

THETA ALPHA JOURNAL



OCTOBER 2022

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Theta Alpha

“Daughters of the Academy”



Named From the Greek:

Θυγατερες Ακαδημιας

Thugateres Akadémias

Founded in 1904 by graduates of the Academy of the New Church, Theta Alpha exists to provide a forum for women for the advancement and support of New Church education in its many forms, and to support each other in our personal spiritual growth. Membership is open to interested women aged eighteen and older.

Non Nobis Solum ~ Not for Ourselves Alone

Theta Alpha Journal

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“I am the root and offspring of David and the bright and morning star” Rev.22:16.

Wallhanging made by Lauren Rose for Morning Star Chapel in Atlanta, Georgia.

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Editorial

Helen Kennedy

In this issue is a colorful essay by Angela Rose, a talk she gave last spring at an online seminar for the Institute for Swedenborg Studies. The seminar, entitled “Swedenborg’s Prism,” drew her in because of her own thinking about Goethe’s theory of color and ways it coincided with things Swedenborg has said on the subject.

We are fortunate to have Alfred Mergen’s story of his wanderings among churches and eventual arrival at the New Church where he found his spiritual home—finally. Alfred was the patriarch of the Mergen clan and they are happy to share his story with us. Along with this, we hope in the next Journal to have his wife’s story of her spiritual wanderings.

In this issue we have tributes to Tryn Grubb Clark who passed into the spiritual world in May. She is well loved by many women inside and outside the Church for her contributions to many issues, especially in the area of women’s emotional growth. There is also a poetic tribute for Michael Brown from his daughter, Madeleine. In addition to her own poem, she also furnished us with one of her father’s poems which shows a side of his life that probably not many people know. Linda Simonetti Odhner has both a poetic and prose tribute to Grant Doering, a professor of biology at Bryn Athyn College, showing her love for him and his influence in her life over the twenty years since he died.

What does a newly retired minister do? One has found a treasure trove of new and used books of the Writings and associated literature. See Michael Gladish’s article about his findings.

Mark 6: A Typical Busy Day in Jesus' Life

Jesus taught in the synagogue and learned a prophet is without honor in his own country (v. 2)

Could only heal a few and marveled at people's unbelief (v. 5)

Then went about the villages in a circuit, teaching (v. 6)

Sent disciples out to heal people (v. 7)

The story of John the Baptist having been beheaded (which must have been stressful) (v. 14)

The apostles came back and told Him all they did (v. 31)

Told the apostles to come to a deserted place and rest, "For there were many coming and going, and they did not even have time to eat" (v. 31)

They went by boat to a deserted place (v. 32)

But the multitude saw them and many ran ahead on foot from all the cities (v. 33)

Jesus was moved by compassion and taught the multitude (v. 34)

The day was now far spent (v. 35)

Jesus fed the large gathering of people with loaves of bread and fish (v. 41)

Immediately after, Jesus told the disciples to go ahead to the other side, to Bethsaida, in the boat while He sent the multitudes away (v. 45)

Jesus went into the mountain to pray (v. 46)

The boat was in the middle of the sea and the Apostles were struggling to row against the wind (v. 48)

At the fourth watch of the night (3-6 am) He came to them, walking on the sea (v. 48)

He would have passed them but they thought it was a ghost and cried out (v. 49)

“Immediately He talked with them and said “Be of good cheer! It is I; do not be afraid” (v. 50)

Then He went up to the boat and the wind stopped (v. 51)

When they came to land, immediately people recognized Him, and ran through the whole surrounding region to Him, carrying on beds those who were sick (v. 54, 55)

“Wherever He entered, into villages, cities, or the country, they laid the sick in the marketplaces, and begged Him that they might just touch the hem of His garment.” (v 56).

In this typical day in Jesus’ life, He did things all day long, and during the night He still was active, then in the morning got right back into being inundated with people and healing them in the marketplaces. To be succinct, I am wondering, did Jesus have a mental or spiritual to-do list, or did He take things as they came? Or a mix of both?

In thinking back to the days when a to-do list ruled my life, when I was going from one thing to another, I’m almost certain there were many days when no spark of energy or thought of spiritual things entered my mind. To contrast, Jesus’ life on earth was full of continual activity, yet in all instances He communicated a spark of creativity from the Divine within Him, reaching out to people, touching them with it and healing them, body and soul.

The question for me was, “As I work on my spiritual life, hoping to become an image or likeness of the Lord, do I respond

to the sparks of creativity wanting to break through, telling me to take a little more time to do this chore, spend longer on that activity rather than the few minutes I'm allotting, break out and do something different than what is on the list?" The latter I felt was truly daring.

In the book, *The Oldest Cuisine In the World*, Jean Bottero talks about how the people in ancient Sumer, circa 3,000 BC, believed the gods invented human beings to perform their labor for them (p. 106). The God we believe in is quite capable of doing everything Himself, but wants to share His joy of being useful and creative with us.

I'm curious how readers handle the continual activity in their lives, what insights and perceptions they get, and how does remembering about spiritual things fit into an otherwise full day?

The following two passages show that there are times when doing things quickly is important; in the first one about Lot, hurrying is even life-saving:

Escape for your life; do not look behind you, and do not halt in the plain; escape into the mountains lest you are consumed.

Gen. 19:17

This second one is about Swedenborg being taken by an angel to the people of the Iron Age:

The angel told me this on the way, which was shortened and hurried on by the changes of state produced in our minds according to the character of the inhabitants through whom we

passed. CL 78:2

I'm looking forward to anything our readers have to say about their busy days. And please don't be too busy to respond.

Helen Kennedy (hmkennedy98@gmail.com)

Flying Home

Madeleine Brown

As I sit here in Sunrise Chapel, and
watch the eagles drift over the
mountains, I am free, aloft with joy.
Spreading my old tired wings, I soar
and climb up into the atmosphere,
higher and higher, until I can't go
any further. My body falls away like a
shell. I am free! It's a beautiful day
to fly—forever.

The above poem was written in honor of Madeleine Brown's father, Michael, who was in the Air Force. Madeleine says, "He passed very peacefully into the Other World on April 9th of this year. I will miss him."

The following is one of Michael's poems written in 2007.

Zuma Beach

Michael Brown

Ocean-Mother-connection.

Waves—heard
 long ago—just now arriving on shore.
 Breeze—cool breeze.
 A man—the Ancient Mariner?
 pushing his life—a grocery cart
 along the highway of life . . .
 A bottle—a plastic bottle—
 an empty plastic bottle—
 the new icon of civilization
 lies amidst wrappers and debris.

He stops.
 He picks up the bottle.
 He looks at the bottle.
 He adds it to his burden.
 He moves on.

A daughter's thoughts: Zuma Beach has always been my favorite of your poems. We've stood on many beaches together, pushed many carts over many sands, and picked up many bottles . . . and moved on, with our new burdens. The sacred sun was warm beneath our feet. Love, Madeleine

Absolution

Madeleine Brown

We look to the skies and
the sand and the stars.
We look for deliverance
from human desires.
We look for forgiveness
Of all that's imperfect.
We look to the heavens
and ask for rain.

Madeleine has always looked up to Annie Dillard and Anne Morrow Lindbergh, though she wrote her college thesis on C. S. Lewis and the problem of pain and joy. She can be contacted at maddie.alden88@gmail.com



Call for Articles!

We need and want to hear from everyone throughout the world in the pages of our long-lived and well-loved Journal. Everyone has something absorbing, interesting, thoughtful or humorous to share. Contact information is in the beginning of this *Journal*.

Who's Buried in Grant's Tomb

Linda Simonetti Odhner

In loving memory of Grant Doering. I finished writing it and read it to him less than two days before he died in May, 1999.

New systems spring from ruins of the old,
 As roots and rhizomes propagate below
 The sunlit surface, till they crack the mold,
 Split husks that life deserted long ago.
 Earth's corpses, slicked and softened with decay,
 Their quickness spent, give up the ghost of form
 To sprouting fungus, scalloped cream and grey,
 Uncurling ferns, worms in a fluid swarm.
 A rare, recessive trait in secret passed,
 Time after time, until its time has come,
 Articulates itself with silent grace:
 Each paradigm, more human than the last,
 Makes us more willing just to be struck dumb
 By miracles that put us in our place.

I finished writing "Who's Buried in Grant's Tomb" at Dr. Grant Doering's bedside, less than two days before his death in 1999. I read it aloud to him, not knowing if he heard. He was very far away from his body by then. I think of that poem as the last gift he gave me in his natural life.

I spent many happy hours in Grant's office on the fourth floor

of Benade Hall, with a view of back campus out the window, during the year I took his genetics course as a college senior. If I was there to discuss a paper I was writing for the course, he would keep jumping out of his office chair and grabbing books off his copiously stocked bookshelf, saying, "Here's something that might have what you're looking for." More than anyone else I knew, Grant fed my hunger to learn about evolutionary science.

In my efforts to teach myself about evolution and embryology, I labored under the inadequate and frankly misleading division of animal life into vertebrates and invertebrates that I had learned in elementary school. I knew a bit about insects and bivalves and things, but I was taxonomically illiterate and didn't know it. And I knew virtually nothing about varieties of plants, which were Grant's specialty. So his survey of the kingdoms and phyla of life on earth in freshman biology came to me with the force of a revelation. Who knew there was so much to know? Hydras, nematode worms, blue-green algae, and plant parasites (he loved telling us about wheat rust and potato blight) all astonished me with their different ways of solving the riddle of survival. In class he never tried to hide his inconsistency as a speller; he would write "tracheophyte" on the board without hesitation and then fumble over words like "house" and "two." If he wanted to share a funny story, he would occasionally do a bit of name-dropping, telling us about the time G. Ledyard Stebbins threw his typewriter out the window in frustration. Stebbins was hot stuff, believe me.

Under Grant's mentorship I refined my barely formed ideas about the philosophy of biology. He knew a lot more about those things than he let on, but he dropped hints here and there that belied his unassuming modesty. He quite rightly focused on how much he didn't know, as wise people do, but once when I described an antique book I had picked up about the history of

biology, he named the author, and my jaw dropped. He said many things that I understood far better after the passage of many years. I was thrilled with what I had learned while auditing his course on evolution in 1990, and when I said so he told me I had only scratched the surface, which of course was true, but we have to start somewhere!

In an article for *The New Philosophy*, “Natural Science and the Spiritual Life” (1984), Grant Doering wrote, paraphrasing author John Baillie, “When science is developed to a profoundly dehumanized, desentimentalized, rigorous mathematical determinism and soulless mechanism (because of the right and necessary ideal of physical science) then the strain which is placed upon our spirits by the impersonality of nature is often a discipline of the most distressful kind. But we should not hasten for a release from this strain, as with Job’s false comforters who in making faith too easy rob (faith) of its depth.”

In his passage to the next life, I saw Grant in the implacable grip of “the impersonality of nature.” It was indeed a “discipline of the most distressful kind.” But, as in my study of science and theology, I found it salutary and in fact inspiring. I felt it an honor to shed tears of such pure grief for him.

A year to the day after his passing, I dreamed about Grant. After a few moments of silent communion, he said, “You know this is a dream, don’t you?” in such a characteristic way (no one had ever said that to me in a dream before) that it felt even more like a true visitation. And I believe that it was.

Dawning

Linda Simonetti Odhner

I wake at sunrise from a nourishing sleep
Made rich and plummy with delicious dreams —
From Night's soft breast their creamy hindmilk streams,
Unconsciousness no longer fathoms deep,
But shallowed, shoaled, the rising less than steep,
A gentle, rocking swing between extremes;
The landfall sweetened, softened, warmed by gleams
Of rippled, liquid light, one shining sweep.
I walk outside to watch the early sky
Aglow with bands of rosy, peachy cloud;
The sunbeams flicker, shimmer through the trees,
Their leaves all stirring, tossing in the breeze.
I breathe the morning in: birds sing aloud;
The new Day rises higher as they fly.

Linda Simonetti Odhner still cranks out an occasional poem or other piece of writing. She has been choosing quotes from her favorite stories by women for the "Excerpted Inspirations" blog on Deborah's Tree, the website supporting the work of Swedenborgian women. Linda can be contacted at lsiodhner@verizon.net.

She Loved the Truth

A Eulogy

Christopher Clark and Tryn Rose Seley: Barbara Tryn “Trin-
ket” Clark, 78, of Tempe, Arizona, passed into the spiritual
world peacefully at home on May 1, 2022, of pancreatic cancer.
Tryn was born on September 25, 1943, in Bryn Athyn, PA to
David and Tryn (Rose) Grubb. She was the fourth of 15 siblings.
Tryn completed Bryn Athyn Elementary School and graduated
in 1962 from the Academy of the New Church, Bryn Athyn,
PA. She earned a BS in Nursing from Villanova University and
married Christopher M. Clark in 1967. Tryn later earned a Mas-
ter’s of Arts in Family and Child Studies from Michigan State
University and served as Program Supervisor of Community
Support for the Developmentally Disabled of Clinton, Eaton,
and Ingham Counties in Michigan. The Clarks lived in Norwich,
CT, Mountain View, CA, Groton, CT, Palo Alto, CA, East Lan-
sing, MI, Haifa, Israel, New York City, Huntingdon Valley, PA,
Newark, DE, and Tempe, AZ during Chris’s career in the US
Navy and higher education, and Tryn’s advocacy for healthy
family systems.

Tryn is survived by her husband of 55 years, Chris, by four
adult children, Christopher Michael (married to Melissa), Tryn
Rose Seley (married to Joseph), Daniel Vincent and Victoria
Ellen, and by seven grandchildren: Hayden and Aimee Clark;
Ezra, Ivy and Jonas Clark; and Isaac and Aviva Sanchez. Her
son, Martin David, predeceased her in 1979. She is also survived

by 8 brothers, 3 sisters, beloved brothers-in-law, sisters-in-law, approximately 80 first cousins, and numerous nieces and nephews who gave her hope for the future. Tryn is remembered as a scholar, health scientist, leader, counselor, loving mother and spouse, friend, and activist in support of the rights and capabilities of special needs children.

Tryn loved her family, caring for her younger siblings, and many infants at Holy Redeemer Hospital as a teen nurse's aide in the newborn nursery. In her last days, she shared how she felt the loving sphere of babies all her life, and intentionally called on this innocent sphere from the Lord, and encouraged it in all her work experiences with women and with her family and friends, reminding us of God's ever-present, gentle love for all of us.

Among other publications, Tryn wrote a master's thesis entitled "Bonhoeffer and Swedenborg: Message for a New Era" in the year 2000 while enrolled in the Master of Arts in Religious Studies program at Bryn Athyn College. The piece is featured on the website of The Swedenborg Foundation and is now included in the library collection of the Pacific School of Religion at the University of California, Berkeley.

As Tryn's family reflected on her personal spiritual process and her contributions to her family, to her careers, and to countless women and children, the story of the Good Samaritan came to mind. In our faith tradition, we know that each character in a parable represents a different facet of us; sometimes we are the unaware victim in trauma; sometimes we are the one who passes by, too worried about our own cares to love the neighbor; sometimes we are the Samaritan who carries another to safety, and ensures that they are cared for. We decided that Tryn is both Samaritan and Innkeeper, looking for opportunities to lift others up, ready to sit with them until they can walk on

their own.

Thank you, Tryn, for bringing out the best in each of us, and trusting us to take steps, one step at a time, toward becoming the unique and beautiful angels we are meant to become.

Gifts in Tryn Clark's memory may be made to The Swedenborg Foundation 320 N. Church St., West Chester, PA 19330, or to a food bank of your choice. Chris Clark can be contacted at cmclark8@gmail.com; Tryn Rose at trynrose@gmail.com.

Trish Lindsay: In my last conversation with Tryn, just a few weeks before she died, she asked me, “Did the Women’s Weekends make a difference in your life?” Memories flooded my mind, as I recalled the effort and loving care she gave to planning and directing those weekends with Louise Rose, and then with me, as the site moved from Almont, Michigan to Camp Lutherlyn in Western Pennsylvania.

All of my senses came alive as I remembered the bell ringing at the beginning of the first worship service at Almont, and then the mellow voice of John Michael Talbot singing, “Come, worship the Lord, for you are my people, the flock that I shepherd” It was my first Women’s Weekend, and the focus was on Prayer.

At the gathering, we broke into groups and shared our responses to different kinds of prayers, as Tryn taught us, and then led us, from her wide study of prayerful practices from multiple traditions. We opened our minds to communication with our God, and we listened for answers. This was beyond what my prayers had consisted of before, and it sent me on a track of welcoming Jesus, my Lord and my God, as my friend and my guide, into my life.

At the end of that weekend, women shared their struggles and their cares. One woman, who became a fast friend, sang

and swayed as she recited a prayer to have mercy on her soul, and to wipe away her sin. This was a new way to pray, and a new way to worship, and my heart “leapt for joy.” I was in, and I wanted to do whatever I could to offer what I found there to others.

That was the effect Tryn had on people. She invited us into a new way of thinking and speaking. She was a model and mentor for us because she was her own person.

At the Laurel Camp in Somerset, PA, she and her husband, Chris, served as camp directors. Instead of being a harried supervisor, with a million things on her mind, Tryn could regularly be seen talking one-on-one to the men, women and children who were there.

At one point, I had a question for her, and I saw her sitting on a step talking to another woman. When I approached and spoke to her, she looked at me matter-of-factly and said, “Trish, you’re interrupting.” I have always been respectful of conversations in progress since then.

I also remember Tryn coming out of her rustic cabin at camp dressed in a bright blue blouse, wearing a lovely necklace and earrings. It was a stark contrast to the tee shirts and jeans most of us were wearing. She said to me, “I am adorning myself.” Always being warned against vanity and spending wasteful time primping and preening, I was emboldened to pay attention to “adorning myself.” My husband can thank Tryn for that.

As we partnered to plan and direct a Women’s Renewal Weekend at a new camp site in Western Pennsylvania, Camp Lutherlyn, Louise, Tryn and Chris would arrive at my house before the camp began for last minute planning.

At 7:30 one Friday evening, on the day the camp was to begin, we were still sitting around my dining room table planning, when the camp program was scheduled to begin at 8:00, and the

camp was 45 minutes away. I said, “Shouldn’t we leave for the camp? The program is supposed to start at 8:00.” Tryn looked at me calmly and said, “Those women were able to manage the details of their trip here, and they are settling into their cabins, they will be fine.” Then Chris added, “If you’re worried about the time, just call the meeting at the camp to order, and then have everyone set their watches at 8:00, and you will have started on time!” Time is arbitrary, after all. I have to remind myself of the arbitrary barriers we place in our lives all the time.

Through these years, I learned to value my friendship with Tryn as a true find. I once told her that I had noticed her picture in the high school yearbook that my brother brought home before I, too, attended the Academy of the New Church four years later. She said, “Yes, I am ‘known.’” Tryn was “known” even before I met her. One of 15 children in the Grubb family. One of many sterling members of the Rose family. And in her own right, one of a kind.

Did the Women’s Weekends, the Camps and Tryn’s friendship make a difference in my life? You bet they did. And Tryn’s presence will be sorely, terribly missed.

Trish taught Child Development in the Pittsburgh Public Schools and now works as a paralegal in her husband, Al Lindsay’s, law office. Trish and Al have six children and 17 grandchildren. She can be contacted at trishl4664@hotmail.com.

Louise Barry Rose: It was a beautiful day in Bryn Athyn in May 1977 when my husband Frank Rose and I made our way to the property halfway down Alden Road for a Grubb family wedding that was about to take place on the lawn there. We had arrived early. I was standing around near the front door while the whole house was bustling with activity.

I kept hearing a certain phrase over and over again. An unseen person would say “We need somebody to braid the girls’ hair,” and a voice from another room would answer, “Trinket will do that when she gets here.” Someone else was sounding panicky: “This dress needs ironing.” Again, a voice would answer “I bet Trinket could do that when she comes.” A voice from outside might have called “We need somebody to decide where to hang the crystals in the trees,” and back came the confident assertion, “Trinket will.”

Standing there in the doorway, I began to wonder, “Who *is* this magical Trinket who is going to get all this done?”

I had never met Trinket. I knew she was Frank’s niece from the large Grubb family, but our paths had not crossed.

Sure enough, when Trinket arrived she did all the things that people were hoping she would do, with a smile and at top speed, then asked if there was anything else?

That was the beginning of one of my very favorite friendships. There *was* something magical about Trinket: her complete willingness to help, her brilliant intellect, her infectious smile and good humor, along with an amazing capacity for genuine friendship, to name a few.

Trinket was the one who saw something in me that even I did not see, and invited me (along with others) to help run the first Women’s Retreat at Almont, Michigan the following year [1978]. We thought we might attract 20 women to it, and triple that number showed up.

For the next 25 years, we put our energy into encouraging women to see their own magnificence and to recognize the vital importance of their contribution. Sometimes we worked together, sometimes separately. It was a joy to work with her and feel her unfailing support, which gave me confidence.

I loved the way she was gently fearless in holding her own

in any situation when she had an opportunity to stand up for women in a man's world.

She was a nurse, the first person we called when any medical questions came up. When Frank was diagnosed with the blood condition pancytopenia in 2019, she knew the history of this illness in the Rose family from her keen interest in family history. She was a blessing to us during his final years.

When Trinket was diagnosed with pancreatic cancer in 2021, I was devastated. I could hardly think what to say to her when I phoned, besides "I love you." At a time when she arranged hospice care for herself, as we might expect her to do, she went into remission and began energetically planning a trip to visit beloved family and friends in Pennsylvania. During that period, she made the 2-hour trip to my home with her husband Chris, their two daughters Tryn and Victoria, and her sister Marjorie. We had a lovely, lively three hours together, laughing, singing, and remembering our years together at Laurel Camp. As they prepared to leave, I couldn't bear the thought that I might not see her again. Resorting to the humor of some goofy British comedian, I said eagerly, "If I come to your funeral, will you come to mine?" She laughed and, lifting her hand like someone taking an oath, she promised, "I'll be there! I'll be there!"

She never made that Pennsylvania trip she was planning, as the cancer returned with more strength. Instead, she made a different, glorious journey. It is easy to imagine her as a radiant angel in heaven, reunited with her beloved son Martin and many, many others.

I am forever grateful for all she did for the women of our church, and for me, when we most needed her.

Louise can be contacted at louisebarryrose@gmail.com

Tuba Gokmenoglu: Dear Tryn, you have always talked about beauty to all of us with your love for people, children and nature. You have always been guiding—defending women’s rights, working for disadvantaged children.

You were happy with the blooming of the flowers you planted every spring and were proud of their thousand colors

Your departure was filled with peace and goodness just like your heart, your core family gathered around you and sent you off with the most beautiful songs in the world.

Now we mourn you with our best memories, starring you. On the one hand, while we express our sorrow, on the other hand, we are talking about how lucky we are to have crossed paths as a part of your soul’s meaningful journey on this earth.

You have touched the lives of many students from many parts of the world, and prayers from different languages and different faiths are going up for you today. May you sleep peacefully in the lights. From the daughter you accepted into your family.

Tuba Gokmenoglu is a Senior Program Officer with the Turkish Ministry of Education, specializing in earthquake preparedness for teachers and school leaders. She is a dear friend of the Clark family. Her email is tubafidan@gmail.com

Lauren Caruthers Kincaid: Tryn Clark was a very special lady — my boss, mentor and friend during an important decade that I’m deeply passionate about, my 20’s and early 30’s. I literally do not know what I would have done without her!

She recently crossed over, home to Jesus, surrounded by love, music, flowers, and her incredible family. I write this as a tribute to Tryn, and the legacy of love she leaves behind.

Tryn was a loving mother of 5 children, one of whom, Martin, went home to Jesus as a mere 9-year-old child, an incredible loss

for any parent to bear. Tryn and her family processed their grief in the healthiest of ways, and went on to guide, help, and inspire other parents of children with special needs, and those enduring the grief and loss of their children.

It was as a young professional, fresh out of school, and a young mom with littles, that I met Tryn in our local Community Mental Health Family Support Program. She was an absolutely incredible leader: wise, patient, inspiring, and compassionate to all, a dedicated advocate for families. Tryn imparted the life-giving gift of Spiritual Mothering, mentoring young women like me, and countless others that she scooped up and tucked under her large capable wings of wise counsel and unconditional love — believing in us even when we didn't believe in ourselves. The ripple of her impact is still felt today to anyone who had the privilege of knowing her.

Tryn was an artist and a passionate gardener, in love with the beauty of flowers, and her connection to God and His creation. She loved Jesus, the church, music, books, the writings of Dietrich Bonhoeffer (see below), and most especially . . . her precious family.

For me, she set such a great example of a life filled with faith paired with action. She lived into the fullness of life, was a passionate and tireless advocate for the least of people, people struggling with actual real life problems: financial, mental, emotional, relational.

Tryn was a Titus 2 and Proverbs 31 woman all rolled up into one.

Titus 2:3 Likewise, teach the older women to be reverent in the way they live, not to be slanderers or addicted to much wine, but to teach what is good.

Proverbs 31:17 She sets about her work vigorously; her arms are strong for her tasks.

(18) She sees that her trading is profitable, and her lamp does not go out at night. (25) She is clothed with strength and dignity; she can laugh at the days to come. (26) She speaks with wisdom, and faithful instruction is on her tongue.

In these verses you see examples of Godly women who love, bless, honor, and serve their families, along with mentoring others in the community, teaching them HOW to walk out love — Tryn did that for me! The women in the verses appreciate and care for workers who are helping them — again, everyone who ever worked with Tryn found that she always treated them with loving kindness, honor and respect. In the Bible verses, you see marriages that model respect, trust, dignity, and homes filled with order and beauty. Tryn modelled generosity, kindness, and mercy balanced with wit, and a leadership that was motivated and strategic.

I now have the supreme honor and privilege of mentoring many other young adults in their 20's and 30's . . . walking in the footsteps of my wise and loving mentor. I am beyond grateful to Jesus that though this life is short, and often racked with difficulties and challenges, we will have eternity together. Our goodbyes are only temporary separations, “until I see you again.”

The first service one owes to others in a community involves listening to them. Just as our love for God begins with listening to God's Word, the beginning of love for others is learning to listen to them. God's love for us is shown by the fact that God not only gives God's Word but also lends us God's ear. . . . We do God's work for our brothers and sisters when we learn to listen to them. ~Dietrich Bonhoeffer

Lauren helps young adults find and follow Jesus, so they can thrive in life. Her email is lauren@seaturtleministries.org and the website is Seaturtleministries.org.

Brush with An Angel

Tiffany Perry

An angel semi-possessed me once,
Entering my body from the side.
I found myself engulfed with emotion,

Pure Joy,
Pure Love,
Pure Delight.
Heaven was so close,
I could reach out and touch it.
Body and mind still under my control,
A physical presence, gentle yet powerful.
No one near me knew,
My actions normal.
Its presence quietly slipped away,
Nothing remained.
Only a sense of a world more real than this,
No joy on earth can compare.

May we all be touched by heaven,
May we be embraced by Pure Love.

Tiffany Perry is an Office Assistant who pursues writing, painting, photography, and occasionally participates with Community Theater productions. She can be contacted at tdperry1977@verizon.net.

Divine Providence in Retrospect

Peg Parker Mergen

The following is a talk given by my father-in-law, Alfred Mergen, about his journey to the New Church.

A brief outline of the religious experiences of my life is this:

1. Born and baptized Catholic
2. Brought up Methodist
3. Became a member of the Presbyterian Church
4. Confirmed and married Lutheran
5. Became a member of the Pentecostal Church including baptism by total immersion
6. Became member of the Presbyterian Church again, including serving as both Sunday School teacher and Sunday School Superintendent
7. Became a member of the General Church of the New Jerusalem

It sounds like the description of a church tramp if there ever was such a person. I think it could be safely said that much was gained from each of these experiences with the possible exception of the first.

I was born the first son of a good Catholic father and a good Methodist mother, and she duly took instruction and tried very hard to become a Catholic. You might ask, “What chance has a child born into a situation such as this, of ever attaining to such a varied religious experience?” Well, three factors contributed to

my early emancipation from Catholicism. One was in the form of a militant old German Catholic priest who thought it his duty to tell all young mothers (and especially those converted to Catholicism) just how to bring up their children in the proper respect for the church. The second factor was in a mother with independent enough spirit to resent being told, and the third factor was in a father who resented having his beloved wife told. I was told that such words were never exchanged before or since between a Catholic priest and one of his flock when the inevitable clash took place. The result of course had the priest with the last word. Excommunication, I believe they called it, a pronouncement for which I will never cease to be grateful.

Of my sojourn in the Methodist Church I have the most pleasant memories because it was there as a very impressionable child that I was taught the Bible stories and a reverence for The Word. I believe my early religious training to be second only to that provided by the Lord's New Church. Anyone who has read Bishop DeCharms' "Growth of the Mind" can understand how valuable the learning of the Bible stories can be to a child for his future spiritual development, and for a basis upon which the Lord can develop in him a true conscience. There was no attempt made to interpret the Bible stories and there was no attempt made to teach doctrine. Thus there was little chance for error to creep into my early concepts of religion.

Where doctrine is not taught there is also little chance for spiritual advancement and people either become merely social members of a church or drift away entirely, of which the latter was my lot. Church as I knew it then held nothing more for me, so I drifted away and for a few years rarely attended.

My first experience with the Presbyterian Church came in my middle teens. There was a little community Presbyterian Church just around the corner from where we lived. It was very convenient and had a very nice young people's group which attracted

most of the young people of the neighborhood. It seemed only natural to join this church with the rest of my friends. Although we attended worship services quite regularly, our chief interest was in the activities of the Young People's Society. In summer we would go to the state hospital for the insane at Mendota almost every Sunday afternoon and play baseball with the less violent of the inmates. This was really a very interesting experience. In winter we had a dramatics group and we would make a circuit of most of the small towns in the Madison [Wisconsin] area and put on plays. You can guess from this brief description that things of doctrine were not stressed much in this particular church. One of the advantages of this lack of interest in doctrinal teaching outside the Lord's New Church is that there is less chance for people to learn and be confirmed in falsities.

When I was 22 years of age and a student at the University of Wisconsin, I met the girl whom you all know now as my wife. After a whirlwind courtship of four years, we were married. She was born a Lutheran and since I had no church preference, it was only logical that I should adopt her faith. It was while a member of the Lutheran Church that I came in contact for the first time, at least consciously, with the doctrines of faith alone and the Trinity as taught in the Old Church. It is true that the Methodists do have a false idea of the Trinity, but they do not stress the idea much and so it does not become as firmly implanted in the mind. You who were born into the Lord's New Church have no doubt read in *True Christian Religion* how strongly the Old Church doctrine on the Trinity is condemned. We who have come from the old into the new understand quite clearly the reason for so complete a condemnation. The old doctrine divides the mind; it clings like a leech; it is one of the most difficult of the falsities to cast from the mind. Even though the new doctrine is much more logical to the newcomer, the old tends to influence the thought for quite

some time after its falsity has been recognized.

About two years after we were married, the Lutheran Church began to be insufficient for my spiritual needs and I started looking for something deeper. The Pentecostal Church was the next choice. Here, thought I, was real religion. What better proof of deep spiritual quality could there be than talking in tongues as the early disciples did. Well, I joined up and my wife dutifully but tearfully followed. The Pentecostals are great Bible students. They pride themselves in taking the Bible from cover to cover just as it stands. They teach that such external things as smoking, drinking, dancing, playing cards, going to shows and sometimes even laughing and having fun are sins. I do believe their ideas on external holiness are very good for certain types of people, but their insistence on a purely literal interpretation of the Bible can lead a serious-minded person into a great dilemma as you can well imagine.

It was while wrestling with such a dilemma that a friend put a copy of Helen Keller's *My Religion* into my hands. Reading it answered many questions in my troubled mind. The friend then gave me a missionary copy of *Heaven and Its Wonders and Hell*. Words cannot adequately express the effect the reading of that book had on my mind. It was that for which I had been subconsciously seeking for many years but could not have received until that precise time. You might wonder what impresses the newcomer to the Writings most. I believe it to be the positive explanation of the relation between the natural and the spiritual worlds. Heaven becomes real, as logical and necessary a part of life as the natural world. The Lord can be seen for the first time as truly a God of Love with a Divine purpose in creation that can be understood by men. The newcomer is impressed also by the rationality of these teachings. Any person reading the Writings for the first time and with an open mind cannot help but be

convinced by their truth.

Both my wife and I became interested in the Writings and I suppose this story should have ended now with our joining the New Church. But that was not to be for several years. We did not know at the time of any organized Church based upon the Writings that was close enough to participate in. Because the Pentecostal Church could no longer be for us and we needed a Church home for our family, we joined the Protestant Church nearest our home. It happened to be Presbyterian.

We also participated each week in a group led by the friend who introduced us to the Writings, Mr. Dan Pedersen. We read the Writings together and had discussion periods afterwards. Mr. Pedersen had a missionary spirit which prompted him to try to contact persons in the Madison area who might be interested. It was through his efforts that Mrs. Howell, then Jane Scalbom, came to meet with this group. It was through Jane's efforts the Rev. Ormond Odhner began to visit us, and it was through Rev. Odhner's patient efforts that the Mergens finally became members of the General Church.

Before closing I would like to tell of my impression of the people of the New Church as I have seen them. One should not engage in flattery. What I am about to say is not flattery but it is a sincere expression of the evaluation of my observations. In no other church have I come in contact with a more learned and wise clergy, possessing also the quality of humility. In no other church have I found a laity as interested and well-informed in doctrine. In no other church have I seen wives and husbands as devoted to each other and to the uses of the home. My wife and I consider it both a privilege and a responsibility to have been accepted as members of this church, and we feel certain that our church wandering days are over.

Alfred Mergen died peacefully in July, 2002.

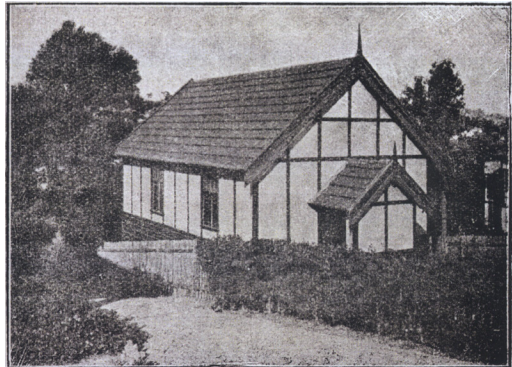
Hurstville New Church Centenary Celebrations – Nov 2022

Jenn Beiswenger

In 1905 the Hurstville Society of the New Church, outside Sydney, Australia, was founded (some readers may remember that we held a 100th Anniversary celebration in 2005?). In 1921 the Society went from having no permanent place of worship to purchasing a block of land and erecting a simple building on Dudley Street. The cornerstone was laid in July 1921, and on November 27, 1921 the church building was dedicated.

Covid derailed us a bit—but we'll be celebrating the momentous anniversary of the dedication of the building with a weekend of centenary celebrations this year, and you're invited! There will be an open house with afternoon tea alongside open gardens & tour, and an open tennis court on Saturday, November 12th, 1-5pm. There will be a special worship service on Sunday, November 13th at 10am, followed by a celebratory luncheon by invitation. While we don't expect many—if any—overseas visitors, you would be most welcome; do let us know if you can come!

Contact Jenn Beiswenger:
jenn@beiswenger.net



Did you know that a copy of the Writings for the New Church came over on the First Fleet to Australia in 1788? It's true! Learn more about this and other fun facts at the afternoon tea.

Swedenborg's Prism and Goethe's Theory of Color

Angela Rose

Last summer I ordered three prisms to use in my research on Goethe's theory of color. The day after the prisms arrived, I received an email from Dr. Thane Glenn, the Director of the Institute for Swedenborg Studies, announcing a seminar entitled "Swedenborg's Prism." He was inviting members of the Bryn Athyn College faculty to submit presentation proposals for the seminar. I had been thinking about ways in which Goethe's theory of color dovetailed with some of the things Swedenborg said about color, and the serendipity was too much to ignore, so I submitted a proposal with the title, "Swedenborg's Prism and Goethe's Theory of Color." My proposal was accepted, and in April I gave a presentation at the first seminar of the Institute for Swedenborg Studies. Helen Kennedy, the editor of TAJ, attended the seminar online and asked me to submit my presentation as an article for the journal. The presentation was accompanied by a PowerPoint, and you can find one of the images from the PowerPoint on the inside of this issue's back cover.

Perhaps it would be a good idea to provide a little more context for my interest in Goethe's theory of color. I teach a course at Bryn Athyn College called "Science and the Young Child," and over the years I've thought a lot about how best to introduce children to key scientific concepts and to science as a discipline, as a way of knowing the world. I've become especially interested in how to teach science in such a way as to stay true to the endeavor of science and yet remain free of a worldview rooted in a materialism that denies or ignores spiritual reality. I was able to pursue that interest in my doctoral dissertation on Goethe's approach to nature and its influence on worldview in science education and teacher preparation. Chapter 4 of my dissertation discussed Goethe's theory of color.

My dissertation used Ian Barbour's (2000) framework of four possible

relationships between science and religion—conflict, independence, dialogue, and integration—and suggested that Goethe’s approach to science can act as a bridge between science and religion by allowing for both dialogue and even, for the practicing Goethean scientist, integration. The last chapter of my dissertation mentioned Swedenborg’s work as a possible touchpoint for a Goethean bridge between science and religion. With that background in mind, here is the presentation I gave at the seminar. I hope you enjoy it.

My presentation discusses the work of three luminaries: Emanuel Swedenborg (1688-1772), Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-18320), and Sir Isaac Newton (1642-1727). Newton was 45 years old when Emanuel Swedenborg was born. Swedenborg was 61 when Goethe was born. There is no evidence that any of the three men met while in this world, but we know that Swedenborg read Newton, and we know that Goethe read Swedenborg. In 1781, Goethe wrote “I am more inclined than ever to believe in a world outside of this visible one, and I have sufficient power of life and poetry to feel my own limited self broadened into a Swedenborgian spirit-universe” (quoted in Peebles, 1917).

Because Goethe had a non-materialistic conception of light, there are interesting points of resonance in what he and Swedenborg say about color.

In *Secrets of Heaven* 1042, Swedenborg writes:

“As regards natural colors, the existence of color requires something both dark and light” and further, “from the modification of the inflowing rays of light, colors are produced.”

Goethe agreed, saying that color arises from the interplay of light and darkness.

This is a different understanding of color than that advanced by Newton, who said that all the colors are contained in white light. You may remember being taught Newton’s theory of color in school, only it probably wasn’t taught as a theory—it was taught as fact. And you are probably familiar with the image that shows a

ray of light shining into a prism and coming out the other side in a rainbow spectrum. It's in lots of textbooks and websites and on the iconic Pink Floyd album cover.

Interestingly enough, that image is not an accurate depiction of what happens when light shines through a prism. It isn't what happens empirically. You can try it yourself in the break time.

Goethe observed that prismatic colors arise where there is a boundary between light and darkness, and this can be readily confirmed.

For Newton, color was a phenomenon of light and light alone. Goethe determined that light AND darkness were necessary conditions for color phenomena to arise. Swedenborg says the same thing.

In one surprising passage, Swedenborg relates the experience of some angels and spirits who were speaking with Newton about colors. He writes:

Finally the angels said with some exasperation, "Who does not see the paradox in the Newtonian explanation, indeed, the absurdity?" And they went away, saying that they would return if Newton theorized about colors spiritually or even naturally, and not so materially and sensually." (Last Judgement 291).

In Newton's theory, color was correlated with angles of refraction. In effect, Newton found a way to make color measurable and therefore a way to control it. So, even with a fundamental error in the representation of how color arises, Newton's theory, which makes the mathematization of color possible, has been successfully employed in practical applications. If your goal is to make optical technologies, such as a lens or LED light bulb, then Newtonian theory, which provided a way to correlate color phenomena with a numerical scale, will serve you well.

But if your goal is to approach an understanding of the essential nature of color on a deeper level and the conditions under which it arises, then Swedenborg and Goethe have some interesting things to say.

Physicist Arthur Zajonc (1993) in his book on how light has been understood throughout history notes that “the characteristics of a culture are mirrored in the image of light it has created” (p. 8). Zajonc looks back on ancient cultures, to a time when light was recognized as a manifestation of the divine. In the transition from medieval to modern times, Newton’s theory of light delivered a geometrically based mechanical-electrical image of light. In spite of Newton’s deeply held religious convictions, he inaugurated a thoroughly materialistic image of light. Swedenborg’s conversations with angels and Goethe’s study of color re-open the door to an appreciation of the spiritual origins of light.

In Goethe’s approach to the study of color, we find a path that arrives in a place that Swedenborg reached by a different route. Swedenborg spoke with angels and from them learned that “colors are not materials, so neither is light, because they correspond to the love and wisdom of the angels, from whom they proceed by Divine operation; and their love and wisdom are not material but spiritual”(Last Judgement 291).

Goethe, like the angels that Swedenborg spoke with, thought about color in ways unhindered by materialistic thinking. Materialism is the inevitable result of reducing natural phenomena to what is quantifiable. As theoretical physicist Henri Bortoft (1996) puts it,

When quantity is taken to be the fundamental category, then nature is reduced to matter and the general viewpoint that is formed corresponding to this is materialism.in other words, the viewpoint of materialism is a distortion that results from a one-sided emphasis on the category of quantity.

He goes on to say: It is only our failure to think through the inevitable consequences of the distortion arising from this one-sided emphasis that enables us to entertain the comforting thought that physics progresses ever further towards an ultimate understanding of nature. In fact, “nature” was replaced by “matter” a long time ago.

A footnote in one translation of *Divine Love and Wisdom* states that among Newton's principal achievements was the first correct analysis of white light. It might be more accurate to say that it was the first modern or materialistic theory of light. It was the first theory that reduced light to what can be measured and mathematized. Indeed, along with Newton's work in optics, his formulations of the laws of gravity and motion and the invention of infinitesimal calculus ushered in the age of modern science.

Goethe was deeply opposed to a one-sided quantification of nature and the Newtonian approach. As Goethe scholar Fred Amrine (1987) puts it, Goethe "sought to develop a rigorous, empirical science of qualities, a method of juxtaposing phenomena such that they would reveal their lawfulness of themselves.... Far from placing the ultimate reality of the universe in either elementary particles of physics or in the laws governing their interaction, Goethe" --and I would add, like Swedenborg, "placed it in [the ideal realm of the spirit]" (p. xii).

For Goethe, science as a way of knowing the world included developing organs of perception for the ideal realm of the spirit. His approach to science entailed a process he called "exact sensorial imagination," which depends on devoting attention to what is empirically given and to form as activity. As Bortoft (1996) notes, exact sensorial imagination "helps thinking to enter into the coming into being of the phenomenon, instead of analyzing what has already become" (p. 45).

Goethe's mode of investigation is just as important as what he discovered about color. Swedenborg says that to think spiritually you have to think beyond or apart from time and space. This is what Goethe achieved in exact sensorial imagination where *movement* is primary.

Swedenborg says that the reality of the spiritual world is something that we can all experience:

In the case of the human being, the spiritual world flows into

the natural world in so vital a way that a person can discern it if he merely stops to pay attention to it. (AC 6057)

Goethe paid attention. He paid attention to the vitality and metamorphosis of organic growth in plants, to the plasticity of form in the animal kingdom, to the mobility of cloud formation, and to the lively ways in which color phenomena manifest. His way of observing the natural world allowed him to perceive spiritual archetypes.

At first, Swedenborg seems to suggest that it is an easy matter to discern how the spiritual world flows into the natural world—"pay attention," but a few lines later he points out that the task is not so easy.

He says that the communication of the spiritual realities of heaven with the natural things of the world is "unknown at the present day, for the reason that every single thing is attributed to natural forces and there is no knowledge of what is spiritual, which at the present day is so remote that when people give it any thought it seems to be non-existent" (AC 6057). In other words, the prevailing worldview makes it difficult to discern the informing and forming influence of the spiritual into the natural.

Newton's prism experiment seems so isolated and specific, why bother about it now? As Edward Dolnick notes, "in intellectual history, giant wars are fought on narrow battlegrounds. The real issue is always [the human being's] place in the cosmos" (p. 309). In 1672, Newton's report that white light contains within itself all the colors of the spectrum was published in the first-ever scientific journal, *Philosophical Transactions*, which is now in its 4th century. As historian I. Bernard Cohen observed, it was "the first time that a major scientific discovery was announced in print in a periodical." (cited in Dolnick, 2011, p. 74).

Following Newton, we wind up not in a spirit-universe, but in a universe of particles or wavelengths where light and color are measurable. What do Swedenborg and Goethe have to say about

color that speaks to the human being's place in the cosmos and our relationship to the natural world and our way of knowing the world?

Swedenborg states in AC 6057 that the spiritual world is joined to the natural world within the human being. Over and over again Swedenborg reminds that we live in two worlds simultaneously. As to our externals, we live in a natural world, as to our internals, in a spiritual world. Goethe's approach to science offers a means of consciously uniting them in the practice of exact sensorial imagination.

As Zajonc (1993) states, "Two worlds, kept so long apart, are united in our perception of archetypal phenomena. To see them we must fashion new organs of cognition, for they cannot be gained by logic alone. Once known, they represent the highest we can hope to attain" (Zajonc, p. 213) His words are reminiscent of Swedenborg's statements about the knowledge of correspondences being the science of sciences.

In Goethe's time, the mathematized conception of light had become so entrenched that his work went unappreciated except by a handful. Scientists of his day "preferred a mathematical language to that of color experience, physical models to archetypal phenomena" (Zajonc, 1993, p. 215). Since the 17th Century, science has operated from the premises of a reductionist worldview that values only what can be measured.

Goethe's theory of color has been termed a "blunder, an absurd heresy" and a 'misapprehension of the nature of science" (Hartshorne, 1984), in fact it never really got a fair hearing, and some have blamed Goethe himself for alienating the followers of Newton in what has been called polemics in the first published edition of his *Farbenlehre*. He, like the angels, was exasperated and dismayed by the Newtonian conception of light. The angels walked away, but Goethe went on the attack. However, his attack was executed in the analytic mode of a scientist. He re-produced the conditions of Newton's crucial experiment and, taking Newton's treatise on Optics point by point, showed where interpretation was mis-represented as

fact, where conceptual leaps were disguised, and where particular outcomes were inappropriately generalized. Nonetheless, Goethe did express regret over engaging in polemics. He would have preferred scientific investigation done in a spirit of collaborative inquiry. And by the way, Swedish physicist Pehr Sallstrom has a youtube video that shows the compatibilities of Goethe's theory of color with that of Newton and calculations of wavelengths.

There are several excellent videos available on Sallstrom's YouTube channel that make it abundantly evident that Goethe's theory of color that identifies color as a border phenomenon between light and darkness is true to what is empirically given, whereas Newton's theory is an interpretation that works only for a specific situation when the screen upon which the colors appear is set at a certain distance so that the colors along the border between light and darkness converge and green appears. (See diagram on the back of the inside cover of this issue.) From this situation Newton claimed he had proven that colors are contained in light and that the prism reveals that is the case. Goethe points out that the prism itself plays a role in the emergence of the colors; the prism is an interfering medium. Newton's contemporaries who objected that Newton's theory was not proof but an interpretation were shouted down by Newton. Eventually, Newton's deservedly monumental reputation was such that if he said it, it must be true.

We grew up with the ideas of Newton firmly ingrained in our minds. Color is contained in light and some objects absorb certain colors and then others bounce off and those are the ones we see. And we see blue sky because the blue wavelengths get scattered the most. It's a theory that gets taught as fact. And after over 300 years of press, the concept is ingrained. And the materialist worldview has become reinforced to the point that to raise a question or a different point of view seems absurd. We don't have time to hear what Goethe says about the archetypal phenomena of the blue sky and the yellow sun or to appreciate that what he says is empirically

verifiable. Perhaps the more important issue is to recognize that in regard to the understanding of light and color, instead of science we have dogma and that we have become habituated to materialistic explanations.

The Stanford Encyclopedia of Philosophy points to the danger of accepting science on the basis of popular press and authority, noting that Einstein's theories of relativity showed that Newton's theory of gravity only applied to a limited set of circumstances and suggests that

now all the successes of Newtonian science . . . have to be seen as predicated on a theory that holds only to high approximation in parochial circumstances. (For example, the parochial circumstances of Newton's crucial experiment in which the screen was positioned at a specific distance from the prism.)

Swedenborg presents a dualistic picture of the spiritual and natural worlds unified through correspondence. Divine Love and Wisdom 83 states that "the two worlds, the spiritual one and the physical one, are so distinct from each other that they have nothing in common, and that still they have been created in such a way that they communicate with each other and are actually united through their correspondences."

Distinct but united. Goethe bridged the physical and the spiritual or the real and the ideal through his practice of exact sensorial imagination. He dedicated his attention, the light of thinking, to phenomena—the way they appear to our senses—and then intensified that experience by beholding in his mind's eye the phenomenon's unfolding into time. He varied conditions in systematic series of experiments to gain a holistic picture of the phenomena, thus bringing the successive appearance of phenomena together with simultaneous intuition of the whole. He united his thinking with living, unfolding process and discovered an experience of the living reality of archetype. Importantly, Goethe's science was firmly root-

ed in empirical observation; he extended that empirical observation to the ideal plane. The ideal or spiritual plane was as real for Goethe as it was for Swedenborg.

As Zajonc (1993) notes, in addition to analytic logic, all scientists and all people rely albeit perhaps unconsciously on flashes of intuition. Goethe found a way to enhance the intuitive mode such that he was able to perceive what he called archetypal phenomena and what I believe Swedenborg referred to as correspondences—the living bridge whereby the real and the ideal are a unity, distinct but unified.

For Goethe, cultivating the capacity for perception was part of the scientific endeavor. A Goethean approach results in acknowledging spiritual reality. Talk of spiritual reality may sound “unscientific,” but Goethe’s approach is grounded in empirical observation. His intensification of empirical observation through a refined process of attention provided a bridge between matter and spirit such that he was able to find his own limited self-broadened into a Swedenborgian spirit-universe.

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Scholarships Available!

Two education scholarships will be offered for the 2023-2024 school year. This annual award is for the purpose of supporting women attending Bryn Athyn College of the New Church who desire to become New Church teachers and declare education as a major or minor (or Interdisciplinary Degree.)

The annual scholarship award amount is \$2,100 (\$700 paid directly to the college at the beginning of each trimester), for up to 2 recipients. One award is for an incoming freshman, and one award is for a current Bryn Athyn College education student. May be used toward tuition, fees, and/or books. Applications due February 6, 2023.

Three additional scholarships are available to women students of Bryn Athyn College who have a 3.0 GPA and are studying **Religion** (major, minor, ID) or are **international** students. There are two \$2,000 and one \$1,000 scholarship awarded to eligible recipients who exemplify the teachings of the New Church. These are annual merit-based scholarships that can be used for tuition, college fees, books or supplies. Applications due February 6, 2023

Two scholarships are available to women attending Bryn Athyn College of the New Church earning a Master's Degree and have a 3.0 GPA or higher. Each annual award is \$2,000 (paid directly to the college at the beginning of each trimester)

These are annual merit-based scholarships that can be used for tuition, college fees, books or supplies.

Applications are due February 6, 2023

To apply: email anddaughters@gmail.com or see BAC website.

ANC Scholarships

Two annual scholarships are now offered for the 2023-2024 school year in the amount of \$2,500 for up to 2 young women who exemplify the teachings of the New Church. The Scholarship may be used toward tuition, books or fees. These are annual merit- and need-based scholarships and may be applied for yearly.

Applications are due April 1, 2023

To apply: email anddaughters@gmail.com for applications

'22-'23 Scholarship Recipients

Graduate:

Jennica Nobre - \$2000 - MA in Religious Studies

Anne Grace Glenn - \$2000 - MA in Religious Studies

Undergraduate:

Evelyn de Chazal - \$2000 - Religious Studies

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Hilani Wahl

Isabella Furness

Books, Books, and More Books

Michael Gladish

Having been invited recently to join the General Church Publication Committee, one of the things I quickly discovered was an enormous cache of books already published by the Church over a period of many decades. These books—literally thousands of them—are new, never-used copies of such classics as “The Life of the Lord,” by Bishop deCharms, “The Moral Life,” by Hugo Odhner, “The Glorification,” by N. D. Pendleton, and *hundreds* more. Also included are fairly recent publications, like “Freely Give,” or “One Heart,” by Erik Buss, many biographies of Swedenborg, and even some titles in the Spanish, Russian and Latvian languages.

We have books published by the Swedenborg Scientific Association about Swedenborg’s own scientific discoveries, and by Bryn Athyn College, such as E. Bruce Glenn’s classic, “Art, the Affectional Ordering of Experience,” and Prescott Rogers’ commentary on *Divine Love and Wisdom*. Plus, we have a huge stock of books of the Writings themselves, from the *Spiritual Diary* (aka “Spiritual Experiences”) to almost all the new translations done by Bruce Rogers.

Why should you know about this? Simply put, they are not doing anybody any good gathering dust in an attic or basement storage space. These are *beautiful* books, but sadly, there is only one bookstore in the world (apart from Amazon) currently selling from this inventory, and that is at the Cathedral in Bryn

Athyn. That store is obliged to sell at retail prices so that the society can pay its part-time staff. As a volunteer, however, I can offer most of these books at a nice discount, and either ship them at cost by “book rate” within the United States, or send them with church members traveling to places outside the States. All monies raised in this way will be used to replenish the Publication Committee fund for future projects.

If this message intrigues you, call or write to me for more information and a complete inventory of what’s available. I would be delighted to correspond with you and try to meet your needs for excellent New Church doctrinal and collateral books. In fact, if you’d like to set up a little book center of your own to help distribute these books, I would especially like to hear from you.

Mike Gladish (301-461-3521), email at mdgladish@gmail.com

Mike was ordained in 1973 (along with Tom Kline and Mark Carlson) and has served in pastoral roles in Australia, California, Toronto and western Canada, and most recently in Mitchellville, MD. He retired in 2019 and moved to Cairnwood Village in Bryn Athyn in September, 2021. He continues to serve as regional pastor for the south-eastern United States.



Join the Conversation!

We would love to publish selected responses to articles, poems and stories in the *Journal*.

Tell us what you think! Contact information is in the beginning of this *Journal*.

Sent

Byron Lemky

I have poems in my head that torment me. It may cause a tumor! They must come out! Here is one of those imperfect monsters that has been bothering me for at least a year! It was inspired by a notice I have seen printed on packaged carpets and rugs that I have hauled on my Fed-Ex truck. The next word after this sentence is the title of the poem.

Due to size restrictions your order has been folded.

There was a lacuna¹.

The requisition was made.

There was a use to be served.

There was an emptiness to be filled.

I heard. I sent.

I have sent the boy.

I have sent a man.

I have sent a Byron.

How literally do you all take My first commandment?

I sent an artist, a poet, a musician, a scientist, a
healer, a farmer, a vegetable grower.

You all have made him into a truck driver!

¹ Lacuna: missing portion in a book or manuscript; cavity or depression, especially in a bone

It's ok! I made everything. I made trucks. I like trucks.
I have had much lucks with trucks.

The Byron does a lot of sitting.
Don't you all know that sitting is the New Smoking?
Do you expect good things to happen?

What problems do you all have with My plans?

Due to your small world your order has been folded.
Let it unfold.
I sent a boy.
I sent a man.
I sent the Byron.
He is my flower!
Let him bloom!

Byron asks: (Is it a sin to write a God's voice poem, putting words in His mouth?)



Call for Art Submissions!

As you can see from the beautiful cover art and line drawings, we are hoping that the *Journal* can present some of the visual art that Swedenborgians around the world are creating.

Please send us images you would like to share with *Journal* readers and feel free to write a few sentences about what you send in! Contact information is in the beginning of this *Journal*.

Save the Date!

Gathering Leaves 2023

24-27 August

Gathering Leaves, the international retreat for women from all branches of the Swedenborgian/New Church community, will finally be taking place after being postponed three times! We will be gathering at the Lord's New Church in Bryn Athyn, Pennsylvania, USA. Look for more information as it becomes available in the Facebook group for "Gathering Leaves Swedenborgian - Facebook" or our website "gatheringleaves.weebly.com"



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April 2022

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Websites and Blogs of Readers

*If you'd like your blog or website included here,
please send the information to the editor.*

Jenn Beiswenger – artist, wordsmith, carer: *beiswenger.net/renjenn*

Eva Björkström – her lovely gardens can be seen on YouTube by searching her name

Karla Buick – directory of artists who create specifically New Church-themed art: *silverbrancharts.com*

Jim deMaine – a doctor's thoughts and stories from his 32 years of practice: *endoflifeblog.com*

Diana Hasen – author children's books *stevieandharley.com*

Chandra Hoffman – writer: *chandrahoffman.com*

Helen Kennedy – writer: *hmk98.blogspot.com*

Kelly Lucero – Children's book author and storyteller:
KellyLucero.com

Lara Muth – writer: *twitter.com/lyramariner*

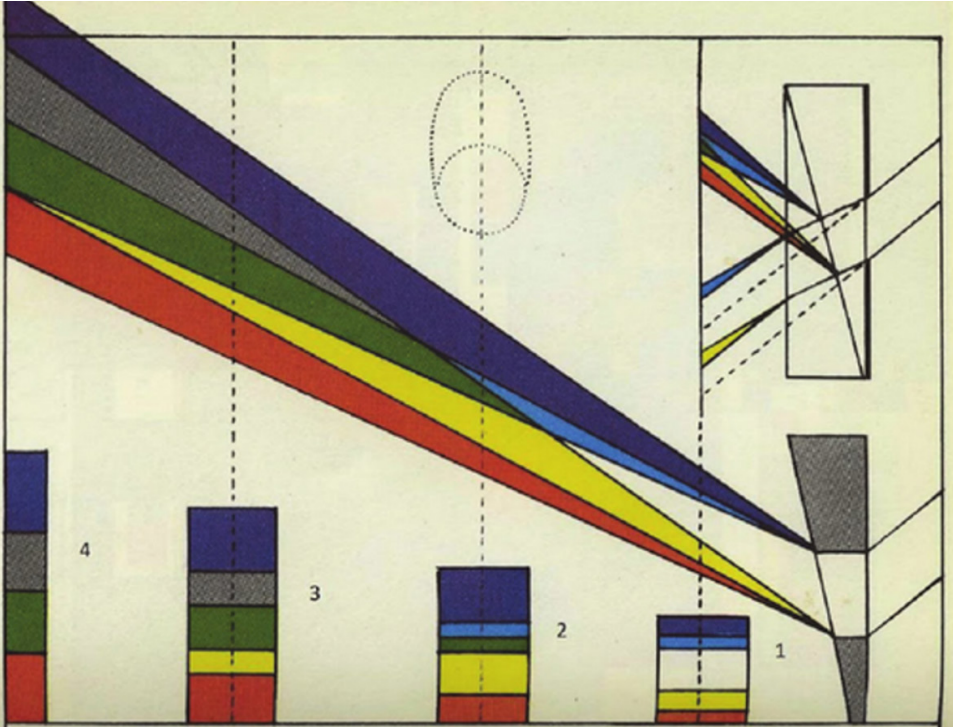
Abbey Nash – writer: *abbeynash.com*

Tiffany Perry – poet: *naturepoetrysite.wordpress.com*

Hilda Rogers – artist: *dailypaintworks.com/Artists/hilda-rogers-8286, hilda5462.wordpress.com*

Kerstin Sandstrom – artist: *kerstinsandstrom.wordpress.com*

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This prism illustrates Newton's theory of color, which is discussed in "Swedenborg's Prism and Goethe's Theory of Color" by Angela Rose. (See her introduction to the article.)



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