

The Temple Artisan

October-November-December, 2004

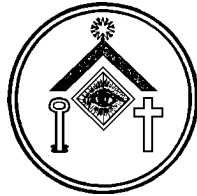
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Behold, I give



unto thee a key.

FORGIVENESS

Is it then so hard to forgive? Does thy nagging heart brood o'er the wrong, and refuse to forget the injustice wreaked upon you so long ago?

Then pause awhile and give it thought, for it needs be that God has wrought this moment for thee alone to cleanse thy heart of a still greater wrong to thine own soul.

For know it well, my stricken one, that thy brooding heart is weaving a web forming a shroud of steel that even I, thy friend and counselor, cannot pierce; for I am, in very Truth and in Love, that Forgiveness to whom thou so blindly and ignorantly refuse admission. I stand and wait for thy nod of consent for entrance to the shrine of thy soul — thine heart.



THE EDITORIAL MIRROR

The message on “Forgiveness” is yet another loving notice that we must take the responsibility in our lives to forgive and forget. We choose to let go — or we choose to hold on tight to perceived injustices, and so keep them alive. In so doing, we en-case ourselves in negativity. Francia LaDue told us many years ago that we must also learn to forget wisely. “While memory is an inestimable blessing in some respects, it is a curse past telling in others. If forgiveness is one of the essentials of a Godlike life, that quality is impossible of attainment while memory persists in pointing the finger of indebtedness at the one to be forgiven. You have not fully forgiven an offense as long as you willingly retain memory of that offense if it be against you personally, for every time memory brings a picture of it before your mental eyes — consciously or unconsciously — you begin to draw comparisons, forget your own liability to the same or a like offense and bring the offender before the judgment bar of your own lower nature. Over and over the details of the offense trail through your own mind, adding mental energy to the same, giving more and more life to the mental picture first formed, making it more and more possible for that picture of wrongdoing to impress itself on other minds in the same vibration, and so tempt others to the commission of a like offense.”

Humanity — you and I — must consciously, each and every day, practice the art of forgiveness, together with letting the offense drop totally out of our lives. Only in this manner can we truly know peace.

This is especially true now as the world around us becomes more violent. More and more people are reaching for tools to make peace manifest in each and every life. To forgive and to forget are tools that involve the healing power of Love. As we approach the Christmas season, with its message of hope and peace, let us take up these tools and use them wisely.

— Eleanor L. Shumway
Guardian in Chief

THE POLITICS OF INFINITY

The Temple of the People was founded at a crisis in the evolution of humanity. Several cycles — some of them very large — had come to a conjunction which made it possible for the Masters of Wisdom to bring together on the plane of manifestation a small handful of people who had earned the right to try to bring to earth the force which could raise the vibration of all humanity to the next higher level, to the level of the consciousness of Brotherhood, the Unity of all Life. This small group of people was told, in no uncertain terms, “You have one short century ...” Of course we don’t know exactly when that century began or when it ends. Perhaps it is already over and we just don’t know it. Did we succeed? Perhaps we can assume that since we, the descendants of that small group, are still here, meeting together and living our daily lives, that there is still time, that our efforts still matter. “There are no little things,” after all.

From just about any point of view, it’s been quite a century. We are told that more changes have been rung on humanity in the past few decades than had occurred in many millennia. Somehow we manage to keep up. It would seem that the vibration was being raised, higher equating faster, whether we know it or not. Everyone notices how time has taken on a new quality, how the future arrives in a heartbeat, and the past seems immensely distant. Our love affair with technology has brought machines into our midst, some of which stretch the imagination of the layman, and yet they exist and are being used. The Internet — this vast, so far unrestricted universe of information and communication — seems like an alternate reality, a cyberspace where we can dismiss many of the customary boundaries of time and geographical distance and be with each other around the world with the click of a button or a mouse. We can still say that a short century ago our fastest mode of transportation was a horse, and this gives us some perspective on the transformation we have endured, and perhaps even helped to midwife.

This country is currently in the throes of a national election, and the political process is at its most ugly. Any more divisive, adversarial, fear-mongering rhetoric, and it would seem that any progress we collectively had made must be undone. So what

could all this negativity serve? Aside from the dubious purpose of furthering the agendas of the interested parties, we might see it as an opportunity to focus our attention on the condition of humanity, of which each of us is a unit. To what extent are we able to listen and learn? How easily are we led to believe something in spite of the fact that we know it is not true? How much do we think for ourselves, and how much do we allow others to tell us what to think?

Freethinkers are those who are willing to use their minds without prejudice and without fearing to understand things that clash with their own customs, privileges, or beliefs. This state of mind is not common, but it is essential for right thinking; where it is absent, discussion is apt to become worse than useless.

— Count Leo Tolstoy

If we are to become self-responsible students of the ancient wisdom, we have to learn to think for ourselves, to form our own opinions based on knowledge and experience, the tried and true method of gaining wisdom. The flexible mind of the occultist can encompass two diametrically opposed facts and see the truth of each. Politics, for example, is corrupt — and therefore a great teacher.

The evolution of humanity is the evolution of consciousness. “In the last analysis, Consciousness is everything,” said William Quan Judge. Let’s not forget it. We are what we think. The mind of humanity is a tremendously powerful force, capable of creating any reality it can imagine. We may watch the continual downward spiral of an adversarial process that seems devoid of anything even useful, or we may see the light of awareness dawn in even one person’s eyes, awareness that there might be another way to govern the masses of humanity, awareness ignited by the very extremes of depravity the forces of separation and disintegration choose to use. All which tends to separate us from our fellow human beings belongs to the dark. All which tends to unite us belongs to the Light. That is quite a useful yardstick to use in trying to determine the validity of a statement made by anyone, including a politician. Does it seek to divide or does it seek to unify? It’s also a useful measure of our own private behavior. Do we seek by our thoughts, words and deeds to separate and divide, or to unify? It’s sometimes a pretty uncomfortable question, but can

we hope for our politicians, our erstwhile leaders, to be better than we ourselves are? Do we not get what we deserve in life, even when it comes to presidents and governors, senators and other elected officials? Did we not create the reality of our lives today by our actions in the past? This is the best of all possible worlds because it presents us with the opportunities to redress past errors and mistakes, to recreate the past in the present, and to create a more positive, harmonious future.

Why is the consciousness of Unity important? All of Nature's vastness bears witness to one central fact: all Life is One. We can see this more easily perhaps on an astronomical scale, viewing a solar system, for instance, and realizing that it is just a big atom, complete with nucleus (the Sun) and particles orbiting it (the planets.) The distance between the individual entities in the solar system bears the same ratio according to mass as does the distance between the individual entities in an atom. As above, so below. And each individual human being is a tiny universe, complete with all the elements in miniature that compose the Universal Man, the Christos, the Watcher on the Threshold, who sacrificed himself that we may live and learn to Love. All life comes from the unnameable One; and to that Source it returns, bringing with it the fruits of its eons of labor — the increased consciousness that enables it to evolve along the eternal path from ignorance to cosmic consciousness.

We tread this path alone, and yet we are never alone. Our brothers and sisters of fire, earth, air and water surround us, and indeed compose our very bodies. Our Father Sun shines down on us daily, renewing our will to carry on, to keep on trying, as our Mother Earth supplies us with all our needs. We are not separate, not on any level. This makes it easy, perhaps, to imagine the lives and trials of other humans, however exotic and different they may seem to us. We have only to use our imagination to put ourselves in the place of any person on this earth, using whatever information we can find, to know something of what his or her life is. The Master says we are to become "all things to all men." This means, in part, to be able to understand that man and that woman, because indeed he and she are us. We are literally nothing more nor less than units in a vast Being, the Universal Man, as the atoms that comprise our bodies are units in the universe

that is each one of us. There is therefore nothing in the vast scheme of human experience that we cannot understand, accept, and forgive. After all, if the conditions were shifted a bit, then whatever we contemplate in the spectrum of human behavior — no matter how seemingly beyond the pale — could be our own behavior, given a little shift in circumstances.

It is not a matter of “us” and “them.” We are “them,” and they are “us.” The Master says that our natural condition is a state of war. This seems so contradictory until we spend a little time in contemplation of our activities, say, during the course of a day. We may compare our thoughts, words, and deeds, for instance, to the Rules of Discipleship (something that is recommended for each of us), sincerely analyzing our behavior. A few days of this will throw into clear relief all we do every day that is not in the cause of Consciousness of Unity. We are each at war, intimately and fully committed — the war of our Higher and the lower selves. We are each struggling to drag ourselves out of the mire of selfishness and greed. We must be, for if it were not so, these things would not exist in our world.



— *Willy Gommel*

Perhaps we choose from time to time to change the venue, so that instead of the uncomfortable and indeed sometimes horrifying spectacle of our own iniquities, we contemplate and condemn those of others. If we can discover a whole group of sinners, and blame them for our problems — indeed, make them responsible for everything that is wrong — perhaps we can direct the searching eye of truth to some external field of war, where our responsibility is clear: Kill the enemy. Of course, the enemy is us, always and eternally. But we haven't learned this yet, and we won't until every single unit of our great human race knows without a doubt that he and only he is responsible for his own life and that nobody can do anything to him that he does not either allow, or actually create, himself. The persistence that drives us on to fight and fall and rise to fight again is an awesome thing. When we learn to direct it toward the real enemy, which is fear and prejudice and intolerance and disintegration, then we will be indeed making some progress.

It does begin to seem egregious in the extreme, this constant and unrelenting clash of arms and letting of blood that dominate human history for as long as we can look back. How many innocent victims will the God of War demand, how much revenge must rage, until we start to realize our mistake — that it is all a deflection of our true purpose in life, the evolution of Consciousness? We are like children using any ruse, any subterfuge, to put off going to bed, because we have forgotten that the dream is infinitely more lovely than the waking reality. "Better the familiar darkness than the unfamiliar Light," we murmur, feeling perfectly justified. But maybe we forget, "All true growth is slow growth." We just cannot do it quickly. Everyone has to come along. Everyone who sees and knows the Light, even just a glimmer, needs to reach back and grasp the hand of another, and help him or her to take that next step, and then that one reaches back in turn. We are all teachers and students of each other. We actually need each other, friends and enemies too. "Find the place of peace in your heart, and friends and enemies alike will speak to you — the one of Love and the other of Forgiveness," says the Master. But before we can forgive another, we have to forgive ourselves, because we are our own worst enemies. We are still like Adam and Eve, wandering from the Garden of Eden, having

eaten the apple of knowledge, shielding our eyes from the wasteland we have made by our disobedience.

Bottom line: We made this mess. The exquisite loveliness of a flower, the wonder of the starry skies at night, the breathtaking brilliance of a Western sunset: we didn't make those. They are ours to enjoy, to feel with our finest feelings, to derive comfort and encouragement, even inspiration from; but what we have made is something else again. Here we are, living in interesting times, poised on the brink of something, we hardly dare imagine what. We can see that there is much that needs fixing, adjusting, realigning. The task is immense — beyond our comprehension, really, let alone our capacity to control. We feel so small, so powerless.

*And he who takes vengeance alone is the criminal of Providence.
If I should dare to lay my finger on a grain of sand
In way of vengeance, I punish the already punish'd. O whom
Should I pity if I pity not the sinner who is gone astray?
O Albion, if thou takest vengeance, if thou revengest thy wrongs,
Thou art forever lost! What can I do to hinder the sons
Of Albion from taking vengeance or how shall I them persuade?*

— William Blake

Are we really powerless? Every one of us was born here and now because we have some particular task to perform. We belong to this time. We may feel small and helpless, but we have the infinite power of destiny behind us. We are perfectly suited to make a difference. It doesn't matter that corrupt powers and principalities seem to dominate the structure of our world. It doesn't matter that we are invisible, that nobody knows or cares what we think or say or do. It doesn't even matter that we are imperfect and flawed, even tragically so. All that matters is that we try and keep trying to live according to our own highest ideals. It doesn't even matter what those ideals are. As long as we sincerely search our hearts, find the place of peace therein, and devote our lives to trying to live according to what our heart counsels us to do, we are serving the cause for which we were born. It all sounds very mundane. But this is the real heroism of life. We are each Galahad, spending his life on a quest for the Holy Grail, because only

he can touch it. We are each Frodo, spending his life essence to rid the world of evil, because only he can do it. We are each David the shepherd boy, swinging his slingshot at the giant Goliath, sure that he is about to be destroyed, because he is the one who must do it.



— Eleanor L. Shumway

The Prophets Isaiah and Ezekiel dined with me, and I asked them how they dared so roundly to assert that God spake to them; and whether they did not think at the time, that they would be misunderstood, and so be the cause of imposition.

Isaiah answered, "I saw no God, nor heard any, in a finite organical perception; but my senses discover'd the infinite in every thing, and as I was then persuaded, and remain confirmed, that the voice of honest indignation is the voice of God, I cared not for consequences but wrote."

— William Blake

If we begin to doubt our ability to make a difference, we have only to remember that all Life is One. Nothing we do is without effect. Nothing. Everything affects everything else. We don't have to figure out what should happen. We just have to keep on trying to do the right thing. It's all geometry. If one tangled line is straightened out, others are straighter too. And we may as well

accept and embrace the world we find ourselves in with joy and gratitude. As one of us has been heard to say, “You can’t be unhappy when you are grateful.”

— *Linda Rollison*

THE TIME HAS COME

Sit awhile and listen to the call,
 So many voices and you can’t hear them at all.
 Forests calling deep within you as they fall.
 The time has come for us to make a change.
 The time has come our lives to rearrange.

Hear the message coming straight from your heart.
 We must do something, now. Can’t you do your part?
 The time has come for us to show we care,
 To show our love everywhere.

Take a moment to see the beauty of the rain.
 Hear the ocean crying. Can it be in vain?
 The eagle calling as our brother’s falling, falling ...
 It’s up to us to foster life again.

The time has come my friend.

Take a moment to seek the silence within.
 Hear the spirit calling, calling you again.
 Co-creator in your action, thought and word.
 The best of man will fly just like a bird!
 Fly just like a bird!!!

Hear the message coming straight from your heart!

— *Annie and Will Dunbar*

THE GRACE OF LIFE

To expand our minds from the infinitely small to the infinitely large; to spread out our reality; to continually search, within the aura of our own creation, for the geometry of the beauty of life — what a wonderful quest!

We base our sense of life and reality in the consciousness we develop. Books often tell us this is illusion, and we cannot understand that. How can that be? What we sense feels very factual, very real to us. We can touch things, we can work with events and experiences; how can this be glamor and illusion?

Well, let's think for a moment. Our concept of beauty is based on ourselves as the focus point, is it not? — or, to put it another way, upon the Law of Centralization? It is a matter of relativity. If we stand at the Grand Canyon we say, "This is an endless Wonder of the World!" When we work in our garden we work according to the balance of size and shape, or geometry. How we place plants in this garden makes it more or less beautiful, according to how our eye observes it. However, is it beautiful to the bird or insect who looks upon the garden as a place to find a meal, or a home of protection?

We are beginning to understand the greatness of the star formations when we see photographs from space. Can we really imagine the distances we are told are involved? Can we create the greatness of the gases and space?

Only relatively recently have we been able to see life through a microscope, watching living creatures we previously had no concept of. Again, only recently could we truly see the beauty of the snowflake. But it existed before: that microscopic life, that perfect geometry of the snowflake. Have our new and growing perceptions had any bearing on how we live life and make our decisions?

However broadly we see the small and the large of life, our understanding of forces is expanded. How generously we see the action and reaction of events does give us more knowledge to put into practice, and greater information on how we conduct life.

The adventurer and the discoverer through the ages have always dared to try, to reach for things that were considered "out of the normal," be it the tops of mountains or new lands that

were not on the maps. When in need of medicine, people would try a new herb, a new technique to mend the body. What is required to give folks such strength of character?

Principles and powers we have always possessed; but now we are needing a richer supply. These come from assets that are inherent in us naturally: will power, endurance, faith, courage, a quest for knowledge, a goal of beauty, a passageway to greater truth, a love of life.

So the two polarities fit together and must work together; the adventurers for greater outer manifestation must find their root in the questing exploration for broader inner expansion. Just as the two are intrinsically linked, all planes of consciousness cannot be divided, cut out, or ignored. The vibratory consciousness of our individual nature flows like a sea. Its tide reaches the outer boundaries of form, and its inner reaches the Divine depths of God.

Nothing is beyond us. We are existing in the beautiful potentiality of God's gift to us: Life. How we wish to use this precious commodity is up to the individual. We do need to know that the tide is constantly ebbing and flowing; that sometimes Spring tides bring dynamic sequences and sometimes less so, but for ages will it keep flowing, allowing us to float on its waters, swim in its essence, absorb its comfort, and tack on its currents.

We need to know that we are a part of the essential gift of God — "in god, of God" — that we are able to learn, see, and grow in the vastness of Truth, of Beauty, and of Love immeasurable given to us in Grace for all Humanity.

— Elaine Wight

*I will endeavor to realize
the Presence of the Avatar
as a Living Power in my life.*

THE AVATARIC COMING

Love is a white light of beauty.
 It is closing upon the souls.
 It is constantly building friendship.
 It is shining deeper and deeper understanding, comradeship.

The Avataric Conception is upon us.
 It is above us, glory in the heavens;
 It is beneath us, embryonic powers;
 It is about us, beauty of perception;
 It is within us, growth, wisdom's growth.

Out over the universe its marvels spread vastnesses,
 Wings of beauty upon each one.
 In through creation it impels love, ever increasing love.
 Over the earth it is flowering wisdom, fructifying that seed.
 Within the hearts of men it is the blessing of true love, high
 growth, faithfulness.

—JOV



—Willy Gommel

THE CHRISTMAS TREE

At the foot of the Christmas Tree stands the Christ Child. Above hang the branches, laden with berries — yea, weighted almost to the ground, so full, so heavy are they. Upward reach the baby arms in effort to climb the tree and grasp the berries in the little hands. But each time the hands clasp the limbs, instead of finding support by which to rise, not only do the branches yield to that gentle grasp, hut the tree itself inclines, loosens at the root, and would fall upon the Little One, did it not leave hold, discouraged, frightened, bewildered. But still the brightness of the berries lures its gaze upward, and it tries again and yet again, with similar result, until strength begins to fail.

Behold, what else has happened? The tree root loosening more and more, unable to sustain the baby efforts to climb, gradually loses its bedecked glory and wears, instead of its gay adornment, a mass of bronzed, browned, withered fruitage, betokening likeness to twig, branch and limb. For the life no longer flows through root from earth to limb, branch, berry. Color, vitality are gone. The spirit of the tree has fled. Personality, selfishness, form remain. Yet still at the foot of the tree stands the Christ Child, sad, cold, alone.

Hurrying, scurrying like bees maddened in swarm, like ants thwarted in building, run men, women, children in the midst of the Christmas season, in wild haste for gain, love, pleasure, endeavoring to hold the form of things, ignoring, refusing, unable to aid the helpless, the tender, the aspiring standing 'neath their own Home Tree, seeking to reach the beauties of its branches. Wantonly, carelessly they adorn the outer selves in desperate effort for vainglory, bedazzling the eyes of the innocent, falsely calling "Merry Christmas!" to passersby, with hatred, malice, insincerity at heart, caught in the swerving, swirling currents from which they cannot escape or extricate themselves, forgetting, thinking not, remembering never that it is Spirit alone that lives, that survives; and that all the mad stampede of mind and body will soon be pushed out of way — ended, dropped, as withered berries on brown and brittle limbs of tree that would not, could not give itself to the Christ in joy, support, encouragement, because of insecurity of root. But the Christmas Tree, the Yggdrasil,

the Tree of Life, stands, and shall ever stand, fresh, green, flowering, back of all outer form, the loosened root, the ruby berry, back of the Child itself. Yea, back of the particular Christ sent to any home, individual, or race stands the Cosmic Christ, enveloping, enfolding, transmuting, encouraging, vitalizing Tree of Life itself, causing it to ever break forth in beauties which shall never die and be a constant bright and Merry Christmas to all who would stand beneath its branches.



A PRAYER

Father-Mother-Son in One:

In our inmost hearts we know that You are creating the deep spirit of harmonious, vital, living power which compels Unity. You have given us a place, a way, a cause: the cause of love, the way of righteousness, and the place of unity.

We offer to You our heartfelt gratitude for the guidance, patience, understanding and Love that flows unceasingly from Your heart to ours. You have long shown us the way to listen with our hearts, to act with kindness, and to be tolerant in our judgments. Through the process of striving for harmonious living do we express your teachings.

Help us to do Your work this day and in the days to come. We ask You to help us listen well to Your teachings, and in the listening find the peace that passeth understanding where all things, all peoples, all joys, all sorrows stand in balance in Your radiant Love.

Amen.

— ELS

LET GO, MY CHILD

Let go, my child! This seven-fold world is far too heavy for thy hands to hold. It will not pass into the Silence of the Great Abyss because thou sittest idle for a moment's spell, forgetful of the toil, the long-drawn agony of souls, the fierce unrest, the warring hosts of hell. Thou canst not bear the burden if thou wouldst, alone, for each one is a part and if he will or nay must put his shoulder to the mass, and push with each recurring cycle round.

So rest awhile and see the Father's hand outstretched to thee and Me. God's great completeness flows around our uncompleted parts as flows the deep wide ocean round the rocks scattered in wild profusion in its wondrous depths, silent save for Nature's undertone. And so my Child, sit thee still and let the waters pass o'er thee and bring thee Patience, Faith and Power with which this whole wide world to bless. For one is truly wondrous wise, a Master midst all My sons and daughters, who knoweth how and when to wait.



THE HALCYON UNIVERSITY CENTER

The Halcyon University Center first opened in 1972 with the showing of Harold Forgostein's twenty-three magnificent oil paintings depicting the life of Hiawatha and the League of the Six Nations. The announcement in the *Artisan* from that time tells us: "On September 27th educators and administrators, heads of schools departments, public administrators and representatives of local news media, newspapers and radio, were invited to see the American Indian Paintings, to evaluate the exhibition for the use of students.

"Representatives came from local school systems, the county schools system, Hancock College and California Polytechnic University. Members from Historical Societies were also present.

"Their enthusiastic response promises a rewarding use of the

building as schedules develop.”

Over the years, the University Center has been the setting of many Temple study classes, wedding and funeral receptions, music programs, art and craft shows, as well as functioning as a center of worship, while next door the Temple underwent major repair and repainting. Since 1972, not only the Indian paintings, but many other exhibits of Harold Forgostein’s prolific output of watercolors, oils, acrylics, and sketches have been shown. It was his dream that the wonderful exhibit space would not only show his own works, but that of the many other local artists of considerable talent. Over the past sixteen months, this has been the case, as many local artists have exhibited their works in this unusual setting.

On November 13, 2004, to help celebrate the 106th birthday of the Temple of the People, the Halcyon University Center Gallery is proud to present *ENCORE: A Retrospective Exhibit of the Art of Harold Forgostein*.

ENCORE presents work in oil, watercolor, charcoal, and mobiles by Harold Forgostein, produced during his career as an artist of more than 60 years duration. Included in the exhibit are pieces from his commercial portfolio, dating from his graduation from Carnegie Tech, examples of his oil Life and Legend of Hiawatha series, and watercolors of florals, the dunes, and other central coast scenes. Work on exhibit is drawn from the permanent collection of the Temple of the People, private collections, and work that is available for purchase by the public.

Proceeds from sale of work benefit the University Center Gallery.

Harold Forgostein, the fourth Guardian in Chief of the Temple of the People, was born in Marquette, Michigan, on May 11, 1906. He attended high school in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, where he was staff cartoonist for the weekly school paper and for the yearbook. He was selected as a member of the National High School Society for his political cartoons. As a young man, Harold had opportunities to explore the beautiful countryside of the Great Lakes area, where his family spent summers. In later life, he liked to share fond memories of long hours spent alone, paddling along the quiet waterways in a canoe. His love of virgin nature would later be evident in much of his art work.

Harold graduated from Carnegie (Tech) Mellon in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, with a B.A. in Painting, in 1927. He worked for two years designing yearbooks for Canton Engraving Company in Ohio, saving money to go to New York City and pursue a career in freelance commercial art and painting. During this time Harold made a portfolio of advertising ideas which is now in the permanent collection of The Temple of the People. These watercolors show his remarkable inventiveness, combining a refined sense of design and esthetics with a witty and original approach to displaying commodities.

In September of 1929, Harold arrived in New York, only to witness two months later the stock market crash, and the beginning of the Great Depression. His commercial art career plans dashed by current events, he took a job teaching art to adults through the WPA program. He married Carolyn and the two set up housekeeping in an upstairs apartment on the upper east side of Manhattan. Besides working, Harold also found time to make daily trips to various art museums and galleries, and to paint. It was during this time that he and Carolyn contacted The Temple of the People (in Halcyon) which affiliation later brought them to California. Through this contact and at the request of the Temple founder, Harold began the magnificent Hiawatha series of oil paintings that is now part of the permanent collection of The Temple of the People in Halcyon.

In 1941, Harold and Carolyn moved to California to live in Halcyon. For seven years, Harold worked in the Oceano vegetable packing sheds. Harold began teaching art in 1947, with adult education classes at San Luis Obispo High School. He taught at various junior and senior high schools and at junior college as a substitute, and then in 1959 took on a full-time position as art teacher at Morro Bay High School. His students became the core group for the formation of the San Luis Art Association, an organization that continues to flourish today.

While teaching drawing, design, watercolor, and still life painting at Morro Bay High School, Harold continued to hold summer adult classes in landscape painting all over the county. Throughout this period he continued to paint, both in watercolor and in oil, a body of work of diverse subject matter and masterful technique, filled with love for the forces of nature and the drama

and mystical significance of the moment.

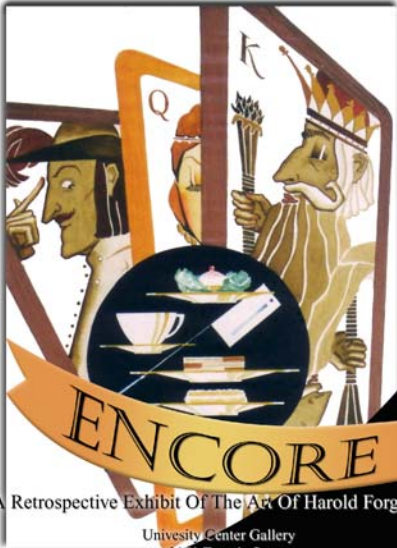
In 1967 Harold retired from teaching, and in 1969 became Guardian-in-Chief of The Temple of the People. He continued in that capacity until his death in March of 1990.

Harold's first one-man show was held at Village Art of Arroyo Grande in 1986. In the winter of 1988 the San Luis Obispo Art Gallery hung a show of Harold's dune paintings. Most recently an exhibit of his work has been on display at the Allan Hancock Gallery. His work has also been on display on a rotating basis in the University Center Gallery in Halcyon. Many of Harold's dune watercolors can be seen hanging in various business and government offices in the Five Cities area.

The current show, *ENCORE*, is a fitting tribute to our friend and teacher, showcasing his talents in many mediums. These works are as fresh and crisp as the day they were painted.


Opening Reception
2-4 PM, Saturday,
Nov. 13, 2004

Gallery Open
Nov. 13-20, 2004
2-4 PM
and
Saturdays
Nov. 27-Feb. 13, 2005
2-4 PM



A Retrospective Exhibit Of The Art Of Harold Forgostein

University Center Gallery
3171 Temple St.
Halcyon, CA



— designed by Maraya Bumpus

THE BRIDGE

The disciple of today might be likened to a bridge builder who must work on a scaffolding that hangs precariously over swirling waters. From that high and perilous position he must perform his task, never allowing his gaze to be drawn down to the turbulence far below, but knowing of a certainty that he is supported by the strong underpinnings of past acts of faith. Now a further act of faith is called for in order that sufficient thrust be made to span the gap that lies between past performance and the promise of the future.

All humanity now finds itself on these dizzy heights over astral waters, sustained only by its accumulated earned knowledge, its very considerable past achievements. Man longs for a blueprint, but this will not be vouchsafed because faith creates and carries out the plan as it goes along. We Templars know that we must seek and find our center of security even while we thus build from what would sometimes seem to be a dangerous perch over the swirling waters of world hate, world fear, world corruption.

The far shore lies beyond, and upon it we can glimpse an abutment standing strong and sound and awaiting the spanning of the arc. Once completed, the bridge will serve mankind well, providing myriad feet a crossing place into the promised land, into the heralded new age.

So let us not become befogged by the mists of glamor or despair. Let us hold firm and true to the truths upon which we have built our lives, knowing beyond all doubt that they will support us now and provide a foothold for the final thrust.

—Joyce Hedin

*... Though clouds and darkness
seem to be about me,
yet dwell I eternally in the Light.*

LAW OF BALANCE

In this modern age, we live in an atmosphere of confusion which sometimes penetrates to the point where individual equilibrium is threatened. Outgrown patterns are being swept aside and the urge for change is felt the world around. But change *per se* brings little relief and often contributes to a greater confusion.

In humanity's desire for self-expression, we have swung from one extreme to the other on what may be visualized as a great karmic pendulum. Our lower self has completed many arcs of sensual experience before the voice of our Higher Self is heard pleading for relief and direction.

The object of our striving seems to be the recognition of the rights and dignities of our essential selfhood; but sadly, we are trying to use exterior force to produce interior results. Mostly we do not realize this — and, when the battle we win on our own terms leaves us with a bewildered feeling of defeat instead of victory, when the nagging question why, *why?* drips on our brain like water on a stone, we have reached a point where a different step is indicated.

There **are** answers. They are embodied in Divine Law and are available to us as we learn to work within its confines. So working, we can develop our true Selfhood and change our world from within rather than from without.

To this end, obedience to law is a first requisite. Especially important in this age is knowledge of the great Law of Balance, which works ever to help us find the equilibrating center within ourselves. This is Karma, known also as the Law of Love. Through this agency, all that we have learned of good or ill will be administered in exact justice. As we begin to realize that the permanent goals we desire cannot be wrested from any one person or circumstance, we turn in relief to the immutability of Divine Law, grateful for the reassurance when the good things of life come our way, and there ARE many; and thankful when, after having "sinned and fallen short of the glory of God," we have a chance to face ourselves, to recognize our mistakes and failures and enjoy the dignity of paying our own debts. So shall all of us gradually acquire stability, balance and equilibrium.

— Gertrude Tedford

TEMPLE ACTIVITIES AND NOTICES

The rains have come early this fall and everything has turned a magical green. This makes the village look like a fairyland park. In fairyland, the green grass would always be a velvet carpet, but here in the physical world, while we enjoy the beneficent green, we know it will grow into long grass, turn brown and require mowing. Such are the cycles of life on this plane!

Comings and goings about town include a ten-day trip to Denver for Eleanor Shumway, traveling with her sister and brother-in-law, Gloria and Bill Quale, to visit family. Annie and Will Dunbar flew to Buffalo, New York, to visit with their families for two weeks. Later, Will journeyed to Lake Tahoe to help his sister and brother-in-law pack as they prepared to move. Andrei, Svetlana, and Kate Rogalsky came from Goleta, California to visit here at the Center. Olga and Simon Bokman joined us for a weekend. Chris and Margaret Thyrring helped move their daughters to a new home in San Francisco where the girls are attending college. Sandra Strohman had a week's cruise in the Caribbean, making a wonderful break from driving her school and tour buses. Ron and Nashoma Carlson have put many miles on their car this year; their latest trips have included visiting friends in Arizona and family in Laguna, Monterey, and Susanville, California. In September, Susie Clark and Bill Fleming enjoyed the sights for a week at Mammoth Lake, California.

This fall the Hancock College Art Gallery in Santa Maria featured a show of Harold Forgostein's work entitled *A Painter's World: The Art of Harold Forgostein*. Designed and hung by Marti Fast, the show glowed with color and represented Harold's painting career. It was a very successful show.

November 15 was the 106th birthday celebration of the founding of the Temple in Syracuse. This was celebrated with the November 13 opening of the art show *Encore: a Retrospective* in the University Center. On November 14, the Choral Service, a special blending of prayers, meditation, and original music, was offered by the Choir; also included were special selections played by Simon Bokman on the piano, and his wife, Olga, on the viola. On Monday, November 15, there was a special rededication and consecration of the monument to Blue Star in the Builders' Grove.

This monument was erected in 1922 by the Temple Builders. They helped to plant the grove, complete with marker, in memory of the lady who was never too tired to listen to young people, to enter into their dreams, to serve as a beacon light for aspiring souls. This ceremony was followed by a Birthday Tea in Hiawatha Lodge.

Natasha's mother, our dear friend Nina Pozorin, left after a visit here of five months to go to New York, where she will help a close friend with her new baby. Nina is "Grandma" to us all.

At the biannual Halcyon Store Craft Faire, the Christ Unity Methodist Taiko Drumming Group gave a show. Taiko is an ancient Japanese ritual drumming presentation. Linda Rollison and Marlyn, Maraya, and Lee Bumpus participate with this group.

The Kravtsovs are experiencing the joys and frustrations of remodeling as they await the completion of their new kitchen. Sandra Strohman is finalizing plans to put a new modular home on a lot here in Halcyon. The University Center is alight with new track lighting that makes the art work glow. The Halcyon Store continues to grow more beautiful as Verona ReBow adds color and subject material to her murals on the east and north walls. Cranes, water, shoreline, sky, flowers, birds and rocks in eye-catching color now adorn the walls.

The children are back at school, and busy in their routines. Three of them are not "children" any more, having had their eighteenth birthdays in November and December. This includes Julie Moiseyev, Alona Veller, and Simon Bokman. Congratulations! Ivan Ulz gave a concert to several hundred enchanted children in Madison Square Park, New York.

Temple groups: There are groups in New York City; London, England; and Moscow, Russia, as well as in several locations in Germany. Anyone wishing more information about these groups can call or write the Temple offices in Halcyon.

William Quan Judge Library serves Temple members, residents of Halcyon, and friends with an interest in Theosophy or who are doing research involving some of our special collections. Our library is staffed by volunteers; hours are Mondays, 9-11 am and 6-8 pm, and Fridays, 9 am to 12 noon. Other hours are by appoint-

ment through the Temple office.

The **University Center Gallery** is open every Saturday from 2 to 4 pm. *ENCORE: A Retrospective Exhibit of the Art of Harold Forgostein* is the current show. Please call the Temple office at (805) 489-2822 for information.

The **Temple Healing Service** is held at 12:00 noon each day in the Temple. All are welcome to attend.

Sunday Services are held at 10:30 am in the Temple. The Feast of Fulfillment (the Communion Service of the Temple) is celebrated on the first Sunday of each month. "Enter The Silence," a prayer and meditation meeting, is held on the last Sunday of each month. Speakers present programs on other Sundays. The public is cordially invited to all services.

Study Classes under the auspices of Temple Officers and various Temple Orders are held regularly at 5:30 pm in the Temple on Tuesdays, and in Hiawatha Lodge on Fridays. Everyone is welcome to attend.

Speakers in the Sunday services were: October 10, Eleanor Shumway: *Play it Again and Again and Again, Sam*; October 17, Linda Rollison: *The Politics of Infinity*; October 24, Annie Dunbar: *The Paradox of Virtuous Living*; November 21, Barbara Ricardo reading Rick Ricardo's paper: *On The Inner Side of Church Worship*.

THE TEMPLE OF THE PEOPLE

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