

15-10
24th Street

HOME

Just lead
Nov 30

Its Sunday night again. My, how these Sundays slide round, dont they. This is one of the Sunday's when I've been privileged to be at home with my family, and it has been a very blessed day. Alfie is out at the show and Mrs. Robinson is upstairs bathing little Florence and getting her to bed. Pretty soon now I'll hear something like this---"Daddy, come up and kiss your baby and make it snappy". I'll go. Of course, Florence is now eight years old, and not much of a baby. Yet she always calls herself "Daddy's baby". In about ten minutes, I'll hear her call again, about half asleep. This is what she'll say then----"Daddy--have you got an extra kiss for your baby"? Then I'll go up and give her about all the kisses she wants.

You know friends, its remarkable when one thinks about it, just how close the Spirit of God can be, and what it can do. Nine years ago, there was no little Florence running round this home. The Law of God was complied with, and, out of nothing you might say, GOD PUT THAT SWEET LITTLE THING IN THIS HOME. He probably put one equally as sweet in your home. Did you ever stop to think how close God must be all the time, in a child? These operations of God have gone on under our very eyes. First there was nothing--now there is a beautiful child running round--and God did it all, under our very noses. Never again think, beloved, that a God who is that close, ever hung on Calvary's cross or any other cross to save this world from "sin". That's a mistake, my friend. Many a religious system has tried to kill God by the cross method, but none have succeeded to date. None ever will. For God still lives. He has been in this home and in that little child all day long.

And He'll be there in the morning too when "Daddy's baby" wakes up. And when Alfie comes in tonight soon. He, too, will put his arms round me and hug me and kiss me. And he's a sixteen-year-old football player. Yet God gave him to me, too. Wonderful how close God is, isn't it? Yet throughout this land today, hundreds of preachers have hounded their congregations nearly to death with their appeals to "come to Jesus" and other appeals on the same order. But beloved, Jesus died a long time ago if indeed he ever lived, and it would therefore be an utter impossibility for anyone to "come to Jesus". That is a physical and spiritual impossibility. It cannot be done. What can be done is this--one may come to the Infinite Spirit which is God, and one may do that without either priest or preacher intervening. There never comes into this home any preacher except once a year when the Presbyterian church holds their Xmas get-together in my home. Then the prescher usually finds some excuse to make a hasty exit after the cake and coffee, of course. Evidently the atmosphere of this "atheistic" home doesn't sit so well. They all, every preacher who has ever been in it, is in a hurry to get out. I wonder why?

For the past half-hour I've been thinking about you all as I sat at the pipe-organ, playing whatever old melody came into my mind. I sent out to you all, God-thoughts. I believe you received them. And as my fingers wandered over these keys, there seemed to linger one old tune that is very dear to me. Very often, while driving along some road I will stop the car, get out, and, leaning up against the side of that car, will close my eyes and repeat:--

8 pt "Lead, kindly Light amid the encircling gloom
Lead Thou me on. The night is dark and I am far
from home, but Lead Thou me on, and keep Thou my
feet, I do not ask to see the distant scene, one
step enough for me"

15-*hmm*
Ans. sitting there at the console of this beautiful pipe-organ, I closed my eyes, and the tears came. And God came anew to me, and I felt refreshed for the presence and the Power of the Spirit of God in me, and all round me, everywhere in this home. In the good wife, in the two children, why, bless your souls, I could no more have gotten away from God today than I could have fled. And I did not go to church to find God either. I found Him where you will find Him, and that is--WHERE YOU ARE. Remember this folks please, for you are all very close and dear to me tonight. I should like to have a home big enough to get a few hundred thousand Students in--what a time we would have. But that's not possible, is it? So then, think of me every day, for I shall think of you. Write whenever you can, and Dr. Tenney will answer you. Above all, remember this Movement of the Spirit of God operates without building of any sort. I hold you all together by mail. We have no churches. No preachers. God alone guides us, and He has been very close today.

Tomorrow I must leave again and get on the road. Last week I covered more than 3000 miles by car. It was a hard week. How I write everything I do write, run the whole "PSYCHIANA" Movement and look after the Daily News-Review, I do not know. Yes, I do too, know, days like this impress me with the nearness and strength of God, and I just go and do whatever I have to do without question.

And so, the kindly Light leads. Where the path will be tomorrow I do not know. I do not care. For, with that Great Light leading, wherever the path may be it will be a pleasant path, for God will be there too. Not a crucified God with wounds in his hands and feet, not that, but the Spirit of Infinite Life, and Love, and Peace, and Justice, and Power--all these things God is--now. And wherever you are--remember--there too is God, awaiting your call. Make it an everyday practice to "practice the presence of the Living God". Your troubles will be over when# you do.

It isn't much of a secret. There need be no mystery connected with God. There is a lot of mystery and superstition connected with a god on a cross. But there need be no mystery about the Great Life-Spirit, in Whom you live#, and move, and have your being.

Soon, it will be time for me to retire. I shall not get on my knees beside my bed and ask God to wash away my sins in the name of Jesus. I shall not tell God that I am very sorry I committed so many sins today. For I did not do a single thing wrong that I know of. I lived the day in the presence of God, and I shall go to sleep in that same Presence. And I shall awaken in that same Presence, too. And Jesus will have nothing to do with it. For God, the Great Spirit of God, operates without the assistance of any "crucified god" whatsoever. Just God. The great infinite Spirit--God. That's all. And in and through me. And in you too. And in every other human being whether Frenchman, German, American or Hindoo--the same God made them all, and the same Spirit lives in them all.