

Now comes the sad part which has also the possibility of tragedy: for the actual human beings whose bare feet walk through the pages of this book are neither the Marthas nor the Marys of this world. They are its children: its beautiful unknowing children. Because I love them so, I am blinded. Nothing in life can be as simple and altogether good as they seem to me ---- not even the Bare Feet.

The whole truth (they tell us) can never be told about anything. Take these few pictures then, I pray you, for what they are worth in themselves. That they are true, I know - even though fragmentary. Somewhere they will fit into the whole picture of truth, when it will be told.

One knows that the Bare Feet did not choose to be so that if given a choice, perhaps would not choose it. Until now, the temptation has not confronted them. The tree of knowledge has not flowered on their land only the tree of life. Of this they have eaten abundantly, believing that the Here is the Now and Always. They are to me touchingly beautiful - in the way that the memory of my childhood is beautiful.

If one day the Devil were to take them up unto the high mountain and show them all the kingdoms of the world and say unto them: "All this will I give Thee, if Thou wilt follow me", they would not say "Get Thee behind me, Satan" because they would not know that this was Satan speaking. They would believe it to be the voice of the Lord.

The sad and tragic part is that this very thing is happening to-day. They have been taken up unto the high mountain - and not for love of them. Many proud and promising words have been spoken to them, in many tongues. The meaning of these words is not quite clear in their minds - but each repeats to his neighbor what he thinks that he has heard. In this way, the words become only a song in their ears, but the song itself is an intoxication to them.

It is not that they are inspired by greed but the excitement of the promise of "things" to one who has never had them can grow into greed ---- breathing out fresh threatenings and slaughter.

Is it possible that we too are being tempted - on a higher mountain, and also, not for love? If so, do the Heavenly bodies tremble in fear of little man? Would an invasion by them upset the order of the universe ----- holding back the four winds ---- lettig fall the stars ---- spilling their vials of wrath and leaving a trail of blood in their wake? Or is the universe established from everlasting --- making a thousand years as but yesterday when it is past?

Man knows that he is being tempted as he has never been tempted before ... he is also tormented with the torment of a scorpion, with a sting in its tail. He sees a New Heaven and a New Earth and the first Heaven and the first Earth are passing away. But to reach this New Heaven he must first light a holocaust which could destroy his first Heaven and his first Earth. This fear is the sting.

Epilogue

We walk the eternal shore: the Marthas, the Marys, and the beautiful, unknowing children. This is our meeting place ----- on the sea shore of Endless Worlds.

None of us have solved the mystery of that primal question: "Who am I, Lord?"; none of us can say from whence we have come nor whither bound.

Heavenly Father, we ask a miracle in Thy name: grant these children the gift of grace and may the Peace of God which passeth all understanding fill their hearts both now and always -----

Amen