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for bail. Her daughter and children are still in the house. Beulah told me that, as Jim said, we don't need hell; this life is already hell.

Beulah called five families, mostly relatives, concerning the open service tomorrow, as Jim had suggested. They have all been in services previously. Two said they probably would come.

I read Wilson, went to sleep about 12.00.

14 September - Su - Beulah got me up at 8.30.

For breakfast I had fried eggs, bacon, and toast.

One of Beulah's grandsons came to take some of us to the service. Beulah and the others would go later with Maxine.

We arrived at the Temple at 11.00, but the line was long and security check very time-consuming. Chris Talley told me the check was particularly strict, as we had so many visitors. The visitors, she said, were also being admitted first. I didn't get into the service until 12.00, having missed the announcements, testimonies, and most of the music. I had to take a seat toward the back.

Jim when he came on the podium asked first for any questions. A member asked, why don't people stay after hearing the truth? Jim used the question as a basis for his entire sermon. He said it was a great mystery to him. "I think it is because people do not like to think." He then covered the usual points he makes when talking to new audiences. Some of them were: when you see God, you will be like him; God always has a body; ye are all gods; these things shall you do and greater. He had the congregation indicate by raising their hands the number of people who were brought back from the dead and those healed of various diseases or given prophecies which saved their lives. Naturally, jackleg preachers say I am the devil; they called Jesus the prince of devils, but devils cannot cast out devils. He went on to other themes: he who loses his life shall find it; you can't love someone you're afraid of; the only criterion set by Christ for being saved was the commandment to feed the hungry, free those who are imprisoned, and so on. Those who expect to see Jesus split the eastern sky will not see him, but he will be seen drunk lying in the alley. Jim attacked the King James Bible, explaining that the letter killeth, therefore the Bible murders. He wound up by specifying some of the errors in the Bible.

The nurses in the back of the auditorium gave a signal that someone was dead. Jim did not move from his place but brought the man back. It was Danny Kutulas, who came forward and embraced him.

Jim took the offering. It seemed to me that even members gave very little.

Very few healings were performed publicly, and the congregation, after being asked to file past the altar, was dismissed at 3.30.

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I got into the food line early and was served relatively quickly. I brushed my teeth and changed clothes. I boarded my bus.

Jim met with the leadership group outside near his bus.

The buses left about 5.30. I read Wilson, had a few minutes' sleep. Then the bus offering was taken, and the second time around we raised the budgeted offering.

We drove to the park, but the lights were off, and Jim decided not to risk anything happening to our members, there being so much hostility. We went to the Button Willow rest stop instead, where we had about an hour's recreation. The children organized games and Jim, in a pajama suit, walked around observing.

I talked with C. J. about the significance of Bechtel's having hired George Shultz, former Secretary of the Treasury, and Caspar Weinberger, former head of Health, Education and Welfare.

I talked with Carol Stahl about Temple intentions to establish our own school, and she invited me to submit any suggestions I had.

The buses left the rest stop about 10.00. Getting the bus quiet required some effort. I read Wilson about an hour.

I slept very well, waking only at the rest stop.

We arrived in San Francisco at 3.45. I took Toby Stone and Marie Lawrence with their children home. I got home at 4.45.

15 September - M - I pressed clothes from 5.00 to 6.00.

I moved the car from Mrs. Heitmeier's driveway.

With Garb on vacation I didn't have much work. I typed a memo for John Stewart. John, who has been appointed the department's coordinator for the United Way campaign asked me to be one of his canvassers. The campaign will open this week, and all members of the department are to be solicited starting 1 October. No "hard sell" approach need be taken.

I worked on journal entries.

Glenn Hennington and I intended to sell Temple pamphlets today on our lunch hour. However, both of us forgot to bring them, so we will go tomorrow.

I ate lunch at my desk, as the weather was cold.

At home I exercised.

I prepared dinner. I was eating when I got a call from Tim asking if he could drop by. He was in the City for a Disciples' meeting. He came