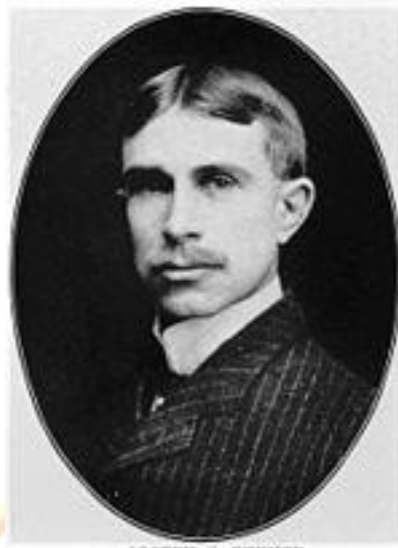


# “SERVICE”

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We wish to talk with you about service, in order, if possible, to inspire in your minds a new and much higher ideal than perhaps you now have of what is *real* service.

We can do this now, because many of you are able to enter the Christ Consciousness and know for yourselves. For in that Consciousness only can true service be rendered, because self never has any part in such service, as you will learn from what follows.

What do we mean by saying that self never has any part in true service? The kind of service meant always springs from above—or rather, from *within*—from the Christ of you; from a *Love* so far “above” and “beyond” self’s interest and concern, that it comes from another world—it actually comes from the Kingdom of God’s Consciousness, where all is that kind of Love.

Let us see if we can make it clearer. Try to imagine yourself living in a world where perfect Love reigns, where It is the actual sustaining life and motive power of everyone there. Of course It is God’s Love that is thus the life and power of everyone in this world, which you may know as God’s Kingdom; because everyone there has left self outside—or rather, *it is no more*, all of its forces and powers having been lifted up, transmuted, merged into their original Source—God’s Love.

Therefore, God’s Love, which always carries with It His Consciousness, His Life, His Power, His Nature, His Self, *is* the Self of everyone in this marvellous world. In other words, there all are *ONE* in Christ—as is called this Love, which includes all of God’s Consciousness, Life, Power, Nature, Self—all that God IS and HAS. Christ Jesus, God’s supreme expression of His Love

on earth, clearly showed us this by His life, His example, His deeds, and by His saying, “*All that the Father is, I am,*” and “*All that the Father hath, is Mine.*”

*“I am the way, the truth and the life; no man cometh unto the Father except by me.”*

You who have been able to enter that Consciousness, to feel that great

Love pouring through you, know that with It comes an intense yearning to lift every one of your brothers out of the darkness in which they are wandering into the glorious Light of that Love; for you also know that until they have found and bathed in Its Light they will never know real harmony, peace, freedom and happiness.

This yearning then becomes the predominant part of one’s nature, influencing all one’s thoughts, words and acts, and thereby is the motive power which automatically makes service the *expressed* life of everyone in the Kingdom.

Can you grasp what that means? When anyone, anywhere, in great need turns to God in sincere prayer for help, someone in the Kingdom always hears—usually someone nearest—and the human mind of that one in the Kingdom is directed to respond and give the help needed. That is why, when one truly dedicates one’s self to Christ, and thus opens one’s self wide to the Great Love, that It not only so cleanses the outer consciousness that the Light of the Soul can shine through and attract other Souls; but It is able to use the outer mind of such a one as a pure and open channel for the blessing and helping of all It directs to such.

Naturally then, as one thoroughly acquaints one’s mind through meditation and definite instruction from the Christ Consciousness, it gradually turns trustingly to You within, waits upon You, listens constantly for Your guidance, and is concerned only that it is pleasing You. For it has learned that You are the Voice and the Channel of that Love, that yearning that must be obeyed. And so in time the complete surrender of self to that Love is accomplished, and then begins the real life of service on earth, even as it is in the Kingdom.

As an illustration of this great truth, we are going to give herein excerpts from letters received from one who has recently passed through a very wonderful experience, from which we know everyone who reads will benefit.

But before doing so, we will give you the added benefit of what came from another friend, and which we hope everyone who reads will put into practice henceforth in his or her life as an example and proof of the kind of service you are called upon to render by our dear Lord Christ, and your Brothers in His

Service:

In the Kingdom there is no money or use for money, but nevertheless there is something there in use that takes the place of money. What is that mysterious, invisible medium of exchange, which, even more surely than paying out a dollar gives one a dollar's worth of something one needs, will automatically and according to exact law bring one everything one needs—and without one's ever asking for it, or even feeling the need? The answer is given by this other friend as follows:

*“It is the power and the practice of universal, impersonal, loving service, in immediate response to an expressed or unexpressed need.”*

See if you can grasp the wonderful significance of these words and of the truth they hide. Then see if you can note the application and use of this truth in the experience that follows, and its inevitable result. Study all of the above very carefully, and read and reread what follows, until you are led to understand the inner meaning of it all and of what it holds for you.

My Dear Friends:

I have been longing to write to you and place before you a problem that has been troubling me very much. I have been torn between the senses of justice or injustice toward *me*, in my earthly struggle for existence. You know how hard it has been for me the past year, that I stand on the brink of great loss and of desperate need; that my financial affairs are at a crisis. I can get no help anywhere, there seems no money to be had, even with good security. I have done all in my power. I have fulfilled my part to the limit of my ability and understanding. For weeks I have taken it in the Silence to God, but although I am surrounded with plenty of what the world calls substance, I can turn nothing into money.

As I said before, every avenue I turn to, every move I make—even to renting my home for almost nothing—is frustrated by some unseen Power, and heavier burdens are then thrust upon me.

Three times I started to write to ask your opinion. As many times I tore up the letter, sensing I must work it out for myself. For two days now I have been battling with it. Suddenly, a few moments ago, a vivid picture of the “wilderness” Jesus went into at the beginning of His “Mission” came before me. You remember the forty days He was in the wilderness—and the temptations He met?

I probably cannot even slightly comprehend what His temptations were in their reality, but I can sense His reactions to them, having now definitely taken up His Mission, after His release from His training in the Brotherhood, and then the final Illumination at the river Jordan, when John baptized Him. That descent of the “Holy Ghost” made clear to Him what lay ahead—the difference

between the world He was entering and the world He had left; and the many other pictures of what He would have to meet and endure flashed before me. Did He flinch, fear, draw back—wonder if His needs would be provided for; if He would be taken care of; would He be able to meet the hard situations that would arise?

Then I suddenly saw myself and this pigmy situation of mine—and it all flashed before me! This was the test. I couldn't avoid it. It was purposely given me . . . And I have been fearful and rebellious, and crying at the injustice of it; viewing it wholly with material eyes, seeing my money melt away in the supporting of one who has no claim on me and no possible earthly reason to expect such sacrifice on my part.

But I must tell of my situation. A woman seventy-six years old has been to me twice before this for treatment for gall-bladder trouble. She was really a part charity case, could pay only a portion of what it actually cost for detoxification and rebuilding because of the special food needed—not to speak of the overhead, special treatments, massage, calories, etc. I have never included a salary for myself; my service and knowledge (as long as I could serve from my own home) I have considered as being service to God. The second time she came she could pay me only half of what it cost. At these two times I had other patients and so took her in because of her suffering.

These “attacks” are always the results of her self-indulgence; she is a gourmand, even at her age (plays bridge, midnight suppers, etc.). Then when these attacks come, she just becomes a little old, broken, shrunken creature, suffering only as such a trouble makes one suffer.

This Summer a relative (her only one) left for California to make a home, and promised to send for her in October. On September 20<sup>th</sup> she walked in on me unexpectedly, saying she came to spend a few days with me before leaving for California, as she loved me and felt she couldn't go until she had seen me and told me how grateful she was for all I had done for her. Some friends who had taken her to the train were going to motor here for her and take her back. The friends did not come; circumstances kept preventing them. She remained for three weeks. At this time I had no patients. She was utterly oblivious of my situation; of the struggle I was having to provide food for her. Also I gave her some treatments to prepare her to be in condition for her trip.

It became a nerve-wracking experience. I couldn't tell her my financial position; she is frail, would easily be made sick; neither could she grasp the reality of it, had I told her. She knows nothing of my affairs and I suppose judges (like many others), because I have this lovely place, that I must have plenty.

Finally I became desperate, I had just 65 cents left for food. My creditors

were bothering me. You know the struggle I was having at the time. In the Silence I would plead with God for help—for understanding. Then I went to a friend who has a car and asked her if she would not help me take an ex-patient home; that her friends could not come for her, and she could not go until someone brought a car to take her. So we took her home.

My relief was almost overwhelming. I had become actually desperate. There was nothing left for myself, yet to be relieved of *that burden* seemed sufficient happiness.

Within a few days came my crisis. I was down to six cents, with nothing more in sight for a month. I had been turning every cent possible on pressing debts, so it seemed I was surely at the end. Then—almost unbearable even to think of it—the head of my electric light dynamo went bad, and a new one must be purchased.

I sat down helplessly, and said, “Oh God, how can it be! I am trying so hard.” But this seemingly was not enough—the telephone bell rang, and it was a lawyer who told me a suit was being started against me for \$70.00. It was a terrible shock, for a moment; but to my amazement, my voice, when I answered, was quiet, full and unafraid. And then a strange, deep calm suddenly came over me, and I seemingly became detached from it all and was as if back of and looking down on this world, as if I did not belong in it, and as if nothing in it was important.

Listen to what followed; for it has changed life for me. It has changed me!

I went to town, talked with my lawyer—went to a banker. Nothing seemed possible or of any use—the suit was inevitable.

On my way home I stopped at the Post Office. There I found a letter from one from whom I never expected to hear, and in it was a check for \$50.00. I immediately went back, gave the lawyer \$45.00, to stay the suit, bought some food and went home.

Then in the late afternoon mail came a letter from my brother (to whom I had written a month before telling him my troubles, and offering him a first mortgage if he would lend me \$1,500.00 to clear up all my debts, letting me pay so much a month on it as I could). Not hearing from him, and knowing his peculiar and unsympathetic nature, I decided that he wanted nothing to do with it. In the letter was a check for \$100.00, to be used “for my personal needs,” as he refused to pay anyone’s debts and advised me to sell my home for any price, at a sacrifice, and leave here, find a position and free myself of all these burdens. But, I decided, my use of it will be as my inner being dictates. Well, the law suit is *now* nil, as I have paid that debt. Then I sent my brother my thanks and a note for the \$100.00, as I shall repay it.

But that was not all. The next day there came a letter from a patient who has come spiritually very close to me. In it was a check for \$20.00. She wrote, "I have been unable to sleep; you have been very much on my mind. I sensed you were in trouble; I cannot rest; please accept with the love I send this little offering for your personal use—you who are always doing so much for others. If you need more for a definite purpose, tell me, giving me a little time, and let me help you. You've done so much for me; please accept this in the spirit I send it. I know you are big enough to understand."

Then I think my heart almost burst with a deep, overwhelming love to God—the God in others and in my life, Whose Great Love inspires all action. Oh, what a wonderful feeling possessed me! *He*, wakened them all, even my brother to a sense of my distress—and each expressed *His* love as best they could. But each obeyed *His* command!

And it was my lesson in trusting His All-Power and in listening to and obeying His Will. And that is not all—two days ago there came an unexpected dividend check of a forgotten investment of \$42.00. I cannot pay all my bills, but I paid several smaller ones, provided my winter needs in food, got the engine head, and am trusting in God to show me the next step.

I know you will see in all this a glorious picture of a soul having fallen to the depths of helplessness, turning to God, and being lifted up into a new life which changed everything. I am almost fearful of asking God to open the way for me to show my gratitude by serving Him and my fellowmen. Yet I know He will! Each day I ask Him to accept me, to let me heal, or teach, or both—whichever is His Will. I shall not struggle longer; I will be waiting to consider and accept any proposition that comes to me. I'll make every effort to get a position of any kind. I will try hard to sell this place, and He will direct the results.

In my last letter I wrote you of the wonderful proof I was given of God's Love and Power to help those who truly trust Him, and how I asked Him to open the way for me to show my gratitude by serving Him and my fellowmen. Well, this is what then happened.

The night of November 2nd I got a long distance call from the people with whom the old lady was staying that I had sent home to them, saying that she had had another dreadful attack of gall-bladder trouble; she had been suffering a week and could get no relief even from The Doctor, who advised an operation; that they refused to take the responsibility, and as she was pleading to be taken to me, they had started with her in a large car with two attendants. What could I do? She was all alone in the East, her only funds what the relative in California sends. They came in late; she looked as if she were dying—just a limp rag, a poor little, wilted, old selfish lady.

Well, I did my part—the only thing I could do; *she was brought to me*—after I had rid myself of her three weeks ago. It just seemed as though I had no rights or say in the matter.

On top of this, the very same day a friend from out of town came to pay me a visit. She was most welcome, for I had planned for a few days visit. Well, I immediately began my work on the patient. My friend fell into her place in the working out of the entire thing.

This extra expense was just appalling. I wrote to the California relative stating the facts. The answer came—they were doing their utmost to prepare a little home and send the money for her transportation to California; that they couldn't possibly send for her until the first of December; that they were pressed to the limit to do that much for her, their very future in a business sense depended at present on their having the money to meet expenses. Further, they could not possibly reimburse me over the amount they had paid before, which would have to include the two weeks care of her case and the remainder of her stay here, until she would be strong enough to take the trip in December!

Now it is up to me to see this through—or to turn her out, half well, very frail, to a furnished room and her own heedless eating. I *cannot* do that! I *must* care for her, until she is able to travel; she will not be fit to leave my care until December, at the earliest.

Then—spiritually, I recognize the test of my faith in God, of my sincerity in offering myself for His service.

Materially, what do I see? *All* that was provided for me two weeks ago being used up—for one to whom, from a material standpoint, I owe nothing; who will pass out of my life soon; who may not even learn the lesson of suffering.

But who am I to question what is thrust upon me! Even if physically and financially I am depleting myself; if there is no *sure* provision ahead of me, and if in a few weeks I can again count the *cents* left for food supplies? Am I afraid? At first I was! It seemed so unjust, such an imposition, and who would take care of *me*? But then came the picture of Jesus in the wilderness and how He was tempted, and with it the realization of how insignificant was my temptation compared with His.

Then came the sense of my request to serve being granted, that this was my chance to fulfil my dedication—the sense of being tested to see and to show me how much of self was still in evidence, to learn my worthiness to meet an issue. And somehow I now know it is not an earthly issue—it is a heavenly one. The I Am is handling this case, not the little me. Yea, God, the Loving

Father, provides all opportunities, and when rightly met, supplies all needs.

I wrote you last week of the problem confronting me. Strange things have been coming through to me since, also a happening that sent me to my knees—for it just seemed as though God has opened His hand—had handed me Himself—the supreme Gift.

This unusual event and the soul experience following gives me a queer feeling of—shall I say—that I am no longer L—(her given name), and that some Power, or Guide, has suddenly come so close that it seems in reality It and I are almost One. I am putting this poorly, but how is a mortal truly to describe an immortal sensing?

I wrote you of the patient being here, of the necessity of my giving all I had and am to her care until December third at least. Well, she is completely recovered, is rapidly rebuilding strength and weight, and will keep well—if she will let the “flesh-pots” alone. She says, “Again you have saved my life.”

Now let me tell you of the “spiritual forces” that began working for me almost directly after writing you. Remember, even though I felt it was a burden, still deep within I felt almost certain that the whole happening was a test of my true self. Would I give the *best* in me, regardless of return, give it in a loving manner and in such faithful service that even the “patient” would never suspect the strain it was on me? Also was I doing it *in love*, as Christ would do it?

I can truly say that it was a Christ service—the same interest, care and supply that a patient of wealth would receive, and the deep, absorbing interest all physical disease or inharmony always arouses in me.

The other day I laid down to rest, heavy with the thought of would I have enough money to buy what she must have—and a sort of terror seized me for a few moments as to how I would be able to get food in December, unless God sent me other paying patients. It seems a terrible weak thought for me to entertain, after what had happened; but it swept over me like a kind of nausea.

But I prayed and repeated His promises, and finally fell asleep. I am sure I must have been asleep, for it does not seem what happened could have taken place while I was awake—yet I seemed to myself to be awake, and everything was clear and distinct. A haze seemed to be settling around me, white and vapoury at first, but gradually becoming so brilliant, clear and scintillating that I was lifted up and floated in its bright sustaining power, which billowed under and around me. I felt the texture of my clothes, my couch, yet I was floating in it. I did not move away from my position, I only seemed encompassed by this strange light power.

I made myself be calm and quiet and unafraid, and I wondered what



would happen. I looked at the head of Christ on the wall in front of me—it was as if ablaze with light: rays of fire shone out from it until they reached what seemed a shadowy dark, outlined frame many inches away from the real frame.

It was glorious. Then I heard a voice say,  
*“He that is greatest shall serve. Is it not I you are serving? Why for know ye fear?”*

It was so tremendous I believe I fainted, or something happened, because it seemed so long ere I wakened suddenly by someone knocking on my door. My “help” had brought up the mail, and she felt I was sleeping and it was my usual time to give the orange juice. Not coming down for it she felt she should waken me.

Yet I still feel I had not been asleep. I went about my work in a strange bewilderment, inwardly, for I seemed like two people—and I still feel that way. There is me, L--, working, planning, and right close to me is another Me; that when L—falls down the least bit in thought, or in action, instantly L—is pulled up to this new sensing, and I see with a new light and understanding never possessed before.

Ordinarily I would say it was “conscience” guiding me; but it is different. Can you imagine two beings manifesting consciously in one body—like, say a human consciousness and a distinctly Divine Consciousness? Yet this Divine One seems to be myself—A Me that is radiant, fearless, tireless, gentle and loving, yet all-knowing. I am getting used to this double feeling, but I wish it would enter inside me and be me, and let me feel as one whole being.

Have you ever heard of such a strange duality? No one else seems to notice it; it does not interfere with my duties. Only *I* seem conscious of this other glorious, strong Being so close to me, yet seeming just outside, surrounding this physical body.

Now that I have explained this strange incident, let me tell you of the dream a few nights later. It seemed someone had been conscious of thoughts I had been turning over in my mind the last few years, someone whose presence I felt, yet who was unwilling that I should see him clearly. But this is what was said,

*“You wonder why you have had to suffer such mental anguish; why you have been kept from your own; why you have had so little money. This suffering you **have had to have**, that you may know the true value of money, and also of how little value it is.*

*“You have now earned what money cannot buy; through the need of it you are now ready for the trust that is waiting. All that will come to you now, comes as a trust; you will remember and use it as such. You know now why I*

*hold you to this—to the use of a more perfect law, in order to bring forth what your soul desires—the Father’s perfect Gift.”*

Then I awakened—with the feeling of having been given something precious and priceless. I felt as though I had been away from this world among Heavenly Ones, and came back with a trust to fulfil. It has stayed with me. I wish I understood in my human waking mind *what it was*.

Then that very day, this almost unbelievable thing happened: A letter

from my sister-in-law. Please let me say this—not in the spirit of unkindness, but of truth. She and my brother are wealthy. She hoards money, is almost unjust to those who serve her, always criticizes me as being an idealist, a student of worthless, impracticable stuff, does not believe in exchanging gifts at any time, and all the other qualities of people who have wealth, yet no heart or deep sympathies. They have been impatient with me that I have not done many drastic things that I could not see the wisdom of doing.

The letter was brief and anxious of tone, and enclosed a check for \$10.00, saying she wanted me to use it for something *for myself*. As I looked at that check, through my mind shot these words like a voice, “*Just as this has come, so will My Gift come. Know this, your work has begun.*”

And, my friends, not for one second did I feel that it came from my sister G\_\_\_\_. I saw God, my Heavenly Father, as the giver. G\_\_\_\_ seemed in the background, as though *she* was astonished at herself, and had done something she had not meant to. I *saw*, I *felt* this. God was the *real* actor, G\_\_\_\_ just obedient.

Was that not a strange experience? Again I felt my self as *two*, another proof of a Higher Power controlling—and it was almost a deathblow to L\_\_\_\_. I am a new personality. I cannot find words to tell you of this new “power” I feel. This new self! The affairs that seemed so real, to this new Me now are very trivial. Something very wonderful lies ahead. I am all aquiver to know what my Father and my Brothers in Spirit have for me to do—what glorious truths I am to know; the old seems fast disappearing, nothing anymore seems as it was.

I just sent a letter to you two days ago of some length, and would not write so soon were it not that I want to tell you of an unusual development today when I entered the Silence at 12 o’clock Noon. I had hurried up stairs to my room, shut the door, arranged my chair and the lights on my pictures, and seated myself prepared to begin the service.

Suddenly an immense, profound stillness pervaded the room. Have you ever ridden in a tunnel, under a river, and felt the *depth* of stillness and the pressure on the ear drums? That was the effect at first. Then I heard a deep

throbbing begin, and this shot through my mind—"That is the pulse of the world." I felt far out—in the void; that beyond and *in* the throbbing was all of humanity's suffering, sorrows and woes. The throbbing was the heart-throbbing of the Universe—of God, while animating and sustaining a world—out of compassion for it.

Then the throbbing ceased, but I still felt the vast depth and the soundless void, when I sensed a drawing together of great numbers of Beings, felt them approach toward me. Even the pictures on the walls seemed to come to life; light and life seemed to vibrate from them. I did not feel that it was toward me that they were vibrating, but toward the Unseen Ones I felt gathering in the room. It was as though they sent out a welcoming glow. You remember the pictures are of the Lord Jesus, and of other great teachers sent to men.

I was reluctant to begin the prayer, so strongly did I feel these others; but the voice said, "*Where two or three are gathered together in My Name, there am I in their midst.*" Instantly tears poured out of my eyes, for I felt, how could I pray when these others were here—but I had to begin.

I carried it out, and then all at once I *knew* I had been accepted into a Glorious Brotherhood! Such a happy feeling, such rejoicing, such friendliness on Their part; and I felt everyone present *was glad I was with Them*, although They were far, far above and beyond me.

The entire service was beautiful, although tears poured down my cheeks as I prayed; for I *knew* something blessed was happening, and strange and unbelievable as it may seem, I *knew* I was taken into a Happy Company of Those Who serve One Father, and I am now one of Them. This seems so remarkable to my human mind it can hardly believe it all, yet something within tells me it is true. It is very wonderful, and makes me very humble.

How can I live up to Their Consciousness, and live this life here. It is hard for me to keep down in the material with such wondrous things happening to me now all the time—things coming to me—from the world of men, supplies needed—just given, and in such strange, unexpected ways.

And then this steady in pouring of Divine Consciousness, along with the coming of Divine Supply. The only things *to be seen* as proof of all this and of my sanity and balance is the wonderful letters of love expressed, of thanks, accompanying the little gifts—\$1.00 here, \$5.00 there, and another \$50.00, all coming from ex-patients and friends that know not my need. Strange, strange! Such has never happened to me before. It is beyond human comprehension.

I accept them as from God, and many times daily I thank Him. I feel they, the humans, *had* to do this thing; He commanded it. I am paying on bills, becoming honourable before those who trusted me, and wherever I go They force my lips to leave behind some high message of the Coming Age of Truth

and Brotherhood. I am divinely happy inside, no fear, only wonder at how I can stand this great Love within, which makes me feel I *must* use it to bless all I meet.

The following is from one who has caught the vision in another way.

### **KEEPING IN TOUCH**

The wish to keep in touch with the recipients of your monthly Papers I heartily appreciate. I sense your earnest desire that your flock do not wander too far from the fold, in view of the chaotic days, which you know and I believe are right at our door. We will need all the love and wisdom combined to carry us safely through the new conditions.

I am so glad that at last I am able to tune in to that glorious Requiem, that was and is and always shall be. Its radiance I could not sense before, because my instrument struck a note too dull for music so sweet. In the Presence of that Glorious Radiation, the very “timbers of my being” rejoice and are glad. My foolish failures, mistakes and false beliefs hie themselves off into a new interpretations, and are no more according to their past seeming. Every cell in my body scintillates with a new life, and all created things put on a new glory. Healing, cleansing and purifying are the results to both mind and body.

This consciousness does not remain with me all the time, I am sorry to say; but it does come oftener and tarries longer as the days go by. Certainly, a greater Love and a deeper Understanding is born, which does remain with me. I particularly realize this to be so as I meet kindred spirits on the way.

More and more am I convinced of the necessity of coming into this Presence with joy and praise, if we would bring into manifestation our wishes and desires, and if we would become a part of “That Choir Invisible whose music is the gladness of the world.” Anything so rapturous, so free and so joyous, as is this love of God which is in Christ, invites a similar spirit, if we would partake.

Automatically and naturally we become more Impersonal, as we learn to add our bit to the spirit of that chorus that is “praying for the redemption of the world.” The body is only the channel through which the flow is contacted.

For sometimes I have been spending three and four hours a day in meditation. I feel it is my portion at the present time, in spite of the conditions in the world. My room here overlooks the City of Washington. Maybe I can help a little in bringing through God’s Love to our Capitol.