

ICC Represented at Northern Nevada Gay Pride Parade & Festival



The Pride Parade passes
Ralston St. at First St.

The first annual Northern Nevada Gay Pride Parade and Festival on July 26, 2014, saw several churches supporting equality and acceptance of the LGBT community in the region. The various churches' banners were proudly marched in the Pride Parade from Lundsford Park (Jones & Riverside) to the Arlington St. Bridge at Wingfield Park, where the festival took place.



Sean and Ronnie pose with the ICC banner.

While some churches had their own tents (such as Trinity Episcopal and Unitarian Universalists), The ICC participated in the Nevada Clergy Association's "Faith Tent," which included tables for Sinai Temple (Reform Judaism), Good Shepherd Lutheran Church, The Children of Temple Earth (a Norse pagan community), First United Methodist Church, First Congregational United Church of Christ, and the ICC. Food vendors, themed areas, entertainment, games, and exhibitions provided fun for all ages. The weather cooperated by being sunny and not too warm.



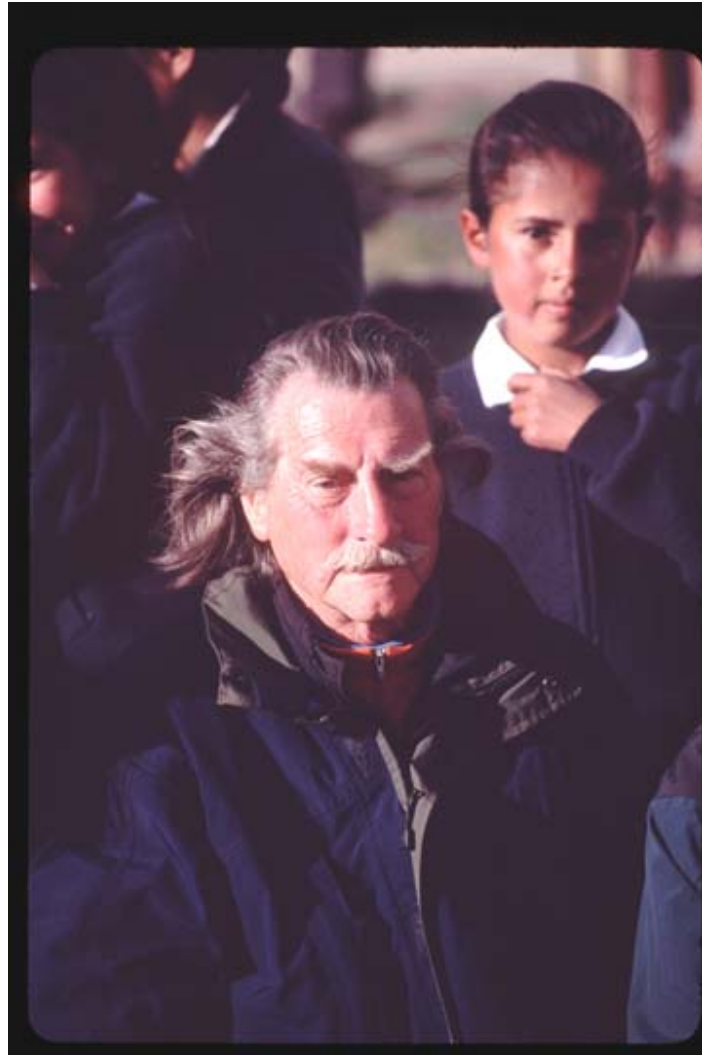
Rev. Harold Boulette shows off the ICC banner before the parade.

Representing the ICC in the parade were the Rt. Rev. Sean Savoy and Ronnie Peoples, along with the Rev. Harold Boulette. The three were joined in staffing the table in the Faith Tent by the Rev. Robert Anderson and Consociate Claudia Grady. The Church had several brochures to hand out as well as requests for more information about The Church/Cosolargy. The festival appeared to be a great success and the ICC's presence and support was testimony to its commitment to spiritual equality for all.



Staffing the table are Rev. Robert Anderson (foreground) and (back, left to right) Rt. Rev. Sean Savoy, Claudia Grady, and Ronnie Peoples.

PATH TO LIGHT: The Most Right Reverend Gene Savoy Sr.



Gene Savoy Sr. in a crowd in Peru
in the late 1990s PHOTO: Roger
Weld

*There are twenty-six Sayings recorded in volumes I–VI of **The Image and The Word: The Secret Sayings of Jamil**. The later Sayings were delivered either onboard the Feathered Serpent II, or during voyages that terminated in America or at the Sanctuary grounds. The object of the Sayings was to reveal to The Community what it must do in the world.*

Volume VI, published in 1981, presents the Twenty-Second through Twenty-Fourth Sayings. It is in this volume that Reverend Ted Staver found a passage on Reverend Gene Sr's life, described by himself, that seemed to fit the format of

the "Path to Light" series. Ted suggested the passage to us, and we are posting it for you.

In the passage that follows, Bishop Savoy is presenting the story of his early life as an illustration in response to a question from one of the Companions of The Way regarding the means by which one comes to know who one really is.

"I was adopted when I was three. I lost my natural father and my mother remarried, so I was adopted. And I was raised with half-brothers and with a stepfather who fed me and took care of me and did the best he could as a father. I loved my father very, very dearly, and my brothers and my mother, of course. But my mother was the only person who really understood me. She had a kind of knowledge of me and gave me something that I needed that no one else in the world ever gave me, at least when I was a child. At the age of five I started going to church and by six years of age I was beginning to listen to sermons and getting involved in theology.

"My stepfather did not go to church. My mother was the granddaughter of a Baptist minister, and her father eventually became religious and became active in the Church, though in my own home there was no formal religion. But from the age of six on I went to various Churches: Baptist, Methodist, Lutheran, Presbyterian, Episcopalian, Pentecostal, Catholic. I had an urge to enter the ministry, an urge to be spiritual, without knowing why.

"I was different from my brothers and they never really understood me and my religious inclinations. Yet, I never understood the life that we led. Quite simply, I longed for the spiritual life even at that tender age. My mother's sister influenced me greatly, for she was a Christian Scientist. But the motivation that drove me to worship was an

inner compulsion, a driving force that no one understood, not even myself. I did not like school and formal education, not even in later years at business College and University. Like in my earlier home life, there was no spiritual environment. Even the orthodox Church environment was empty, yet it was better than nothing. Still, I longed for a spiritual life of a kind and order not known in the world. No one could instruct me in it. No one was knowledgeable in it. No one I talked to – clergy, teacher, priest, scholar – had the vaguest idea of what I was seeking. I was an alien in a hostile environment, alone, lost, empty.

“The same feeling continued as I got older – I never felt comfortable in the world or that I belonged in it. Though I continued to go to church, was baptized and planned on entering the ministry, I felt alien even to the Christian environment. Like so many, I became interested in Eastern teachings, but again I felt like an alien. I only began to feel comfortable when I discovered the beauty of the ancient religions such as Zoroastrianism and the ancient Egyptian teachings of Hermes Trismegistus. However, I did not become a great student of these religions as I continued to be more inclined toward Christianity.

“Basically, what I am trying to say is that with all my searching in the Christian Church and in the Eastern and Oriental religions, I never became comfortable with religion until I had experienced the visions, and then was able to endure the strong light of the sun. My eyes were no longer blind to the Light of Christ. The world was no longer Dark. For I saw within the light that illuminated the world a greater Light, the Light of God that illuminates the spirits of men, a Light more brilliant than the light of the stars and the moon and the sun combined. That efficacious Light put my heart and mind to rest. It taught me the meaning of religion in a flash, a rapture of spiritual joy. It instructed me in religion more than any rite or ritual, more

than any book, more than any sermon. It was a living communion in which I was able to experience the divine Presence of God. I was reborn! Made spiritual, yet I was without instruction, an innocent child, a neophyte awaiting maturity as eagerly as a babe.

“I found the source of Righteousness. I had found the place where God resides, not by my own motivation, but by the vision of Light, and by the Presence within the Light. What clergyman, what Apostle, what biblical scholar had ever seen God face to face? God dwells in a place accessible only to those who are called to it by Him, it seems. And I knew that it was my destiny to serve God in the formation of this Church. I therefore awaited the birth of The Child from whom I would learn with trust, and hope and belief. I gave up all my human motivations of self; that is, pursuit of my human destiny. It was my destiny to serve God within the framework of the Church to come. God would be my Teacher and I would follow Him. My spiritual eye had been opened, and it saw a realm of spiritual beingness. Now that I had been led to it by revelation, I would devote my whole life to teaching it to others.

“Then I began to have recollections and remembrances. It did not all come at once, it came in stages. And as I had experiences and began teaching and moving about in the world, my remembrances increased by the act of working in the Church. Then, of course, when Jamil was teaching, just by looking at him I knew many things. He had the flashing eyes and the touch. He did not have to say much – all he had to do was make a gesture with His hands or look at me with a flash, and I knew. I learned from him by his presence and by looking at the sun, and by recalling and putting things together. And after a while I realized that although I was doing all the work, or so it appeared – writing, teaching, recording the words of Jamil, exploring and holding the Church together as best I could, and suffering, as it were, especially as people

could not understand and were leaving – that there was a power over the Church that was outside of my control.”

–from *The Image and the Word: the Secret Sayings of Jamil*, Volume VI., by The Most Right Reverend Gene Savoy, pp.81-86

Scientist asks, “Are we really Beings of Light?”

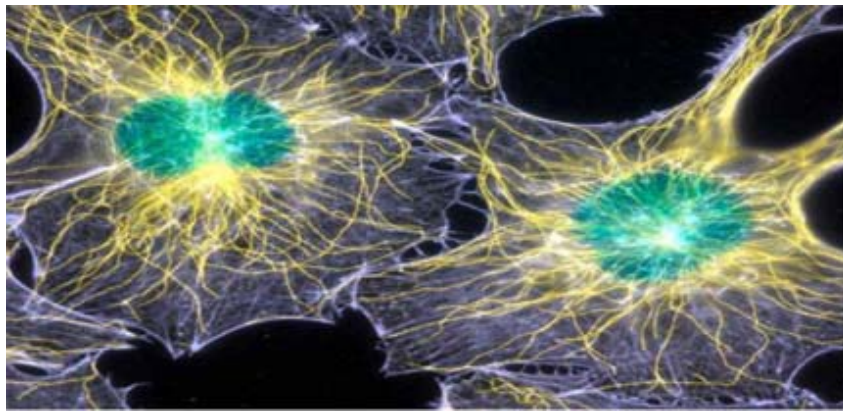


PHOTO: AscendedHealth.com

“The Living Light: Can biophotonic light emitted from trained probiotic microbes help balance the body?”

Presented by Compton Rom Bada at the Arizona Naturopathic Medical Association (AzNMA) Spring Conference, June 2-3, 2012.

Are humans really beings of light? Our cells release

biophotons.

In the 1970's, Dr. Fritz Albert Popp coined the term "Biophotons", for the ultra weak photonic emissions given off by cells during reactions. This light is very weak – typically several million times as faint as the light from a firefly. He was able to confirm that living cells emit small bursts of light. He determined that cells do not just radiate light, they also absorb light. He later found out that DNA is a source of our inner light...

< [Read or download the PDF of "The Living Light: Can biophotonic light emitted from trained probiotic microbes help balance the body?"](#) >

links submitted by Robert Anderson

Annual Report from the Office of the Head Overseer



May 11, 2014

Jubilee Sunday

Since we have recently completed the Easter Season, and as we move on towards Pentecost, I feel it a good time to send you this message. You will see by looking at our Community Calendar that many dates this year align with Sundays (the 12th day of Christmas on January 5th; February 2nd, the Birth of the Sun of Righteousness, which also was a Jubilee Sunday; the birth of The Child, Jamil, on March 16th; and the birthday of The Man – today – on May 11th, another Jubilee Sunday). As prophesied, 2014 is a very auspicious year, one that represents an important 52-year cycle which we have emphasized several times before.

You may know that some weeks ago, I journeyed to Mexico, the land of my birth, to contemplate and celebrate the birth of The Child, Jamil. The trip was divided into three parts. First, to meet with Consociates in northern Mexico who are in the process of translating our Cosolargy material into Spanish. The purpose of the meeting was to insure the continuation of those translations but also to work on establishing a legal structure for our Community in Latin America. In addition, a goal was set for the establishment of a satellite Community and retreat center somewhere near Puerto Vallarta. Having been born in Mexico and working with our Community members in that nation, there are several advantages

we have, especially that of being able to *own* coastal property. Second, I went to the Yucatan, where my father and The Child lived for a period of time. I visited various Mayan sites and pyramids, including Chichen-Itza and Tulum, which I had not been to before. The city of Merida is beautiful and is referred to as the “Paris” of Mexico. (I highly recommend it for anyone wanting to visit that part of Mesoamerica). The third portion of the trip was on the Carribean and had more of a personal nature, which included contemplating how to better grow our Community, and provided some much-needed rest.

Before leaving to Mexico, I called a meeting of our Community family here in Reno. The purpose of the meeting was to reiterate the importance of this year, 2014, and to explain certain circumstances which The Community faces. It was a candid conversation unprecedented in our 55-year history. The first part of the meeting had to do with our financial situation as affected by the continued economic situation worldwide. I explained that the success of the Church has been due to (1) the paying off of debt incurred before the economic decline, (2) good management of finances, and (3) the ongoing support of dedicated Community members. However, in order to grow and continue, we must also take into consideration these factors: (1) continually enrolling new students in The Academy, (2) expanding various business ventures through the Community Guilds structure, and (3) people remembering The Community in their wills and trusts and also bequeathing or otherwise endowing The Community.

[A report can be found at the Community Communique website](#) which will give you more details about the meeting. I made a comparison between the Church’s financial position and that of the City of Reno. Fifteen years ago, in 1999, Reno’s debt was approximately \$60 million. Today it is more than \$560 million. Fifteen years ago, the Church’s debt was over \$1 million. Today it is at about \$400,000. So as Reno has increased its debt by over

400{1fa2ef75e2e78439128d99df03acfe1d8ee3047374abe3d4676fe3470ff8b909}, The Community has reduced its by 65{1fa2ef75e2e78439128d99df03acfe1d8ee3047374abe3d4676fe3470ff8b909}. In addition, operating expenses have decreased in the last two years by \$50,000. This is something we should be proud of! We have many resources upon which to build: (1) real property holdings, (2) water, (3) intellectual property, and (4) most importantly, the creativity and knowledge of our people. We must be enterprising and use these assets to our advantage. We have made great strides in the past few years: accomplishments at the Sanctuary with regards to securing our water rights and the building of a new residence; the continued healing work at Steamboat Hot Springs, which is increasing its public image; the thriving of the Community in Japan; the possibility of a new Community Center in Mexico; our Project X seminars and tours, one of which will be held in Peru later this year; the possibility of a seminar/conference later this year in Australia and/or New Zealand. We are making progress. Let's ensure that the trend continues!

One of the other topics I brought up at our Community family meeting had to do with our ongoing struggle for property tax exemption at the Red Rock Consecrated Sanctuary. You may recall that in the early 1980's, when we purchased the Sanctuary, we were initially granted property tax exemption. Unfortunately, that was later revoked, and the Church sued Washoe County in district court. We were successful. However, the County appealed to the Nevada Supreme Court and the decision was reversed in 1990. So over the past 35 years, we have paid in excess of \$400,000 in local property taxes and assessments. Perhaps this is not too much money for General Motors, but for us it is. So the good news is that a lobbying/law firm has taken interest in our case. They believe they can propose an amendment to the law that would grant us property tax exemption on the Sanctuary. This does not involve a lawsuit or the courts. It is simply talking to the powers that be and gaining their support. Two weeks ago, this firm,

on our behalf, spoke with representatives of Washoe County advising them of our intent, i.e., to seek an amendment to the law which would grant our Sanctuary a tax exemption. The representatives of the county were supportive and said they would not oppose us making a change to the law. This is a major step forward! Our friends at the firm visited the Sanctuary for the first time earlier this week and were extremely impressed. They will now be making appointments to speak with legislators and the Governor's office for the change to the law, which will be presented in the state legislature before the end of the year. But, of course, they do require some compensation. They have made us a bare-bones offer: \$2500 per month for four months to set the stage – \$10,000 all together. **So I must ask you for your support, please!** This is extremely important and an opportunity we have been awaiting for many decades. If we are able to secure an exemption for our Sanctuary, it will be a vindication of our long struggle for religious equality under the law.

Tomorrow, May 12, I journey with Companions of The Way to Japan. This is my annual sojourn to the Land of the Rising Sun. We will be visiting Hokkaido in the north, the place where the ancient Ainu people live – people who once were in contact with ancient Peru and who also have roots in ancient Israel. Among other things, I will be discussing with our bishop in Japan, Yukinori, the possibility of holding the Spiritual State of the World Conference in that nation next year in 2015. I believe we will be able to attract a large group from not only Japan but Korea, Taiwan, Australia, and New Zealand as well.

Otherwise, my dear friend in the Light, things continue. We progress day-to-day, not only in this world but in our spiritual work. I know that you have not only communed with the Light but that you have been transported beyond the physical to the Divine. Our minds may sometimes not be able to comprehend, but that does not mean it isn't so. Our work is

unending, never ceasing. We continue with new outreach using the tools of social media. Soon, it will become evident as new people come to us. We will be publishing our material online, in e-books and other formats. We have started an important project for the older people in our Community – a place owned by the Church where our members may retire in peace and tranquility without losing their spiritual base. The enclosed form offers you the opportunity to be part of this wonderful project, the concept of which has already put many people's minds at ease.

Finally, I remind you to keep The Community in your thoughts and prayers as you reflect each day. Remember to endow The Church in your wills and trusts. Upon my return from Japan, I will send another report to you. I am very excited about where we are going, what we have accomplished together these many years, and what the future holds for us. My personal blessing is with you.

In the name of The Child, I am always your servant in The Light,

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EDITOR'S NOTE:

If you realize the importance of obtaining property tax exemption for our Sanctuary and would like to donate towards this cause, contact the Church Charisticary and pledge your contribution. (Remember, all contributions to the Red Rock Sanctuary fund are 100{1fa2ef75e2e78439128d99df03acfe1d8ee3047374abe3d4676fe3470ff8b909} tax deductible.)

If you would like to know more about The Community's retirement home, or if you are interested in bequeathing and/or endowing The Community in your Will or Living Trust, contact someone on the Chancellery staff and let them know

that you would like further information.

Nevada “Coming Together” Quilt Completed for Nevada Prayer Breakfast

with the idea for the quilt as a way to show culture and diversity in the faith community, and to celebrate Nevada's sesquicentennial (150th year).

Members of the Nevada Clergy Association were contacted, and 14 quilt blocks were assigned on a first-come, first-served basis, Meidell said. A 15th, center block, is dedicated to the state of Nevada and includes the state flag. Each quilt block represented a local religious organization.

< [Click here to download a PDF reproduction of the quilt and to read about the makers of each of the individual quilt blocks.](#) >

The quilt will be "traveling" to various churches in the community until the end of 2014 when it will be presented to the Governor's Office to be permanently displayed at the Governor's Mansion or the Nevada State Museum.

Follow this link to the Reno Gazette-Journal article "Multi-faith community members create Nevada quilt" posted online April 28, 2014:

<
<http://www.rgj.com/story/life/2014/04/28/multi-faith-community-members-create-nevada-quilt/8111395/> >

PATH TO LIGHT: This Being's Path to Light (Anonymous)



Not quite sure where to start this story. It has been a very long journey—many lifetimes as far as I can tell. However, my memories of past lives are limited only to region and purpose. But none of that is really important. I do know that from the time I was born into this lifetime I have been searching for the Truth—which, in this dualistic world, appears to be quite elusive and abused.

When I was young I knew that there was something wrong with this world. The wool had been pulled over our eyes. But, why was no one complaining? Why was no one searching for truth as I was? I would ask questions of the church I used to attend that would bring answers that made absolutely no sense to me. I knew that there was something out there to find—well beyond the church and well beyond this realm.

But, finding it was quite a search. Obviously I stopped going to church as the people I met there could not answer my questions and appeared to be quite hypocritical. I searched religions other than Christianity. When in college, I minored in philosophy—learning about as many other religions as I

could. The one that I would call closest to the Truth (Gnosis) was Buddhism. But there was still a gap.

After college, I went on to try to live a “normal” life (LOL). But, the seed inside me kept pushing to find answers. I began reading hundreds of books just to get bits and pieces of clues (archaeology, religion, spirituality, new age, aliens—whatever subject would answer my latest question). Then, several major events occurred in my life. I lost someone dearly close to me; I had significant problems at work, and I had major surgery.

These happened all in the middle of my seeking; however, in retrospect, they were all blessings. After my surgery, I had a lot of time off from work—all to myself, to search and read. I remember the exact day that it happened—the most life-changing event of all. A voice was speaking to me from another world. I did not believe it at first and thought maybe I was either dying or going crazy. The voice told me to write down our conversations so that I would realize this was true and really happening. I did, and I was led through the adventure of a lifetime—learning universal secrets, being in direct contact with God and the other side of the veil. It was like glimpsing or being born into an entirely new world yet being stuck between that world and this one. I barely spoke for six months because this entity was answering every question I had ever had and teaching me what I needed to know about the real spiritual truths of things so that I could continue along this path. My questions were either answered directly by voice or out of synchronicity I would be led to something (a book, a movie, a website) where I would inherently find the answer. It was a magical time. Everything was blessed, I could feel the presence of the Christ Energy in my life and being, and every day felt like a vacation. I now understood what it meant to be in this world but not of this world.

I began to interact with others online that I felt were closest to finding the Truth; however, eventually there ended

up being no one. Then I began to learn through enlightenment the unknown truth: the closer one comes to God or the Truth, the more one attracts evil in this dualistic world. The onslaught of attacks on this being were unbelievable. My friends said that they had never seen anything like it. Everything in my life was turned upside down. My husband went insane (literally) and blamed it on my spirituality. He has been my bane ever since and is now completely disabled and under my and my friends' care, although he still causes us a lot of problems.

After so much of this misery, I had become quite dismayed and pretty much hopeless. I could not see the next step on the spiritual journey and was almost starting to wonder if there even was one. Then I was led, as usual, to find an article on sun-gazing and Cosolargy. I eagerly read it, and things immediately became clearer. This explained the solar orientation of all the ancient civilizations like the Egyptians and Mayans! And, it explained the activation of the pineal gland and the path to full enlightenment. I had not felt this much excitement (really, no excitement) in years. I continued searching the internet on this subject and found that there was actually an organization that taught and utilized these methods. The next step was finally clear, and shortly thereafter I joined The International Community of Christ.

Initially, though, this did not deter the attacks. They were so intense that I should have died and probably would have, except that, fortunately, my spiritual Guardians found a way to remove me from the evil circumstances for a while—a temporary assignment in a foreign country for just a few months. And, here I am in Japan. I have been here for three months and am just starting to unwind enough to remember the path that I am on and not having to defend/protect myself at every second of every day. I am hoping that the last few years have been what St. John of the Cross calls the dark night of

the soul. But, it matters not, because I know why I am here and, no matter what terrible things come my way, I will continue on this path to Light.

“PATH TO LIGHT: Anonymous XX,” Part 1

For the “Path to Light” series, Michael McIntyre conducts an interview for the Community Communique with a speaker who wishes to remain anonymous. This interview was conducted in February of 2014. You are reading Part 1 of 3.



MM: It is my understanding that you wish this interview to be anonymous?

XX: That's correct.

What led you to International Community of Christ?

Well, there were strong influences from the time I was three, a Rabbi, several Catholic priests, Buddhist monk, and a Hindu mystic. All these before my eighteenth birthday.

How did they influence you?

It was not so much that they changed my person, my core, but shifted my perspective. Actually a lot of what they passed on to me did not surface until after joining the Community. I was pretty hardheaded in my early years.

What do mean by "shifted your perspective"?

Umm, . . . One day this Buddhist monk, his name was Sahn, was explaining that it was important to not kill any living thing without warrant because it was possible that this 'living thing' could be the reborn life of a once-human being. He then went on to explain reincarnation, the best he could; I mean, I was just seven years old. This was all very peculiar to me. Fantasy. Like the Easter bunny, Santa Claus. Then a couple weeks later I was explaining the phenomenon of 'snow' to him. He was in utter disbelief. We were in the tropics at this time, where he had lived his whole life, and it never snowed in this part of the world. Few people had televisions, radio was a luxury, it was isolated.

Anyway, he kept shaking his head in disbelief and several times stated how such a thing was impossible. Finally I convinced him of the reality of 'snow,' and it came across in his face: he believed me. At that moment it occurred to me that reincarnation could be a real thing. Just because I had never seen or recognized reincarnation, just like Sahn had never seen snow, it didn't mean that these things weren't

real.

So, then, you understood reincarnation? You believed in it.

No, not necessarily. But it opened me up. I realized I was conditioned by my upbringing and that it was shallow: to think that only one point of view or construct could be correct and that all others had to be excluded.

You're seven. And you were thinking in these terms?

Maybe not in those exact words, but certainly those exact ideas.

So, this is when your—let's say—the journey of your spirit began?

No, I was interested in basketball, chess, and girls, but these episodes with Sahn, and there were many, left me to be interested in other religions and a respect for those traditions. At the time, in the early sixties, this view was absent in American culture. The rule then was if you didn't adhere to the Christian faction, you were doomed. I remember, and it was for a couple days, my father took us on a tour of the Buddhist temples in the area. It was a cultural thing; he loved history.

So we're in the Temple of the Golden Buddha, which I found out was actually made of brass—the Buddha statue was really brass—all the monks were seated in their orange robes; incense was burning; people were bringing flowers for offering, and my sister was seated right next to me. She was eight at the time. The monks are softly chanting these little prayers, with their hands folded, while making repeated bowing gestures towards the Buddha icon. My sister, being the good little conformist, folds her hands and begins making the same bowing gestures just like monks. My mother was horrified, [and] promptly interrupts my sister's display, and when leaving the temple remarks to her, "You can't do those things, you'll end up in

hell." My immediate response was, "That's silly mom, she not going to hell for bowing in front of the Golden Buddha." Nevertheless my mother was convinced, and she was an educated woman; she taught at universities. Even today some people still think like that.

Even though you were just in elementary school, your views were pretty progressive for the time.

It wasn't really me so much; it was Sahn. Sahn gave that to me. I still love the man. One day I meet him, and he's carrying a small bundle of bamboo sticks in one of his hands [and says]: "Come with me. I want you to see this." He brings me to a patioed area, like a big carport, and lays the sticks on an eating table that has newspaper, rice, and some twine. He snaps the sticks and twines them in the form of a cross.

"What are doing, Sahn?"

"You'll see."

He breaks and twines the remaining bamboo, puts it altogether in the form of a diamond and lays it on a piece of newspaper. "You're making a kite! I love kites." "That's right." He grabs the small bowl of rice, folds the newspaper edges and begins pasting them together with rice. "Is that rice really going to work, Sahn?"

"Always has. But it has to dry for a while"

Couple hours later we're airborne. Follow me here, I'm going to tie it together with the next story.

A few months later my father takes us oceanside for a week. He has an extra boardinghouse, so he invites Sahn and a few other locals. Early one morning, Sahn and I awake before everyone else. He says, "Let's go down to the beach." We're walking along, and he stops. "See that temple house on the jungle cliff over there?" "Yes. It's big." "That's the King's house.

He stays there when he comes to the ocean.” “Can we go?” Sahn laughed. “Well no, I don’t think they will let us in. He’s not there, anyway.” The tide had just receded; the sand was wet, and we stopped again “XX, see those little marks in the sand?” “Yes.” “Ok, follow them. See where they go. . .Right there!” Sahn kneels down where the markings end and gently starts digging. I have absolutely no idea what he is thinking. Thirty seconds later he lifts this crab up by one of its legs, holds it in front of my face and says “See? Now, let’s see if you can do the next one.” It reminded me of the kite. This man, this monk, had no tools, no weapons, no technology, just his head and two hands, and he did these things. At that point I realized knowledge was the most prized tool and that some things were secret from public knowledge: for that you needed the good fortune of a Teacher. A half-hour later we show up at the boarding house, where the locals were, and open this cloth bag filled with crabs. They all start whistling and clapping, cooked up the crabs along with rice, and invited me to sit down for breakfast. This was rare; they never did this with white people, nor did they speak English other than with Sahn.

Thinking back on it, I believe, in part, Sahn orchestrated the whole crab episode with premeditation in order to show these locals that white people aren’t just these strangers in our land, they are much like us. He was a very intelligent man.

< [PART 2](#) >

May 2013 Japan Tour: DAY 1

5/23 Thursday

Gene Savoy arrived at Fukuoka Airport. Some Japanese members were there to greet him.

Gene Savoy and American guests and Yukinori Matsushita and some Japanese members visited Manners Sound Research Co. Office in Kurume.

We all enjoyed early lunch at Shun, a health food restaurant in Kurume.



Lunch with Japanese members. (from left to right) Miyuki Okayama, Shinobu Uwataki, Keiko Inoue, Yukinori Matsushita, Gene Savoy, Sabrina Savoy, Robert Roy, Noriko Roy PHOTO: Stephan Fuelling

Gene Savoy Jr. and other American guests checked in the Hotel Toyoko Inn Kurume.

Gene Savoy and American guests and some Japanese members visited the *Ishibashi Museum of Art in Kurume.

**Ishibashi Museum of Art opened as the main institution of Ishibashi Cultural Center, which Ishibashi Shojiro, founder of Bridgestone Corporation, donated to his hometown, the city of Kurume, in 1956. Like the other facilities at the Center, it was initially managed by IshibashiCulturalCenter. From 1977, it has been administered by the Ishibashi Foundation together with Bridegestone Museum of Art in Kyobashi, Tokyo. The Asian Gallery opened in 1996. The Asian Gallery was built and donated to the city of Kurume by Shojiro's eldest son, Kanichiro, so that the paintings, calligraphic works, and ceramics could be put on view and to further enrich the Center. Of the collection owned by the Ishibashi Foundation, Ishibashi Museum of Art takes care mainly of modern Japanese Western-style paintings, Japanese paintings and calligraphic works, and ceramics. Fundamentally, the Western-style paintings are housed in the MainBuilding and the Japanese paintings and calligraphic works and the ceramics are shown in the Asian Gallery. Thematic exhibitions mainly featuring works in our collection are organized three to four times a year and we do our best to provide chances for the visitors to enjoy art repeatedly from different viewpoints.*



At IshibashiMuseum (from left to right) Sabrina Savoy, Gene Savoy, Keiko Inoue, Robert Roy, Shinobu Uwataki, Stephan Fuelling PHOTO: Stephan Fuelling



Japanese garden at Ishibashi Museum PHOTO: Stephan Fuelling

After the IshibashiMuseum, we visited Kora Taisha Shrine in Kurume.



Gate to the entrance (torii) of
Kora Taisha Shrine PHOTO: Stephan
Fuelling



Kora Thaisha Shrine PHOTO: Stephan
Fuelling

Gene Savoy, American guests, Yukinori Matsushita and some Japanese members had dinner at the Japanese restaurant Maruman in Kurume.

Travel notes by Noriko Roy

< [DAY 2](#) >

PATH TO LIGHT: Ron Theriault



PHOTO: Ron Theriault

When I was quite young there was a a TV series called *Rawhide* that my dad would watch. The song in the opening credits contained the following lines regarding a cattle roundup: "Don't try to understand 'em, just rope, throw, and brand 'em." At the time I remember thinking to myself: Why would anybody not want to understand anything? I suppose that this realization set me on a nearly lifelong predisposition against Westerns and toward science, which I saw as being motivated by a quest to know about things. These predispositions have since

softened, but the underlying desire to understand has remained.

I was raised Catholic and attended a Catholic school through 8th grade. At the time of First Communion we were taught the symbolism of transubstantiation during mass, whereby the bread and wine were transformed into the body and blood of Christ. It was not described as a symbolic act, however, but an actual transformation. I was not the only one then who privately questioned the reality of this, or even the necessity of eating flesh and blood, but being young and caught up in so many other concerns and events, this issue was simply set aside. I did not seriously take it up again until I left home for college, and church was no longer an institution I was taken to but a place I would have to go to on my own.

Transubstantiation was not the only issue I had with Catholic theology. There was also the explanation of the crucifixion of Jesus. A divine man had to be sacrificed to God to atone for human sins, but by whose rules was this necessary? Would it not have to be a superior entity to God Himself? Despite the comfortable nature of the Catholic culture and the sometimes beautiful liturgy, I became a true agnostic during my college years. The illogicality at the core of orthodox Christianity was simply too much for me to get comfortable with.

Soon after graduating from college I became interested in the Rosicrucians and started with the series of lesson monographs that they offer. They have a conception of God that is more universal and culturally neutral than orthodox Christianity's, or any other orthodox, established church for that matter. I appreciated that a lot; however, their lesson monographs almost always raised more questions than they answered. One typical example is where a lesson noted that throughout the world there are spots in the wilderness where nothing grows. I have never seen such a place, and all the monograph provided by way of explanation was the question, "Why do you think that is?"

Later I investigated Scientology. They had a building in Boston, where I was living at the time, and I went in about once a week for lessons. There were directed readings of the founder L.Ron Hubbard's writings and role-playing games of various types. On the whole this was pretty thin spiritual gruel compared to my previous experiences. Every session ended with a "clearing," which consisted of holding a tin can in each hand and having a brief questioning by a higher up. The cans were connected with a wire to a device of some sort. Each clearing seemed to end after I said something with a degree of conviction. I didn't stay with this very long: It was expensive and didn't seem to be getting me to where I wanted to go.

A while after I dropped Scientology, I saw a small ad for the International Community of Christ in a magazine called *Saturday Review*, which I subscribed to at the time. What caught my eye and caused me to respond was the Solar Cross at the top of the ad. I was pleased and intrigued to find out, when the introductory materials arrived, that central to the teachings were techniques to make use of sunlight on a spiritual level. This was and is a path with which I have no reservations. I was also heartened by the prospect of universal instruction, without filtering through anyone else's perspective.

By Ron Theriault

January 2014

(Community member since October 1975)

PATH TO LIGHT: Jonna Gill



A RAINBOW AROUND THE SUN By Jonna Gill

It was a bright, cloudless, sunny day in June 2013. I was taking a walk on the 3-mile nature trail near my mother's home. It had always been one of my favorite trails as it cuts through the woods and then past an old rustic red barn. I loved the old red barn and was always anxious to turn the bend on the trail to walk past it. On this day, just as I turned the bend, I saw that a very large snake (about 6 feet long) was blocking my path. This was quite unusual; in fact it had never happened before. At that moment I had the choice of either jumping over the snake, (which I was not going to do) or to wait patiently until it had passed along in front of me into the grassy field. So I waited, stunned and barely breathing. Once the snake had passed, I continued a few yards farther along the trail until I realized that I had become uncharacteristically tired, to the point where I felt that I would faint. I didn't know whether I could make it the 3 miles to the end of the trail, so I decided to turn back and return to my car, which meant passing by where the snake had been. I was alone, but when I crossed over where the snake had passed, I suddenly heard a very distinct voice say, "Look up at the Sun!" It was midday so I had to look practically straight up, and lo and behold, there was a brilliant full-spectrum rainbow around the sun. I was stunned. I had never seen such a phenomenon before. And there I stood in awe, staring openly at the vision of the magnificent Sun, surrounded by an incredible

rainbow in a cloudless blue sky. This marked my first special experience with the Sun and there were more to come. . . .

I was raised in Pennsylvania. My father moved us from the city to a place we liked to call "the middle of nowhere." This middle of nowhere came equipped with bounteous apple trees, bunnies, deer, and your occasional skunk. The kind of place where one could grow up innocently. Not much happened on our little street. I was enrolled in Catholic school at a young age. My life in spirit started with the four C's: Catechism, Communion, Confirmation, and Confession. By the time I finished my senior year in high school, though I loved Catholic school, I believed that Catholicism had taken me as far as it could for the moment. I felt that there was something more to learn, to experience, about God. I knew there was a God out there, a really big God that was bursting at the seams and spilling out over the structures and confines of dogmatic thinking. Around this same time I had suffered some personal disappointments, and in a place of teenage despair, I asked God with every fiber of my being to do with me what he willed, to show me his face. As soon as I had said this, I heard what sounded like the creaking of a very large ancient door opening, and then *WHISH*, I was off on a spiritual journey of discovery into the simplicity and complexities of God. I became inflamed with a love for God, and for a short time at a considerably young age, I became a zealot. Over the next few years I studied world religions. I practically ingested books on metaphysics and spirituality, finding that God lived outside as well as inside of "the box." Up to this point, besides realizing that I had totally fallen in love with God, I knew that the only reason for anyone's being on this planet was truly for the cause of spirit. To awaken the knowing of God within oneself again.

In the year 2010, I had been urged by a magnificent being named Hieronymus, to visit the magic mountain—Mount Shasta in California. I enrolled in a seminar to be held at Stewart

Mineral Springs on Mount Shasta by Dr. Pillai, teacher and siddha master. Several of the participants in the seminar were students of Dr. Mitchell Gibson. A few of these students advised me to read up on some of his teachings. He was giving two seminars in my area, which I attended. I had two subsequent personal consultations with him regarding my spirituality and after telling him of the event about the rainbow around the sun, he gave me an exercise that helps enable one to get in touch with one's own divinity. I started to practice the exercise one evening in June of 2013.

When I began, I suddenly felt a strong presence in the room. A clairaudient ability had started to awaken in me several years ago, along with the ability to sense the presence of a being in a room. When I feel a presence strongly, I always ask the being for its name. When I asked this time, I heard "Amen . . . Aten. I asked the being to repeat his name and I heard clearly, "Amenhotep -Akhenaten . . . Akhenaten. I am somewhat embarrassed to admit that at the time I did not consciously know who Akhenaten was except that he was Egyptian. I did not continue practicing the exercise until the following month. When I started again, the same thing happened. I felt a very strong presence in the room, and then asked for a name. "Akhenaten, Akhenaten," the being answered. And then I heard these words, "Look to the Sun, it is all about the Sun!"

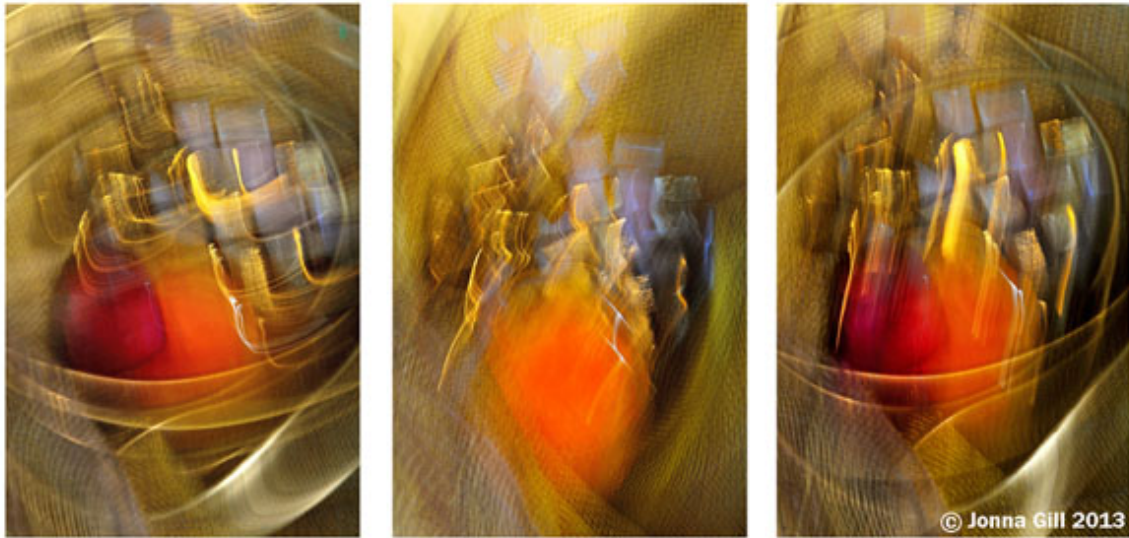
Exactly three days after this last encounter, I was looking at the morning light as it came through the window, as usual, but this time it was different. This time the light was filled with visible particles that sparkled and seemed alive and were of the most gorgeous golden hue. I felt a compulsion to get up and look at the Sun to see what was going on. As soon as I made eye contact, Wham! Information started flying at me at warp speed. I started getting an intense download of information explaining how the Sun opens and energizes all the chakras, creates the light body, and a plethora of other information that was coming at me at such a velocity that I

thought I would be smacked back into the wall. After the information download, something happened that English words cannot describe, but I will try by saying I could see beyond a veil, and then had a eureka moment. "God is the Sun! God is the Sun! God is right there looking at us all through the Sun!" That is my crude description of what I felt, for in the moment that I was able to see, I was tossed into a knowing that is beyond words. I was given a glimpse into another realm beyond the physical Sun and felt an overflow of love.

The day after the experience, I started to remember a discussion that Dr. Gibson had given about sun-gazing at the end of one of his seminars. I then did an Internet search on anything that he had said or printed about the Sun at that time. I found the *Compilation of Articles, Studies and Research from Dr. Mitchell Gibson, Prof. Hilton Hotima, Wayne H. Purdin, Vinny Pinto, Sunlight and the Miracle of Ages*. I wanted to know more, more, and more. There were references to Gene Savoy Sr. in the compilation of articles. I researched him and was led to the Jamilian University, the study of Cosolargy. I was amazed by the program and felt intuitively that it was "Pure Religion" from an ancient source, and this, I knew, was rare. I contacted the university and after testing, received an invitation to study. The knowledge of the sun has greatly impacted my life and opened up a whole new road on this journey of the Soul. For this I feel the utmost gratitude.

I thought while writing this story, that if the average person reads it, equipped with snakes, rainbows, and visits from ancient beings, they would probably think I was a few slices short of a loaf, as they say. I feel here however, that my story will be read by those who understand the process of spirit and know how unique one's journey can be toward the light. So this is my story. Vive Le Soleil!

(A thank you to the beings, in-body and out, that help lead us toward the path to the spiritual Sun!)



The Heart of the Sun, three panel Triad from the Series Dieu Est Le Soleil, abstract artwork by Jonna Gill. Works can be found on her Fine Art Website at: www.Arc-Star.com.

Jonna Gill
January 2014
(Community member since 2013)